

Big Brother

magazine



premiere issue

birdhouse ad!

trampolining madness!

don't buy spin magazine!

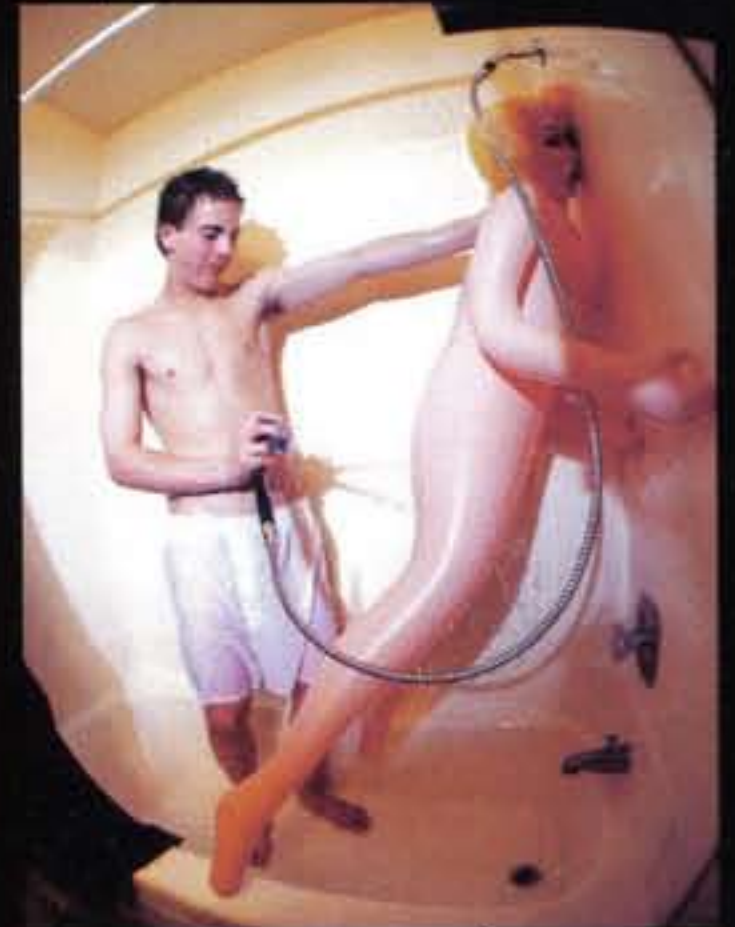
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safe sex.

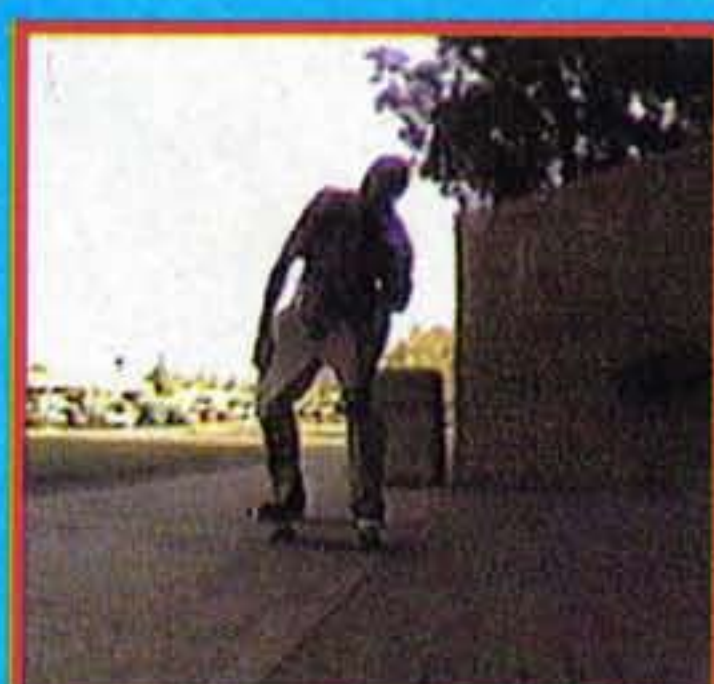


*ronnie
bertino*



droors

FUCK US?



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HIS OWN THING

Natas

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VICTIM

Ricky

SEND ALL DONATIONS TO:

Big Brother

815 N. Nash

El Segundo, CA 90245

Subscriptions are \$19.95 for twelve issues (BB is bi-monthly, so that means for twenty bucks, you'll be set for two years). Anyway, we're glad you're reading this. It's very important that you read every word of the magazine. So, while we have your attention, let us tell you a little story. Think of it as a bonus article. Once upon a time there was this boy named Tom, and everybody hated him so he changed his name to a new secret name. But that wasn't enough, and everyone still hated him. The End.

Contents

Cover:

Pancho Moler in the streets of NYC.

Photo: Spike

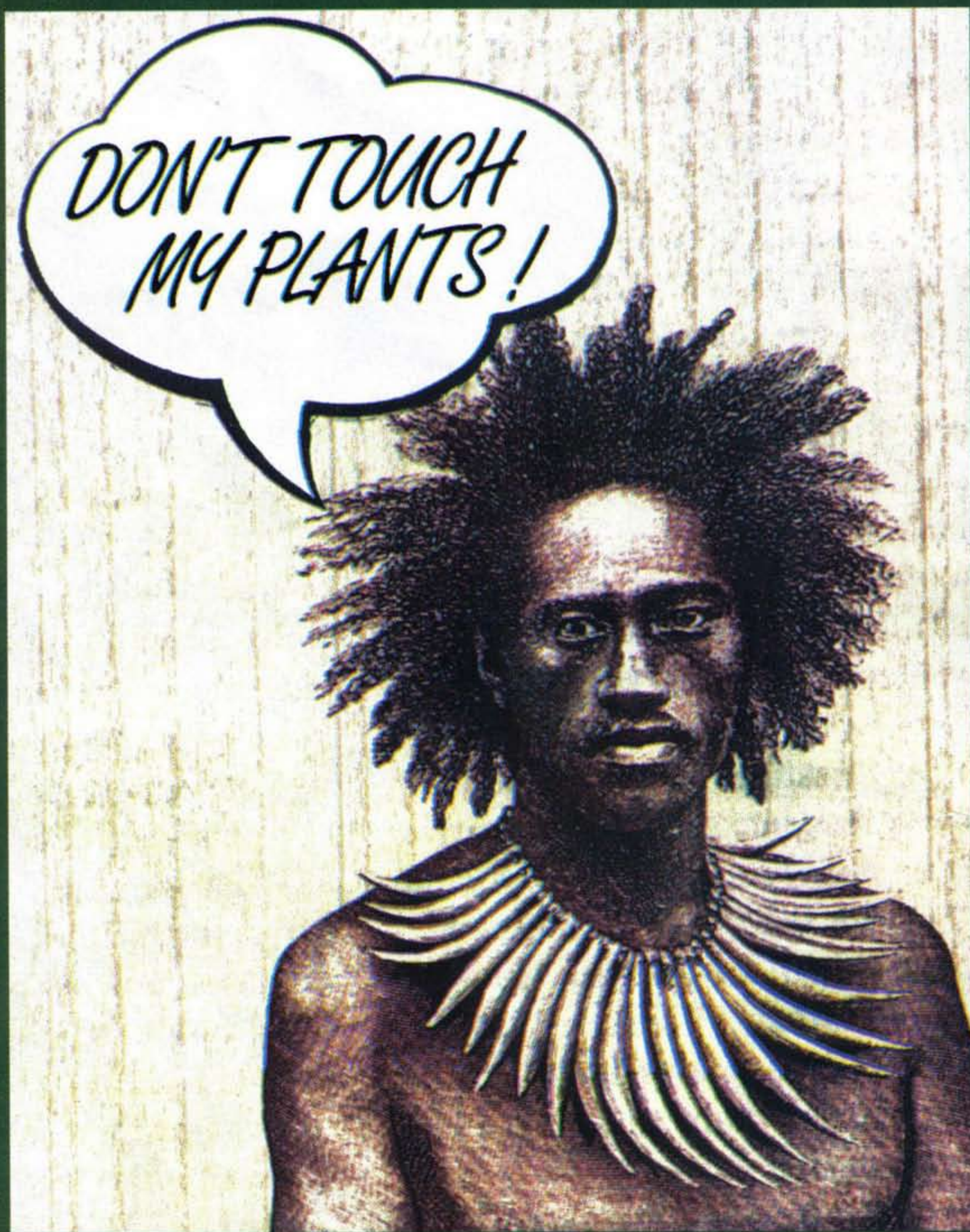
This page:

An Earl Parker look-alike in the streets of San Francisco.

Photo: Gabe Moreford



Me Skateboards presents:



the Shane J. model

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small truck hole pattern

RICHARDO



fakie 360 ollie flip to backwards nose grind

MULDER

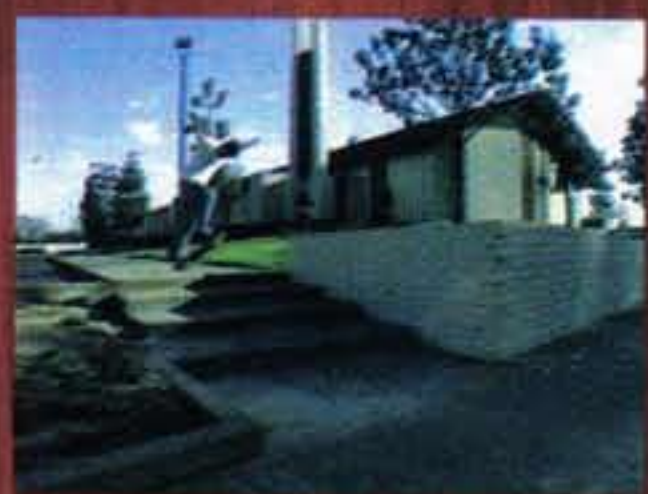


whitey boys

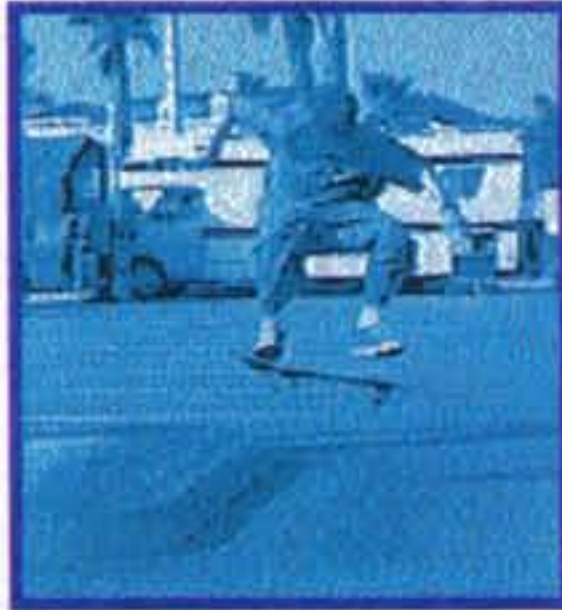
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gullwing

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pat duffy

360 flip to crooked grind.



sneak preview sequence from the new plan b video. filmed by mike t.

no bullshit mailorder.

mailorder ready items: droors, plan b, eight ball, fuct, blind, world industries, 101, ghetto wear, airwalk, adidas, puma, venture, thunder, indy, real, stereo, color skateboards, union, t-bags, new deal, shorties, (only the best the industry has to offer).



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& 'free swindell'
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droors

world industries

eight ball



letters

Dear readers,

Unfortunately, the great Earl Parker was unable to generate an introduction for this issue's letter column. He's had a slight motivational problem for the last few months, but don't worry, with the restructuring of his salary he'll be back next issue and hungrier than ever. We predict many wonderful adventures from him as only life on the street can inspire.

Thank you for being patient and understanding,
The "Staff"

upper left corner

I've partially read some of the magazines that you so preciously write for and am impressed. Are you really as profound and insightful as you seem to be? Probably not. Writers always seem a lot bigger when you can't see them. I don't read Stephen King, but I might have one day if I had not seen that he was a cross between a German Shepard and JuJitsu, the cartoon character from the Dick Tracy series.

About that introduction in the oversized issue with Don Ho's grandson on the cover? I had to stop reading after awhile. It seemed like a compilation of every lame thing anyone had ever said to you regarding the magazine. Your art section in the 10th anniversary issue was nice. It made me laugh. Playboy magazine says that is one of the quickest ways to get a woman in bed, make her laugh. But as we all know, Playboy is for sly, smooth operators and they are a rare breed. I hope you won't follow in grandpa's footsteps and smoke for 50 years.

Love Always,

Kathleen
Washington

PS- I will never believe that Earl Parker is your real name and I think one time last year I decided that pen names were for assholes. I'm not putting a return address on this because I don't need any mail.

You sound like a strong candidate for the Sassy "reader produced" issue, and being from the "grunge capitol" just might give you the edge. -E.P.

upper middle

You rip. Your articles kick ass. Your stories and experiences compel me to be a skater. I realize that I don't want to be a pro skater. I want to be you, and although I realize I can't be you, I can be like you and that is my real goal in life. I'm 16 and I've been told I have good writing for a wasted skater. Enough about me but, you're the best. Your philosophy on women and everything else is the best. The point of this letter is to send you the message that I want to be a part of the Big Brother staff. I can write, draw, and skate shitty. Now, before you wad this paper up, throw it away and say "stupid fuckin' kid," I want you to know this is my life you are throwing away so I'm sorry I bothered you if you don't care.

One of your followers,

Andy Rector
South Dakota

Stay tuned for what I got in store for you, Andy Rector. You're a shoe-in for our club. -E.P.



I can't read this crap. -E.P.

lower middle

I like the articles you write, Earl. They are cool and funny. That's rad that you guys (Earl, etc.) broke into that college. Pretty punk.

Brad Hayes
Oklahoma

Oklahoma is nothing but cow-boys and whorehouses. -E.P.



left of center (#1)

The only complaint I have is that some of the letters need to be done away with. Such as that of "Red" the nuclear physicist for stupidity. I'm glad that you have put something to read for us mentally suppressed individuals (All that Alternative Eric needed was a hug) and I greatly admire your ability to enliven a story about absolutely nothing. Come to St. Louis. I can guarantee you better shit than Vegas had.

Not gettin' any,

Pat Canolie
Missouri

P.S.- Tell Rocco that he needs to rediscover Tenth St.! Racism sucks!

You're pretty smart, "I.Q." I like your letter. Racism doesn't suck. It's just boring. -E.P.

hair below upper left corner

...it's a shame to see somebody who has so much...do so little...

.....
Oregon

Next time don't count your chickens before they hatch. I make minimum salary, live in a one room rat hole in Hollywood, sputter around in a \$900 car with rust, blow my money on a sushi addiction, can't pay my bills and tickets, have to constantly deal with confused friends (drop-outs or thinking of dropping out) who want me to help them with their life, can't seem to hook-up a black market connection, can't figure out if my mom is merely caring for me or legally harrassing me over the phone, get constantly ridiculed by everyone and am on the edge of losing my job. No, just kidding. I really have everything. It's just always been the coolest to seem lazy. -E.P.

bottom left

I just wanted to congratulate you on your fine job of master journalist. Few people can write and dis people and make them angry like you do; no cuss words. I have nothing negative to say about you, you're in! Your writing style has class and a huge amount of intelligence. Big Brother is at the top of the totem pole as far as skateboarding magazines go.

David Ashley
California

People in California know how to do things right. "Out in California. They're tryin' to change the world out there." That's what Morrison used to say. -E.P.

middle right

Despite the fact that you are a low life, faget, hypocrit with your dick stuck up Rocco's ass, I've written to tell you what a piece of shit your Big Brother #4 is. You're supposed to make a skate mag. Not some piece of shit mag that you put together in an hour or so. Look at yourself. You have no idea what the fuck your doing. Get it straight. Your Rick Howard interview was the

biggest crock of shit I've ever seen! It had nothing to do with anything. And then offering a free deck with subscription. You must need money if you're willing to part with a bunch of old, non-selling, piece of shit, fucked up Blind Kids boards! So get it straight and get your dick out of Rocco's ass.

Another world worshipper,
John Hyland
Tennessee
615-385-3608

I didn't do the Howard interview. That was Mandy Maupin. She's a good reporter. Skateboarders are good at thinking about tricks. Nothing else. What could Rick have said? Would anything be good enough for your smart brain? -E.P.



far right

I'm sitting off the coast of Somalia, Africa for this Operation Restore Hope thing. It's been over a month since I've been on land which is a long time to deny my napping negro and not encounter large breasted women. We love mail and would love for you or anybody to write back. We have a zine, Progression, and will send one as soon as possible.

Jason Walsh
USS Rushmore

Oops! Forgot to print the address. -E.P.

Left bottomish

Earl and Eric,

We hope you're still our pals even though we're making every line a different color and that's pretty gay. We have been too poor to buy your quality publication lately. Ah, but we have fond memories. We've tried to contact you. Unfortunately we can't seem to

reach the phone before the drug wears off. When are you going to come pick our noses for us? Ha ha! Just kidding! So, we hoped you would contact us to go on an adventure with you. I was in a performance thing (in my underwear) that I particularly wanted to invite you to attend, but was informed you were living an extremely confining homosexual lifestyle and wouldn't let each other leave the bedroom. How's that going by the way? Did you break it to Steve? How'd he take it? Talked to any hookers lately? We know you miss us. We know you miss us. We know miss us. You're only hurting yourselves by staying away. How can we have a mature relationship when you make me so angry? Ha ha. Just kidding. But we seriously miss you little mary sunshine kids.

Laura and Laura
Pasadena

Alternative Eric and I went on a date with these two. One was tickling me and I slapped her face, a little harder than I intended to. Of course she forgave me soon because I am cool. -E.P.

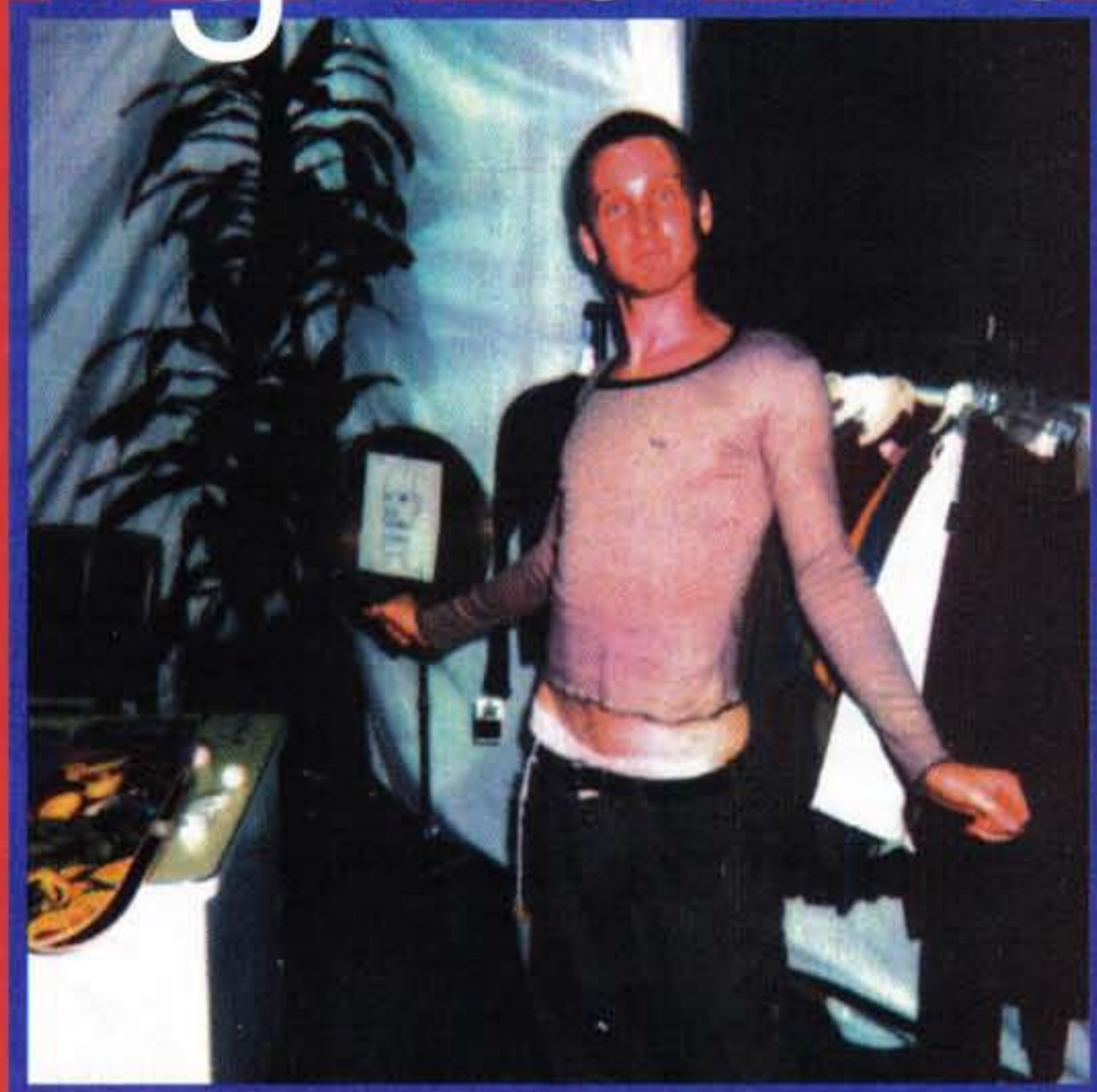
left of center (#2)

I have this fat ass friend named Pat Canolie, also know as I.Q. Pat is the worst skater and everyone lets him know that. Pat is my friend though because he is an all around nice guy. Anyway, I would like to give Pat this chance at being famous. It would make him feel so special! So please print this yearbook picture.

B. Johnson
Missouri



1993 tight shirts

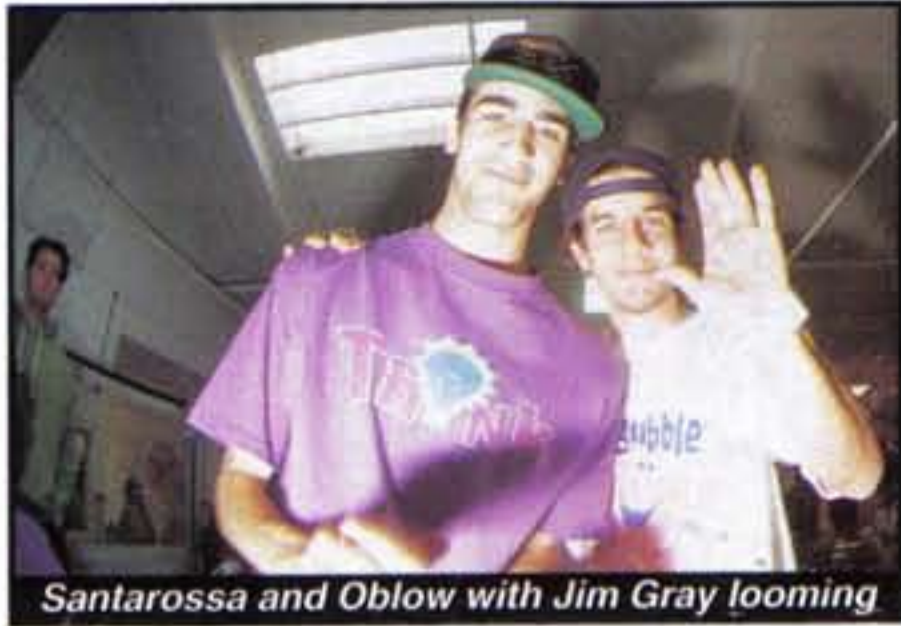


Lance Conklin

POOT

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the absolute truth



Santarossa and Oblow with Jim Gray looming

Mark Oblow, former team manager for ACME who quit to work for Think, has now quit Think and is starting up a board company called Colors with Rich Metiver of Union Wheels. Team riders currently include



Marky Markovich

Jeremy Wray, Jason Dill, and Kris Markovich, but Oblow is also trying to sway Mike Santarossa, Eric Ricks, and Chris

Senn. Having burned most of the bridges in the industry, this could be Mark's last venture if this project fails.

Hollywood was the recent site of an art show entitled "Suck On This," which featured artwork from B. Otis Link, Jeff Tremaine, Andy Jenkins, and Robert Williams. The show had three opening



Food Eater II

receptions which were attended by a lot of artsy people, including Ed and Deanna Templeton, Dune, Chuck Biscuits (drummer of Danzig), Earl Parker, Anthony Kiedis, Spike, Kosick, McKee, Cliver, and Natas. Kiedis, of the Red Hot Chili Peppers, displayed exceptional interest in the Tremaine painting "Vern and Me," and considered purchasing it for his dining room.



Greg, Marty, and CR

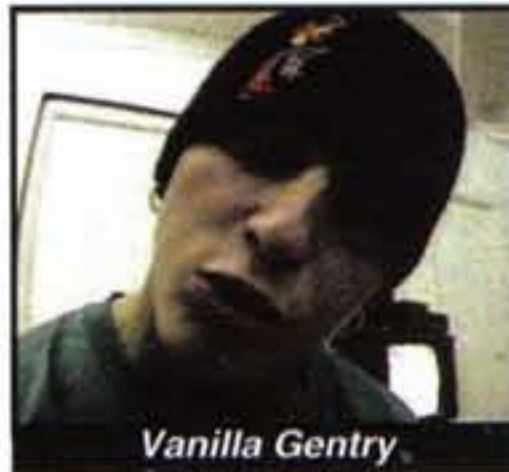
At another Hollywood art opening, this time at Barnsdall Park, Craig Stecyk, Greg Escalante, Nicolas Cage, and Stacy Peralta showed up to

view the works of Lynn Coleman, Martin Mull, Robert Williams, and others. Martin Mull, the once-famous actor and comedian, has a daughter who was dated by former pro skateboarders Steve Olson and Tony Alva.

Rick Kosick is currently researching the benefits of better living through the rigorous health spa environment, in an effort to enhance his basketball game. Rick has a fair outside shot, but lacks in offensive finesse.

Simon Woodstock has quit Koklieb and now rides for New School.

Chris Gentry, Other Level rider, is following in the footsteps of premier white rapper Vanilla Ice with his own white rap act, "Green to the Blue-eyed Devil." Chris has been performing all over the white capital of the world, Orange County.



Vanilla Gentry

George Powell suspects there is a leak at his company, where, supposedly, "important" information is slipping out. So he is following in the tradition of H. Ross Perot, the FBI, and the CIA, and has equipped all the company phones with bugging devices, and telephone calls received and made at the building are recorded and followed up on. As an update to

the photo run with last month's news of the Powell Corporation's "For Lease" sign, that sign has now been changed to "For Sale," as George has just been served his first notice from Sanwa Bank regarding a 3.4-million-dollar foreclosure.

Longtime world receptionist J.D. has been fired. This was fine with J.D., because he didn't feel that his phone-answering techniques were being used to their fullest extent, anyway. All you fifteen-year-old girls who used to call J.D., fear not, you can now reach him at ACME, (714) 722-1800, where he works as a sales rep.



Jeff Klindt

Krystyn (artsy spelling) Lakas, Robinsons-May Co. model and once "close, personal friend" of Jordan Richter

and Steve Rocco, continues to work her way through the skateboard industry, this time with Jeff Klindt of Real Skateboards, her newest close, personal friend.



Krystyn slapping herself

For those of you anxiously awaiting Issue Number Two of *Low Life*, it may take a while, as there has been an unexpected delay. A disgruntled employee, who was upset after being laid off, went into the computer system and created a virus that erased the majority of Powell's files, including the next issue.



Mike York

Steve Cales, Mike York, and Spencer Fujimoto have all been kicked off world industries, and now skate for, in respective order, ATM (the new Gonzales company), Stereo, and Mad Circle.

Rumors from the 90210 set have Luke Perry at serious odds with fellow cast member Shannen Doherty. Supposedly, Luke is so tired of dealing with her that he wants to quit the show. This may explain why he was able to act so apathetically as Dylan when he was breaking up with Brenda for Kelly. Proposed storylines should Luke leave 90210 include having Dylan contract AIDS.



Cock-eyed Bitch

Richard Mulder, favoring an all-minority team, has quit Foundation and now skates for world industries.

Once an innovative company, Powell Skateboards has now resigned itself to copying the smaller, quicker competitors in an attempt to keep their products up to date. Shorty's was going to have Powell distribute their hardware for them, but within weeks of receiving the first lot, Powell came out with their own hardware, which was virtually identical to the sizes and even the colors of Shorty's. Upon discovery of the imitation hardware, Tony Buyalos, Shorty's manager, ended the distribution deal.

Pat Brennen has not quit skateboarding. He is riding for **The Firm**, and has been busy filming for their upcoming video. His model should be out this month.

The friendly folks who make **Hello Kitty**, the **Sanrio Corp.**, have filed a cease-and-desist order over the latest **Guy Mariano** model. The Sanrio people were very displeased with Blind's use of their **famous character**, particularly citing the bullet hole with dripping blood. **Steve**, not realizing that the graphic was defamatory, apologized profusely for the misunderstanding, and promised to cease production.



Jordan Richter

Mad Circle is a new sub-company of **New Deal**, which is headed by **Justin Girard**. Other team riders include **Mike Cao** and **Chris Fissel**. Justin's room-

mate, **Jordan Richter**, is now riding for **New Deal** and expanding his artistic consciousness with fine art purchases.

While out hitting the clubs one night, **Kareem Campbell** bumped into **Rosie Perez**, the actress who played Woody Harrelson's girlfriend in the movie **White Men Can't Jump**. The two danced together for the evening and exchanged phone numbers. In between accepting Rosie's calls and skateboarding, Kareem is also embarking on a rap career.



Rosie Perez

Mark Gonzales is back into skateboarding following a "semi-retirement." After shopping around for potential sponsors for his company,



Falahee

Mark, along with **Ron Chatman**, chose to go with **John Falahee**, the mastermind behind **New School** and the now defunct **Alva**. The company will be called **ATM**, and Mark's board will have the graphics from his first Vision board. Other team riders include **Joey Suriel**, amateur, and **Fabian Alamar**, pro.

Christian Hosoi is starting up another new company, only this time it will be called **Focus**.



Holmes



Slayer!!!

Slayer has replaced drummer **Dave Lombardo** with some new guy. Slayer's next album will not be out anytime soon, since so far they have only written **one** new song.

Tree Skateboards continues to branch out, with the addition of **Papo Uchauk** and **Steve Allison** to their amateur team.

If any of you team managers, skaters, or owners ever have a problem regarding things written in **Big Brother** and want to vent your frustrations, feel free to stop on by the offices and wait for the staff members as they come to work. **Whipping boy** of choice thus far has been **Sean Cliver**, who was once again accosted on the world premises. But please, feel free to use any member of our illustrious staff as a punching bag.

After the **ASR** spring trade show, **Josh Swindell** went down to vacation in Mexico and ended up being arrested and **incarcerated** for possession of illegal arms, one of them being a .45-caliber revolver. Josh still resides in his prison abode, and gave **BB** an exclusive interview which can be found elsewhere in this issue.



Thank-you note

On the February 18th broadcast of **The Howard Stern Show**, **Big Brother** was introduced to millions of people over the airwaves. Howard himself quoted several segments of the **Butt Bongo Fiesta** video review, and appropriately mentioned **Big Brother** as the most widely-read skateboard magazine.

Heath Kirchart is yet another wishy-washy amateur in the industry. Heath isn't sure yet if he quit **Birdhouse** to ride for **Foundation**.

Taylor-Dykema received a batch of wet wood and unloaded it on **Mike McGill**. Buyer beware!

OHIO

BIG TROUBLE IN



12 NEWS FOLLOW-UP

Not long after the release of Issue Number Three of **Big Brother**, some poor boy's mother in Ohio flipped through it and became very upset when she happened across that goofy "How To Kill Yourself" article. So upset, in fact, that she contacted local authorities and news agents, launching a statewide campaign against **Big Brother**. For one full week they devoted their attention to us, calling for interviews, creating special news graphics, and even having lawyers look into the legality of the article. The outcome was that, since suicide is not illegal in Ohio, **Big Brother** was not liable for anything.



Outraged parent

Channel 12 News assured the viewers that Ohio legislature would soon be in the process of amending the laws to prevent such nonsense as "assisted suicide." One newsman summed it up best with the following: "In the State of Ohio, if you're under eighteen, you can't buy a **Playboy** or **Penthouse**, but you can buy a blueprint on how to commit suicide."



Blueprint for suicide

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RICH JAFFE Your Local News Source

Outraged reporter

potpourri

Hello, and welcome to this issue's potpourri pages. How do you write an intro to something so diverse and scattered? Incidentally, no one's sent in shit lately, so if you have any contributions, send them in now. Write to:

Save Big Brother
815 N. Nash
El Segundo, CA 90245



Stupid mom alert!

Ron Bertino's "Mr. Butts" board, which came with an introductory smoking kit, became the outrage of Santa Barbara, CA when Maggie Johnson's son John brought his purchase home one day.

Maggie couldn't believe it, saying, "It was outrageous! Here's a place of business giving a minor

the Flap issue

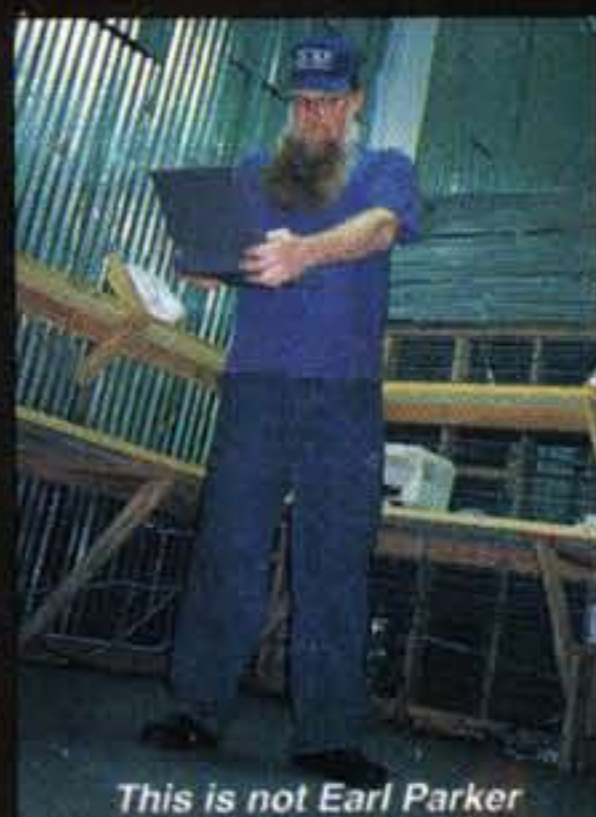
the most uninspired issue in history
by Earl Parker

Having finished the masterpiece that was Issue Four, we set our dials involuntarily towards, "Well, I guess," Issue Five. "Should we model it after Newsweek or People? How about comic-book-sized with trading cards? It'll be genius!" After taking a three-week sabbatical, I scheduled a flight to Mardi Gras to look for Candy. Sean and Marc drove to the trade show, but mistook a lot of photos, so they had to go back down to San Diego the following day. My friend and I were halfway through a comic story about Earl living in a castle when the staff decided it wasn't good enough for the high standards of *Big Brother*. Actually the comic was going to come with captions, but they didn't know that.

It would've been totally funny because it was about Earl Parker, the "genious," and his suicidal adventures. It was raining a lot, so I took another week off. The drought was over. I began waking up at four o'clock pm, leaving when the others went out to eat in the evening. I came up with a couple of ideas that involved professional photographers. Spike agreed to a shoot, but blew me off because he hadn't gotten paid for the last two issues. Kosick, who has to be the most unspontaneous photographer in the world, just didn't cut the mustard. I had an idea for a subscription ad centered around UCLA art girls. Kosick kept postponing the shoot. He was too busy shooting the trading cards. Two weeks later the cards were done, but I had totally lost interest after the staff shot down my idea to put a photo of some old Harley guy with a beard and a long ponytail on my card. When it came time to fly to Mardi Gras, I discovered my plane ticket was cancelled because I forgot to reconfirm the reservation. Disappointed, I took a couple of weeks off to master my new hobby—pot smoking. I bought a big bong at Venice Beach for twenty bucks and was convinced that getting stoned would promote my creativity. One evening, after spending the day shopping for new eyeglass frames to match my tinted blue lenses, I discovered my office emptied, and was told that it now belonged to Amy, the new intern. So I took the week off.



Red bong



This is not Earl Parker

the industry forfeits

DEAR STEVE,

NOTICE...ALL CAPS AND NO LOWER CASE OR QUESTION MARKS.

1. YOUR NIGGER LIST CAREFULLY AVOIDS THE WORST OF ALL NIGGERS, THE UGLY HAIRY STINKY GANGSTER WOP. NOW WHY WOULD THE ROCCO NIGGERS WISH TO LEAVE OUT THE DIRTY WOPS. DID I FORGET GREASY. THE LIST SHOULD READ -

WORST-BEST
WOPS
MEXICANS
GOOKS
WELFARE WHITES
CHINKS
BLACKS ON WELFARE
ANYONE FROM THE SOUTH
JAPS



CPK

THE INDUSTRY REGRETS THAT IT CANNOT ATTEND THE WAR BETWEEN THE WOPS AND THE INDUSTRY. THE INDUSTRY IS ALLERGIC TO WOP RESTAURANTS. BESIDES ONLY A STUPID GREASY WOP WOULD TAKE ANY OF THIS SERIOUSLY. WHAT A JOKE YOU GUYS ARE. YOU PRINT ANYTHING. BIG BROTHER TOTALLY SUCKS.

HAVE A NICE DAY, steve,

THE INDUSTRY

This is the final installment in the war between the Industry and our leader, Steve Rocco. Even though we got his letter weeks before the designated fight date, we still decided to show up at California Pizza Kitchen anyway. We thought maybe a bunch of skaters would show up, but all we saw was one guy wearing a Thrasher shirt.

trials of life



Whale launching a seal

tobacco. I mean what if the kid had picked out a skateboard with a can of beer? Would they hand him the beer and say that goes along with it?" Santa Barbara News Press jumped on the story and ran it front page, complete with a Mr. Butts comic strip, anti-smoking campaigns, and choice quotes from Steve Rocco. Trudeau, the creator of the Doonesbury character, was unavailable for comment, but his syndicate assured that legal action would be pursued.

Roots

"No escaping our roots"-Jimmy Page from The Song Remains the Same



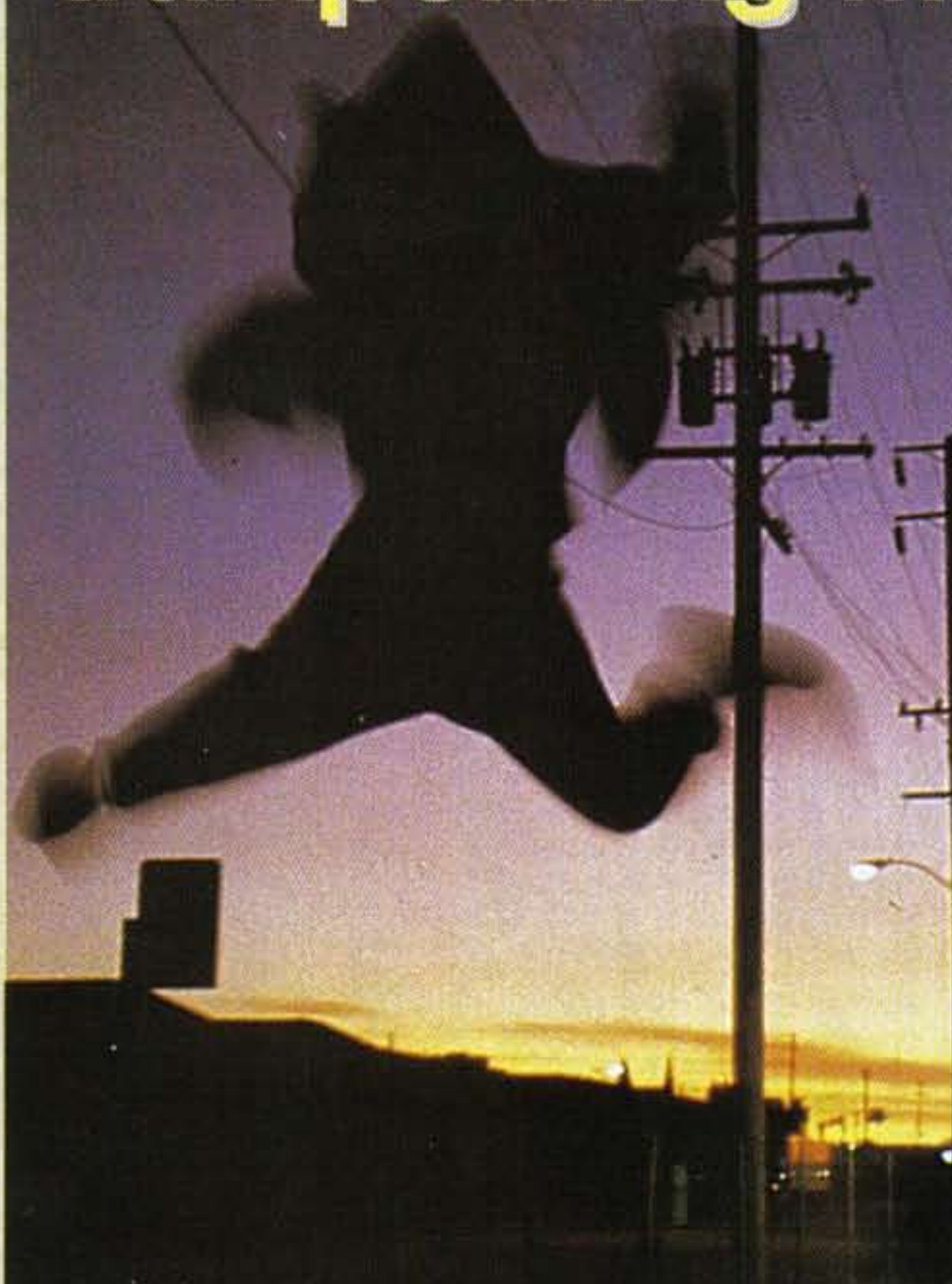
The last issue of *Big Brother* contained many mistakes. For instance, we mislabeled Daewon's trick (he was really doing a fakie 360 kickflip to f/s noseblunt slide), there were typos in the intro page, color photos saved as black-and-whites, missing captions, etc.). Despite what you might think, when these kinds of mistakes happen, we don't get bummed out—we just chalk it up to "roots." Just because now we're all high-tech with computers and shit doesn't mean we've forgotten about the days when the world team consisted of Jesse and Hartsel, and ads and graphics got done on the Xerox machine at Kinko's. Everyone has roots. Occasional fuck-ups like the ones in #4 will serve as constant reminders of this.

video revue

By Marc McKee

Trials of Life is a mail-order video series offered by Time/Life. The commercials for this series are repeated ad nauseum on late-night TV to such a degree that I grew to hate these videos before ever having seen them. Recently, I finally got a chance to see "Hunting and Escaping," the first video of the series. I liked it. The only sucky part was when they show a snake eating a banana slug. It was totally gross! Also they had a lot of caterpillars, which I think are disgusting. The last segment was my favorite—a pack of wild chimpanzees kill a tiny colobus monkey and eat it raw.

trampolining madness



Sean Cliver, street!



Jeff Tremaine, vert!



Mike Smith

World industries adds to its many different breaktime activities with the acquisition of Mike Smith's trampoline. Smith, now a regular visitor, still utilizes the tramp by doing every flip, including double front-flips and fully extended 3/4 back-flips to belly-flop. Another variation involves using a grip-taped deck in a high powered version of carpet boarding. Current champion of this mode of trampolining is videographer Jake Rosenberg, with an almost endless variety of tricks including backside 720's and method-grab 360's. We would have run a picture of Jake, but he didn't want us to because he thought we were gonna talk shit.

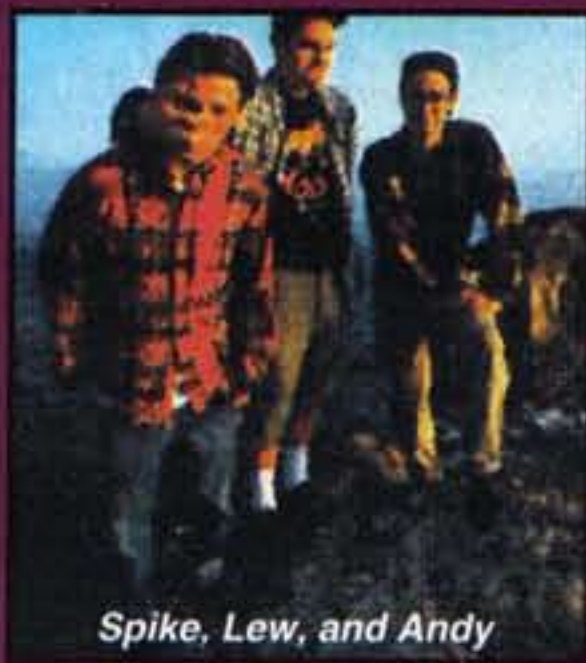
At almost any given time during the day, one can walk out and find Jeff Tremaine, *Big Brother's* physical-fitness award winner, on the tramp. Other regulars include Rocco, Natas, Cliver, McKee, Kosick, and even Earl Parker (Earl doesn't usually engage in "office buddy" games).



Marc McKee, freestyle!

truce?

In the last issue of *Big Brother* we were very mean to our friends at *Dirt*. Wanting to make amends for this merciless **bashing**, we recently faxed the following **peace treaty** to *Dirt's* **Master Cluster**, the creative force behind the LA-based magazine.



Spike, Lew, and Andy

Dear Andy, Lew, and Spike,

We acknowledge the excessive meanness in Issue #4 of *Big Brother* which was aimed directly at your magazine. We feel that this attack was uncalled for, and especially imprudent when taking into consideration the presence of an even greater menace currently facing the both of us—*Spin* magazine.

We feel that it would be mutually beneficial for both of our magazines to enter into an alliance, so that together we might rid the world of this evil publication. As the first step in reaching this goal, we ask that you sign this peace treaty. By signing this agreement, you will be able to rest assured that there will be no further derogatory comments regarding your magazine in our magazine.

We, the undersigned, agree that *Spin* magazine is a worthless publication, and promise to aid *Big Brother* in the fight to bring about its **ultimate destruction**.

signed _____ date _____

signed _____ date _____

signed _____ date _____

Sincerely,

Marc McKee
Jeff Tremaine

As of now, we still haven't heard from *Dirt*. Stay tuned.

HOLLYWOOD (part 1)

By Earl Parker

I woke up in my Hollywood apartment at 3 pm. I put some noodles on to boil before showering. The air in the apartment had grown steamy from the blinding sun, so I cranked open some windows and let in the smoggy breeze. I picked up my imaginary girlfriend, Susan, and we headed to our friend's house. This was back when I was between cars, and Alexandra had promised to drive this furniture back to our house for us that we'd bought from her neighbors. We walked in and sat on the hardwood floor. There were a few other people there, all watching MTV from the couch. "Can you take us now, Alexandra?" I asked.

"No. I'm trying to read."

"But you said you would last night."

"I have three cars out there. All with good spots. If I leave, somebody will take my place."

"So you lied to us!"



Alexandra

"Yes."
I pushed her down on the couch. Her friends were glaring at us from their hot-chocolate break in the kitchen. Susan and I stormed out into the hall where the furniture was waiting. She slammed the door behind us.

"Do you think I shoulda slammed it harder?" she asked.

"Nah. It's alright....Hey, listen. They're all talking about us," I said, putting my ear next to the door. "Let's run around and listen from outside."

Alexandra was explaining how "we aren't really her friends." Then we heard this rave guy who was in there say, "They were going through Smashing Pumpkins Withdrawal? What the fuck does that mean?" Smashing Pumpkins Withdrawal is when you go without listening to Smashing Pumpkins for a week, but I wasn't going to make fun of somebody for asking a sincere question. Anyway, *Big Brother* owns all ravers. We found the garden hose and sprayed water inside through the kitchen screen. They were yelping as we ran away.

We carried the heavy furniture under the palm trees back to the house. We talked enthusiastically about what had happened—getting backstabbed. Alexandra lives off her parents and goes to college. This city is bound to sicken anyone who isn't doing anything. This explains her staying in on the weekends and discon

90210 UPDATE



After an amazing win streak and some major purchases, **Brandon's** luck at **gambling** took a turn for the **worse**. When confronted by several friends on different occasions, Brandon became **defensive** and claimed that the gambling was only a harmless vice in an otherwise currently-boring life. His boring life almost turned into a **crippled life** when he couldn't pay off his **\$1500** debt to **Duke**. Brandon even had to resort to violence of his own, when an amateur bookie at West Beverly couldn't pay him the amount that he needed when the **Celtics** won. Fortunately **Nat**, the owner of the **Peach Pit**, came to Brandon's rescue and paid off his debt for him.



Brandon is still without a relationship, while **Andrea**, the aging white Jewess, is on the verge of an **interracial** one with **Jordan**, a black student from the Shaw district. They had met once before in the "Beverly Hills deals with racism" episode, and were reunited when they ran into each other at party for future **Yale** students. The two hit it off quite nicely, and have since gone to the movies. As far as Andrea's "master journalism" career, she is trying to make a name for herself by submitting *The Blaze* in a nationwide-school-paper contest. She's hoping to achieve first prize through Dylan with a story about his father and their relationship.

The triangular affair of **Brenda, Kelly, and Dylan** came to a **scorching climax** as



Dylan finally chose whom he wants to date. Kelly, by far the most **obvious** choice, ended up in the **Bel Age Hotel's** swimming pool, locked in Dylan's embrace, after a welcome-back party for **Jack**, Dylan's formerly-imprisoned dad. Deciding to be up front about the new development, they broke the news to Brenda—which came as quite a shock to her as she didn't expect to be the odd person out. Declaring her **hatred** for the two of them, she stormed off home to listen to "Losing My Religion" by REM and rip up photos of Kelly. What an angry young girl.



Jack, with the aid of Dylan, set out to get the trust fund that had been left for Dylan by his **new-age** mother, **Iris**. The trust fund consisted of roughly **ten million** dollars. Once the trust was acquired, Jack was supposed to get back into his illegal activities with the **Mob**, but was interrupted when his car **exploded** while he was starting it one morning. Dylan, who witnessed the whole spectacle, was sent into an **emotional tailspin**, almost ended up with an alcohol problem, but managed to come to terms with reality and chose to do so soberly. After his father's funeral, it was revealed to Dylan that his father was let out of prison early in an attempt to set up his old contacts for the FBI, which helped Dylan feel that his father didn't die a bad man. Through all this tragedy, the **Walshes**, including Brenda, welcomed Dylan back into their house once more until he felt



necting the phone out of angst. I didn't know if I was mad at her. "We'll just quietly forget about her," I told Susan.

We watched the news and toked on the bong. The furniture looked nice. Soon we both fell asleep. Waking at 8:00 pm, we went up to the roof and hung out for a few more hours. 2:00 am. We were both hungry, so we walked to Damiano's. Right when our pizza was coming, "guess who" walked in—Spike Jonze, the greatest photographer in the world. He looked like he was "out on business" because he was with four guys, probably from some band. We all got in a booth together and it was just pure fun—me and Spike trying to out-do each other as usual. A girl named Simara had paintings hanging up in the restaurant, along with her phone number. I called her the next day. She turned out to be 19 and living in the Hollywood Hills. She is an actress, among other things. Her favorite bands are punk, and she likes it here because it's "Hollyweird." She wanted to do an interview, but after telling me she's busy ten days in a row, I told her, "I think I've got enough

for an interview already. I'm just going to write about all the lame excuses you have, and the things you say."

"That's fucked! I don't even remember what I've said."

"I do."

"Bye, Mr. Parker."

We never met. She said "cool beans" a lot, and supposedly she was writing a script for a play. Alexandra came over a week later and was happy to see me. I was happy, too. I think that hating people in LA is a waste of time. When you live here, sometimes you need a place to stay and visit when you're in between your house and where you wanna go. That's why it's good to have a lot of friends.



stable enough to go it alone again. Kelly, between not eating meals and not knowing how to help Dylan through this trauma, was particularly dismayed about Dylan being back in the same house with Brenda. As their relationship, from Kelly's eyes, becomes increasingly unstable, she has found a firm anchor in insecurity with some over-the-counter **diet pills**, and looks well on her way to an overdose.

Steve was once again fired as **David's** manager. After Steve got David in with **Icon Records** and a producer named **Serg**, David was informed in private that if he didn't lose Steve, the chances of a recording contract would be slim. David, not wanting to blow a seemingly once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, told Steve the situation, and that it would be better if he go it alone. Vanilla David soon found himself crooning a commercial cover song, as Serge led him down the path to ridicule and ruination. Luckily for David, Icon dropped him, leaving him to humbly crawl back to the management of Steve.

Donna continues to fill in for David as the **school DJ**, "Donna Donna," while he crams on his studies and cuts record deals. She is happy and supportive of David with his endeavors in the record industry, but is growing weary of his crappy, tiresome attitude.

—Sean Cliver



Rock is King, Brian.

ask sal



Dear Sal,

Help me out, I met this really great-looking girl about 3 months ago. She's 20 and I'm 16. I met her mom and she seemed really nice. Anyway, let me get back to the subject. We've been seeing each other for about two months and she wants to have sex badly. I went to her house to get her one day and she wasn't there, her mom invited me in and told me to wait there. She came down in a robe and took it off directly in front of me. She said no one will ever know. I said, "wait, let me go home real fast," and that it wasn't a good day. Her mom is 37 and still wants me. So does my girlfriend. I recently found out her mom used to pose for Club and did amateur work. What should I do? When ever I call her mom tells me "I'm waiting." And my girlfriend is ready. Help me Sal!!

Your Pal,
Scared Boy

One thing comes to mind when I read your letter: The Walt Disney movie, "The Black Hole." The reason for this is because a girl's pussy starts getting bigger and bigger by age 15, and it doesn't stop. By age 20, like with your girlfriend, it's huge. You can fit your whole hand in her pussy and two fingers in her ass at the same time. By the age of 25 she starts to sew the shit back together with a needle and thread. When she's 37, like your girlfriend's mom, it's over. It's like fucking a wind tunnel. My advice is, don't fuck either one. Buy a small dog. Name her Bitch and fuck her. That way, you'll always have tight pussy, like the Amish.

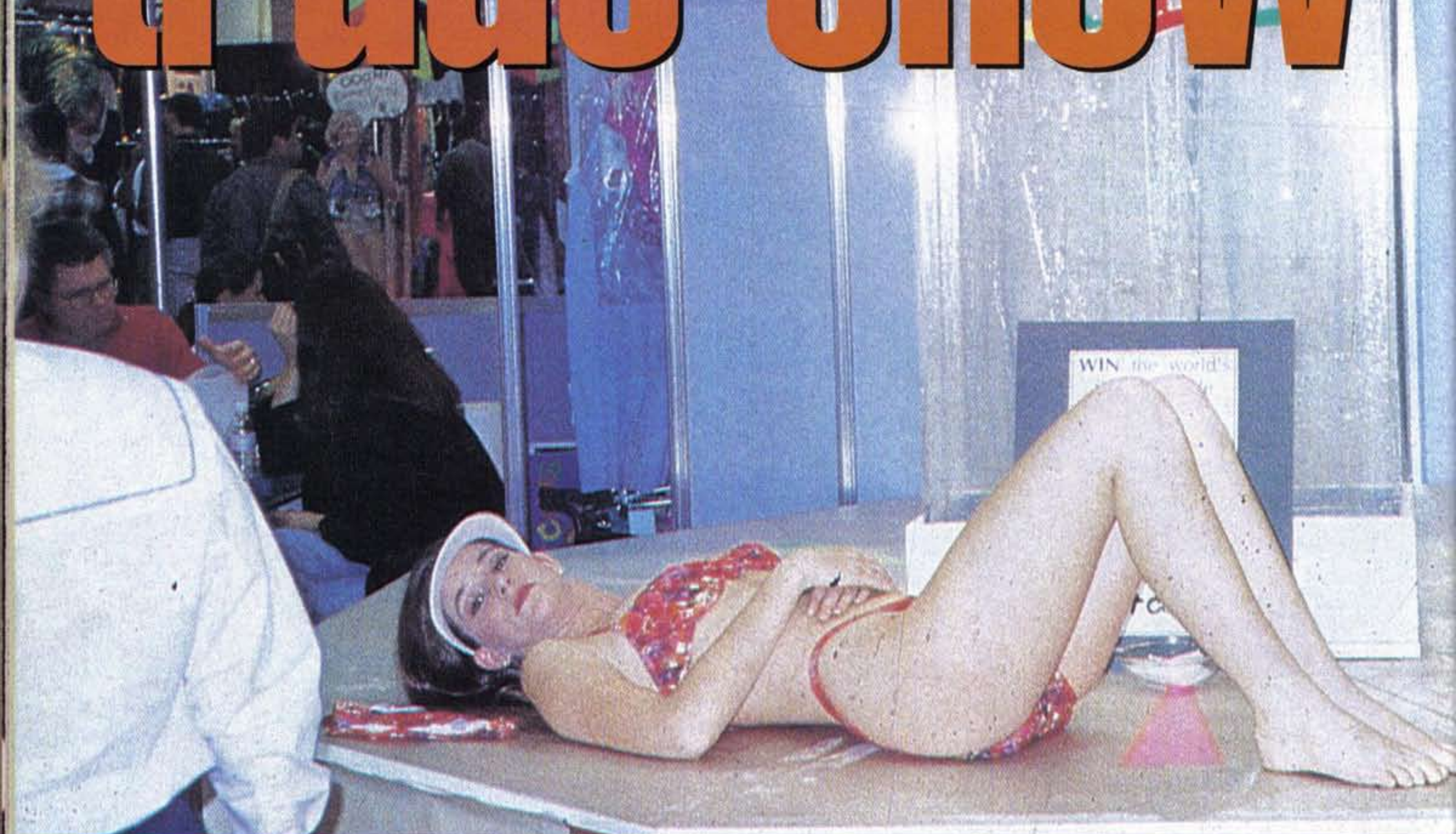
I'm 18 and will be going to a university next year. My girlfriend is in grade 10, so who gives a fuck. Here's my big fucking problem. Ever since I started skating I've been watching porn and loving it. Now that I've got a piece of tail I don't need to watch that shit. One of my all time favorite scenes was in this movie, "Valley Girls," where this guy fucks this whore up the ass while his wife watches. It makes me shoot just thinking about it. Thing is, my girlfriend won't let me tape her and there's no way she'll let me do her up the ass. While she rides me I've stuck my finger up her ass, but she bitches about it. How can I fulfill my sick wishes and what's it like?

Anal and Antsy
Canada

My advice to you is to tell your girlfriend the ass-fucking is like playing the lottery, and both of you can win. Here, let me explain. Sometimes you can put your dick in your chick's ass, squirt your load, pull out and there's nothing there. But with a little luck, the ultimate reward would be to stick your dick deep in her ass, pull out some corn, and have her suck it off.

Your friend,
Corn on the Cock

trade show



The trade show is divided into different areas which border one another just like a big city. The bikini section is equivalent to the beach cities like Pacific Palisades or Marina Del Rey—safe, predominantly white, upper-middle class.



Professional-looking shot of the bikini girls

At the trade show, everyone is paranoid of photographers since they don't want any of their hot new designs stolen. This time, however, we both had special camera passes, so with a newfound confidence we set out to shoot the babes. Unfortunately, the first roll of film we shot was in black and white. It seems that a while back, Spike had advised Earl to always shoot in black and white because it looks more professional. The result is now, whenever we borrow Earl's T2 camera, we wind up getting stuck with the black and white film he always leaves in it.

The Press Room

By the time we'd discovered this little perk for us members of the media, all of its free offerings of food and drink had been completely depleted. All that remained was a lousy pot of coffee. Nevertheless, I still was able to enjoy the panoramic view of the trade show it furnished from its vantage point high above the entire arena.



Abusing the privileges

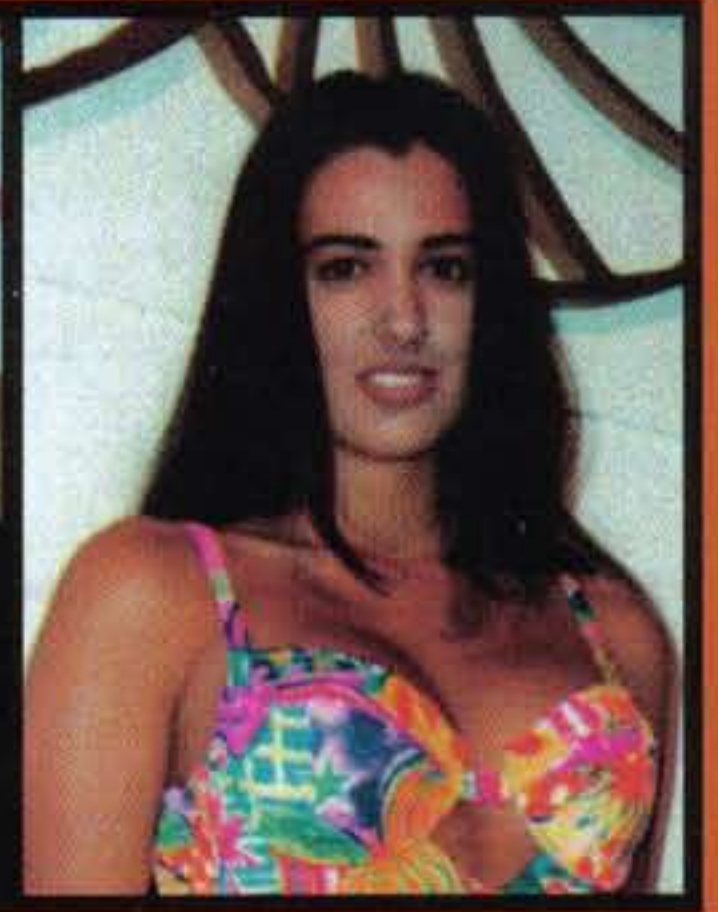
'93



One Eagle sex change

before

after



One Eagle

"Amy Weber"

Sean had spoken to One Eagle (not "Eagle One" as we once thought; apparently we had him confused with the lunar module), and he said he would be at the trade show. Imagine our surprise when we found him up on a runway modeling the latest in swimwear. One Eagle had gotten a sex change. Luckily it seems to have been a success, considering the fact that One Eagle, or "Amy," as he now insists on being called, was the prettiest girl in the trade show.



As seen in SURFER MAGAZINE—Bones clothing trade show.

Bones

Powell had a Bones booth just for their clothing line. It wasn't even in the skateboard section. George's wife "Jules" had the job of manning the booth, and we were able to take her picture. Incidentally, Jules did not sleep her way to the top of the Powell Corp—she says so in the February issue of Action Sports Retailer magazine. Powell had another booth for their boards which featured the same bar-room motif as the last trade show. A bad sign for a company that used to shell out \$30,000 for a brand new booth every



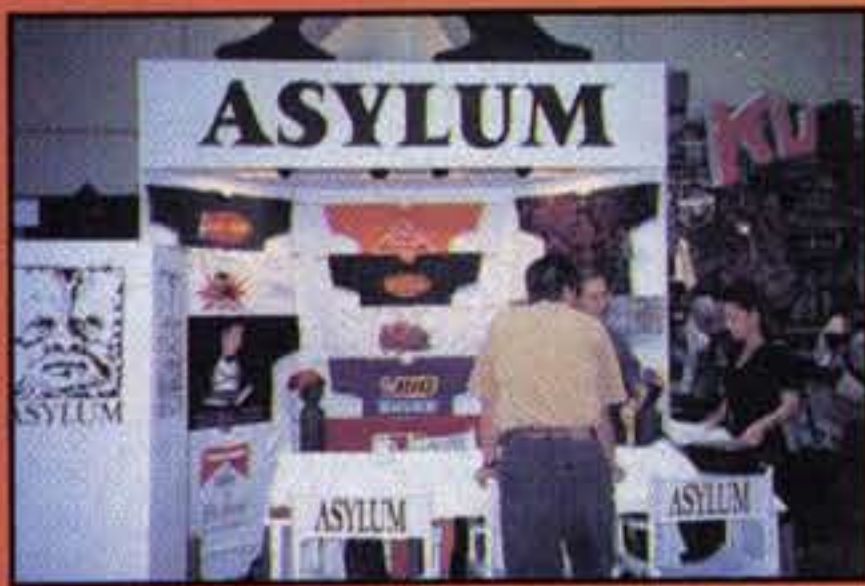
Swimsuit and baggy pants girl

Rave Section

A couple years back, they had things called "undergrounds" where you'd go to a warehouse to dance and take drugs all night. Well, times have changed. Now they're called "raves," and raves are big business! At the trade show, it seemed everyone was trying to cash in.



Ravers now carry business cards



Trade show espionage—Asylum's new spring line

Corporate Ravers

The "Asylum" booth. 40-year-old men in Levi's Dockers and cowboy boots selling t-shirts that said, "Fruit of the Boom," and "Big Raver." With a sense of security still lingering from the bikini section Sean nonchalantly took a snapshot. I jokingly scolded him for not asking permission first, but it was too late. I turned around to see one of those 40-year-old men charging full speed at Sean. In seconds, Sean was in a bear hug as the guy tried desperately to wrench his camera away. Years of clutching rapidographs had paid off, though, and Sean did not relinquish the trusty T2. Then, in spite of repeated screams of, "I have a camera pass, idiot!" the Corporate Raver dragged Sean to a nearby security guard to whom he was finally able to present his credentials. We had Asylum's new spring line on film and there was nothing they could do about it. Freedom of the Press!



Seized by the Corporate Ravers



Sean displays his special camera pass. Face!



Frustrated Corporate Ravers



Cruddy Jive art

Jive

Sean took a picture of part of the graffiti wall that enclosed the Jive booth. No sooner had the flash gone off, a young man of stocky build approached us, saying, "No pictures." We put down our cameras, and after saying "Sorry," continued on our way. Moments later, though, we heard the same voice from behind, again telling us to stop. He caught up to us and presumptuously placed his hand on my shoulder and said something like, "I know you guys. I'm down with you, but I know Rocco and I know what he does, blah, blah, blah..." We were confused. We didn't know whether he was apologizing or threatening us. Not wanting to take any chances, we got the heck out of there. Apart from any threats, his appearance alone was enough to scare us—shaved head, goatee, baggy gangster clothes. We had crossed over to the bad part of town.

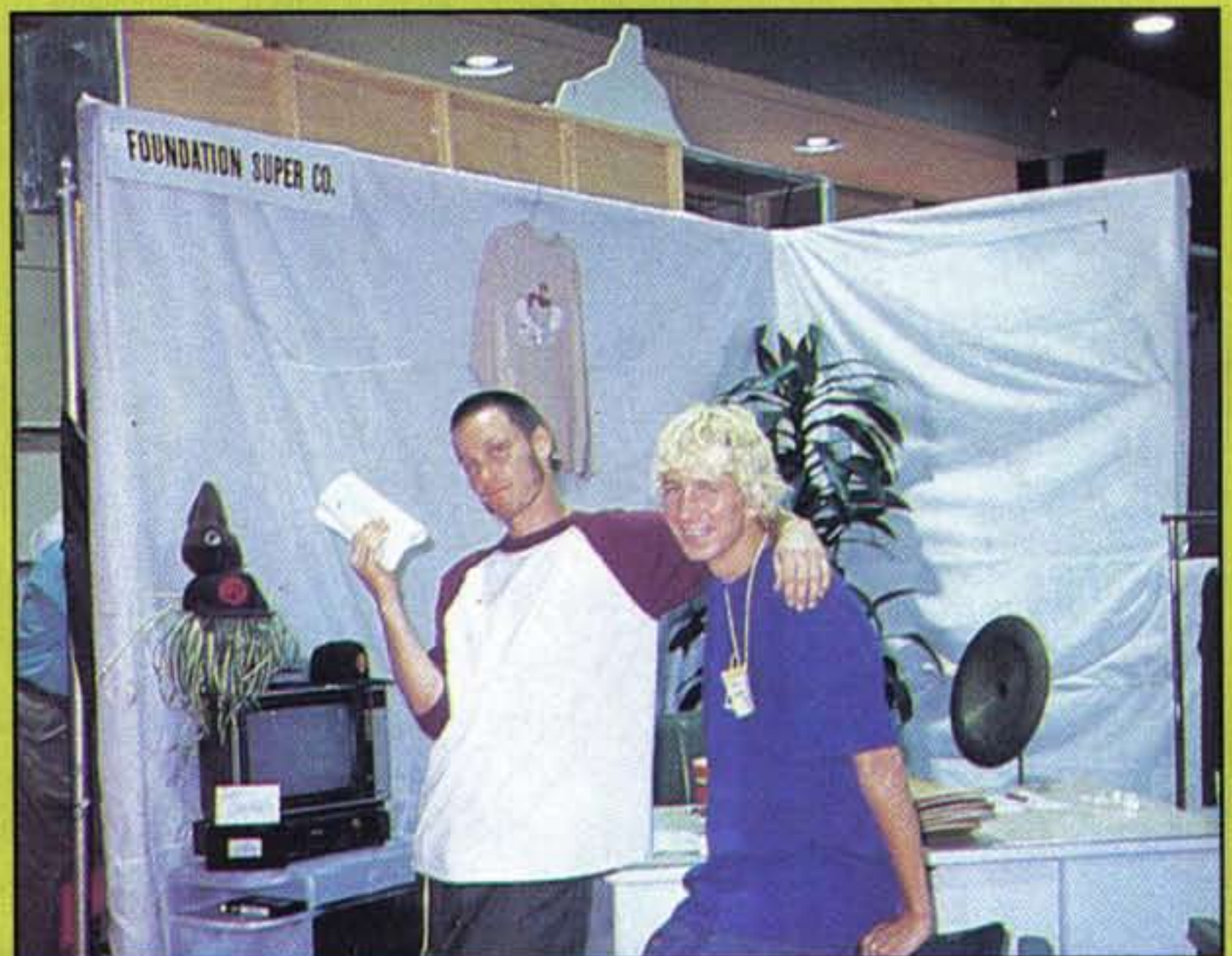


Skate section

We met up with Lance Mountain on our way over to the skate section. Sean asked him how many booths were there. He said he didn't know, maybe six? I wondered if this was counting the Snake Board booth.



Lance Mountain



Lance Conklin and Josh Beagle kickin' it in Foundation's first ever trade show booth.



Snake Board demo—If girls can do it, it can't be any good.

While the bikini area is like the beach or suburbs, the skate section is the more like the ghetto—spray paint everywhere and even some black people walking around. We're friends with Swank, so we hung out at the Foundation booth for a while. This was as far as we got, though, since we were still shaking from our encounter with the Jive guy. Everyone in the skate section looked real mean like him, with their knit beanies, tattoos, and multiple piercings, and we thought we might get jumped if we took anyone's picture. By the way, this will be our last trade show article for a while.



How to be a goofy boy



Fig. A

Goofy Boy lookalikes (fig. A) were in abundance at the trade show. The Goofy Boy style is similar to what hippies of the future were envisioned to be like in old science fiction series of the sixties, like Star Trek (fig. B). And, like most science fiction predictions of what future fashion will look like, the Goofy Boy style is utterly ridiculous (hence the name, "Goofy Boy," used to describe those who adopt this mode of dress). The look is colorful, even psychedelic, but with a post-modern consciousness. Consequently any style of dress can have a goofy application.

Witness the early-eighties-gold-chains-running-suit-rap-look turned goofy when worn by a skinny white boy (fig. C). Above all, being a Goofy Boy, or a Goofy Girl (fig. D) is easy. All it takes is a little imagination.

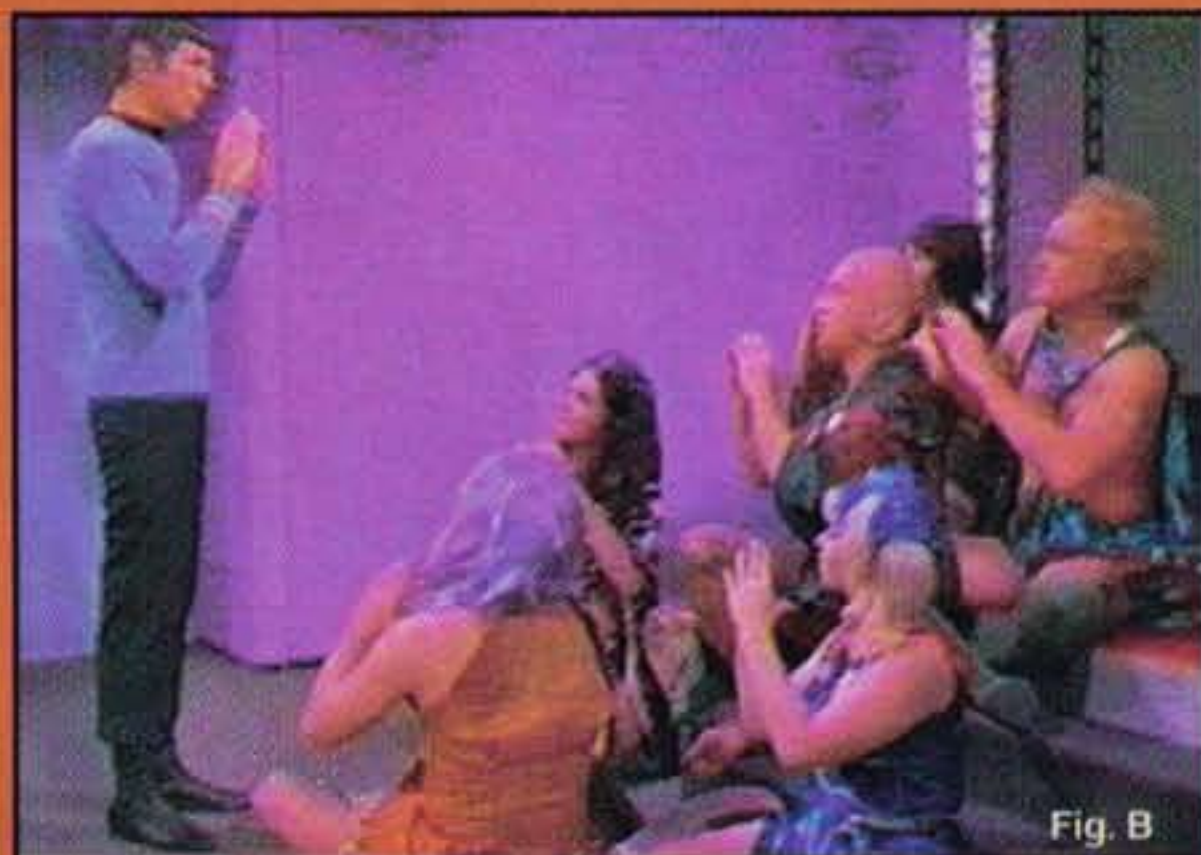


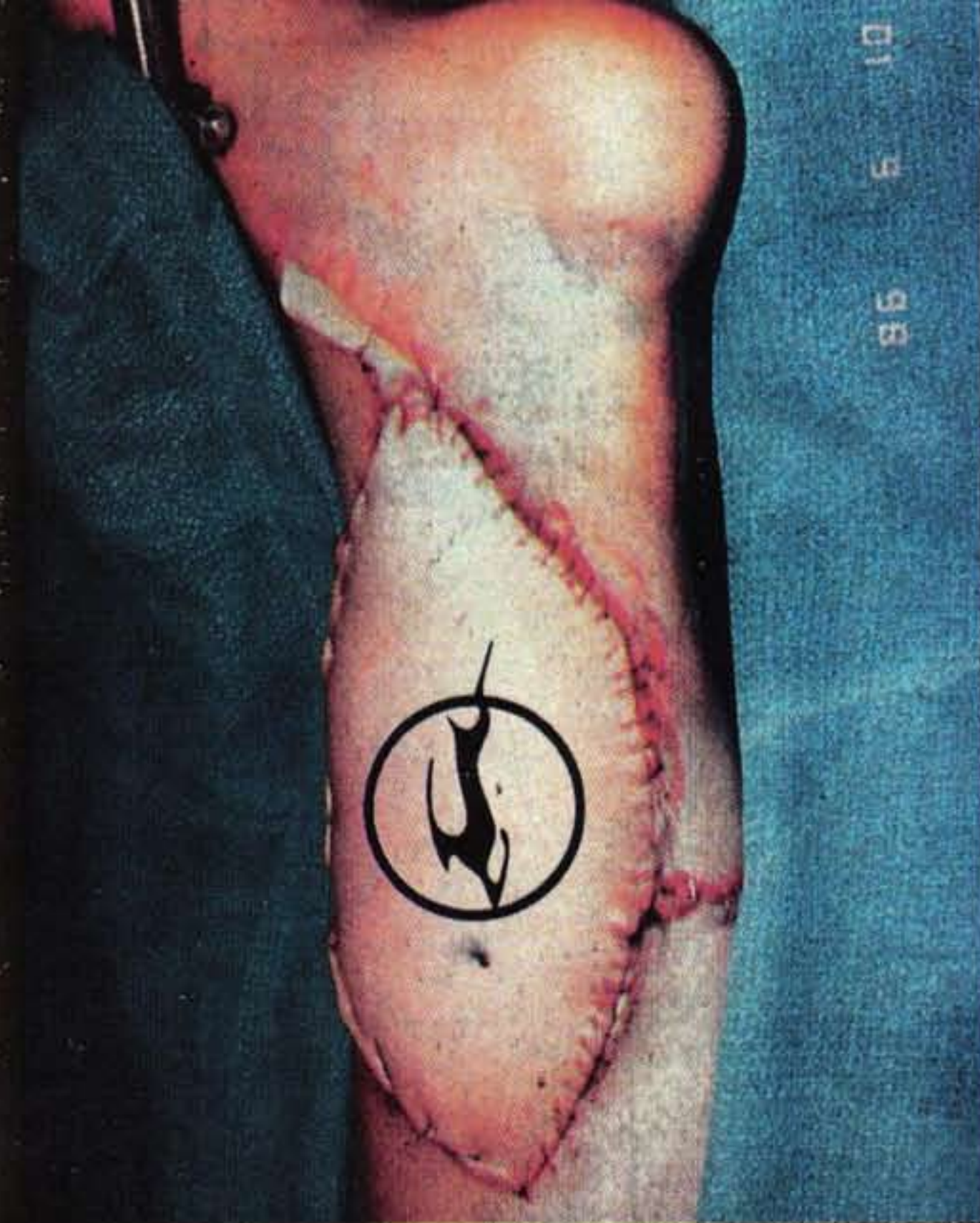
Fig. B



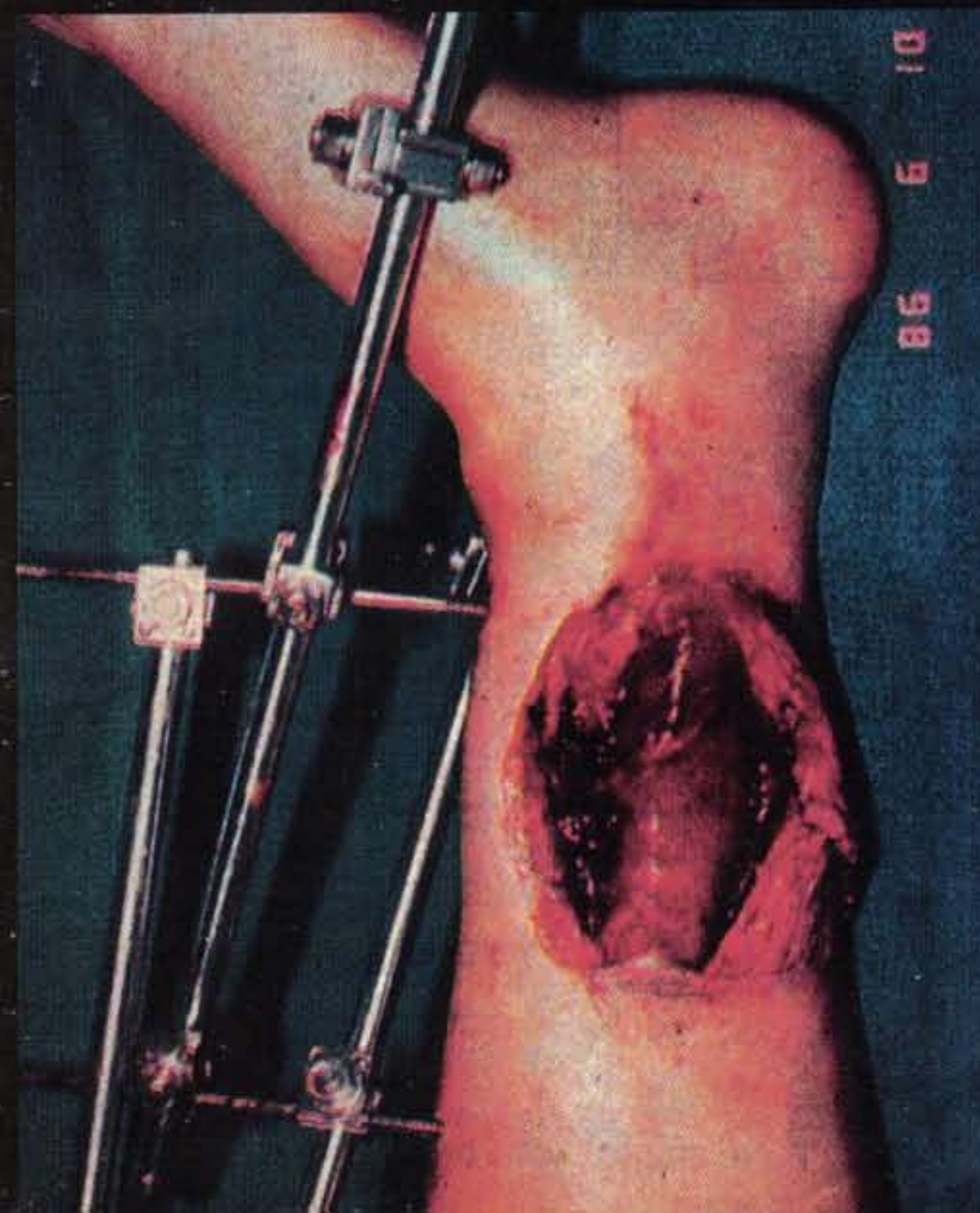
Fig. C



Fig. D



01 5 10
86 5 10



01 9 10
86 6 10

Jason Adams knows that the severity of skateboard wounds like this are greatly reduced by wearing **Bush-master™** slax from the League.
Note: Leg patch not available in Arkansas. Photos: Lance Dalgart.

Natas offered to do an article for Big Brother, so we generously offered him three pages to do whatever he wanted. With guns, skateboards, pot, Adam McNatt, and two other guys (Mike and Travis) he got in his car and came up with this.

By Natas

interv




drive



drive
drive
drive



drive drive drive
drive drive drive
drive drive drive
drive drive drive



Hey Natas, look what I grew on the hill by my house.

Wow, impressive.

It took a full eight months.

I grew it on the west side of the hill for a full twelve hours of sun.



Los Angeles

I thought I would make up for my weak interviewing skills by using a lot of neat photos. Inside photo op number one, Adam decided to smoke some dope while I fiddled with my camera and at the same time the park ranger showed up.



This is a picture of Adam and Mike thinking they're busted.



Nobody got busted and we made it to :



Adam slid on his psychedelic-rainbow wrap-around glasses and I prepared my thought provoking, insightful, and often difficult questions.



iew:

How do you feel Adam? Experienced, good.

What number would you be Adam? Six.



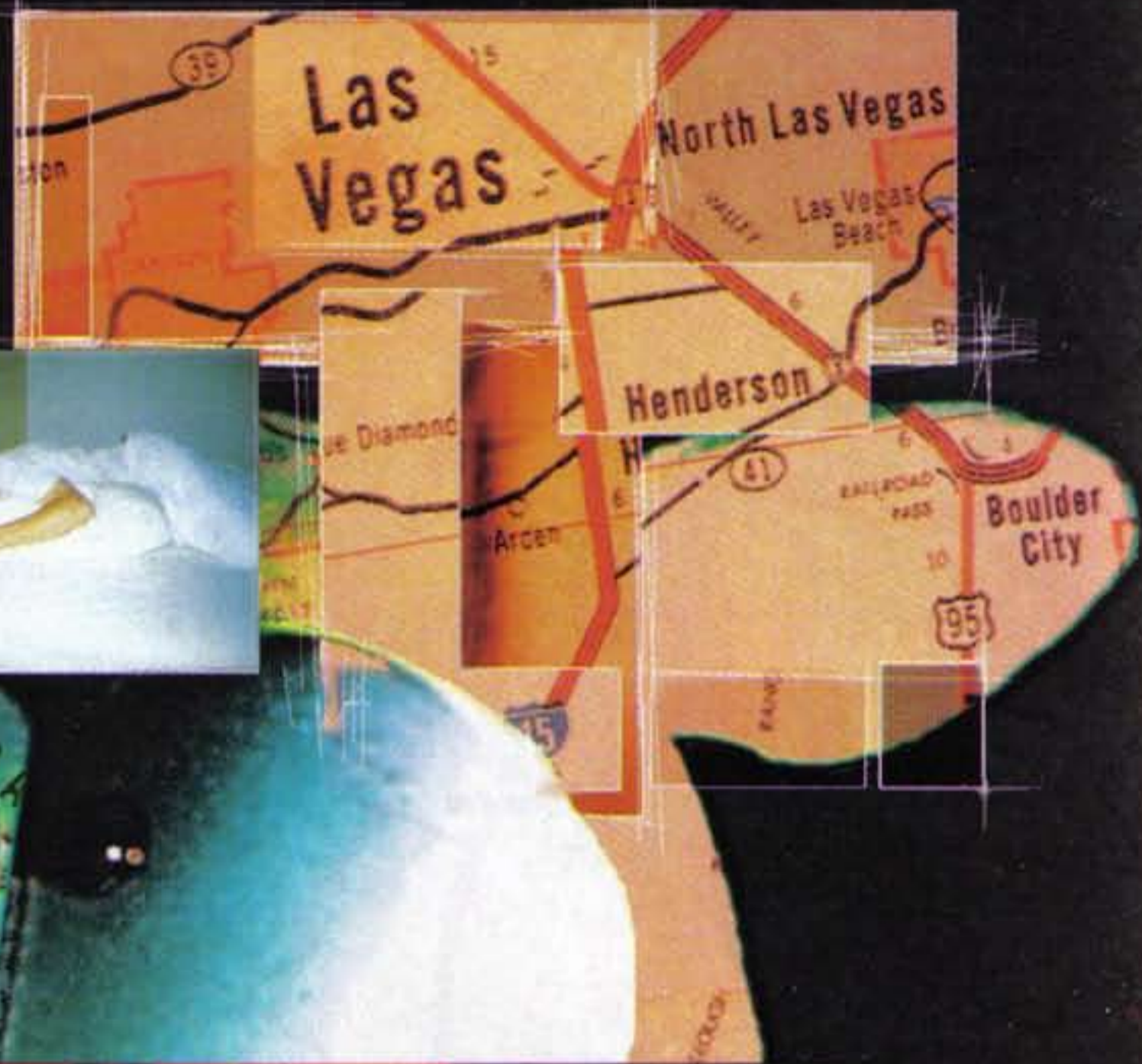
Sometimes it looks like Adam lands tricks with his feet too close together, but the distance is right for the length of his short legs.



O.K. Adam, when did you start skating? mmlg szzzzzzz

Who are your sponsors? mmn mf

What do you think of the tests? zzzzzzz



After a good night sleep, we are ready for a day of Las Vegas.



Experiencing the warm feeling that only comes from eight hundred casino dollars in your pocket and a machine gun on your shoulder.



Then home.



(Travis)

On the way home, we found an empty pool and the world's largest thermometer.

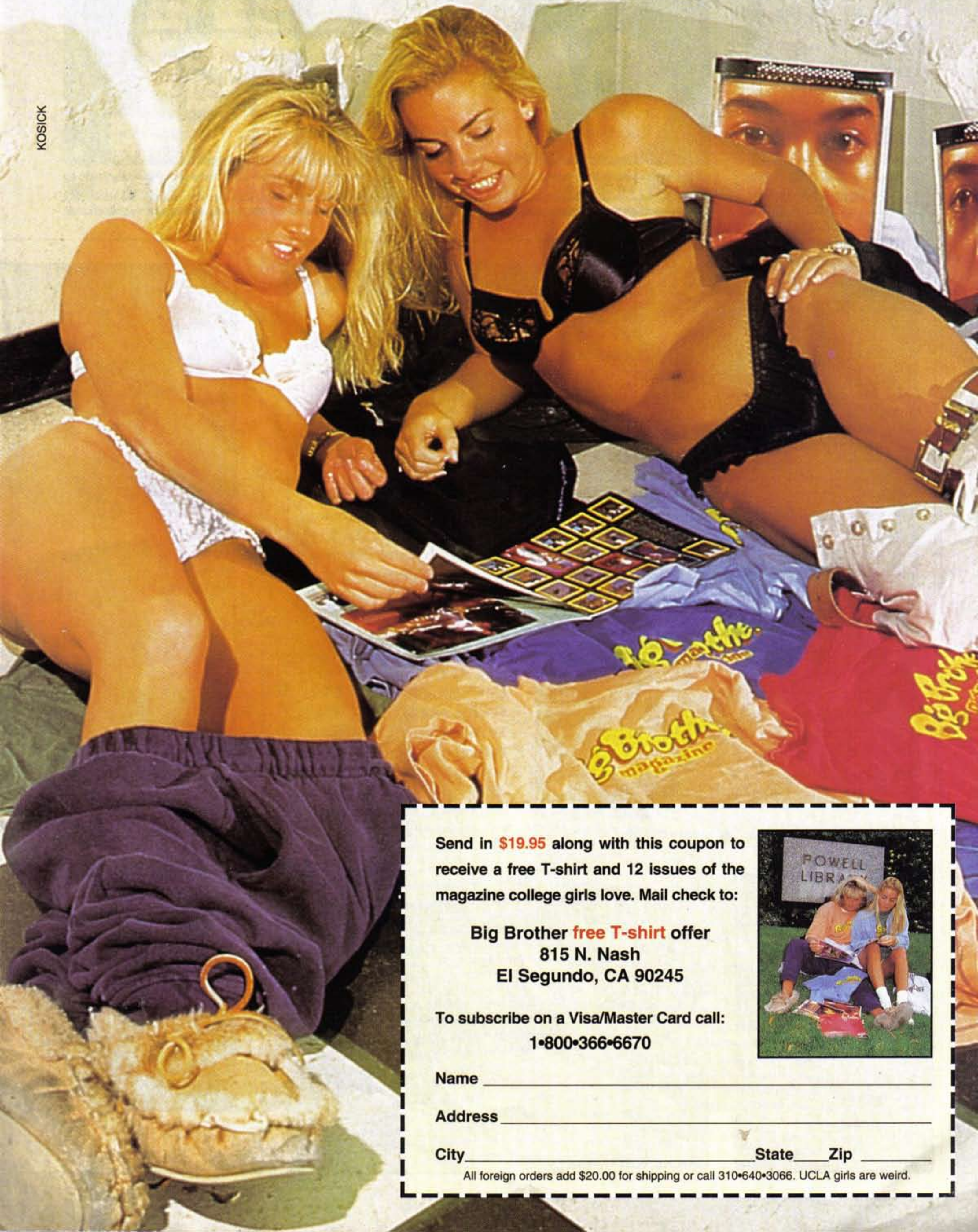


Neither interested Adam too much.



free t-shirt!!!

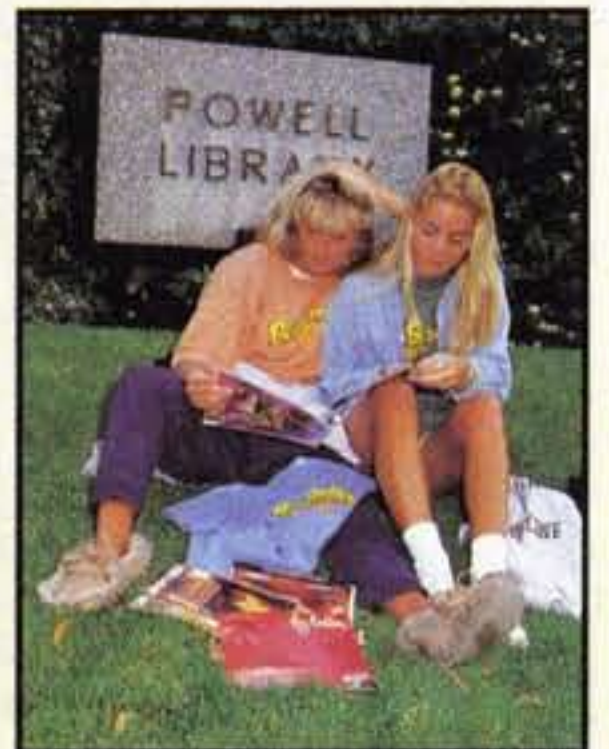
KOSICK



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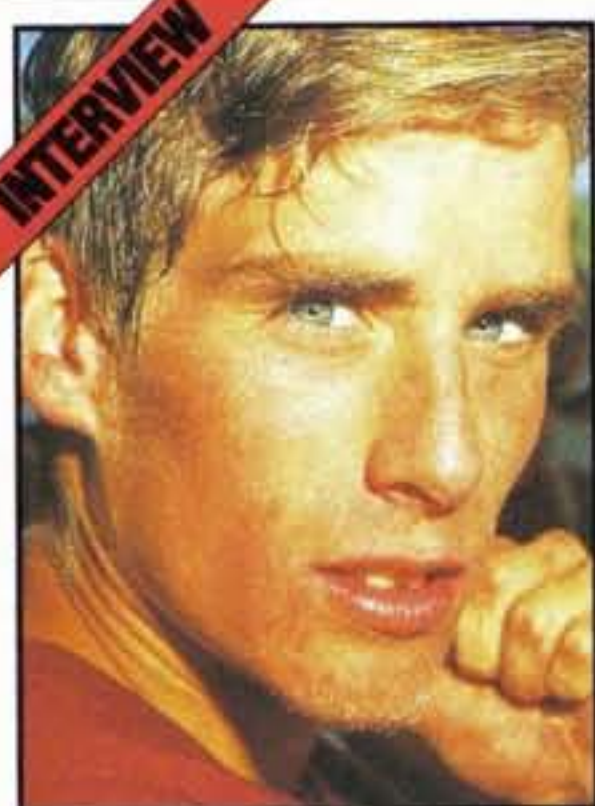


Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

All foreign orders add \$20.00 for shipping or call 310•640•3066. UCLA girls are weird.



JOHN CARDIEL: "I'm not satanic or anything, but I think it's rad..." P31



INTRO

By Earl Parker
MASTER JOURNALIST

John uses words like "hella (NorCal slang)," "sick," "sup, dude," "fucked up," and "Jim Beam." What does that last one mean? It's a form of Whiskey. He's a little Mexican and he's untouchable. He doesn't like to be bothered by the media. John rides from 40- to 42-mm wheels, and powerslides if he has to, like if there's a wall in the way. The strange thing is that John lives in the mountains, where he's a hick. He drives to cities, and skates and travels around the world.

Info source: John Lucero

On skating and friends

By Tobin Yelland

John Cardiel, what's up with skateboarding?

It's hella fun. It should be fun for everybody.

What kind of activities do you like to do, besides skateboarding?

I like to shoot my gun, ride my BMX bike, just have fun snowboarding, just cruise around, do shit. Traveling.

Who do you like to skate with?

I like to skate with Julien Stranger, Joey Tershay, Co Co Santiago, everybody. I like to skate with everyone. Just 'cause skating is rad. I also like skating with Mike Carroll and Henry Sanchez. Those guys are fuckin' awesome, the gnarliest dudes. They're always pushing the limits. Every day.

Anybody else?

Gonz. Mark Gonzales. He's the best in the world. Christian Hosoi. I don't really skate with those dudes, but fuck it, man, Christian's the best and so is Gonz. They should definitely get props. Much props to Gonz and Christian. Straight up.

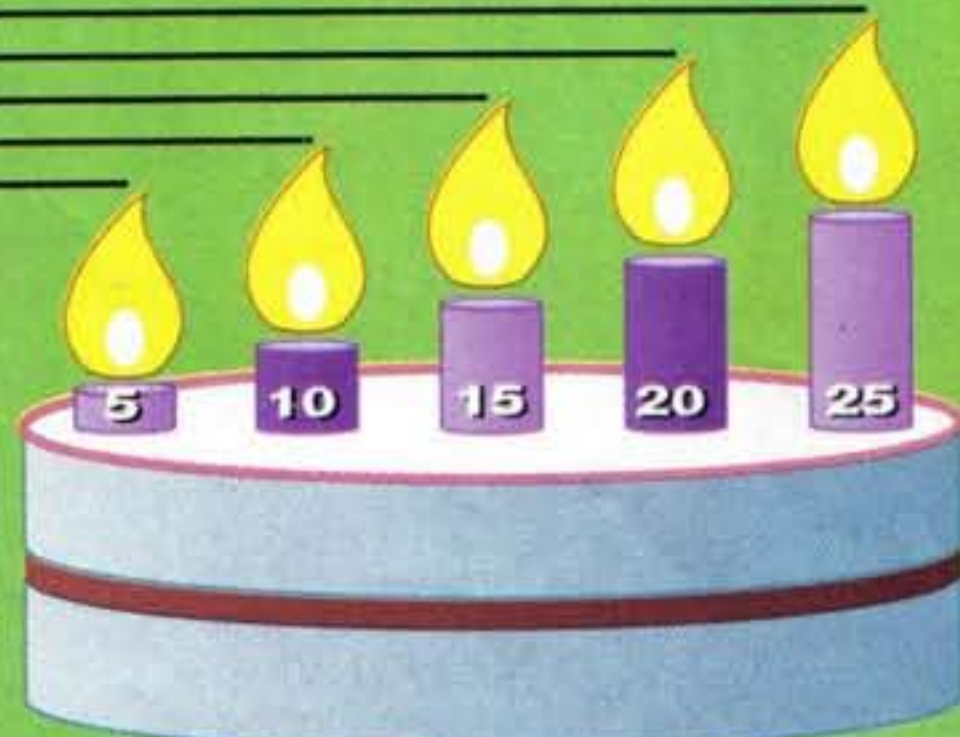


GONZALES



Annual age progression (in years)

1998*
1993
1988
1983
1978



*Future projection



The future of skateboarding...more flip tricks

Where do you like to skate?

San Francisco. The city is the best.

What do you think about when you go someplace and you're skating, and people make a big crowd around you and watch?

It's lame, dude. Too many people. Why are they looking at me? They can just go up there and do the same thing. Anybody could do it, you just have to have the will to do it.

Have you seen the future of skateboarding?

Hopefully, I see kids fuckin' just saying fuck all the media, want to be better than anybody else, pull more flip tricks than someone else. I just want to see kids goin' "fuck it, man," I want to railslide that handrail just because I can pull it, not kickflip to noslide just to fuckin' beat someone else. The video camera, fuck dude, why don't you just pull something first before you fuckin' try and do something stupid that you know you can't pull.

COP KILLER?

FIREARMS



GUN CONTROL: "Mr. Cardiel has the skills to kill." P33



JUSTIN HERMAN PLAZA: John Cardiel is well-known for doing big stuff, like this large gap ollie.

Marijuana usage: 1985-Present



grams/week

10

5

2.5



'85-'88



'89-'91



'92-Present

Fast cars

What kind of car do you drive?

Now I'm drivin' a custom 500 Ford.

How's that? Does it fuckin' haul ass?

It's sick, dude. V8. Vroooooom!

Is it fun driving around your house?

Yeah, definitely. Do burnouts, roadies and shit.

What about the hills of San Francisco? Do you ever jump 'em?

Yeah, I love jumpin' the hills of the city 'cause they're bad. You catch air.



SWITCHSTANCE: 180 heel flip

Comic books, music, and hometown pride

What's your favorite comic book hero?

I don't know, my favorite comic book is Faust. It's all about Satan, Satanism and stuff. It's gnarly just because people fuckin' do shit the opposite way. Goin' to Satan. I'm not Satanic or anything, but I think it's rad because people want to go backwards.

What kind of music are you into?

I like Gangstar. 'Cause the Guru is the shit. Gifted unlimited, rhymes universal. Hella sick. I mostly listen to beat, and then some rock 'n' roll. I listen to everything man, reggae, all that shit. Fuckin' everything. All music is good if it sounds good. But if

it don't sound good, then fuck it.

Where do you live?

Grass Valley. Lake of the Pines, California. It's pretty sick. Northern California.

Is there a wide mix of people up there? Is it like a "melting pot"?

No man, it's like all white pride, fuckin' all

this shit. It sucks pretty much, 'cause everybody tries to be hard or this or that. They go to school and act cool, but fuck man, they're all a bunch of fools that live up in the hills. A bunch of hicks.

Is there KKK up there?

I'm sure there is, lurking at every door step.

BACKSIDE 180: Cardiel takes one down a double flight of stairs in NorCal



MENTAL CRUELTY

John, I know you do a lot of risky things, like making just big jumps everywhere. I was wondering, how did you start just gettin' crazy like that? Who introduced you to that?

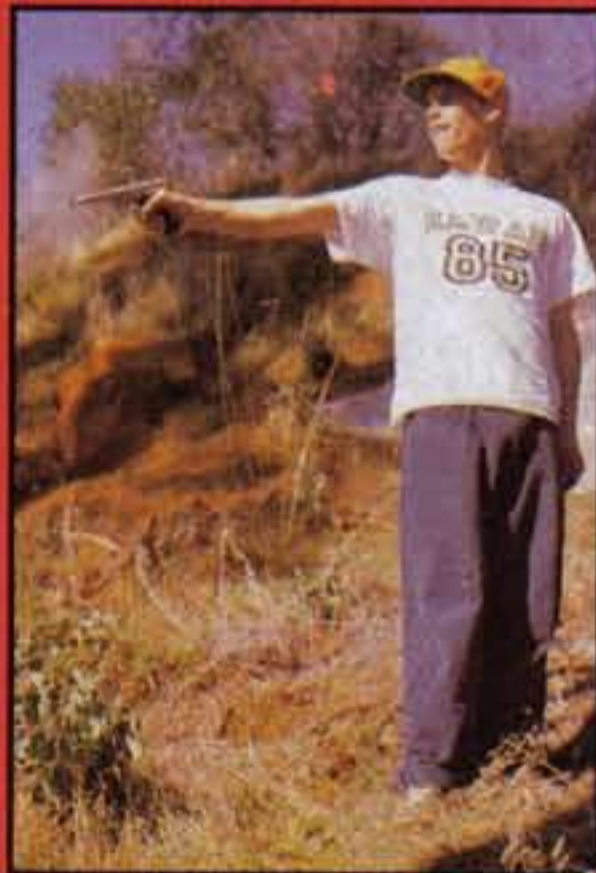
My dad. My Pops. He showed me everything. He used to take me to bridges in Yosemite, me and my Uncle, and we'd check 'em out like, "Whoa, this is gnarly!" My dad would tell my Uncle to jump, and he'd jump in and show where everything is shallow or deep. Then

“ You can't be a pussy. You gotta go for that shit. ”

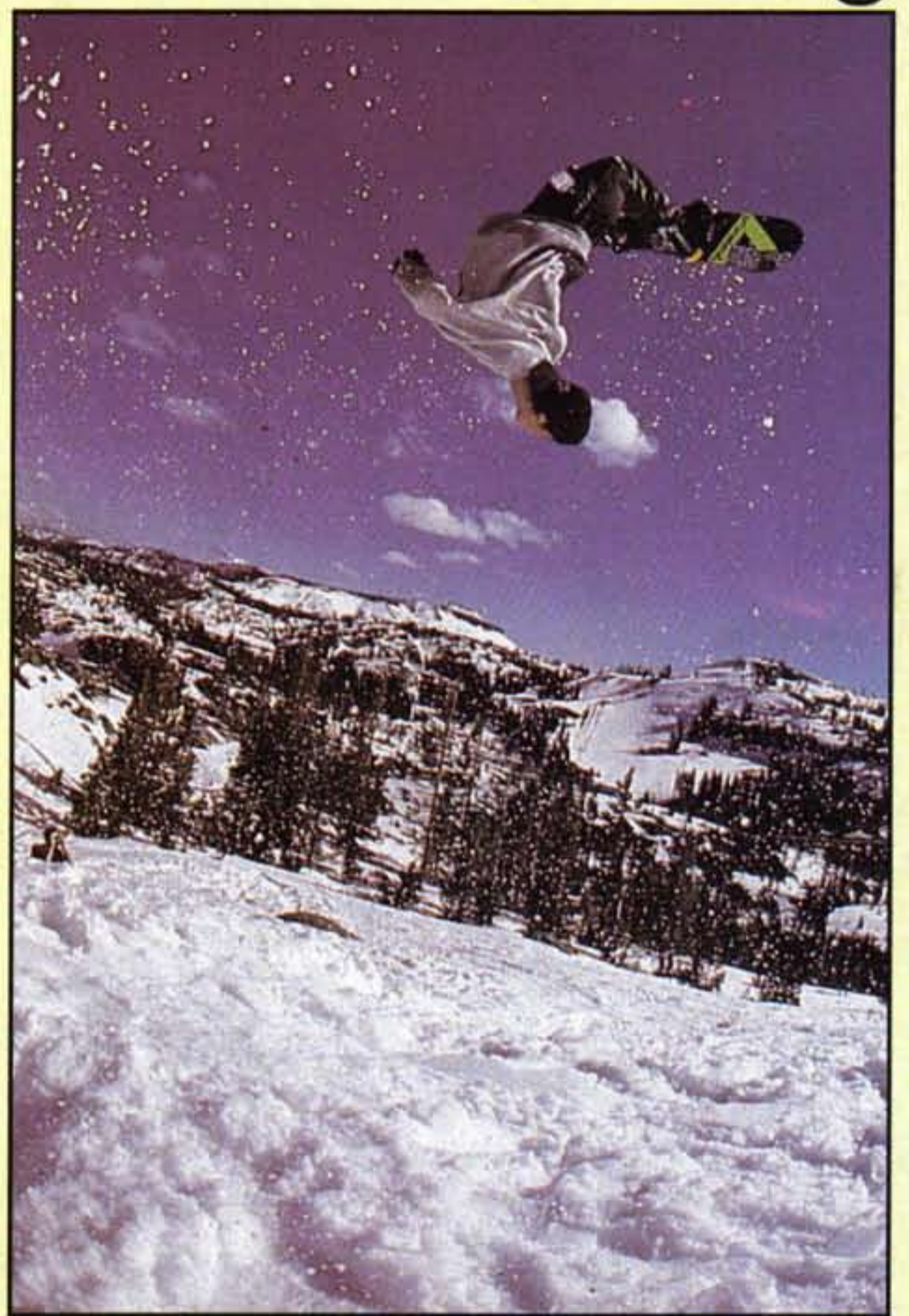
he'd say, "All right, you go, John!" and I'd say "No way, man! Fuck that, I ain't goin'!", and I'd get all bummed, 'cause I was really young. I'd almost start cryin' and shit, and he'd call me "little pussy." He'd say "Go, you little pussy! Go, you little baby!

Don't be a crybaby!" and pressure me and shit, and then I'd fuckin' end up jumpin' off. That's how it is, man. You can't be a pussy. You gotta go for that shit.

John kills a woodpecker



Snowboarding



CHRIS CARNEL

I know you are a snowboarder. What kind of tricks are you into doing?

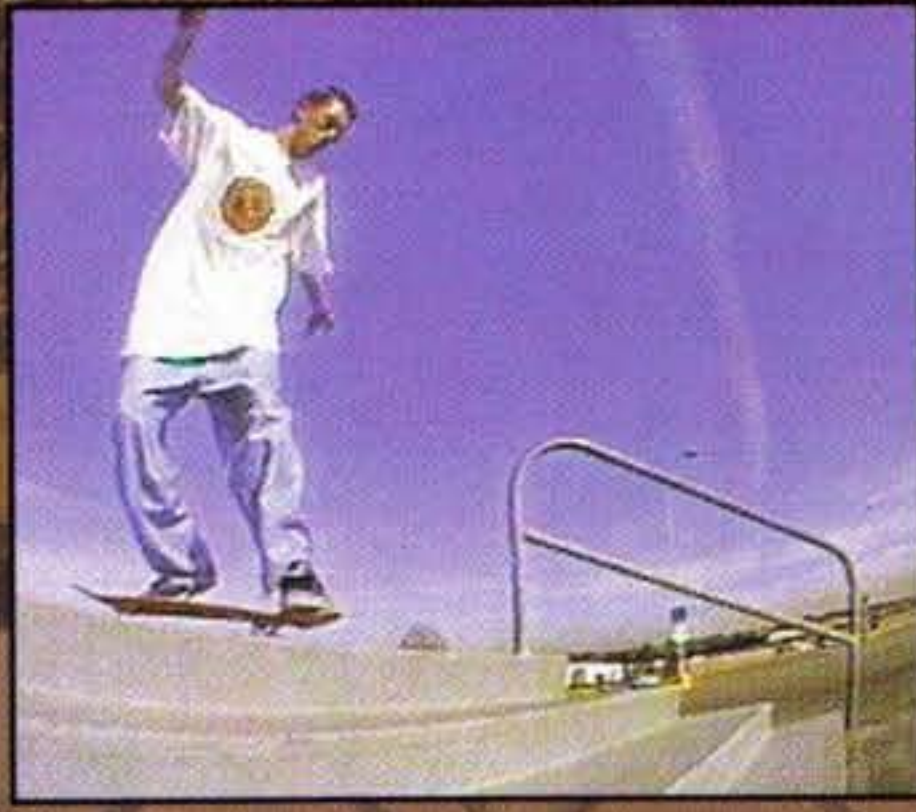
I'm into bombing hills, going real fast. Jumping off jumps and going as far as I can. Doing big tricks off fat gaps, because you can pull anything on a snowboard.

Is snowboarding easy?

Yeah, it's really easy. Anybody could do it. It's like the easiest sport and all these guys try and make money off of it like it's hard or something. But they're just fooling themselves, because it's hella easy.

TOBIN YELLAND





Guess what team Andy Stone is on now. Turn to the back cover for the answer. Caballariel kickflip





Jason Dill does a smooth backside pivot grind, a trick we would much rather be doing than working on the computer.



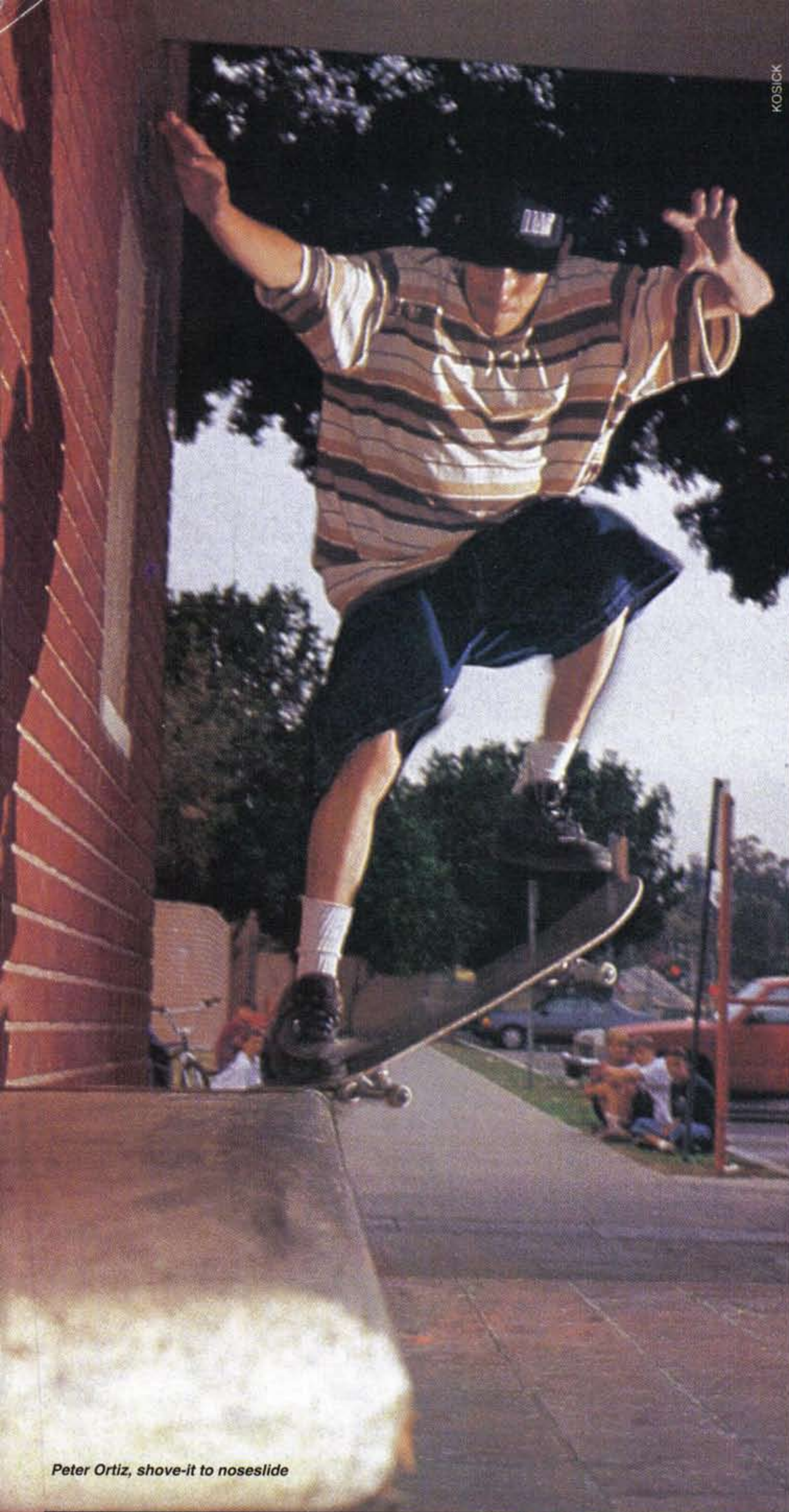
Now that Socrates has finally quit skating, he can be seen smoking and matching his clothes. Shilo is wearing striking pants, and looks so good that he doesn't even have to smile to get girls.

BATTI

Big Brother

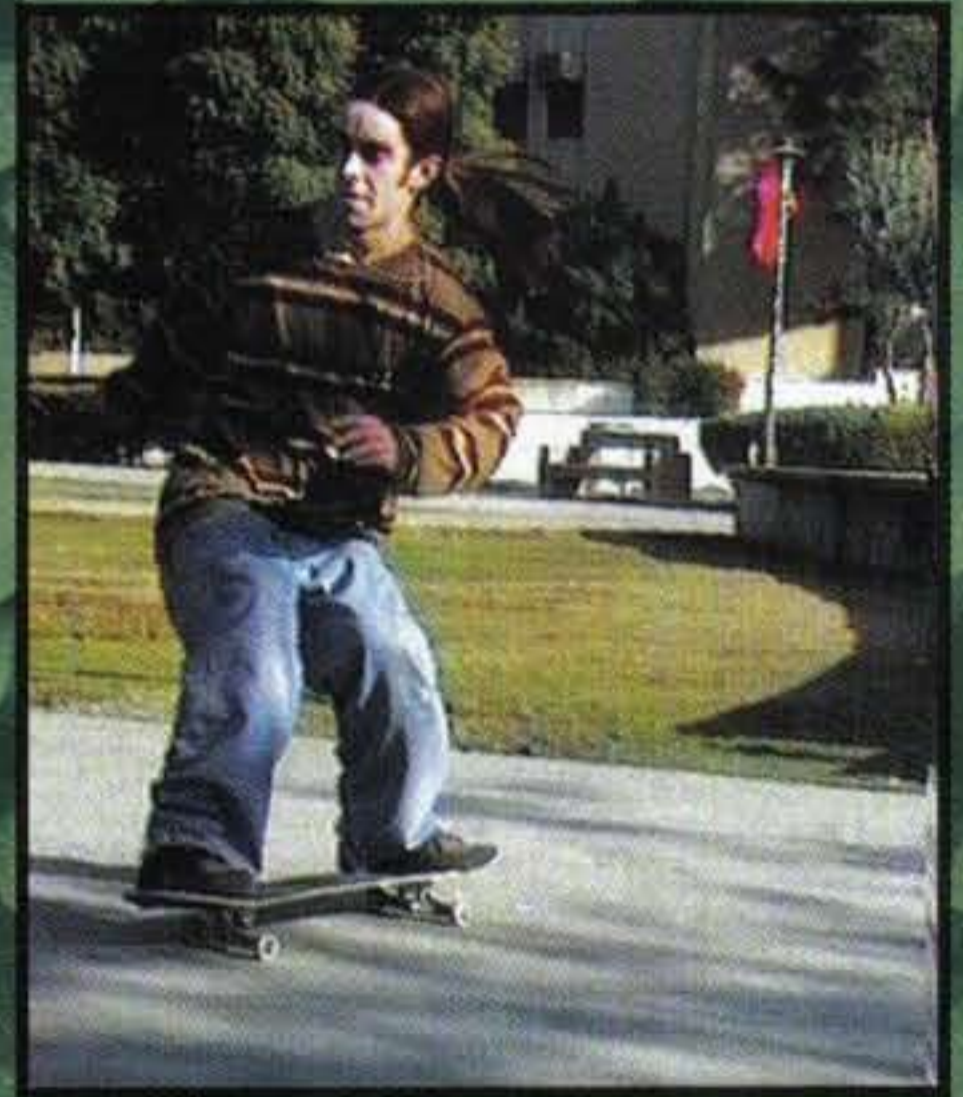
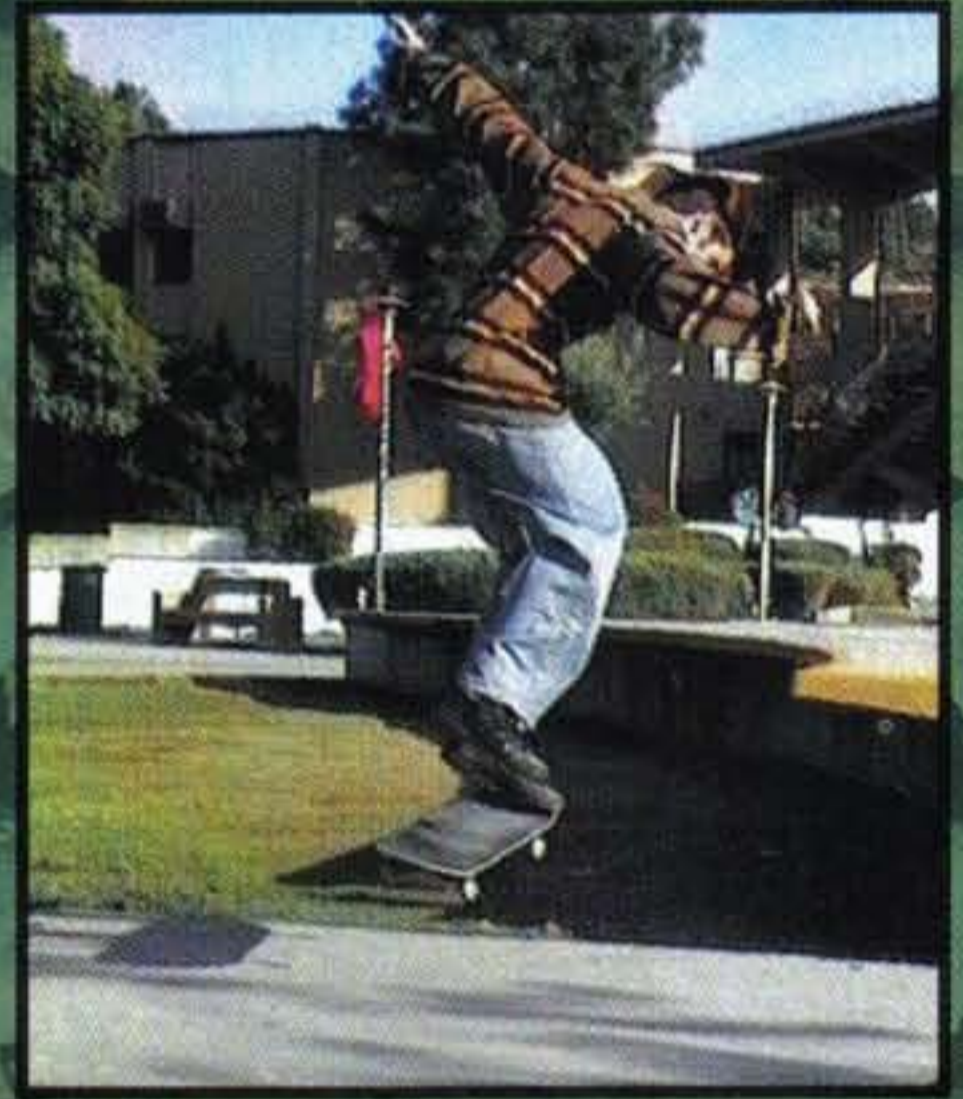
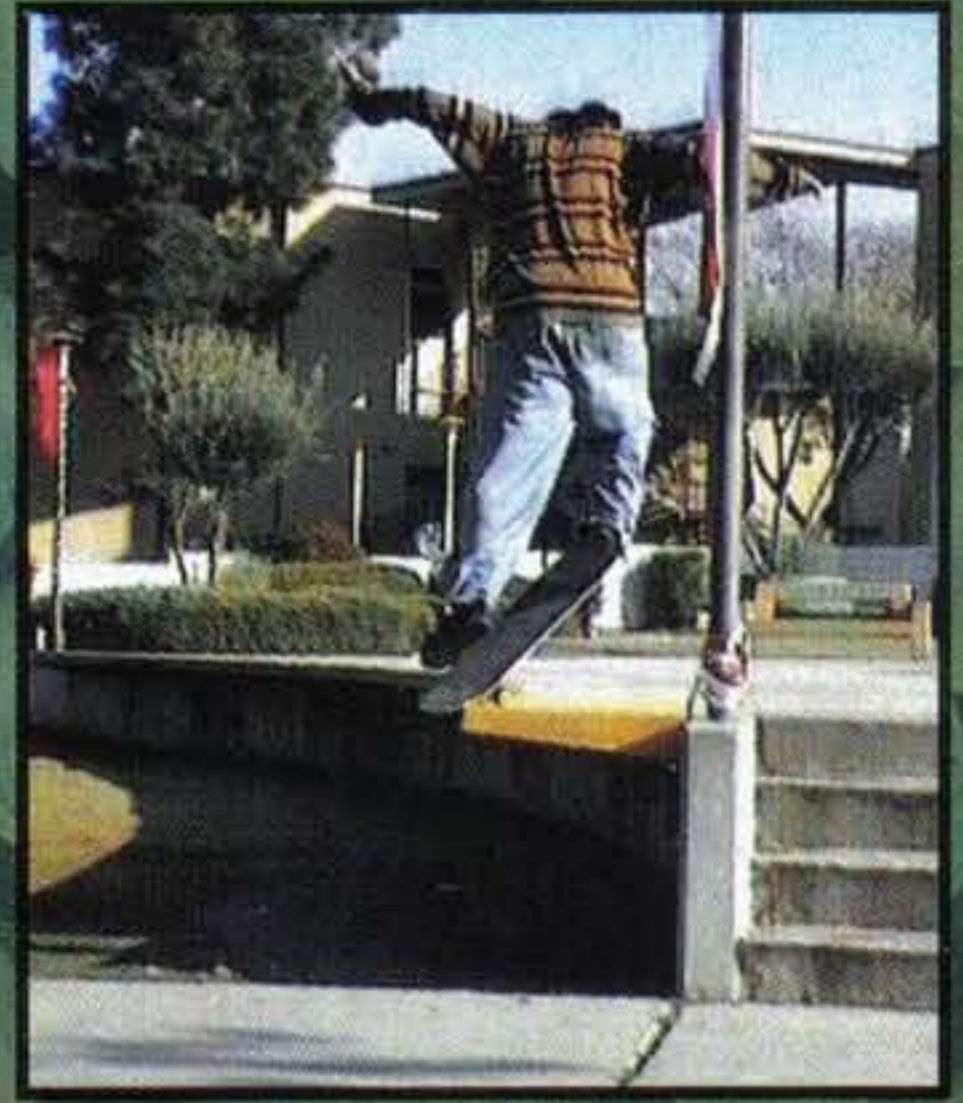
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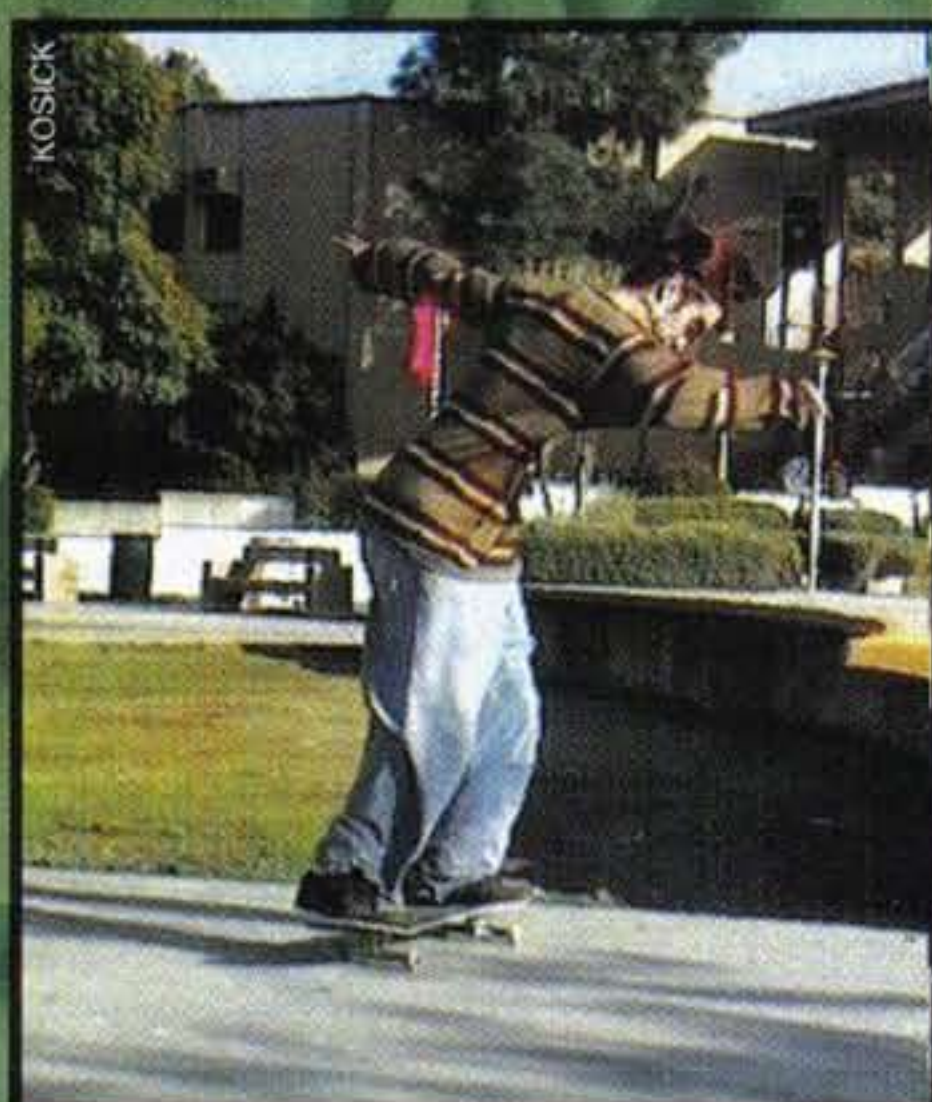
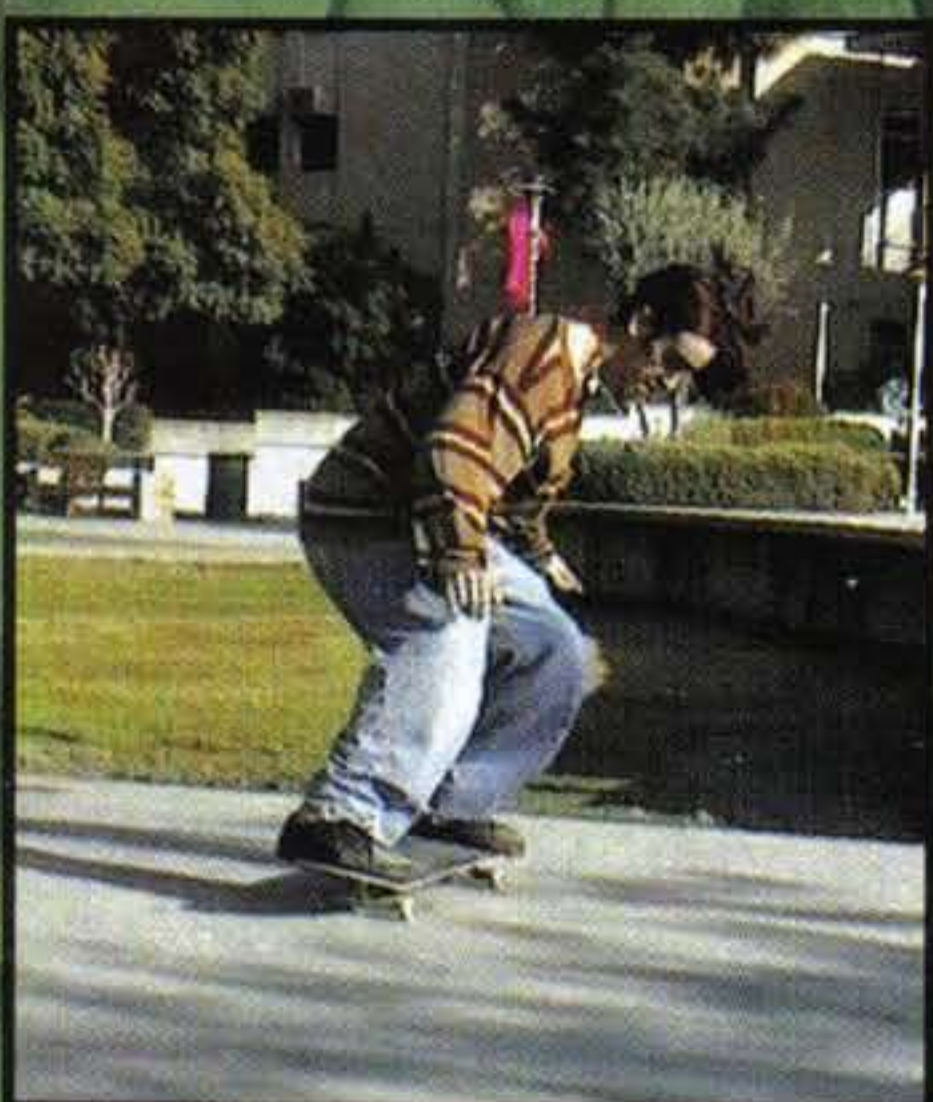
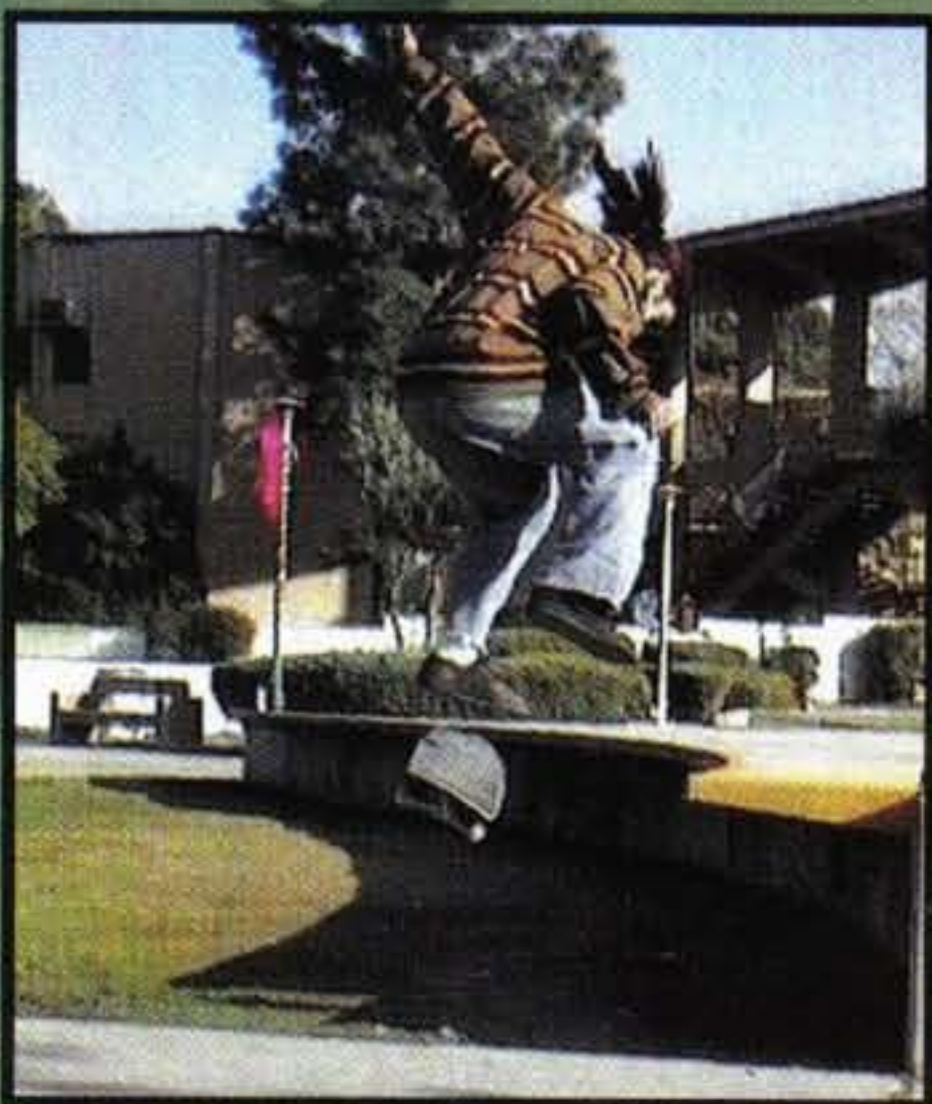


KOSICK

Peter Ortiz, shove-it to noseslide



SCHLOSSBACH



Anthony Carney going backwards, spinning the dummy way, and flipping his board



If Darryl Vaughn is old enough, he probably goes to a bar called Back Alley on Sunday nights. B/s lipslide to f/s railslide in Washington, DC.



Chris Hoy f/s kickflips over a strategically-placed masking-tape penis sculpture. Subtle.

Chris Senn-f/s 180 fakie nose grind landing forward





"Sean Sheffey flipping amok for the trade show' is not a complete sentence."—Amy Dalton



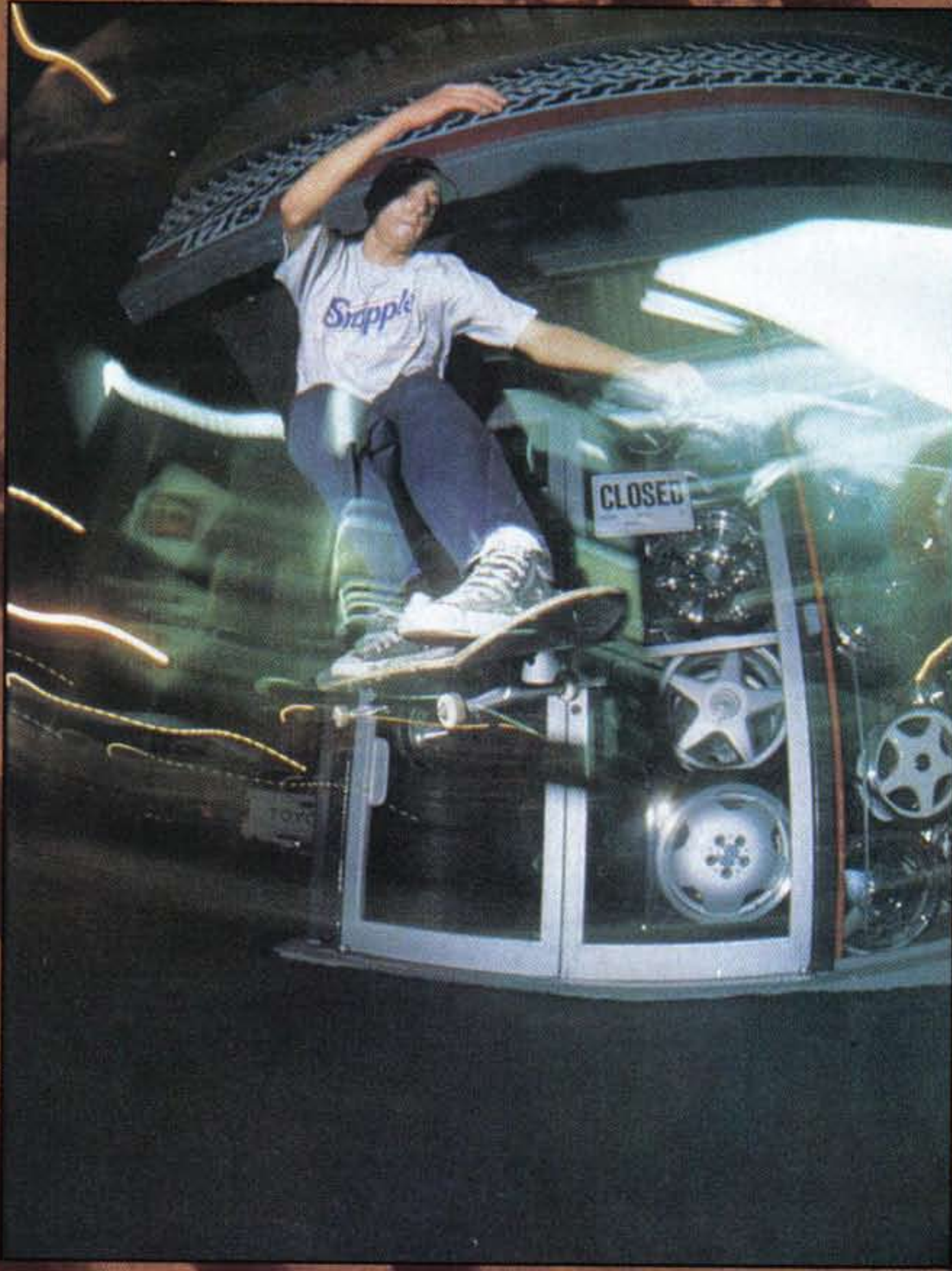


Eric Koston doing a backside 180 kickflip. He's the guy jogging in the first 101 video.



With his ability to do creative tricks, I bet Ethan Fowler listens to bands such as Led Zeppelin and Strawberry Alarm Clock. Switchstance b/s 180 kickflip.





Jamie Hart coasting, with his alternative wheels, in front of hub caps.

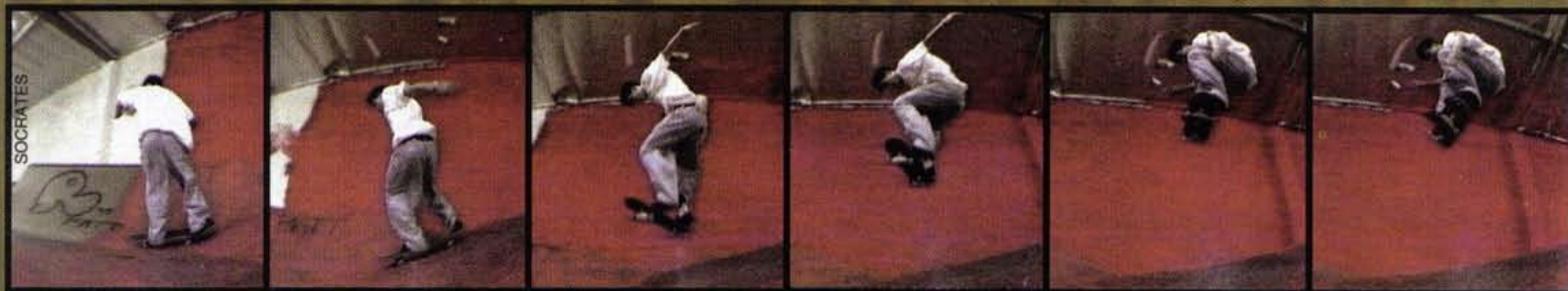


There are lots of things worse for your body than skating: Drugs.

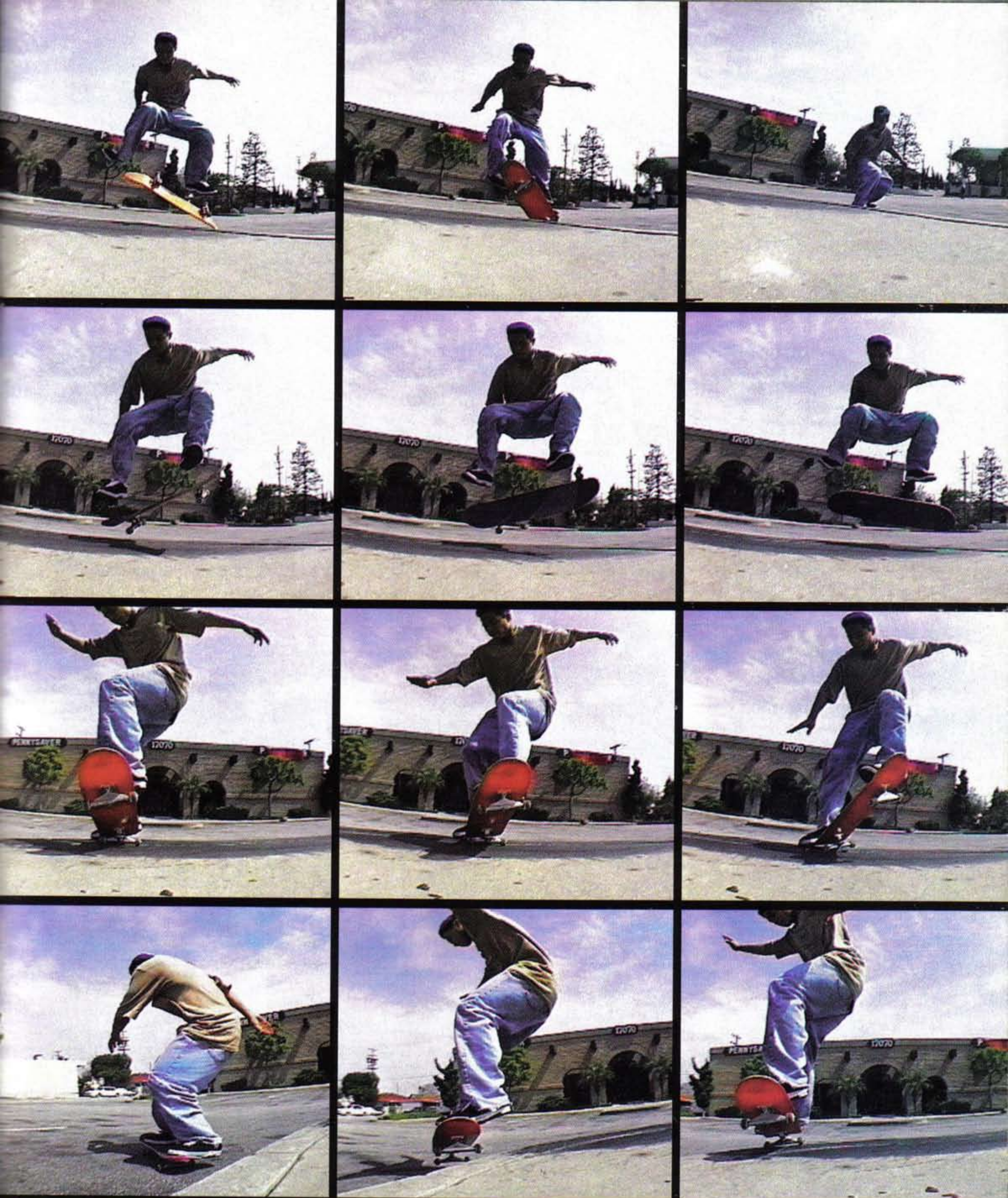
Heath Kirchart doesn't know that he is supposed to cut off the "E" from his Etnies shoes.



PHOTO KING




SOCRATES



With the resident skate authoritarian, Rodney Mullen, away for the weekend, the Big Brother staff was left technically clueless. Daewon Song, pictured above, continues to baffle, befuddle, and bewilder not only us but the rest of the skating world as well.



Tim Gavin doesn't seem fazed by the annoying red paint left over from last issue's cover shoot.



rodney mullen

expert skateboarder

Here's another edition of life through sponsored eyes. This time it describes what it's like getting a pro model as well as the silly stuff that happens along the way.

Nowadays it's easy to turn pro if that's what you want; deciding when to do it is the tricky part. It used to be that you had to prove you were good enough in public. If you placed top ten entering as an amateur in a pro contest, you had the right to be a professional; accept the prize money, and it's done. After a while, companies dropped the formality and decided who was gonna go pro just by giving guys models. Since they're putting their name on the boards too, they had as much of a right as any sunburned judge. Then all kinds of companies started springing up, each one turning more guys nobody ever heard of into pros. Some kids blossom to fill those big shoes, but sometimes they get crushed. Our poor premature "pros" are never accepted into the elite group; they mostly get giggles and scoffs from the top guys who feel lumped with people who can't pull their weight. It's tough getting denied by your own heroes. But everyone has to earn his way; otherwise, "professional" doesn't mean anything. So if a desperate company wants to give you a board before you believe you're ready, think twice.

Now imagine you've won the last five amateur contests; your picture is in all the new mags, and team captains are snuggling up left and right. Gourmet dinners, outings on the corporate yacht, and joyrides in the Porsche become part of your life.* You're now officially worth something. You get all kinds of offers: "We'll give you \$2000 just for signing up, then \$500 per month. Your board will be released in six months, then you'll get a minimum of \$1000 per month." Sometimes money isn't as exciting in its paper form, so stereos, minibikes, and even cars are offered instead. It's crazy. It doesn't even matter if you're already sponsored: "It's not like you're married. We're better than they are, and everyone knows it. We're looking out for your future, not ours. So ride for us and do yourself a favor...." Don't get a reputation for jumping around. Remember: if we can steal you, someone can always do that to us. Be aware that all this stuff goes on, and learn to look through it and focus on where you'll be happiest.

Once you turn pro and get a board, you're on your way. Of course you can have all the boards, wheels, clothes, etc., you need; you've gotten that since day one. Getting a pro model means you get about \$2.00 per board. That adds up. From 1985 to '89, some guys sold 50,000 boards a year. That meant about \$10,000 a month in royalties. That's about 25 CDs daily, a couple Hondas every few months, or a house a year. Those were the days. Today's pros could do better flipping burgers. Professional skating now means you can skate and support yourself at the same time—not much more.

One of the best things about teams is belonging to this Mansonesque family of skaters. Guys you saw as heroes are now your brothers, in a sense. Even if you don't ride for the same company, there's still a feeling of relatedness once you're up that high. And once you're in, hardly anything can get you out. You've got freedom and impunity beyond your wildest dreams.

There's more to skateboarding than money: There's fame and fast women. Those things aside, few areas have so wide a range for innovation and opportunity as skating. At a certain level, every ripple you make gets noticed. Actors can make more movies, football players can score more touchdowns, but tomorrow Pat Duffy may do something that no one else has ever done and may never do again. Skateboarding is one of the few sports on earth where immortality and self satisfaction reside under the same roof. You can live here if you want. Anyone can. All you have to do is decide if you want to merely pitch a tent or build a home.

*(*world industries suggested retail bribes. Your favorite company may vary. Offer void in Oklahoma and vicinity.)*





blindfolded. Then, imagine that no one cared. Now you know what Rodney feels like when he wakes up every morning. Pictured above,



Mr. Mullen executes a 1/2 Cab kickflip underflip. Because this trick exceeds all standards of mental and physical difficulty set by today's



generation of apathetic humanoid children, Rodney will take this trick, along with a few others, straight to an unattended gravesite.





life in a mexican

What are you sittin' in right now?

A big Mexican trash Tijuana penitentiary. There's about five white people, and there's this one fucked up Oriental guy. He doesn't know any Spanish and he doesn't speak any English. He drank the water here and got all messed up. They won't even give me a price to get out. If you get busted for big guns in Mexico, like .45's, that's what I had, it's a federal offense and there's no bail. Court is in another month.

I kinda want to go to a jail. Do you

think I should?

You gotta go to this one. They got hookers in here. I got a blowjob for two bucks. It's rad. She pulled some new trick that I'd never had done to me. It was taking awhile. I don't know what happened, and she was bobbin' all hella fast, and she started slobberin' like she was having an orgasm or something. But it didn't really work, I had to close my eyes and fuck her face. After I did that, I finally shot a load. I pictured, like, two rad fuckin' girls totally workin' me. Like one riding

me and one fuckin' sittin' on my face or something, and then I closed my eyes and started fuckin' her face and it worked. You should do that if you can't come. She was a fat old pig. I wouldn't fuck her sober.

I have a couple warrants cut for me and I kinda did that on purpose so I can go to jail pretty soon.

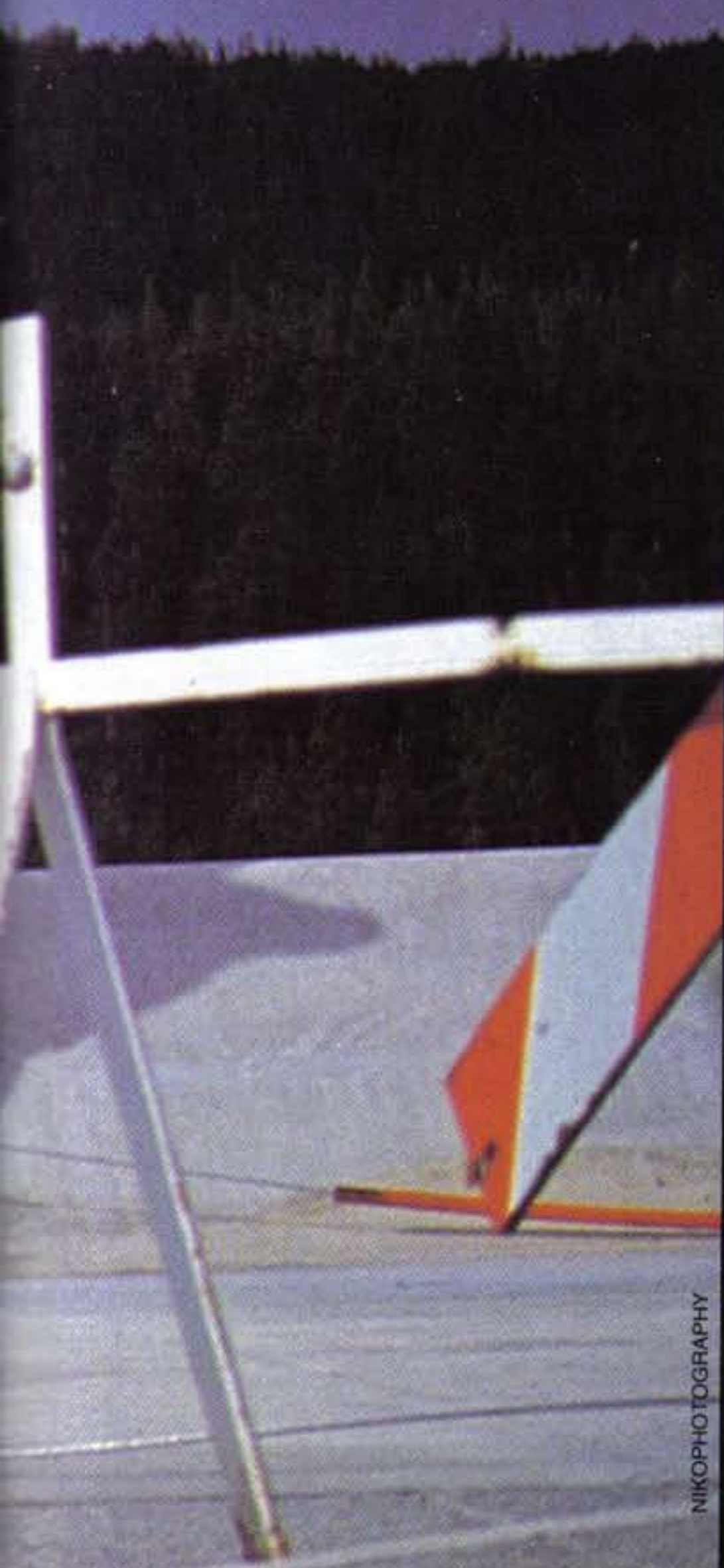
Why's that?

'Cause I won't have to take care of myself there.

Everything's free. Let them pay for your shit, huh?

[the trials and tribulations of

[interview by earl parker]



NIKOPHOTOGRAPHY

prison

Do you get to take a shower there?

Yeah, this place is a trip. There's the jail buildings and then a little community all surrounded by a big wall. I got me a condo type thing. It's called a "Caraca." I got a tape player, a black and white TV. A burner thing to cook on.

Can you smoke in there?

Fuck yeah! Get stoned every day, man.

Oh, then you're not havin' a bad time at all.

Fuck no, this place rules. My daily drug habit—you can get anything you want in here. This one guy, his house got torn down. He had a ten-person jacuzzi. Guards were paying twenty bucks to get in when he had a party. The guards won't even talk back to some people in here because they know what's up.

Are there any disadvantages to a Mexican prison as opposed to an American prison?

The water's bad and it's gnarlier than an LA prison 'cause everybody's got knives. But I got my own shit too, so it's cool. It's a little 6-inch piece of broomstick and I made a slit in the end with a tiny saw blade and put a razor blade in there with a nail to hold it in. It's fuckin' gnarly. You can use it as a knuckle

thing to have a solid fist or you can slice people with it. When I go out at night I carry that in my sock and if anybody comes in my house I got a big ol' two-by-four I'll work 'em with. They wanna have a demo in here. It may give me good behavior.

So they're gonna set you up with a skateboard?

I want Danny and Sheffey to come and do it. Hey, Mario Rubacalba's dad is in here. He didn't do anything. He's in on bullshit. Tell Rocco to set me up with a good white hooker. I haven't seen a white girl in a while.

What other kinds of drugs are you doing?

I do them all. I got a daily schedule. I wake up and shoot up, ya know, and take a shower, go running. Drink about a fifth, then fuckin' chill, smoke a couple joints and sniff something later on that night. Do a lot a coke.

Where do you get your money from?

My parents are supporting my habit. I sell acid in here, too.

That would suck to do acid in prison.

You'd probably have a bad trip. It ain't that bad though. You fry and walk around at night.

Where do you walk around to?

It's like a little community in here. They have a 7-11, restaurants, a gym, a woodshop. This is, like, the only jail where at the store you can

buy Zig-Zags. The first thing you wanna do when you get here is get some head. It's good head for 2 bucks, ya know. Can't beat that price. A fat joint for 3 bucks. Good Thai. There's a guy that looks like Manson in here. He tried to jack me for my shoes and I beat him down.

Do you expect

to last the next month?

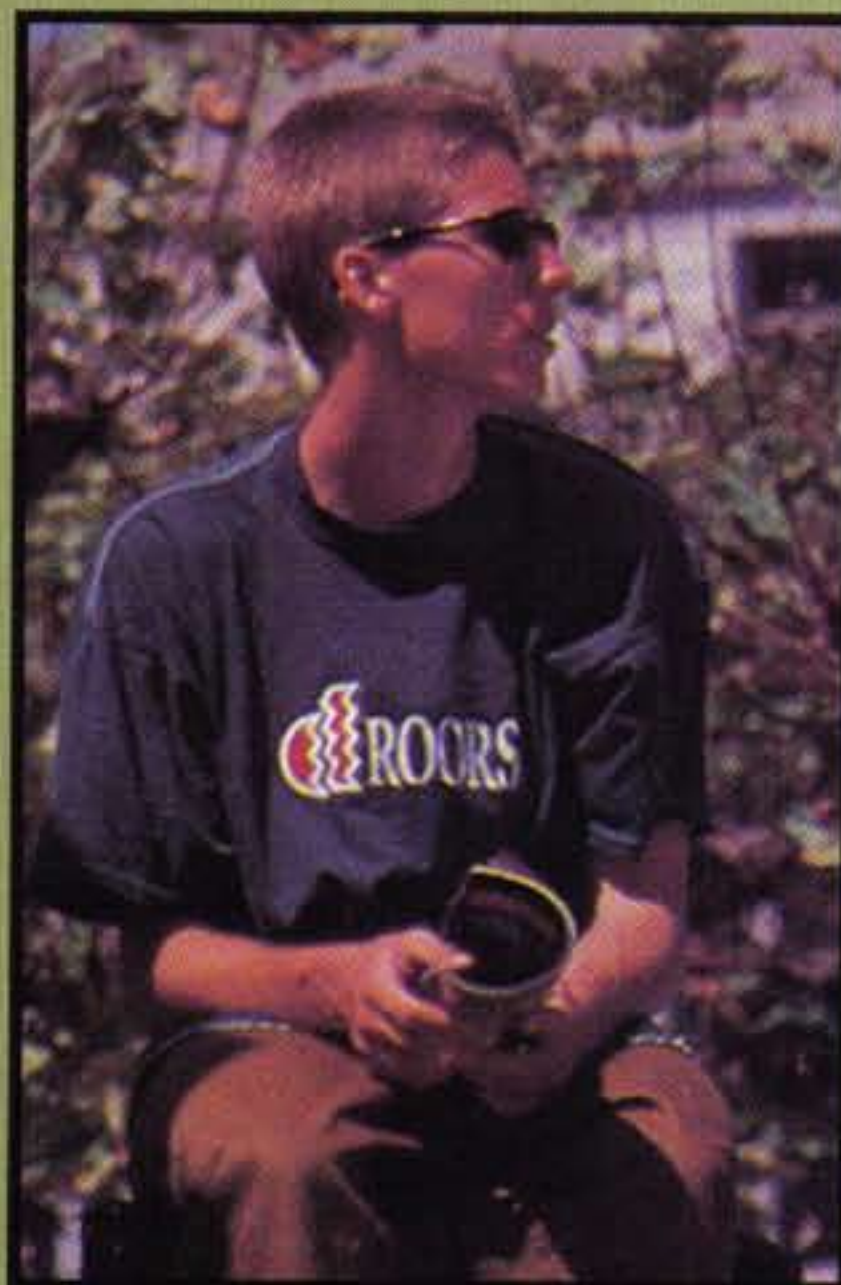
I'll make it. I got people that are down with me. If I had some capital I could take this place over. One of my homeboys in here gets a fat place. He sells drugs and he wants me to come and work for him when we get out. But I don't know about that. I think I'll stay outta trouble for a while. No, fuck that, I wanna be the next Capone. Hey, Rocco offered me fifteen hundred dollars to chop Dorfman's ponytail. I need the money, so tell him I'm gonna do it when I get out.

Are you still wearin' the same clothes?

No, I got some pimp shit. All this stuff from Droors. Danny brought me down some shit. My mom sneaks me in alcohol in orange juice containers. Puts orange food coloring in it. People bring in straight tequila in the five gallon things. You pay the guards two hundred bucks and you can sell it for a thousand.

I'm gonna let you get back to your life, Josh. Good luck.

I don't need luck, man. My name's Josh Swindell!



josh swindell]



The worst thing about writing is that it is a form of art. Sometimes I hate writing because I realize that I am expressing my feelings through my art. I can see right through everything. Oh, forget it! This month's Wee Men department focuses on Jason Acuna from Torrance, CA, and Pancho Moler from Parsippany, New Jersey. There's a difference between midgets and dwarves, but I don't know what it is. I think they are both dwarves. They are human art, humans molded into something special. The end result is what you make of it—long self-conscious days, or abnormally-advantaged fun.

SPIKE



Pancho Moler

KOSICK



Jason Acuna

Name: Pancho Moler
Age: 15 Height: 4'5"

This is the interview of the century. Tell me about yourself.
I skate every day with Nick. I used to live in California. I dream of killing people.

You want to?

Sometimes I do. If someone gets in my face!

Are you a tough cookie? Have you ever been in a fight before?

Yeah, I won 'cause I punched him in the balls.

Did they squish on your knuckles? Was it almost not worth it?

Nah, 'cause the kid always makes fun of me. First I got him in the balls, then the face and then I got all my anger out and started kicking him.

Whoa, Pancho! Let me talk to Nick.

Hello.

Why do you like Pancho so much?

'Cause he's killer and psycho!

Fuck! What are you gonna do tonight? It's a Friday.

Goin' to a club, it's called NASA. We're gonna pick up chicks.

Dance?

We don't dance, we just dig the scene. Pancho doesn't dance. He's "the little man," he calls himself "The Little Easy Rider."

What's so special about you Nick?

Nothin'.

Let me talk to Pancho again. Hello, so what are you gonna do tonight?

Probably go to that club and pick up chicks.

How are you gettin' there?

My mom.

(saw starts buzzing behind me) Hold on! Ok, what's so special about Nick?

He comes to my house every day and we learn tricks together. Every trick he knows I know, and vice versa.

Really? That's nice. Who do you think will score first tonight?

Nick, he scores for me. His girl usually has friends.

Pancho! You're the man...

Yeah...

How do you feel about being on the cover? That'll get you some chicks.

Dope, that's awesome!

What's gonna happen to your life now that you've reached minor fame?

People that I never knew are gonna start liking me.

Will that kinda suck?

I'll like the respect.

But at times it'll get phony. So, you're about to reach fame, so don't let it go to your head.

Man, that's so awesome.

We're gonna be out on the East Coast next issue. Do you have any final words for America?

Give props to Corey and Lip. Props means respect. That's what they say down here.

Those guys don't get any respect?

Nah, well, sometimes they do.

Why not normally?

'Cause they don't do anything.



An eskimo-skinned Pancho utilizes his low center of gravity to maneuver a switchstance 6's kickflip.



SPYKE

WEE MEN



Jason Acuna - noselide shove-it



KOSICK

Jason stands to lose a lot more on this handrail than your average skater.

Name: Jason Acuna
Age: 19 Height: 4'6"

It was a Sunday. You know, the day where people wake up at noon and it's considered normal. Me and Cliver hop-skipped over to Jason's house for a nice, peaceful afternoon journalism date. As soon as Wee and Ken got in the car, it was total punk energy. We drove across the border into Lawndale, California to go to a park. The freaks were out that day, The Bird-feeding Girl, using popcorn for bait, nurtured the pigeons and seagulls. Jason gave her a hand and tossed some of the popcorn himself.



Down the lane, a Harley Fisherman was trying to get some carp. He said they weren't bitin' and cautioned, "No pictures" because he didn't know who we were.

The Bicycle Man was no match for my quick shutter. Wee inquired into finding a "bike for your size," as this one lady put it. She was Bicycle Man's girl, and her arms had knotty knots all over them. Bicycle Man rejected picture requests because he "doesn't need the publicity!" He



doesn't need us media corporations toying with his free life. He's doin' fine in this world on his own. We were thinking about using my car as a getaway car--it was already running, and Wee was going to taunt the Harley Fisherman and ensue a foot chase.

We went to the mall next. Wee and Ken said, "You know what, Earl? It's your birthday!"
"Oh no," I thought.



PARKER

I soon found out what they meant as a pack of semi-pretty teenage girls approached. "I want you to meet my friend, Earl. Today's his birthday. How about a kiss for him?"

Ken found the shirt he was saving up for. It read, "I'm glad I'm not you." Ken is angry at the world. Besides skateboarding and fighting, there is not much these kinds of people can do. Wee often opted for the hearty "hello" to strangers with a friendly smile, a mental advantage technique used skillfully for his gain. Jason and Ken. Just one of the nasty pairs raising hell around America.



SOAP BOX

by Justin Girard

Wow, the potential of full color and glossy pages to shroud shoddy workmanship and lacking creativity has far exceeded my expectations. The lengths one will go to maintain a young mans attention is mind boggling, at least the lengths that you are going. Earl, surely an established mega corporation such as the one you are affiliated with has scores of other methods to achieve the almighty goal of attention. Such classics as the "Naked Lady Masturbation" board or perhaps a pair of supple jelly like breasts placed strategically to alert someone's attention to the surrounding sequence. True sensationalist masterpieces. What could be more powerful than a boner? But who am I to question someone with such incredible artistic integrity? The way you subtly tickle the inner rim of your "fellow artists" buttoholes is done with great finesse, unknown to one such as I. But there are always two sides to every coin. Not everybody is worthy of positive critique from the likes of you. If I had known you were offended I would have changed my style to suit the norm and your needs. Maybe I could have rolled my arm in the air counter clockwise in a circular motion, keeping my rolls in time with my pushes. While at the same time keeping my hand on my left knee with my fingers tugging my pants ever so slightly upward exposing a smidgen of my short and stubby legs. I've never seen that one before, have you? Your mind is supposed to be open tough guy. But I'm sure this is what you were told style is. The sweat rolling down your forehead is surely the work of a higher artistic power. Perhaps a small air of legends gone by. Or maybe, it's the work of a score of young professionals mixed with an easily influenced farmboy. Or even perhaps an overbearing boss. It seems you've also become a victim of the age of sampling, for lack of a better word. A member in the generation of TV kids. A lost generation.

How crazy I must be to challenge the work of you and your colleagues. The style you expressed when you slandered that kid Anthony. The work of a true leader. The man Steve wants in charge. Maybe your experience at Big Brother could secure you your own division of Sassy! Did someone say Sassy?!? Who better to utilize direct marketing than an expert in the field? A child of it. A victim of direct marketing. A hooker. When people read BB they are sure to recognize your work. Maybe you could be the next Keith Haring! Or (flutter) Andy Warhol! That would be the living end. Did your parents divorce lil' buddy? Need a shoulder to cry on? Maybe CSG's, that would be a dream come true, right? Maybe Chris would let you borrow her for a night. But wait, you've got "tons of fucking cash so you can do that fucked up shit, so fuck off" right? Why don't you just hire a whore to fulfill your wildest dreams. No, your sexuality problems must be far more deep rooted. Thoughts of in-gender sexuality as a child? Maybe your father molested you as a young boy. Or you're just a true pervert. But you're such a rebel, destined to go down in history as a contributing factor to journalism. The first writer to use cuss words to their fullest potential. A revolutionary in the magazine world's inner circle.

I wonder what kind of childhood you must have had. You probably went to public school. But no one understood you, a loner in a sea of worker bees in training, wishing you could express your true feelings but stifled by the school's suppression. Your dad probably wanted you to be a football star but your shoulders weren't quite wide enough and all the guys on the football team used to call you a fag.

But now you have Big Brother to convey your modern attitude and ideas. An outlet for your frustrations. The chance to extract revenge on the people who shunned you as a pimply teenager. Ruin some helpless people and take on some people for fun and profit. Like Alex Goldberg. An idiot in his own right but a threat to you and your well guarded false persona because you two could be cerebral identical twins. But there is a critical difference between the two of you; Alex knows when to quit. You don't. If Alex is the super jew he claims to be, you're in deep shit. Lawyers are your worst fucking nightmare. I know, I lived with one my whole life. I could do you a favor and find out how much you're liable for. Maybe I could even find out if your boss is liable for contributing to the delinquency of a mentally challenged person. You must realize that no one takes your opinion to heart. As far as most unexposed people are concerned, skating is a pimple on the ass of sports and Big Brother is no better than a trashy paparazzi magazine. Maybe you could incorporate some of their methods of reporting into your creative process. I can see the

headlines already, "Steve Berra and gay lover caught hiding hamsters in hotel room while touring." But I guess you've already mastered their techniques of investigative reporting as Steve well knows.

Toying with people is trivial. You guys are just little stinkers, with your boyish pranks and wit. I gotta compliment you on that "How To Kill Yourself" piece. What a timeless piece of work. A statement of your unwillingness to conform. Almost comparable to performance art. And almost as annoying and tacky as the overly loud car alarm bellowing outside my window. You did forget the repeating Morrissey tape though. I heard about the cereal box thing. What a concept. Lifting an idea originally designed for wheel packaging. And from a bunch of slash dogs no less. You're disappointing me Earl. Your writing is impotent. Everyone knows you can't cure Polyurethane Monthly Syndrome with an aspirin cocktail, it's a natural part of being a bitch. It's okay though, we both know you have no real balls. Partly because so many people are going to have you by them fairly soon. I can't tell whether you're a testosterone junkie or a femme fatale. You've got to learn to cover your tracks big guy, that article on the south was a major failure. You can't discredit someone (your own kind in this case - White Trash) and then go and accuse someone else of the same thing a couple of months later. In this case the Lench Mob a group of idiots that use controversy to make up for their lack of talent. Serious hookers, media hookers, just like you. The shit you talk leaves a trail a blind man could follow. The stuff you're doing produces nothing more than transparency.

Steve's little protégé. I'll let you in on a little secret, controversy went out with sex, lies and videotape. You probably think you're breaking some ground and getting a few laughs at the same time but puberty remnants are far from humorous.

Here's what's a mystery to me - if Steve was going to hire a sucker you'd think he'd have higher standards. The only things you've got going for you are 1. Money and 2. Time. Everything else is rhetoric. But it sure looks good glossy and binded. But again, you write off public awareness. The obvious fact that most of the letters published in Big Brother are written by the staff of BB is no surprise to me. [ed. note- All of the letters received after issue one have been actual letters written by readers.] Big Brother's #1 objective is to take out the competition, so everything is portrayed and falsified to your commander-in-chief's specifications. I guess that's why you guys didn't single out Dyrdek, because you're sweatin' him like crazy. You guys have been reading too much of 1984. Nobody with half a brain falls for that garbage. I wonder if this letter will make "Soap Box, The Writer's Sanctuary", sure, probably not considering its content and you're already low opinion of me. But what

"maybe next time you could poke fun at the size of my penis."

kind of sanctuary is one that you can get in only if you've achieved some kind of status by your standards.

Maybe you'll change some of it or conjure up a witty remark to discredit my opinion. But I needn't worry that much, due to the lack of skill you have for shooting someone down. Maybe next time you could poke fun at the size of my penis. That would really get to me. Or attack a family member or even my girlfriend, that's always a touchy subject. Snappy comebacks used to work when you were in grade school but have lost their luster as of late. Especially since you've taken it to the point of overkill. Nevertheless, do not expect a word more in retaliation. I'm not going to be your pen pal. I don't go for the yo-yo method.

You know you should write and tell me what rock you crawled out from under. There might be some employee prospects for me there. We're always looking for young industrious lads opening doors for themselves. But how long do you think you're going to last? Mike [Temasky] wants to pull out, no newsstands are ever gonna buy that crap [ed. note- BB is carried on newsstands] Clever trick to dis the other skateboard publications that way though. And how long is Steve gonna find his nuts in your mouth pleasurable? Do you think you're gonna be able to keep all that equipment when it stops paying for itself? That shit is too expensive. The only reason people advertise is because they're taking advantage of the sucker giving away full color ads for \$1200. (The monthly price increases will entail their own outcome) Don't you think that ten copies is a little steep to force on people with each WI order, considering all they do is sit on the shelves? What if people get sick of your shit and decide to pull out? You're screwed. You should look into counseling.



Justin Girard stepping up to the plate to "play ball" with Earl over the comments he made regarding Justin's style in issue 4 - Switchstance f/s kickflip at Powell.

Oh Schmidt! I'm holding in a special secret, I've just got to share with you Tom. Okay now, first off the pen name was obvious right from the beginning and is reminiscent of someone with way too much time on their hands. Bored in the midwest. How could you write that crap about the south, a place of racial diversity and culture well knowing that the flat inbred Jed land where you lived in Kansas should be the subject of just as much ridicule. [ed. note- Earl did not write the aforementioned story. Neil Brown, a resident of Alabama, was the author.] Don't get me wrong, California sucks too. It's the story of stand out in the crowd. At home, but not out here. A friend of mine from the midwest told me the other day that he considered people from that area to be evil. How about how you used to call any industry related people for any information like a scavenger. Not unlike Alex Goldberg, your arch nemesis. The hints were too obvious "Not Tom". Whew! Another spine tingler. Using KC the abbreviation for Kansas City as a character in "Alternative Eric". Because that's who you are. [ed. note- "Not Tom" is a pen name for Mike Daily, and KC is an actual friend of Earl's] The alternative guy who couldn't muster up enough imagination to be himself.

The next paragraph will consist of sporadic thought randomly placed. What Junior college did you go to? How many units of Psychology did you take? You're a victim of undercover Yuppiedom. You should have called your magazine "Twenty Something" the journal of a sexually frustrated young adult. I wonder how many pieces of black furniture you have. You belong on MTV's payroll, not Rocco's. Maybe if you send in your resume and that scan of Cindy Crawford's mole you could hook it up. Possibly even host "120 Minutes" for the alternative guy. Maybe even the lead singer of Pearl Jam or Nirvana. Your well thought out words achieved no more than a little gas. Hypocrite King Pin. Your crap might snow a 13 year old but try a little harder the next time you unleash that devilish tongue on someone you don't know. Make an effort. Apply yourself.

You know what? You and "The Original Punker", Jake Phelps, should get together. It seems like you guys influenced him a little bit, maybe a lot, okay, he's on your nuts. Two perfect examples of too much power and to little mental capacity. You can't let that power go to your head, especially when there's not much up there. You two are the kind of guys that would manage a Burger King well.

The bottom line is I can take it and I can dish it out. It just so happens that you got me to respond. Good job. Politics are the most retarded thing you could fuck around with. You're wasting your time, I've had stuff written about me before and I'll have stuff written about me again. I'm not scared of anyone, I wasn't scared to quit my former "employer" and relinquish my "industry hook-ups". Unlike you, my existence doesn't depend on how well I can kiss ass. I don't kiss ass. I have respect for myself. Come to think of it, the only positive thing for you is that you work for someone that at least used to skate, not some coke snorting sleaze bag. Why don't you guys start singling out the people in skating that never did and never will skate, and not the people that do this for fun. Skaters should take care of their own. But I guess you wouldn't know that though. Why the hell did you move from Kansas to this crap hole anyway? California is full of guys like you, we've filled our quota. We've over-filled our quota. All we've got out here is a bunch of shitheads trying to take over. Even the cops in California try to be movie stars. There's enough people trying to be something they're not, we don't need one more. The people that aren't skaters that are running skating are doing a bad enough job right now, we don't need the people that do skate fucking up too. And don't think I'm trying to identify with you cute stuff. I'm just trying to give you enough good reasons to go home to Kansas where you belong. I'm having a hard time understanding what the hell you're doing anyway. Get the hell off of Howard Stern's nuts. That crap is nothing new.

"Do you know what your son does for a living?" I'm sure the Schmidt's are proud of their little man, once a quiet farm boy from Overland, Kansas, now a media giant in the big city. "I'm going to California to be a movie star, Ma", get a grip. I bet Russ has some great stories to tell about the kid from Kansas that used to call and bug him for skate industry gossip. But alas, this young enterpriser's skateboard fun ended with a tragic debilitating injury. A sad story but one I'm sure glad to know. It's so predictable. Midwest boredom + social inacceptance + TV + Tom Schmidt = Earl Parker = Big Brother = Doo Doo.

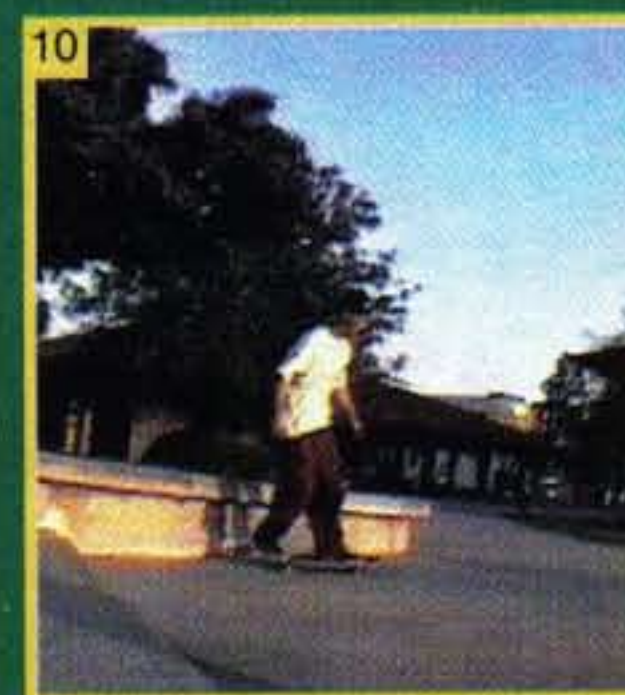
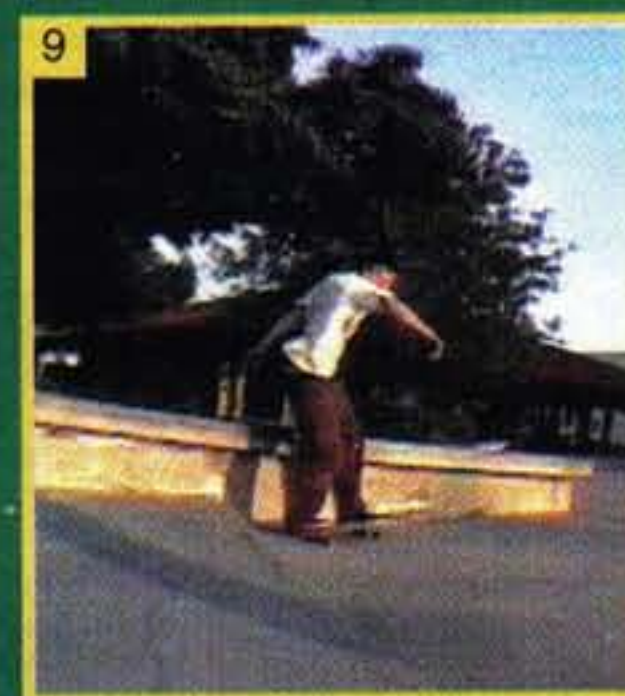
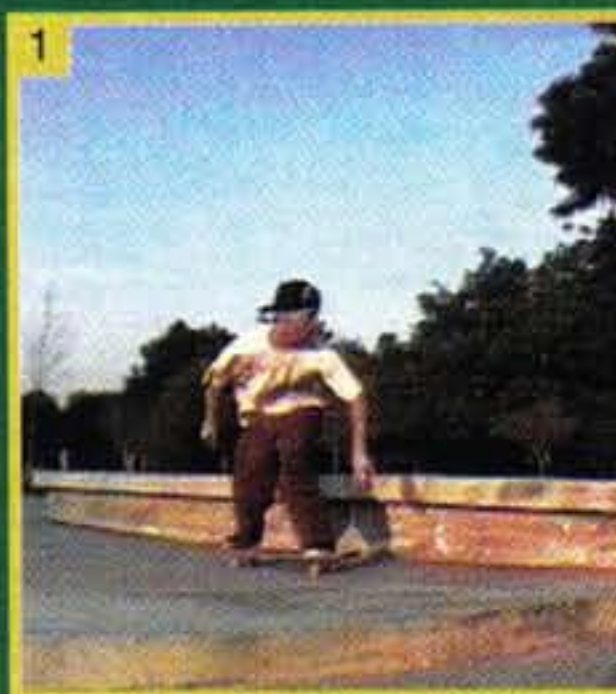
Talking about "Kris Markovich sucker punches his way to victory" and you don't even have the courage to be yourself. Identity crisis? Possibly. I just have to mention how gay the pen name is once again. Losers sue. Failures pretend to be something they're not. Come on with the mind control stuff. It provides a cloud but not a wall. Clouds go away to expose what's really there - the soft, white (trashy) underbelly of a human mistake. A creative failure. A liar. Next time you try to critique something foreign to you, don't.

Don't take this too seriously, I'm short so I've got something to prove.



TREE SKATEBOARDS

JEFF BRANCH - PRO



DEALER INFO: 909-677-TREE

If your holding your breath waiting for

rudy johnson,



guy mariano,



and

ron bertino

to finish filming the blind video

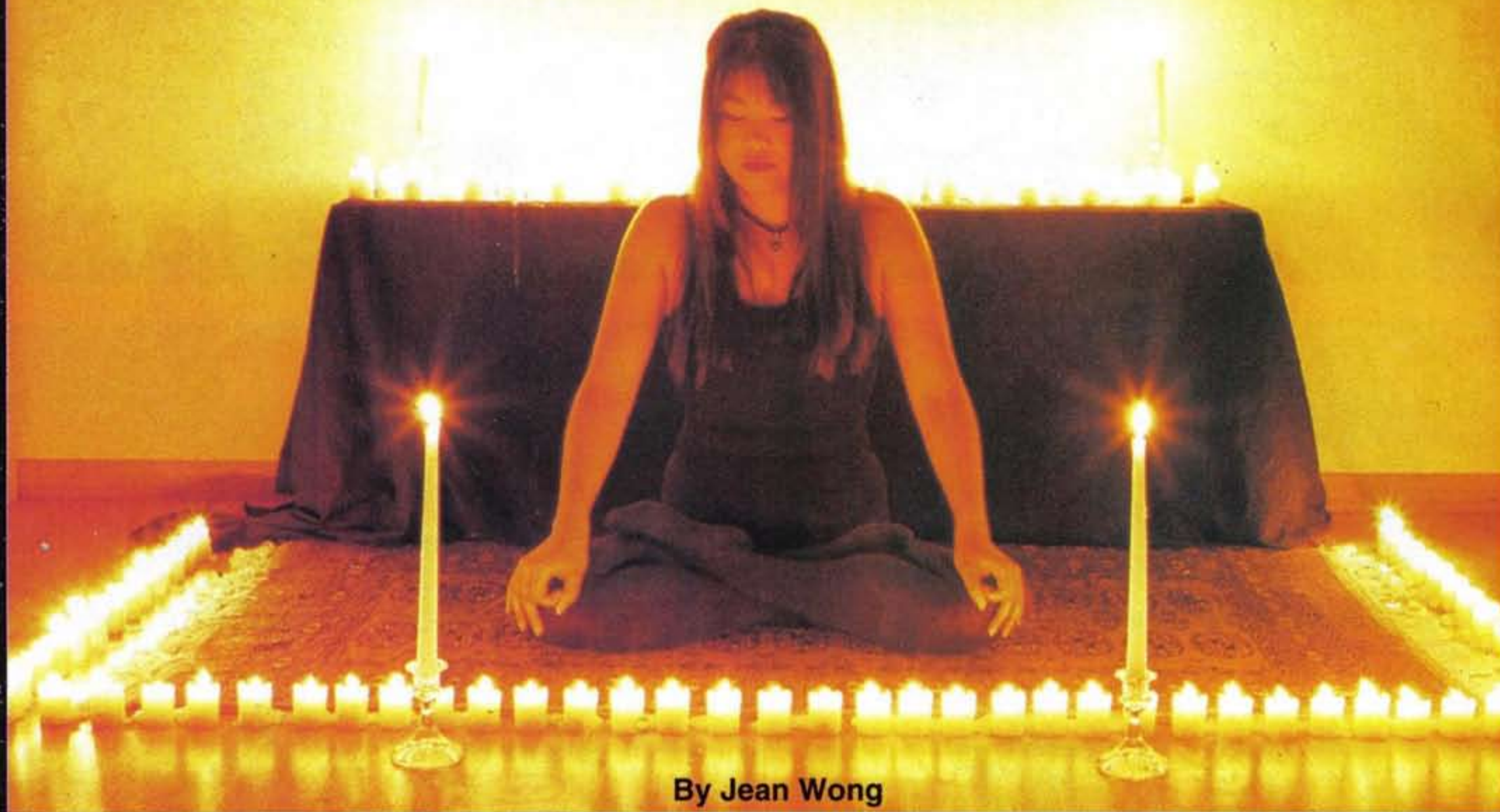


relax. Because these guys are probably going



to be filming until you start to look like this.

s k a t e r f i t n e s s



By Jean Wong

Today **Big Brother** has brought me to the pages of their magazine for the purpose of cultivating human potential, namely through the science of Yoga. I am going to share a few of the truly transformational experiences that will bridge the worldly you with the ultimate Self.

Some benefits of Yoga include:

- resistance to disease
- a stimulated glandular system
- healthier skin
- increased organ function
- clearer mental performance

The following postures (*asanas*) should be performed daily in a dimly lit room, music or sound optional. Music is strictly limited to Enya or the theme from *Chariots of Fire*; sound can be Nature's rain and wind, or the sacred reverberation of a gong. By religiously assuming your new body attitudes, you will soon find yourself growing stronger, more graceful, and as much as 3/4" taller.

Full Lotus (*Padmasana*)

Place your right foot over your left thigh and your left foot over your right thigh. Keep your trunk erect and eyelids lowered (see photo above). Rest your hands on your knees, and firmly press the **tops** of your index fingers against your thumbs. Hold this position for several minutes without movement. Be warned—a common mistake of the beginner is to press the **tip** rather than the **top** of the index finger into the thumb, as if one were trying to indicate "A-OK."



Wrong!

Lotus postures are necessary for flexibility, deep breathing, and meditation. Through the Lotus, you will inevitably get in touch with the Universe. When you do, Karma-bonus to you if you find out for mankind when the Sun plans to explode.



Cobra (*Bhujangasana*)

Lie on your stomach with palms face down along the sides of your chest. Slowly push up and back, raising yourself until the spine is acutely arched. Hold for ten seconds.

The Cobra develops great elasticity of the spine which, once achieved, can easily be retained until death.

Tree (*Natarajasana*)

Stand straight and tall with your palms pressed together and above your head. Slowly lift your left foot and press it against your right inner thigh. Hold absolutely still for a few minutes and repeat with the opposite leg.



Yoga stresses the need for coordination. I am offering this pose in the hope that it will impart equilibrium and poise. Do not be discouraged if at first you are unable to balance. Patiently practice for two weeks. If you are still falling over, you must harmonize Yoga with Western medicine and see your otolaryngologist.

Lion (*Rarishi*)

Focus all of your energy on the third eye, which is located between your left and right eyes. Thrust your entire neck forward, widen your eyes, and spread your fingers. Extend your tongue out and down as far as you possibly can. The more ferocious the face, the more benefits you will reap from the increased blood circulation to the area.



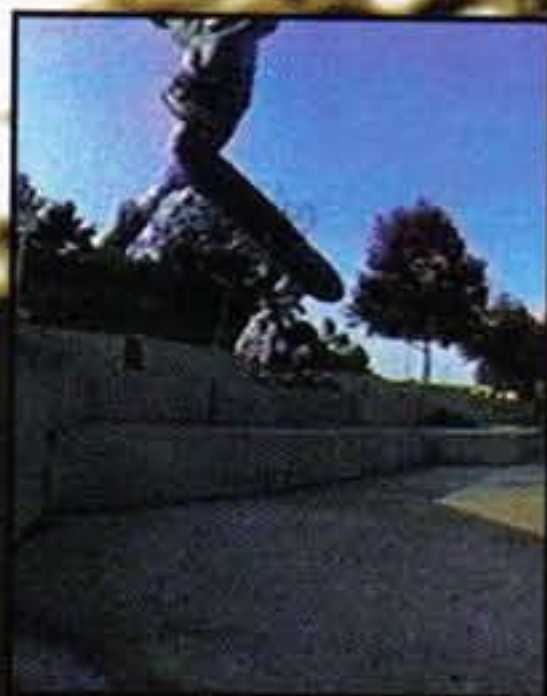
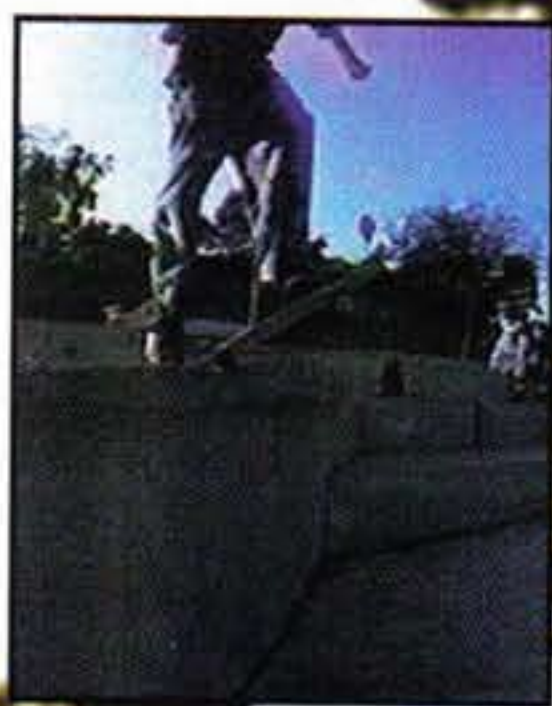
The Lion is essential for restoring muscle tone to your face and neck. This posture addresses the internal needs of your skin as no amount of facial cream can. I really like this one.

Chicken (*El Pollo*)

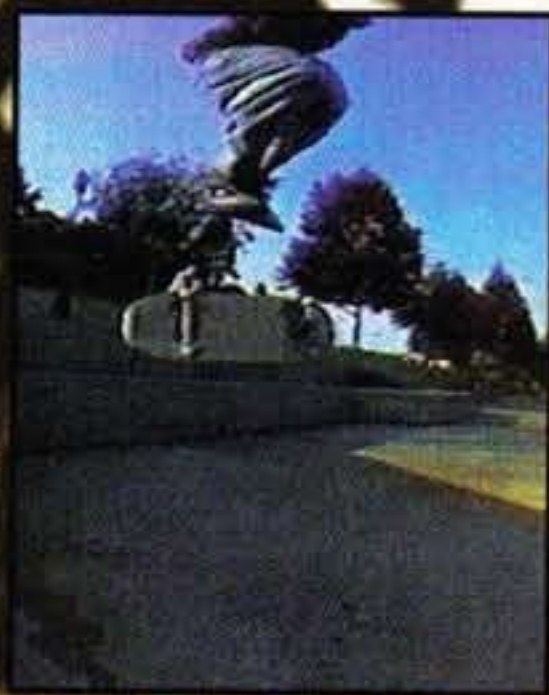
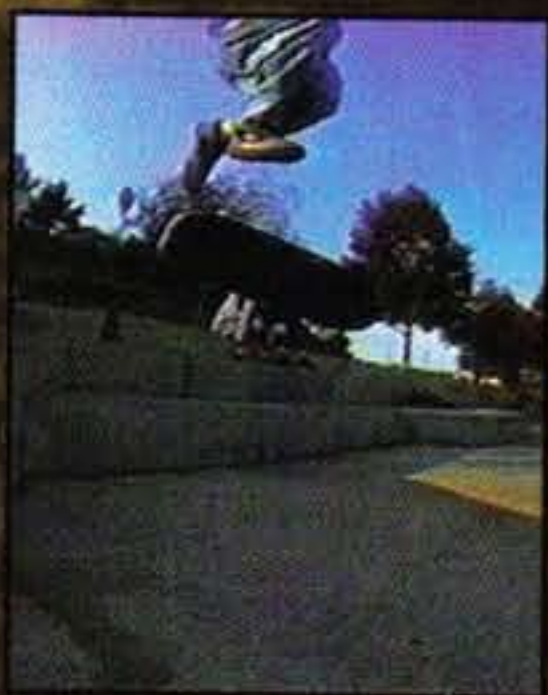
Carefully tuck your fists into your armpits. Stand on one foot and use the opposite foot to express a "chicken-scratching" motion on the ground. Repeat with the other leg.



The Chicken is important for keeping the legs thin and toenails healthy.



shoveit triple kickflip by jason carney



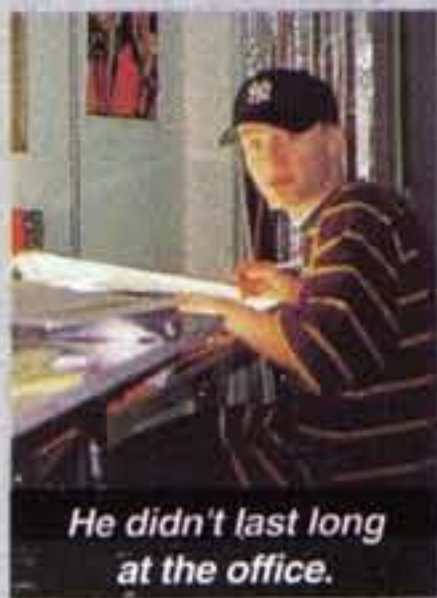
video out soon



how to kill ricky

by Earl Parker

As quickly as Alternative Eric had gone, this kid from the past named Ricky called and said, "I'm coming over! (Complete origins of Mr. Lupis can be read about in my upcoming book "The Final Teenage Blowout" by E. Parker)" For a while I brought him to work with me every day. Finally Steve told me, after he realized that Ricky had a brand new world shirt for every day of the week,



He didn't last long at the office.

that he was banned from the building. Only a French fool would steal dozens of T-shirts and wear them back to the place where he got them. By late January, Mike Ternasky saw that Ricky could draw and offered him a "graphic" job. He stayed home every day drawing while I went to work. After a month of this, I noticed he began going crazy. Clenching a cigarette and a homemade ashtray, he would repeat over and over, "It's a pain in the ass." He rearranged the furniture. He'd stare at me and talk of jumping off the roof head first. Every night as I came home exhausted, he'd disappear out the door, take my car, and not return until sunrise. Once he took a date to my office and told her he worked there. Finally I took his car and door keys. Then he began entering through the window.

One morning I woke up and he wasn't there. I quickly showered, locked the windows, and left. Unfortunately one of the windows was cracked so he just busted out a section and stuck his hand through in order to break in. Then he started dating an old *Big Brother* model—the girl who posed for the suicide article in Issue #3. One night I returned to find my bed in disarray. "Ricky," I



My broken window

asked, "why is my futon turned over?"

"I fucked Andrea and got crusties on it. This side is clean, though."

The bills came—solid evidence of his all-day TV sessions, phone calls, and

long hot showers. I couldn't even keep any food in the house. I was eating all my meals at the office and leaving the fridge empty, despite Ricky's daily cries of "let's go to the store." I bought a single loaf of bread once. I walked in and threw it down on the kitchen floor. Ricky immediately grabbed it and started tearing into the wrapper. He had turned into a kind of pet. Every day he would just sit in my bean bag, smoke, and watch TV. So for the past two weeks, I've been trying to think of a way to get rid of him. Here are the various plans I came up with:

- 1-Grind up Valium in his food, board a Greyhound bus with him and then run off right before it leaves.
- 2-Dose him in his sleep, tie him up, drive to the desert, and let him go.
- 3-Mail him to Barstow in a crate.
- 4-Chloroform, the stuff you put to someone's nose and it knocks him out. I want to use it on him and then throw him into the sewer.
- 5-Hit him on the side of the head with an iron skillet.

I was unable to carry out any of these plans for the following reasons: First of all, the Valium didn't come through. I went to Venice Beach for acid, but never found any. I did however, get a bong (pictured in "The Flop Issue" article), along with an oil painting of Morrison. As for mailing him to Barstow in a crate, he was too heavy. The chloroform was the same story as



The main thing I didn't like about Ricky was that he was born in France and he was proud of it. He called me an "American Mutt." No one this ignorant could ever be my true friend.

the Valium. With the skillet, everybody told me it would be too tricky, because if I hit him too lightly he would wake up, and if I hit him too hard it would cause bleeding and maybe an aneurysm.

For this article, Jeff thought it would be cool to fake Ricky's death and get him to pose as dead. I wasn't for that, because he would still be around. Besides, I didn't want to kill him; I just wanted him out of the state. Anyway, when the time came to actually do the article, we had no way of getting him to pose for any photos at all. Ricky was missing. The coincidence that the staff wanted to do a "How to Kill Ricky" article and, only after my repeated stalling, Ricky actually disappearing (and maybe really getting killed), is fate. I call it the "Zen" approach.

Sunday night he didn't sleep in the apartment; nothing out of the ordinary. Monday afternoon, though, Andrea calls and tells me she hasn't seen him all weekend. He usually sees her every day. I thought he was dead, but Marc

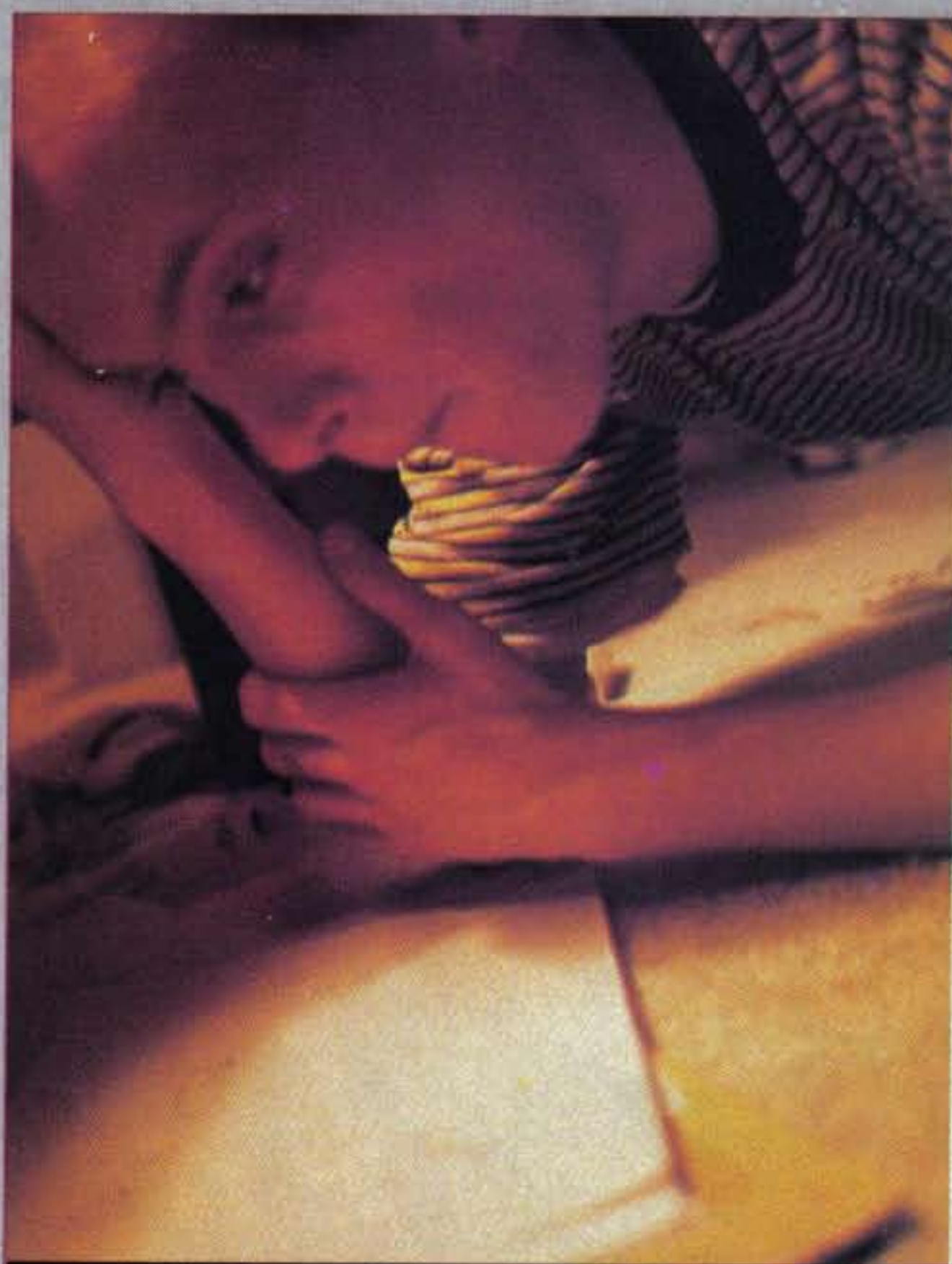
great. He wanted me to go to the morgue, anyway, and examine the bodies to make a good article. I said I would puke for sure. I called instead: "Los Angeles Morgue?—Hi, I was wondering if my roommate's there?"

"What's his name?"

"Lupis."

"No. He's not here."

Now I don't know what to think and don't care what happens anymore. I don't have enough money for rent and bills. I spent it all on my new art glasses, a bag of skunk-scented pot, and Ricky. The first two weeks he was in LA I took him out to movies and meals every day. Soon the initial "friend in town" free-ness wore off when I noticed I had spent 200 dollars on him. It wasn't that I cared about the money; it was that he didn't care that he was breaking me. He even laughed at all of my bills. So I guess I'm getting evicted for the third time. If you have a place for me to stay in



Working on the graphic that no one will ever see.

What will become of the traitor Ricky? His mom just called. She was asking if he was all right. I told her he was out skateboarding [writer's note: Spike came over last night. He couldn't believe the situation I was in]. Spike still isn't sure if I'm disappointed in him or not about the time he told me he pays all his parking tickets. He was

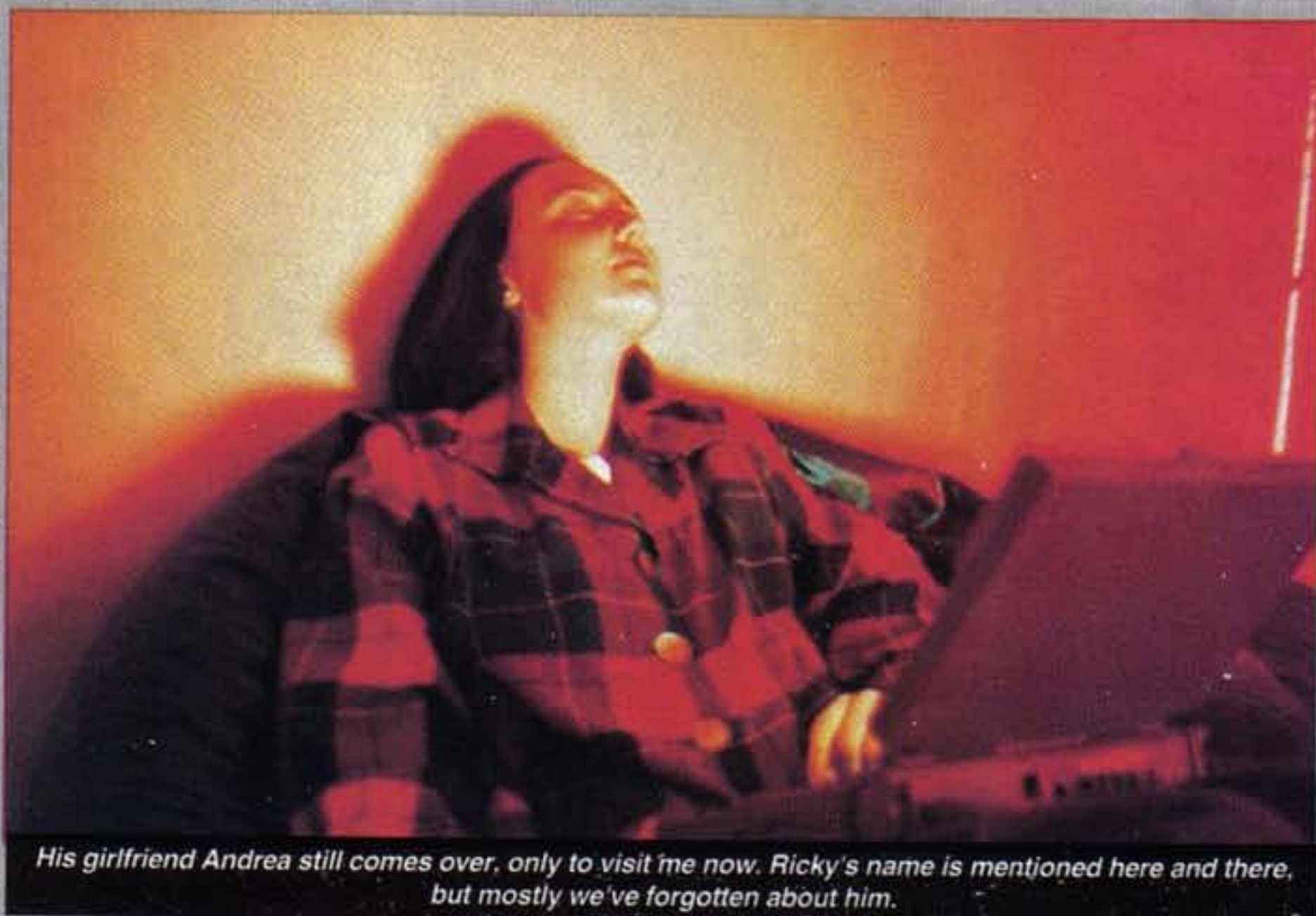
"ricky's missing—he's probably dead!"

said the chances of us wanting to do a "How to Kill Someone" article and that person actually getting killed were too

Hollywood, "nice" LA, The Hollywood Hills, Beverly Hills, or Bel Air, I would appreciate it.

just telling me, "Jeff is really pissed at you for not writing anything yet. Deadline is in one week! You've got to write everything in 2 hours!"

So, that's what I'm doing now. I'm writing all my articles in 2 hours. It's 3:10 PM, I'm on salary, no more roommate, I just ordered in sushi, and I'm listening to Sonic Youth for some reason. I usually don't. Spike's into that. Ahh, the Clash!



His girlfriend Andrea still comes over, only to visit me now. Ricky's name is mentioned here and there, but mostly we've forgotten about him.



6 days after his Sunday departure, someone entered through my window, took Ricky's clothes, and scribed the above message on my wall with a "tagger" marker.

Danzig:

by Marc and Sean

Having no concept of standard interview procedure, we decided to get Rodney to take us to Tower Records so we could at least check out Danzig's new video so we'd have something to talk about. Besides, it's always good to go to Tower with Rodney, since he's got the company credit card. Unfortunately, in our excitement over the prospect of free stuff, we forgot one thing—Rodney is the world's slowest driver. By the time we got back to world, we had less than an hour to preview the video and drive up to Burbank in Thursday-afternoon traffic. To make matters worse, once we had gotten on the freeway, we discovered that the tape recorder Earl loaned us was broken (classic Earl), and, since neither of us is well-versed in shorthand, we had no choice but to stop in Hollywood and buy a new one. Finally, following a few wrong turns, we arrived at Def American headquarters, early. What followed was nothing less than the best Danzig interview in history. In order to fit the maximum number of his words in this small space we have kept ours to a minimum, for the most part just letting him expound on various topics.

STEPHEN STICKLER

How the Gods Kill: the video

"There's not enough time to put in everything that happens to the girl but, basically, it's a nightmare, a sexual nightmare. In other words, she's kind of tormented but aroused at the same time by this fuckin' demon chick, or whatever the fuck she is, a goddess. Then that fucking drool comes out. I don't know, use your imagination."



the interview



The Upside Down Cross

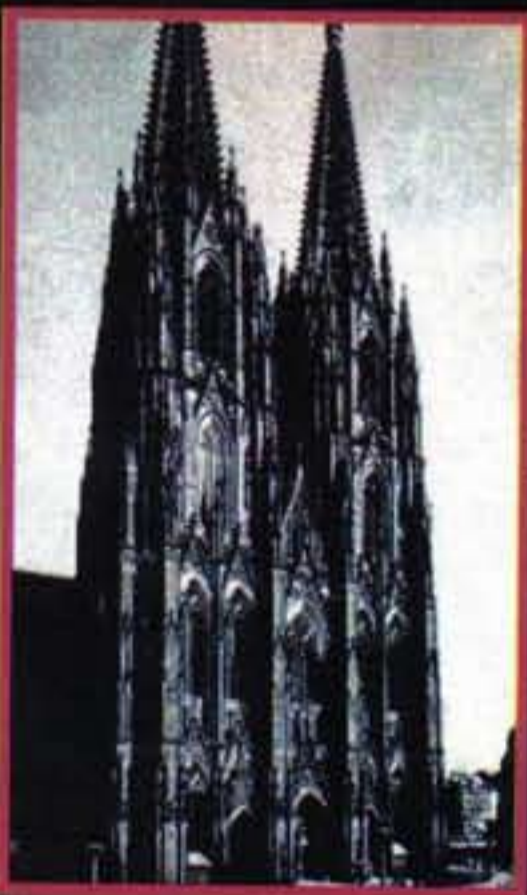
Basically, there's so many ways to see it. You can see it the way the Satanic church wants you to see it, which is that they do everything in the reverse of the Catholic church. They use it because it's blasphemous. Then you got St. Peter who said "you have to crucify me upside down because I can't be crucified like Jesus—only he could be done that way." Which is bullshit anyway because so many people were crucified that it's ridiculous. Then there's the shock value of it. Obviously when people see an upside-down cross they have a fuckin' shifit. So that works, too. It's just like a swastika. It definitely evokes peoples reactions. It's pretty cool.



St. Peter got dissed.

Restaurants

I like Thai food a lot. I like hamburgers, Chinese food, Japanese. I don't like Mexican. There's tons of places around here but they aren't as good as New York. Out here you can't get real good Italian food. Almost anywhere you can find a good Italian restaurant in New York. Here you get some California guy's idea of an Italian restaurant. It's really hard to find a good one.



Big Church

Cologne Cathedral

Cologne is a very cool city. They have a big cathedral. I walked up to the top. Man, what a fuckin' walk! You gotta take these stairs to the very very top, and you can just feel gravity pulling you down. I got this thing when I was a kid: I'd go to the top of the Empire State Building or Rockefeller Center in New York, and when I'd look out over the side I'd wanna jump. It was lucky I didn't drive back then because sometimes when you're going across the country you see these fuckin' bridges or "skyways," they call em. You can see them when you're at the beginning of them, and you can see how they go almost straight up, and you think, "Fuck, how am I gonna drive up it?" But man, it's like if I was driving up

one when I had the fuckin' jumping-off-the-building thing I probably would've drove off it. It's so easy, you know? But that fuckin' cathedral was incredible, man. They hated us in there. We did the tour inside, and one of us had a shirt on with a big pentagram, and the guy was like, "You can't come in here!" So I was like, "Fuck you." I had the camera and I was filming and everything, and they didn't fuck with us after that. It was pretty funny.

Preparation for a Show

I've got a good routine down now: hot tea and these cough drops. It works pretty well, so I'd say this tour, vocally, was the best for me. I've had to go on stage when my throat was just dead. I mean I could sing, but I couldn't talk. Singing is different than talking. There's a lot of power in it so you can scream it and really yell. It's like a projection thing. But then when you try to talk, the vocal chord just doesn't respond; it's so fried that just nothing comes out. But we've never cancelled a show because I couldn't sing, like Axl does when he doesn't feel well.

Howard Stern

I love Howard Stern. Actually, he did this Penthouse interview, he was on the cover and he had a fuckin' Danzig cross on his jacket. Someone probably told him, "You should wear this." Either that, or he really knows who we are or something.

Skateboards

I designed them. We sold a whole bunch of them. We had the same company that had Schmitt Stix. They were pretty nice. I mean, it wasn't a cheap board. The place was Marion Plywood. They did all of Vision's boards; they did Zorlac and they did special stuff for Schmitt Stix. That's why I picked 'em. I wanted the top skateboard manufacturer. It was kinda cool for a while. I had wheels on the coffin board, and I'd drive it down the driveway and fuckin' fuck around with it. I remember I had a skateboard when they still had metal wheels, and we used to go down hills and fuckin' almost get killed by cars and shit—you know, a truck would be going down the street and you'd grab on and you'd be on this fuckin' banana board with fuckin' metal wheels.



Scary Skateboards

Slayer

We would've liked to do a tour with them this summer, but they're not ready to go out. I don't think they've even started their new record yet. They're really bad with that shit, but that would probably be a pretty wild tour, Danzig and Slayer. I think places would get totally demol-

ished. Like what happened at the Palladium, three people died there. Two people got stabbed in the pit, and one kid got thrown through a plate glass window out in the front when the riot happened.

Danzig on Unexplained Phenomena

The Loch Ness Monster

It probably exists. There's a whole bunch of lake monsters all over the world. There's one in Lake George here in America, and there's lots of documented cases in Russia.



Lake Monster

UFOs

There you open up a whole new can of worms. It could be the government experimenting with different forms of spacecraft or aircraft or whatever. There's a movie about that, not *Hangar 18*, but this other movie where they had these UFOs that they said were responsible for these cattle mutilations. What happened was, the government was sending out these fake flying saucers and taking these animals for experimentation and chopping them up for whatever and leaving carcasses everywhere and blaming it on UFOs.



Flying Saucers



Bigfoot or man in furry suit?

Bigfoot

I don't know, you know if you try to make a comparison with that and the Abominable Snowman, it's probably some half human creature, just something that's different on the evolutionary scale. I've just seen that thing, you know, the super eight where it's walking through the woods and it runs away.

They were saying, though, that there couldn't be a Bigfoot because the land bridge that formed over Alaska and Russia didn't happen until recently, and mankind had already been sufficiently evolved by then.

Well, they were saying that it all used to be connected and then, because of the water erosion, it split up. So it was a throwback from a long time ago. Kinda like it was hidden, and it stayed away from mankind. And, when you think about it, I think only ten or twenty per cent of Canada is populated.

They say Canada's population is less than California's.

Exactly, I mean it's fuckin' gigantic. It's fuckin' huge, and then you throw Greenland in there, and you throw fuckin' the North Pole into it. That's a lot of fuckin' land. You guys watch *In Search Of* a lot, huh? It's on A&E now—it's pretty funny 'cause it's from the Seventies and Mr. Spock is narrating it.

Elvis and the Incredible Hulk

I like his voice, but Eerie's the big Elvis fan. When we were in Samhain we would always go to Graceland, whether we were playing Memphis or not. When Danzig played in Memphis once, we got the VIP tour which means we didn't have to go with all fat ladies and polyester people. That's when me and Chuck started making fun of Eerie. We started saying all this shit, and Eerie got all pissed off and said, "That's it! I'm getting my own tour next time! You guys walk ten feet behind me from now on" and "just stay away from me!" Me and Chuck were just cracking up.



The King

Chuck was like, "Well fuck, I didn't know you'd get that upset." So then Eerie goes, "You knew I'd get upset. That's why you did it!"

Did you watch THE ELVIS FILES? They had the Hulk on it.

You know, he used to be in Elvis movies. He was supposed to be a friend of Elvis. That's why it was supposed to be kinda personal for him and at the end, he was even like, "You know, after seeing the show, I do believe Elvis is alive!"—even though he was just doing it for money, but he couldn't say that on TV, right?

I never thought that fuckin' guy looked like the Hulk. Why couldn't they just make a cool Hulk mask, you know, for like a thousand or two thousand dollars? Fuck, two thousand, I think we spent more on the effects for the Giger mask in the "How the Gods Kill" thing than they spent on the whole series for fuckin' Lou Ferrigno.



Fuckin' Lou Ferrigno

Marvel Comics

You know what I hate? Whenever they let someone try to adapt one of their characters to a movie or TV show, it always sucks. Like the Captain America series, did you see that? They gave him like a red-white-and-blue motorcycle, and he had no wings on his cowl. Or even the movie, it was on Cinemax the other night. They never released it—it was so bad! Then they did the same thing with the Punisher. The director

was like, "You can't have a skull on your shirt," and "You can't shoot big guns." I mean it's like, what the fuck? It's the Punisher! So anyway, Marvel has this really bad history. Once you get the character from them, and you pay them for licensing, they're just like, "Well, you can do whatever you want with it. We don't give two fucks, just give us money."



Punisher, sans skull shirt

Steroids and Spin Magazine

I've never done steroids. That fag rag, Spin, said I did steroids once. I can't stand that mag. I think their "Man of the Year" for the last two years was a heroin addict, the Jane's Addicton guy, Perry Farrell. I mean I'm not gonna shoot heroin to be their man of the year, thank you.



Little Jeffrey Rocco (as would his uncle Steve) will do anything to make a quick buck. Kareem takes full advantage.

Voice of an Angel

Suzanne Vega

I sat around the apartment thinking. The question was, "Do I want to go see an angel sing or don't I?" The show was only a few blocks away at a place called the Wiltern, on the corner of Wilshire and Western. I went at the thought of maybe regretting it later. There were people of all ages and religions there and, best of all, lots of open-mindedly intelligent rebellious-dressing girls. Between every song, Suzanne spoke to the crowd. She had the perfect remark for everything and



breathless, NYC-chick wit. Wearing a "that girl's perfect for me" outfit, consisting of black Docs, baggy soldier pants, and a skin-tight tank top with navel showing, she navigated herself through a cute, arms-out-at-angles nightclub-body groove. No matter how heavenly one's voice is, sitting idly in an auditorium gets people restless. I think all the singles were more than ready to get back to "the endless search for love" by the time she left the stage. *-Earl*



Well, that's our music section for this issue. Big Brother is fast becoming a force to be reckoned with in the music industry—so far we've received for free: 4 Danzig concert tickets, 2 Firehose concert tickets, a Ned's Atomic Dustbin CD, the new Firehose CD, two Digital Orgasm rave CD's, a Swell CD, a couple cassettes (if it's not CD, it's not worth listing), a performance art-video, and one can of Flipper tuna.



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BLACK JESUS

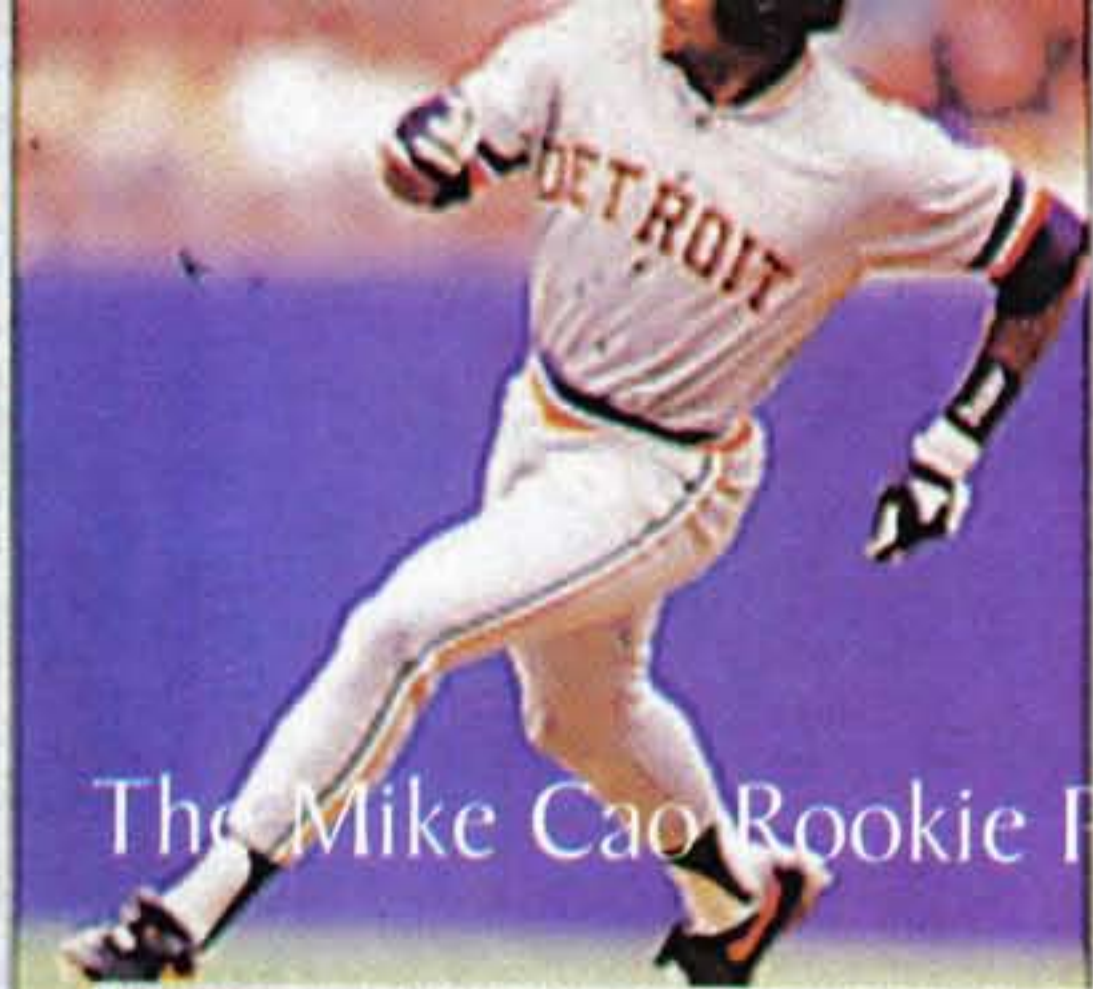


INFLATED





**“Don’t you ever
talk shit about
Liberty!”**



The Mike Cao Rookie Pro Model. Batter Up.



Mad Circle

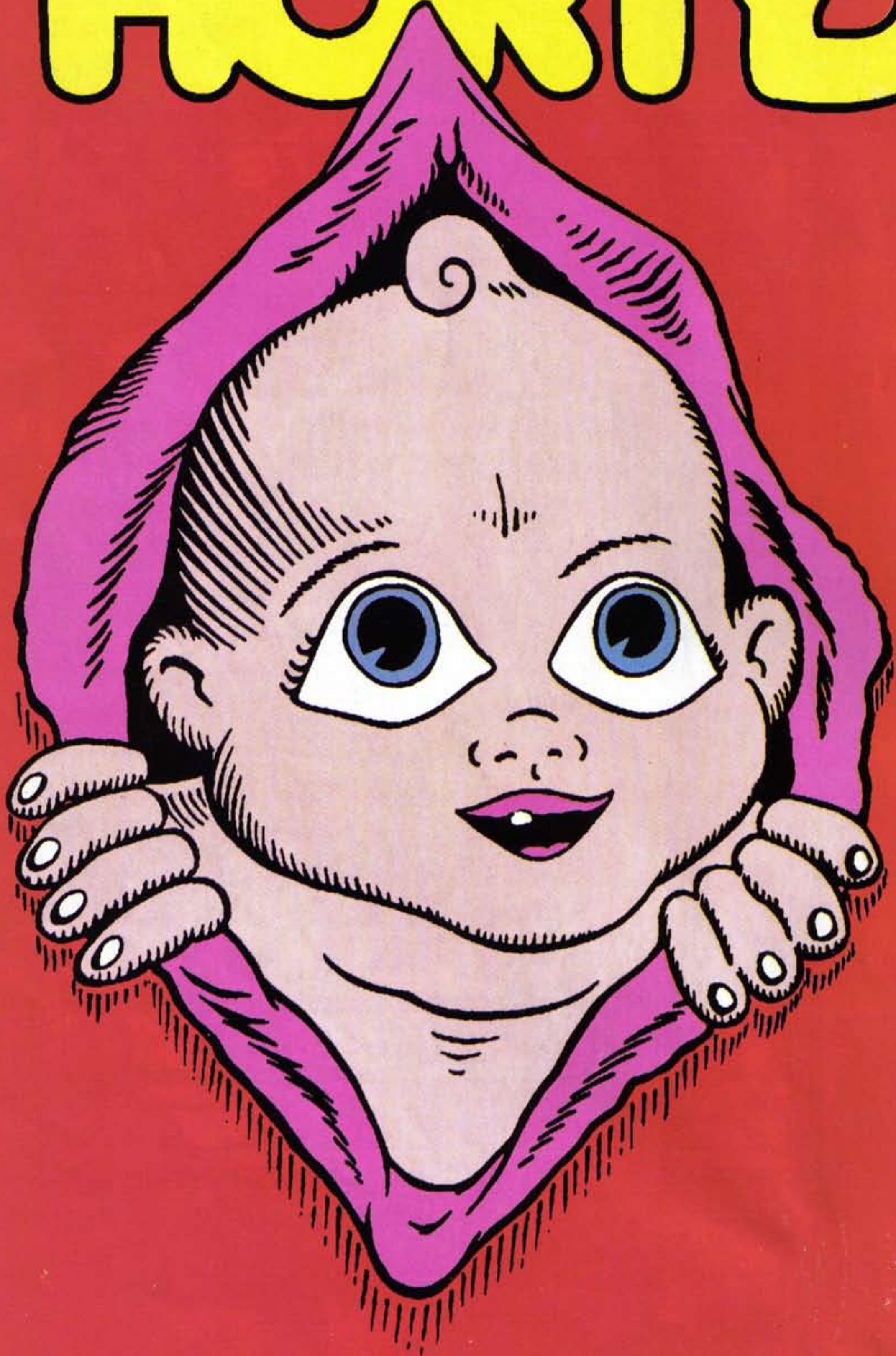
WILLIE MCGEE OF

DON MATTINGLY



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Dear Tod,

I would like to congratulate you on your brilliant marketing and advertising campaign. Making our boards was very amusing. The ad in Transworld was hard-hitting and direct. I wish they would of let us do ads like that. Oh well, times must be tough. Anyway, it's good to see that someone in this industry has enough balls to fuck with us.

Sincerely,
Steve Rocco



P.S. Above is a picture of your best amateur, Richard Mulder, waving goodbye. I made you a special X-Foundation-Teamrider-Clip-'n-Save™ coupon. If you don't start behaving like a nice little company again you'll be clipping one out every other month. I'm sorry you had to spend all that money on his ad, I know it hurts but try to look at it as a learning experience. Oh yeah, I almost forgot, welcome to the big leagues.

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STARRING :

ERIC KOSTON . ADAM McNATT

.GABRIEL RODRIGUEZ .

& ANDY STONE

