

number 7 \$3.95

Big Brother

the silly skateboard magazine™

1993

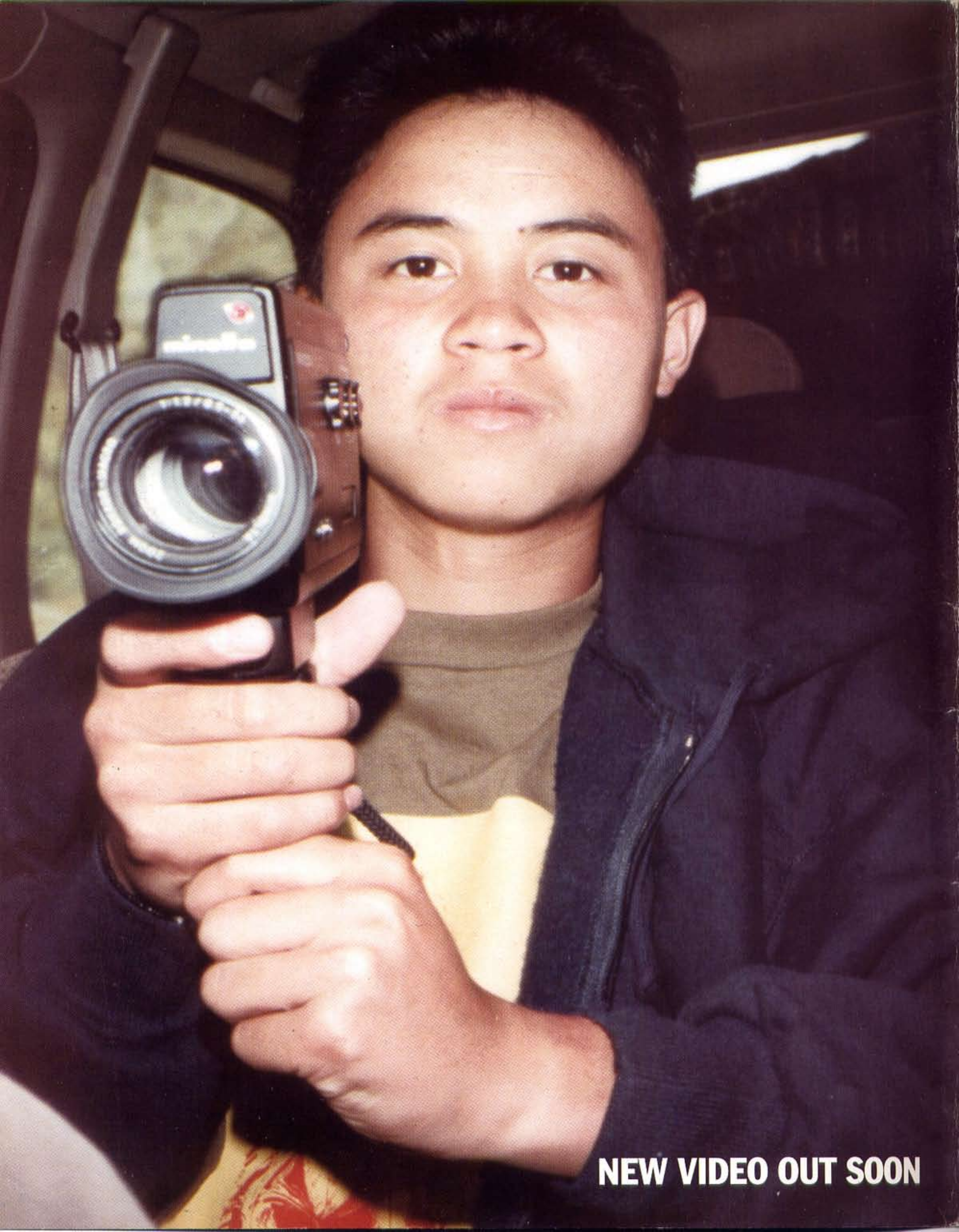
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GABE MORFORD PHOTOS

SOMETIMES WE WONDER: IF PAT DUFFY WAS NORMAL, WHAT WOULD HE BE LIKE?

Plan B

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foreword

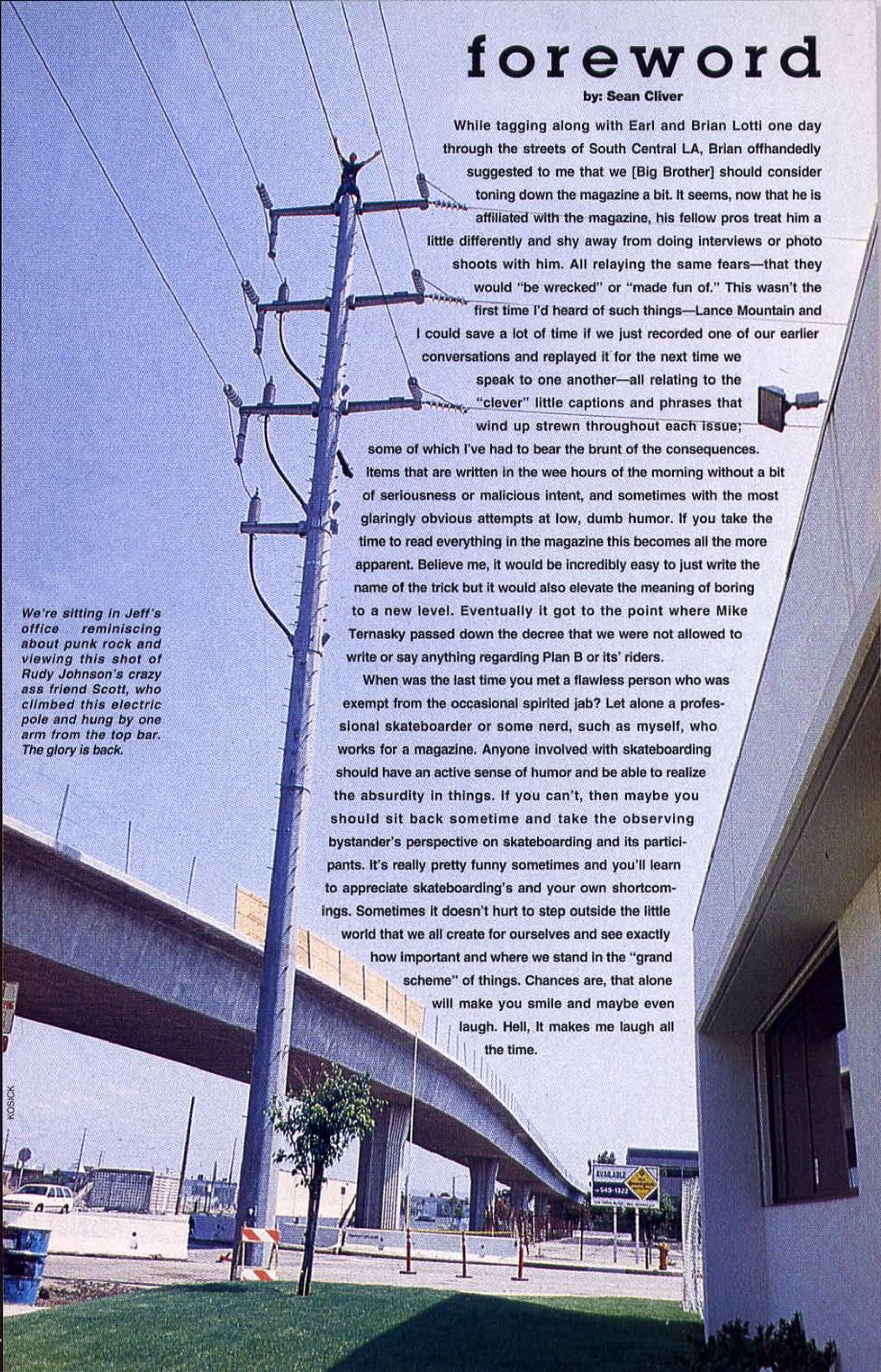
by: Sean Cliver

While tagging along with Earl and Brian Lotti one day through the streets of South Central LA, Brian offhandedly suggested to me that we [Big Brother] should consider toning down the magazine a bit. It seems, now that he is affiliated with the magazine, his fellow pros treat him a little differently and shy away from doing interviews or photo shoots with him. All relaying the same fears—that they would “be wrecked” or “made fun of.” This wasn’t the first time I’d heard of such things—Lance Mountain and I could save a lot of time if we just recorded one of our earlier conversations and replayed it for the next time we speak to one another—all relating to the “clever” little captions and phrases that wind up strewn throughout each issue;

some of which I’ve had to bear the brunt of the consequences. Items that are written in the wee hours of the morning without a bit of seriousness or malicious intent, and sometimes with the most glaringly obvious attempts at low, dumb humor. If you take the time to read everything in the magazine this becomes all the more apparent. Believe me, it would be incredibly easy to just write the name of the trick but it would also elevate the meaning of boring to a new level. Eventually it got to the point where Mike Ternasky passed down the decree that we were not allowed to write or say anything regarding Plan B or its’ riders.

When was the last time you met a flawless person who was exempt from the occasional spirited jab? Let alone a professional skateboarder or some nerd, such as myself, who works for a magazine. Anyone involved with skateboarding should have an active sense of humor and be able to realize the absurdity in things. If you can’t, then maybe you should sit back sometime and take the observing bystander’s perspective on skateboarding and its participants. It’s really pretty funny sometimes and you’ll learn to appreciate skateboarding’s and your own shortcomings. Sometimes it doesn’t hurt to step outside the little world that we all create for ourselves and see exactly how important and where we stand in the “grand scheme” of things. Chances are, that alone will make you smile and maybe even laugh. Hell, it makes me laugh all the time.

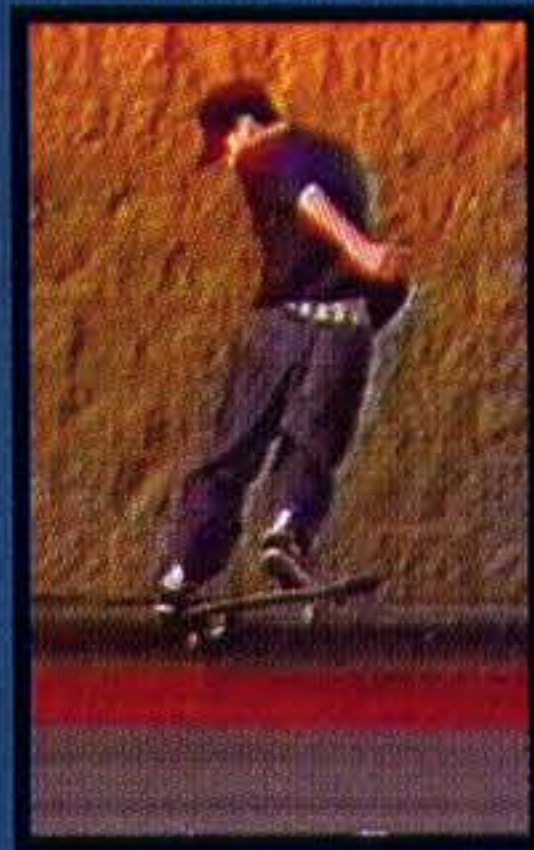
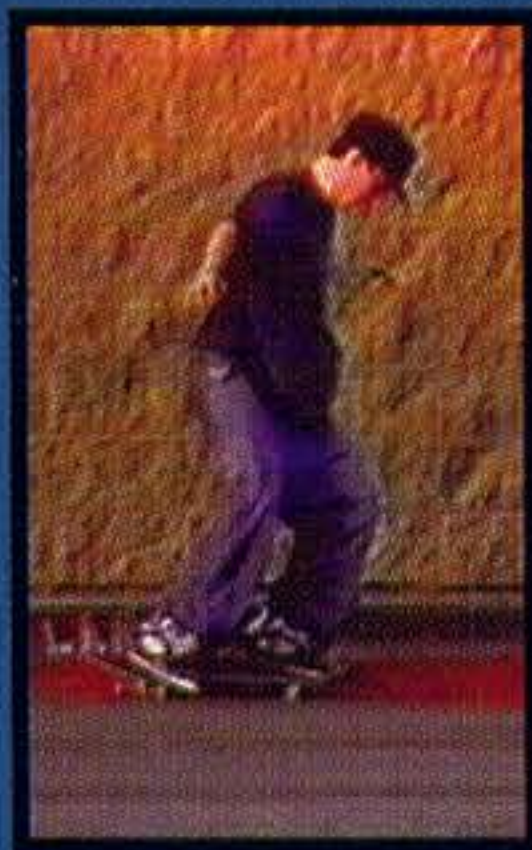
We're sitting in Jeff's office reminiscing about punk rock and viewing this shot of Rudy Johnson's crazy ass friend Scott, who climbed this electric pole and hung by one arm from the top bar. The glory is back.



josh beagle



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Letters

by marc mckee

Dear Readers,

So sorry, but your beloved Earl Parker has grown tired of you and has decided to end his long-running "letters from my children" letters column. Earl has declined to give any specific reasons for abandoning all of you and instead simply says that all the letters he gets are boring. Perhaps if you show some improvement he will take you back. For the time being, I will handle the mail, but that doesn't mean that now you should write to me, thinking I'll be doing the letters column again next issue. I have better things to do. Actually, you should write to Sal, his answers are always the best, and he doesn't get enough mail.

write to:

Big Brother Magazine
815 N Nash
El Segundo, CA 90245



Earl in about 25 years

It's Gary!

Dear Earl:

I just finished reading Issue #5 and wanted to tell you again how much I enjoy your magazine. If you are trying to make each issue more outrageous than the one before — you are succeeding. I obviously don't understand parts of it, but since your target audience is not 45 year old businessmen — I realize I'm not supposed to comprehend it all. I enclosed a picture of myself taken in sunny, Southern California. If you publish it you could make me famous like that fat kid from Missouri. Of course, I am already somewhat of a celebrity in Sioux Falls since identifying myself as "Earl Parker's Dad" to some local skateboarders on Main Street a couple of months ago. They were properly impressed. Your fame has already reached the flat plains of South Dakota.

Love,
Dad Parker

Mr. Parker, your son lives in a warehouse.—MM

Fan of the Mutt

Big Brother,

The main reason I have written is to say that I greatly respect Mr. Rodney Mullen and that if I had started skating earlier and knew what freestyle was I probably would have chosen to be a freestyle skater. I'm mainly disgusted because my friends remark that he's gay, wimpy, etc., but I'd just like to say that if any of these lame ass techno skaters think they're bad or something, they should just flip through the pages of Big Brother to Rodney's segment and maybe they'll think twice about who prevails in technical skating. So basically what I'm trying to say is hats off and a blowjob for the king because he deserves it.

Tobias Stretch
Stevensville, PA

You said it.—MM

Fuck school

Dear Advertising Sales Director:

I am a student at New Milford High School in New Milford, Connecticut. I am enrolled in an Advertising Art Design class. Our final project for the course is to invent a product, complete with its package, and design a full page print ad to place in an appropriate national magazine.

The name of my product is "Wide." The product is a clothing company that makes clothes big and extra baggy the way "skate boarders" like to wear them. Can you please send me an advertiser's rate and information package? I need to analyze typical ads in your magazine, check the demographics that you serve, and consult your rate chart.

Thank you for your time and consideration.

Sincerely,
Robert Alves
New Milford, CT

If your assignment was really to invent a product you have failed. The baggy short has already been invented, idiot. Besides that, running a full page ad in a national magazine is fuckin' expensive! What kid is stupid enough to spend a couple thousand dollars on some dumb school project? In any event here is the requested information:

Big Brother ad rate chart: * **

half page	\$750.00
full page	\$1,500.00
Inside front cover	\$2,000.00
Inside back cover	\$2,000.00
Back cover.....	\$2,500.00

*All rates go double for the record industry, 'cause they're loaded.

**Think is exempt from any ad charges

I'm not a dork

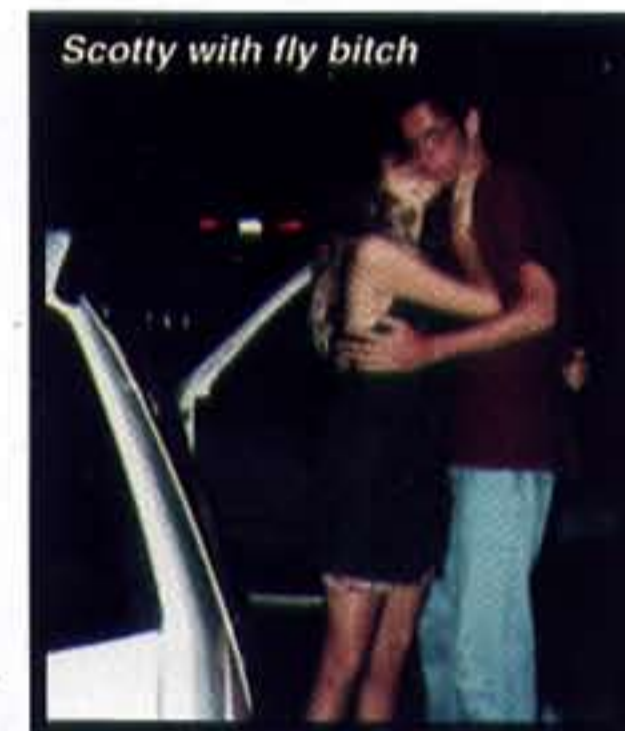
Dear Big Brother,

I have been maxin' and relaxin' (as Fab Five Freddy and Billy Dee Williams have been known to do) for the winter months. If you recall, I contacted you regarding the self-proclaimed master-journalist receiving so much space in your publication. What I'm trying to say is that I'm



Scotty Day!

certain of my literary prowess; I'm also sure that my litany of complaints weren't the only ones you've received in recent times but I'm not some snot-nosed 15 year old upstart dickhead school newspaper wannabe who wishes to fulfill some multi-faceted quasi-skater thinks he's-a-renaissance-man fantasy. I'm serious. Straight up. All I need is a chance. I don't suffer from lapses in creativity or any of that bullshit. I live LARGE. I have a pretty good job



Scotty with fly bitch

(income-wise) and my social life and adventures couldn't be more enjoyable. I'm not a dork or a lous and I'm constantly flowing ideas and brainstorms. I've got to tell you up front though, that I'm not an ass-kisser nor will I rely on

your empire as a means of getting a life. Also, I'm certain that you have no problem hooking up with fly bitches and what not, but I'm mackin' and we could have a good-ass time. I've wined, dined and sixty-nined some delectable females and know we could rage. All I need is a chance. What's the worse thing that could occur by our unholy alliance besides a few hundred sexual harassment suits and some excessive raging in the Keys and Jamaica?

Thanks a million,
Scotty Day

You're hired. Everyone, turn a few pages for Scotty's killer debut.—MM

A likely story

Dear Big Bro,

This is a letter of thanks. I was with this girl messing around and things got pretty heavy. Well one thing led to another and she started to suck my dick. It was great I told her not to stop, but of course she (like all girls) stopped. She asked if I had any condoms. I said no. She said I guess we better stop huh. SHIT what was I to do. I went through my friends stuff looking for a condom, not a one. Then I remembered Big Bro #6 came with a fresh Foundation condom—I put it on and started to fuck. Man it was great. She was talking dirty and screaming. You saved me, I love you.

Friend and supporter,
Andrew Mosedale

This letter is meaningless without photos.—MM

ray barbee



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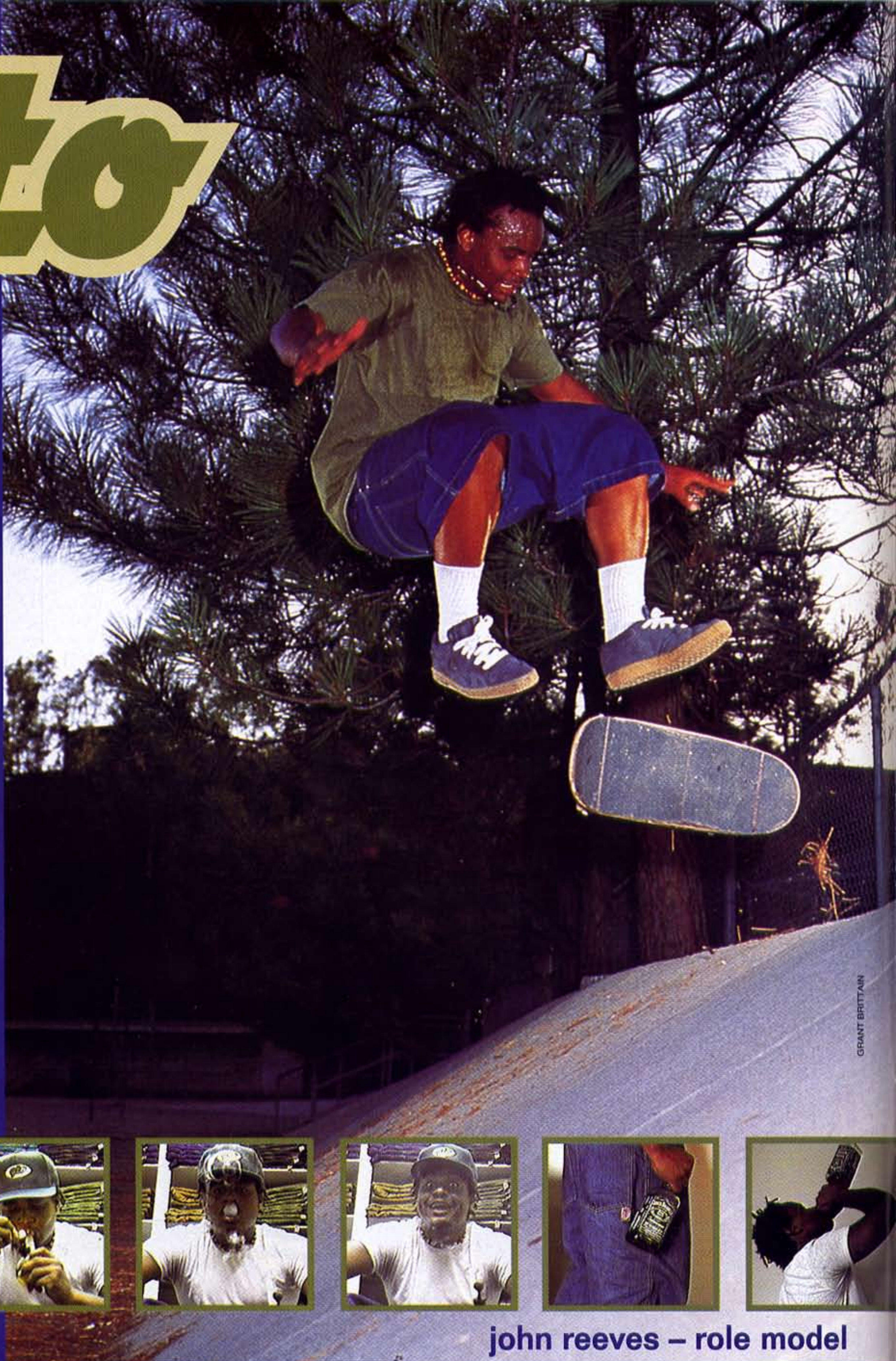


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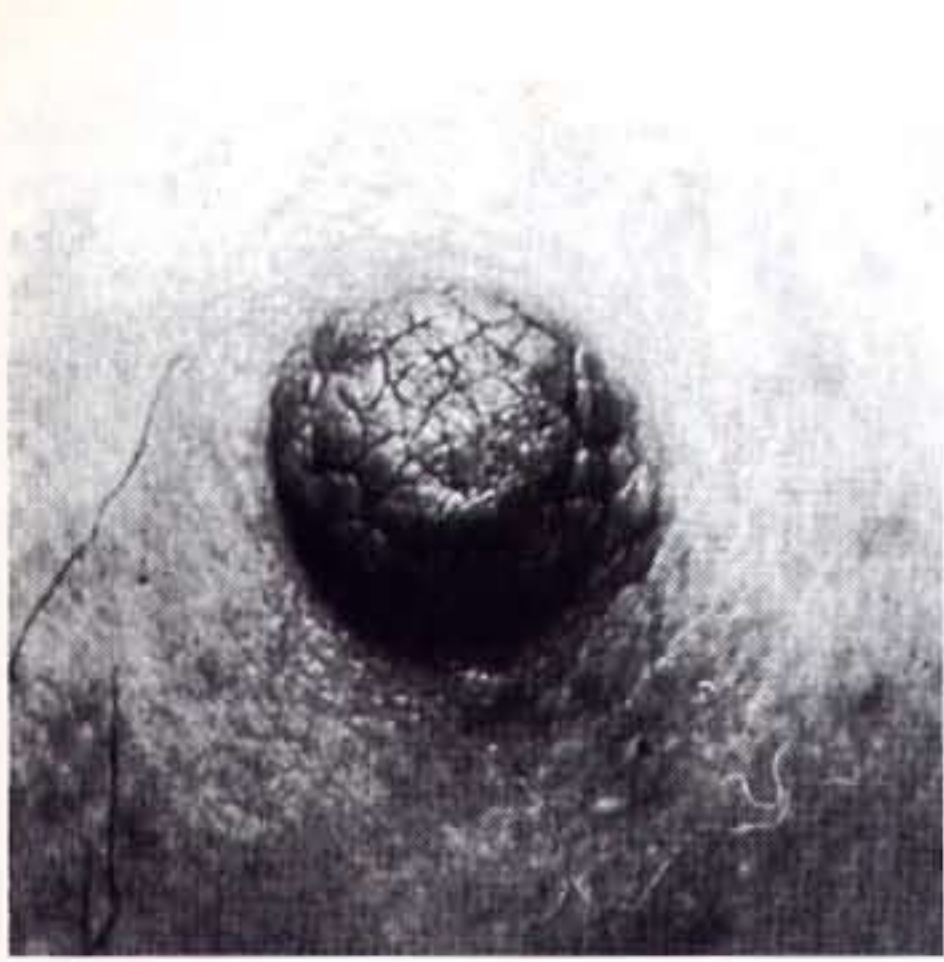
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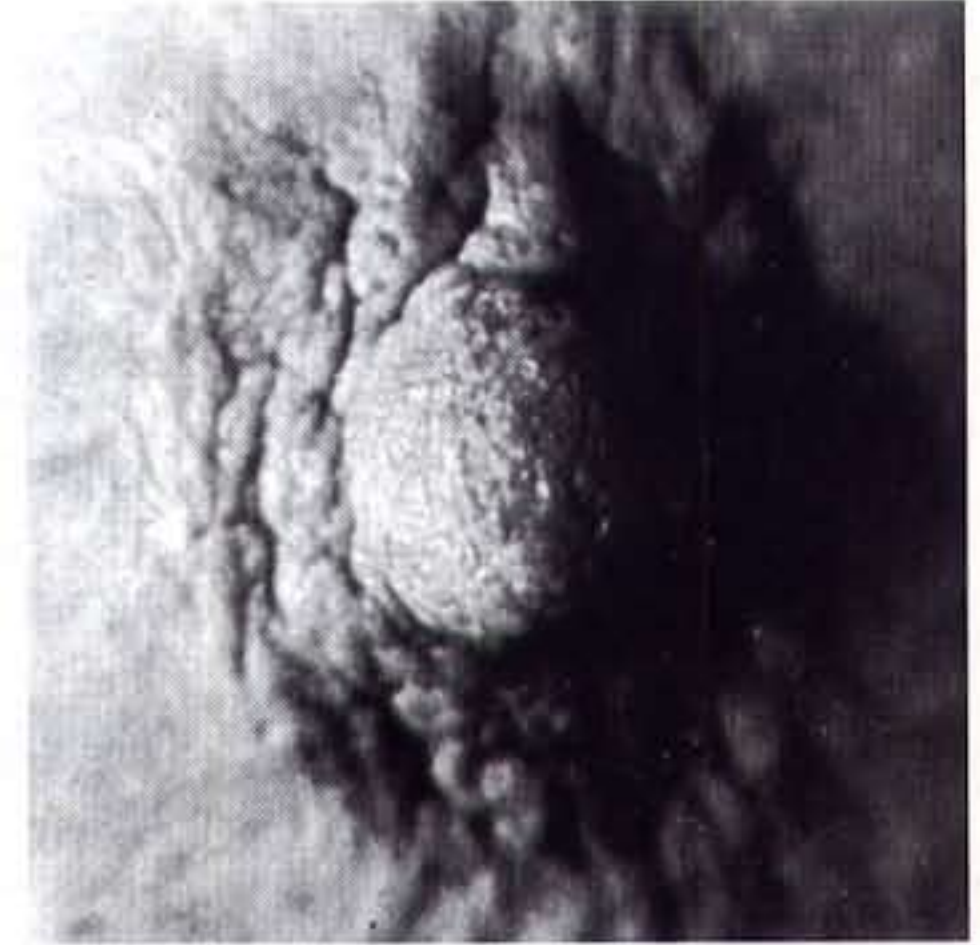
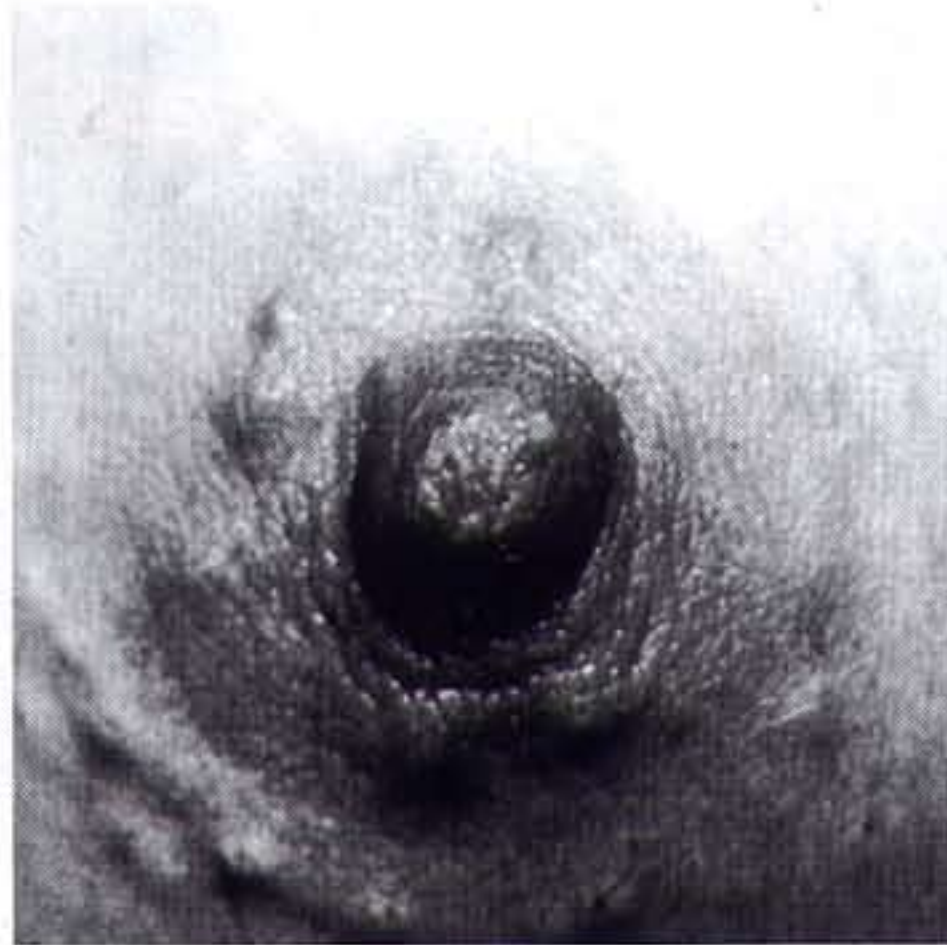
john reeves – role model

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news

Throughout the last couple of months, **Mike Vallely** and **Ed Templeton** had been trying to rid themselves of business partner **Dean Crystal**, and even approached **Rocco** to see if he would distribute their "new" company—an idea which Mike later rejected. The evil element of money still remained a disruptive factor within the company so Mike and Ed split, with Mike retaining the **Television** name and running it out of his garage with himself and **Jamul Williams** as the only pros. Following the dissolution of Television, **Ryan Fabry** now rides for **Birdhouse** while **Ed** is doing a company called **Toy Machine** under **Dorfman**.



Ed es loco.

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Maria Ternasky y su esposo Miguel.

One week after the premiere of **Virtual Reality**, **Mike Ternasky** married his long-time girlfriend **Mary**. The wedding took place in **Gilroy, CA**, the **garlic capital** of the world, with about a hundred people in attendance. Mike, along with partners **Danny Way** and **Ken Block** of **Droors**, is also developing a new **snowboard company** called **Type A**.

Jesse Neuhaus, **Chicago** native and former pro for both **Alva** and **Life**, is the current **day manager** of a fine little sandwich shop called **Pot Belly's**. Recently Jesse did a late night **dance club demo** at **Medusa's** along with fellow **Chicago** resident **Matt Hensley**, who flows him **ATM** product.



Tendras que usar esos estupidos anteojos para apreciar esto. Tony Hawk agarrando cola.

Surf photographer **Aaron Chang** is in the process of filming a **3-D documentary** involving skateboarding, surfing, snowboarding, and rock climbing. Rock climbing? For the skateboarding segment Aaron has been filming **Tony Hawk** at his half.

Earl, despite having written what we all thought to be a fairly **obvious** essay in last issue's foreword, is still **hated** by **Omar Hassan**. Isn't **reading comprehension** a requirement for college?



Senor Hassan

As the city officials of **Chicago** contemplated the **revision** of city laws concerning **skateboarding** which would include **steep** fines with possible **felony** arrest for "**violent property damage**," the rest of the city underwent post-game **Bulls victory riots**. Where some cities erupt in violence as a result of civil unrest, the impoverished south and west sides of **Chicago** went on a looting, burning, and pillaging spree to express their **happiness** over the **Chicago/Phoenix** outcome. Go Bulls.

Armando Barajas has quit **New Deal** and now spends a good deal of time with the **Block-head** team, or **Invisible** as it may now be called. Amateur, **Julio De La Cruz**, was also dropped from the **New Deal** team.



Julio con Armando

Shamiel Randel was recently released from **jail** where he had been spending time for **tagging**, one of those silly things that skateboarders do when they're bored. A prime example of this is the time some of the guys started tagging with **Raid** in the world reception area. Since then, tagging has been **outlawed** within the world offices.



No seas maricon, escribir.

Mike Crum and **Danny Mayer** now ride for **510**, the **Christian Kline** company which is run out of **Berkeley** but has financial moorings in the **Dorfman** empire. Further **Dorfman** follies include a proposed **skate park** at his **Irvine** warehouse. Don't forget to include a company outlet store to hold garage sales, **Brad**.

Trust Skateboards is a new company out of **Hayward, CA** with **Mako Urabe**, who recently **quit New School**, and **Joe Sierra** as pros. Let's see if they last as long as that dumbass at **Me Skateboards** did.

After you build a **gourmet kitchen** you need a **gourmet cook**, so, at **Natas's** suggestion, **Rocco** hired **Orb**, the guy who sold maps to the skaters' homes in **Animal Chin**, to prepare a **lunchtime** meal every working day for the main office staff. The average lunch consists of an item from each of the four main food groups. For the brave soul, an additive of **intestinal bulking agent** can be taken with the meal which is **supposed** to help flush the intestines out, but so far has only resulted in painful intestinal gas.



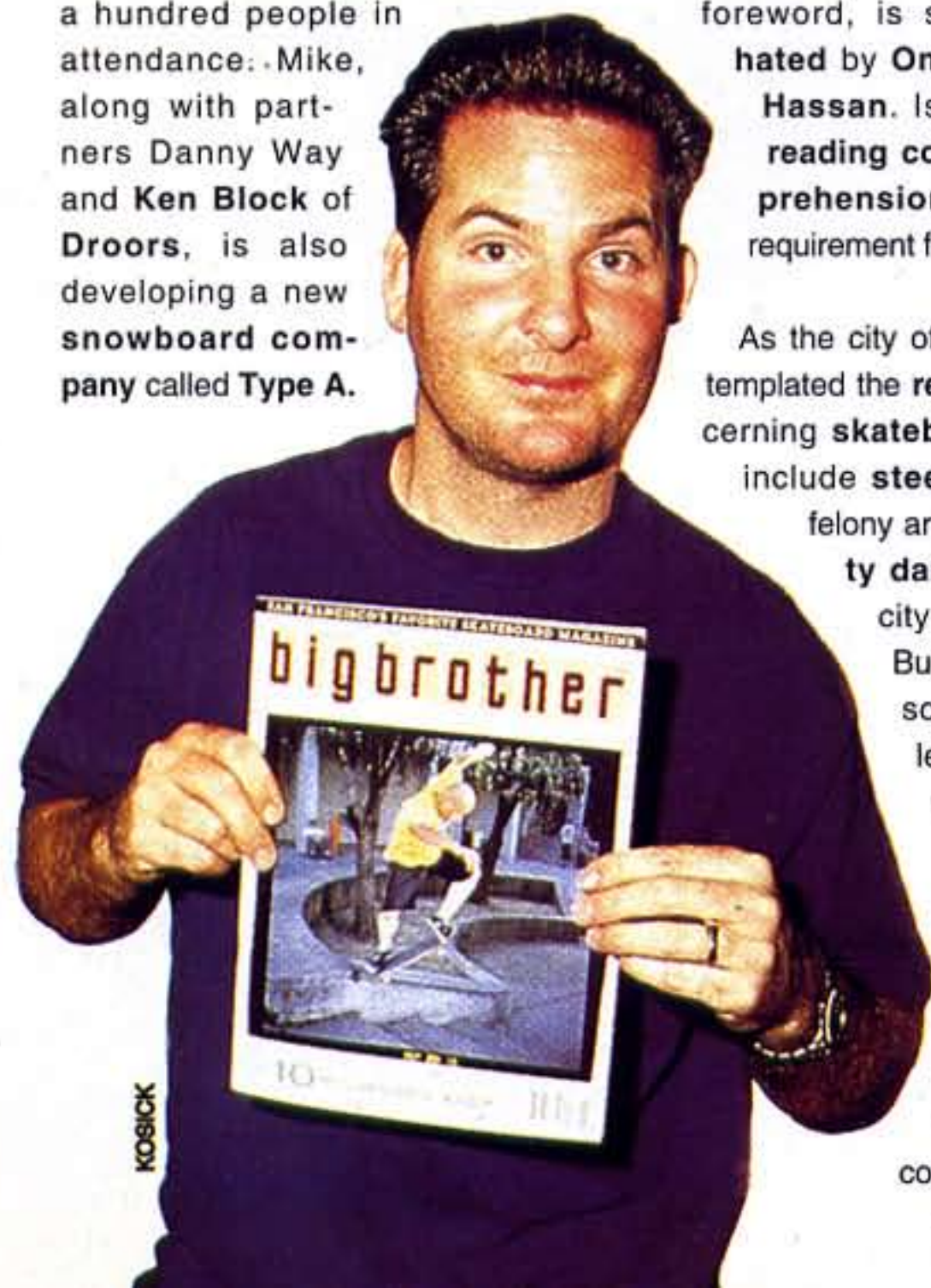
Senor Orb baila con los mariscos en la marmita.

Bert One Eagle Bradley took a spur of the moment plane trip to **Cleveland, OH** to do some skateboarding **stunts** for "**Double Dragon**," another upcoming **video game movie**, starring **Alyssa Milano**. Originally they had filmed **Mike McGill** but ended up losing the footage and were unable to contact him because he was vacationing on a cruise ship. In order to remain on schedule they settled for **Bert** and paid him **\$575** for his assistance.

Wing Ko and **Eric Matthies**, the **Chicago-based** duo who form **H-Gun Productions**, came out to **California** for a month to assist in some additional filming and the final editing of the new **world video**. Together they have directed and shot numerous music videos, some of which include **Soundgarden** and **Michael Jackson's Thriller**.



Eric y Wing—amigos de pelicula.





Lew, Andres, y Spike escogiendo ropa.

While the Dirt guys were back in New York doing an on location fashion shoot they were interviewed for a short segment on MTV's *House of Style*. Even though they were not interviewed by **Cindy Crawford** they did get the chance to meet her afterwards. Dirt may also be getting to **break** from **Sassy**. Instead of coming only with Sassy or a related Marvel Comics product, the magazine will be sold separately, so check it out.



Cindy la gratuita.

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Christian Hosoi received a part in the new **Janet Jackson** video, but did not get the opportunity to meet her. Along with his acting endeavors, Christian also sets up exclusive LA club parties where **Scott Oster** now finds gainful employment. Kick ass.

Eric Brunetti and **Slick** are now the sole owners of the **Fuct** brand name while the **Natas** and **Rocco** company will be changed to **Clutch**. Apparently, as it was in the glorious medieval dark ages, **might makes right**. The Fuct guys are also engaging in a **partnership** with **Xtra-Large** to form a new fresh clothing store called **Xtra-Fuct**.



Culo roto.



Culo roto total.

In the last issue we mentioned that **Spike** directed the latest **X** video, but neglected to mention that **Jeff** had a **starring** role in it. Keeping true to his physical fitness escapades at world, Jeff portrayed a **jogger**.

Miscellaneous

news: **John Reeves** was kicked off of **Fun** and is currently without a sponsor. While skating at **Lockwood**, **Mark Gonzales** broke his ankle. In a similar situation **Brian Lotti** dislocated his left shoulder. **Howard Stern's** autobiography is due out early this fall and will include numerous photos. **Gino Ianucci** has quit **Black Label**. **Brian Ferdinand** is now pro for **Focus**. **Baby Jesse** is dead.

Steve Berra, as a result of further Television fallout, has made his **fifth** team change, and now rides for the new **colossus** of the industry, **Foundation**. **Tod Swank** affectionately called it "a new challenge," but then went on to say he had to kick **Jason Rothmeyer** off the team because "he just wasn't cutting the cake." Jason might be riding for **Acme** now with **Steve Olsen** replacing him as **pro** for **Foundation**. Lastly, amateur **Tony Briseno** quit **Foundation** to ride for **Other Level** because **Tod** wasn't paying enough attention to him.

On the exceptionally boring evening of Thursday, July 1st **Marc**, **Sean**, and **Earl** set out upon the streets of **Los Angeles** in search of adventure and winded up in a seedier section of **Sunset Blvd**. After paging **Earl's drug dealers** and awaiting the return call at a street corner pay phone, they were approached by a **streetperson** who offered to let them use his calling card for a small fee.



Comience a llamar.

Declining his offer, **Earl** explained that they were waiting for a call. The guy then responded asking what he needed. "Marijuana," replied **Earl**, to which the man, being the helpful person that he was, offered to take them to a friend of his down the street who had some pot, or "chronic" as the guy called it, to sell. After walking several blocks and frequently calling **Earl "Billy Bob"**—that's what he said he called all white boys—he told **Marc** and **Sean** to wait while he and **Earl** crossed the street to cut the deal. Minutes later **Earl** returned and told them that he had given the guy fifteen dollars for the weed which he would soon be back with. **Earl** was confident of this since he had received as collateral the guy's calling card and his check cashing I.D. Both **Marc** and **Sean** informed **Earl** that both items were valueless and that he had been taken advantage of once again. Thus far, **Earl** has lost \$120 in street drug deals. As mild despair set in, the trio decided to stop by **Timothy Leary's** house in **Beverly Hills**. Upon arriving, a sign on his front door said "please come in" so **Earl** entered while **Marc** and **Sean** waited for him in the car to come get them. Once inside **Earl** forgot about his friends as **Dr. Leary** proffered some marijuana along with rolling papers. It was then that **Earl** faced the greatest challenge of his lifetime—the rolling of a joint in front of the **Godfather** of the drug culture. Despite the recent manifestations of **karma**, **Earl** successfully rolled his finest joint ever, which **Marc** helped him finish once he and **Sean** joined **Earl**. **Dr. Leary** had received **BB #6** in the mail just the day before and he and his other guests referred to the three as the "heroes of the day." After listening to some **Revolting Cocks** and engaging in small talk regarding "colonial dames," they decided to leave with **Timothy** extending an open invitation for them to come again.



Los deslizamientos de cola no se van por el inodoro de Tod.

famous quotations

"everytime i see him, he's got a new gun. that's what i like about keith."

—craig stecyk on keith cochrane

"oh, you have a groin injury? let me apply a moustache compress."

—jt imitating skateboard physician barry zaritsky

"i stalked him, but that doesn't make me a stalker per se."

—amy dalton on her fixation with keanu reeves

"for the cost of that wedding he could've bought three jet skis!"

—steve rocco regarding the almost \$20,000 ternasky wedding

"what's this supposed to be, an angry basketball?"

—rick kosick wondering what the mad circle stencil giveaway was

"you looked like a true asshole!"

—tim gavin about jeff's portrayal of a jogger in the x video

"if someone gets in my face, they're probably gonna get punched."

—charles barkley regarding his reputation for public relations

"fuck off, fat-ass! i'm not down with your scene."

—mark gonzales replying to rick kosick's request for a photo shoot

"the loner is the true artist."

—earl parker expressing his genius

"i feel sorry for that van, it's never going to break 60."

—michael arayata on rodney mullen driving the new tour van

"he gives us weed-smokers a bad name."

—marc mckee on earl's living up to the stereotypical pot smoker

"what's that magazine you can't read? oh yeah, ray gun."

—timothy leary while talking about other interesting magazines

potpourri

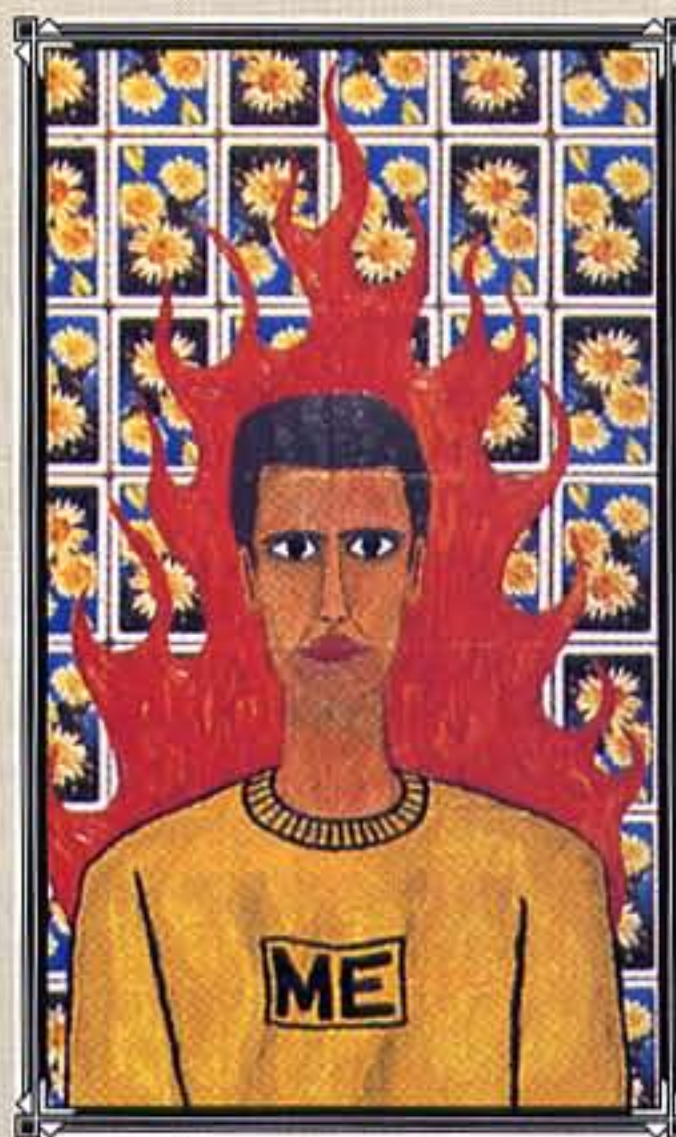
Farrell

Perry Farrell, shown here on an MTV video, has consistently proved to disgustingly suck so badly. From voodoo weddings to an Artist of the Year award, Perry has grown so raunch that many have said about him, "What a poser."

Perry was on the cover of Pulse magazine with the bassist from Primus. The type read, "The Lollapalooza generation." He supposedly journeyed out to California to find a new life. Poetry soon became his passion as he ricocheted throughout LA, a city of hot-shot third rate artists. Hits like "Classic Girl," were so sickening, but rememberable. His new song, "We'll make great pets," grades so low as a corny, mind-trip adaptation.

Perry, I would like to say you suck hard.—Earl Parker

P
E
R
Y



Me. "Hang on to your ego." - Frank Black.
"Fuck all that modern rock." - Tom Knox.



My favorite one of the group. A almost full hard-on waits on deck. The girl, ready as she'll ever be, doesn't mind the harsh colors of the room, or the fact that she's bent over in the center. A set of beige girly socks sums up the mood. The locale is at home, and the fever is urgent. As one result, the socks make the painting hot and sexy. Feet are awfully veiny. Socks on the carpet? If that thing becomes hard she'll be pushed across the room. Toes and their nails make good traction. Suck on her toes later, but first give her what she obviously wants.

The Art of Mr. Templeton

CAPTIONS BY EARL PARKER

Damn the World



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rhythm guitar and model-Jenny Sash

Arnold Schwarzenegger with Maria Shriver. Patsy Kensit. Jay, wife, and chin. Chevy sans hair dye

To me there is nothing finer than zipping through the LA streets and running across a movie set. It's a comforting feeling and one that reminds me that I live in Los Angeles; part of the Wisconsin in me as some would say. A recent Sunday afternoon was no exception and while meandering through the streets of Westwood, I stumbled across the preparation for the world premiere of Schwarzenegger's "Last Action Hero." Having heard rumors that this was to be the most extravagant premiere yet, I decided to stick it out and see if I would be able to see some stars, and besides, I felt more at ease here than the Plan B premiere. After standing stationary for almost five hours, I had begun to doubt my instincts until a number of limousines started to pull up. Within moments, famous people were walking only mere feet in front of me. As they were beset by TV reporters another wave of stars followed them. They too were all subsequently plagued by the paparazzi. Not being a particularly proud guy, I shot a number of pictures too. Then Arnold arrived. A man I've watched on the screen hundreds of times and who had become one of my heroes in that warped American way. Not having a shred of dignity, I stuck out my hand in a vain attempt to see if he would shake it. He did. Life is all about stories, some no matter how trivial, and I had just added one to my mine. Plus I got a free T-shirt.—Sean

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90210 UPDATE

JERRY ALDINI

While the 90210 crew was on hiatus for the summer, Fox chose to repeat the entire senior year season along with the pre-luding summer episodes. With the rapid succession of episodes airing every Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, it was great fun watching how time marched and ravaged across the face of Andrea. The best thing though was being able to plot the movements of Brenda's skull-roving left eye from week to week.—Sean

a boy named coole



The pubic triangle. Mustards, bricky pinks, and purples. Egyptians built their pyramids for their women. If I saw a girl coming at me like this I would think she had some kind of shirt fetish. A little bit smelly shirt. The girly underarm smell, with a well lit crotch. So, you've got the long slender tube legs, perfectly formed, the triangle, and then the entire warm soft body wrapped tight in a shirt. While it probably adds a touch of raw rushing instinct, the shirt will be pushed up making way for the male palm as it worships the belly, the taut lower back, and the shoulder blades.



Whatever I do, there's my girlfriend watching, giving support. Her problems are hard and her ways are, let me tell you, kind of strange sometimes. She is so beautiful.



The gaping mouth of Jordan. A sarcastic assertion. It doesn't matter if Michael wasn't on TV all the time, had his own shoe and helped guide thousands in a positive, sporting manifestation. He would still be a great basketball player. The best player in the NBA, sold his soul to the devil to become what he is today.

sal's asshole of the month

Kids, listen up. If you know of someone that's killing the skateboard scene, send a photo of him/her to:

Sal's Asshole of the Month Club
815 N. Nash
El Segundo, CA 90245

We'll do the rest.



This month's winner.

RICK HOWARD



Hoss the Chinese pot belly pig.

steve's pig

Remember Hoss? The pig Steve bought in 1989 for \$1500? The lady that sold the pig to Steve told him that he (the pig) was one of those special Chinese pigs that don't get much larger than 10 or 12 pounds and don't ever smell bad. Long before Steve could ever find out that he had been taken for the ride of his life and that Hoss was not so special at all, the pig was given to a better family that could give Hoss the love and attention that Steve could not. Steve gave them the pig with the same story that the lady told him. Well, four years later with Hoss nearing 300 pounds and smelling like a garbage dump, the loving family doesn't find Hoss (or Steve for that matter) special in any way. Hoss is just a fat and stinky pig.—Megan



Cooler has a fun name and he skates good too. Nollie heelflip noseslide to fakie.

SOCRATES

Contest Winner!

Morath in the House

(LA, that is.)

The one and only winner of the most famous contest in history, **the weekend with carl**, has already cashed his prize. Mike Morath of Tucson, Arizona has lived the dream. Let's talk to others about the event.



As are many times we will encounter in this lifetime, Mike's vacation was not fun. Don't let the "good times" comments and pretty girls on the left fool you. The look on his face was great when he found out I didn't have a home. Boy, did he look silly standing there with a suitcase and a skateboard. "That's why I came here. To skate," he said. Sal fired his 38 for action and Mike was shocked. We talked about nothing all night. In the morning the grocery-fortified Lotti and I prepared breakfast. Mike refused to eat, he wanted fast food. So, after a lot of torturous stalling I drove him to Carls Jr. where he bought a hamburger.

All Saturday afternoon for Mike was spent in the back seat while we drove throughout East LA looking for ghetto property to photograph. Mike, who owned a Kodak point-shooter, must have been pretty fed up with our six hours of rambling about high speed film, ASA settings, controlled lighting, D-76 developer, light speed lenses, fine grain, hard flashes, and latitude.

Mike kept hinting for us to take him to the skatepark. Not having found the fowlsh area we were looking for,

we drove him across the city to the skatepark where all the pros were going to be. The alarm sounded, Steve got all pissed and two policemen with dogs came. Saturday night we hit the Santa Monica 3rd street promenade where we planned to make an article on our contest winner. Mike got to tag along while Brian and I shot 175 frames of people's faces. The whole trip was worth it though, as Mike got to pose with two sophisticated "toughy" girls. "They rubbed my back and now I feel all relaxed," he commented.

Sunday morning Mike got to skate the park for ten minutes. A sample of those tran-nies. At the airport we practically forgot about him since there's so many "oldies" to photograph. I enjoyed having my guest, but I could tell Mike wished for more. I feel like a crum-my host.



Phone Interview with Mike

Pizza Hut! Is this for carry-out or delivery?

Can I talk to Mike Morath please?

This is Mike. Earl, what are you doin' callin' me at work. This is harrasment. What's up?

I just wanted to know how you were doin'?

I'm doin' alright, how 'bout you?

Good. So, did you have fun?

Of course I did. Just about the floor part.

The what?

The sleeping on the floor part. I expected simpler accomodations.

Like a bed or something?

At least yeah, but I'm not gonna give you guys flack for that, ya know...shit. I got to watch Sal hit on you so that was really nice, it was rewarding. I'd really like to come back out, are you and Brian moving out of that warehouse or what?

Yeah, what were your favorite parts of the trip?

My favorite part, uh...probably going down to Santa Monica with you guys when we hung out that night, and skating the park.

What do you at your hut?

I take orders on the phone, it's through computers. Send it through and the cooks make it. I'm one of those guys that talks to you and takes your orders.

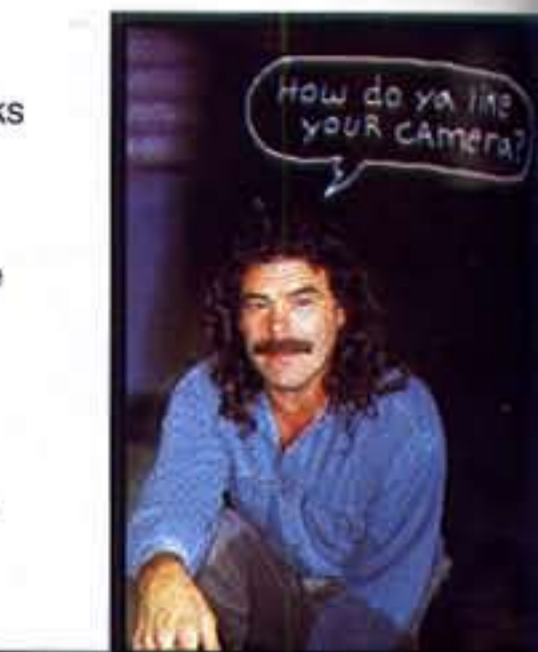
Do you have an earpiece on and stuff?

Yeah, just like that. I was really thinkin' about goin' back there sometime.

Back where?

Back to El Segundo. (phone rings) I gotta go dude. Call me sometime, we'll chit-chat dude, we'll do some old time talkin'.

I guess I was wrong.



Scotty Day!

all words, captions by Scotty Day

Why'd you send us that letter*?

I dunno man, Well, because I uh...

Are you a writer?

I dunno, I skate and shit, you know. I just think Schmidt, well he's a good writer, he's not a lame writer. I just figured if he could be on your staff then...

You think Tom sucks?

I don't think he sucks. He's mediocre at best. I don't think he's doing much for your magazine. I understand he ranks in your scheme of things there, and it's probably necessary to have someone like him around.

Right. Well what would you want to write for us?

Umm, I don't know, I'd just basically take a road trip somewhere. I mean I just came back from New Jersey like yesterday, 'cause there's some girlie up there that like I've been friends with for years, and she like created this big sense of urgency for me to be up there and she's like fine—she's like mint condition. I like flew up there just to be with this girl for like the past week. It was worth it. Believe me, it was worth it. Just that, and a lot of it was just like whole nights of drinkin' binges and basically havin' a good time.

OK well what if we said right here and now just write something and send it in?

Sure, infact I was just coming home to regroup and get like a wardrobe change and sweat this alcohol out of me.

Alright. Sweat the alcohol out, get the wardrobe change, go on the roadtrip and write about it. We need photos, though.

I can get a camera. That's no big deal.

That's settled then, I guess. Are you gonna write something now?

Sure, if you guys want me to. Yeah definitely.

*See this issue's letters column

NBC's new remake of the old show, Route 66, should document the crazy shit that I've encountered on the road. Hey, so I'm not a high-profile media pretty boy like Dan Cortese, but then again, who the fuck wants to be a "dig-me" like him anyway? But that's not important now. What is important is upholding the journalistic integrity of Big Brother while simultaneously maintaining a healthy diet of getting blue-nosed, grabbing asses and just running amok in general; after all, that is life's rich pageant, isn't it?

Michelle and I had been friends for about 4 years now, and I've always wanted to get with her, but any chance of that was ruined when I became impatient and got humptles from one of her friends; which got back to her, and quick. Worst yet, her friend was the girlfriend of Darren Menditto, only the hugest guy at the skatepark and he wanted to twist my neck. But she said she needed to see me, and I was flying up to rage with my bros and see some family anyway. I looked at it like, "Well, I'll check her out and if it's lame then I can always back out, utilizing the network of former girlfriends and homdogs that I have up there."



I think I'm keeping this one. She's mint.

Alright, so I'm not even in town yet, and I've already scammed on an airline employee and not the long-anticipated Michelle. All I could think of during that frantic first evening was the porno flick "Sizzling Stewardesses" that my friend Lightning Lou gave me several years earlier. I definitely have a strong argument for a sequel. I think that when you're in your early 20's the emphasis is less and less on skateboarding and more and more on dippin' the Big D. Or maybe skating has always been secondary to my lust for vaginal activity and the focus has merely shifted from snotty immature bitches to going up in real women. And the older the better. Older females (30-40) make my blood boil. As you can see by the visual aid of me with this certain flight attendant outside this cocktail party at the Marriot-New Brunswick, my younger blood definitely got boiling to my horny delight that evening. From coach to 1st class in one swift maneuver.

My last brush with an older woman was in Breckenridge this past spring when a fly ski instructor and I ended up what could have been a classic weekend. This trip

was originally so I could get some snowboarding in with a friend of mine that I blew off and wouldn't see again for a while, and the ski bunny ended up swatting me anyway, after investing too much time and I assume not enough cash. (I rarely spend any cake on bitches—a great way to keep up your dignity and dinero at the same time).

So my skes at the Jersey shore were now looking quite friendly. I was so hung over from the dozen or so Absolut and tonics at the party that all I wanted to do was rip a few bongers and get some much-needed sleep. But first things first. I needed to skate. After a solo session at the Manasquan Reservoir (a really hellacious downhill too) I began to question myself about

Another day, another cocktail party.

my place in this hellish scheme of things. "Why do I still do this?" I suck. Never sponsored. Never even been in a contest. Aah, but I live larger than most; I can safely say that because after analyzing and dissecting my life to date and comparing it to those around me, I've come to the realization that I have done and seen more in 20+ years than most people will do their entire life. Shit, I've been getting more ass than a toilet seat!

I had already laid the evil groundwork for Michelle, so come nightfall, it was time to pursue. By the end of the evening, I suppose she got sick of my "I'm a nice guy; I would never make the first move" routine and pulled me in by the collar and laid a killer smooch on me. My second guessing the previous day was unnecessary and all turned out well. And I'm still her friend. I didn't even get that Post Ejaculation Depression I normally get with chicks.

And when I added it all up it made perfect sense. I mean, I change girlfriends like I change my underwear, so factor that in with drugs and wretched excess, mix generously with some good imported beer and cocktails and you have yourself "Laughing at America," which is the only way to live in this decade of uncertainty we call the 90's.

Scotty is currently working on his life story.

"Shit, I've been getting more ass than a toilet seat!"



Shmoozing the jet set/rich society. Notice she has a pearl necklace even before we got to the room.

music section

FRANK BLACK

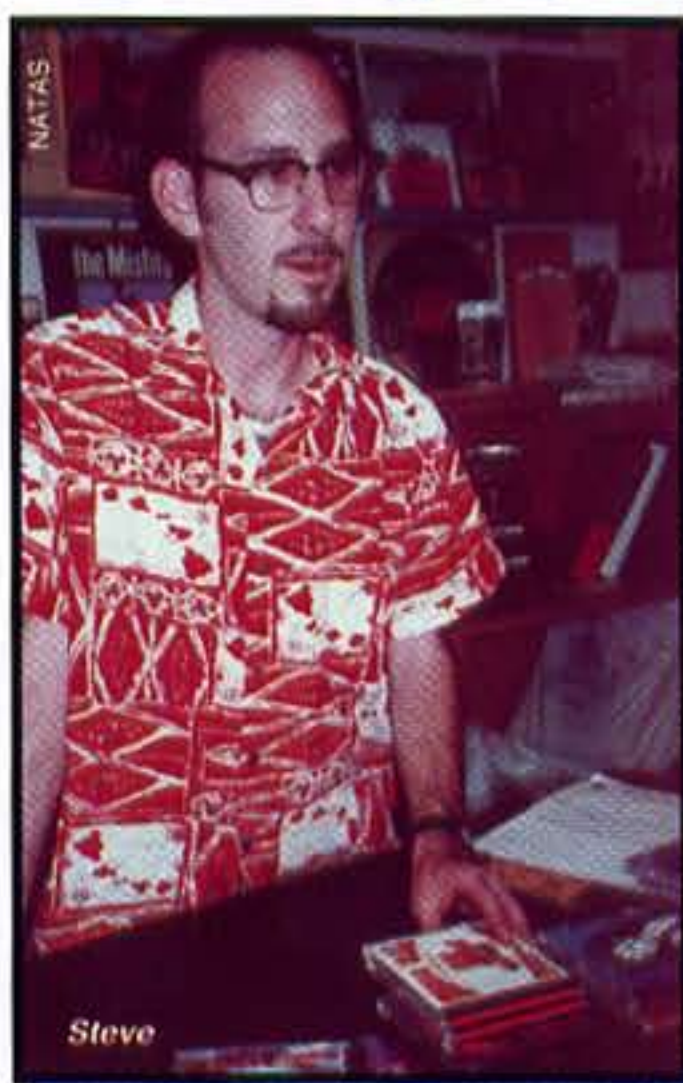
at The Palace July 14th

After neglecting to use the magazine as an excuse for free press passes to the Suzanne Vega and Sugar shows, I decided to call Elektra about the upcoming Frank Black show. I was soon put in touch with Joel in Publicity. Joel proved to be the true employee—cold, matter-of-fact, and even used the speaker phone. A striking contrast to Melissa at Def American. The first time I inquired about press passes from Joel, he asked me to send him the magazine first. No problem, I quickly sent 3 issues out to him. After a week or two with no response, I called Joel back to make sure he got them. He had, and this time he took down our phone number and said he'd call me back on the passes. A couple of days before the show, I still hadn't heard from Elektra so I called them once more and was told by Joel to call back the day of the show. Alright, so I did. After being put on hold three times I was informed that there were no tickets available. Subsequently, I had to quickly run to Tower and purchase a ticket and, once at the show, was denied access with my camera. Thanks, Joel.

—Sean Cliver



"Nothing Here is All That Good"



Steve

discs will receive favorable publicity within the various magazines they're sent to. (One of those "I'll scratch your back, you scratch mine" deals). Well, since we're just a skateboard magazine we thought it would be best to leave this record review stuff up to someone in the music industry.

Enter "Steve." Steve rates records for a living. You see, Steve works as a cashier at a record store, and part of his job is to rate the used CDs people trade in every day. We got Steve to review our CDs for us. "Nothing here is all that good," he said, always hoping for used discs he can pay top dollar for. "The most we'll pay for a used CD is \$6.00. That's for something like Neil Young 'Unplugged,' or the new one from Barbara Streisand. Stuff like that we know will sell instead of sitting on the shelf forever. The new Maria McKee would've been good. I could've given you 6 dollars for that. The lowest amount we'll pay for a CD is 25¢, and that's when it's not even 'case value.' What we do then is throw away the CD and the paper inserts and just save the case so we can use it to replace a CD with a broken one." When all 9 CDs had been rated the total came to 13 bucks—not even enough to buy one new one. —Marc

As you all know, one of the "perks" of running a major magazine is the coveted "free CD," distributed by all the big record companies as promotion. Nothing in life is free though, and these giveaways are conducted under the assumption that these

CD:	50¢	\$1	\$2	\$3
Digital Orgasm "IT"				
Monster Magnet "SuperJudge"				
Swell "Well?"				
Raging Slab "Dynamite Monster Boogie Concert"				
Ned's Atomic Dustbin "Are You Normal"				
Damn the Machine "Damn the Machine"				
Gumball "Super Tasty"				
Teddy Bears "Extra Pleasure"				
Paw "Dragline"				
Steve's Rating:				



Danzig Video Preview

Danzig has just released a new video for the song "It's Coming Down" off their new EP. Here are just some of the scenes that you won't be able to see when they play it in its censored form on MTV.



At the end of the video someone hammers a nail through their penis!

U T O P I A



all new!



send hate mail to: 336 anacapa st • santa barbara, ca 93101 • 805-966-7399 • fax 805-962-5399

FRANK

HIRATA





an interview by tony buyalos and eric hatch

As always, something goes wrong throughout the course of each issue and this one was no exception—only this time the circumstances were a little bit beyond our control. Originally this interview was meant to spotlight Danny Way, at least until he was temporarily incarcerated under the suspicion of murder, which threw off the delicate shooting schedule of Kosick and conflicted with our deadline. Before you view the Hard Copy version, allegedly, while attending a rap club of sorts in LA with Josh Swindell, Danny was allegedly repeatedly hit upon by a homosexual. After fending off several attempts, Danny became irritated and allegedly punched the guy rendering him unconscious. A nearby bouncer saw the scuffle and came over to deal with the alleged problem and allegedly knocked Danny out cold. After coming to, Danny was told that they had to leave immediately by Josh whose pants were allegedly covered in blood. Allegedly, Josh had taken the gay guy aside and allegedly beat him to death. Danny was arrested for the murder, and Josh disappeared. So, we called Frank Hirata whose interview was scheduled for next issue. However, just as he had begun to shoot with Kosick, Frank allegedly blew out his knee and was unable to skate for the duration of our deadline.



Tony Buyalos and Eric Hatch interviewed Frank up in Santa Barbara while we scrambled to find photos and sequences of him from various sources. Incidentally, the questions regarding homosexual encounters was strictly by coincidence and had nothing to do with the preceding story.

Note: Big Brother does not advocate "gay-bashing" or murder.



EH: Do you ever play with yourself?

FH: Oh, god! You guys could do better than that. Do you mean how many times in a week, or a day?

EH: I mean ever!

FH: Every day, I swear!

EH: Every day?

FH: Sometimes twice.

EH: What's your record in a day?

FH: Once in the morning, and I'm gone all day so at night I have to catch up. I don't hide it, that's for sure. It's no fun if you hide it!

EH: Who else do you know who jacks it?

FH: If you've never jacked-it, something is wrong with you. So, I guess I don't know anyone who hasn't except my friend Manny, but he just won't admit it.

TB: What are your 10 favorite things?

FH: Okay, I'll start with #1 'cause there's no countdown. The first one would be rice.

TB: Rice?

FH: Rice. Just white rice, you know. Holidays at my grandma's house. She always cooks the best Japanese food. The Japanese tradition is, you eat at like 1 o'clock and there always has to be enough food for seconds because we eat again about an hour later. I also like driving my car. It's one of my favorite things to do.

TB: Driving fast, or just driving in general?

FH: I like driving on tight roads with no cars around, like around my parents house up north. Driving up north is rad 'cause there's hardly any cops, and the roads are really good. They're real windy and you can go through redwood trees and stuff like that. So, driving up to my mom's house. Buying new porno mags is also one of my favorite things to do. It's rad 'cause it's scary—but then you have it, and then you want to get home real quick so you can look at it. I like to go into real cheesy stores, you know, like real sleazy ones, like you don't think any people are going to be hanging out, and then it's not that hard. On the same lines as that, probably, jacking off is probably one of my favorite things.

TB: Shut up.

FH: I swear.

APE: Frank needs a girlfriend.

FH: No, even when I had a girlfriend it didn't matter. It doesn't matter, it's funner 'cause you don't have to deal with anything afterwards, you can do what you want afterwards. Buying new music. That's one of my favorite things to do. Going into a store and finding a CD that you've wanted for a long time.

Skateboarding. Going to Disneyland on shrooms is probably one of my favorite things I've ever done.

TB: Really?

FH: That was super rad though. All the rides were so rad. You're just happy the whole time. Couldn't stop smiling. It felt so rad. Going into Toon Town. All the rides like the Haunted House and Space Mountain. Space Mountain was so rad. It was bad. I like coming up to see you guys. How many is that?

TB: You haven't mentioned girls.

FH: Oh. Oh yeah. Um, yeah, girls are one of them, definitely. Probably number two, but they're also kind of beat too. My favorite thing is to find somebody that's cool like finding friends you know that are super nice, and have the same interests and you can relate with. That's probably my favorite thing because that's just rad. Mario for instance, got me into a lot of really good music and stuff. So friends that have other things to share. That would be number one, man. Number one.

TB: Ever put your foot in your mouth?

FH: Today I put my foot in my mouth. You know the Think graphics? All right, I was out in the back [at Shorty's] and I was just sitting out there and looking at that Think board, you know, checking it out, you know, and I asked Dillan, "Do you like these graphics?" and he said "Yeah, they're all right." And I'm all "Eh," and he said "I like the black background." I said "Who does these graphics?" Just like that. Then Mark's all, "Me" and I said "Oh, nice graphics." The way it came out I was like kind of bagging on them, you know. Because those graphics were so bad, dude. They're nasty. I mean I'm not denying that one bit, but I just felt





stupid 'cause he was right there.

TB: **Do you hate anybody?**

FH: No.

TB: **Nobody at all?**

FH: No.

TB: **Do you think it's good to take some time off when you get out of high school, before you go to college, to live for awhile, just travel around and do shit?**

FH: Yeah, totally. I did it. You get the chance to stop, relax for a little while, kind of get out of that routine you were in for 12 years,

and once you get out of that you can kind of realize what you want to do. You might be able to find out what you like to do instead of going straight back into school, doing the same thing over again, studying for something that you're not sure that you want to do. Just take a year or two off and go out and do stuff, and then you'll know what you want to do. You have to go out and experience some things first. There's so many things I want to do.

TB: **Are you making clothes now?**

FH: Yes! Folded is the name and the stuff is bad ass! Super clean and original. My friend John is really doing a lot of the work so I



TONY BUYALOS



Photo: If there was a bull under Frank, he would be a rodeo star. There isn't so that makes him a professional skateoarder. Sequence: This is what you would call a long and healthy f/s blunt slide to fakie pivot grind.

can skate and do my thing and promote it. Ken Block is helping so much. Teaching John computer stuff and Tommy and Rob from XYZ are pushing *Folded*. Troy from *Ideal* helped us get started too. We have lots of good friends that are there to help. Thanks.

TB: What's the raddest scene you have ever seen in a porno?

FH: (Frank jumps up and grabs the tape recorder and holds it close to his mouth. His eyes are bugging out of his head. He likes this question) All right! This is a rad question! There's this lesbian team, right? And this is when the butt-beads come into play.

Do you know what Ben-Wa butt-beads are? They're on a string. Okay, there's this scene and it shows the girl's butt and it's bent over and there's this other girl with her and the girl's butt is all greasy and the other girl starts feeding these beads into her butt. They're spaced 3 inches apart. She gets all four in and starts with the dildo. Time passes and just before she cums, the beads are pulled from her raw butthole. And the girl just freaks out! It was the best scene ever! Chrome dildo!

TB: Do you think it's better to ride for a skater-owned company like Foundation where it's a privilege to ride for the team, rather than the team is privileged to have you?

FH: It's way better because it is a privilege to skate for a company where all the members are working together to make the company succeed and really want to make it the best.

TB: Who all skates for Foundation?

FH: Well, there is one am, Heath Kirchart. He has a cool name and is super nice and is really good, too. He is our single and only amateur. There's Steve Berra, he's our new guy. Josh Beagle, the original guy. He's sort of the team manager, and through thick and thin he has been there. Ronnie Creager, he's super, super rad, and Steve

Olson. He is rad! He's a new pro with his own style already. He didn't borrow anybody else's. He is definitely his own self.

TB: Are you going on tour?

FH: Yeah, we're leaving on the 24th of July and coming back the 24th of August.

TB: Where are you going? All around the US?

FH: I'm not sure exactly where yet.

TB: Is this [Santa Barbara] gonna be your first stop?

FH: Yee-up. For the video premiere.

TB: Where's the video premiere gonna be?

FH: It's gonna be at the Shorty's skateboard shop "The House of Skatin'!"

TB: "Church", you dope!

FH: Oh yeah, ha, ha, ha. Church, house, whatever.

TB: What's the gnarliest thing you ever did when you were a kid?

FH: What did I do? I guess I can't believe that I shoplifted so much when I was younger.

TB: Really.

FH: Yeah. I went from store to store with Manny. We'd go to the Embarcadero in Morro Bay and go to every single store and shoplift something, and by the end we'd have a big pile of stuff we'd just stick in the corner. I don't believe we used to do that. Just for fun. Steal everything. Every day we'd do it. I'd have all this new stuff and my mom would ask where I got it from, and I'd say "I traded Manny some stuff for it."

TB: Was it expensive stuff?

FH: There were watches sometimes. Mostly toys, though.

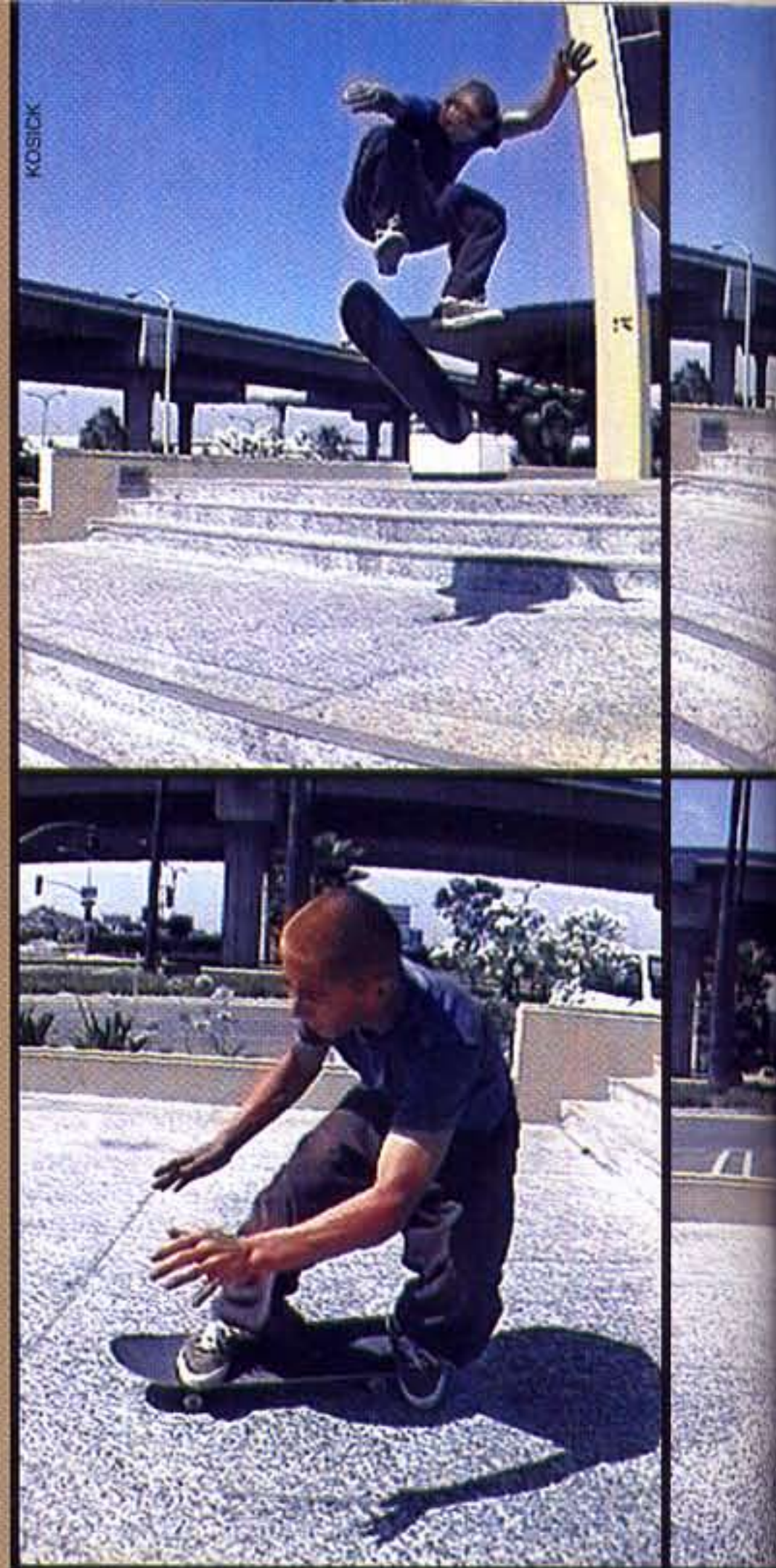
TB: What's the most embarrassing thing that's ever happened to you?

FH: I can't think of anything, dude.

TB: What was a typical

Saturday morning for you as a kid?

FH: Wake up early. Sometimes at 5:00 AM. Eat frozen peas and watch cartoons until 9:00 AM. Felix the Cat



was first. I won 50 dollars once from my uncle's friend when I was in the 2nd grade. I was eating frozen peas and he said "I bet you can't make a pea in that glass across the room. I'll give you 50 bucks if you do it." I grabbed a pea out of the bag and sank it in the glass! My mom made him pay me.

TB: What is a typical Saturday now?

FH: Wake up around 9:00 AM. I try to wake up early but it's difficult sometimes. I usually stay up until around 2:00 AM. So, I wake up, shower, poo, put music on, get dressed, eat, make sure I have all my bills ready to be mailed, call my friends to see what's up, and then I'm off until that evening.

TB: When you were younger, why did people call your tricks "taco-stand-air" and "taquito-roll?"

FH: Because they thought I was a Mexican, well they knew I was Japanese, but I look Mexican. So they always gave me hell about it. Any kind of trick I'd do they would make up some sort of Mexican name for it. Like I would do early





Here's Frank doing a switchstance kickflip down a double set here in good ol' Industrial El Segundo! You'd almost think we never left this place.

grab backside air tweaks and they would yell, "Yeah! Taquito-roll!"

TB: Who said that shit?

FH: Erik Hatch, Chris and Russ.

TB: Do you think kids are especially mean to each other?

FH: Yeah, but it's a sort of loving-mean type of thing, but they are just friends so they joke around.

TB: Do you think people get too serious when they get old? Because it seems like people get all bummed when other people talk shit about them but it's just like when you were a kid! Because you just don't take stuff so seriously when you're a kid. It's just part of growing up.

FH: Yeah, you don't care when you are a kid. It's better! Even if you got mad it didn't last long because you didn't like to feel that way. So you just forgot it and had fun again. Kids say what they mean and feel. Adults hide what they feel and say things that people want to hear.

TB: Do you think it's better just to be honest?

FH: Ha, ha! It's hard sometimes. Yeah, but you can't sometimes unless you are pals and the person won't hate you or get the wrong impression.

TB: Just as far as making fun of each other. Like when you were a kid and you did a backside air and all your friends yelled "Ah, Taquito-roll!" But if your at Embarcadero or something and someone does a trick and you say, "Ah, that was so stinky!" Someone would probably get super bummed, they can't deal with it.

FH: Yeah, it's weird, huh?

TB: Ever been approached by a homosexual?

FH: No, but I'm still waiting for the day that happens.

TB: Why?

FH: I don't know, it will just be weird.

TB: My step-father used to tell me, "Don't worry, in your lifetime you will be approached by a gay guy who will want to suck your dick or something. I was all "What?!?" He said, "Basically, tell them you're not interested and if they push it any further you just kick their ass!"

FH: Yeah, I would say sorry you have the wrong guy and if they were persistent about it, I would probably just leave and get away!

TB: Who have you been skating with lately?

FH: Mostly Josh Beagle because he likes this girl by my house so he always wants to stay the night and make me mad. He's super fun to be around. But actually, I've been skating with all the Foundation people because we're filming for our video.

TB: Do you want to give us your address and have kids send you pornographic material?

FH: Yeah! Send it to Foundation.



TB: What about lotion?

FH: Please! Whatever they can send will help. I can always use extra gear.



You may think we forgot the photo credit on this sequence but we didn't. Switchstance 360 kickflip to pivot grind.

enamorous



jason dill



The forty minute drive spanning the distance between La Habra and Huntington Beach is completed nearly every day by either one of these carless comrades. The taller one, who prefers wearing medium to light colored denim pants, has a problem with smiling. He never stops, happiness is incessant. Relishing an unspoken parental trust earned only through good behavior, this lad sets his own schedule. After returning home for the occasional family dinner, he laboriously blends whimsical expression into quality pen and ink drawings best suited to achieve adequate consumer appreciation. Entering the oppressive domain of a third year in high school is the shorter skater, who is less concerned with producing customized graphics and more appreciative of snug fitting tee-shirts. He has many brothers and sisters and respects his mother even though he has to employ deceptive tactics for gaining permission to get out. Short one has a problem with talking. He never stops, out comes the potent truth. Together they invest a livelihood of pressed maple over cement. —*Brian Lottl*

Koslick's dank expression suspends Jason Dill in a sad-plant style frontside noseslide.

SCHLOSSBACH



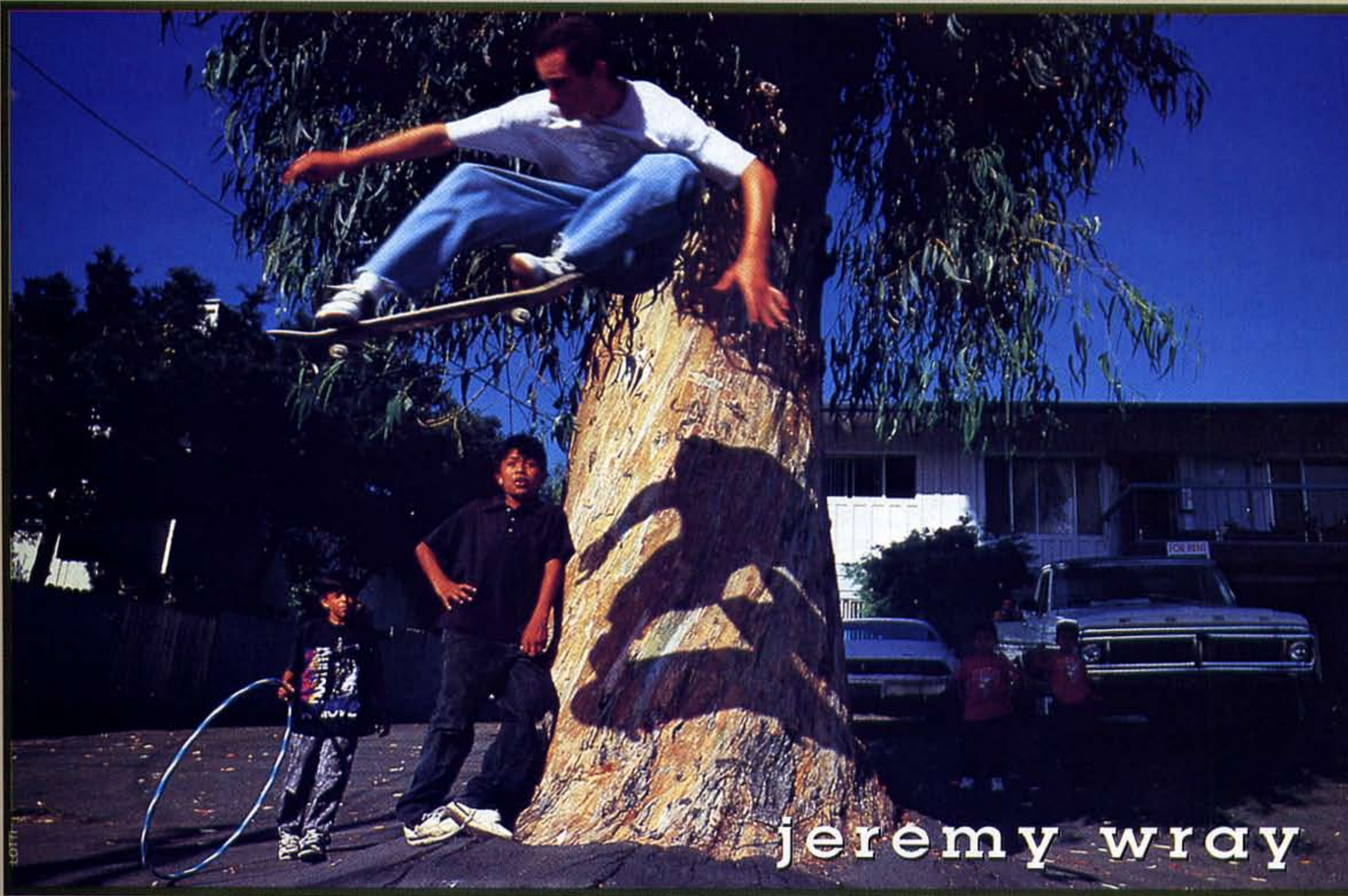
Jason used to be the hyper little kid that big skate-bulles would make crash off steep jump ramps. F/s 180 kickflip over some space.

afficionados



SCHLOSSBACH

Jeremy Wray negotiates the temperamental hip at Lockwood for a brief visit to the fence.



LOTTI

jeremy wray

For himself and the pleasure of others, Jeremy Wray tucks a fiddle in the most conventional of styles.



Micke Alba
 Steve Alba
 Ron Allen
 Tony Alva
 Pierre Andre
 Gator Mark Anthony
 Reggie Barnes
 Ricky Barnes
 Neil Blender
 Blaze Blouin
 Chris Borst
 Bod Boyle
 Tom Boyle
 Chris Branagh
 Dan Booger Brown
 Don Brown
 Peanut Brown
 Steve Caballero

Rodney Cassel
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 Steve Claar
 Randy Colvin
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 Mike Conroy
 Chris Cook
 Dave Crabb
 Mike Crespin
 Darryl Delgado
 Adrian Demain
 Spidey Demontrand
 Primo Desiderio
 Steve Douglas

Eric Uressen
 Dave Duncan
 Eddie Elguera
 John Fabrique
 Ken Fillion
 Chris Gentry
 John Gibson
 Godoy Bro
 John Gray
 Eric Grigley
 Eric Grisham
 Tom Groholski
 Jeff Grosso
 Nicky Guerrero
 Tommy Guerrero

Henry Gutierrez
 Dave Hackett
 Kevin Harris
 Jef Hartsel
 Tony Hawk
 Ffej Hedges
 Matt Hensley
 Christian Hosoi
 Jesse
 Lou Jones
 Lesto
 Natas Ka

washed up

Once big name pros, now big names. Pros of the past have something to say. Most go on to become artists because that's what a terrific skateboarder is, an artist. Other's channel their art into the working world, confident and content about their labor and appreciative of the self-rewardance extracted. Glamorous top-notchers such as Hosoi have reached a mountain peak of fame and fast-lane maneuverability. Even though you don't have to skate forever, you can still remember your days of skating, because after all, some never stop being great.

jeff grosso, ricky barnes, and eric nash

I stepped right onto a row of carpet tacks. Jeff Grosso lives here with many other punks. "Food and sleep are for the weak," was my first warning. A number of roommates surrounded me and took my remaining fourteen dollars. "This will be spent on beer." I was in a state of paranoia. What were they going to do next. Two girls, Michelle and Krissy stared on. It was be punk or die around here. They disclosed my marijuana. "What are you gonna do with this?"

I raised my head. The boys eyes burned with spirit. The girls hummed with tenderness. "I'm gonna...I'm gonna roll a joint right now."

"Way to go Earl! Hey, he's rollin' a joint!"



Jarvi, and Grosso's other friends embody the glory days of punk.



Krissy put her arm around me. Presents were coming my way. "Hi, I'm Derek Jones. I like your writing. Wanna get a picture of my dick? I tat-



toed "Sid" on it. I really like "kicking it" with Grosso and his friends. They really are punk, but amongst trusted ones they are very kind-hearted and gentle on the inside. Grosso would like everybody to know that him and Lucero can out run anybody. Much props to Black Label. "Punk. It's the finest way to be." -Ricky Barnes "Doin' drugs and stayin' up all night is alright if you can handle it. I like being good and workin'. Almost just like a regular person." I certainly didn't want to give Ricky the idea that I was gonna mess with him, but I had to get a photo of this master. He took no heed. "Ricky, I'm not

Johnee Kopp
 Mark Lake
 Hans Lindgren
 Joe Lopes
 Alan Losi
 John Lucero
 Rob Magii
 Tony Magnusson
 Brian Mank
 Josh Marlowe
 Jesse Martinez
 Mike McGill
 Kietn Mick
 Rob Nertz
 Allen Midgett
 Chris Miller
 Andrew Morrison
 Lance Mountain
 Aaron Murray
 Eric Nash
 Owen Nieder
 Pat Ngoho
 Monty Nolder
 Corey O'Brian
 Scott Oster
 Ken Park
 Mark Partain
 Jeff Phillips
 Gregor Rankine
 Bobby Reeves
 Mieke Reyes
 JJ Rogers
 Rob Roskopp
 Lee Rubin
 Eddie Reatigue
 Denny Riordan
 Mark Roach
 Steve Rocco
 Billy Ruff
 Steve Saiz
 Steve Salisian
 Eric Sanderson
 Gary Sanderson
 Bob Schmeltzer
 Steve Schriener
 Brennan Schreffel
 Ben Schroeder
 John Schulves
 Ken Sigalos
 Reese Simpson
 Buck Smith
 Doug Smith
 Fred Smith
 Mike Smith
 Kevin Stannars
 Graham Stanners
 Scott Stanton
 Steve Steadham
 Tod Swank
 Cameron Tabbytite
 Jim Thiebaud
 JT
 Bill Tocco
 Chuck Treece
 Ray Underhill
 Mike Vallely
 Sergie Ventura
 Danny Webster
 Per Welinder
 Dan Wilkes
 Rick Winsor
 Mike Yousseffor

SKATEERS

by earl parker



Huntington Beach girl. She looks like a piece of sand.



Ricky Barnes

eddie reategui



The mack daddy.

I was just a grommet skateboarder. Lot a skateparks around. We were just inventing all the tricks, getting crazy and the next thing you know Stacy Peralta goes, "Hey, you wanna skate for Powell? You'll be the first on our amateur team." All the sudden...Boom! Boxes of free shit. Start hangin' out with Christian. "Eddie man, I'll be the pro, you'll be the amateur, we'll be travelin' all around the world just ragin'." I quit Powell and started on Alva. Stacy was a good guy, but just kind of a goody-two-shoe. Tony Alva had a leather jacket, he played in a punk rock band. That was more my lifestyle.

Boom! Christian quit a week after I got on and started Hosoi Skateboards. Came out with the Hammerhead series. So then I was the Alva pro. Tony was rad. Next thing ya know I'm in high school makin' bank. I got my pro model on the line sellin' and everybody all the sudden is starin' at me. They don't stare anymore, but they did in the days. At first I thought they wanted to fight. Not long before I was travelin' all over the world. Can you imagine that. Imagine every time you leave it was an adventure, and I've been on so many of them.

So you're ragin'?

Oh yeah, ragin'. People are payin' you for the clothes you're wearin', chicks are just like, "Wow." Everybody wants to smoke fatties with you. I haven't had a job my whole life.



Eric Nash and similar looking friend.

gonna write anything bad about you."

"I know, I'm a good guy."

A man approached me, who I thought was Eric Nash. Name was Paul, and he was an Eric Nash look-alike. Skateboarding's own is on the left. Eric's been studying and giving surfing a try. "He was a real professional. Worked well with the camera and is one of the nicest guys you could ever meet." —Kosick

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 Ffei Hedges
 Matt Hensley
 Christian Hosoi
 Jason Jesse
 Marty Jimenez
 Craig Johnson
 Joe Johnson
 Jeff Jones
 Eric Jueden
 Jeff Kendall
 Bryce Kanights
 Lester Kasai
 Natas Kaupas

jesse martinez

I tried to get Rocco to puff many times, when we were on the hobo tour. I was riding for Powell and he was riding for Vision. We just got together and went. I worked the Powell credit card man. Those were the good old days. He's all, "C'mon man, use your card!"

I was winning everything and Powell goes, "You need more publicity, why don't you go with Rocco and wind up anywhere, show your face." Stacy gives me five hundred bucks and I guess they forgot I had the corporate card in my pocket! So me and Rocco end up goin' butt wild. We pick up Vallery, we pick up somebody else. We run outta money half way so we start workin' the card. Rocco showed me how to overrun it. "You can get more out of it if you do this." We just dumped the van and bought tickets home. So, I was talking to my girlfriend and then got on the plane and I realized, "Fuck, I left the corporation card in the phone." All the bills came

and they almost fired me. I had to pay four grand. Rocco, all he had to say was, "I'll pay you back." He never did. He's a good manipulator. He worked me.

The beginning years with me and Rocco, our boards used to snap on impact off the ground. It was so funny man. We sent out three hundred, we got three hundred back. Rocco sent nobody a new board, nobody got a new one. Rocco's like, "Fuck them, they bought it and broke it." We went to a wood factory, right, they were a furniture company, they never made a skateboard in their life. Rocco's all, "Here's how ya do it, it's so easy." Pulled out a plank and made it and fuckin' it fuckin' sucked, dude. It sucked. I'd have to take four to a demo cuz I'd break every one of them—so embarrassing. We made pants—the button fell off after one washing. The cheap bastard put like one stitching. That's it, only one dude, no lie. I'm all, "Rocco, what are you doing?"



Jesse Martinez

john thomas

When did you cut off the dread locks?
 About 6 months ago. I had my dreads for about 4-5 years, ever since I became a Rastafarian. The dreads of a Rasta are a symbol taken from the Old Testament book of Numbers Chapter 6. They were symbolic of the reproach man was willing to take from the world around him for his faith. I cut my hair because I felt like it wasn't like I had to have dreads to be a Rasta, it was really more internal. People sure see me differently though.

Did it used to scrape against your cheeks and stuff?

Yeah, sometimes. It got kinda hot and itchy in the summer or when I'd skate. The worst was when you were sleeping and rolled over you got a mouth full of hair.

Is it kinda like you're a radiator head?

Yeah, a wool sweater wrapped around your head 24 hours a day.

I noticed on the trampoline you can still tweak the airs.

I have one good knee left.

So you used to be launch ramp king?

Oh sure, of Venice Beach. Me, Jesse, Hartsel, and Cooksie. Wake up, smoke a bunch of pot and skate the ramps in



Johnee Kopp
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 Mike Vallely
 Sergie Ventura
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washed up SKATERS

Venice all day. I was wearin' Chucks for awhile until I got Air Jordans from this kid who used to skate at the beach all the time. They were fully second hand shoes. I did an Alva ad wearing them and Nike saw it, they dug the ad so they made billboards all over the country.

Those were the best jump ramp shoes. Good padding, but not too much so you couldn't feel the board. Did you get to travel much?

I got to travel around the world. I have friends in Amsterdam and all kinds of foreign cities. There's more coffee shops than you can go to in Amsterdam. About four hundred maybe. Amsterdam's a real international place for arts. We would visit a lot of Rasta organizations along the way. I'm a member of the Twelve Tribes of Israel.

What's the greatest lesson you've learned thus far in life?
 Just to appreciate life. Seriously. Having

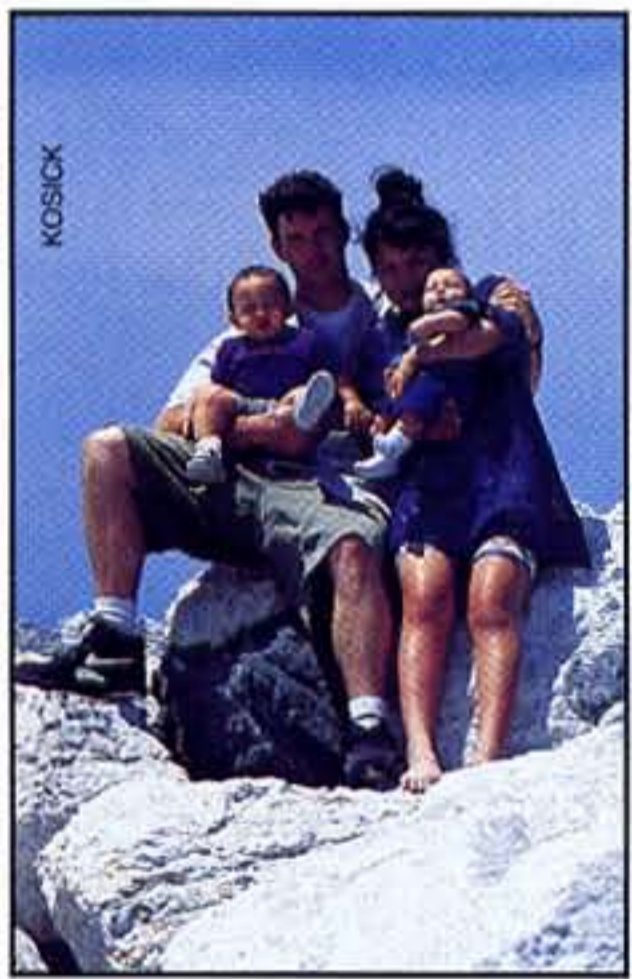
two kids is the most important thing in the world to me. Appreciating that I gave them a life and learning what people have to go through to take care of other people. Really learning that lesson.

Is it very rewarding to have kids?
 Oh, it's the most rewarding thing. To see someone that's part of me and also part of someone I love, my wife, and see that manifest.

Do you get sick of takin' care of it?
 You get tired to a certain point and get bummed out, but then you go through the realization that it's not forever and all the things you want to do now will still be around. Waking up at three in the morning is just for a time. I'm really into

learning now, that's what it's all about.

JT works at world industries laying out and designing graphics on the computer. He also started a clothing company with Jesse called Venice 1905.



The sanctuary of the family.



JT has the form and ugliness held by old standards.

lester kasai



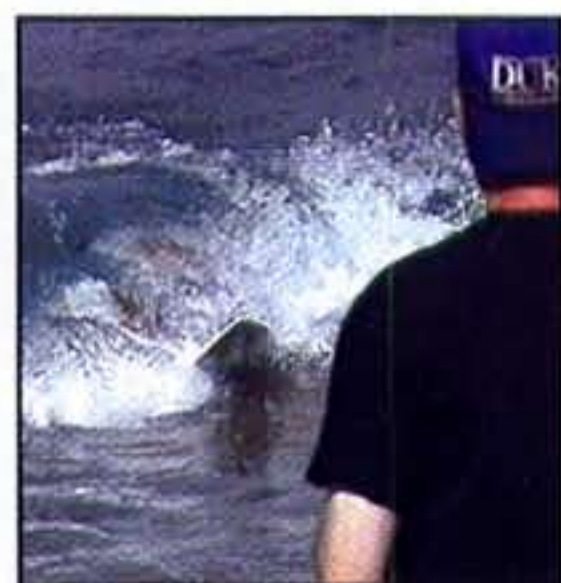
It's like really quick, gotta make split decisions or ya get jacked!

Does skimboarding affect your soul?
 Yeah, it does. You know I never used to like the beach and then I got into skimboarding. I don't like surfing, it's kinda hard to get into that scene, it's real trippy.

Cuz everybody thinks everyone else is a kook? Is that it?

Stuff like that. They're all cool, but a lot of times guys push you out. Skimmings more underground, it's not big yet. No one knows about it. I do it about every other day.

Have you ever gotten air before?
 Skimmin'? Yeah, I can get little backside ollies. I launch off these little waves, the secondaries.



Lester Kasai, skimmin'.



If Simon Woodstock had Dan Dreobl's nickname he would wear silly super hero costumes instead of bathing suits.





KOSICK



CLIVER



Although I'm more of a breast man, this ass rocks! -Cliver

Rick shot this for the Danny Way interview that had to be postponed. Kickflip Indy grab at Chicken's.



SCHLOSSBACH

Although Kris Markovich is riding a 101 board here, this is current footage of him doing a switchstance b/s 180 heel flip.



Your favorite skater as indicated by the reader's survey results. Daewon fakie 360 kickflips on the ominous Beryl bank.

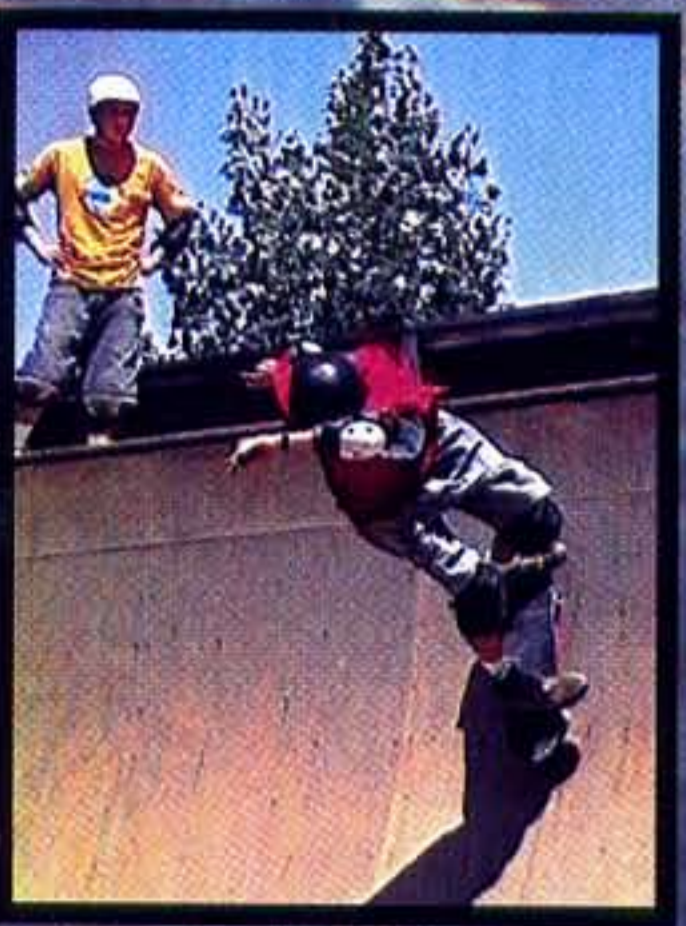
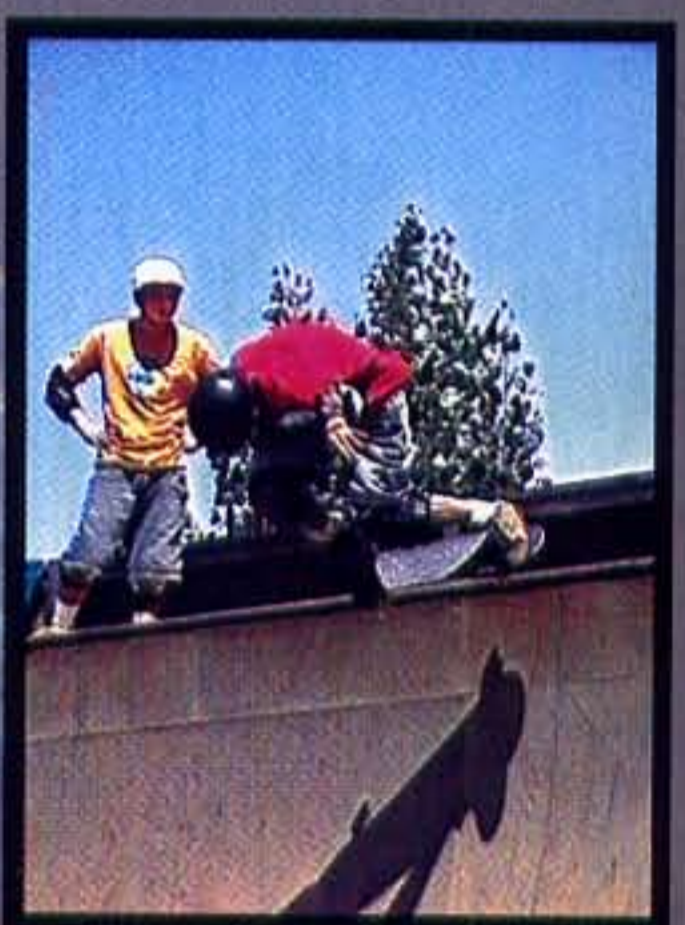
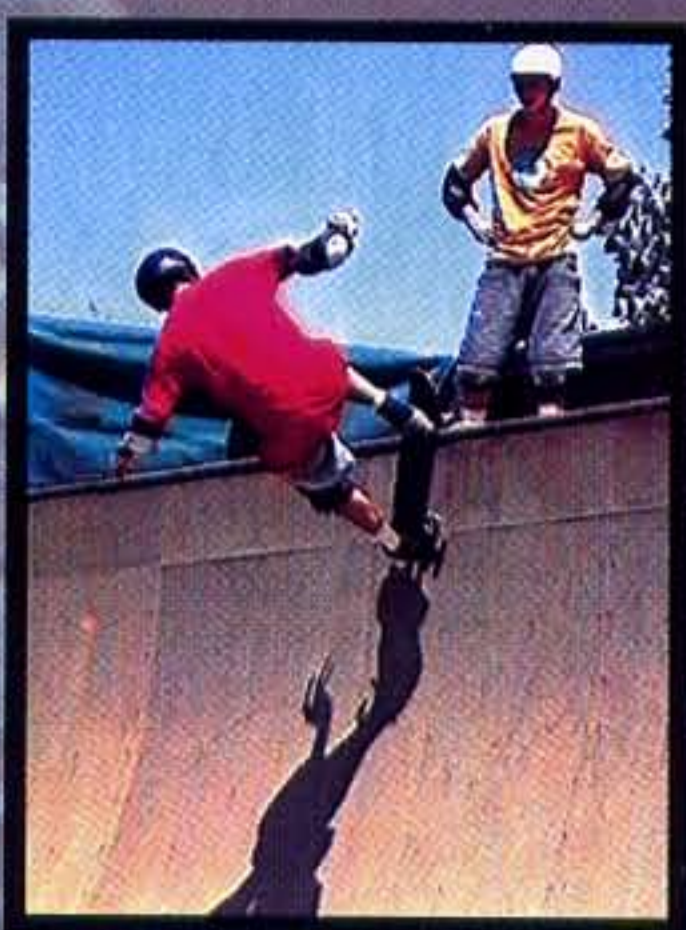
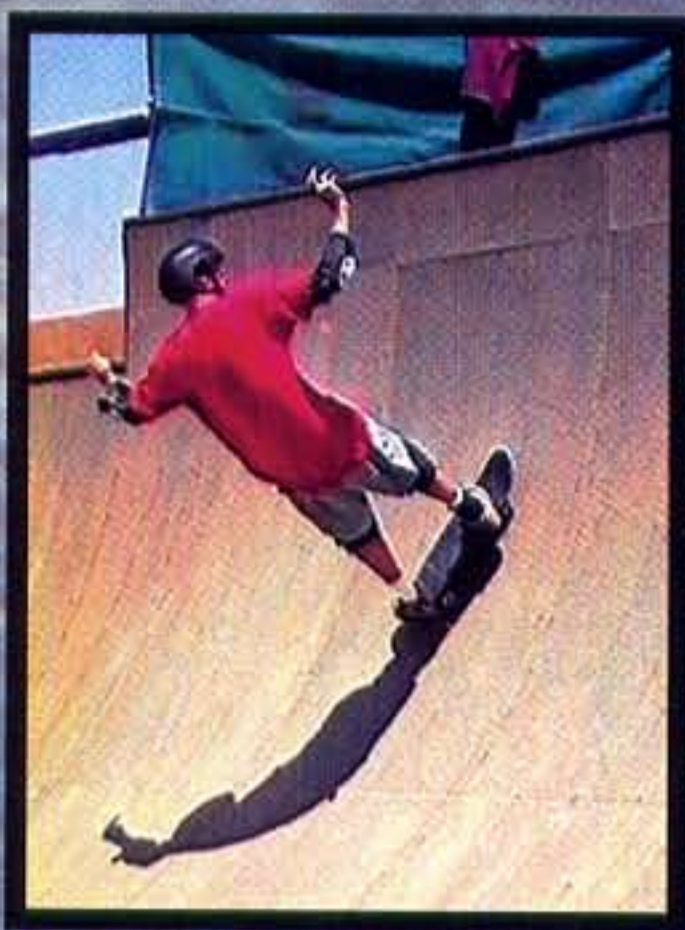
Big Brother



KOSICK



SOCRATES

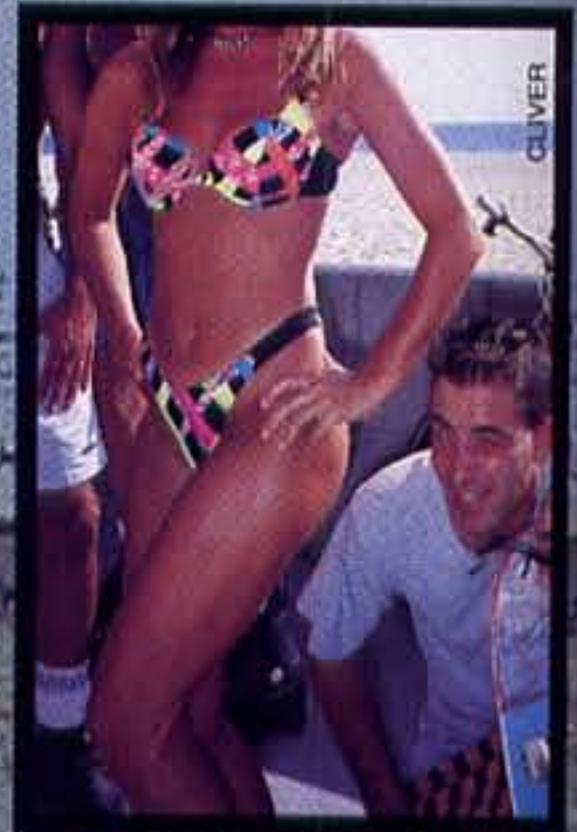


Tony Hawk backside alley-oop blunt slides around an overwhelmed Sal Rocco Jr.



DALLARD

Tom Knox still skates for Santa Cruz, one of our prominent advertisers. Flip trick.

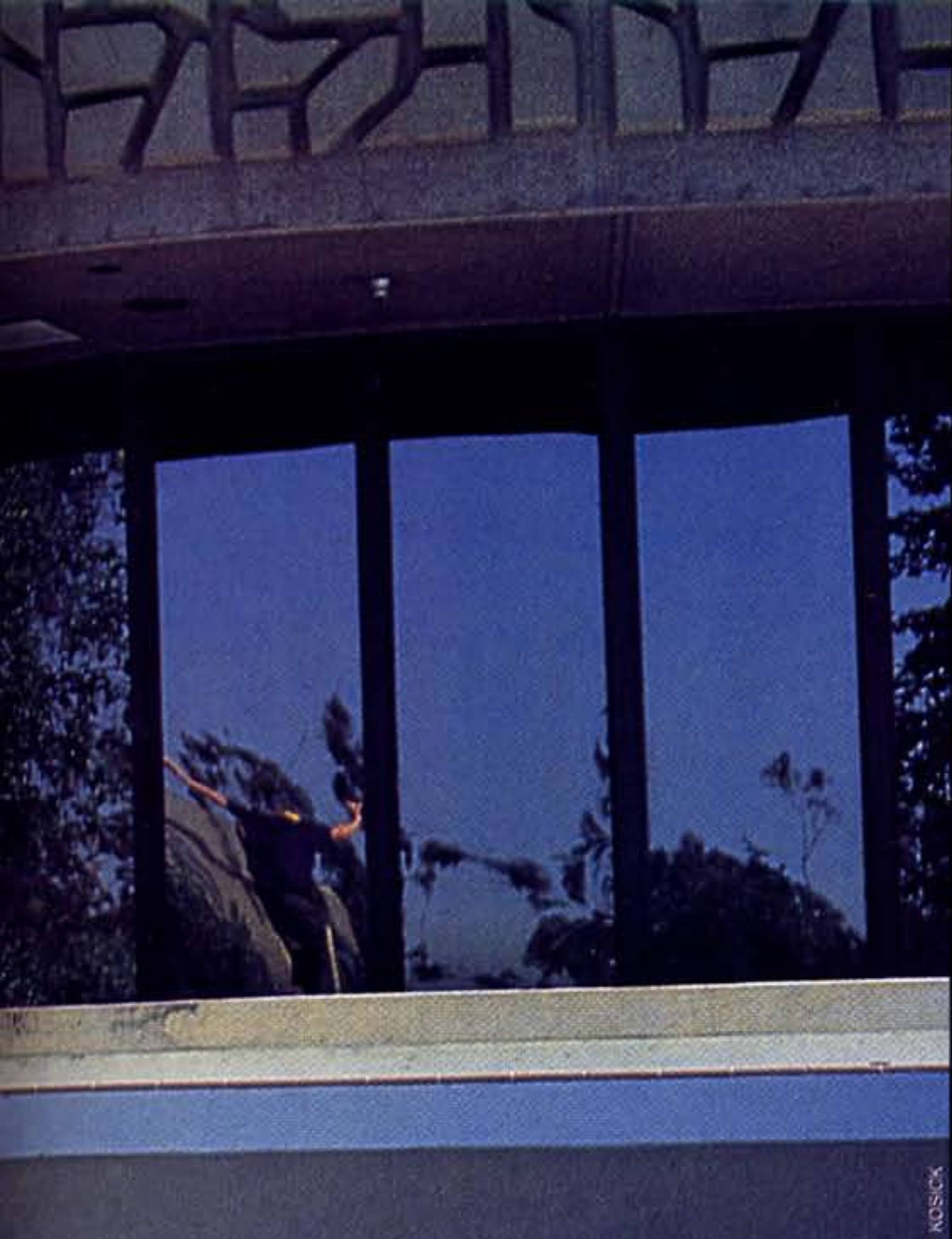


Naked wife painter, Ed Temploton f/s 180 nosegrinds because he can. Inset: Sal with a few of Manhattan Beach's finest.



Switchstance 1/2 cab nosegrind to b/s 180 out. Guy Mariano sets the standards.

TIM DOWLING

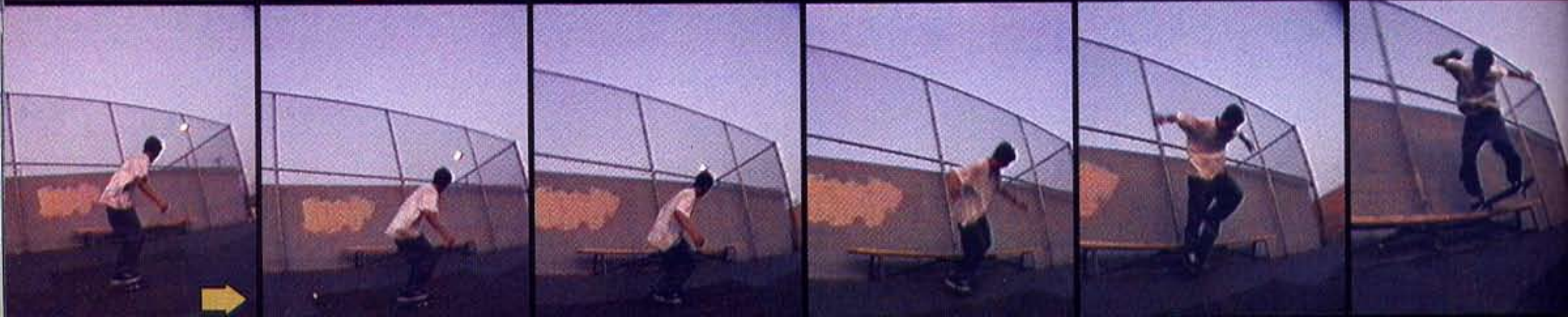


Sometimes the innocent act of picking out skateboard pictures can ruin your day. Take this picture here of Mike Santarossa for example. He's not doing anything great, and if he had it would've been a sequence. But, it looks kinda nice. Once it was all layed out, Brian Lotti walked in and said we were dumb to run this shot because we had run a similar trick by Mike as a sequence in last issue . We were supposed to be a more responsible skateboard magazine. We almost even fucked up by running a sequence of someone else with the same trick that Jeron had done three issues ago. Goddamn it.





Often imitated, never duplicated Big Brother once again ups the ante by setting a new world record for the longest recorded sequence—68 frames. 72 were grabbed but we





had to drop four frames to fit in these two lovely rollerskating beach girls. Gino Iannucci stars in the sequence while Sal barges again.



CLIVERASSPHOTOS83

SCHLOSSBACH



Some of the best pictures in the world can be taken under the shady trees of the Orange County and El Segundo area. Eric Ricks does an ollie in one such place on Sepulveda Blvd.





Ocean Howell makes his debut in our magazine doing a f/s 180 kickflip to fakie nose grind. Wee man Jason pops up at the beach to make a cameo in our swimsuit pictures.

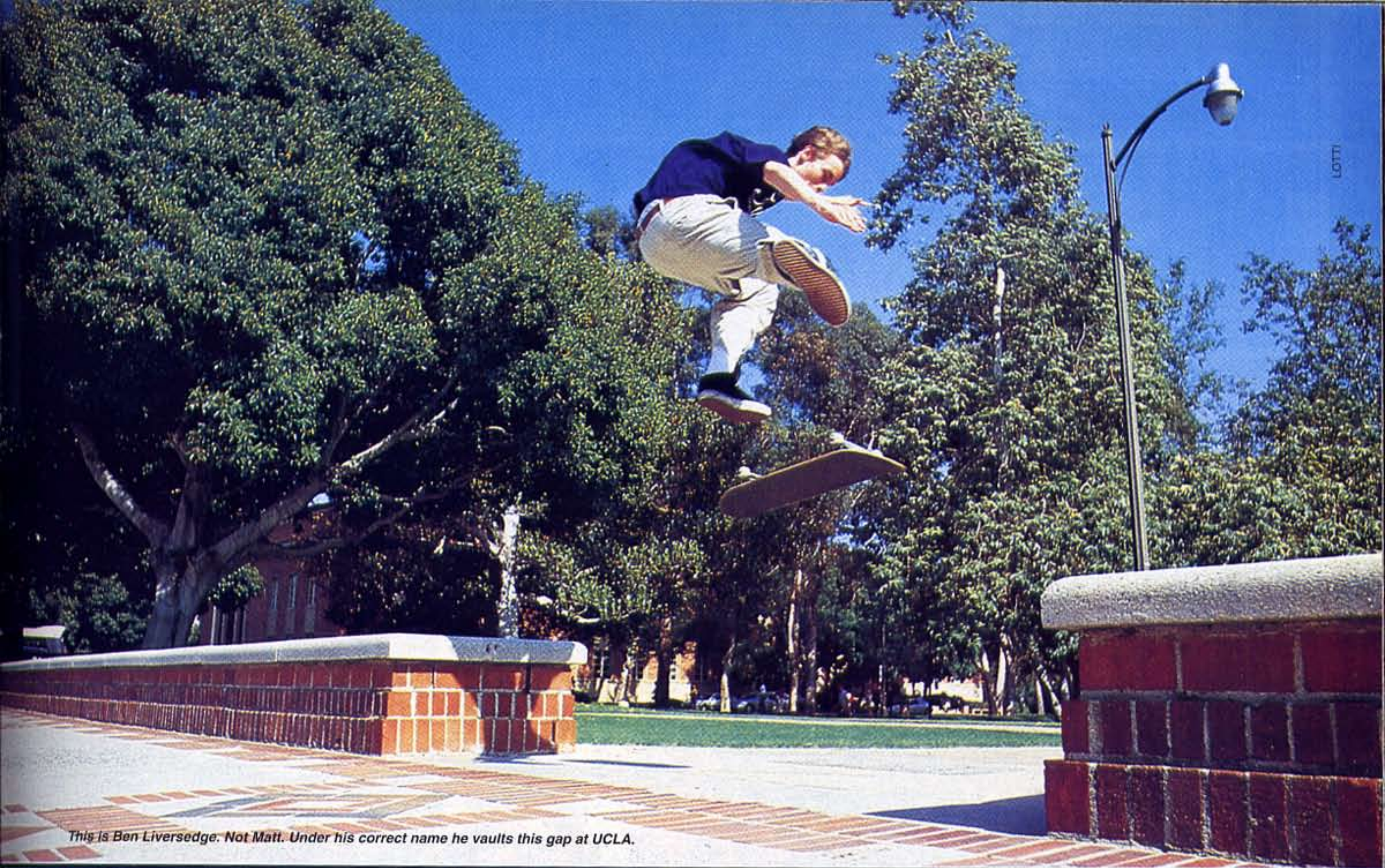


Kareem switchstance 360 ollie flips the homemade 3rd Street gap that replaced the mini ramp at the world park.

SCHLOSSBACH



Joey Suriel pops a trick in the old stomping grounds of Earl—the Miracle Mile of Wilshire Blvd.



This is Ben Liversedge. Not Matt. Under his correct name he vaults this gap at UCLA.



Richard Mulder executes the trick of the issue—1/3 180 kickflip over a gap. Sal gazes across the field of cheeks.

LOTTI

CLIVER

SOCRATES

BILL WEISS



B/s heelflip to fakie nosegrind



Lots of stairs!



Justin Bokma



Generic

change

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AVERAGE KID

Average people are everywhere. Most people are average and they're fine, still, they never get proper coverage in the news or the magazines. You are about to meet Nick. Nick is average. He excels at nothing. He's probably just like you.

**interview by jeff tremaine
photos by kosick and parker**

What's your full name?

James Nicholas Bennion.

How tall are you?

4'5". [He's actually 4'3"—ed]

Would you consider yourself a wee-man?

Yeah.

What grade are you in?

6th.

Do you have a girlfriend?

No.

Have you ever had a girlfriend?

Yeah, Stephanie.

Where did you meet her?

In school.

How long had you known her?

For a day.

She was only your girlfriend for a day?

No. I went out with her for a couple months.

Then you dumped her?

Yeah, on Valentine's Day.

How come?

I didn't really like her. She always said lies and stuff. She goes "You don't like me anymore, do you?" Like she kept saying that everyday, so I said, "Fine, I don't."

Did you ever kiss her?

Yeah.

French kiss?

Maybe.

Maybe? Yes or no?

No.

How long have you been skating?

5 months

What are your favorite tricks?

Nose-sliding and kickflip tricks.

Who's the best skater in your school?

Luke May.

Who are some of your favorite pro skaters?

Pat Duffy, Eric Koston, Mike Carroll, Rick Howard.

Would you ride for Me Skateboards?

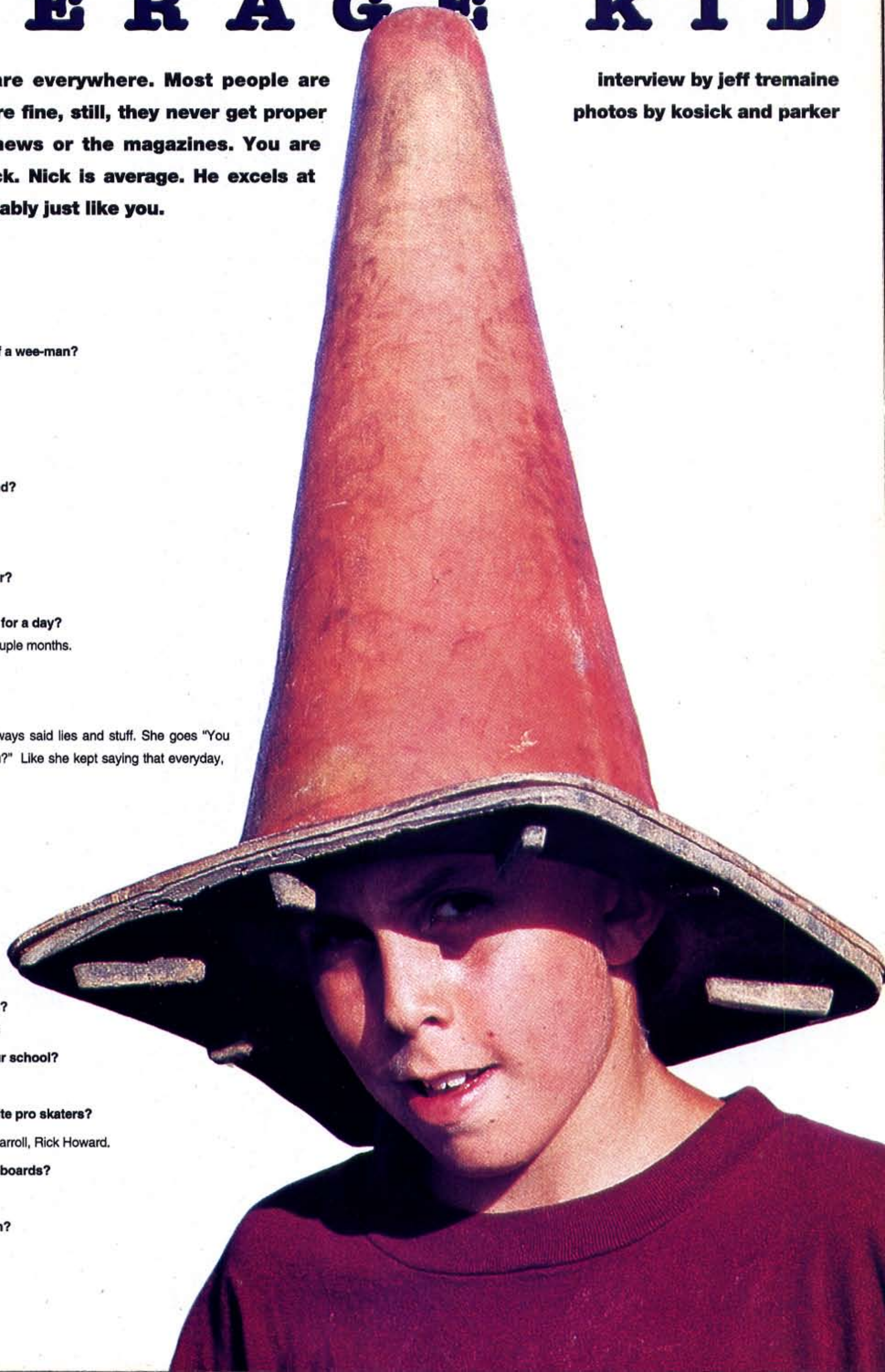
I guess.

Have you ever heard of them?

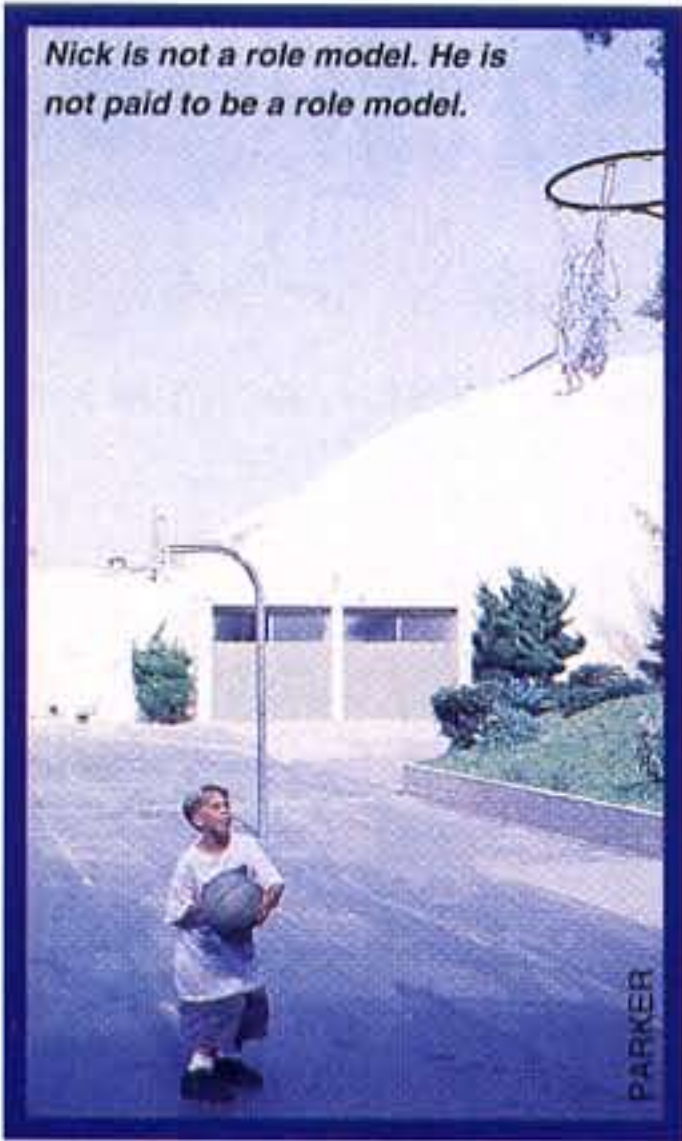
No.

Where do you live?

El Segundo.



Nick is not a role model. He is not paid to be a role model.



PARKER

Do you like it?

The cops suck. They pull you over for skating on the sidewalk.

Have you ever been chased by a police dog?

No, just chased by police cars.

What's the most cash you've ever had in your hand at one time?

Five hundred dollars.

How did you make five hundred dollars?

Birthday, Christmas, steal...

Steal? What do you mean, you stole it? How?

Friends.

You rip off money from your friends?

Uh, no.

Come on, you said you did!

Well, yeah.

Which friends, Edwardo?

Yeah.

How much did you take from him?

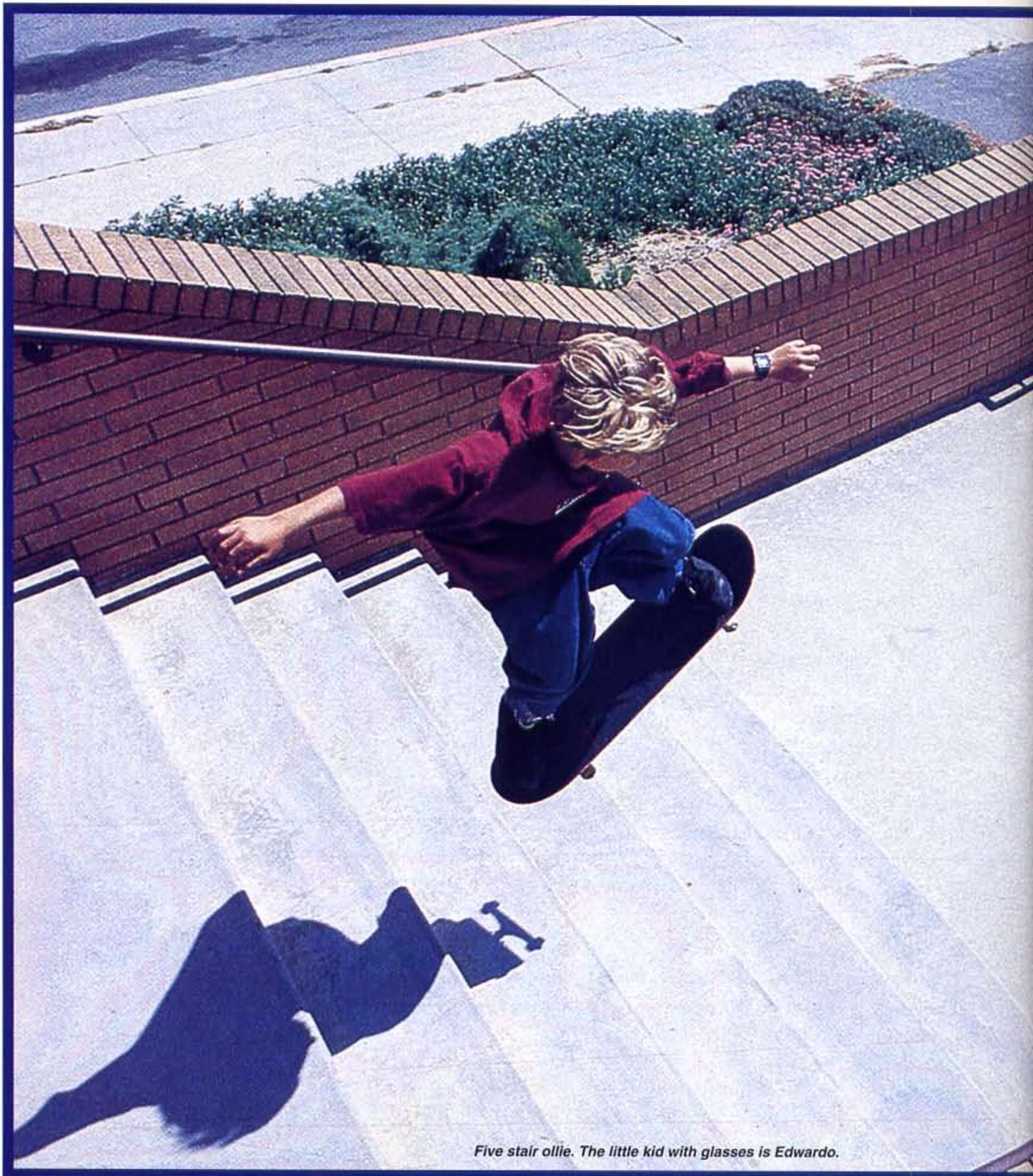
Fifteen. He had a brand new seat for his BMX bike and we stole it. He didn't know who it was, and it cost him like thirty bucks.

What did you do with it?

Gave it to my friend's friend.

How come you did that?

Not gave it to him, but just to hold it in case Edwardo came and checked our houses or something.



Five stair ollie. The little kid with glasses is Edwardo.

Who do you think would win in a fight, you or Edwardo?

Me.

Why, 'cause he has glasses?

No, I'm just tougher.

Has anyone ever hit you in the face?

Yeah.

How come?

This kid was stealing my friend's bike and we caught him, and I go, "why are you stealing his bike?" and he hit me in the face, and he started crying cause he hurt his hand. He hit right here on my tooth, and I laughed at him cause it didn't even hurt.

Do you think you did a good deed by preventing a bike from being stolen?

Yeah.

But you steal from your friends

No, well not a lot.

Any girls at your school have boobs?

Yeah. This one bean. Her name's like Elizabeth I think. She lives by Edwardo. She has tits but she's gross.

Do you look at her boobs anyway?

No.

Are there any bullies in your school?

Yeah. Chris Lebiszon.

Does he beat you up?

No, he's cool to me.

Why?

Because I skate and I'm small.

What did you think of that guy Rick Kosick?

He was pretty cool. He was nice.

Benchwarmer.

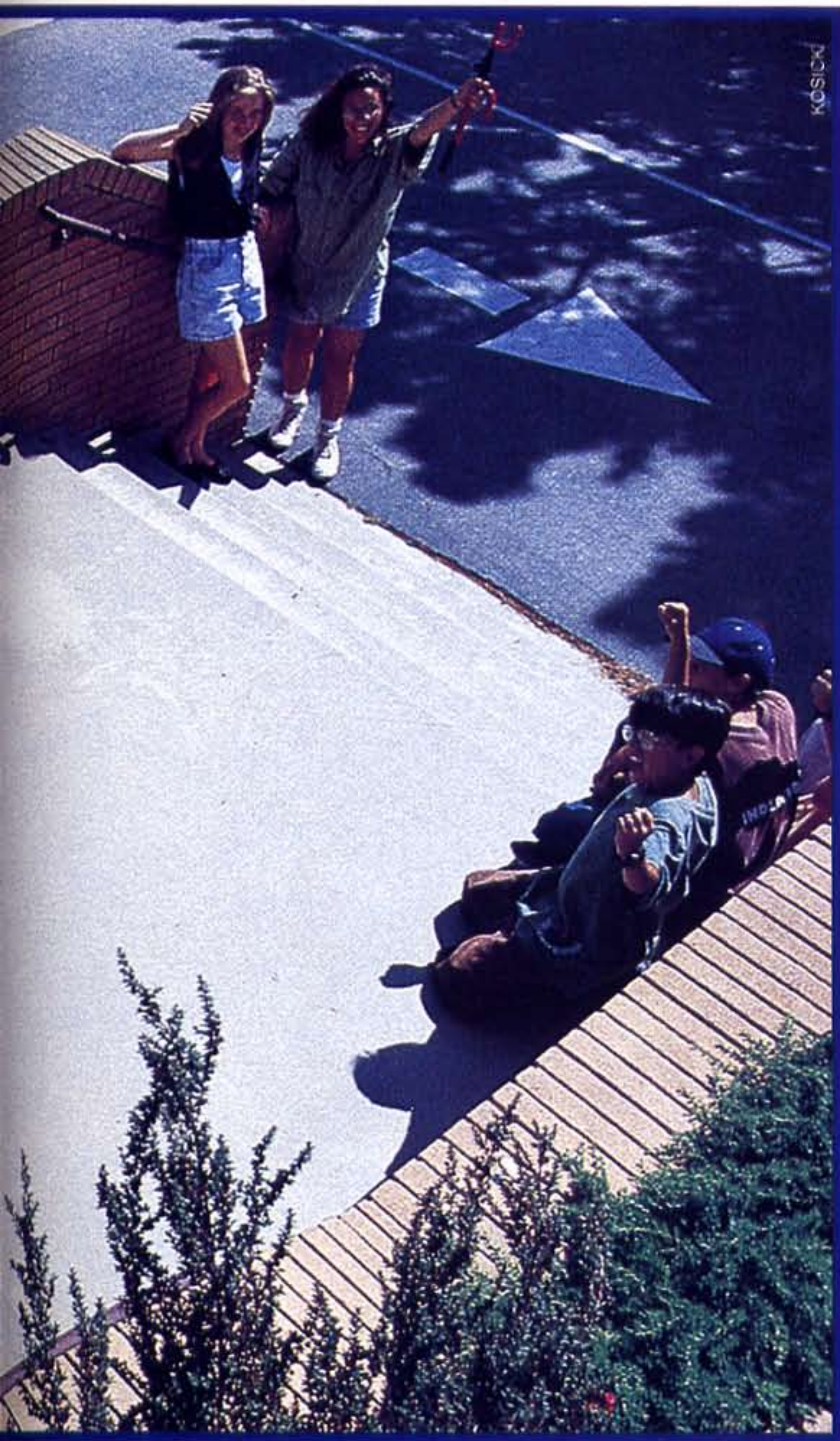


PARKER



PARKER

Nick isn't in track.



KOSICK

Do you ever think about killing anyone?
Yeah.

Do you think you'll ever kill anyone in your lifetime?
No.

Has anyone in your family ever killed anyone?
Not that I know of.

Have you ever shot a gun?
Yeah, I have a bb gun.

Have you ever shot your friends with it?
Yeah pump it a couple times and shoot 'em in the leg.

Do they ever bleed?
No, it just leaves bruises.

What did you think of Earl?
I don't know. I guess he was cool. He was a little weird.

Did you feel uneasy around him?
Yeah.

At any point did you want to light him on fire?
Yeah, because he kept laughing at me.

Do you like lighting things fire?
Yeah!

Have you ever lit one of your friends on fire?
No.

Not even by accident?
No.

Did you ever burn your house down?
No, but my friend burned his garage



KOSICK

This is the only angle for noslide photos, especially on a hot day.

down.

How did that happen?
He has gasoline at his house and he likes making small fires and he knocked the thing over and it spilled and got into the garage.

Did he get into trouble?
Yeah, he got grounded for like a month.

Do you think he got off easy?
Yeah.

Didn't he get on your nerves?
Yeah, like when you wanted him to shoot in different places and he just kept taking pictures in one spot.

Did you want to kick Rick's ass?
I wanted to kick both your asses.

Really? Why?
'Cause I wanted to get on with it and I didn't want you guys to call it off.

Is it fun being twelve?
Yeah, we can cuss out older people and then run to the back up.

Who have you cussed out?
This kid named Tirobi.

What'd you tell him?
"Fuck you, you stupid fat fuck!"

Was he fat?
Yeah, then he started chas-

ing me, but I threw a Coke can at him and it spilled all over him.

Did that slow him down at all?
He doesn't run that fast.

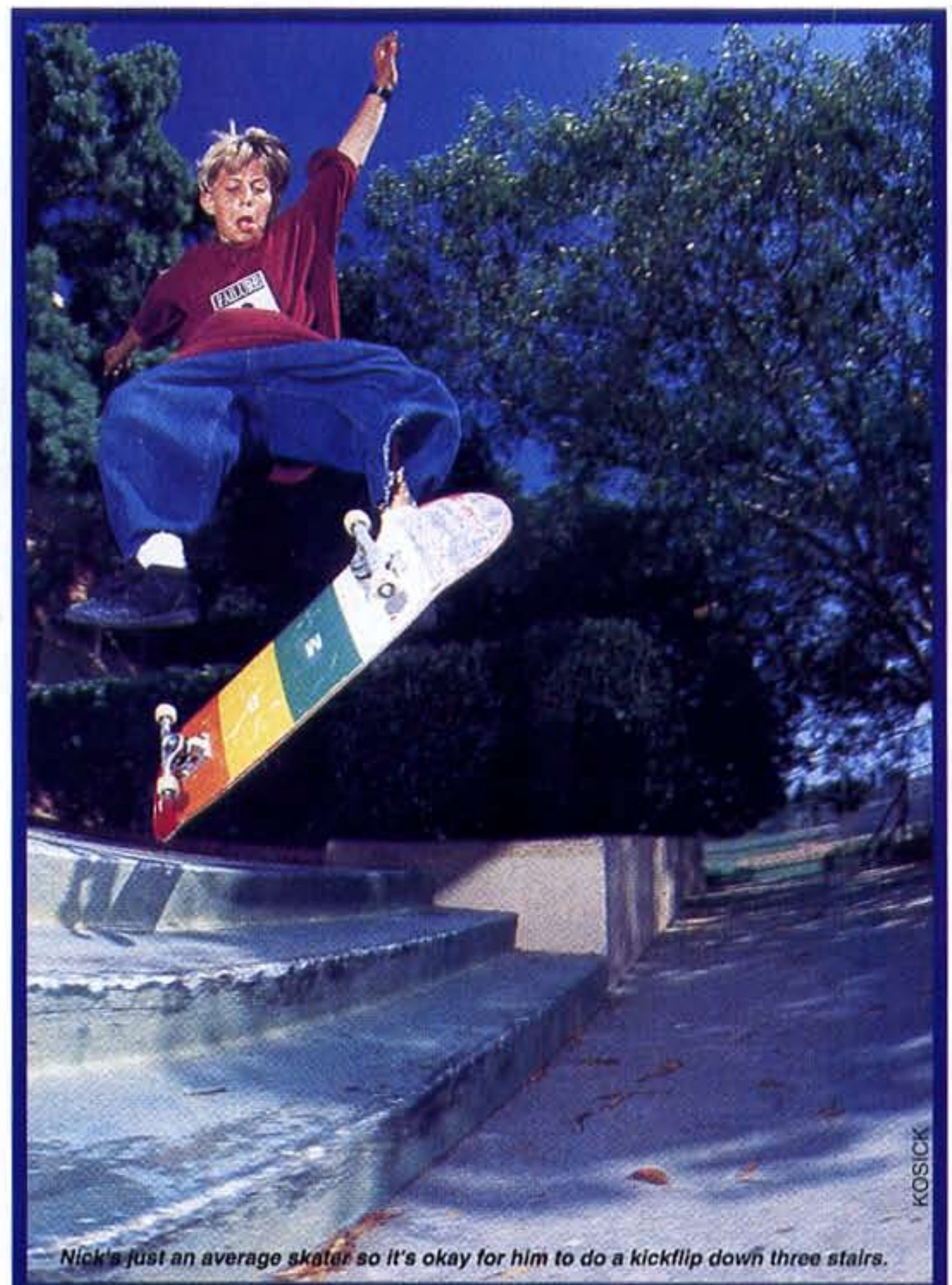
Did you want to kill him at the time?
Yeah.

Have you ever killed anyone?
No.



Average kids.

KOSICK



KOSICK

Nick's just an average skater so it's okay for him to do a kickflip down three stairs.

three sequences from lockwood



Supposedly, Lockwood's in a sketchy area of North Hollywood. Eric Koston negotiating a fakie ollie to pivot grind with a fakie kickflip out. Eric is average sized.



It's up by Vermont Street, not that far from the now fenced in Los Felis. Guy Mariano with a switchstance pointer grind to kickflip. Guy is moderate sized.



After you're done skating you can go hang out at the nearby Xtra-Large store. Rick Howard flipping a fakie inside heel flip to backside tailslide. Rick is large sized.

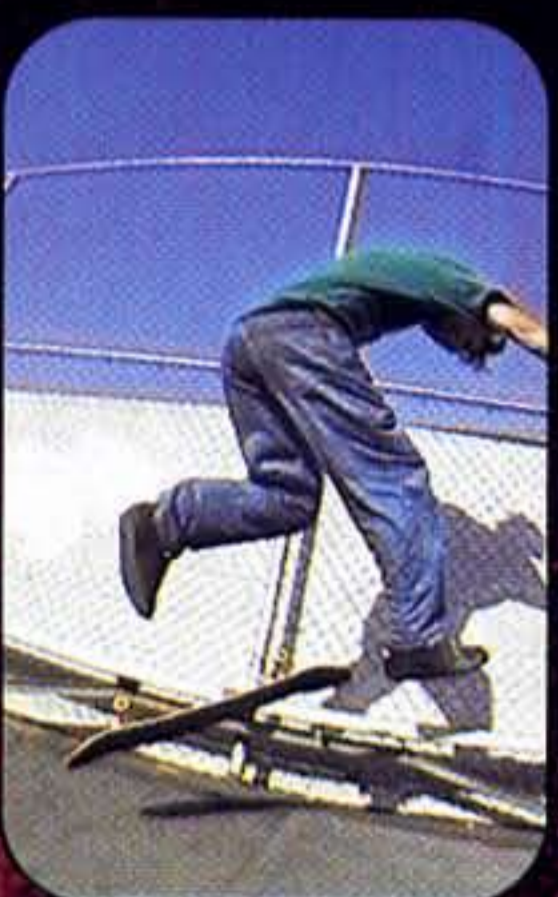
sequences by socrates



eric koston



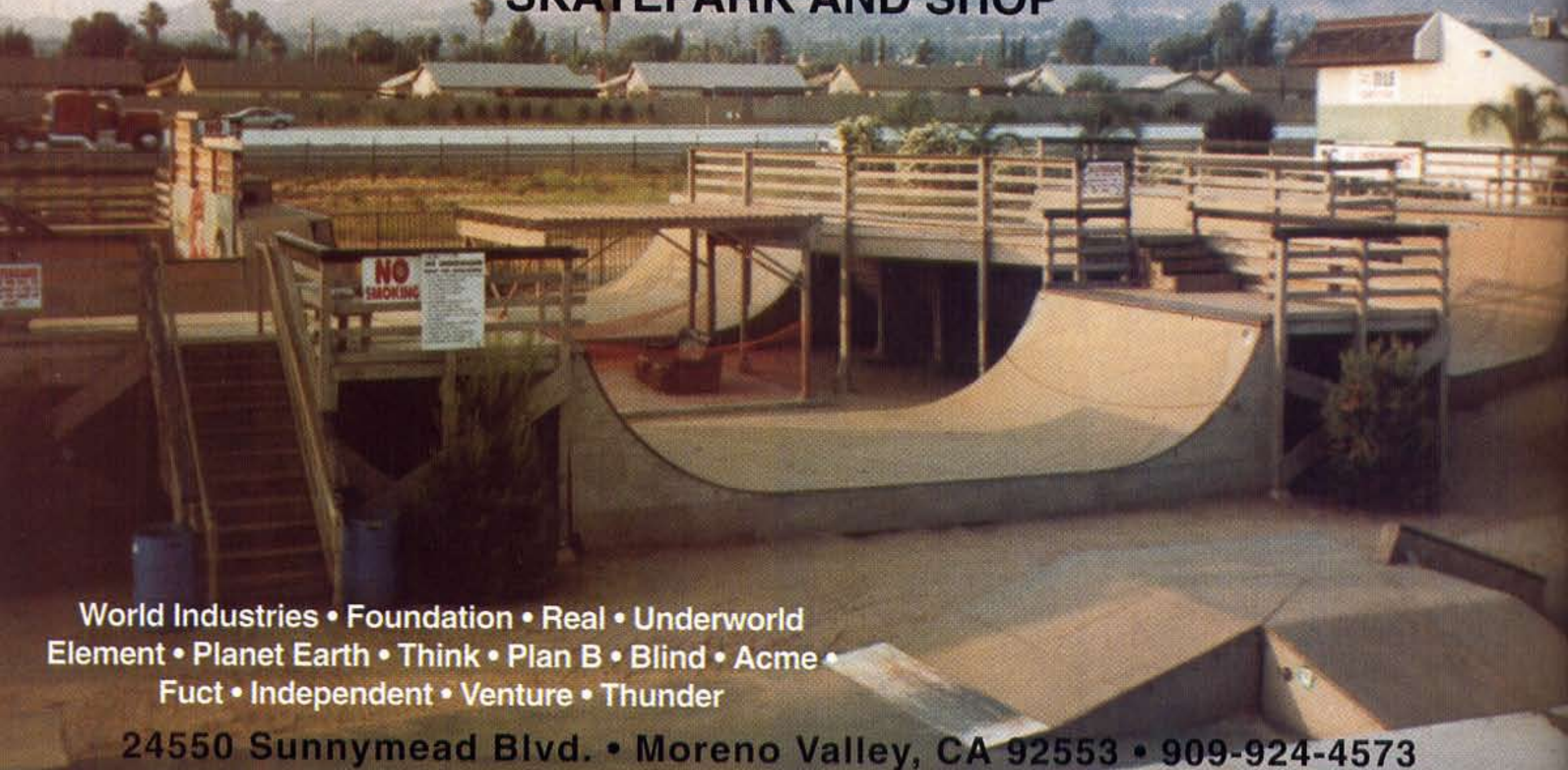
guy mariano



rick howard

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how to make a fake i.d.

All you need:

Old style California driver's license of someone 21 or older
Polaroid camera and film
Crescent illustration board
400+ dpi Color Desktop Flatbed Scanner
Quadra 950 Macintosh Computer with at least 220 megs of RAM
Adobe Photoshop 2.5
QuarkXPress 3.1
3M Rainbow Desktop Color Proofer
6" roll of Ritrama Duramark matte finish clear adhesive tape
Several sheets of white contact paper
Metal ruler
X-acto knife
Burnishing tool
Rice paper
Hand Iron



1. The ID we chose to duplicate is the old style California driver's license. The new California ID's are virtually unreproducible by virtue of the fact that they contain a hologram and a magnetic stripe on the back like a credit card. On the other hand, the old card is flimsy and flexible and you will no doubt be able to make a reasonable facsimile if you simply follow these easy steps.

2. Take a polaroid of the person to whom the card will belong against a bluish green background. The backside of Crescent illustration board works well for this background. Although the board contains many logos interrupting the large blue background these can be erased once the photo is scanned into Photoshop.

3. Using your Abaton 400 dpi color scanner in Adobe Photoshop 2.5, scan in both the driver's license and polaroid at maximum resolution and save both as CMYK Tiffs. It is important to adjust all the levels, including the contrast, to accurately replicate the exact colors. Our own scanner usually scans a little darker and more to the magenta side so we had to up the cyan and yellow percentages to balance it out. This imbalance varies from scanner to scanner so use your best judgment in making any necessary adjustments.

4. Once the ID is scanned and the adjustments have been made you may begin to alter it by copying and rearranging letters and numbers to make the new name, address, birth date, and appropriate height and weight. As a courtesy to the previous ID owner it is important to change the driver ID number on the license. This particular ID had a signature that was virtually illegible so it did not need to be altered, however this may not be the case with the card you use. If so, the original signature may be changed using Photoshop and a little patience.

5. Bring in the polaroid photo scan and crop accordingly so the head looks proportional to that on the original license. For accentuating touches, clone smudges and flecks using the rubber stamp tool to give it that flair of authenticity. Smudges that overlap from photo to the white background are especially nice.

6. Make at least four separate cards with different brightness, contrast and color saturation levels because there will be a slight discrepancy between the image that appears on the monitor and the actual output. After saving all of the changes, open up a QuarkXPress document and lay several of the IDs out in case you fuck one up. (Extra cards will also come in handy should one be taken from you by an incredulous bouncer.) Having done this, go to print and specify the 3M Rainbow Desktop Proofer. Since this printer uses Kodak paper with a dye sublimation process, this is much better than going through a Canon CLC 500 where the color copies come out with pixelated edges. Once the proof comes out, compare it to the authentic license and choose the ones which match the original best.

7. Since old California IDs have a distinct matte finish on the top surface, unlike the glossy surface of the color proof, you will need to cover the fake ID with a piece of matte finish clear tape. Ritrama Duramark is the only company that we know of that manufactures this exact kind of tape. They are located in Minneapolis but will send you a free 100 foot sample roll just for the asking. (You can order by calling them toll free at 1-800-328-5071.) Apply the clear tape on the top side of the color proof and a double layer of white vinyl contact paper on the reverse side. This will help give the card the approximate feeling and thickness of an actual ID. You might get air bubbles on the back of the card but these can be easily popped by an X-acto blade and then smoothed out with a burnishing tool such as the backside of a spoon. If the air bubbles persist to be a problem, try using a mildly heated iron. Remember to cover both sides of the card with rice paper to act as a buffer before ironing.



Tools of the trade



21" SuperMac HiRes Monitor



Jeff using an optical mouse on the Macintosh Quadra 950.



Abaton 400 dpi Scanner (left)



\$7 per page 3M Color Proofer



Authentic scuff-maker

8. Using an X-acto knife and a ruler, cut and trim the fake ID, paying close attention to the corners which need to be rounded evenly and smooth.
9. Since this is supposed to be an older license it is important to rough up the new card a bit to add a little wear to it. A couple of good things to do include stepping on the card and grinding it on the cement or rubbing the card on a sticky surface to get tape gum smudges and ordinary dirt blemishes. Be careful not to tear the tape surfaces though.

adult fun



Kids are second class citizens. The real fun doesn't happen till you "come of age." For Earl this came a year early thanks to the computer expertise of layout artist and heavy drinker, Jeff Tremaine. Fake ID's are great. Why waste half the night trying to pimp beer in front of 7-11 when you can relax in the smoky ambience of the local tavern or nudie bar?



The Moment of Truth

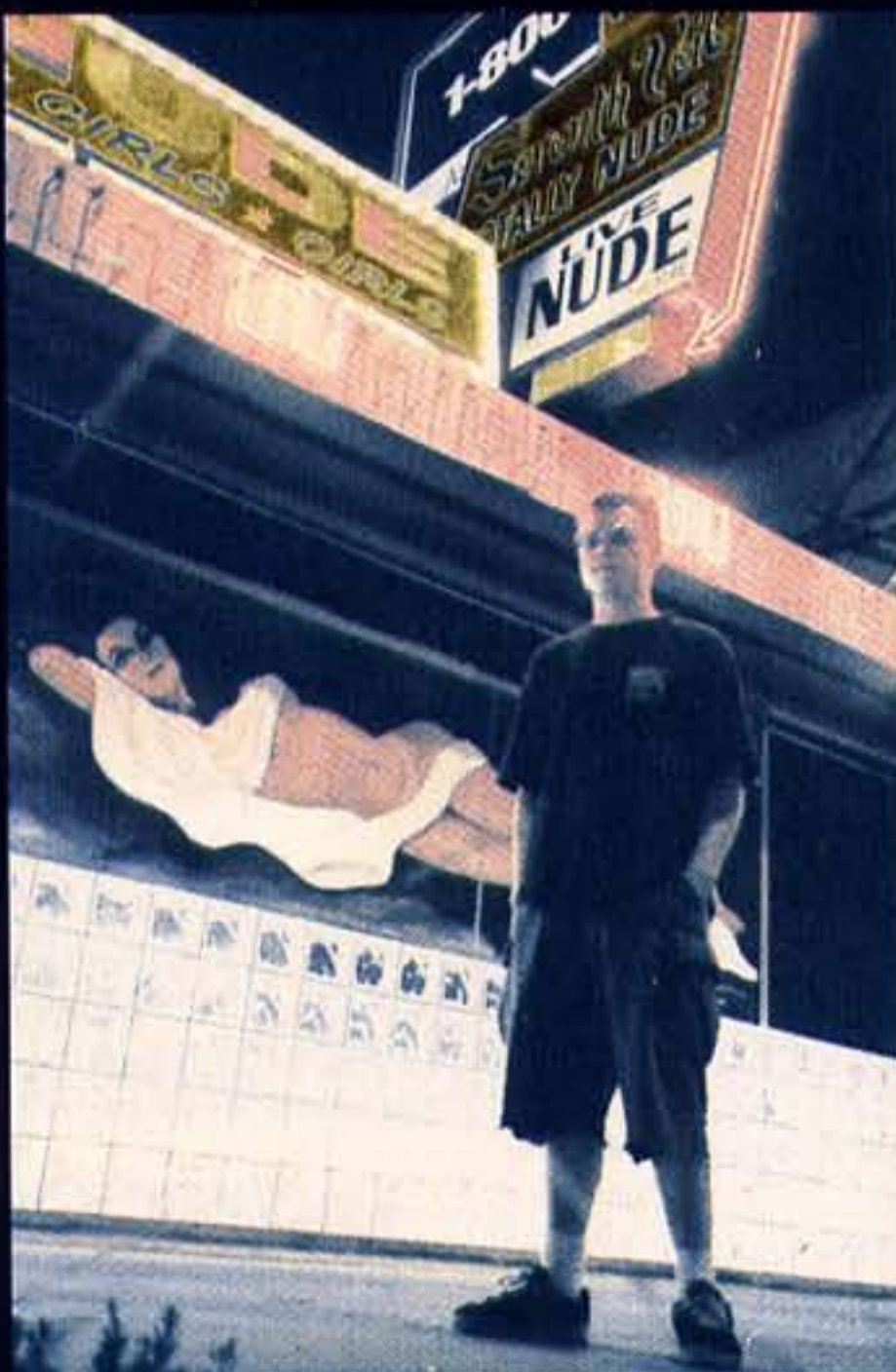
The night began at "The Gaslight" in Hollywood, but only after paying a supposed "parking lot attendant" 2 bucks to park in the mini mall across the street. It was cool though, 'cause Earl was down with this particular streetperson (the other day they had shared a joint), and we thought at least he might keep an eye on the van for us. From there we descended on the seedy bar where all Jeff's skills as a computer layer-outter would be put to the test. The tension mounted as Earl gave the bouncer the fake ID. After a few moments of close scrutiny, the bouncer broke the tension as he matter-of-factly uttered "next" and handed Earl back the

card. Earl was in the bar! "Do you feel old Earl?" "Yeah." It was time to celebrate. We got him three drinks, two Jagers and a beer. He drank 'em all down, but one thing remained on his mind—"I wanna see some puss'!"

The logical destination was "The Seventh Veil" on The Strip in Hollywood. There was a two drink minimum. "Pussy juice" wasn't available so Earl settled for two more beers. Like anyone new to all this adult-type carousing, Earl wasn't hip to some of the etiquette involved. For

instance, it's not considered proper to call your waitress a whore, even at a strip club. At The Seventh Veil it was "no photos allowed" so we contemplated going elsewhere. We asked the waitress if she knew a place

where we could take pictures. She didn't know of any but suggested, "why not go ahead and sneak some?" This was tricky business. Not more than four feet from the



The Seventh Veil



The Gaslight



Spy photo taken inside the Seventh Veil



words: mckee photos: cliver

three more drinks, a gin & tonic, a shot of scotch and another beer. By now he was quite convivial and was making many new lady friends—"All the girls in bars are pretty." Earl was drunk.

There was only one place left to go, "Small's" on Melrose, former secret meeting place of the stars. With another drink or two in him we thought he would be done for. I got him a beer, Jeff got him another



Smoking is cool too



Too bad Earl couldn't remember anything the next day



Getting drunk is cool

table stood a very large bouncer and beside him was an equally imposing DJ. On the other side was a mirrored wall, further increasing the level of difficulty. Nervously, Sean held the camera under the table, hoping to catch a fleeting shot of some skin through the legs of the two old Japanese businessmen sitting in front of him. An accidental flash going off would have been disaster. Fortunately this didn't happen, and several really arty (dark and blurry) photos resulted. Meanwhile, Earl was having a great time. He begged me for a couple bucks to put on the runway, so he could get "Suzanne" (who looked like a taller and prettier Christina Applegate) to shove her cunt in his face. How could I say no? There were still a few spots left to go, and the night could not end until Earl was puking in the gutter.

At the next bar we bought Earl

Jagermeister, and Sean got him a shot of Tequila. With all this he was still on his feet, smoking and flirting with the other barflies. We got him one more beer, and finally he began to show some signs of decay.

Thinking the time had come, we helped Earl



Earl puking



Earl's Alcohol Intake

The Gaslite

The Seventh Veil

Coach & Horses

Small's

Legend

- = Jagermeister
- = Beer
- = Gin & Tonic
- = Scotch
- = Tequila

to his feet, certain that he would lose it before reaching the car. Unbelievably, he didn't show any signs of the misery you would associate with drinking over \$45 worth of alcohol. Finally, when we stopped to drop off the all the film, just to make us happy and provide a fitting closure for the article, Earl rammed his finger down his throat and got it over with in the A&I park-



Drunk girls are friendly

YOU SAY TUH-MAY-TOH, I SAY

Sitting here with Simon Woodstock in an overpriced Italian delicatessen and both of us are too cheap to order something to eat.



INTERVIEW AND PHOTOS: BRIAN LOTTI

BL: When you were a kid did you have dreams about being a pro and having a signature model?

SW: When I was eight I wanted to be Hawaiian. I'm not even lying. I wanted to be a surfer and I wanted to be from Hawaiian descent and live in Hawaii. I skated though, but I just wanted to be Hawaiian.

BL: If you are a product, what have been your multipliers and dividers?

SW: My influences are Steve Martin, Bill Murray, and Mike Tyson. If I have a kid I want him to be white, black, and Asian—Steve Martin, Mike Tyson, and Daewon rolled into one.

BL: So there is a strong base of humor.

SW: I would want to have a kid and I'm sure he would be all those things, and then he would turn out to be a dirtbag like me and I'm just gonna shake my head like my dad does to me.

BL: If you had a paranormal experience and could objectively view yourself in

the skate cosmos, what would be your results?

SW: I thought about this the other day and I looked at it as like a puzzle and no matter how many pieces are in the puzzle, you need all of them to fit, and there are some that are really good and they are right in the middle and then there are some shitty ones in the corner (like me), but you need them all to keep it complete. Even the tallest building in the world has to have a bottom story.

BL: I remember in an old Del Mar video John Lucero opted to figure eight carve his whole run instead of sweating out a serious line and rationalizing that

"Someone had to do it."

SW: That's exactly it.

BL: What do you find disenchanting with skateboarding?

SW: I don't really like the way young skaters treat girls. I realize that a lot of skaters' minds are 100% set on skateboarding, but I'm a little bit older and at the end of the day when my knees are hurting, I'm gonna want to drink a couple beers and talk to some girls. You go to a skateboard contest and there are only three girls because so many skaters have been putting stickers on their backs.

BL: What is your appeal to girls: the

funny guy, the weirdo, or the Mickey Rourke look-alike?

SW: I like to meet girls that are nice and I can get their number and see them later and take them up to the hills and see the stars with candles and grapes. I like to do romantic things.

BL: So beneath that tough exterior there is a sensitive guy?

SW: What's the tough exterior... what are you saying?

BL: I was just kidding.

SW: I just wanted to know.

BL: So is your whole approach usually just to rock the boat, go against the grain?

SOCRATES



A swimsuit issue wouldn't be complete without a one piece bathing suit. Simon Woodstock does a sock-footed ollie to tall with a kickflip out at Powell. Yep, that's a longboard too.

TUH-MAH-TOH



SW: See the thing is it's just my own grain, I just go my own way. I've seen skateboarding change. I've gone from watching Christian Hosoi do eleven foot airs to Jeron Wilson just doing some gnarly technical trick. What I trip out on is the loss from the paper of the magazine to the kids, because for some reason it would be that you see Eric Koston skate way fat and technical and then you see a kid riding his board and he's going like a mile an hour and looks at a curb with half the picture.

BL: I remember you were the first person I can remember seeing with a huge nose on your board.

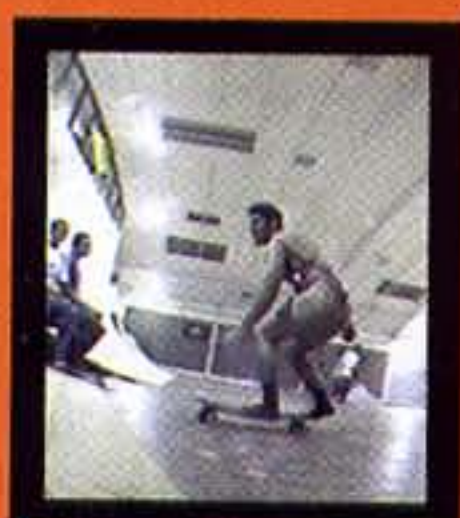
SW: Me and my friend Joe a long time ago rode big noses and people said we were cheating.

BL: And now everyone's a cheater, but you can tell me about substance abuse!

SW: My whole system shuts down if I don't have a sufficient amount of caffeine in my bloodstream. The best way I can achieve this is by drinking a twelve pack of diet coke everyday. There are no calories or sugar so I don't gain weight or rot my teeth.

BL: What is the most you have ever weighed?

SW: 235.



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...if you're willing to spend just a few cents more, for just 6¢ a day (or \$1.80 a month), you can become a foster parent to our very own Earl Parker. Since Earl has been taken off the payroll (fired) every day for him is a struggle to survive. Recently his car got towed away, stripping him of the only nightly shelter he had. Unable to afford to recover it, he must fend for his own on the streets, avoiding the roving El Segundo street gangs, while hustling here and there to support an expensive drug habit left over from his days as a high roller. In the midst of this miserable existence Earl continues to write and take photos, fighting to uphold the title of master journalist while receiving payment on a measly per-word basis. 6¢ a day probably doesn't sound like that much to you but to Earl it could be the difference between life and death. Send money now as he will probably soon die.

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Back Issues



#1. Sorry, none left, but for those of you that never got a chance to see the first-issue collectors item edition of Big Brother here is a rundown of some of its contents:

- Naked gate-fold centerspread of Claudia Schiffer
- Mark Gonzales interview
- Free hundred dollar bill
- Sheet of Acid
- 90210 update



#2. For the first issue we made 20,000 copies, so for the second issue we were gonna do the same until Mike Ternasky came up with the idea, "why not make twice as many magazines and make twice as much money?" So it happened that 40,000 issues of Big Brother #2 were printed, of which about, oh, a little over 15,000 were actually sold. —99¢



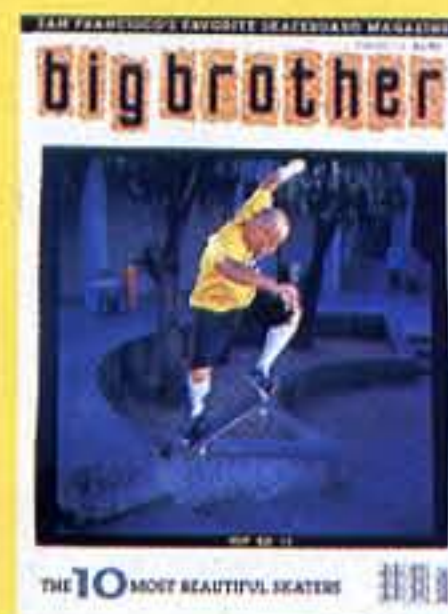
#3. The spiral-bound issue marks a pivotal moment in the history of our magazine. This is the issue when Rick Kosick chose to work for Big Brother over Slap. This was a difficult decision for Rick, and how and why he chose us over Slap we'll never know. All we can say is that for this we are eternally grateful. Thank you, Kosick. —\$3.95



#4. Anyone in their right mind can see why this is the issue to get, after all, it contains the fabled "free deck" subscription coupon. On the coupon we mistakenly said that we're not dum, but it turns out we are—we forgot to include an expiration date!—\$19.95 (hey, you can still break even if you get the free board).



#5. The midget issue introduces the first members of the Big Brother team, Pancho Moler of New Jersey and Jason Acuna from Lawndale, CA. Rumor has it that there is another rad midget in Ohio, but so far we haven't been able to find him. —\$3.95



#6. The cereal box issue features the least typos yet, the closest we have come to journalistic perfection. —\$3.95



Danzig



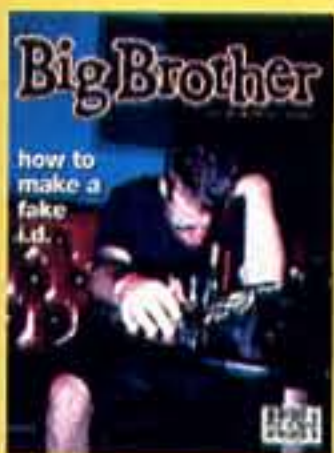
Rodney Mullen



Rosa



Ron Creager



Drunk Earl



Chet Thomas



Mr. T



Shiloh Greathouse

#7. Just in case you fell for the multiple covers gimmick here's your opportunity to collect all 8.—\$3.95 ea.

#8. Features include: Amazing Tony Alva comeback; In depth story—the fall of world industries. Acme 10-page advertising insert; George Powell interview; 90210 update—\$4.95

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and skateboards
billie hughes is a liar

celebrity event



A smiling Lance with the Firm team.



Collin McKay is animated, that's why his video part is the best.



Rudy Johnson plays one of the ever-popular "money games" with Rocco; this one consisting of a hundred in one hand and one dollar in the other. Oscar Jordan and Pat Duffy are in the background.



Squeaky and Pescado.



But a smidgeon of the fine trim that attended the premiere.



A questionably dressed Jeffrey Rocco. C'mon mom.



Sal Barbier, alive and well.



Some bloke's squeeze, Etnie chick one.



Doug, Sal Jr. and wee-man Jason. America's fucked.



Bert had to give each of these girls \$10 to pose with him.



A Kodak moment with Kris Markovich and Salman Agah.



Ed with his wife Deanna, clothed and three dimensional.



It'll take a lot more than a Droors shirt to free Josh this time.



Young Patsy Kensit semi-look-a-like.

plan b video premiere



The Master of Ceremonies, Mike Ternasky, with his trusty side-kick, Jake Rosenberg.



The frog's woman. Etnie chick two.



Portrait of a Renaissance Man, Brian Lotti.



Tim gets bummed when we call him Shite, so here's "Secs" with Jordan Richter.



Omar Hassan, Steve Saiz, and Chet Thomas peruse the new magazine.



Mirko Mangum passes time playing craps while awaiting the second showing of the video.



A cute brown with one of those Hollywood collars.



Famous Venice model, Jana, makes Rodney look like a wee-man.

When first informed of the Plan B premiere for their new video "Virtual Reality", I had merely shrugged with indifference. Then I was told that I had to go and cover it for the magazine to which I responded with a hearty "Fuck that!" Given my past of mishaps, altercations, and general disregard for and with Plan B, I thought it in my best interest to stay home and watch the second game of the Phoenix/Chicago series. However, much to my dismay, that didn't wash with Rocco or Jeff. Steve assured me that there was minimal chance of encountering physical harm, and Jeff was all for it if I did get beat because "that's what makes our magazine great!" Whatever.

The day of the premiere we left for the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art loaded with brand new issues of *BB* #6 (which we all scanned through to make sure that there was nothing that might aggravate anyone to irrationalities), and I myself with a mild trepidation, a weak bladder, and my usual amount of negativity—all prepared to write a sarcastic, disparaging review of the whole affair. Upon arriving in the land of whitey, La Jolla being a very upper class beach city with all the charm of Bryant Gumbel, we quickly found the theater and joined the growing crowds out front. I was skillfully lagging at the edge of the throng, at least until Jeff told me to stop being a puss and start taking photos, so I reluctantly strode off into the masses snapping the occasional photo here and there.

Moments after taking an inspired shot of little Jeffrey Rocco, my eyes lit upon the stare of a young female—an arresting beauty of exotic proportions—who, with an air of sophistication, demurely sidled up alongside me. My eyes, which had not seized up like the rest of my motor functions, slowly took in the vision that now stood beside me. Dark lustrous hair whose locks cascaded upon bare, golden shoulders giving way to an enticing cleavage (thanks to the cut of her long flowered dress) which proved to be a pair of ample young breasts that were seemingly tailored specifically to her slender frame. Despite the ornate floral print I could barely discern the subtle protrusion of her nipples. Heaven. She drew her lips close to my ear and deftly slid her hand into my left jeans pocket where I could feel her groping for my manhood, fingers quickly traversing the diminutive yet growing expanse. I shook my head and replied "I'm sorry. I'm not Earl." With a wistful glance she turned and disappeared into the teeming crowd.

As the scent of her presence wafted away on the cool evening breeze, I turned to notice Jeff about to enter the theater so I ran to join him, not wanting to have to fend for myself should a situation present itself. We narrowly slipped into the first showing and took the last two seats in the theater just as the video had begun with a Sal Barbier retrospective and dedication. I was confused. Had Sal died? I wasn't sure. One thing I was sure of though was the unmistakable aroma of some pretty heavy blunting. The video was over in a comfortable amount of time, to the dismay of some, but it really was an adequate length, and had been peppered throughout with character vignettes; character being one of those things which is sorely lacking in some skaters today. Several fine segments involved Rick Howard, Sean Sheffey, and Danny Way, but the best was the opening one to Colin McKay's part. The musical score was well-balanced and, thankfully, not overwhelmingly dope. As the credits rolled, I reflected back on the video and was surprised that I actually wanted to grab a board and go skate (which at one time wouldn't have been construed as odd but I haven't skated in six months). The hallmark of a decent skateboard video.

Oh yeah, upon later discovery Sal hadn't died, he had just retired. —Sean Cliver

Church of Skatan

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Blind, Fuct, Plan B, WI, Clutch, Folded, Gouge



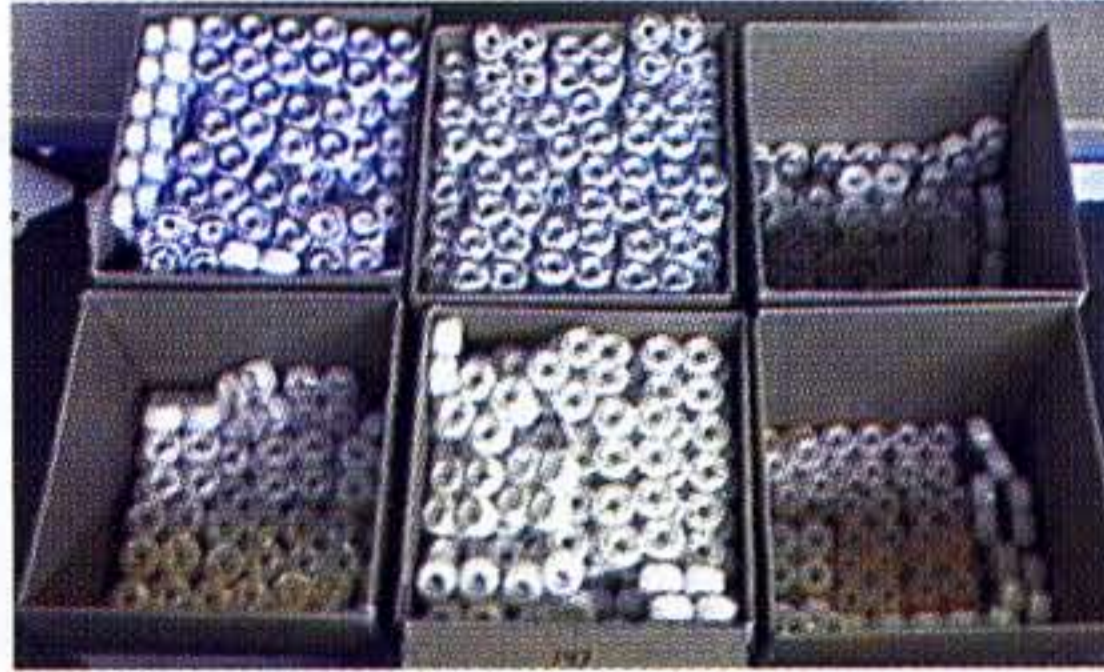
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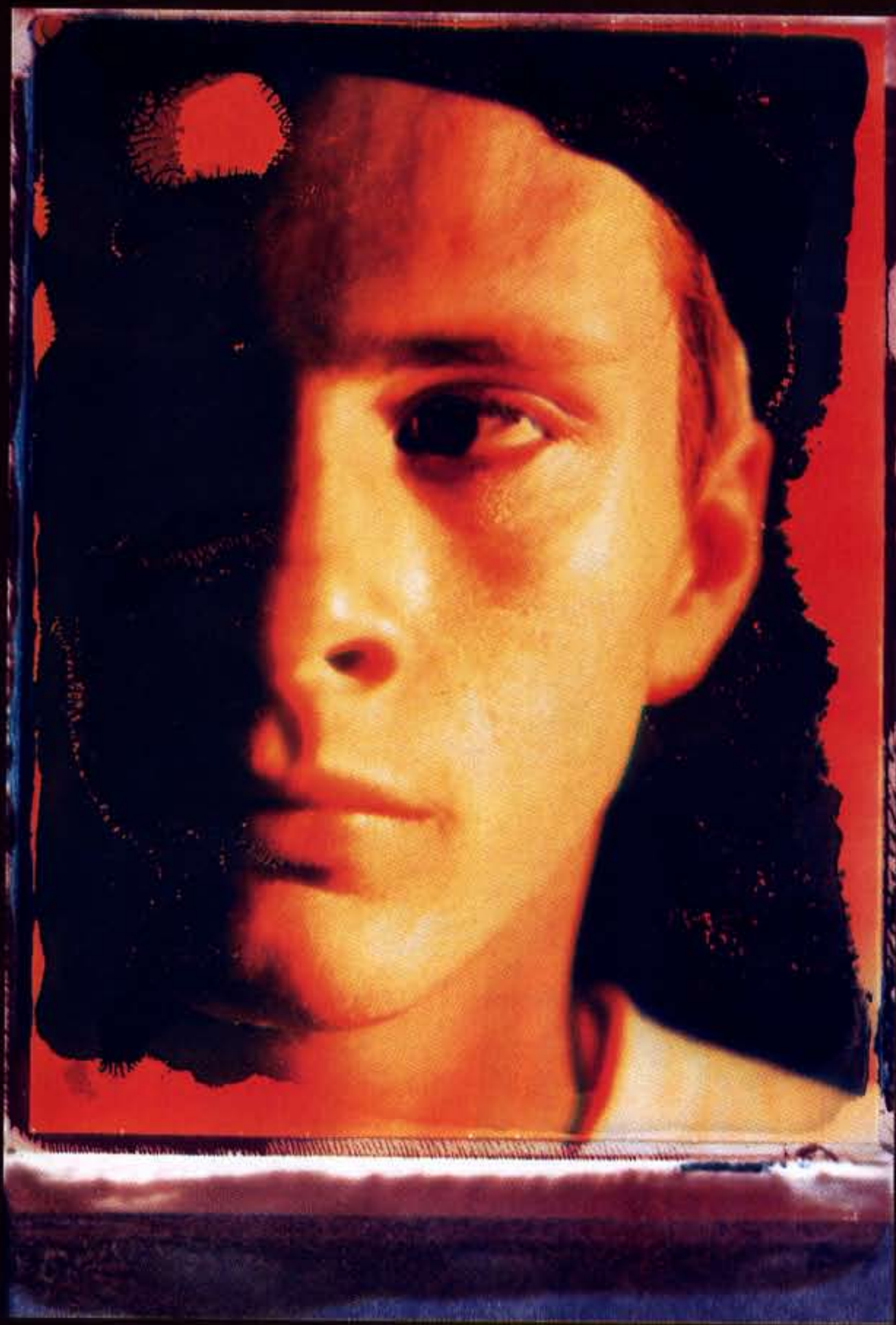


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