

BIG BRITHER

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ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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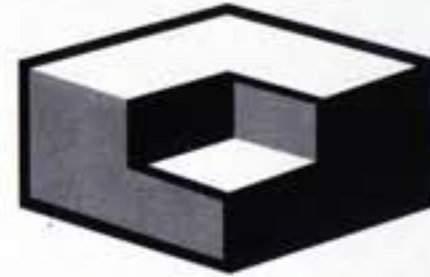
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JESSE PAEZ



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In this issue of BIG BROTHER magazine, we will be giving JESSE PAEZ the coverage he needs to make it big in the skateboard industry. JESSE is a 16 year old skater from VISALIA California. He has been skating for FOUR years and has placed in the top five in at least 0 NSA sanctioned contests. He is a NICE and STRAIGHTFORWARD guy. He is a/an INSANE skateboarder and EVERYONE thinks he should turn pro. Look for his model coming in about THREE MONTHS and his early retirement in about THREE YEARS.

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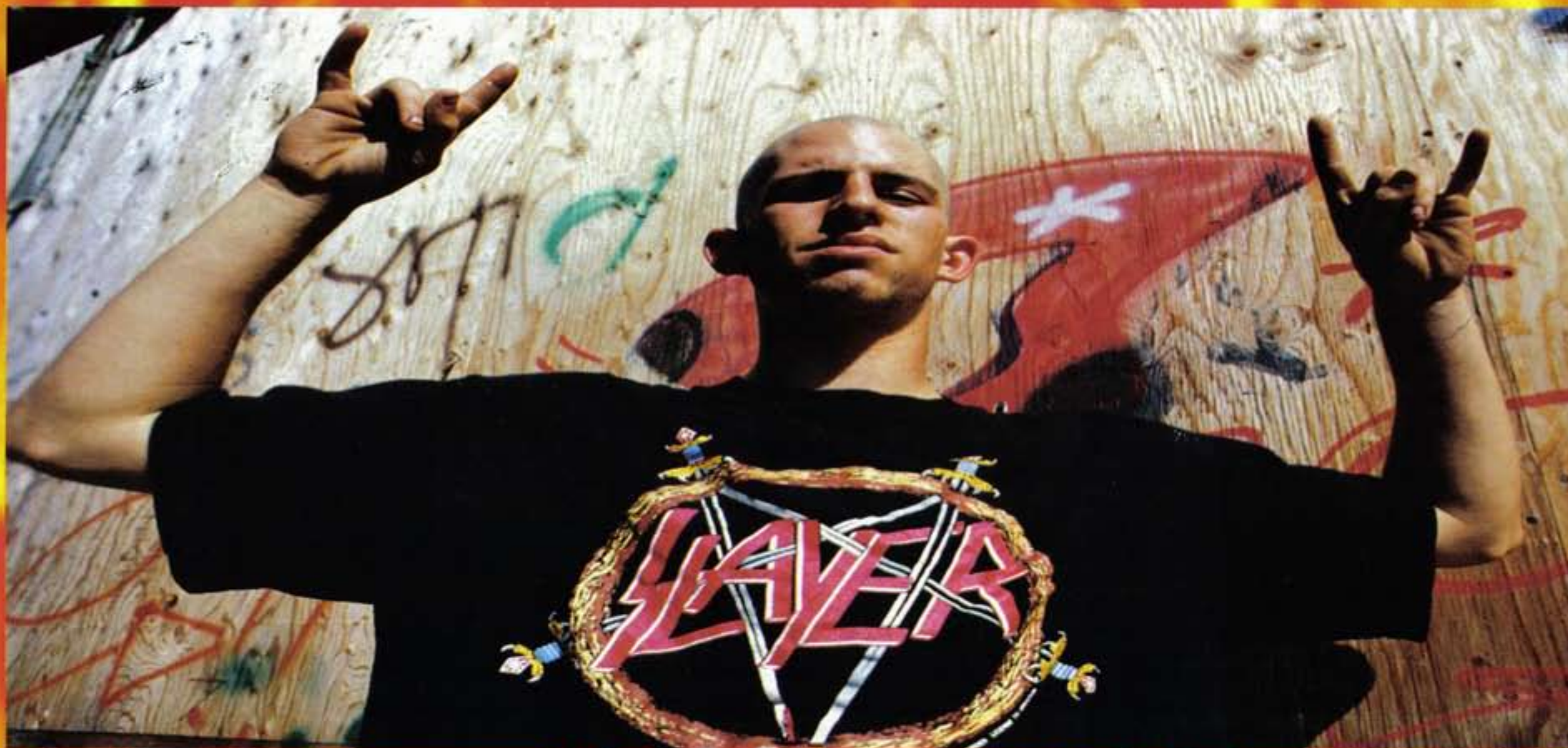
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"big brother sucks." —george powell

"it's all about what's happening on the board."

—mike ternasky

**"one time I was all out of herb but luckily I found
a bong hit in my hair."** —jef hartsel

"What was hitler's first name?" —jed walters

**"every single person in this company besides
me is expendable."** —jim gray

**"seriously, you've seen me skate before, i could
have been in the top ten at san francisco."**

—jeff tremaine

**"i've never slept with one, but i've gotten them
for my team plenty of times."** —steve rocco

**"i just don't like that guy, earl parker, because
he's sneaking around."** —fausto v.

**"10 good reasons to use somebody else's
girlfriend in your ad."** —mike carroll

**"just 'cause i don't skate doesn't mean i don't
try to keep up on all the tricks"** —marc mckee

"it's all ego, with everybody it's always ego"

—rodney mullen

mindwars

In the pages of Big Brother, you are going to see and read many things which, by the majority of our populace, are considered offensive. As a patron, you should be aware of the potential risks involved every time you are in its proximity. Therefore, I feel it is my obligation as publisher to warn you of these risks and help you deal with them.

First, you will probably be interrogated for the crime of having one in your possession. "Is this yours? Where did you get it?" After which it will be confiscated and subjected to intense scrutiny. "Oh my God, they didn't have magazines like this when I was young." Finally, a self appointed moral vigilante will put you on trial. Using a group of unanswerable questions designed to keep you from giving a precise and definitive answer, he will try to turn your brain into a blob of play-doh[®]. "Why are you reading such trash? Where is that kind of thinking going to get you? What do naked girls have to do with skateboarding?" So on and so forth. Facing the wrath of a parent or teacher can often leave you at a loss for words. But now is not the time to cower and whimper. Not only are your basic human rights being challenged, but your manhood as well. It is now time for mental warfare.

The objective of mental warfare, like his close friend physical warfare, is simple, win at all costs. Although mental battles are complex beyond belief, there are a few simple rules which can not only help you hold your own, but maybe even help you hold on to your magazine as well.

Rule one: remain calm.

When the opening salvos of derogatory verbiage come raining down upon you like hailstorm from hell, you must come to grip with the fact that you are under attack. You can retaliate by screaming "fuck you asshole" but in doing so you have lowered yourself to your opponent's lowly standards. And therefore, like him, you have become a loser. You must remain calm. Smile if possible. Offer him a seat. Inquire if he would like to calmly discuss whatever is troubling him. If you can keep your mind while your adversary loses his, victory is near.

Rule two: show them their own weaknesses.

Nothing slows down an attacking beast like holding up a mirror. If you can get your opponent to realize he is being hypocritical he will be forced to examine himself. If you can accomplish this, it is basically the equivalent of dropping a nuclear bomb inside someone's head. One way to achieve this lofty goal is to politely state "I do not condemn or condone what I am reading I am merely contemplating it." Ask him when he watches the news on TV, which often depicts a world filled with murder and violence, if he is endorsing what he sees or is he simply observing. Should you not be allowed the same privilege of observation that he so often takes for granted?

Rule three: plan ahead.

It has been said that all battles are won before they are fought. It is easy to think of a hundred brilliant things to say after your opponent has left the room. It is much more difficult to come up with even one while he is there. What you must realize is that he was probably expecting battle when he walked in. He knew what he was going to say because he's been over it in his head many times. And if he is confident in his opinion that can throw you off even more. Expect the battle at all times and go over it in your head until you can win no matter what.

Rule four: to the victor go the spoils.

Should your victory become so complete as to cause your adversary to break into tears, it would now be prudent to repossess your magazine. Mercy or compassion for the loser is not necessary and certainly not recommended. Finally, if possible, kick them in the shins before you take off running.

"Fuck-you asshole" is a perfectly acceptable way of dealing with the situation if the person is either much smaller or younger than you. And remember, under these circumstances, the use of force is always an option. —ROCCO



Machines and the men that run them. Big Brother works good.

IT'S UP TO YOU!



Ronnie Craeger is the next big contender for **FOUNDATION SUPER CO.** "Super Stardom" pro ranks. Big bucks, fast cars and faster women. Yet, is this young, dowdy worthy of such a noble position? We need your input on this one kids. Cast your vote today!



Yes, He's the man. Do it!

No way. Dump that pig. I'm way better than his lame ass. Turn me pro instead.

Send your choice to **FSC**. Internal operations 4186A sorrento valley blvd. s.d. ca. 92121 Pieces of mieces. (619)558-7875

*On the front, POOT. Apparrels Unlimited Worldwide for guys and gals including the exclusive Keva-Marie Collection.



letters from my children

By Earl Parker

Notice how nice the letter section looks without any swears. A couple guys did swear and I edited them with emboldened bracketed synonyms. My grandma's letter contained a lot of stuff about god I would normally consider boring, but she has a way of making it good. Also, I think I am going downhill because of the lack of letters I received. I don't care about anything! Send mail to:

Letters From My Children
3914 Del Amo #904
Torrance, CA 90503.

Dear Editor,

Before you ball up this letter and toss it in the round file, I invite you to at least give it some consideration. I enjoy Big Brother very much even if it costs too much, is too big, and I got 10 copies I didn't order. SUGGESTION: We believe the very best and funny editorials are written by Steve Rocco. We would like to see regular features by Rocco such as: "competitors that eat shit" and "current shops that suck" and "crybaby faggots who quit Blind, WI, or Plan B." Is this good or what? Another regular feature by Steve could be a list of all Transworld staff members and what Steve thinks of each one of them. This would be HOT! Then he could do Powell, then Vision, etc., etc... I'm serious. This would be mega, mazed out, super good stuff. DO IT!

Thanks for reading this.

Richard

P.S.- I don't mind if I am on one of the lists. Really.

Richard is just kidding. He thinks it's funny, but he's fallen into a trap with no getting out!

What the future may hold:

Hey Steve!!!

Sometimes if you try hard enough to make enough enemies, sometimes if you get in the habit of **[copulating]** everyone, sometimes you **[insert]** yourself in your own **[rump]**. What goes around comes around dirthead. What do you suppose will happen to your Carlsbad outlet? What do you suppose will happen to world dirtheads? There is more power in 300 skateshops than there is in one scumbag. We are shutting you down you piece of **[fecal matter]**. You finally reached your goal, you **[penetrated]** yourself in your own **[butt]**.

Have a swell day Steve.

The industry

Steve replies—"You are a spineless hypocritical coward. If you had one ounce of integrity or courage you would not only print your name, but the name of the shop where you grovel behind the counter every day. The only power assholes like you have is that of denying skaters their right to purchase the goods they see fit. Whatever other menial powers you may possess are beyond me. They certainly don't lay in your inept writing skills where your utter ignorance is displayed like a banner for all to see. The outlet to which you are referring is not owned by me but by Danny Way who has more right to have a skateshop than you have to be alive.

The age of fools is coming to an end. The real power of this industry lies within the skaters, whose decisions on where they spend their money keeps mindless dolts, like you, alive. So if I was you, I would pack my bags and get out of town because the power of 300 shop owners is nothing compared to the wrath of thousands of skaters. And when I find out who you are, I'll make sure they turn your shop into a ghost town and you into the ghost that inhabits it.

This letter and Steve's response is a taste of the politics in skateboarding that I face everyday. That's why my friend Jed quit.

Dear whoever cares,

Please send me a subscription to your magazine. Also include any back issues.

Thanks,

Andy Kelleher

This is the only letter I got on a stressful Monday morning. There was no money. I don't need this!

I'm sorry to hear you didn't want any more of my zines. Here's a hundred of them. Better luck next time, but thanks for the free advertising.

Your friend,
Rich Johnson.



Rich! We told you not to send in your crummy xerox zine. Now they're nothing but a pile of ashes. And we'll do the same to any others!

Dear EP,

Here is the photo you asked for. Sorry I'm not totally nude. But, I have a four inch penis and I wouldn't want anyone to see it.

Chris Longo



I don't have anything bad to say about this character. You're one of the great ones Chris!

Dear Earl,

Thanks for sending us a copy of BB. We are so glad that you got the job and are doing what you enjoy the most to earn a living. It's a nice looking, colorful magazine with lots of good pictures and humor in it. Only thing is, I hope you can clean up the F-word language in it, and the vulgar, sexy stuff. Does it really need that to make it sell? Looks to me like it would be great without that stuff, and more parents would be willing to



subscribe to it for their teenagers. I'd doubt that parents would want their younger kids (ages 10 -12 and up) to read the magazine with that F-word all over it. I know I wouldn't show it to Jamie. I don't mean to criticize the magazine, but just want to pass on a grandparent's opinion. Grandpa thinks it'll be nicer if that stuff is left out too. How about more jokes and cartoons, etc.? What you have in it is really good!

If Sal Rocco Jr. really talks like he did in that interview, he needs to go back to school and learn the English language! Also needs to get rid of that negative attitude he has. It was funny though, and the pictures of him were good, especially the one that said to cut out that face and wear it to the mall. I cracked up reading that!

If ever a guy needs Jesus in his life, this Sal does. Does he believe in anything? Grandpa and I could always swear, and we have lived long enough to see and hear about everything, so not much shocks us, but we both hate the F-word and that Satanism crap. I hope you don't believe in that stuff. If there is one thing we are sure of, it's that there is a god, and a life after this one. Whether we go to heaven or hell is up to us! All we have to do to insure that we'll go to heaven is to ask Jesus to forgive us all of our sins, and ask him to come into our hearts and show us what he wants us to do with our lives. Mainly, we have to get to know him by reading

the new testament and the book of psalms.

I neglected him for years and fought depression and tried to handle all my problems by myself. Grandpa drank too much and found it was not the answer. We are so much happier since we've let God take over our lives. It's the only way to have a happy and peaceful life. You may not think so now, but some day you will. I can pray and talk to him, and that quiet inner voice that lives (in our spirits) within me (after I'd asked him to take over my life), always answers, and even though we don't have much money, we always get by just fine. Good things keep on happening to us financially and otherwise. So it works!

Grandpa has been sick all year. He had pneumonia and then bronchitis and never got his energy back. He quit smoking last year and quit drinking several years ago. But, now he has heart trouble and some lung damage due to 50 years of smoking. He's trying to eat all the right things and take better care of himself, but he's 76 years old and just hasn't had much energy since the pneumonia and blood poisoning. It could have killed him. He feels he got "divine" healing from God because he was so sick in the hospital with a high fever and a heavy pressure in his chest till he could hardly breathe. So he said he prayed for healing and he felt Jesus' presence in the room. A very warm and comfortable feeling came over him and the pain and fever left immediately. He says he knows Jesus was with him.

We are both on heart medicine and are doing OK. I guess you heard that grandma Garret and Joyce died in April and May. Just now lost another good friend, Dorothy Lowell, to bone cancer. So it's a lot of losses this year, but I know they are in a better place than we are. We miss them all, but wouldn't wish them back as sick as they were.

Dorothy left me \$500 in her will, plus \$200 cash for helping take care of her this past year. She also left me a \$300 beautiful ultra suede pink suit that she'd



worn twice. So I really appreciate all that.

Laura and Jeff are fine and happy, and so are Barb, Sam and kids. Gary feels much better since his kidney stones were removed. Also, I talked with Nancy and Jeff recently. They sounded well and happy, I'm glad your folks have remained friends. Wish their marriage could have worked, but both seem happier apart. So I hope you boys can accept it and be happy for them. We hope they'll both find a happy life again someday. We wish you the best of luck with your new job!

Much love-
Grandma Parker

My grandma's letters have always been a hit amongst friends. She's a square!

Check the photos of the antelope I killed. All vegetarians will enjoy these. HA! BB rips and I hope that you send me some info on how to subscribe. Well, I can't think. I'll quit.

Later **[female dog]**,
Joe Mladenik



Thanks for sending me "Big Brother." It's really something! I can tell that you wrote most of it. Hope you sell a ton of them and get rich and famous. When you do get rich—don't forget all those \$100 bills I gave you when you were "down and out." I see I got mentioned in GSD. It said, "My father's name is Gary. Gary



Thanks for sending me "Big Brother." It's really something! I can tell that you wrote most of it. Hope you sell a ton of them and get rich and famous. When you do get rich—don't forget all those \$100 bills I gave you when you were "down and out." I see I got mentioned in GSD. It said, "My father's name is Gary. Gary

I think your magazine is really neat-o, but I've got one question for you **[intercourses]**. Why is it that you and every other stupid **[humping]** magazine call tailslides switchstance noseblunts? I've been doing nollie tailslides for 3 years and you're telling me all that I have to do is ride up to the obstacle backwards and it's a whole new **[fooling around]** trick. **[Jazz]** you all, I'm going to start my own wave of switchstance tricks. Footplants (boneless) and switchstance Earls (homosapiens). Thank you **[illegitimate son]** **[screw-er]** **[excrement ball]** **[penis phalluses]**.

Love,
Brian "The Real **[Fudger]**" Alucard

I decided to write that stuff last time about cutting out the swears knowing full well that it might only aggravate the problem. This letter represents exactly the opposite kind of correspondence I was trying to attract for my column. I should have known better than to have such lofty expectations. Society is composed mainly of degenerates and lowlife foul-mouths. Our leaders tell us one thing and we do just the opposite. Here's an idea: legalize all drugs! That way nobody would want to use 'em anymore. It wouldn't be "cool." Everything that's "cool" is only what they tell ya not to do. "Don't wear those baggy shorts, don't smoke those white devils, don't hang out with those Henderson boys..." America has the highest per capita police population in the world and the highest incidence of rape and violent crime to boot. Doesn't this tell you something? People only commit crimes because they see cops everywhere. I mean I usually feel pretty law-abiding, but I see a cop or a security guard and I just wanna kill. Get rid of cops and get rid of crime. Anarchy! The world is turning topsy-turvy. I can't warn you often enough—the second millennium is coming. The second millennium is coming! The second millennium is coming! Punk's not dead.

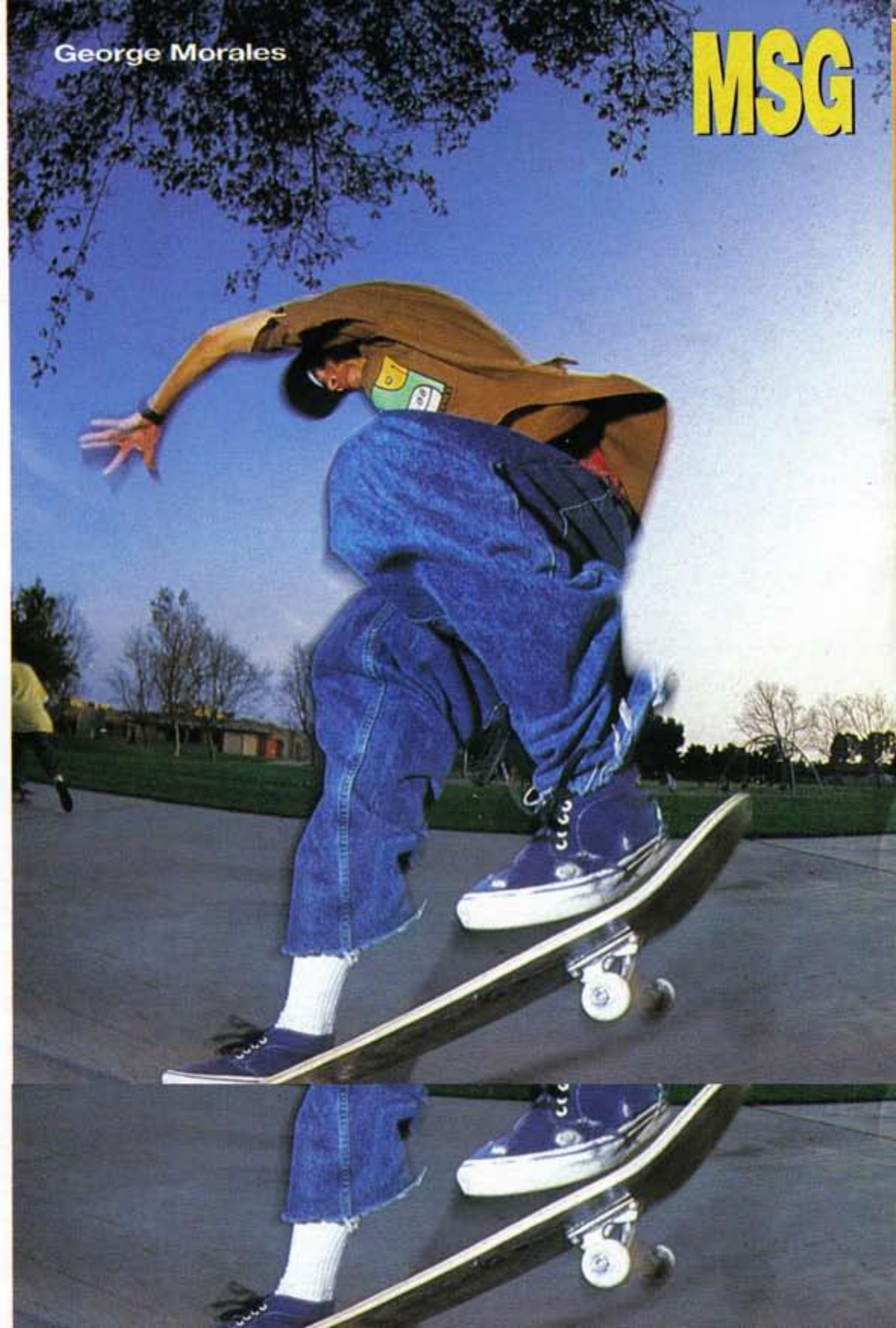


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George Morales

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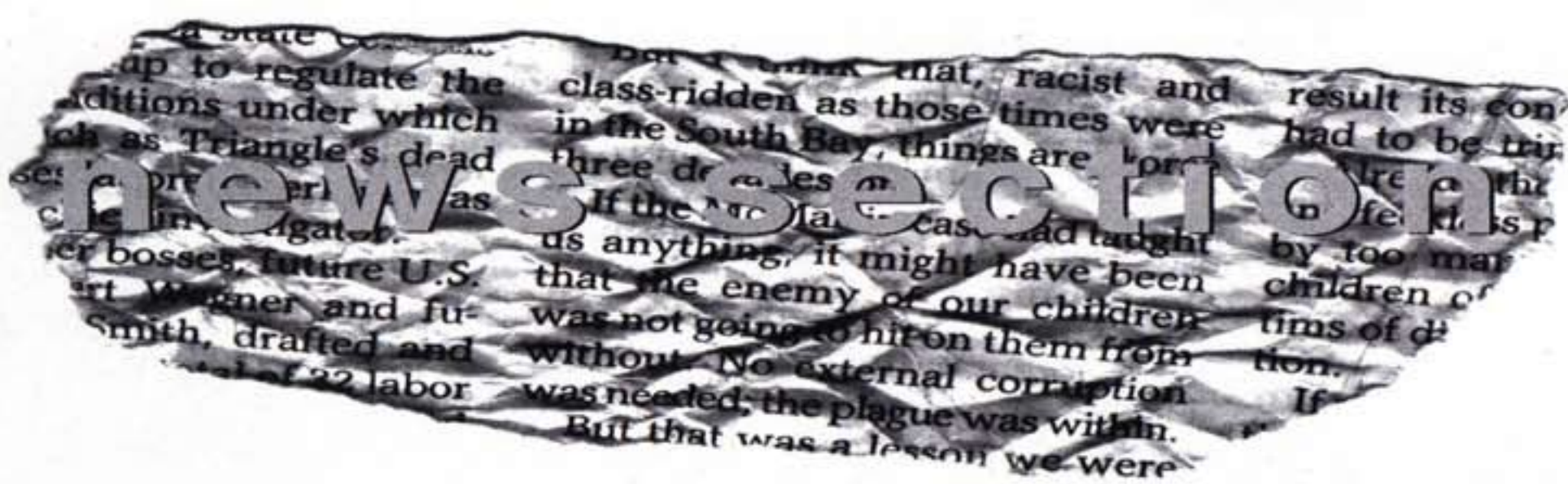


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Ron Bertino quit **Think** and is currently on **Blind**. Ronnie was the hottest free agent to hit the market since \$4000-a-month **Willie Santos**.

Bo Ikeda, and **Mike Santarossa** from **ACME**, along with their team manager, **Mark Oblow**, have joined **Think**. **Keith Cochrane** takes pride in the fact that **Think** is the first skateboard company to be in the rave scene.



Rocco recently paid for some professional strippers to entertain several team riders, including **Guy**, **Tim**, **Daewon**, **Rodney**, and **Jeron** along with various employees, **Sal**, **Leo**, **J.D.**, **Sean Cliver**, and **Stewart** the UPS man. Some of them took turns banging the girls with dildos while the others looked on. **Earl Parker** photographed the event but most

of the slides were later discovered missing or destroyed as most of the boys were less than comfortable with the incriminating photos in the hands of the magazine.

We can't tell you why **Ryan Fabry** has been let go by **Plan B**, but he was. **Rick Howard** was detained in Canada for not having the proper work Visa to return to the U.S. **Colin McKay** was also victimized at the border. He had over \$2000 worth of stuff in his trunk when authorities decided to check it for fireworks. The Border Patrol ended up confiscating everything, and Colin had to pay \$700 just to get his car back from being impounded.

'Don' **Fausto Vitello** has started a new company called **Stereo** with ex-Blue riders, **Dune** and **Jason**. **John DeAgo** and **Lavar McBride** from **Real** are also on the team. Another **Real** subsidiary called **Family** will star **Jordan Richter**, **Greg Hunt**, and **Eric Pupeki**. **Salman** is getting a permanent wrist cast and doing opposite footed 50-50's down handrails.



Natas has just bought a laser sight for his gun. He says the darn thing doesn't work too good during the day, especially when he's wearing sunglasses. The sunglasses were also a major purchase (anything over \$200.00 is a major purchase).

Steve Douglas attended the **European Championships** and said the contest was fine until the deck collapsed on the vert ramp which sent a few people to the hospital and caused the property owners to freak out and cancel the event. **Speaking of Hawaii**, **Rene Mathysen** will have the newest **New Deal** pro model.

Kevin Thatcher is no longer **Thrasher's** editor. **Jake Phelps** is.

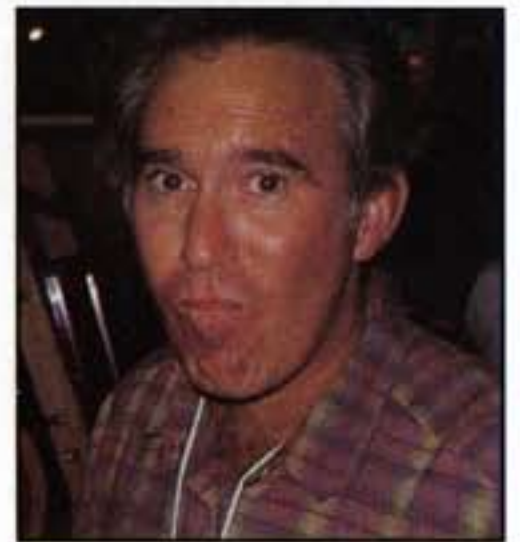


Pat Duffy moved from Northern California to San Diego where he's starting college. Big fucking deal.

New skaters for world industries are **Kareem Campbell**, **Steve Cales** and **Shamil**

Randel. **Jeron Wilson** has switched from **Real** to **Blind**.

Brad Dorfman has lost both the **Blue** and **TV** divisions of **Vision**. **Mike** and **Ed** have started their own company called **Television**. That's three strikes **Brad**. You're out!



Last month we reported that nobody attended the **Grover City Contest**. In an entirely unrelated development the residents of **Grover City** recently voted to change the name of their municipality to **Grover Beach**, in order to make their town more attractive to businesses.

WANTED

Ice Cube is not happy with the **Napping Negro** graphic that world industries recently released. **Da Lenchmob** have been making some calls to skateboarders in hopes of finding out who drew the unsigned graphics. Whoever drew the **Napping Negro** is a "Marc McKeed" man.

SOCRATES

A sarcastic Mike Vallely resurrects the infamous Ho-Ho plant.



Steve Berra and Oscar Jordan engaged each other in fisticuffs at the NSA street/vert finals in Encinitas, CA. Oscar was winning until Henry Sanchez stepped in to break it up. Other noteworthy incidents was Mike Vallely and Sal Barbier's handplant-wallride demonstration (which garnered more attention than the contest) and Mike Ternasky debuting his new exalted-ruler-pocket-flip-phone.

Powell recently hosted an all-night Halloween skatefest. It started as a contest and degenerated into a mess. During the evening some individuals scaled the walls of George's private patio and wrecked some chairs, diced the garden hose, and stepped on his plants. The employee entrance to the Powell Corp. was sealed shut with 264 Blind stickers. Todd Hastings jumped to conclusions and accused the Blind team of the destruction, however, they could not have been the cause since they were busy with several young girls at the time. All guilty parties wishing to confess to these crimes, call George at (805) 964-1330 ext.170

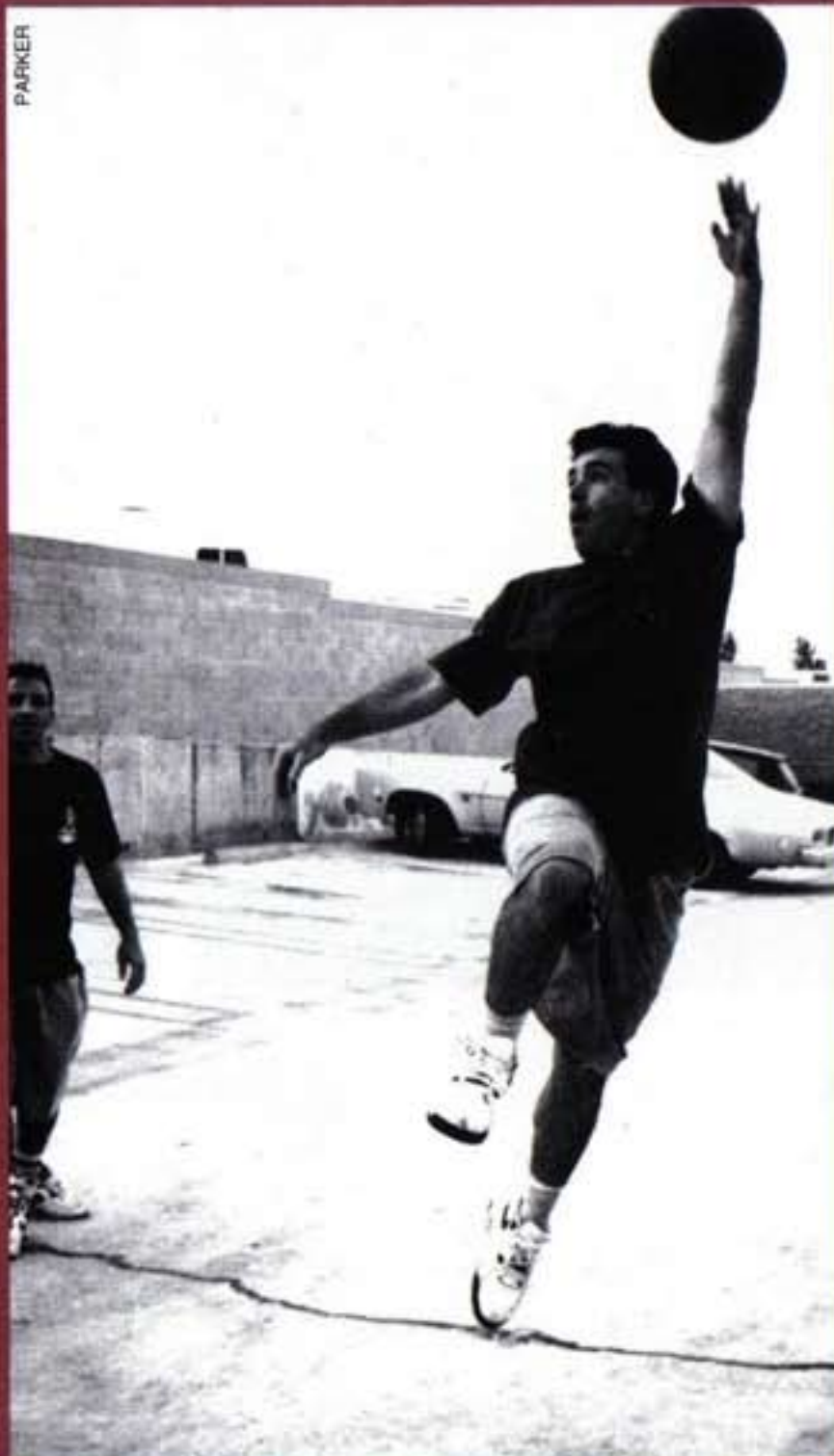


On a down note, last issue's art showman, Melamid, took his life with his own hand when he saw his work in a skateboarding magazine. Komar was smitten by his swift action but now realizes she was fortunate enough to work with such a powerful man. Komar's friend could not be reached for comment.

Etnies has a new low top out. They also have an ad in this magazine.
Pat Brennen, former Powell team rider, has quit skateboarding to pursue a future in kickboxing.
All the skateboard companies are working on new videos.

PEOPLES COURT

PARKER



Steve Rocco lofts an outside switchstance hook shot. (A lefty.)

world industries' back parking lot has become the arena for daily full-court basketball games between the likes of certain world employees and distinguished guests. Among the top visiting players are Jovontae, Ternasky, Rick, Rudy, Gabriel, Kareem [not Abdul-Jabbar], and MVP Guy Mariano. The property management recently sandblasted the spray-painted 3-point lines, so the scoring of outside shots now remains the subject of constant dispute.

26, MOHS TRADE SHOW '92



SEAN CLIVER

If you ever thought going to a Trade Show might be "fun" or even "rad," read the following article. It's the next best thing to being there which isn't much to begin with. The shows are held in different places throughout the year. They provide an arena in which all the companies can show their newest products in little booths just like a county fair. The one we went to was at some convention center in San Diego. Normally these events have tight security, but since the action sports industry is in a slump, they were letting practically anybody in. All you needed was a business card. I used J.D.'s and pretended I was the world industries receptionist. Once inside I observed that it was uncomfortably boiling warm. My guess was that they kept it hot so all the bikini girls wouldn't catch cold.

The show was segregated into 3 sections: the surf section, the rasta section, and the skate section. The skate section was filled with many neat sounds. Apparently techno is no longer the most popular kind of music solely among British skaters (see last year's readers' poll in RAD).

By far the best thing there was a video they were showing at the Droors booth. It was footage from what appeared to be the Japanese equivalent of the WWF, only with a few minor differences: 1-It wasn't fake 2-Instead of ropes around the ring they had barbed wire. 3-They used real blood. There wasn't much to see after this and I wanted to leave. Unfortunately two of the other people I came with (Jeff Tremaine and Andy Jenkins) knew way too many people there and what's worse, had each just finished a couple of the very large cups of beer which left them in an all too friendly mood, the result being that I had to wait an extra 2 hours for them to say hi to everyone. Assholes.

-M. McKee

Impostors Exposed

Company Review: Counterfit Skateboards by Todd Swank

This month in Company Review we have Counterfit Skateboards. Who the hell do these guys think they are? These boards are such shit I could puke, and then they push them as being quality. What a joke! These are the kinds of skateboards that belong in K-mart. What the hell are these X-5 ultrathin plys? The decks I saw were fucking tug-boat tankers. Lies for cash is what's going on here. I tried to locate their production source and I have a good feeling these decks came out of Japan or Taiwan. Another thing



Here's me shaking hands with Counterfit's C.E.O. Who is this guy?

right here in their lame-ass money oriented, shop plugging advertisement is their claim to have shapes similar to the "best selling" shapes currently out there. So what they do is wait to see what's hot and then copy it. What you're getting by that time is an old, ancient shaped

deck. This good-for-nothing company lacks innovation wholly. Take their graphics for example. How can anyone satisfy their creative hungers with this crap? Same old, same old. These guys obviously don't make products which meet the standards of modern skaters who define the standards of tomorrow.

What it all comes down to is these guys are only there to make their money. They have no true concerns for the needs of skateboarding and skateboarders alike. Their mentality and output are based on a profit-oriented ideology. There is no consideration of the true reasons for living, which skateboarding is so deeply aligned with. Down with the stale, ignorant, money grubbing impostors today.

FIGHTback!

by Steve Berra

What should I do about the shit they said about me in Big Brother. I don't know what I did. I know I was on tour for 3 weeks with Tony, Willy, and Jeremy and then we arrived at Woodward skatecamp. Things were just great after the 13 hour drive straight to Woodward. I was ready to thrash. But before I thrashed I got the low down on this kid. He told me he had learned every trick in Willy Santo's part in the new Birdhouse video and that then he learned every trick in my part (except the vert because vert sucks). He also went on and insisted he learned almost every trick in Mike Carroll's part of the Plan B vid. He was having a little trouble with 1 or 2

tricks but he's really close. I was ready to give the guy the shirt off my back and 3 pro models if he would bless us and ride for Birdhouse. I was really stoked on that kid. I'm supposed to hate kids even though I am one of them. For some reason I got into the position I'm in but I don't feel any different. I think it's dumb that kids even care if I'm alive. I get mad when I skateboard sometimes. That makes me a crybaby. I can't believe that Big Brother would even take enough time to write anything about me. I'm nothing to them, and I always thought I was on good terms with those guys. I don't understand why some kid from Woodward wants to say that about me either. Actually I

Le Fen Ert af Earl

Painting using Parkerism

Each piece: 600 by 600 millimeters. White canvas at birth, unique and solitary upon completion—just like a human face. How does a piece of art make you think and feel? In this section I will open up and try to communicate my feelings about my work to the average reader. Do you have similar feelings? Let me know.



Chick with Blond Hair

Although I spent probably as much time on this one as all the others combined I don't feel it is my best work. It lacks a certain spontaneity. There's a Pixies song called "Dig for Fire." Whenever I hear it, I imagine a fabulous blond dancing with her hands on her head and her hair flying around in a "cut loose" fashion.



Car Plant

This symbolizes the environment and the clash between man with his polyurethane productive tendencies and the natural realm of inanimate life. Are we doing wrong or right and why can we do more? Only the gods know, but the question still remains: who is suffering?



A Tripped Out Halloween

I used this painting as a release of my mixed emotions and a cesspool of memories from Halloween '91 when my parents got divorced and I took 660 mics of LSD. Suicide was not my intention, recklessness is my abandonment.

do. He got a little bit of power in his hands and really didn't quite know what to do with it. He thought Steve Rocco really felt threatened by the company of Birdhouse but little does this boy know. Steve doesn't even know Birdhouse is alive much less does he feel threatened by it. The little boy in question figured let's talk shit about Birdhouse and maybe I'll be in there with the man himself, Steve Rocco." Well little boy your dreams came true. You've hit the big time—printed in Big Brother just for a little shit talking. I'll tell you what, if you want to talk some more shit or if any of you kids want to tell me how big of a piece of shit I am or if you want to tell me that it's OK— Just pick up a pen and paper and write a letter to me at 3675 Barnard dr. #163 Oceanside, CA 92056. Sorry for being such a fucking idiot.

This is Alex Goldberg-

If you see this jerk, know that he is a complete idiot worthy only of your mean-spirited ridicule and fun-making. If his name rings a bell that's because he's the guy who wrote the only crummy article in the first issue of BB about skating and the police. Anyway, we don't want to get into how lame he is since we feel that the mere mention of his name in our great magazine already gives him much too much undeserved notoriety. Here's the deal: you know his name, now all you have to do is go out and wreck him. Polaroids or, better yet, video proof of your efforts will be rewarded with exciting cash prizes, the size of which depends on the amount of damage done. Below is a brief list of suggestions with corresponding cash rewards to get you started.



Name-calling	\$1.00
Pie in the face	\$5.00
Pantsing or wedgying	\$10.00
Beating to a pulp	\$20.00
Sodomizing	\$100.00
Crucifixion	\$500.00

Keep in mind that these are just suggestions and you needn't limit yourself to this list, so try to be creative.



Countryside

I am pretty happy with "Countryside" and the way it turned out. It shows from the broken window that living in the country isn't all peaceful. Just because there aren't gang threats doesn't mean isolation can't lead you into some pretty rough psychological territories.



School Days

"School Days" whimsically admits to my absent-minded 12-year-habit of dazing off in the classroom. Sorry Mr. Stone. I want to say "hi" to all my friends in college presently. I'm glad I'm not there with you. Have another brew, dicks.

BEVERLY HILLS 90210: EARLY SEASON SYNOPSIS

by Sean Cliver

"Beverly Hills 90210 is the only show on TV that gives me a boner." -Howard Stern

Provided as a service to you **unfortunate** readers who may have missed an episode or two, this is a brief summary of the pertinent happenings at **West Beverly High**. These episodes aired during the months of September and October and are but the beginning of the kids' last year of high school.

First off, **Brandon Walsh** and **Andrea Zuckerman** have had a hell of a year so far in their journalism class, the former having been promoted to senior editor of "**The Blaze**" (West Beverly's award winning school newspaper) and the latter demoted to assistant after running it for the last two years. The new journalism teacher, "**Gil**," displays a rather **unnatural affection** toward Brandon and has the strong markings of a **homosexual**. So far this year, Brandon has come to realize the conflict of **racism** and **Beverly Hills** and successfully merges a volatile negro school district with West Beverly via a **school dance**. Oh yes, **Nicky**, Donna's **freshman** buddy, is Brandon's current girlfriend and is, by far, way better than the **forty year old bigot** he dated during the summer. Andrea's character, poignantly portrayed by **Gabrielle Carteris**, gets less and less believable by the episode and at times resembles a **mid-thirties Alice** from the **Brady Bunch**. In the most recent episode, Andrea is struck by an automobile, the hit and run variety, leaving her in a wheelchair with two broken legs. Bummer.

The **love triangle** of **Brenda Walsh**, **Dylan McKay**, and **Kelly Taylor** remains to be a very exciting situation. In case you missed the "**Summer of 92**" episodes, Kelly and Dylan had grown quite fond of each other and had an **affair** of sorts while Brenda was in Paris. However, Brenda had a **sly fling** on the side while she was in France with a fellow American traveler, **Rick**, in which she pretended to be a Parisian. When Brenda returned to the states, she admitted the affair to Dylan. He said he understood but **neglected** to mention his affair with Kelly. Over the past few episodes, Brenda and Dylan grew increasingly cold and hurtful to each other until it culminated in the **much anticipated** break up. Brenda used recently rediscovered "kismet" Rick as the **transition man** (who she has already broken up with) while Dylan wasted no time in sprinting to Kelly's bedroom. The most recent status of the love triangle has Brenda and Kelly at odds with each other (Brenda's calling Kelly a "bimbo" is almost unforgivable) and Dylan, fed up with being accused of cheating on his SAT's, deciding that he needs space from school, girls, and Los Angeles. On the side, Kelly's **shower scene** in the third episode was remarkably **stimulating** and by far the **highlight** of the year. Yes, even better than **Brenda and Donna** attempting to **dance** with the brothers. By the way, has anyone noticed how **Shannen Doherty's** eye continues to slide up the left hand side of her face?

Steve Sanders continues to plod down the path of self destruction as he attempts to use the "**legacy key**" to alter his inadequate grades using Herbert's computer hacking skills. Amid the altering, the computer froze at a crucial moment jeopardizing their futures at West Beverly. Steve's **hair** remains an anomaly as it closely resembles a picture-of-perfection, windstorm repelling helmet.

David Silver, aka: **George Michaels**, is the best **white rapper/dancer** at West Beverly. David's only mentionable trauma of the year has been fending off his **dead friend's** younger sister, **Sue**, who is incredibly **grotesque** and hopefully will contract a **fatal** disease before seasons' end. Not surprisingly, in a recent episode it was revealed that Sue has been **sexually molested** since she was a young child by her **Uncle Henry**. David and his girlfriend, **Donna Martin**, remain **virgins** and have decided to remain so at least until after high school. However, making out and **heavy petting** are acceptable.



"GOD MADE ME FUNKY." -SHANNEN DOHERTY

TODD REAMON

a corner of poetry

Bones are strong, simple, functional and basic.
 They are the structure which connects everything else.
 Bones are clean, strong, and above all, effortlessly functional.
 Bones are NOT pretentious, fancy, frivolous or fake.
 They are not for the squeamish or meek.
 They are direct and honest, they do what they say and say what they do.
 They endure after all else has gone and remain in tact when the rest is in shreds.
 They keep on working when all else has failed.
 The line is straight ahead and totally functional, while also appealing to everyone's inherent sense of balance, proportion, form, color, comfort and value.
 Bones are basics,...simple, sturdy, and comfortable basics.
 Form follows function...and color, feel and fit combine to follow your every move.
 They are not the most expensive... just the clothing you want to wear because it feels good, looks good, and forms to your body and lifestyle.
 Everyone needs Bones, whether they know it or not.
 Bones are for Life!

—George and Juli Powell

Dearest friends,
 This is the end of innocence, the death of youth, summers last breath. What will the changing season's bring?
 Adolescence, —our guilty hands and eyes. Are we doomed to suicide?
 I can remember every detail, as I inhaled deep and pure. Now every breath is screened and scoured by what has come before.
 I stand awkward, I fall harder, comfort is ignorance. Ignorance is bliss in innocence. I am guilty, and friend you are too, and this guilt has detached us from emotion natural and true.
 Now our lives are so premeditated. And we're so concerned with what others say and do. And every word we use is to praise or pity ourselves, that's all we seem to do. I see it all thru these hazy eyes, so clearly now. I see the roots and where they're buried but I'm too tired now to dig them out.
 And so we sit around and talk the shit, and watch it fly it all around. And we find content in this contempt that we call our lives now.
 So what's the future of our story? Is it too late to turn it around? I wouldn't put a penny in our name, it's in the hands of our children now.

—Mike Vallely

hawk retires?



The final moments of **The Aquaman**

words and rare photos by E. Parker
 (shot with a water proof camera.)



"My heart and soul's in this boat."



I still get the chills when I think about it. Tuesday night. Nothing to do. Sal, Doug, Jed and I decide to get a 12-pack and take Sal's boat, "The Aquaman" out to party away the rest of our opium. Sal had his fishing rod and he was nonstop heckling.

"I'm going out one more time! I'm

catchin' that shark I always wanted!"

There were a lot of jokes going around that night. Funny how after a tragedy it's a trip to remember how happy you were before it happened. Sal and Doug were having a *battle of the wits*—

"I got herpes dude, you don't wanna drink outta my glass."

"You have herpes?"

"All over my mouth. I fucked some bitch, man."

"A donkey had it on his balls."

"It wasn't a fuckin' donkey, it was a fat chick bro. I fucked a fat chick on New Year's eve, ate her pussy man."

"Oh god you're makin' me sick."

"She was a fat beast, I swear she looked like you Doug. Look at his face, it looks like he's been fucked in the face by a football team, gang raped in the mouth."

—And for me, I was just happy being accepted by these fellas. We had gotten a couple miles out into the Pacific Ocean, with the swells turning into a surfer's dream, when we discovered a hole in the boat. Water was collecting by the motor and in no time it broke down. We went into a panic



Jed, Sal, and Doug.

"Hey which way are we goin' Sal?"
 "Straight. Straight out there."

knowing the Aquaman (aka: Kilroy Beefbox) was going down. However, if you think about it, we were all in our element. I was going to die with my camera and micro recorder, Doug with a head full of drugs and a can of beer, Jed in the ocean, and Sal with his hands on the wheel shifting gears maniacally. He wailed out, "No sharks caught on this boat! Thousands of dollars wasted on killing little fuckin' mackerel and it's all over!!" For the first time in my life I felt sorry for him.



November 8, 1992 just might have been the last contest that Tony Hawk entered. At the fairly young age of twenty-four, Tony is retiring. Tony's last pro model will be coming out soon from his company, Birdhouse Projects, with a reported graphic of something akin to the sinking of the Titanic. By no means has Tony showed signs of losing his exceptional skateboarding skill, and to this day remains an innovator. Perhaps he is merely bowing out early to make room for the abundance of new talent, or maybe just to be remembered as he was and not for what he might have become. Whatever the reason may be, I wish Tony well with his company and his upcoming child with Cindy.

-Sean Cliver

The Skater Chatline

Dear Big Butt,
Suck ass. Hey, boy oh boy, a phone number to call some nice boys: "Fuck off you fucking idiot" -quote from the nice WI phone line. Lovely. I was just calling to chat, so fuck, sucky!

Chester Copperpot



Big phonebill.

The skater chatline is no more. In its first and only month of operation the phone bill came to \$9,400. It was over 300 pages and arrived in a box by UPS. Besides chatline's **exorbitant** cost, several other factors led to its early demise. It seems that messing around on the phone is serious business to certain people like the Phone Company, the FCC, FBI and the Kansas City Police Department, who all had begun investigations on us. Apparently, talking to 14 year old girls can get you into big trouble.

Jed and his *surfer soul* were trying to bucket out water in hopes of being able to surf another day. It's scary to say, but the rest of us somehow felt eerily content with

our impending death.

I started having flashbacks. I couldn't take any more pictures. Doug and Sal were smashing control panels and making animal-like calls. Exhilarated, Doug sat down next to me and said, "This is a hairball way to go. We've got a hole in the boat, no motor, no lights, no life preservers, no life raft, a fuckin' broken window, and madman Sal kicking ass with an oar trying to break shit, just swinging it wildly! We're gonna die in the harbor!" Those words echoed in my mind for an eternity. Huge swells pushed water in faster than Jed could bucket.

I came out of my flashback only to plummet into dry heaving sea sickness. Sal and Doug were sitting in the puddle calling me a "pussy boy from Kansas." They told me to drink the salt water to ease my stomach. I did and they said it was polluted. "I hate everybody!" I said. I was out of control. I grabbed the bucket and started shoveling ocean water into the boat on purpose. It turned into a game and Sal kicked me in the shin so he could fill the boat too. We had all lost hope. Even Jed admitted, "catchin' waves isn't that great." Chaos broke out. We



Smashing control panels.

The end of an era.



started ripping off our clothes, pulling out each other's hair, and biting one another.

I was inducing myself to vomit when I looked over to see Sal with most of his hand in his butt and his other hand violently massaging his scrotum. Doug had his ass cheeks against the hot motor, burning in a masochistic ecstasy. Jed had lost his mind. Once the back end was completely under, we each gained our wits, grabbed an oar and exited as to not get sucked under.

Treading water, and watching Aquaman get devoured by the Pacific, we realized we were experiencing a major *life bomb*. What happened next will be remembered forever.

It would all be a vast blackness soon. We told each other, "I love you man," and waited.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a Soviet submarine broke to the surface. A Russky popped out of a hatch and said, "Howdy mates! Grab onto this rope and come aboard." The Soviets had a keg and tons of rad girls. We took turns screwing them all night long. When morning came they took us close to the shore and gave us a raft to paddle into Redondo Beach with. The funny thing was, nobody even knew we were gone.

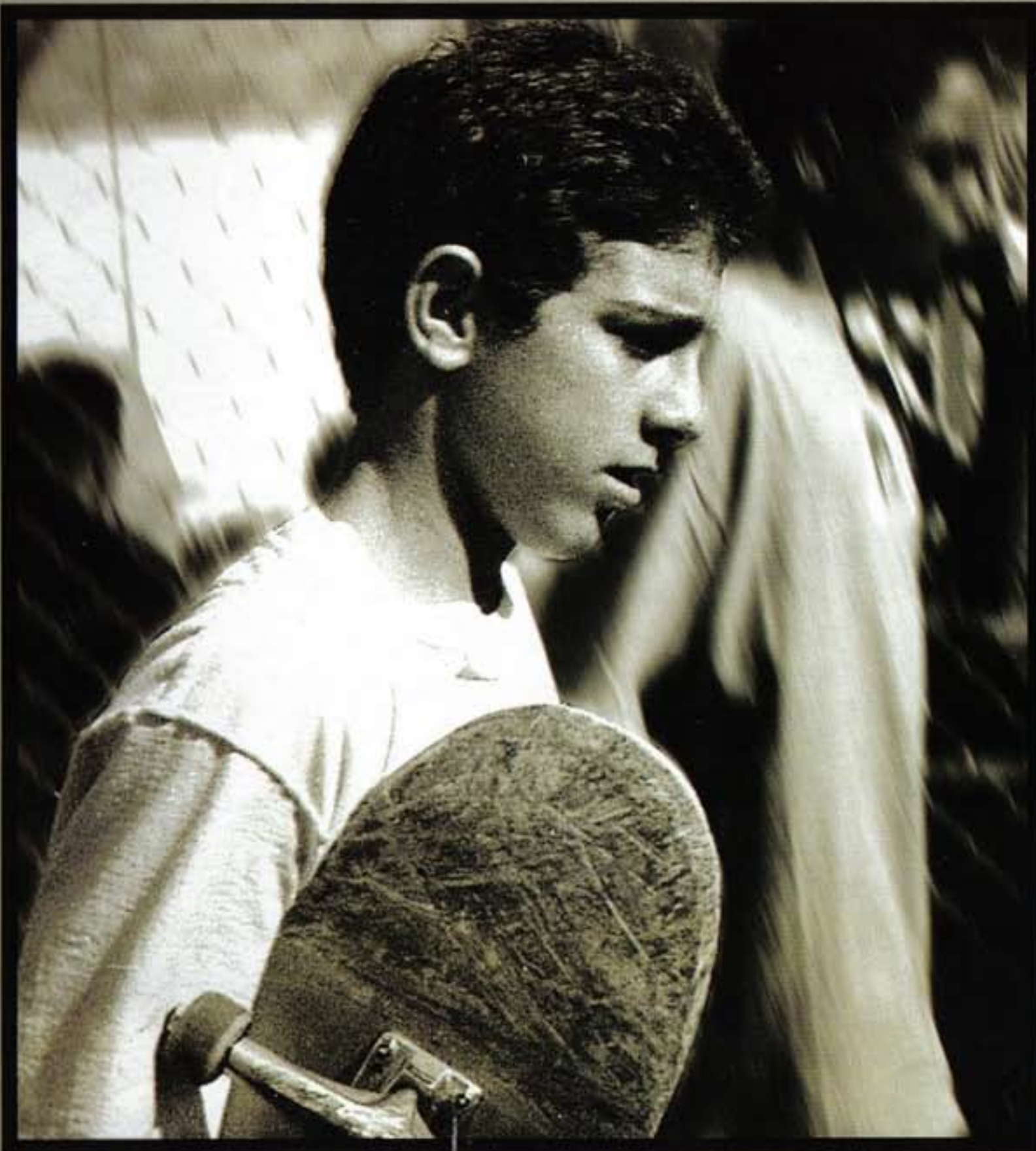
Life is a vigorous and worthwhile struggle. Don't take it for granted, love your body, and live each day like it's your last. Let's have a high five for the adventurers because - **memories last forever.**



1-800-544-8348



OPERATION MANHOOD



At the age of sixteen Guy Mariano has already done many things with his young life. Besides being recognized as a top pro skater, he's starred in a video, traveled around the world, and has a bank account full of money. But, Guy is not a happy man. Why? Because Guy has not accomplished the one thing every other pro on blind can proudly boast. The one thing that separates the men from the boys. That's right, Guy is still a virgin. And not only does Guy have to face each new day with another dose of insatiable and uncontrollable hormones, but a heaping supply of ridicule from his friends and team mates as well. At the rate he is going there is little or no hope that he will ever lead any sort of normal adult life. Hell, if we don't do something quick, Guy could become some deranged mass murderer. This is where you, the general public, come into play. Somewhere hidden in our vast, seemingly innumerable population, there must be at least one girl willing to bestow the gift of unadulterated lust upon young master Guy. Here's the deal, all willing females send in photos of yourselves to the following address:

blind skateboards

3914 del amo #904

torrance, ca 90503

attn: Operation Manhood

The lucky lass Guy chooses will be flown out to California, picked up in a limo and escorted to the Beverly Hills Hotel. Once there and settled into a luxury suite, a brief courtship consisting of groping in the dark will take place. Then down to business, which shouldn't take more than a few minutes. When you awake the next day, there will be shopping on Rodeo Drive and an etiquette lesson from the Hotel manager, just like in the movie "Pretty Woman." Finally, you'll be dumped in a cab and driven back to the airport where you will be returned to your miserable life. So go ahead and give it a try, you have You have everything to gain, and Guy has everthing to lose.

music section

[by marc mckee]

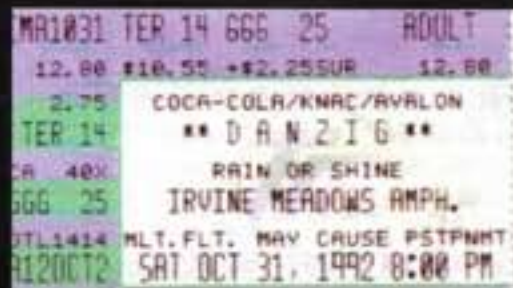
Here is the first installment of our music section. From this point on we will be constantly reviewing cd's, concerts and videos all in an effort to get more free cd's, more free tickets to concerts and more free videos to review.



danzig concert review

Halloween night we attended the Danzig concert at Irvine Meadows Amphitheatre. The following is a review of the muscle-bound midget opera singer's performance.

Danzig came onstage wearing a tight black 3/4 sleeve t-shirt with a collar only slightly wider than that of a world industries Bob shirt (he took it off after the third song). The sound system was excellent and reproduced his voice beautifully. The most memorable moment of the evening was when he made eye contact with us during his rendition of "Am I Demon." It was really cold that night and I'm sure they made added profits from t-shirt sales to people simply in need of an additional layer of clothing. The crowd was really wild. In front they broke down the barricade between the mosh pit and the stage. Way up top on the grassy knoll they lit multiple bonfires and danced around them like crazies. Finally, because of it being such an "auspicious occasion," as Glenn called it, they rounded out the night with the Samhain song, "Halloween." Fresh.



alice 'n thunderland

thursday, october 29 at club schmooze.



SEAN CLIVER

standing behind Jackie. At such a close proximity we were each able to get whipped in the face by her hair when she'd occasionally flick her head in a most model-like fashion. We soon discovered that we were indeed correct in assuming that she was model material as we overheard her tell her friend that she was into acting and modeling, but, she cautioned, by this she didn't mean to sound like those people who just "say" they're into acting and modeling. She was making it. The downpour continued and Jackie went on to say she was glad she wasn't wearing a whole lot of make up. Moments later she recoated her lipless mouth with more lipstick. Inside the club they



jackie



NATAS

Cheap-ass J.D. (world industries' phone answerer and lead drummer for Alice 'n Thunderland)

couldn't put us on the guest list since he had already reserved

fifty spots for big record industry executives. As a result of this oversight we ended up having to wait 45 minutes outside in the pouring rain before we could get in. While freezing to death in the cold we witnessed (to our added frustration) numerous limos pulling up, unloading VIP-types who were ushered in immediately. Then, to make matters worse we had to pay a totally unanticipated \$17 each for admission. This severely cut into our booze money. Fuck! The one good thing to come of all this was that we got to spend the entire time in line

had a bunch of sexy dancing girls who practiced making love to big

"I wish I had my Guns 'n Roses jacket, only that would be embarrassing since Axl gave it to me." -Jackie

huge poles which were of no structural significance. J.D.'s band was fresh.



SEAN CLIVER

J.D.

LYNN COOPER

fresh low cut new model EZ

PERFORMANCE



Sal Barbier



Jose Cerda

model EZ

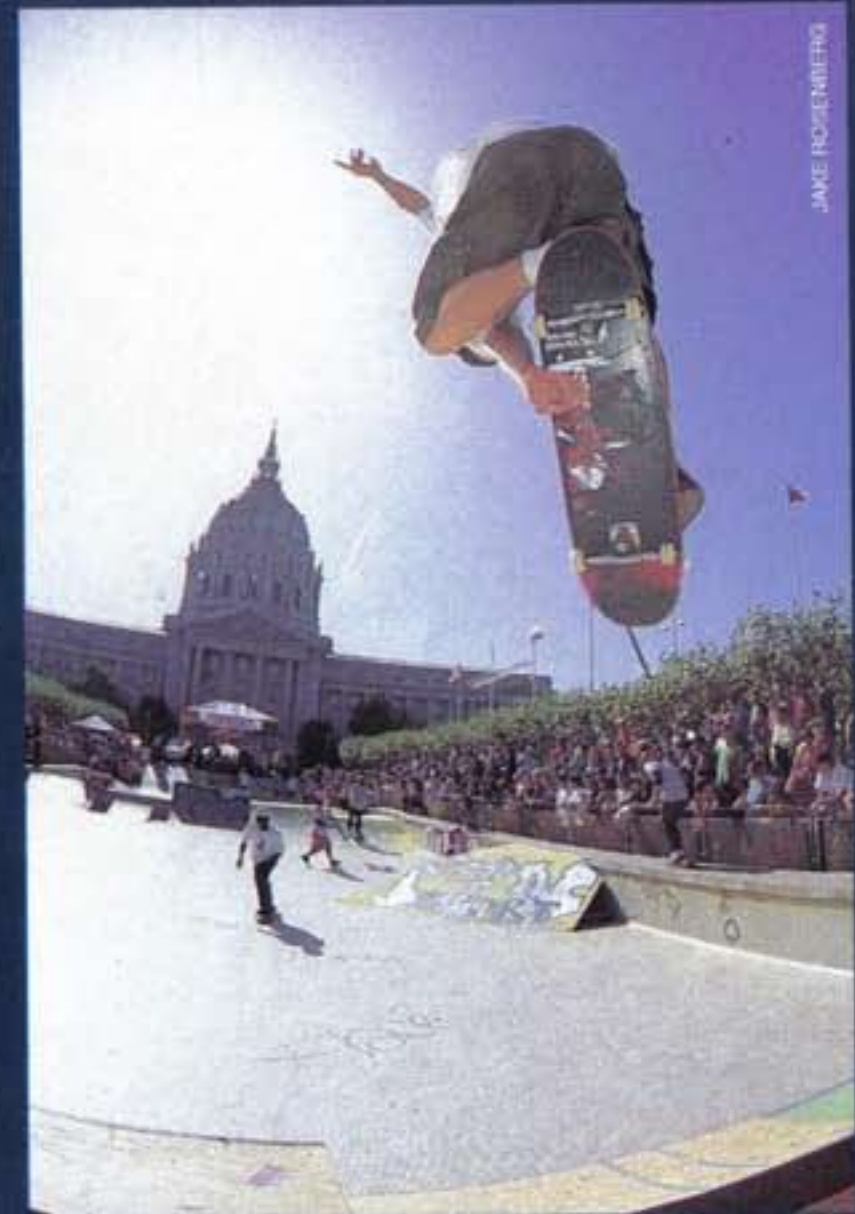
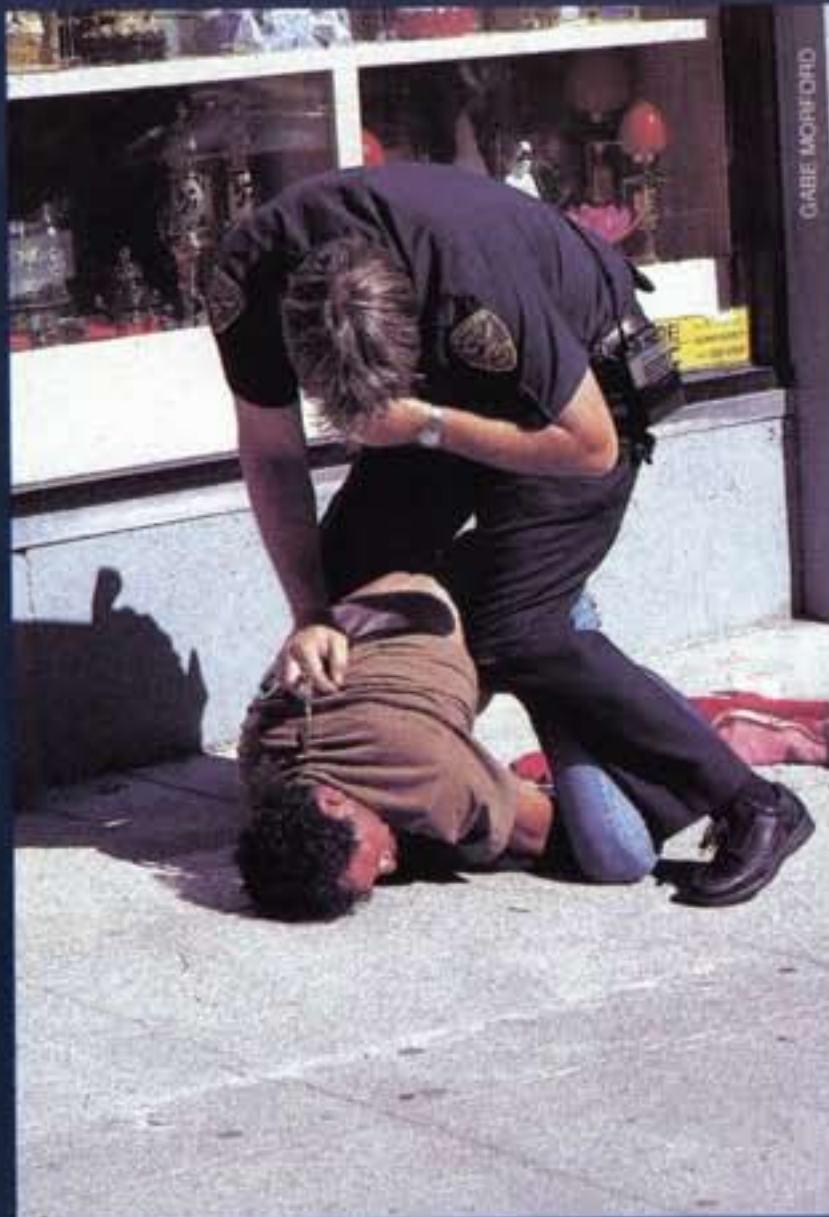
ethnies USA

Beach Center Station #78 - Huntington Beach, CA 92648 - 714-545-9390 fax 714-545-9388 - Send \$2 for stuff.



Redundancy! Here you have it—Two articles about the very same contest. We trust this will somehow make up for there only being half an article for one contest in the first issue. The one on the tan pages deals with what is happening on the board right now. The one on the blue pages by Ed Parker represents a zanier perspective.

The San Francisco Street Contest or 'Disco in Frisco' as it was originally titled, has been taking place each Labor Day at the Civic Center Fountains, in the middle of the Annual S.F. Youth Fair since 1987. The consistent scheduling, good atmosphere, and workable course set ups have made it the premiere event on the National Skateboard Association Contest Tour. Many weak street comps come and go each year, but San Francisco is the only one which has some tradition, and it appears that the top skaters actually take this contest a little more seriously.



Photos left to right: Candy, a 130 lb. junkie. Ron Bertino at Embarcadero. Tommy Guerrero earnestly relinquished his 1st place trophy to Mike Carroll and deposited \$2,000 into his bank account. Rick Howard nose-grinding the Jerebek bar. Jerebek bar? Bad boy, bad boy, whatcha gonna do? Whatcha gonna do when they come for you? John Cardiel bombs the bay! yes.

This guy said, "That's all you're taking to SF, a camera, a recorder and the clothes you have on?"

"Yeah, pretty punk, huh?" I said.

I bought my first Playboy at the airport giftshop and remembered I was going to meet Jake Phelps at the contest. He said, "I'll have glasses, you'll have glasses, and we'll see each other." I ripped out a picture of a nude mountain girl so I could give it to him.

Day 1 Friday September 4

The course is not finished so we drove down to the Embarcadero, to see what's up. The place is packed. Danny Way and Spiderman Dan are skating the Gonz Channel. Dan is trying to 360 f/s ollie the gap while D. Way is attempting b/s pop shove-its. Ron Bertino, Henry Sanchez, Justin Girard, Julio, Rick H., John Montessi, Spencer Fujimoto, Oscar Jordan, Paul Zuanich, Jovontae Turner, Pat Duffy, Sal B., Sheff, Chris Senn, Mike Cao, Salman, Kelley Bird, Edward Devera, Jim Thiebaud, Chico, Kareem Campbell, and hundreds more are sessioning the blocks, bricks, and stair area all afternoon. Pretty soon Rob Dyrdek, Ryan Fabry, and Lavar McBride are jumping down the '7 Stair'. Rob's trying nollie heel flips, while Lavar does f/s 180 ollie flips pretty clean, and Ryan Fabry does the same only opposite footed.

I saw some new tricks on the blocks like:

- Oscar J. - f/s pivot grind to f/s nose grind.
- Danny W. - Pop shove-it nose-slide gazelle
- Ron B. - Kickflip nose-slide, and f/s nose-slide f/s 360 shove-it out.
- Mike Cao - S/S nose slide to ollie fl out.

When it got dark everybody started leaving to go home or back to their hotels. A few of the pros were talking about a rave that was going on later. I'm not quite cool enough to 'rave it up' so I went to sleep.

Day 2 Saturday September 5 The Course



Imagine a big rectangular fountain with a medium size wall in the center splitting it into two halves like a spine. Then place some various obstacles along

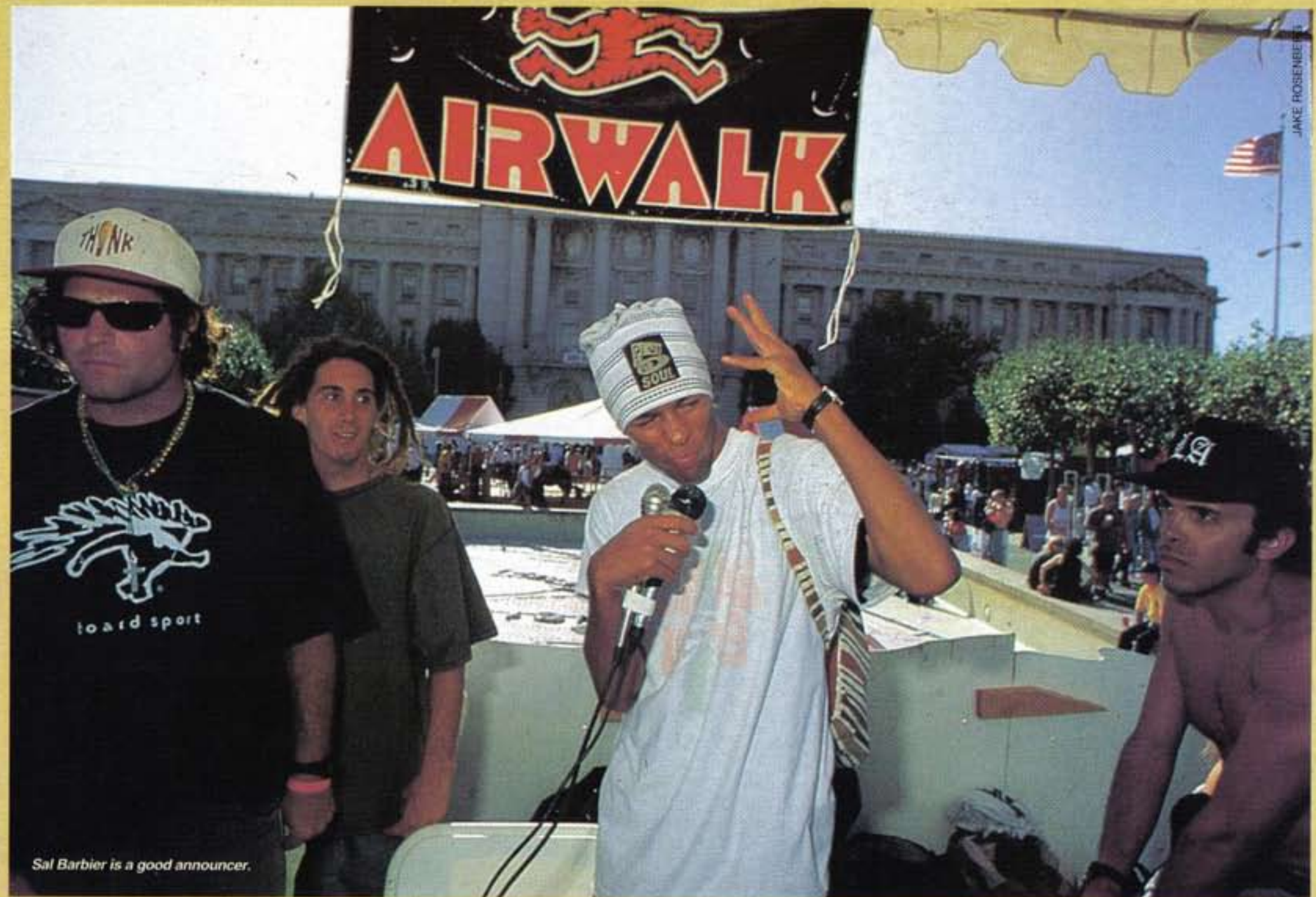
the wall in the middle to allow people to transfer from one side of the fountain into the other. Yes, people have ollied the wall off flat ground like Natas did in his run 3 years ago. Although they are not needed, the obstacles make the course more functional. Along the

wall from left to right start with transitioned box with a 12 ft bar like Jerebek across the top, slap a higher jump box next to it, then slap a steep spine next to that, then a small jump ramp on each side of the wall with a death channel in between, then a small bank to

5-ft deck to bank to round out your wall transfer selection. Place large banks at each end of the fountain, one with a jump ramp in the center like Woodward Gymnastics Camp. Then Place a set of stairs up the middle of the other bank so people can do tricks across



Joe Gruber doing a double ollie flip 360 under a white helmet.



Sal Barbier is a good announcer.

JAKE ROSENBERG



craig

I found Craig on a bench. He begged me for money and held out his hand as I dropped a handful of change into it. The coins spilled all over the sidewalk. Craig said, "That was rude, man!" He proceeded to tell me that he was home-

less and sleeps on the leather seats at the airport. I asked him what bus went to the Embarcadero. He told me he was going the same way. I flowed Craig a dollar for the bus fare, and asked him if I could take his picture.

"Only if you give me five bucks," he said.

"Does this bus go to the Embarcadero?"

"Yes, now give me five bucks."

"If you make sure I get to Embarcadero, we'll go out to eat together."

Craig sat next to me in the back left hand corner of the bus. He rested his legs on the hand rail so I was cornered. I wasn't scared because whatever happened I could just write about.

"I have to go to the hospital to get some dead skin on my heel cut off," he said as he took off his hightop and peeled down his sock to expose the biggest patch of dry, yellow skin I had ever seen. "So I have to get off," he continued. "You can take the bus to the end of the line. Now give me my money!"

"No! You were supposed to get me to the Embarcadero!"

"You're on the way. Give me five dollars!"

"Only if you let me take your picture."

"No, brother. I never said that! You owe me five bucks for directions!" He leaned in close to me and started to sweat.

I told him he was a crummy guide and a liar. Then I gave him five dollars and snapped two pictures.

"You said one picture-- You took two! I want five

more dollars!" Craig flared. He yelled at me for the next ten minutes, until, all of a sudden, he settled down.

"Man, I was just kidding about sleeping at the airport and all that. Do you think a homeless guy would have socks this white? I have kids and live in a house. I didn't need any food money. I was just fuckin' with ya'. You're alright, man!"

Craig gave me a ghetto handshake, but not my money back. As we parted I said, "You can keep my money, but spend it on a jazz CD."



the hotel

The Inn At The Opera was breathtaking. The desk girl had a pleasant, milky complexion with features that lent a more interesting than cutish tinge which gently eased my troubles. After acquiring the "rags to riches" key, I proceeded

upstairs in the charming two man elevator with velvet-padded gold-plated walls. There was a mystical symphony playing from an unknown source and a mirror to check yourself out in. In the room I was on cloud nine as I glanced at the silk sheets and plush carpeting.

I rushed over to the double Italian window, stuck my head out, and heard a woman screaming on the sidewalk 10 stories below. Terrified, I flung myself around and layed my eyes on thirty miniature, complimentary bottles of liquor. STOKED! Whiskey, creme liqueur, gin, and a basket full of expensive



crackers and chocolate Toblerone. There was also a micro-refrigerator with Heineken and soft drinks. I pigged out and got drunk.

I found myself sprawled out on the bed unable to think of what to do next. A warm shower! I grabbed a Heineken, shed my clothes, dragged the clock radio into the bathroom, and started partying. I was spinning around under the endless stream of water, letting it massage my shoulders as I lathered up with gentle organic shampoo. My favorite Doors song came on-- "People are Strange." I applied the finishing touches, Chamomile and Honey Conditioner. I found a little box of Oatmeal and Rye soap which I applied to a wash cloth and wedged in my butt crack to grind out the dingleberries. Warm-skinned I collapsed on the bed and drifted into the dream zone. I was walking through a fancy park towards some guys who were sitting down. Upon joining them, Rocco started talking to us. It resembled an old youth football meeting except these were skaters. Tim Gavin was there and Rocco said, "I guess we're gonna have to set up the refugee headquarters down at the warehouse." A pale man appeared next to him.

"How did you get here?" said Steve.

"Highway Thirty-five," said the pale man.

"You're wandering Thirty -Five! Everybody knows that's a huge party. People that live along there can't even sleep at night!"

Instantly I was in the refugee place. A white room with a California girl in the corner. She was standing on a towel, but it didn't reach under my feet. I had the tip in and she told me to take it out. I said, "Let me do it, I'll pull out." Before I entered again I thought quickly, should I be standing on the towel? My feet are cold and it could be a turn-off. I chose to continue despite my semi-erection. By the second stroke the climax was approaching. Should I pull out? Never! My muscles tightened and I awoke. I hadn't had one of those in months. It was 8:00 pm! FUCK! Must find the contest and cover it. It's my job.

the fountain

Twenty minutes later I was standing at the contest arena looking at the stark bleachers while leaves and trash swirled in the wind, as though it was a scene from a Ray Bradbury short film (he always makes blowing leaves look scary). I had seen numerous articles about these yearly SF fountain contests and they didn't do it any justice. Not that this one will either, but what I'm trying to say is the fountain looks dirtier and more realistic than it does in pictures. It's also a lot smaller, quaint, and less grandiose.



luther

"My name is Luther. This is what I do for a living. I like to earn my money honestly by helping people figure out the subway ticket machines."

The change machine was broken and I had a decision to make. With a twenty dollar bill being the smallest in my pocket I could go up the escalator and across the street to get change at Burger King or take up Luther's offer, giving him the twenty in exchange for his twelve dollars. He would then have almost enough for a room to stay tonight. Naively, I made the exchange, giving six dollars to the stranger. He posed in front of the ticket machine and asked how he could get a job like mine. I told him you have to be a really good writer and gave him the BB phone number. A phone number and six dollars wasn't enough for him! Luther was all around me, just like Craig, raising his voice and making a scene demanding twenty more dollars. Security guards and an employee in a booth were looking upon me as a fool for giving out money and talking to this "kind-hearted on the outside" man. On the inside lurked a greedy, wretched soul. Now I know why most people ignore beggars. They're never satisfied. I hate 'em! I hate Luther! We met on such good terms and he wrecked it.

the subway

I ran into a Vato waiting for the train and said, "Que va ese? How many volts do you think that subway rail is?"

"Damn. Probably a couple thousand. Some guy threw a piece of hamburger on it once and it sizzled into thin air."

brick wonderland

At last I stood before the infamous Embarcadero plaza. Wow, there's "The Gonz Ollie." Cute girls don't hang around skaters where I come from, but that's not the case here. They were all dressed up and ready for the techno party. I sat down by the Blind team where they were kicking it by "The Seven"(the famous staircase). I quickly realized this was their world. Now I knew what all the stocking caps, doctored shoes, and baggy jeans were for. These big fashion shows. The Blind team is one of the major innovators for this kind of stuff. They have to keep up on the lingo also. I can't remember the stuff they were saying, but it sounded really good. From





Wade Speyer grabs a 360 transfer.

the steps. Finally, place a standard bench-size box with metal coping along the walls of the fountain and a bank hip against one wall and you have the entire course. The set-up skates very similar to a spine because basically you start at the one end on top of the large bank, drop in, choose your transfer obstacle, transfer, then hit the other large bank and come back. It's very hard to stay in one side of the fountain or work the course horizontally because you lose all your speed.

Practice

Right away a few pros started to stand out as favorites. John Cardiel was throwing himself all over the course, and taking some pretty hard slams, but between the slams he was sticking f/s smith grinds across the slider bar and b/s 180 over the jump ramp channel. He was also trying long slide to fakie nose-grinds on the benches boxes. Rob Dyrdek was doing nose-blunt style nose-slide transfers across the jerebek bar, clean nollie flips, and trying b/s ollie revert b/f foot flip on the banks. Steve 'Yogi' Berra was having a tough practice. I saw him slam hard into several large people like Salman Agah, Wade Speyer, Rick Howard etc. and he had a hole in his hand where he ripped it open on a screw. One time he tried to bail on ollie over the big jump box and landed on somebody else's

board eating severe shit, but for the record he wasn't crying. The truth is Steve looked pretty good when he wasn't running into people. He was doing 360 Indy Airs over the spine, nose-slides across the jerebek bar, double ollie flips on the banks, and more!

Willie Santos was doing 360 b/s ollies off the jump box deck into the transition and 360 flips over the bank to bank box. Ron Bertino looked strong in practice and was doing heelflip variats over the bank to bank box, nose slides across the steps, Howard Flips (F/S half cab heel flip variats) on the bank, and f/s 180 ollie flips over the hip. Mike Santarossa was doing opposite footed f/s 180's over the hip, and alley-oop f/s 360 ollies over the hip, and Heli-Pop (b/s 360 Nollie) f/f flips over the steep hip. Wade Speyer was going big with 360 b/s airs

from the spine over the deck and and into the transition of the jump box, along with other big ollies variations off the jump ramp onto the bank. D. Way was having some problems getting a line together but he did manage to do 360 b/s ollies over the same big channel Wade was jumping. He also threw cross bone ollies over the jump box, f/s alley-oops off the jump to bank, f/s nose slide across the jerebek bar, and b/s pop shove-its over the bank to bank box. Rudy Johnson was looking too smooth, he definitely has one of the best styles going. He did good 360 flips over the bank to bank box, and 360 flips to fakie on the bank, f/s 180 ollie flips over the hip, as well as opposite footed ollie

flips on the banks, and clean double flips. Speaking of style, Rick Howard was mixing his usual calm style with some of the best tricks done all

weekend. He did nose-grinds across the bar, alley-oop heel-flips off the jump ramp onto the bank, inside flips (f/s shove-it toe flips), over the bank to bank box, 360 flips to fakie on the banks, and alley oops f/s nose slide reverts on the quarter pipe. I also noticed a few rookies skating good in practice. Keith Hufnagel was doing all kinds of rad tricks including nollie flips on the banks, backfoot kickflip variats on the banks, and noseslides across the bar. Mirko Magnum was doing clean heelflips to fakie on the banks and solid lines around the course. Pat Duffy looked right at home skating with the top pros. He was doing b/s lipslides, b/s 50-50s, and feeble grinds across the bar, as well as double ollie flips over the bank to bank box, 360 Ollie flips to fakie on the banks, nose blunt transfers over the spine, and b/s noseblunt reverts on the quarter pipe. Roger Selliner and Mako Urabe rounded out the 'New Guy' stand outs. Both looked pretty good in practice. OK, a lot of people skated well in practice, but the guy who looked the best by far was Mike Carroll. His line was fast and clean, and contained hard tricks on each obstacle. Oh yeah I also saw Alfonzo Rawls do tail-stall transfer ollie-flip over the spine. Ron Allen did a pop shove-it to late ollie-flip on the bank, and Keith Gruber did a double ollie flip variat over the bank to bank box.



Mike Carroll did a heel flip in his run.



his date on I'll always render Guy Mariano "out of place" hanging around the offices or chintzy skateparks. Guy and his good friends thrive in the city, under the bright lights and skyscrapers. Sitting in the corner, too cool to skate, being looked upon by dozens of "Height of Fashion" teenagers just like them, except for the fact that they don't get paid. They were being nicer than usual to me and I was happy.

famous street corner

The bus took me to Masonic and Haight. Heading up Haight I knew the moment was coming. Out of nowhere a scraggly girl of about 20 whisked from an alley, snarled in my direction, scooped an empty soda can from the sidewalk, and disappeared around the corner. I took after her. She was dressed in dirty jeans, a sweat shirt, and gnarly hair kneeling in front of a shop window laughing and saying, "look at that, oh, look at that!" I approached and said, "What's so funny?" She stood up snarling at me as I stared back at the large unidentifiable scabs on her chin, her curling tongue, and writhing lips. Her eyes were on fire and her hair hadn't been washed in months. This was a real hippie. Then I asked the dumbest question of my life:

"Where is Ashbury street?"

The girls face twisted, her pupils swirled. Finally she screamed

"ASSHHBUURRRYYYYY!"

My eyes bugged out. I was frozen solid. I wanted to run back to the midwest. Waiting nervously for an answer the girl pulled a huge wad of paper from her pocket. From the center of the wad she bared an old baseball and set it on the sidewalk. Slowly she opened up the wrinkled paper and then plastered it against her chest. It said: "CONE OF SILENCE."

My jaw dropped, a stranger walked by and laughed at me, and then the girl was gone. That guy seemed to look upon the scene like it happens everyday. I had to find out what "Cone of Silence" means. An alternative man named Tom in Rough Trade Records said, "She was probably on a lot of LSD and ecstasy, wasting her mind away."

"Are there a lot of people like that around here?" I said.

"Not any more than there is in any major city," he said defensively. I was disappointed. I knew Haight-Ashbury was a famous drug area and these music employees 50 feet from the fabled intersection sign were trying to tell me this place is no big deal! It took me 19 years to get here! I'm not in high school anymore. I want culture and tradition. Surely there was some trace left from the summer of '69.

I spent a lot of my money on CD's acting carefree like the kids in the 60's used to. I forgot this part, but somehow I ended up standing in a store entrance on the street talking to another man named Tom. He told me about Haight and the history. Haight is the opposite of love. I never realized that.

The remainder of the night I was depressed and confused about the run in with that crazy girl. I had never met anybody so fried.

the contest

I was supposed to be covert and no one was supposed to know about me. Somehow everyone in the industry knew who I was. I met Jake Phelps and he threw a piece of corn into the crowd.



George Powell.

So how many years have they been having contests here?

3 or 4 years.

How's this one looking?

I think this one's the best yet, every year they get better. It's nice to have the carnival going on all around. It brings a lot of people. If you

look closely you see almost everyone here is a skater...and their girlfriends. It's pretty cool.

How come there's so many good looking girls in San

Francisco?

Because they're not threatened up here.

Yeah, so they don't grow psychologically ugly.
Yeah.

Do you think skateboarding's headed in a good direction?

I don't know, what direction is it headed in?

Do you think it's doing pretty good now as opposed to four years ago?

No, four years ago it was doing a lot better. As opposed to 2 years ago yeah it's doing better. It was pretty negative for awhile, but it's not so negative anymore. The vibes are a lot warmer and more accepting.

What was the problem?

Companies trying to kill each other.

So now they've all mellowed out.

Well, I guess those that were going to die, died and everybody else is just here trying to make the sport better.

What guys are on your team now?

You don't know who's on the Bones Brigade?!? Lance Conklin, Wade, Cabby, Senn, Frazier, Ricks.

Are they all here?

Not everybody's here. Mike's not here, Eric's not here either.

Where are they?

Eric's staying with a friend in LA. His friend got shot.

Who do you think's going to win this?

I haven't seen everybody skate yet.

Do you want to say anything to the skateboard world?

Yeah, skate for fun and forget the politics.

What do you mean by the politics?

The politics of who's cooler than somebody else. Just go for the good product and have a good time. Look for our new wheels. Caballero has a set on, check 'em out! They're clear! It's a totally new urethane!

Steve Caballero's here? Is he skating in this contest?

Yeah he skated, didn't you see him?

No, I just got here. Do you think he'll win it.

No.

Wait, he's not washed up yet?

Naa, Caballero washed up? Never. He didn't have a very good run though.

What do you think about Steve Rocco?

No comment.

Are you two like enemies?

I don't think so, but he attacks us all the time. We're not enemies. I think he's trying to make himself look good by attacking us.

Do you think he may take over the industry?

Hasn't he already?

I mean like totally. Do you think that could happen?

Anything could happen. If the skaters want him to be king I guess he can be king.

Any last words...last words?

What?

Last words?

Big Brother sucks.

How did you know I work for Big Brother?

You're the editor, and you're trying to fuck me over.

I was standing on the edge of the 7 foot main stage. George glanced over the edge and said, "wanna take a trip?!" at that point I left, hurrying to find my liaison, Jake.

I said, "Jake, why is everyone mad at me."

"Because I told you, you're in the big leagues



The first homos I've ever seen.





Spiderman Dan dying from a 360 f's Gonz ollie.



100% BLASE



Who cares about Jaya's ollies over the Jerebek Bar, and what the fuck is a Jerebek Bar?

candy, my girl

I thought I had seen every hideous form of street person until I stumbled upon Candy. A blond girl of 17 sitting in a ball asked me for money. I was appalled that a girl like this was out on the streets. I took her to Steve's room and he was primarily interested in embarrassing her: "Are you addicted to a drug?"

"Yeah."

"OK, which drug?"

Steve gave her some skater clothes, she took a shower, and went out on the town with us and a lot of skaters. They were all making jokes about her. Especially Rudy Johnson.

Instead of following the skaters around all night I opted to let Candy show me the town from "her view." That was my first clue that this street girl was very satisfied with her lifestyle. It's not often she gets an opportunity to eat good food, go to a movie, and party with rich kids, but she turns it down to take me into "The Tenderloin," the gnarliest section of town. We had an interesting conversation:

Some guy gave her 50 dollars to piss in her face?

Yeah.

He was gonna give her a hundred dollars more to shit on his face?

Yep.

And she does tricks?

She turns 'em.

Turns tricks. That means she whores.

Yep.

That's how she gets money for her heroin?

Yep. (cough) From our view it's a lot different from like you guys that skate and stuff. A lot of people come to

San Francisco for the glamour or whatever they want to call it and they stay in those high class hotels and those ritzy, fancy restaurants, but I could take you places where they sleep in the streets...

Oooh.

People get killed every night.

Oh, they do? Will I get killed?

Not if you know the right people. I was walking back to the squat the other night and I was turning onto Sixth Street from Market and a friend of mine was lying there dead.

A friend of yours?

A bullet hole in his head.

Oh.

He dealt speed and speed is a big thing around here. People are speed freaks, they like to shoot it and he was very big. He was well known and he was shot in the head for it.

Did you cry?

He was a friend of mine.

Alright so you did...sorry Candy.

People take life as a joke, you gotta see it, you gotta be out there. You gotta see what actually goes on.

Candy had a problem. She was addicted to heroin. She called herself a vampire

junkie, meaning she sleeps in the day and at night panhandles people with jobs. When she gets 18 dollars she can buy a "fix." Also, every 18 hours she needs a fix or she will get "sick." A fix heals her sickness (cramped muscles, headache, stomach pains) and makes her feel "just like a regular person!"

We were walking through the Tenderloin and people were saying funny things to me like "ice cream?"

Candy told me that the were selling drugs.

candy knows drugs

If the cops come they'll swallow it?

They swallow it so they don't get caught with it, and whenever they take a shit they retrieve it and then they wash it off and go sell it. It's wrapped in plastic first and then put in balloons and tied up and they hold up to a 100 to 200 quarters of it in their mouth at one time. **In balloons? So they can't talk?** Yeah, they can talk. I can talk when I have it in my mouth.

Oh.

I can walk down the street with 15 of 'em in my mouth and be able to talk fine.

What do they call it? Shiva?

Shiva, heroin, dope. You got crack. It's crack, it's coke, it's two O, twenty, rock, whatever you wanna call it.

Walking down the sidewalk Candy scans the perimeter, waits for a car to go by, and leads me into a small hole in the wall. This was the squatter house where she lived. With uncanny precision she led me through a series of completely black rooms. She showed me an authentic beggar sign her boyfriend used when he was sick. As she said, "A month ago some LA punks came down to the squat. They tore off the plywood we had covered the missing elevator door with. Sarah came home really drunk one night and mistook the elevator shaft for her room and fell 7 stories to the basement. She is paralyzed in the hospital now. Also, my friend Christian got stabbed in the back three times with a Bowie knife last night down the hall.

Candy and I cruised back to my hotel room. I kicked back on the bed and licked her track marks (just kidding), but she couldn't relax because of her lack of fix.



Candy squatting in her room.

You see, by taking her away from the daily routine I diminished all possibilities of her getting drugs. All she talked about was drugs and I was beginning to not like her anymore. I could tell she really needed her drugs so I gave her seven dollars and sent her upstairs to Steve's room for money and went to sleep.

The next day at the contest finals I ran into Candy in the bleachers.

"Did you get your heroin?" I said.

"No, Steve talked me into quitting. He said the first 48 hours are the worst and to bear with it. I spent your money on cigarettes, pizza, and a ticket to this skateboard contest. And I am going to get a job and start skating. And I want to move to Orange County or maybe Denver."

I didn't expect the new Candy to last long. I knew she could never change. Still, because she was the only girl I knew, I bought her corn dogs and snow cones all day.



Chris Senn amidst a glorious switch stance noslide shove-it.



Alfonso Rawls tailstalling a kickflip.



Day 3 Sunday September 6 Qualifying Day

Today, 79 skaters will be cut to 30, who will skate in the sub-jam tomorrow. The top five qualifiers from today will go straight into the final jam tomorrow. As usual, the the qualifying day was long and the scores slowly inflated favoring the guys in the later heats. Here are the people who made the top five. John Cardiel finished fifth, (I told you he looked good in practice.) Rick Howard took fourth, Tom Knox took third, (Tom had the cleanest run of the day, he didn't sketch at all, and he went real fast, but he did not have the technical level of the other top five skaters. His runs included 1-ft ollies, frontside ollie reverts off the jump to bank, and shove-its on the bank). Salman Agah took a close second, (O.K. I didn't mention Salman in the practice yesterday, but he really didn't seem to stand out that much. His contest run, however, was super good. He did regular and oppo-



sitive-footed ollie-flip and nollie-flip variations on the banks, nose-slides, and opposite-footed nose-slides on the benches.

posite footed ollies and f/s 180's over the box, nollie to tail-slides, and much more, which excited the crowd and put him solidly in second place). Mike Carroll barely edged out Salman by combining modern street tricks with speed and style. (His run was b/s cross bone ollie over the big jump box to b/s alley-oop off the quarter-pipe onto the bank, to a giant heelflip over the bank to bank box, to nose-wheelie across the steps, to nose-slide the bar, to 360 flips fakie on the bank, to kickflip over the bank to bank box to f/s 50-50 across the steps to b/s 180 to fakie down the bank, to opposite footed nose-slide fakie on the bench box, to opposite-footed kickflips come out forward on the transition, to nollie-flip on the bank, to nose-slide fakie the bar to opposite-footed f/s kickflip fakie on the bank to death from exhaustion). Mike stepped off his board once or twice which cost him, but he still managed to qualify first. Before the results were announced Mike Vallely got in a fight with a 250 pound security guard who looked like a relative of Mr. T. The fight was broken up before anything happened, but Mike V. called the guy out to parking lot to finish the conflict, so everybody ran out to the parking lot area to check it out before they even knew who made the cut.

Day #3 Monday September 6 Labor Day

Well here it is, the final day. This is the day the top dogs bust out all their best moves and go for the trophy, glory, cash, chicks, board sales, etc. I don't

want to bum you out or anything but all the best skateboarding happened yesterday, so don't believe the hype. Yep, that's right Mike Carroll and Salman Agah took the two best runs of the contest and they were yesterday in qualifying, but I'll still give you the run down. The 25 skaters below the top 5 took two runs to cut down to 15. The 15 who qualify get to take two more runs for the finals. In the subjam the scores got higher as the heats went on, just like yesterday, which was a disadvantage to the guys in the early heats. I thought Chris Senn, Pat Duffy, and Wade Speyer looked the strongest in the subjam, but the judges had Mako Urabe in first. Here's the whole breakdown from the sub jam. 10-Shawn Martin, 9-Pat Duffy, 8-Mike Santarossa, 7-Oscar Jordan, 6-Tommy Guerrero, 5-Omar Hassan, 4-Mirko Magnum, 3-Wade Speyer, 2-Chris Senn 1-Mako Urabe. After the subjam finished the top guys practiced and the finals were held. The runs were in the final were 60 seconds instead of 45 like qualifying, much to the dismay of the pros. John Cardiel had good strong runs in the finals he did f/s smiths across the bar, nose slides on the bench boxes, nose stall f/s rock on the quarter pipe, b/s 50-50 across the file cabinet and more. Chris Senn had the best run of the day going which included f/s 180 fakie nose grind the side of the fountain from tranny to tranny across the jump box, opposite-footed nose-slide shove-it on the filing cabinet across the bank to bank box, and 360 b/s nose tap over the spine, when he picked his board up and quit with 20 seconds left

in his run. If he hadn't quit he could have won. Wade Speyer went aerial in the finals including 360 b/s grabs over the box, and Indy airs over the box, he also did half cab blunt b/s disaster on the quarter-pipe. Rick Howard, Salman Agah, and Pat Duffy looked good in practice but fell too many times to score well. Local favorites Shawn Martin and Tommy G. both had clean runs with no falls, but stayed very conservative with their trick selection compared to the other top finishers.

Finally there was Mike Carroll whose run was probably good enough to win the contest, but it wasn't nearly as good as his run the day before in qualifying. In my mind it was close between Mike and John Cardiel, with Wade right behind them, but the judges awarded first place to Tommy Guerrero, much to the delight of the hometown crowd. Tommy G. has given a lot to Skateboarding, and it was cool to see him win this contest in his hometown, in front of his friends and fans, but it's time for the judges to stop rewarding consistency so heavily, and start rewarding innovation, and difficulty a bit more. After the contest, in a cool display of sportsmanship Tommy G. gave his first place plaque to Mike Carroll who then gave it to John Cardiel. I also got my hands on the actual judges' sheets which reveal a few interesting facts. This contest was probably the best of the year, even though the judging could have been a little better.

Later, Mike Ternasky



Ronnie Bertino can pull f/s ollie heelflip shove-its. Look up before I say I told you so.



Mike had the idea to interview pros that were in Transworld's "Most Influential Skaters of The Decade," because he thought the article was so bad. They were boring interviews. Here's one of them:

tony hawk

Mike told me to interview you.

I hate Mike Ternasky. What did you think about Transworld's "Most Influential Skaters" article?

I think there were a lot of people left out of there that shouldn't have been. Even their names weren't

printed there. I mean there's so many people that have influenced skating that they didn't even write down.

How does it feel to be one of the most influential skaters?

I was stoked to be in there, but I'd rather not be in there too much anymore.

the end

The contest ended. I gave Candy my phone number and told her to call it if she wanted a job as my receptionist. She never did call and if you asked me to tell you what she's doing now, I'd say, she started heroin again and probably died. Or maybe we'll meet again

some sunny day? After I took the shuttle back to Los Angeles two final interesting things happened. I saw Gerardo going pee in the airport and on the car trip back to BB headquarters the radio played "Stairway to Heaven."

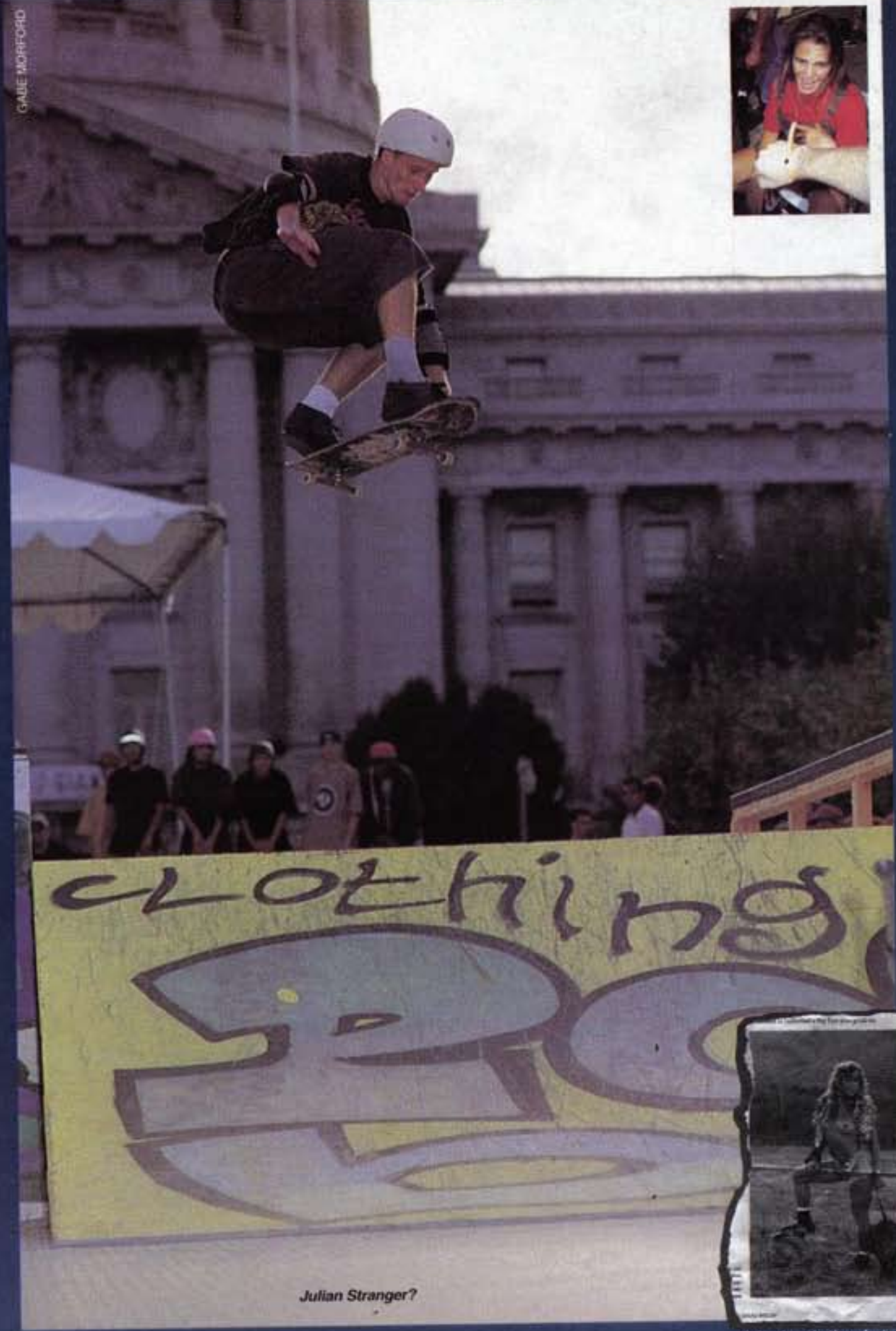
Arty SF girls



Back rub



CABLE MORFORD



Julian Stranger?

Jake, here's the photo I forgot to give you.



JAKE ROSENBERG

"Some men see things the way they are and ask why. Others see things that never were and ask why not." - Robert Kennedy 1964, shortly before he was assassinated.

rodney mullen

Three good skaters, all from different towns across the country come up with the same terrible tale. They practiced everyday, entered local contests, read the magazines, watched video's, and did whatever they could to stay abreast. They learned everything they could. Finally, they scraped together enough to live out their wildest dream: go to some famous spots in California and get discovered. Now months afterward, all of them relive the trauma. Bewildered and frustrated, two of them tell how they were harassed and got their boards focused; the third physically chased away. Why?

I don't think there's ever been a time when skaters have been as critical of styles and tricks as today. The trick list grows daily, mostly in the direction of harder, more to do, and each seems tougher. Then all the terrain: curbs, blocks, stairs, railings, gaps, flat, manuals, etc. Combinations, switchstance... Wheels get smaller, boards skinnier, and everything even more technical. But with so much out there, we get more selective. These days a lot more focus is on the type of tricks and how they're done. World Ind. gets sponsor-me video's by the droves with kids doing as many moves as a lot of pro's. Yet these poor kids still get denied because their skating itself just doesn't cut it. More emphasis should be on how fast, how far, and how solid the tricks are done, not just on how many; quality, not quantity is more the issue.

Okay, it's nobody's place to make big laws on exactly what is and isn't "good" skating. That's why a lot of us skate: no uniforms, no whistles, no rules. Run through a list of top guys and see there's a wide spectrum of what is good: Barbier, Koston, Speyer, Sanchez, Agah, Jovontae; the tricks they do and the way they do them are all different, yet each guy truly embodies what it is to be a professional. So without trying to say exactly what is and isn't good, we can take a look at how to put all the pieces together so your skating can be stronger as a whole.

Start with the most recent. Pressure flips went in and out violently. Yesterday, we saw hoards of kids inching along, drilling their toes into unbelievably awkward positions, then with a long drag, a little flip would shyly hug the ground. Contrast that with Jason Lee's 360 kickflip: a crack of the tail, caught high and clean, no set-up, and full speed ahead. Late shove-its came in under control, almost catchable. Then things got out of hand: guys started incorporating them into everything, spastically heaving their boards every which way, only hoping to land. Contrast that with Rick Howard's frontside pop shove it: loud pop, caught, solid landing, any speed. A similar thing with some grab tricks: before long, people were grabbing two-handed stink bug, landing with their hands still on the board. Variations are good, but it's easy to get carried away. Sometimes it seems easy to take shortcuts, but it's bad in the end: guys want to do nose slide stuff on curbs, but they drop the ollie, stab the nose and wiggle. Contrast that with Mike Carroll's: every aspect of the trick is pronounced; if it's nose slide to nose grind nose slide, it'll be easy to see that that's what he's doing. There's nothing wrong with pressure flips and late shove-its in themselves. Jovontae caught pressure flips with no real set-up at all; Gonzales' grabs were rad; and Sheffey's late shove-its were utterly controlled. It's just that some tricks have different limitations than others, and good skaters know how to make the best of what's there without overdoing it.

Again, what makes a professional has more to do with the way the guy skates, not with the number of tricks he does. Go forward and try as much as you can, but learn to recognize what's going to make your skating stronger as a whole.



4



5



9



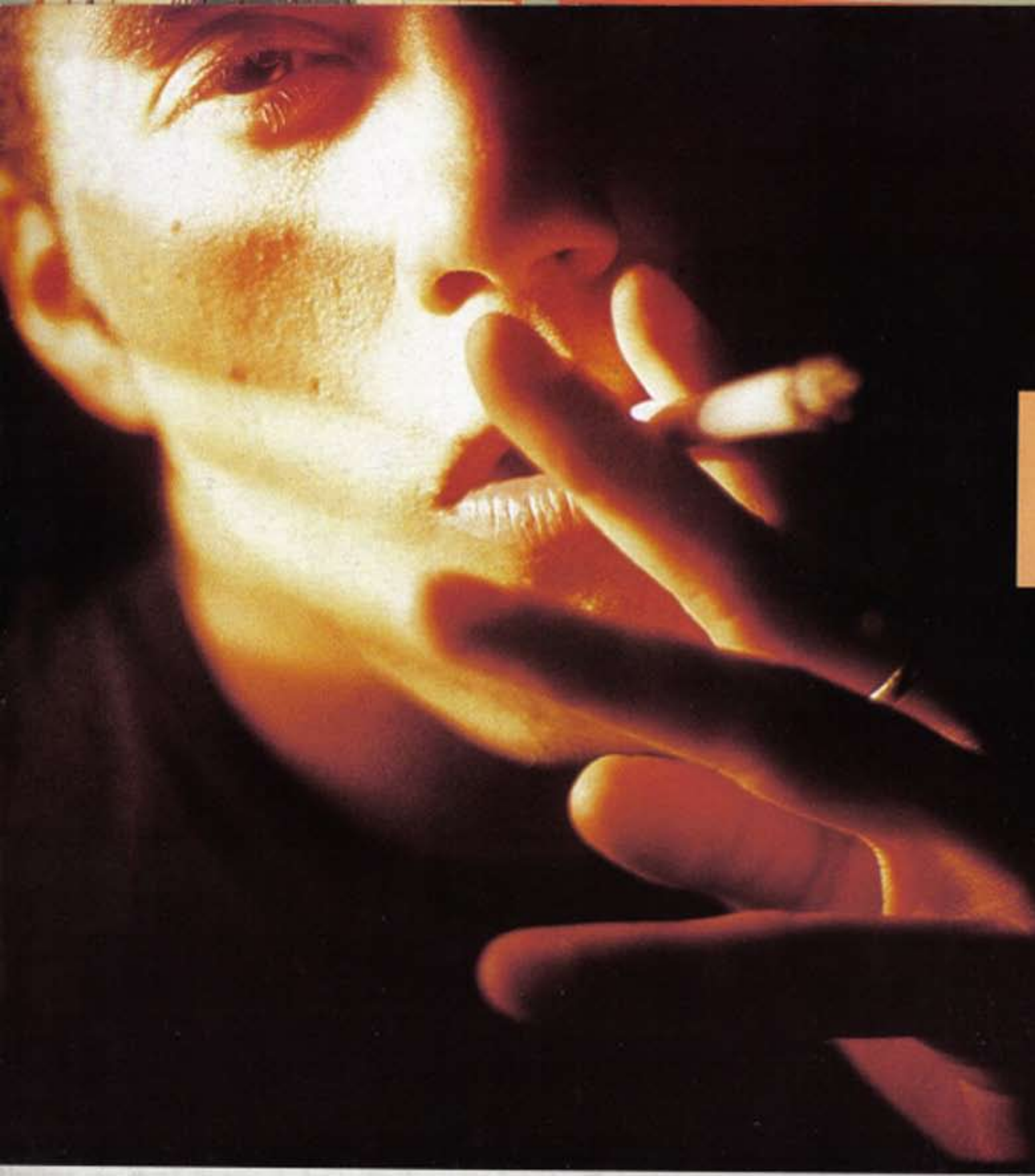
10



14



15



ruod
jjo



this is rudy johnson. rudy would probably prefer that i didn't say how good he is; so i won't. in fact, rudy would prefer that i didn't talk about him at all. so i'll keep it short. rudy's whole life boils down to this: if you pull up to a traffic light and ask him if he wants to race, he won't say no.

y h n s o n

(The following interview was recorded without Rudy's knowledge.)

interview: rocco photos: spike

So you broke up with your girlfriend after three years?

Yeah, 2 years and 7 months.

Are you bummed?

I miss her and shit already so I'm gonna get back with her. I like her still you know.

Why did you guys break up?

It was a lot of things, I guess. You know how it's hard to put your finger on it all afterward. One thing that pisses me off: we can't even go out without her brother goin'.



What?

I swear.

And she's 18?

Yeah. Every time I go to her house I'm not allowed to go in her room, neither is she. We have to stay where the TV is. It's crazy dude. I don't wanna talk about it anymore.

That's cool. Who else do you like to hang out with?

Danny Way is so fun to hang out with. He's fuckin' crazy. He's bad on his motorcycle. If he wasn't pro

at skating, he'd probably be pro at that. And he's got all these chicks coming over—different ones every night. He's got all these guns, too. I heard stories about him and Josh shooting a horse, though. That's pretty gnarly.

Is it fun traveling and hooking up with all your friends?

Yeah. Going to Germany was bad. That's probably my favorite contest.

Didn't you qualify second or something?

Yeah, but that don't matter. It was just rad because it was in this big arena, and when you made something everybody would scream and shit—like a football game.

When are you guys gonna make your video?

I don't know dude. It'll happen when we're ready.

What else do you do? Don't you play guitar?

Yeah. I just like to play a lot. Metallica's bad, dude. Those guys are good musicians; I like playing their shit, but don't take it the wrong way. A lot of people start

playing and tell everybody they're pro and shit.

Do you want to join a band?

Fuck that dude.

Who do you like to skate with?

You know. Guy, Henry, Tim, Rick, Brian, my friend Greg Mitchell. Gabriel is bad, dude; I like hanging out with him.

Gabriel lives in a gnarly neighborhood, huh?

Yeah. It's gnarly because you can be skating around his house and hear uzis go off. Funny thing is, nobody even cares because it's so common.

You had an aborted fetus embedded in Nazi flag for graphics. Was that your idea?

No, dude. I don't care what's on my board that much. It sucks because you always have to come up with shit all the time. If you don't come up with something, you don't get paid much for that month. I guess it's because nobody will buy the old shit.

Have you saved much money from being pro?

Not that much dude. It doesn't seem like I get paid that much. I spend a lot on my car, though. It's fun to go to the races every once in a while. I haven't been in a long time, though.

What do you like about racing?

Why do I race? 'Cause it's bad, dude.

But besides that, is it fun to beat somebody, like the thrill of winning?

You know your car is fucking fast man, and you can fuck around with any car. Like when I get my super-charger dude I'll be fucking around with Porsches and cars like Natas's Acura NSX. It'll be fun dude. Even if they beat you by a little bit, they're always gonna say fuck that 5.0's got guts man cuz they don't expect it. When your racing like that, you start and you have the biggest adrenaline flowin' inside of you. That's how it is, you wanna win...it's bad dude.

Have you ever brought Guy or Tim?

Yeah Guy raced with me twice.

Has Guy ever driven or anything?

I would let him back then, that was when I lost the IROC.

You lost the IROC?

Those have 5.7 V-8's, my Mustang has a 5.0 V-8. I lost cuz when I went to third my hand slipped off, I only lost by a second.

So what else, are you gonna talk about skating too?

Skating's fuckin' bad. Everything's so fuckin' dumb.

Like what?

Skating's dumb dude. It's bad. It just got so crazy in 2 years time.

So what don't you like about it?

Oh, I like it dude. It just got crazy, it was so different when I got on Blind and shit. Everything's switch stance now.

Is that bad? I've seen you do all kinds of rad switch stance stuff.

I feel if you don't do it you'll be behind.

Is it hard to keep up?

It's not hard to keep up, all you have to do is keep trying. Like vert's out, no one skates vert anymore.

You didn't skate much vert though?

I know, but it was rad. Like my friend Paul was good on vert and that totally destroyed him, he's nothing now.

It's been like that forever though.

No way, cuz the first time...

No, things always go out of style, I mean slalom used to be big! It was on the cover of skateboarder magazine. SLALOM! It was fuckin' huge! I used to go race slalom when I was 16 in 1975-76.

Slalom?

YEAHHHH! I swear to god.

And then freestyle got in.

Freestyle was huge. There was pool riding, but it wasn't organized. It was a rebel thing, nobody did it. Then they organized vert riding and that's when it got really big. Eventually, that's all there was in skateboarding, there was nothing else. Freestyle became nothing.

When I started skating the first thing I ever saw was vert and then street just took over. I wanted to skate vert but we lived in LA and no one had vert ramps, they didn't even have mini ramps.

Don't you think street is better though because you have to have a ramp to skate. Any kid who lives in fuckin' Ohio can grab his board, go out in



Nollie kickflip varial.

"every time i go to her house i'm not allowed to go in her room, neither is she. we have to stay where the tv is."



"i can't stand eating
without a drink.
I hate it."



front of his house and learn tricks. I mean vert's glamorous and everything and it's fun for crowds to watch. It's like supercross. You go to the arena, you watch it. But for the average guy who rides a motorcycle it's not very realistic. Vert's cool, I don't have anything against it.

How come they said you killed it?

Fuck, I didn't kill it! All I did was push the part of skating that I was into. I never had anything against vert. I just figured street riding is rad, that's what I've always been doing, and I was just pissed off because nobody would ever cover it. Vert riders used to call them street muffins and babies for riding that kind of stuff. However, I never actually attacked vert. There's a difference. Cuz no one really knows who Remy Stratton and those guys are. True, huh? Vert just got out. Everything goes in and out. Look at jump ramp. Five years ago...Per Welinder used to tote one around in his car so he could go practice. Jeremy Klein too. They would bring a jump ramp to Beryl school. I swear, it's totally true.

No way!

What do you think of all these small skater owned companies? Not small really. Three or four years ago the industry was Powell, Vision, and Santa Cruz. Now every company is owned by a skateboarder.

You started your company, you did it and everyone tried it. That's when it all started.

Do you think that it's good that people like Lance Mountain have a company and stuff?

Yeah, I do because at least he's gonna stay into the skating.

That's what I think too.

Dude I swear, I hope Lance's company does good cuz he deserves it. He's the coolest skater. We used to hang out with him a lot. Is he doing good?

I think so, he just ran a five page ad in Slap.

Who does Slap magazine?

Thrasher. What about all the shit that happened with Blind and Gonz [Mark Gonzales]? How did that affect you? Were you freakin' out?

Yeah, I was. I knew he was gonna do it a long time ago. When we were in Europe he and Jeremy were already talking about it back then. They were all, "Fuck that! I'm calling Steve right now, I'm gonna quit."

Why did they wanna quit?

Jeremy was all, "yeah, rad Mark, do it Mark, yes! That would be so hot!"

Do you think Mark's glad that he quit?

You know what Angie [Mark's sister] told me? "Mark's so broke." She said, "I have to give him money from my paycheck. A few nights a week we go out to the markets and we beg for money to get cigars." You know what happened with the Volvo and all that shit?

His house got seized by the IRS. What about Guy [Mariano] and the rest of the team, did that blow them away?

Yeah, we all were cuz Mark was our inspiration. He was fuckin' weird and shit but he had hella rad ideas all the time.

The hardest thing to do is find ideas.

Like what we did with the Blind video, that was *bad* dude. Like the car, we went and filmed, he picked all the spots and it was perfect.

Yeah it kind of bummed me out too.

I don't know why those dudes got bummed? Like Jeremy, Mark, Ron [Chatman], even Valieley. I don't understand it...

Fuck, I don't know either. You try to be as nice as you can to everybody. What I can't understand are guys like Jason [Lee]...

I don't know why that thing went so far. I can't believe he quit over something that dumb...

Because he said didn't have freedom to control the products and the team? That's complete bullshit.

It looked like he was into it [being team manager] at first. Me and Guy were talking with Tim and it's funny cuz where's the Blind team now versus how it was before. I still remember the first ad that ever came out for Blind and like now it's us. Fucking gnarly.

Do you think the team's good right now?

Fuck yeah man. We just put on this little dude named Jeron. That kid's gonna be one of the best—he kinda already is.

What about Ronny Bertino?

He's bad!

Do you think he should be on Blind?

Hell yeah. He can do anything, pretty much. He's the only other guy we want for a long time. After that, Blind will be pretty much set.

Who do you think the best pro skateboarder is now?

I think the three best ones are Mike [Carroll], Henry [Sanchez], and Rick [Howard].

Rick is pretty underrated uhh? A lot of people don't know how good he is. Not a lot of people mention him when they talk about who's the best. People talk about Henry and Mike Carroll. People talk about Guy and Daewon a lot too. Rick is sorta low key.

I don't think Daewon's the best. I think that he's good but he's not the best. The most underrated skater there is right now is Henry Sanchez. His video part

was good but he's so much better than that.

How's Henry doing? Is he pretty happy? He seems like a hard guy to keep happy.

He doesn't even care.

That's what I heard when he got on Blind. He was gonna be a nightmare to deal with.

That guy is so good now. He's probably the best I can think of out of all three of them.

What about Guy?

Guy's good but he just can't do some things, you know?



What about Guy as a person?

Fucking rad man! I've known Guy for four or five years and the way he was going it seemed like he was gonna be the best, but no one skates as much as they used to before. Honestly no one does.

Maybe no one in your circle of friends.

waiter—"do you need anything else?"

Can I get more Sprite...

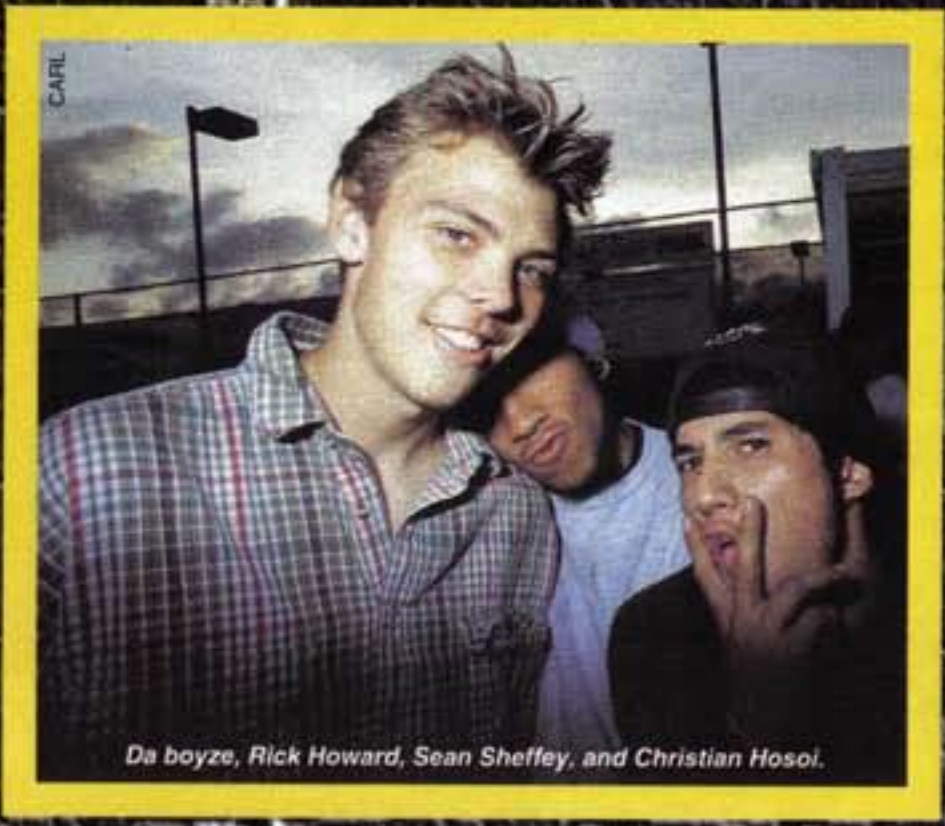
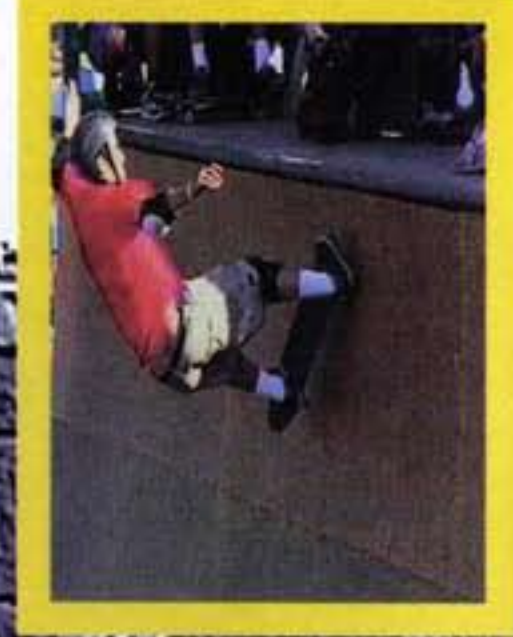
(Interview ends because the tape runs out. Steve set the auto reverse incorrectly)



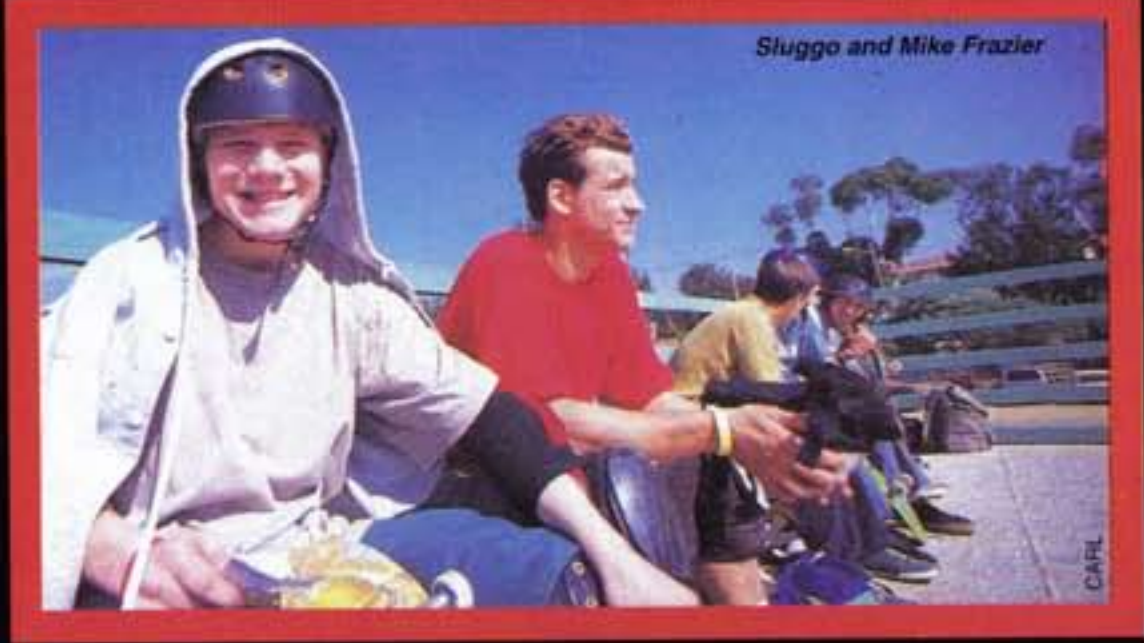
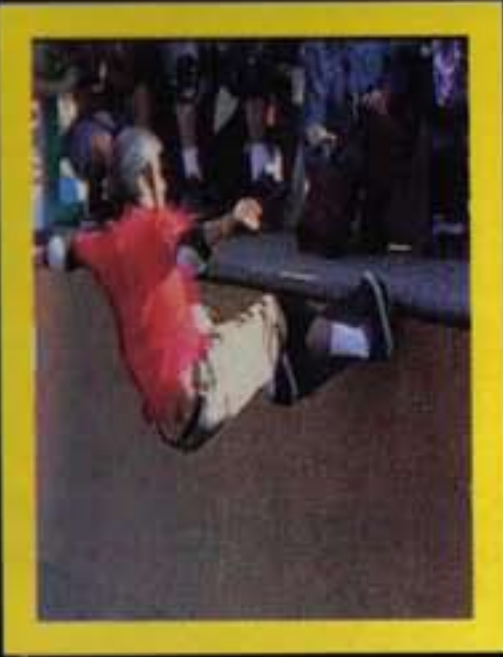
Switchstance frontside ollie kickflip to nose tap.

encininitas

YMC



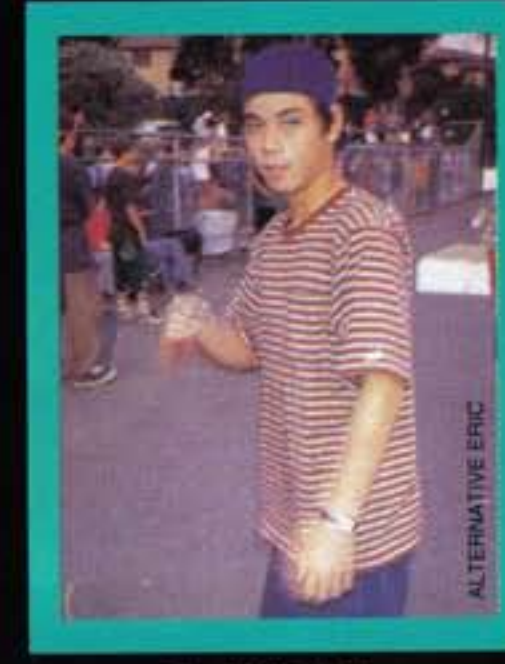
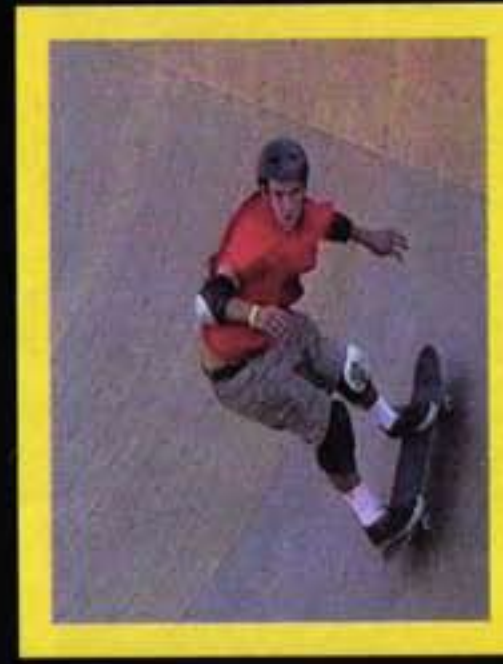
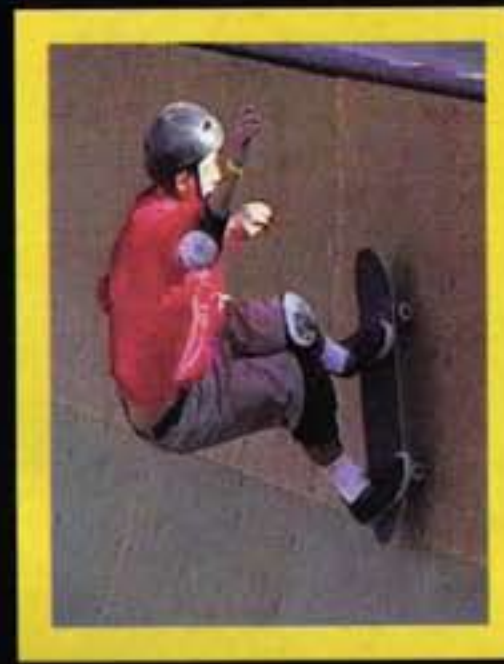
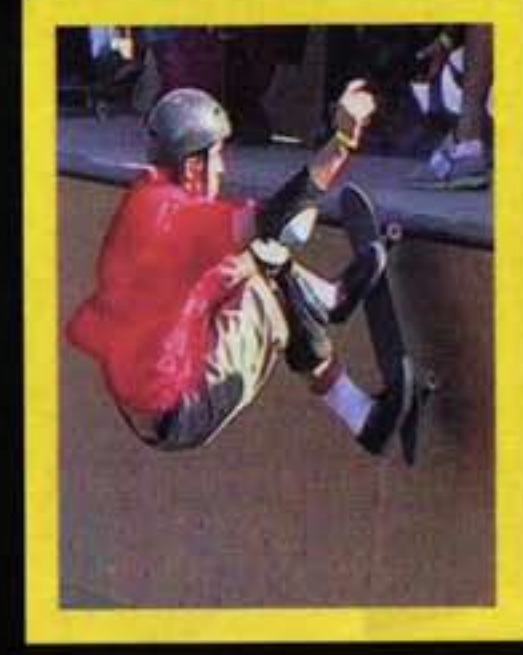
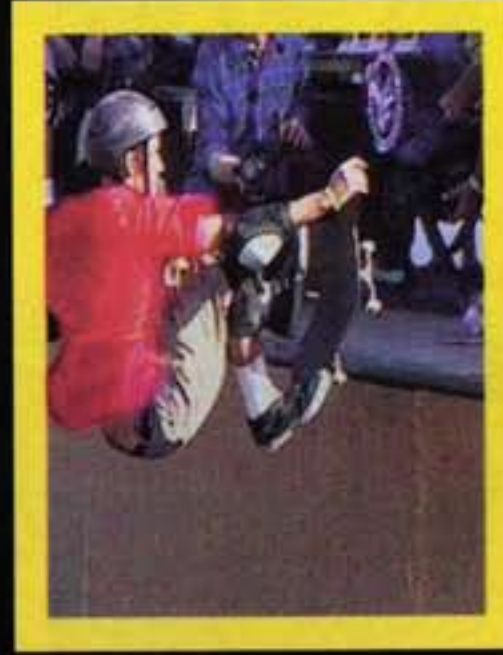
contest



Mike Frazier, fakie pivot grind shove-it to fakie.

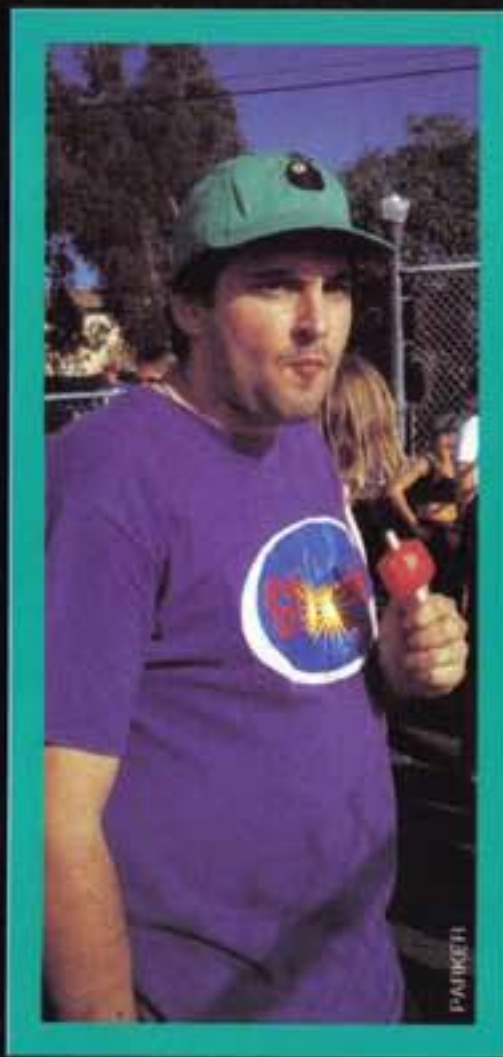


Goofy Boy



Tim "Shite" Gavin





On November 7th and 8th, the so called NSA pro street/vertical finals for 1992 took place at the YMCA Boys Club in Encinitas, CA. The NSA has hosted approximately five contests this year, including this one. Gone are the rock 'n roll extravaganzas of the past as the NSA now opts for the easy out contests at convenient locales.

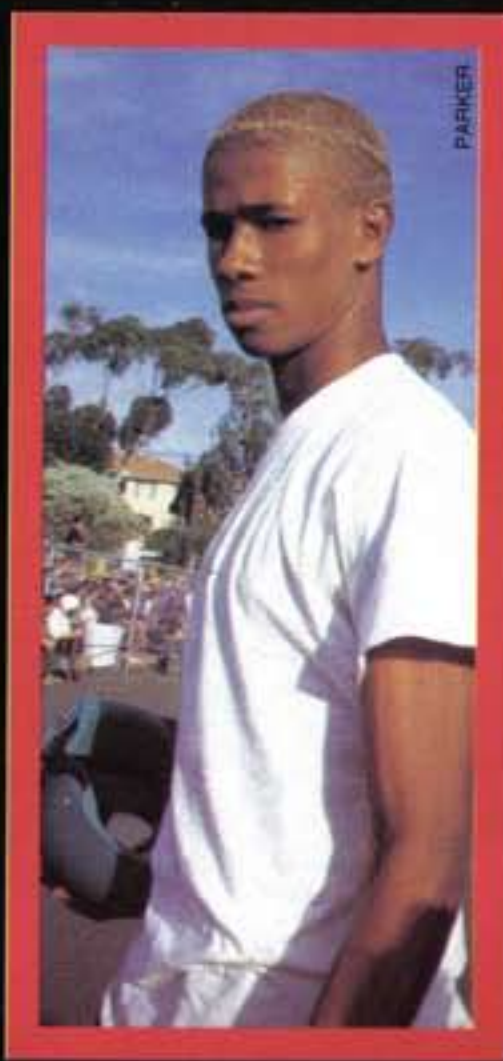
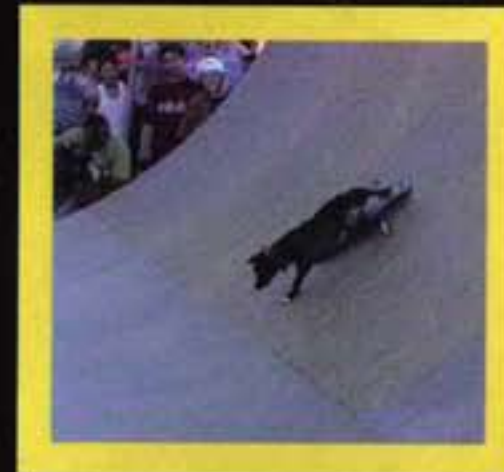
Saturday was the vertical competition and only eighteen skaters entered. Neal Hendrix took first, Tony Hawk second, and Danny Way third.

The following day was the "street comp". Well, hey, there were many obstacles with transitions and a low contest handrail box. Fresh. The four heats took too long, the qualifying cut was too large (top twenty-five), and the whole event abbreviated by the onslaught of darkness. Another well thought out contest. The biased pinnacle of the contest was the entire Blind and world team entering and skating. Had qualifying runs been final runs, Pat Duffy would have won. However, this was not the case, so consequently Jason Rothmeyer placed first.

Food eater. (He's harmless.)



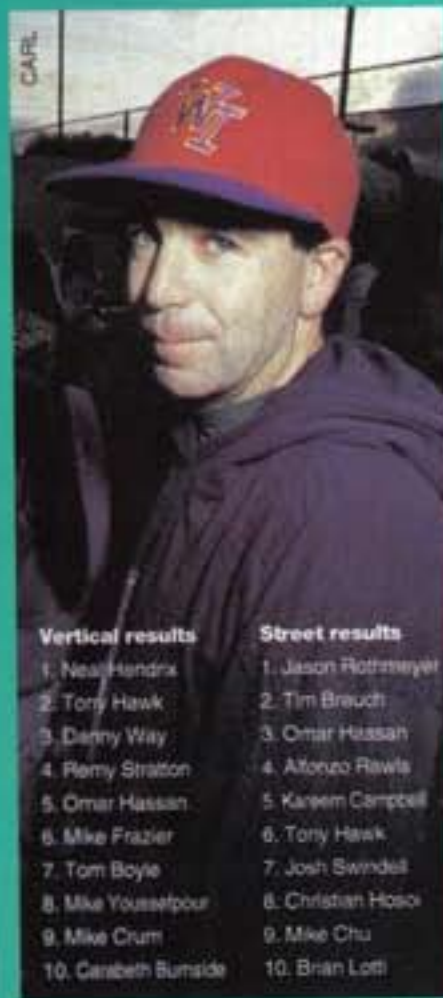
Steve Douglas and Mike Ternasky.



Mad at Earl? Alfonso.



Danny Way, not your average switchstance ollie.



Vertical results

1. Neal Hendrix
2. Tony Hawk
3. Danny Way
4. Perry Stratton
5. Omar Hassan
6. Mike Frazier
7. Tom Boyle
8. Mike Yousafpour
9. Mike Crum
10. Carabeth Burnside

Street results

1. Jason Rothmeyer
2. Tim Brauch
3. Omar Hassan
4. Alfonso Rawls
5. Karlem Campbell
6. Tony Hawk
7. Josh Swindell
8. Christian Hoso
9. Mike Chu
10. Brian Lott

Publishing magnate, Steve Rocco.



Lil Rosa with chained heat.



Underdog



Guy Mariano, 1/8 halfcab kickflip



Mike Vallely, nollie to tailslide.



Niko Disney and the Wonderful World of Color.

Alfonso Rawls and the art of Niko.



NIKOPHOTOGRAPHY

Everyone who hung out at skatepark called Big Brother soon became bored. The World video was done, and the Blind video was also out. Skateboarding lost its interest for everyone in the crew besides Rodney Mullen and Guy Mariano. Soon Colin McKay started doing pull-ups on the bars that are part of the gate in front of the door at the entrance. This led to hanging upside down and crawling around on all the bars. At first it was considered "weirdness" but soon everyone copied him and a new sport was born. Also, baggy clothes were not necessary and were considered "gay."

Skateboarding eventually completely died out until Rodney and Guy were the only ones who still did it at all. Rodney ran World Industries out of a small garage

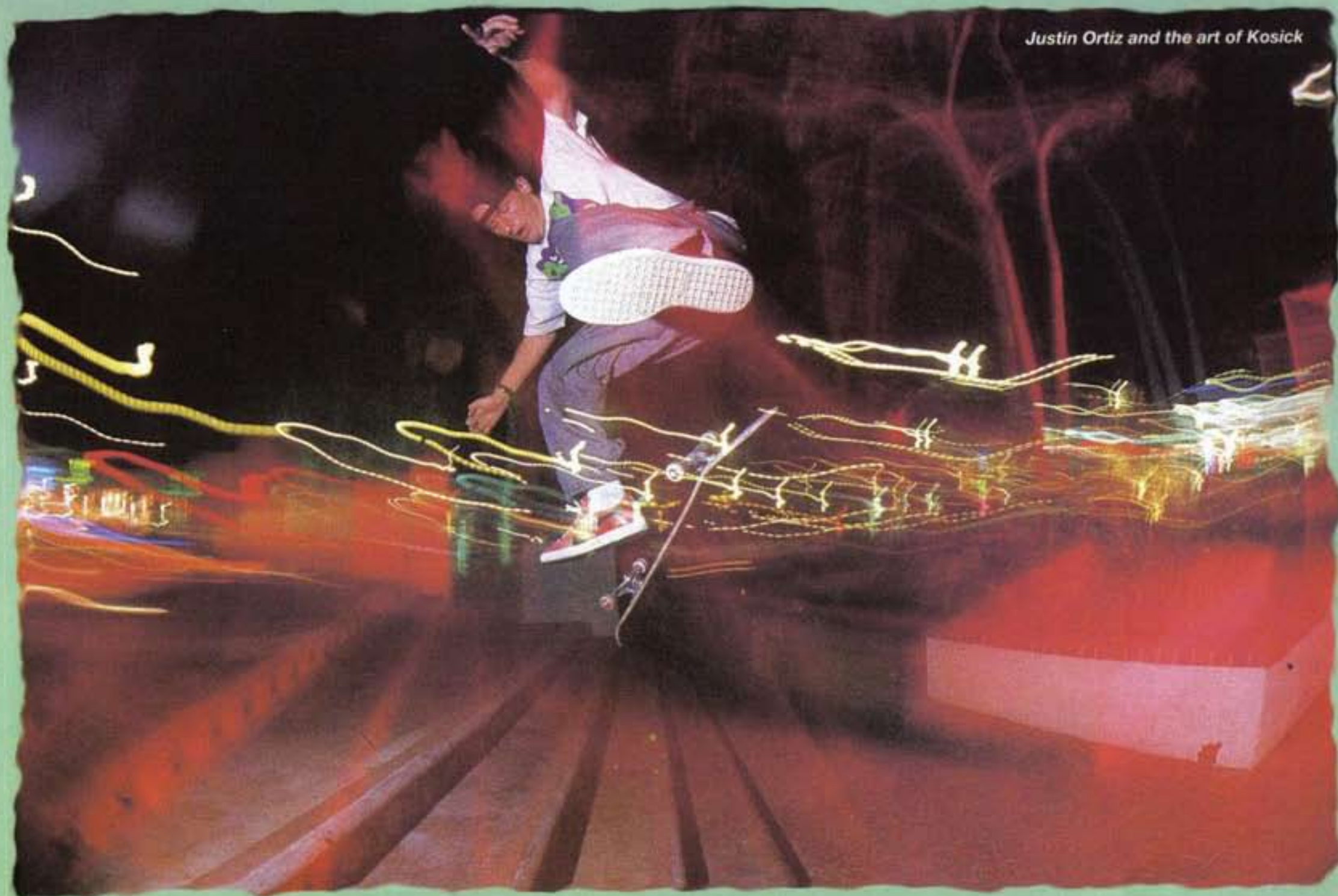


SOCRATES

(Right to left) Daewon Song can eat hot spicy Korean BBQ, snap your wrist in two, and frontside varial kickflip to backside tailslide without breaking a sweat or messing his up hair. But then, come to think of it, if

at his new smaller house. There were no other companies except for Alva. On June 22, 1994 Ronnie Bertino invented a new trick on a bus bench that appeared to him in a dream. He started skating every day with Guy and Rodney. Later, in the fall of '94 a world video was released which revealed the new trick performed by all three teammates. Skateboarding once again grew back at an incredible rate until it was almost as popular as in the summer of '92. The name world industries was soon changed to "Higher Level Skateboards" and became financially lucrative. Focusing boards was now also considered gay. Countless variations of the revolutionary trick were soon performed. The trick was later condemned as "played out."

—Jed Walters



Justin Ortiz and the art of Kosick

RICK KOSICK



Daewon got hit by a truck in the middle of a hurricane, that wouldn't mess up his hair either.



Dunn





If we tried to tell you how good Henry Sanchez is you wouldn't believe us, Heel flip varial to tailslide. Ouch.

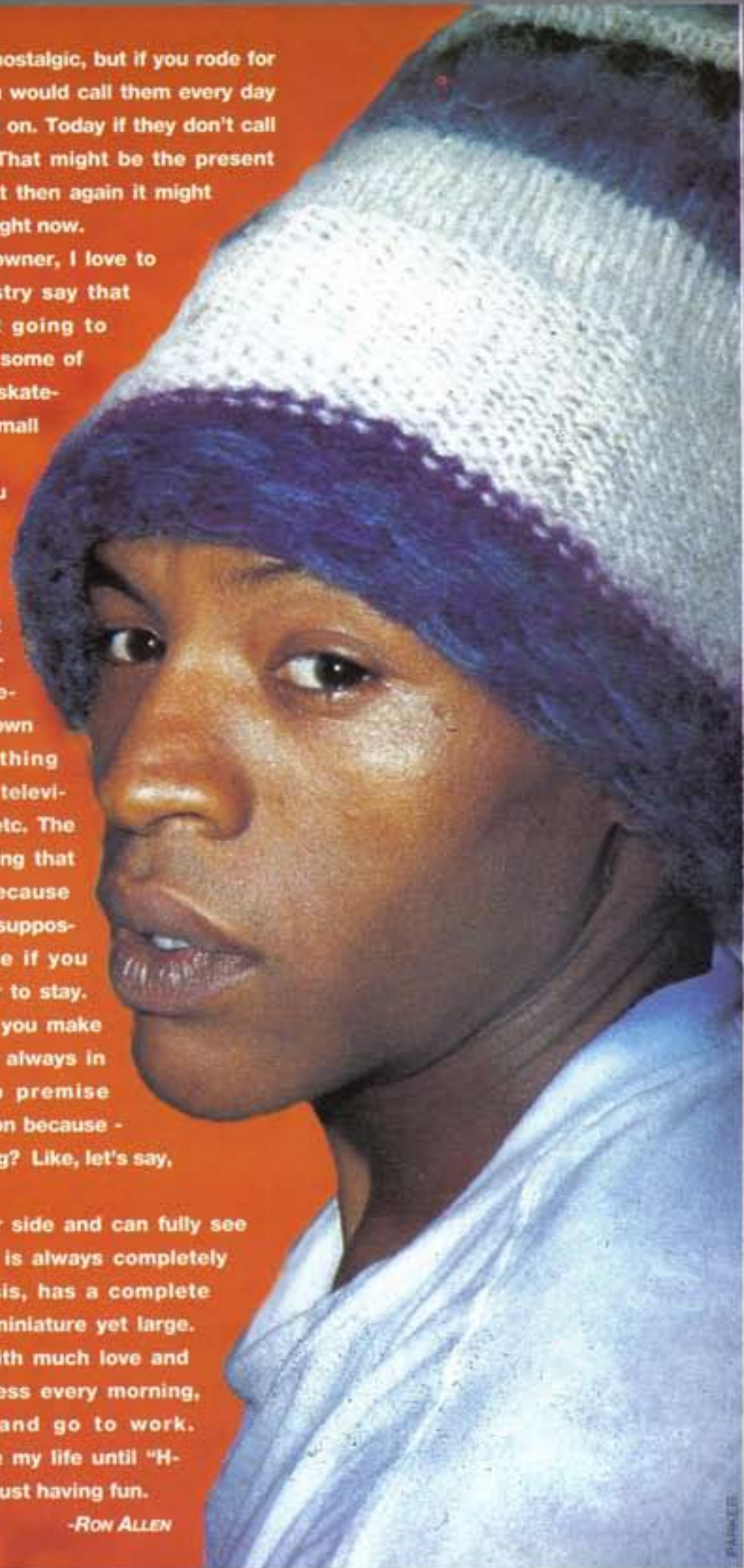
In the past, not to be nostalgic, but if you rode for a skateboard company you would call them every day just to see if you were still on. Today if they don't call you every day, you quit. That might be the present state of skateboarding, but then again it might not. Nobody really knows right now.

As a small company owner, I love to hear people of the industry say that small companies aren't going to make it. The irony is that some of the largest companies in skateboarding now were once small companies.

In America, as you grow up, your family, teachers, and countless authority figures will always tell you how great "ownership" is. The wonderful pride thing of something you could call your own -i.e. house, car, something material that they make television commercials about, etc. The feeling of having something that you were "king" to it, because you owned it. You could supposedly tell people to leave if you didn't want them there or to stay. The old "your house and you make the rules" perspective is always in effect. This ownership premise becomes a term in question because - can you really own anything? Like, let's say, a skateboard company?

Now I'm on the other side and can fully see both sides. My company is always completely changing on a daily basis, has a complete mind of its own, and is miniature yet large. Sometimes I look at it with much love and sometimes it causes stress every morning, though I still get up and go to work. Skateboarding used to be my life until "H-weak" took that, now I'm just having fun.

-ROW ALLEN



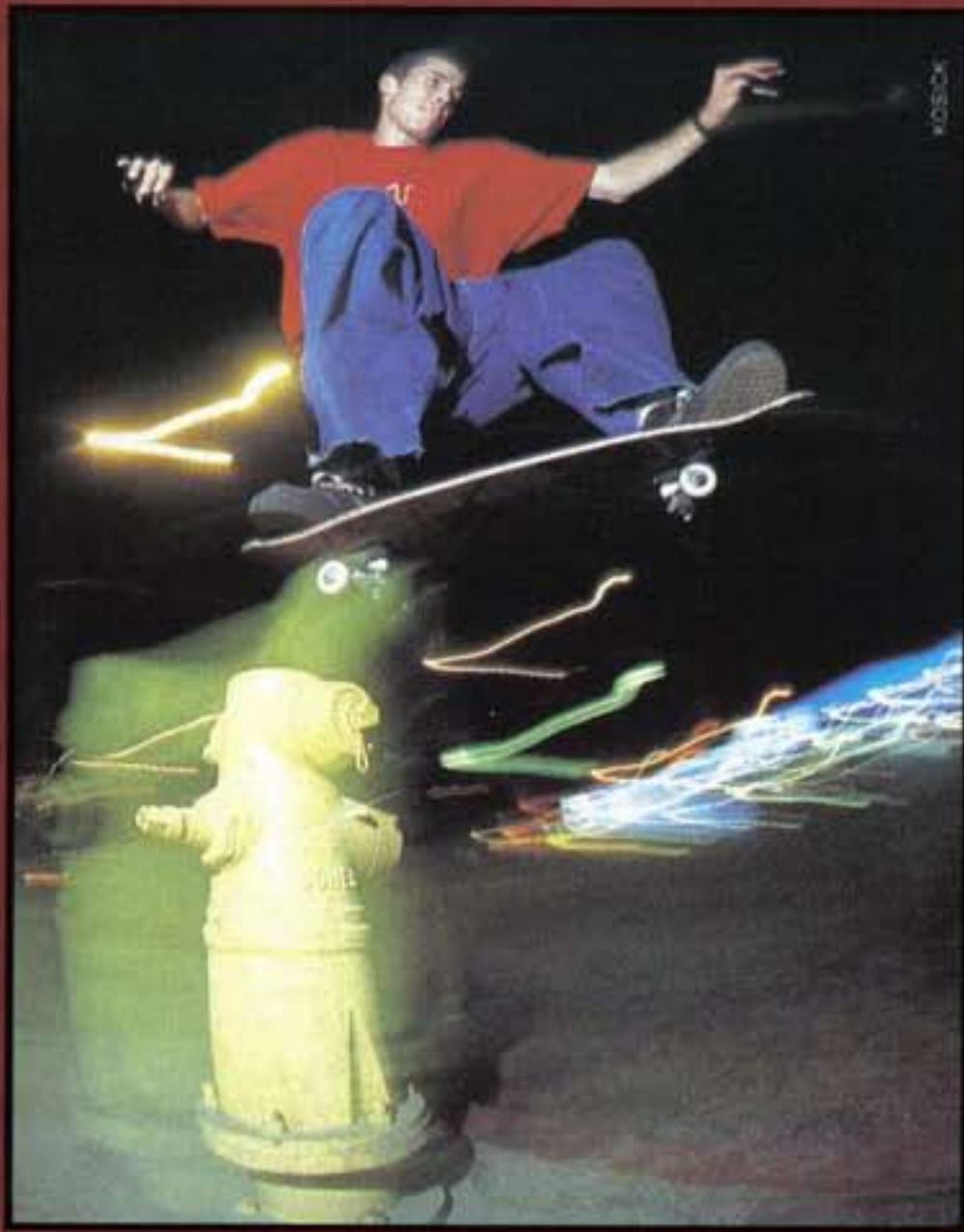


Steve Cales, seen here filming for the world video, would rather that you didn't see this trick on paper. So don't look.



SOCRATES

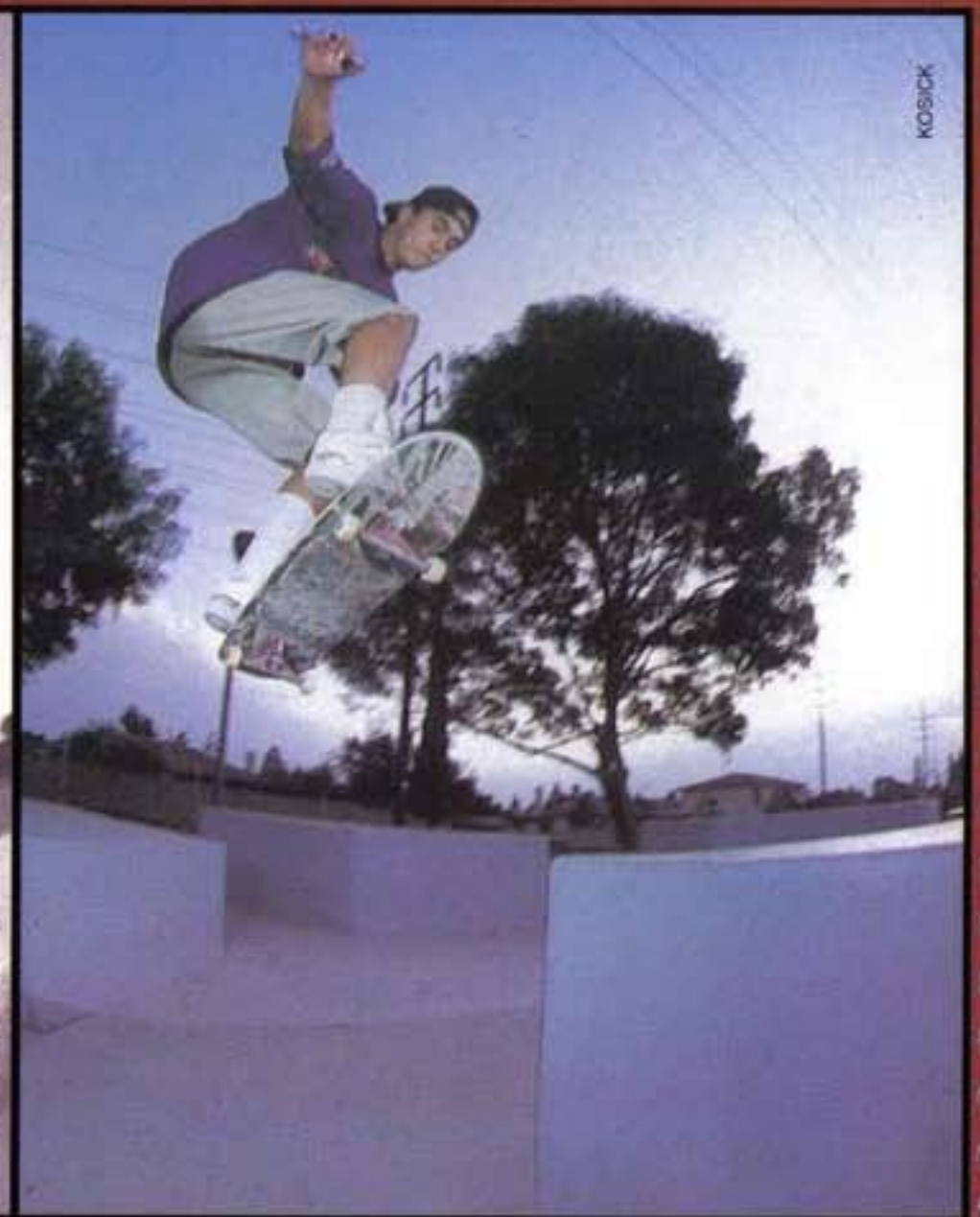




Dan Hennessy



Ronnie Cragar



Block to block 50/50. Jose Cerda can.

My assignment-write about something positive, enjoyable, true to life. One of the funniest and most embarrassing things was when a friend replied to me, "No, that's not Steve Steadham and Steve Caballero." To my disgrace I had confused the two with Ron Allen and Jim Thiebaud. How many fingers were lost to Ho-Ho's? My friends and I would skate downtown Las Vegas on the weekends. It probably wouldn't have been half as fun if weren't for all the tourists, lights, and scantily clad women. When we were tired of this we would retire to the local Carl's Jr. Fueled up and our pockets brimming with coffee

creamers, we would retreat to a remote firing zone near a friend's house. From the shelters of a dark and wooded corner we had a perfect range for hitting two-way traffic. We would bombard passing cars with creamer until our supply was exhausted or someone got mad enough to stop and chase us. Another great activity, somewhat less frequent, was skating Wet-n-Wild waterpark in the off season. Wet-n-Wild boasted a kiddie pool with humps and hips comparable to any skatepark. The challenge was getting in, skating silently and unnoticed, and escaping in a New York minute when a security guard spotted you.





Damon Byrd working a double pressure flip.

One time we had been skating for a good twenty minutes and we all sensed we were pushing our luck. Someone yelled "Security!" and I turned around just in time to see a distant security guard scream, "FREEZE!" This was a perfect example of reverse psychology as I began running extremely fast toward the front gate, the nearest exit I knew of. I only looked back once, just long enough to notice that my companions weren't far behind. I looked forward again and quickly scanned the now closed front gate! Panicking, I quickened my pace and jumped as high as I possibly could onto the

gate, scaling its height with newfangled supernatural abilities. Jumping off the top, I fell to the ground quickly picking myself up to resume running.

Everyone can surely relate to these type chases, so I won't bore you with anymore. The golden years of skateboarding are changing and a new generation is emerging with a new genre of tricks. Hopefully things can only get better and the good times continue. With this thought in mind I bid farewell without further ado. *-BRIAN LOTTI*



A 180 backside kickflip to nosegrind by art student, Brian Lotti.

HOTSHOTS

checkout

Andy!

Who's this?

This is Earl Parker. We met in Washington DC at a demo. I'm from D.C. and I was wondering what you're up to?

I'm sleeping right now.

Are you still skating?

Yeah, yeah, yeah!

Do you skate every day?

Almost, sometimes I don't.

Are you sponsored?

Yes, by Planet Earth.

What are your favorite foods? I like tacos, what do you like?

(Long pause) You called me at 1:45 AM to find out what my favorite food is?

Do you like burritos?

I like everything man.

What are you gonna be when you grow up?

A professional wrestler.

Are you on the school wrestling team?

Well, my school doesn't have a wrestling team.

Where do you go to school?



Andy Stone skates in our nations capitol, oblivious to the ironic fact that at 1:45 AM, his civil rights would be violated by Earl Parker, master journalist...

andy



The cash surplus generated by selling pesticides over the phone enables Andy to look clean and fresh.



F/s lipslide to kickflip.

stone

(prank call)



Manual to double kickflip.

Northern Virginia Community College.

So, what do you think the future holds for the United States?

Don't really care man.

Do you have a job?

I have a job. It's a telemarketing job.

I had a telemarketing job once and I hated it.

How old are you?

19. I live in D.C. What kind of stuff do you sell?

Pest Control, man.

I worked for a telemarketing place and everyday the manager would give us a group pep talk.

Once he talked about "How selling patio decks is like baseball," and he used a chalkboard. Do you have a guy that does that?

No, but we have a lady that stands over our shoulder.

Is it pretty interesting working there?

Sucks. I fuckin' hate it.

Why do you do it?

I got to man. I gotta make some money.

I'll send you some of my money.

Do you have any drugs? Do you do anything like that?

I do LSD. What do you do?

Herb I guess, if it's there.

LSD's too strong for you though?

I've done it before, I just don't like the long term effects.

Like getting fried?

Like draining your spinal fluid.

And you smoke herb when it's there?

No, I don't really smoke herb.

You're just kidding. So am I. I don't trip drugs. I don't even smoke.

I smoke cigarettes I guess, and I drink on occasion.

What kind do you like?

I buy Camel filters if that's what your asking.

You don't like Winstons?

I've smoked Winstons.

What do you think about them? They have a full rich flavor. That's what I like about them.

That's what the ads say.

It's true because I used to smoke but I quit because I couldn't run for physical therapy for my bad hip. That's what my doctor told me. He said, "Jim you're not gonna get more than a half mile everyday if you don't quit smoking."

Earl you're losing it man.

Wait, why do you think I'm losing it Andy?

Because your doctor called you Jim.

Oh, you caught me, bye.

Bye. ♦

DAVID SCHLOSSBACH

DAVID SCHLOSSBACH

HOTSHOES

check out

What are you doing?

Just kicking back man, hanging out at the store.[XL]

Why do you hang out there?

I was skating the school and the store's really close to there. Oh and I skate for them too. They have a big skate team.

Do you skate for Powell?

Yeah, I still do.

What tricks did you just learn?

I was almost doing switch-stance double kickflips.

Are you gonna vote for a president? What did you think of the LA riots?

Hello.

What are you gonna vote for?

I'm not even watching the elections.

What about the LA riots? What do you think of those?

I say it's kinda scary, a lot of people...

Are you pro-choice though?

Yeah.

You are? What do you think about the racism problem that's growing in the USA?

Hey what did you say there? Pro-choice? What does that mean?

Abortion. Do you think there should be abortions?

Yes, I think there should be.

What about the Christian religion? Do you think that's falling apart?

Uhh, yeah.

Do you think Satanism is taking over?

It's not that. Some people are noticing other ways. They don't even have to go to church to find god. God is just like around us, you just gotta look into yourself.

Do you buy your clothes there?

No, I get them free, but I would come over here and buy them if I wasn't sponsored.

How far is the skate from Los Feliz there?

It's like a block away, not even that.

Do you feel kinda special living in Hollywood, the city of the stars?

Not too much. I guess I do because there's a lot of stuff going on here. You can meet a lot of different people so you can find all cultures around here. If you want to find a special instrument from another country you can find it here cuz it's so worldly.

Have you ever seen a movie star before?

I met Bill Murray and Arnold Schwarzenegger once.

How did that make you feel?

I was real young, I was tripping out.

What do you wanna be when you grow up?

I wanna be a musician and play old sixties music.

Old psychedelic music.

On guitar?

Guitar, flutes and everything.

Where do you work?

I'm gonna be professional pretty soon. That's gonna be my job. About a month and a half and I'll start getting paid.

So are you pretty good then?

Yes, I'm pretty good. I guess I am, I don't mean to sound conceited or something, but I am pretty good.

What tricks do you hope to learn in the future?

I wanna do switch stance 360 kickflips, do you know what that is? I wanna have that by next month. I wanna try to land that trick.

Was your summer pretty ragin'?

It was pretty alright, it wasn't too cool. It's looking better now that the winter's coming.

Because you don't sweat as much?

Totally because of that.

What do you think the future of skateboarding is?

It's gonna start being a fashion thing you know. A lot of clothes are gonna be involved with it. Skating is rad, I see a lot of great people skating. A lot of college people with skateboards, it's looking pretty cool.

Got anything else to say to the American public?

Everybody has to start getting more open-minded. ♦



SPiKE JONZE



Mrs. Weer



Jeffrey Armsworth



Amy Bell



Jeffrey Blessing



Dawn Boyd



Tina Bruens



Sharon O'Connell



Cary Devore



Debra Farina



Chris Fink



Rickie Gardner



Lori Gibson



Stuart Henrichs



Kevin Holt



Brian Hood



Becky King



John Lee



Laura Major



Patrick Mathewson



Shane McCurdy



Daniel Meister



Ryan Newton



Earl Parker



Krista Penny



Richard Percy



James Pollpeter



Suzanne Rapp



Jennifer Sasser



Freddy Schuth



Joe Sholz



Ashly Smith



Douglas Stone



Luci Streenz



Tony Unzicker



Joy Waggoner



Rebecca Weber



Brian Wilson

Second graders. Colene Hoose School in Normal, Illinois. Led by the brilliance of master mind Mrs. Weer. What has become of her students thus far in life? Garbage men, college leeches, gaffers, and tele-marketing freaks. Surely none of them have gained such status as to call themselves the master journalist. That is, all but one.

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Big Brother Sub Dept.
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Recently new Pro Pat Duffy was informed that he would be receiving his very own signature model from Plan B Skateboards. He was also told that he'd be responsible to design his board. Thanks to the help of Rodney Mullen, Pat had no trouble making the shape of his board, but deciding on a graphic was another story altogether.



Pat had no idea what kind of graphic he wanted, or even where to start; which bummed him out. So he went back and looked at all the old Plan B graphics; hoping to get an idea of his own. Yet, all he could think of was having everybody else's old graphics on his new Pro Model. He especially wanted to use the graphics of his favorite skater of all time (Matt Hensley). Needless to say, he knew his idea would never work; nobody wants to see old graphics on a new board. This fact only bummed him out even more.



So he left the Plan B office and went down to the local 7-11 market to spend five bucks on his favorite game, Scratch Off Lottery, hoping it would cheer him up a little. Pat's first four tickets were losers (which didn't cheer him up at all), but on his fifth and final ticket he scratched off a \$100 winner which made him very happy indeed.



As the store attendant handed him five crisp \$20 bills, Pat suddenly had a great idea for his new graphic. A design combining skateboarding and the lottery; two of his favorite things in the world. This design would also be a good excuse to use all of his favorite graphics from the past. Pat laughed as he thought of the look on Mike Ternasky's face when he told him about all the free products he would soon be giving away.



Pat Duffy's Pro Lotto Model

3 Exciting Ways to Win!

Match and Win

If you get two Pat Duffy's with the same graphic send them in when they're thrashed and win a free Pat Duffy t-shirt.



Scratch and Win

Scratch off and reveal a Matt Hensley (Pat's favorite skateboarder of all time) graphic and win a free Plan B deck of your choosing. Just send it in when you're done with it and be sure to clearly mark your address and the Pro model you'd like us to send you.

Go For The Grand Prize

If you're lucky enough to scratch off Pat Duffy's real graphic, you win the Grand Prize; an all expense paid trip to Los Angeles to the World Industries Warehouse where you'll go on an "All You Can Fit in One Box" shopping spree. Yes, anything and everything you can shove, stuff, or stomp in to a box. Then you'll get to skate the WI Skatepark with Pat Duffy and the rest of the Plan B team, and get your picture in the next Plan B ad.





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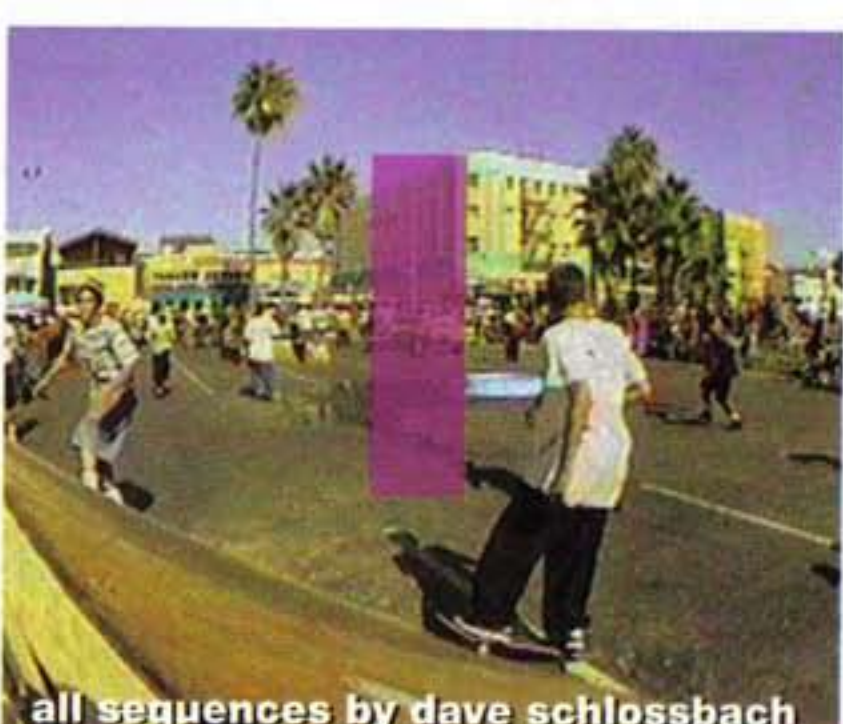
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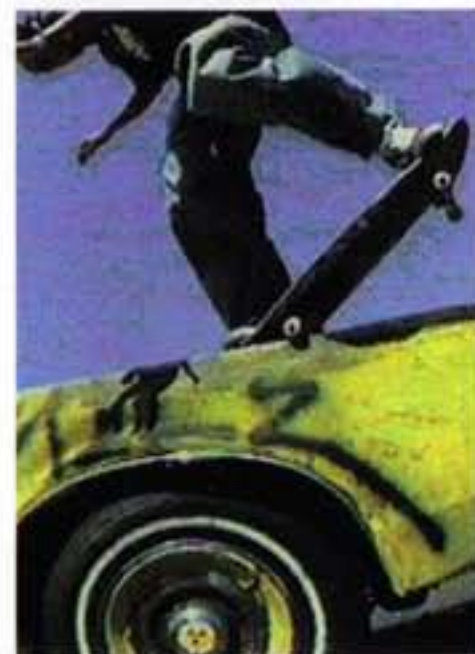
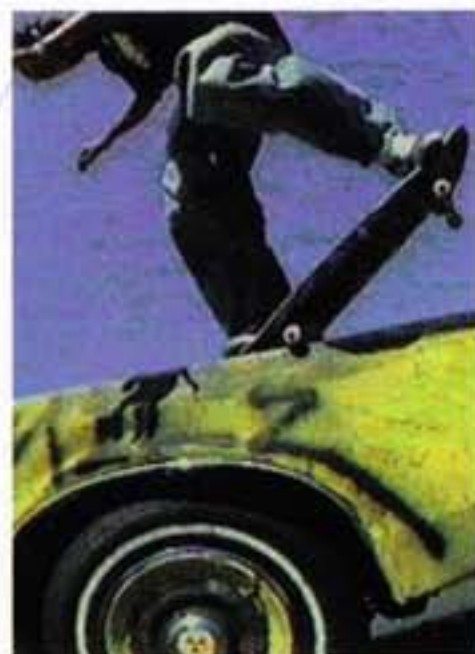
Awhile back the PSL played host to a contest on the Venice Beach Boardwalk. I was sent to cover this event, but due to my bad sense of direction, I never found it. I did, however, find a lot of freaks and ran into Denna V. Marvel Felix, a greek lady who had a 'greasy pork incident' at a foreign deli. She was a very bubbly, outgoing lady who found the pork wasn't lean enough so she wanted to return it for chicken. She had had 41 operations and performed as a dancer, actress, model, and songstress. She told me that she was famous so I was starstruck. Later I went to the library to research my distinguished friend. She was a fraud and I was a fool. But hey, enough of my yakkin'! On the following page is a brief version of how Jake Rosenberg saw the contest.

all sequences by dave schlossbach

Franchise hoop lord and noncompetitive skater, Guy Mariano nollie heel flips to fakie in the practice heat!



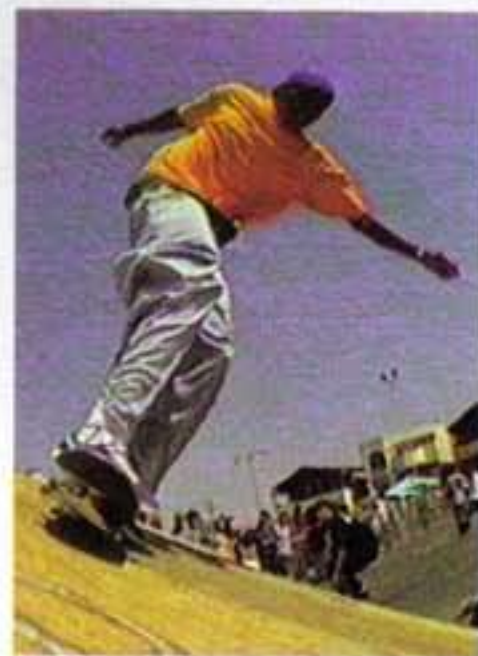
Sean Cliver lofting his way to victory! Whoops, that's Jovontae Turner, 360 kick flip. (Note: Sean is a white man.)



Sal Barbier sees two good reasons to start skating and eight fuckin' reasons to quit. B/s 180 nose grind.



Salman Agah looks like Charles Barkley. Switch stance ollie nose wheelie to first place ribbon.



There was a small street course with an extremely rough surface and at least 70 skaters running about. At one end there was a hip made of two banks and at the other end was a car with a jump ramp on either side. The bank turned into the typical demo-like attraction and was used excessively by every skater. Other obstacles included: a slider bar, a mini-spine, a low box, a thigh-high box, a manual pad, and a baby pool which Rick Howard fell into twice.

The format consisted of a one minute run for each pro and then a three minute jam with everyone in the heat skating at once.

Skaters placing in the finals were (in respective order):

Akira Ozawa: alley-oop f/s 360's over the hip and a blunt to kick-flip over the spine

Josh Beagle: noseslides to fakie on the car and f/s shove-its over the hip.

Oscar Jordan: bluntslides on the car.

Jordan Richter: s/s flips aplenty.

Sal Barbier: heel flip over the hip and b/s 180 to fakie nose grind on the car.

Kris Markovich: f/s ollie kickflip over the hip and b/s 180 fakie grind on the car.

Jason Rothmeyer: nose wheelie to fakie to revert on the manual pad, and nose-slides on the medium box.

Tom Knox: double flips over the hip and noseslides on the high box.

Mike Santarossa: alley-oop f/s 360s over the hip and lots of cruising around.

Omar Hassan: noseslides on the car and an ollie on medium box to f/s shove-it off.

Jeremy Renteria: back foot flip over the hip, nose slides abound.

Christian Hosoi: boneless one over the hip, nose wheelies on the box, and an ollie off a jump ramp behind the car to backside disaster on the roof/back window.

Jovontae Turner: 360 flip over the hip to fakie on the bank, fakie on flat, and nose wheelie to fakie on the medium box.

Eric Dressen: one-foots over the hip and 180 fakie nosegrinds on the car.

Mike Vallety: ollie to f/s late shove-it over the hip, s/s noseslides to fakie revert.

Salman Agah: nollie back-foot flips on the bank, nollie tailsides on the high box, f/s railsides on the bar, and a hefty s/s ollie to nose wheelie on the high box.

An F.S.U. session finished the day off as the skaters proceeded to wreck the shit out of the contest car. Fresh.



Denna V. Marvel Felix

SOAPBOX

By ROB DYRDEK

Why is everything so gay. I've skated in and seen many demos in my day, but none quite as annoying as the world industries demo that took place in my hometown. Demos are a good way to promote a product or a person. If you skate hard and have a good attitude it's usually good promotion for your company. Hard skating and good attitudes wasn't quite what world industries needed to promote their product.

Every kid in the midwest is a full world industry monger, so it was no surprise to see kids from all over my state showing up for the demo. Fortunately for them the demo was probably worth their 5 dollar admission fee. When the six demoers finally arrived, a crowd of more people than I had seen at a demo since 1989 waited anxiously. The demo started slow but picked up at times when stunts were pulled. You could sense the riders could care less how they were skating. They knew deep inside that their video spots could account for their skills. Some riders felt they no longer had to skate so they just kicked back and tried to hook-it with the local snatch. The Bossman (Steve Rocco), who escorted the young lads, saw that things were getting a little slow so he decided to take it upon himself to liven things up. He found an obnoxious individual who's mission was to find a proper young lady that would simply bare her beautiful jugs for a hundred bills. I didn't think any girl in the arena had the nuts to do so, but was I

wrong. I heard screaming and laughter and I didn't really know what to make of it. I poked my head through the crowd and there she was—a brown haired, brown eyed beauty with her tits a bobbin'. I have to admit it was very funny. After a few photos the topless dancer fizzled her way back into the crowd. The excitement had pretty much peaked and the skaters were getting tired. After giving a free T-shirt to everyone in the arena the Bossman thought his now loyal followers (every kid at the demo) needed a little nourishment. He decided that he would take everyone out for pizza. Not just shop owners and cool guy locals. Everyone. I honestly didn't think he was serious, but sure enough almost everyone from the demo showed up at the designated pizza parlor for free pizza. The Bossman made sure everyone got hooked-up. The pizza party in itself, was an exciting event. The local crazy boys had their cocks out dick smoking and dick farting (a concept originally engineered by the Gobel Twins.) At one point in the evening there was a Bossman bounty of a fingered asshole for a hundred bills. Unfortunately no one was willing to get that raw. The pizza was gone and the excitement had dwindled so everyone started for home. With a belly full of pizza and a mind full of world industries each kid left

with a sense of corruption in him. "world is the freshest," I could hear over a clutter of voices. Enough to make me scatter corn. How could you think a company was so great because they bought you pizza. and showed you a set of tits? As disturbed as I was my night was not over.

The Bossman gathered up his demoers, who had found two potential snatch hook-ups, and headed back towards the hotel. With the lead of a few local cool guys the crew stopped at a few beat parties before making it back to their rooms. The Bossman and his crew thought they had the snatch hook-ups, but all they had were snatch-aches. The youngest of the two snatch hook-ups (Snatch 1 who is fifteen) immediately geared her efforts towards the Bossman. Her choice was very obvious because all the boys she adored looked up to the Bossman. He

friend—Snatch 2. Snatch 2 was a little naive to the smooth talking demoer and fell prey to his passion-fire. Despite smooth lines like, "I'll move out here and be your boyfriend," the demoer never got his hands on anything precious. With feelings of deep sexual depression the demoer without a second thought said "late" to Snatch 2. (This is a little advice for any girls out there: Don't be stupid. No guy from halfway across the country or state gives a shit about you. All he wants is a fat slice of your cherry pie. Get a clue?)

Although nothing really happened with the snatches, rumors began to spread. For example Snatch 2 had allowed the demoer to stab her wet wound so he is now going to move out to the Heartland. Of course, none of this is true, but it really doesn't matter or not. It's all about the talk and the rumors. The crazy antics are all promotion. It's better

I poked my head through the crowd and there she was—a brown haired, brown eyed beauty with her tits a bobbin'.

was no fool. The Bossman wasn't about to get involved with such a youngin' so he just showed her the laps of luxury. Snatch 1 was so very happy because Bossman let her call someone far away, who she didn't know, and make a total fool out of herself on his pocket phone. It was getting past Snatch 1's bed time and she had no ride home, so Bossman simply bought her her own hotel room. This was good news for one of the young demoers because he now had a private place to hook Snatch 1's

promotion than if the best skater, skated his best and did everything. Buy having rumors and stories like this one to tell others is just mass promotion. Kids still talk about that demo today which keeps the world industry name fresh in their heads. Exactly what world industries wants to accomplish. I'm not trying to say what's cool and what's not. I'm just letting you know how it gets pounded into your skull because you're to dumb to realize it yourself. Buy what you want, not what you have to want.



Rob Dyrdek seeks refuge from the gay world we inhabit in the writer's sanctuary, Soapbox. B/s 270 tailslide to blunt 180 revert.

NO CHANCE

TIM UPSON



NO HOPE

NO RIGHT



SKIP PRONIER



ONLY WRONG

Help me! I am stranded on a desert island. I don't know where I am but can you please come and look for me? I am probably not too far from where you found this bottle. I feel like my life is wasting away here. There is no one else here except for some animals and I think I am slipping into deep melancholy. I spend most of the day trying to whittle this big log into a surfboard. There is lots of fruit on the island, but I only wish I had a woman. One thing keeps me alive everyday. The dream that a ship will come and rescue me from this nightmare. I feel like I'm never going to get to make love to a woman again or do any of my favorite things. I have always dreamed of visiting Paris, the city of love. At times I get really down and lose determination. I have horrible thoughts about jumping off the south cliff, but I keep my sanity. I think I can hold out a little longer. Please hurry!

-stranded soul



NICK BOYARSKY



Simon Woodstock contained in a banana hammock doing a double 360 flip.





ten better reasons to start skating



This is just a large sample of one of the high quality females hanging around shorly's

HOW TO **KILL** YOURSELF

By Rory Storm

SUICIDE...

Is it cowardice; afraid to live, or bravery; not afraid to die. If you're contemplating suicide don't forget it's only one of many solutions to your problem. Here are a few others you might try first:

1. **Drink**—You won't even realize you're life sucks, and hangovers are a great excuse to do nothing for long periods of time.
2. **Smoke Dope**—You'll never remember you had a problem at all.
3. **Coffee**—The solution to every problem.
4. **Addictive Drugs**—Your next fix will become your reason for living. Heroin and crack are a great substitute for something to do, and eventually these drugs will kill you. Success!

But, if you decide suicide is your only alternative, here are some suggestions:

- #1. **Hanging oneself**—This is a popular method. Not very messy, but a proper knot must be used for complete success. A simpler method is to take a cotton cloth or tie, fasten it to a door knob and your neck. Then, in a crawl position, you rotate your body until the rope tightens and choking is achieved.
- #2. **Gun**—another popular method. This one's a real shocker for the person who finds you. Very Dramatic, really messy, neat-o!
- #3. **Swallow Pills**—Sort of a boring method. Pills aren't as hard to get as you might think. You can find old prescriptions in your grandparents' medicine cabinet, a dresser drawer, or in a friend's parents' bathroom cabinet. Be careful, you might puke!
- #4. **Slit Your Wrists**—Wow, this one's for crazy people. It takes guts to try this. It's really messy and it hurts! Make sure you go up the forearm for complete success, not across the wrist.
- #5. **Just sit in your car**—Shut the garage door, block all ventilation, start your engine, and go to sleep. Simple, painless, and clean!

Final Note: Don't forget to leave a suicide note. Remember, this is the last thing you get to say. Ever. Everyone will want to read it. The police will want a copy. It's a good place to blame people who you want to feel bad. Heck, make stuff up, no one will know. But remember, actions speak louder than words—the most crucial thing at this point is a successful suicide.



SPIKE JONZE



This is a German bearing. It was manufactured by a small company in Nürnberg, Germany called G.M.N. A man named Georg Müller founded it during the 1920's and within a few years he got a reputation for making the best bearings in the world. During World War II, the Nazi's forced the company to manufacture bearings for the war effort. The Nazi's became angry because Georg couldn't meet the production quotas so they called in the Gestapo for a little pep talk. The next day Georg was found with a bullet in his head. Apparently it wasn't a good pep talk.

Fifty years have gone by since then but some things never change. G.M.N. still makes the best bearings. Germans are still poor sports. And only an asshole would spend his money on anything else. So go ahead and get yours today. But don't order too many, big numbers still make them a little nervous.

Call 1 800 366 6670 to order bearings and scare Germans.

ONEONE

RAVE

WITH
D.-J. KOSTON

**XTRA FRESH IN A
B-BOY SWITCH STANCE**

