

BIG BROTHER™



EUROSUPERTOUR

featuring: **caine gayle** • **scott johnston**
rudy johnson • **ken block** • **carl shipman**
colin mckay • **moses itkonen** • **rob dyrdek**
mike carroll • **keith hufnagel** • **rick howard**

OCTOBER 1997 • \$3.99 US • \$4.99 CAN





DAEWON SONG

**NEW VIDEO
OUT NOW**



STEVE BERRA



TRUST PHOTO

birdhouse

ROBDYRDEK

2004/05 FRONTIER TALENTS - BILLY KAY PHOTO

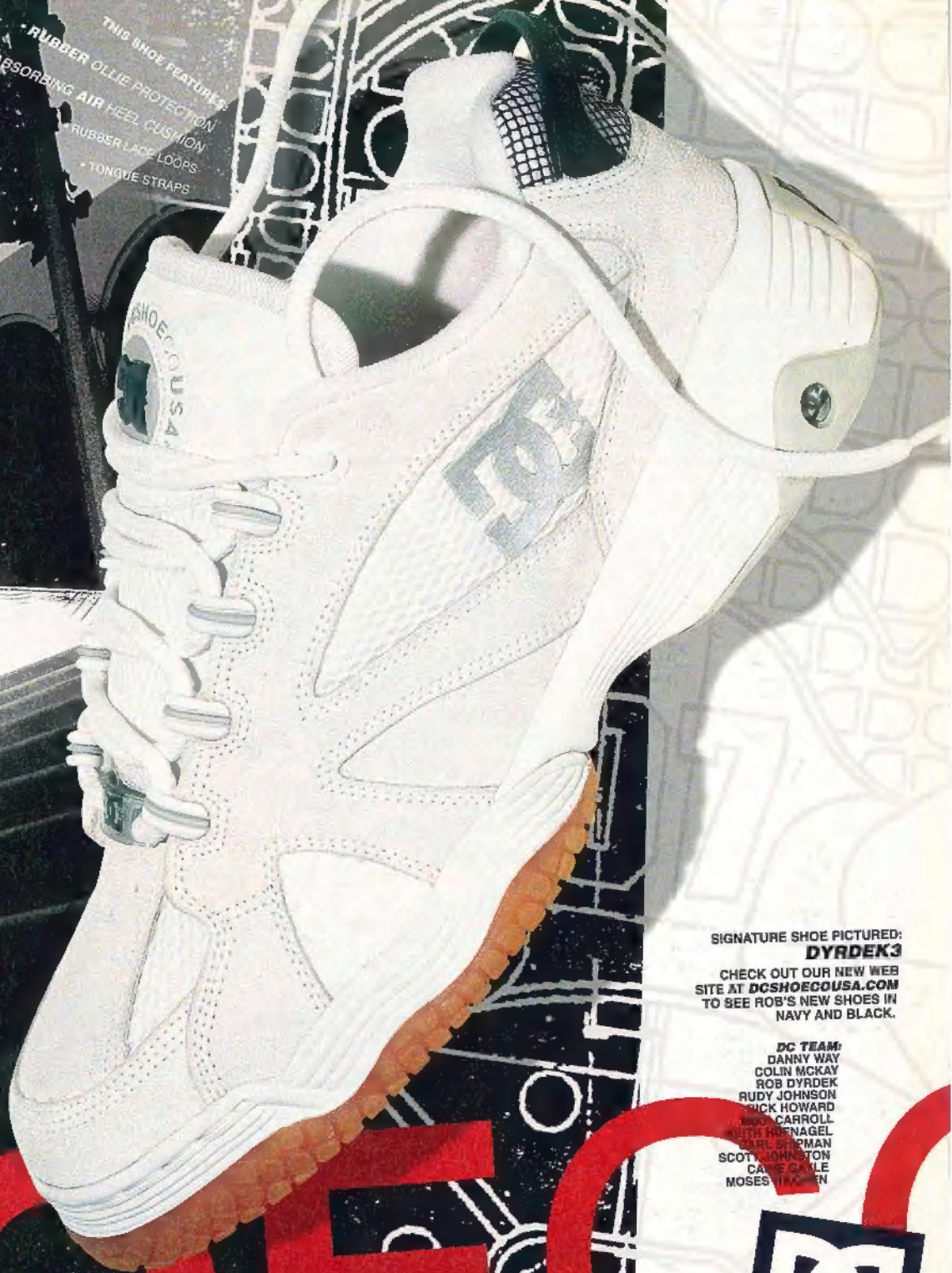


WORTH MORE THAN ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD...

THE LIGHTEST, MOST DURABLE SKATE SHOE MONEY CAN BUY.

DOC SHOE

THIS SHOE FEATURES:
• RUBBER OLLIE PROTECTION
• SHOCK ABSORBING AIR HEEL CUSHION
• RUBBER LACE LOOPS
• TONGUE STRAPS



SIGNATURE SHOE PICTURED:
DYRDEK3
CHECK OUT OUR NEW WEB
SITE AT DCSHOECOUSA.COM
TO SEE ROB'S NEW SHOES IN
NAVY AND BLACK.

DC TEAM:
DANNY WAY
COLIN MCKAY
ROB DYRDEK
RUDY JOHNSON
TRICK HOWARD
MIKE CARROLL
KEITH HOENAGEL
GARY SHIPMAN
SCOTT JOHNSTON
CAMEY CAYLE
MOSES TRACEN



WE HAVE T-SHIRTS, STICKERS,
AND MORE. VISIT OUR WEBSITE
OR CALL TOLL FREE:
800-886-8225

big brother 23



Cover: Keith Hufnagel's 360 flip over the Meanwhile gap in London was voted to be the best trick of the tour and will probably win Thrasher's Best Trick of the Year as well. Imagine that! Photo: Dimitry Elyashkevich

Contents: A couple skaters didn't want us running any pictures of them getting high in the streets of Amsterdam, but we didn't think Moses Ilkonen would mind if we ran this one. Fis 180 off a speed bump and over a marker in the red-light district.

Video craze: Here's the blurry proof that Keith really did huff and puff and blow the motherfuckin' house up in London.



october 1997

intro 12

letters 22

news 30

eurosupertour 40

scott johnston 50

rudy johnson 64

cart shipman 72

caine gayle 80

x-games 88

afterlife: ron chatman 92

wfc 94

goldie 98

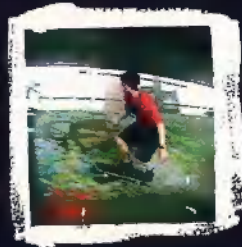
dr. octagon 98

the suicide machines 98

cd reviews 102

metal i 103

Big Brother (ISSN 1073-1504) Issue 29, October 1997. Published monthly by L.F.P., Inc., 6484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Copyright © 1997 L.F.P., Inc. All rights reserved on entire contents. Except for this sentence, you can do whatever you want with it; we don't need it. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part, except for the sentence that reads, "Except for this sentence, you can do whatever you want with it; we don't need it," without written permission from the publisher. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photos, etc., if they are to be returned, and L.F.P., Inc., assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. Letters sent to Big Brother will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to Big Brother's right to edit and to comment editorially. SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: For subscription customer service, write to: Big Brother, P.O. Box 17720, Beverly Hills, CA 90209. U.S. subscriptions: \$19.95. Foreign subscriptions: Add \$10 U.S. funds per year. Single copy: U.S. edition \$3.99; Canadian edition \$4.99. The Canadian edition isn't any better. It's the same magazine; they just have to pay more. These prices represent Big Brother Magazine's standard subscription rates and should not be confused with our lunar rates or with special subscription offers sometimes advertised. Change of address: Six weeks' advance notice and both old and new address are needed. POSTMASTER: Send change of address to Big Brother, P.O. Box 17720, Beverly Hills, CA 90209. Periodical-class postage pending at Beverly Hills, California, and at additional mailing offices. Printed in USA.





MENACE

PROFESSIONAL SKATEBOARDS

BILLY VALDES 97



DUDE!



mike manzoori ☎ sheep skate shoes ☎ 714 722 9669

D I E R

O F W A R



DEDICATE TO THE MILLIONS OF DECKS THAT HAVE LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE ENDLESS PURSUIT OF FREEDOM. GOD BLESS SKATEBOARDING. LONG LIVE EVERY SKATEBOARDER, EVERYWHERE. AMEN



ZOO YORK ARMY

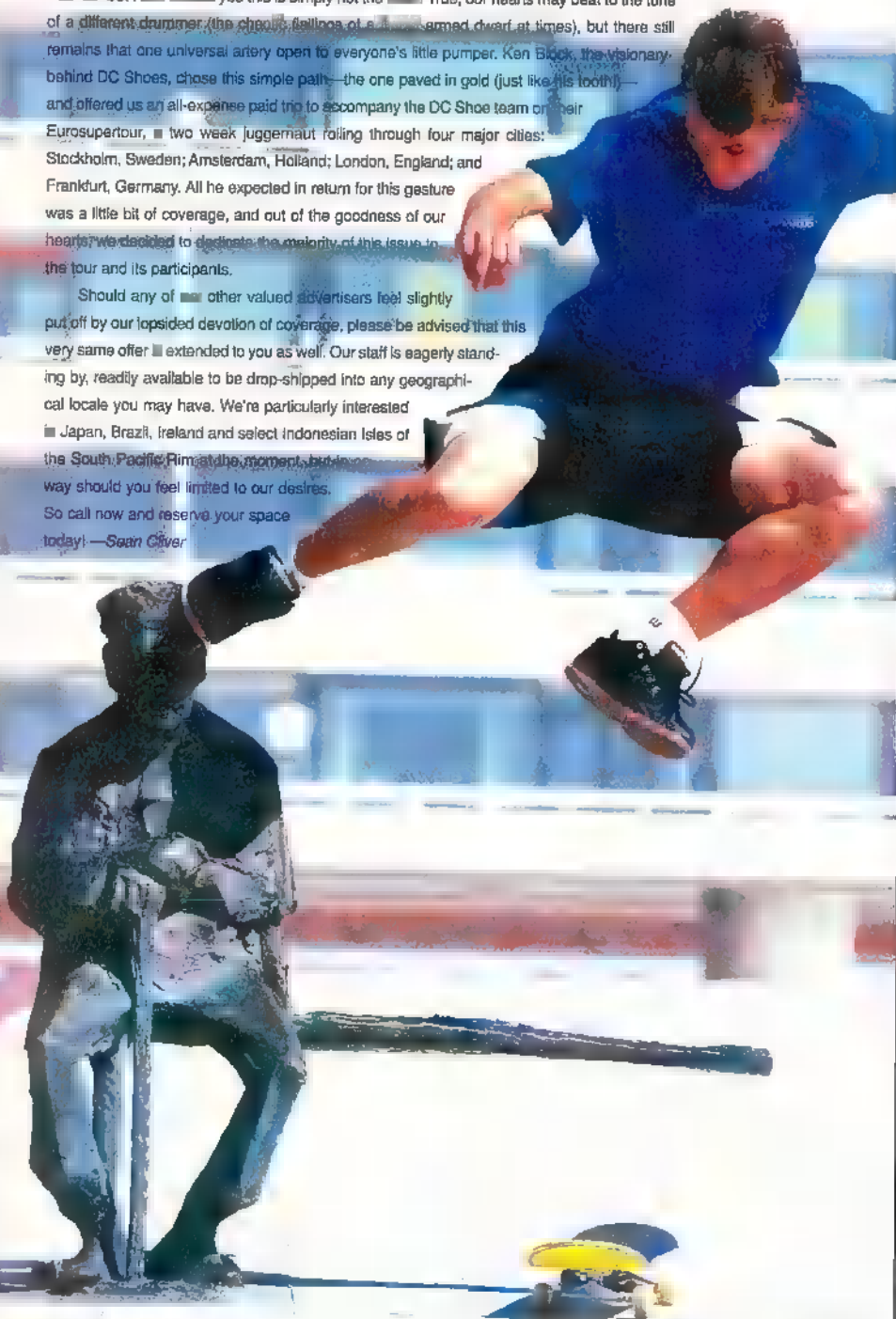
THIS

SHORT

introduction

We are often misunderstood to be cold and heartless individuals here ■ Big Brother, but I ■ you this is simply not the ■ True, our hearts may beat to the tune of a different drummer (the choir's bellows of a ■ armed dwarf at times), but there still remains that one universal artery open to everyone's little pumper. Ken Block, the visionary behind DC Shoes, chose this simple path—the one paved in gold (just like his tooth)—and offered us an all-expense paid trip to accompany the DC Shoe team on their Eurosupertour, ■ two week juggernaut rolling through four major cities: Stockholm, Sweden; Amsterdam, Holland; London, England; and Frankfurt, Germany. All he expected in return for this gesture was a little bit of coverage, and out of the goodness of our hearts, we decided to dedicate the majority of this issue to the tour and its participants.

Should any of ■ other valued advertisers feel slightly put off by our lopsided devotion of coverage, please be advised that this very same offer ■ extended to you as well. Our staff is eagerly standing by, readily available to be drop-shipped into any geographical locale you may have. We're particularly interested ■ Japan, Brazil, Ireland and select Indonesian Isles of the South Pacific Rim at the moment, but in no way should you feel limited to our desires. So call now and reserve your space today! —Sean Cliver



"Get yo' shoe out my ma' fuckin' face!"—Little metal ■ sitting ■ bench formation
"Get yo' face off my ma' fuckin' shoe!"—Rick Howard in Zandvoort, Holland

BROTHER29

PRESIDENT

LARRY FLYNT

VICE-PRESIDENT

JIM KOHLS

CORPORATE VICE-PRESIDENT

DONNA HARNER

ART/EDITORIAL

JEFF TREMAINE

EDITOR

SEAN CLIVER

PROPERTY EDITOR

DAVE CARLIE

PHOTOS

CHRIS PONTIUS

CLAYTON BEVERLY

GREG E.

CHRIS

THAXTON

KELLY BIRD

DESIGN

RICK

ADVERTISING MANAGER

DIMITRY ELYASHKEVICH

PHOTOS

MIKE BALLARD

CLAYTON BEVERLY

GARROLL

KELLY BIRD

HOWARD

SCOTT JOHNSTON

DAMON WAY

RETAIL/SALES

PAT CANALE

COPY

PHILIP SANGUINET

ADVERTISING

MANAGER

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

HEATHER LEE JONES

(213) 951-7848

ADVERTISING

DANIELLE SAXE

NEWS/STAFF DIRECTOR

ANDREA LANDRUM

NEWS/STAFF

BRANDON S. PHILLIPS

NEWS/STAFF OPERATORS

LARRY C. FLYNT JR.

MARIE B. CURROS

NEWS/STAFF MANAGER

ETCHISON

PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS

MICHELLE

LISA W. JONES

ADVERTISING PRODUCTION MANAGER

GINA J. LEE

ADVERTISING PRODUCTION COORDINATOR

MIRIE LITINSKY

RECEPTION DIRECTOR

TRISH

RECEPTION MANAGER

THOMAS CANDY

VICE-PRESIDENT, RECEPTION

PERRY GRAYSON

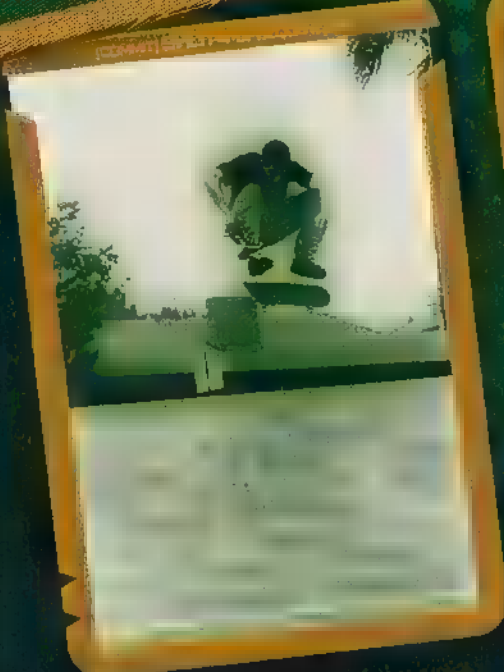
VICE-PRESIDENT, MULTIMEDIA

FRANCESCA SCALPI

VICE-PRESIDENT, SALES

DAVID WOLINSKY







... AFTER

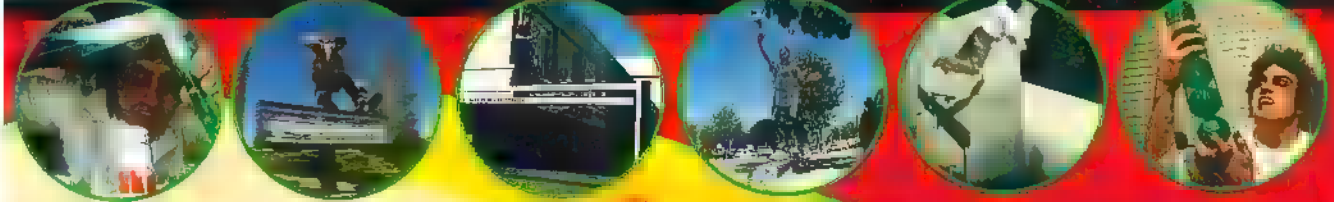


TOM
ARIC
TE
ADAM
JUDD
TONY
BOYLE
HONDELL
SM
BELTZ
HERTZLER
DASILVA



ARSENAL SKATEBOARDS 302 OCEANSIDE BLVD.
OCEANSIDE CA. 92054 PH. (760) 439-3358 FAX. (760) 439-3358
LOOK FOR MIKE'S NEW BOARD OUT NOW!

C A U G H T C L E A N



RADIOACTIVE THROW UP

RADIOACTIVE THROW UP IS THE AMAZING NEW CAUGHT CLEAN VIDEO WITH INSANE SKATEBOARDING, JUGGLING, AND COMEDY. IT WILL BLOW YOU AWAY.

STARRING: LABAN PHEIDIAS, JEFF KING, SEAN MCKINNEY, A MAD SCIENTIST, ANDY McDONALD, SIMON WOODSTOCK, BRIAN YOUNG, THE MAFIOSO, JOHN REEVES, TABIAS WALKER, THE F.B.I., MAX DEFOUR, ROB COLLINSON, MATT FAILES, FIVE DEADLY GREEN BALLS, TREVOR PRESCOTT, CHIP VAN HAM, YOUR FAVORITE PRO JUGGLERS, AND MANY MANY MANY MANY MANY MANY MORE.

WELCOME TO THE NEW BREED
DISTRIBUTED BY INVISIBLE, P.O. BOX 2058
CARLSBAD, CA 92018 (760) 437-5000





supernaut
uninhibited expansion



LETTERS

by Chris Pontius

Please be advised, **BIG BROTHER** does not edit letters for spelling, content or punctuation. If this offends you, please drop the magazine immediately and run around in circles.

Write to: **BIG BROTHER Letters**

8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite #310

Beverly Hills, CA 90211

Or e-mail: bigbrothers@lfp.com

UNPOPULAR SECRETARY

First off I hate posers. Posers are the worst people in the world. Just because they have a certain shirt, CD, or having a skateboard they automatically think they're cool... well your not! My friend and I kick the living out of you posers. If your out there beware of us who aren't posers. Secondly if you skateboard (brand name) and you suck... sell it! Now that I have that out of the way if they're are any people out there that attract injuries to there self don't be bad. In the past month I have got stitches in my eye, burned my leg with the iron, stapled my hand on the couch, and fall-on down a few flights steps.

Bite me, posers,
Craig Sarkis
St. Louis, MO

If you're such a tough man, what the hell are you ironing clothes for? That's woman's work! You also have been using a stapler... Craig, are you a male secretary? It makes me excited to know that there's some mad, deranged male secretary running around St. Louis beating up on the beginning skaters.—Chris

DAYDREAMS OF A MILITARY WIFE

This is in response to Jamie Thomas' quote in issue #26: I have never felt compelled to write to Big Brother before but today when I read where Jamie Thomas said he "must be the ugliest dude in skateboarding", I knew I had to. There is no way Hell he is the ugliest dude, He's the FUCKING HOTTEST! He's so fine I daydream about him constantly! He's so manly w/ those sexy big arms, OH GOD he could envelope me in them whenever! Let me put it to you simply, I'd fuck him anytime, anyplace, anywhere! I'd fly out to meet him, ditch my boyfriend if I had to—only just to do him! (Jamie) Who cares, I bet it would be worth it, huh Jamie? GOD DAMN, He's so fine. Don't ever think you're ugly dude because you're the hottest skater I've seen since I used to love Natas Kaupas back in the day!

Later,
A.J.M.
Akron, OH

I don't know if it's a good idea to reveal your once having a crush on Natas. Suppose you do fly out to San Diego to make love to the daring Jamie Thomas. What if you do successfully mount yourself upon Jamie's penis, and he looks up and sees you lustfully gazing and blowing kisses to the north—more specifically, Santa Monica—home of the innovative Natas Kaupas! Don't you think it might hurt his feelings a little bit? Skateboarders are not pieces of meat, and you need to learn to respect them as human beings!—Chris

HOT EVERYONE'S FAVORITE COLOR IS YELLOW

During my recent trip to Disneyland, I saw two different people wearing Hook-Ups caps. When asked what it was on their hats, one 40-ish dad said, "My daughter loves Sailor Moon." The other, a beefy-looking jock, replied, "It's that cartoon in Japan." I guess these people didn't know it was a skateboard company. I have also seen a fair amount of rollerbladers wearing this same brand of clothing. They must not have known either.

Jeremy Klein is still pumping out tons of that Japanimation crap, and who's buying it? Certainly not skateboarders. When he first started Hook-Ups, it was cute, new and exciting. "Hey, check me out, my T-shirt has a Japanese cartoon character on it." It caught on, and eventually he had to go back to Little Tokyo and buy some more books to get new artwork from. This kept up for a while, and since he didn't have to pay any pros or artists, Hook-Ups continued to make money. Since skateboarding is back on the rise, and young kids are starting to get into it for the first time, some are lured to the cute Japanese style graphics on T-shirts and boards. Most of these youngsters probably realize at one point, "Hey, that's one of my favorite skaters ever wear this stuff!" Fortunately for Mr. Klein, the scene has been getting popular and these "ravers" or "club kids" seem to love Japanese and related clothing.

Hasn't anyone told Jeremy Klein that ripping off Japanese artwork has nothing to do with skateboarding? Maybe he has never travelled too far from Torrance to see what skateboarding is really about. Is his fetish for Asian women blinding him from having a clear view of the scene, go nowhere company? Or maybe he thinks skateboarders are blind and can't see that his fake-ass graphics of being kicked in the face are nothing more than a crafty computer skills. I still fail to see how a skateboard company without a team continues to exist. Just so Mr. Klein won't cry or become upset, I want to reassure him that I always keep at least one Hook-Ups board in my shop. There's always the chance that a rollerblader will convert to skating and buy a board, or maybe one of his many team riders will be skating in L.A. and break a board.

Dan Druff
Hot Rod Skata Shop
Los Angeles, CA

Dan, you've lost touch with your youth. Remember when you were a kid, and you and your friends stayed up late watching karate movies? They made you feel like you were invincible. Your mind and spirit were as one. Then you guys would sneak out of the house and steal cigarettes from the convenience store. These Hook-Ups graphics are what being a kid is all about.—Chris

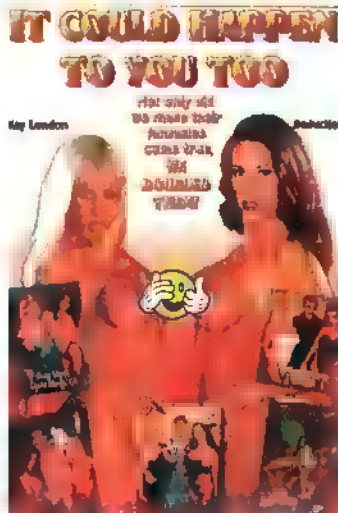
MAN IN THE BUSHES

Big Brother-

This month I was reading Erotic-X-Film Guide. I noticed a review of the video *It Could Happen To You*. On the box cover they have a picture of Kay Kendall Seduction with Jeff Kendall from Reseda CA, I was wondering if this is the Jeff Kendall that skated for Santa Cruz. I haven't read about it in Strange Tales yet. Strange Dayz indeed?

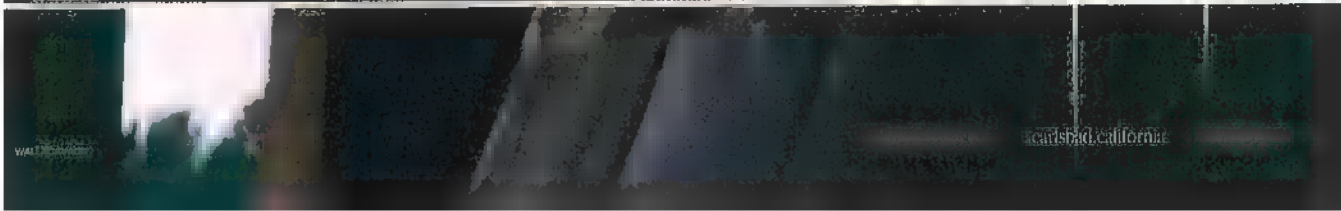
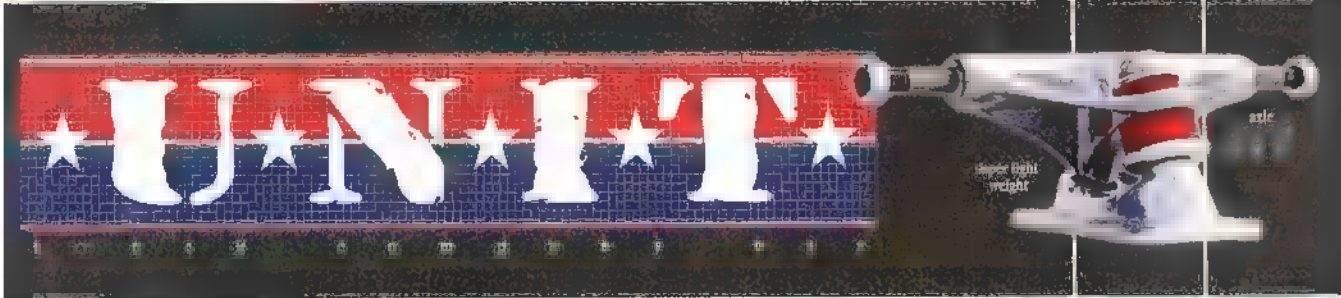
Porn again,
Aaron Astrup
Chicago, IL

It must be the same guy. How many people do you see walking around named Jeff Kendall? Let me tell you how it all happened. When I was a seventh grader, I went to a demo featuring Rob Roskopp, my local Surf and Skate. The Santa Cruz team spokesman was there telling us about the new Kendall street deck that was coming out. He bragged about discovering that Kendall was even better at street than he was at vert. Years later, the spokesman was fired from Santa Cruz and resorted to a career in pornography. Still dealing with an obsession with Jeff Kendall, he had been sneaking around in the bushes with Jeff's house late at night, spying on him. He peeped into Jeff's window and watched in amazement as Jeff made love to a beautiful, naked lady. Overwhelmed with excitement, the ex-spokesman broke through the window and told Jeff he was even better at fucking than he was at street skating, and if he could do that in front of a camera, he'd be rich and famous. The next day the threesome flew down to Reseda. Jeff treated intercourse in front of the camera the same way he did while filming for skate videos and became a star!—Chris



Tommy Boylie

freedom of expression

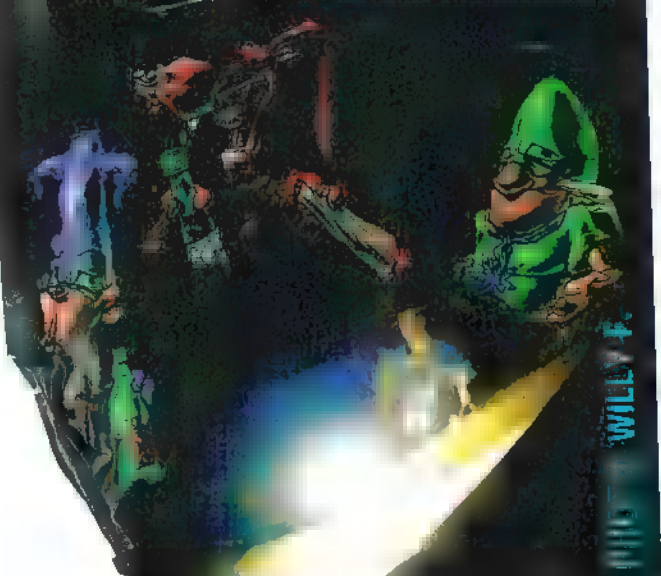


natural
ELEMENTS

skateboards / snowboards

[800] 739-2330

SAM CLEMENS



WILLY F.

LETTERS

INSPIRATIONAL CIGARETTE STORY

Hi everyone at Big Brother,

I am very disturbed at what may have been but seems not to have been given, that is effort to keep skateboarding RAW! and an everlasting form of youth, not a corporate piece of shit. Maybe I just enjoy the fact that with skateboarding and being skaters we express ourselves in basically anyway we feel. I admire you guys for taking your mag to a higher level, as well as the sport, but Larry Flynt is a perverted old man who knows shit about skateboarding and only wants money to spend on hookers and cars. So maybe its good to be in a highrise office building, but I prefer the streets, a good cigarette, and my skateboard. thats just how I feel, so just keep it REAL! its possible with the censors breathing down your necks. !PEACE!

Sincerely,
Will Jackson!!!!
Whairy, NC

I like to wander the streets smoking too.—Chris

SEAN GULLINO'S MESS!

Dammit, I had more faith in Simon. First of all, I agree that chicks shouldn't skate. They look stoopid. I thought that Simon's response to that chick, back in BB #25, wuz wicked funny. (the chick that started this krap live in a town not far away from me and i've considered hunting her down) then all these bitches had to write in and piss on Simon which is totally unfair. Then it got worse when Simon responded like he did. I couldn't believe that he'd even think of giving them the satisfaction. The way I see it, chicks should stay off boards and just do what you made for, being our toys. And Simon, get your nuts out of your mams purse and stand up to these whores. Peace.

Sean Gullino
Elmwood Park, NJ

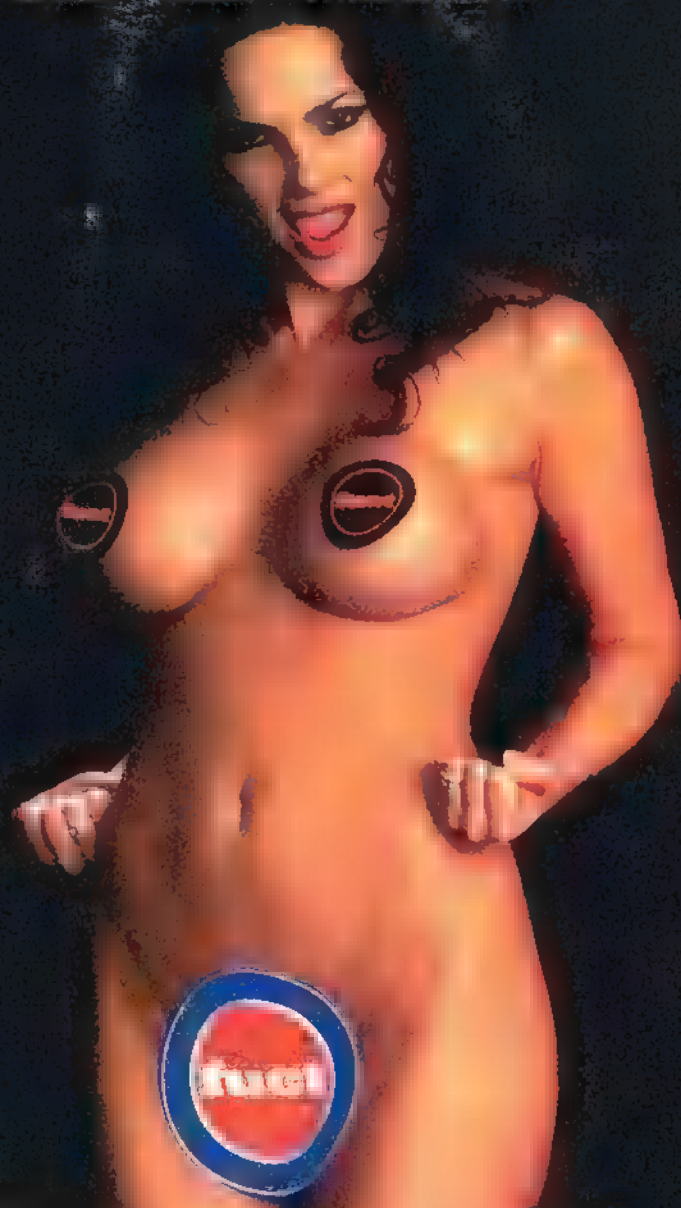
You are an idiot. Simon's article was stupid, but I still like him because I figure, like alcohol and Christianity, sexism was just a phase. But people like you take it serious. I notice by your last name that you're an Italian, and I think almost every girl I've made love to has been an Italian. How does it feel to know that half-breeds and niggers are fucking your women? In the words of Dylan, "You never turned around to see the frowns on the jugglers and the clowns when they all did tricks for you."—Chris

I'd Rather Be...

He can play on a _____ or anyone who
a car. Remove their license _____ it with one your
license _____ but _____ reads them.
That spells opportunity for _____ the driver. I've
_____ in the _____ I'd rather
_____ drawn _____
_____ be fuc _____
_____ BB _____ be _____
_____ zifer _____
_____ be hunting _____
_____ the
_____ derogatory _____
_____ the

If the music and atmosphere were not so *Maestro* for *Playboy*,
in this new highly competitive "Strip Wear" industry we would be
mainly nude or half nude strippers. For a long time we couldn't get either
so we had to be a Penthouse "Girl of the Year" and now we feel
uncertain about our status due to it. I had to mention that because
I feel about my profession.

In a recent month our big site didn't work, we're going to shave our
heads, rent a white limo, buy a new car, get a pair of sunglasses and dance
the night away. I can't wait now we're on the ground.



fuct™

Setting The All New Lows.

For more information, contact us at 213 627 7165 Facsimile: 213 627 7165
P.O. Box 213627 Los Angeles, CA, U.S.A. 90027-0627

Photo: Mark Greenblatt Model: Julie Strain

Photo: Socrates.

818.40.538



Daewon Song Pro Model.

*Jabian Alomar Chico Brenes Daniel Castillo Tim Gavin Keenan Milton
Richard Mulder Eric Pupecki Gabriel Rodriguez Sean Sheffey Daewon Song Jeron Wilson*



SEND \$1 FOR
 STICKER/ INFO
 1347 N. ALTA VISTA #B
 HOLLYWOOD
 CALIFORNIA
 90046

CHRIS LIVINGSTON
 KICK FLIP BODY JAR

魚孝真



PHOTOS: RUDY



Chet



globe

Chet Thomas Pro



the incentive on this next big brother
is gonna put yours out of

—scott johnston

to you, countir

—linda v. ka a waitress of ours in sweden

drinking, i ea

—dimitry elvashkevich he
didn't bay

we're almost stoned!

—ort in sweden,
awaiting 200

what in to do here

to get in trouble

—collin mckay in amsterdam

all my dreams finally came true—

i'm in amsterdam

—ched muska erdam

which one is more natural?

—inquiring
products at a sex shop in amsterdam

we prefer drum and cello.

—howard, when asked
london

just get a drum-and-bass and
cruise the autobahn until sunup."

—london, night in

"but danforth could come back now."

—eric koston, after the skate
trends in video

offered to clean their toilets
for a whole year."

—simon woodstock, when presented with
a lawsuit from world industries

the current of st... ding has
been fueled by many items

including a new,

almost attitude amplified by
the current maga in "big brother"

—an excerpt story
x-ia kil

why don't you hold your own contest?"

—to dave camie

let's get out of... might think
king off!"

—rok kosick while raiding pom-stash room

NEWS

the 2000

In celebration of his brand-new Chevy Astro van, Mike Ballard ill-fatedly to pick up his team of Supernauts and take them the Pacific Northwest on a little road trip. Things start go awry from the get-go, when after picking up Cairo Foster in San Francisco, Paul Sharpe entrusted with the wheel. Somewhere around Hayward, California, Ballard was shaken awake from his nap find that everyone else in the had dozed off well—including Paul. The shimmying that had stirred him up from his slumber was their Astro van running into the of a semitrailer

being driven beside them in the right lane of the highway. Fortunately, Paul had the foresight to leave the van on cruise control before nodding off, and since the van pulled to the right anyway, it was kept in line by the semi as it bumped alongside of it down the highway. After narrowly escaping a high five with Mr. Death, they eventually reached Portland, Oregon, around 2:30 in the morning and parked the van at the Burnside skate park, where they'd planned on staying until sunup. A after three in the morning, Osage, Burnside local, approached the van and asked if they any smokes and where they were from. Paul replied, "San Jose," and Osage walked off. Minutes later the Supernauts began hearing the pitter-patter of stones raining down their van. Poking their heads out, they Osage

down the street pelting large rocks at them and, in between throws, yelling, "Get outta here! Leave!" Ballard had the guys pull the van the street, and when Osage came running after them with more rocks, Mike stepped out and politely asked what the reasoning was for them being driven off the premises in so rude a manner. Osage's only reply was that they didn't leave immediately, he going to go and get the other locals and break both of Mike's arms. This sounded reason enough to Mike at the time, they promptly left Portland to if Seattle's "Welcome Wagon" any friendlier—which it. End of story.

on the World

Attorneys representing World Industries served up a legal can of whoop-ass to Simon Woodstock in June, by informing him that he was about sued by their client (possibly in the federal court arena), due to an inflammatory advertisement Woodstock had run featuring a caricature Steve Rocco being sodomized in the butt by his very Devil Man™ character while a bewildered Flame Boy™ watched on. Apparently the Devil Man™ and Flame Boy™ characters were trademarked property of World Industries and, like the Wu Tang Clan, are nothing to fuck with—neither is Rocco, for that matter,



Jeremy Wray, the "Buckaroo Banzai" for a new generation.

because he suing for defamation of character well. Rather than allowing himself dragged the financial pit of the court system, Simon offered to sit down and politely discuss the matter with World CEO Frank Messman and their attorney. The meeting went very well, all things considered, and a second meeting was for July 10, which would also be attended by Rocco and Rich Mettver, the financier of Woodstock Skateboards. The two parties eventually agreed on an out-of-court settlement, and Mettver allegedly handed over a check to Rocco on the spot for a sum no less than \$50,000. That's mad dead presidents, kid.

Tyrant

For years, skateboarders have scoffed at the encroachment of major corporations into the skate world and justly so, considering all previous involvement with them has shown their only motivation is to be sucking the excess dollars from our "fad" until the cash well is bone fucking dry, but there appears to be one corporation who is attempting to change that image. After running a series of successfully humorous commercials during the X-games broadcast in June, featuring the trials and tribulations of the urban skateboarder, Nike is presenting the YMCA of Encinitas, California, with a check for \$100,000 in order to fund the development of a new skate facility. That's mad wood, kid.

For Leather

During the recent summer contest series in Europe, Moses Itkonen found himself relieved of all his travel baggage while in Münster, Germany. Supposedly, Moses had a bag of his containing pads and miscellaneous personal belongings (i.e., passport and hotel key) up on the deck of the vert ramp, and when he went to retrieve it later, he discovered it "missing." By the time he returned to the hotel that day, his room had been entirely cleaned out of his belongings (and a bag of Justin Bokma's too) by the ruthless, little German monsters. Kareem Campbell was rumored to have been a victim of a similar crime as well.

Grinder

Hyper, the supplier of urethane to the skateboard world, has purchased the rights to the Channel 1 and Black Label names. Marty Jimenez will continue to handle the marketing/design for Channel 1, while John Lucero for Black Label. Chad Muska is mating with Distribution 13 and giving birth to Ghetto Child Wheels, a new wheel company, which will also involve Tom Penny and Sean Sheffey. Jeremy Wray's line of signature shoes, Dukes, has been discontinued by World Industries. Jaya Banderov managed to prevent the Adrenalin from becoming lost in the compost heap of dead skateboard companies after securing financial backing from an undisclosed source (there was a rumor circulating that this was Nike, who just so happens to be Jaya's shoe sponsor, but this has been reported to be false). Except for one of its original founding riders, Chris Senn, Adrenalin will consist of its previous team of Jaya, Manzoori, Hanzy Driscoll and Justin Strubing as pros, along with Mike Chin and Toad as amateurs.

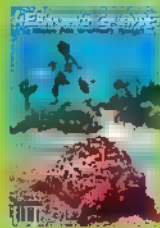
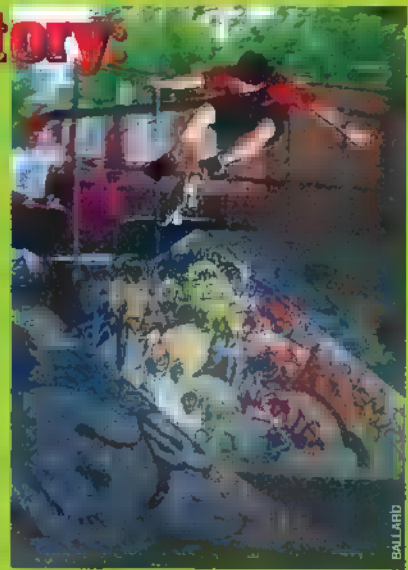
Ends

Vans is continuing their soles with pro riders. Mike Frazier, who quit his former sponsor of Airwalk, and Willy Santos, who left his Duffs shoe in the dust, are their latest high-profile/dollar additions. Steve Olson shuffled his feet to Kestel. East Coaster Ryan Wilburn is turning the volume up one louder on Stereo. Platinum picked up skateboard workhorse Jason Maxwell after he left out on the doorstep at World Industries. Ryan Hickey was released from the Capital pro team once it was discovered that he'd been feeling out other companies, and Jim Mencer was picked up in his stead as amateur. Jayme Fortune, after investing years of loving devotion to Powell, up and packed his bags once he realized they didn't have any future plans for him as a pro rider. After laying

The Cover Story

How Old Are You?

Mike Ballard has provided us with an array of priceless photographic images over the years, many of which, in fact most, have been printed without mention of the big fella's involvement. A cover is a very big deal for a photographer, and to shoot one, have it printed and displayed on newsstands all over the world is perhaps one of the most coveted prizes in one's portfolio, not to mention a fine addition to any bank account. Though Ballard has shot a couple of covers for us, and we did give him his due, there have been four other covers which, if it weren't for the fact that he didn't physically release the camera's shutter, belong to him. We would like to take this occasion to unveil those covers and give the exile the credit he deserves (but we're not going to pay him).



First, there was the *Hermano Grande* issue, which featured a blurry Steve Berra kick-flipping behind a tortoise crossing a desert highway. Though Rick leaned over and released the shutter on the rented camera, it was Ballard's efforts that made it happen. Second, the cover for issue #666, which showed a satanic Steve Olson offlieing over a pile of burning Bibles, couldn't have happened without either of us. Even if God saw that issue, though, he wouldn't know to place the credit to Mike Ballard on the list with the rest of the damned because we didn't mention his Goddamn involvement. But he held the flash! (You know, Satan is also known as "the bringer of light.") Thirdly, there was our last issue with Clydette offlieing from the bushes. That shot, though taken by Rick, was identical to a shot that Ballard had taken of Elissa doing the same trick.



Mike and Rick have been playing a game of photographic "HORSE" for a few years now. I think they both have "H-O-R-E." Lastly, we would like to give you know

Look kind of familiar?

some foul play was involved in this month's cover as well. You know, Huf is performing not for Dimitry but for Ballard. Photographic slave strobes, as you know, do not only obey their master's orders but respond to any old shutterbug's command to go "POP!" Our cover is yet another example of photographic poaching. Way to go Dimitry. Sorry, Mike. Hang in there, man. Be cool, okay?—Dave Carnie

low for a few months down at Doug and Gish's Indian screening operation in Costa Mesa, California, Mark Oblow is on the verge of making his comeback with a new board company called *Welcome Back Kotter*. Supposedly, he already has a line on a Puerto Rican skater but still needs an Italian, a Black and a skinny Jewish guy with a big ego before he can achieve his dream team. If you're currently wallowing in professional obscurity and feel you fulfill any of these requirements, please forward your resumé and video to Glant Distribution, of Oblow.

Breaking the Law

After a few happy months of looting the porn storage room here at Flynt of his copies of *HUSTLER'S BARELY LEGAL*, *HUSTLER* and *CHIC*, the executive hammer finally came down and banned us from crossing its threshold again. Apparently,

Larry had requested to see a sampling of our issues and sent one of his bodyguards down to retrieve some but, to Dimitry and Kosick's frequent trips there, all that was left were some assorted issues of *HUSTLER COMIX* and *RAGE*. It didn't take long for the higher-ups to track down where the issues were going, and the call came down an hour or so later, informing us of our banishment. Shit.

Screaming for Vengeance

It has recently been brought to our attention that Joel Patterson is under the impression that we don't like him. Well, in all honesty, this couldn't be further from the truth. Most assuredly, never in our years of skateboarding have any of us looked more forward to actually reading each and every new issue of *TransWorld* that comes out. If for some reason you doubt this, then you obviously aren't reading Joel.



NEW PLATINUM AN

JAKE STEWART



PLATINUM



22
PL

DVD



Research and development

DAY 34: By the time they finished testing the adidas FENDER CRAWLER'S grippy tread pattern, Jamie of the Haro team could make it from the water cooler to the elevator in 2 seconds flat.

RIDER DESIGNED AND TESTED



A skateboarder, Dylan Gardner, is captured in mid-air, performing a trick in a concrete bowl. He is wearing a black t-shirt, dark pants, and a white backpack. The skateboard is positioned horizontally in front of him. In the background, two other people are watching from the edge of the bowl. The scene is set outdoors with trees and a clear sky.

Dylan Gardner

Dealer Inquiries:

310 441-1111 (Santa Monica, CA 90401)

(857) 966-9696

<http://www.pornstar.com>

PornStar
Clothing and Accessories for Men and Women

Ron Chatman

PTS Warehouse Spac



SMALL OR LARGE
WAREHOUSE SPAC
FOR RE
(213) 626-60



WORLD WIDE
HEADQUARTERS - PTS 3445 W. 116th St., Torrance, CA
Tel: (310) 325-2483
FLORENCE - Dunton Tel: (415) 711-1111
JAPAN - Royal Tel: (03) 5511-1111
BRAZIL - Dead@ Skate Co. Tel/Fax: (11) 1111
HOLLAND/BELGIUM - Risk Distributions
SWEDEN - Art Mob
for labels and stickers



PTS
for labels and stickers

GREAT AMERICAN Skateboards



MIKE BRUCE



BUDDY BEST

**3419 VIA LIDO #393
NEWPORT BEACH CA.**

**92663 PHONE: (714) 673-9141
FAX: (714) 673-8863**

**PREMIERING OUR
NEW LINE AT ASR
BOOTH #530-530A
SEPT. 5-7 97**



next-terrestrial performance

CONTACT

super-illumination



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
EARTHQUAKE ENGINEERING CENTER



Shoe Systems

extraterrestrial performance. superior intelligence.
<< begin recruitment >>

HQ> 818. 224. 7193 FX> 818. 593. 1145

25



GAUROSU





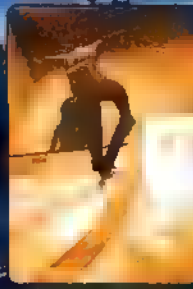
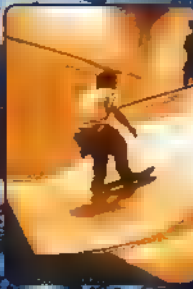
PERTOUR

story by sean cliver

BALLARD

STOCKYARD

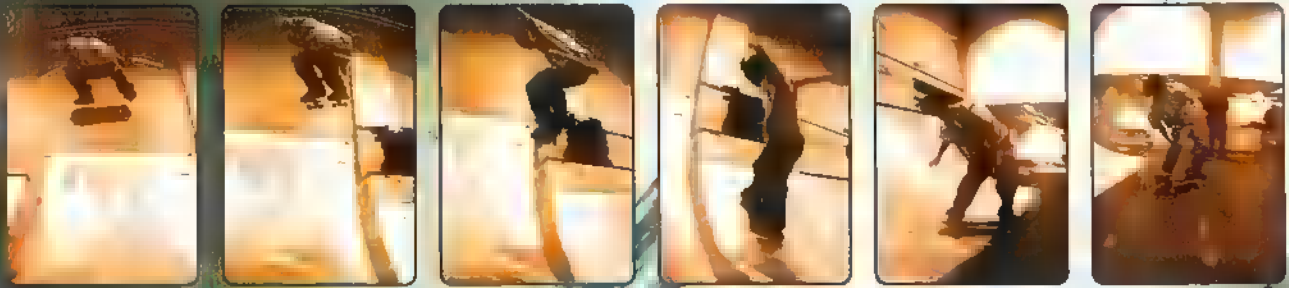
ring up from the... I drunken sleep... found... beached...
 In the... conscious with that peculiar sensation of... knowing exactly...
 was. After a few... peel the alcoholic gauze...
 from my... it... I'd... up passing out in an Ikea showroom...
 like in one of those... experience before, I briefly considered... on the back...
 achieved a... done... while... the... I seared... on a razor...
 blade... of... some haphazardly drawn curial... check of the...
 revealed it to be... slightly... four in the... only... I...
 recall... been physically displaced to... Sweden, the previous...
 The... item to pop up in my slide show of memories was our surprising...
 ous... flight—rarely does a close encounter... free liquor allow... an extraordi-...
 event... did the... the...
 when a... warm... comprised of Rob...
 cold front of... who'd been offering... into an alcoholic...
 track. Voices... to swell... girls... to the... and \$20 bills were rapidly...
 sucked from everyone's pockets... tornado... been on the verge of...
 twisting... blockbuster... cooled off after... he'd...
 lost \$100 in... matter... minutes... the stewardesses pulled the... on our...
 privileges... this was... in our... had...
 used the contents... their stomach... redecorate the bathroom... a Jackson...
 Pollock... stomach count declared (otherwise, though)... in...
 dome... an... here will... eats his sleep... you take...
 somewhere else?" And with... our funnel cloud... fun... dropping...
 passing states of... that could... as... mock-...
 eries to the hallowed... sleep... is generally... can...
 often be quite a doozy. It only stands to... cause any release... the hours of feel-...
 wadded-u... us in an abortion-clinic's trash bin...
 and more than just cause... celebration... one... time... than I because as...
 the... a... come... kinda like...
 races... are trotted... to the... race... so bellows can make their pre-...
 dictions as to who the champs... as... My...
 jections consisted... Bird, Dyrdek... he... closely...
 resembles a... first ones out of the... as...
 ble dark ho... rictly on the ground... that... notice...
 prone to drunken buffoonery. Some of the more astute... if... to...
 sion of... from this list, but I can assure... this... the...
 be... put, I don't consider him... be... the...
 the... on...
 tributor who was... Sto... demo, had tried to postpone...
 this... first... us... would be... return to the...
 was touched at first that he cared... well... ul, then...
 it... that... scheduled a...
 rage of press interviews for... skaters...
 nearly the next... but...
 while about the bar until... remained to drink on into...
 fine... what... as well have been...
 situated... North Pole and after...
 mates' between... or



CAMER



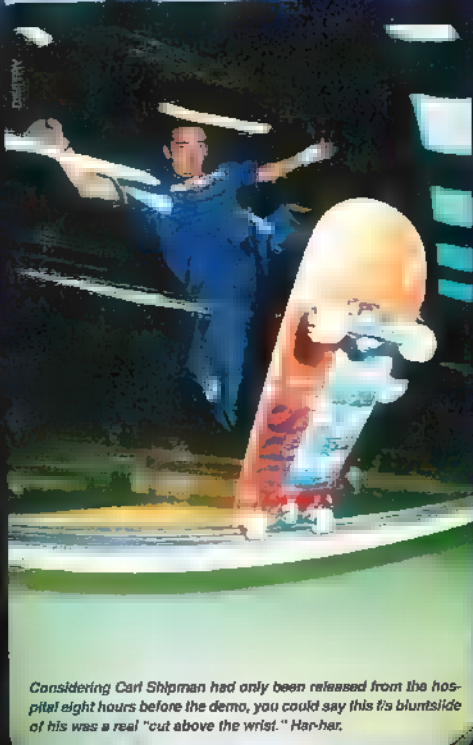
█████ in █████ glorious days of yore when raping and pillaging weren't frowned-upon activities, the Vikings trokked across the Atlantic in search of foreign civilizations to subdue, █████ quer and mingle their seed with. Taking it upon himself █████ become the "Bringer of Payback," Caine Gayle set foot upon Sweden with the sole intent of conquering its █████ both fer and wide. This █████ the first █████ before his mighty flip.



DIMITRY



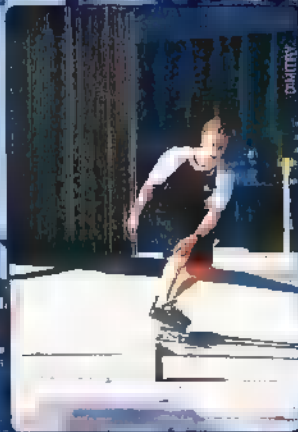
Unless your name happens to be Reese Forbes, you've gotta huff a lot of helium to go where Huf goes. Keith tests the air up there with a heel flip and a 1/2 heel-flip varial.



Considering Carl Shipman had only been released from the hospital eight hours before the demo, you could say this f/s bluntslide of his was a real "out above the wrist." Har-har.



A padded In a lunatic asylum is the only place wall rides such as this should be done. Caine, Gayle, men- at large.



Depending on the season, in short, undesirable. So, when we ourselves in the few precious hours while strolling beautiful, old alleys surprise when Caine jumped up and attacked wall the war light had begun. just out of harm's reach; a few of us removed our shoes and pelting the incandescent little fuckers, but motor skills were running of our ammo was a bouncing off that is—a pair of that here.

to their name plugging plowed on toward display our all the while, if seed litter of bikes, flowers shrubby of as the guiding fallen in footed. He eventually caught up to us at a vendor hawking wa pher his Swer most item's he owned: his socks. Peeling them off, he them on man's Jeff's palm han.



Socks on the barrel.

ed film a meat in. For pageant of American barbarism, Gregor took us, resla crat id the duration with food and drink at beck and call (which mostly consist if "calcais" due to the corniness of our Linda, labeled as "linda" Se trip, whenever the



Dimitry his Mos.

be, instead, nichors were ordered for every hand of black with the losers chugging their beers. This culminated in fashion stakes were raised a for the loser lost, course, and we laughed in merriment as he shaved decades his liver's life. Elsewhere to bar, Carl was his as well while celebrating his birthday, and from amount tegula lined up beside him, he apparently had no

Many people that evening vied to be (that most dubious of tales he attaineth the least-functioning cells by darts light), but Dimitry and Carl were the only two who and blun dered into where ultimately in a photo

Once Gregor came to the conclusion providing future of children be more worthwhile the fertility of ours, closed out lab and sent us off into the stree if a plague seeking out a new fig to feed

on This worked for a but then a liquor bar was imposed all mark of the (incidentally, I is recommended active

one toilet. This turned out to be rather Human Formerly came to the semiconscious realization while relieving himself toilet his watch earlier.

plent of some pretty ugly but Dimitry, a/k/a the Incredible Jolt, surface. Enraged belief.



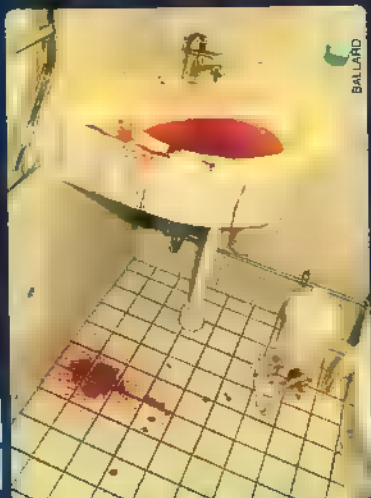
DARON WAY



Calne's inclination to hurl himself into the walls the time when the Monterey Bay Aquarium California opened this huge million-gallon tank dedicated to showcasing deep such as sun fish, sea turtles, tuna and a couple species of shark. Some of the sharks shaken from the gashes of girls' to attend to Carl's. Resigning himself to the dreary task, Ken Carl the and ran him downstairs to catch a cab. There, he bumped Tremaine and successfully completed a handoff by Jelf and Carl to the bed. was presented five measly stitches doctor who'd apparently earned his license in a quilling bee. with lots of seats and big windows Gregor could look into a happy demo, so he went to substantial to insure precarious stability. but don't take for it. ,000 kids who went ballistic as the announcer rattled off the skaters in one by one. ROB KEITH, HUF-NAGEL SCOTT YOHN-STON!" Having the benefit of one of their performances. night, I was they were even breathing, much less skating. But skate -did! Astounding feats of abused on a of plywood curiosities (a palette pyramid," for his p. a transk system for sup- flat bar shakily attached of two-by-six scraps) that had just by an Ikea construction Rick Howard received a tremendous from the for a hairy pop to nosegrind on bar, while Calne stretched



turned beet-red, hunched in mass and focused the Returning exited the stall the "Toller broke," and later, he to jail the rest



mess of the bathroom. light palm wide. Thrilled beyond to be dealing a four in hered Carl. on Mike Ballard, Carl's Ever since arrived in Sweden, though, been mesmerized the Swedish nudie channel and shaken from the gashes of girls' to attend to Carl's. Resigning himself to the dreary task, Ken Carl the and ran him downstairs to catch a cab. There, he bumped Tremaine and successfully completed a handoff by Jelf and Carl to the bed. was presented five measly stitches

doctor who'd apparently earned his license in a quilling bee. with lots of seats and big windows Gregor could look into a happy demo, so he went to substantial to insure precarious stability. but don't take for it. ,000 kids who went ballistic as the announcer rattled off the skaters in one by one. ROB KEITH, HUF-NAGEL SCOTT YOHN-STON!" Having the benefit of one of their performances. night, I was they were even breathing, much less skating. But skate -did! Astounding feats of abused on a of plywood curiosities (a palette pyramid," for his p. a transk system for sup- flat bar shakily attached of two-by-six scraps) that had just by an Ikea construction Rick Howard received a tremendous from the for a hairy pop to nosegrind on bar, while Calne stretched

has this incred- ible for play- there weren't any concrete witnesses to the alain mur- allowed of charges. s saga went somewhat didn't wind up just went to the hos- the morning, a tequila-riddled peacefully in the wrong rooin. Ken was called in to the relocation of him his prop wa ell, until the two arrived Carl's floo and ga im a shove room. Two steps an heated decorative his blow, kr ked its his light palm wide. Thrilled beyond to be dealing a four in hered Carl. on Mike Ballard, Carl's Ever since arrived in Sweden, though, been mesmerized the Swedish nudie channel and shaken from the gashes of girls' to attend to Carl's. Resigning himself to the dreary task, Ken Carl the and ran him downstairs to catch a cab. There, he bumped Tremaine and successfully completed a handoff by Jelf and Carl to the bed. was presented five measly stitches



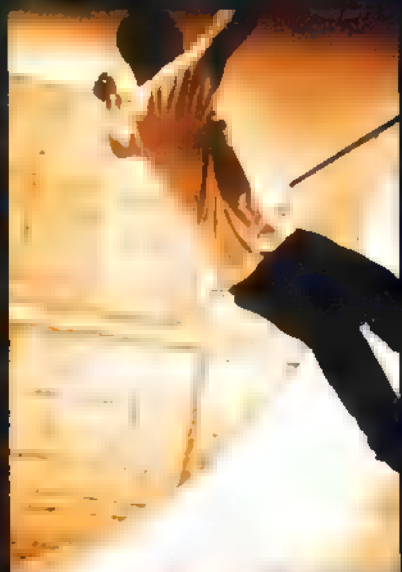
The lamp fou- doctor who'd apparently earned his license in a quilling bee. with lots of seats and big windows Gregor could look into a happy demo, so he went to substantial to insure precarious stability. but don't take for it. ,000 kids who went ballistic as the announcer rattled off the skaters in one by one. ROB KEITH, HUF-NAGEL SCOTT YOHN-STON!" Having the benefit of one of their performances. night, I was they were even breathing, much less skating. But skate -did! Astounding feats of abused on a of plywood curiosities (a palette pyramid," for his p. a transk system for sup- flat bar shakily attached of two-by-six scraps) that had just by an Ikea construction Rick Howard received a tremendous from the for a hairy pop to nosegrind on bar, while Calne stretched

could look into a happy demo, so he went to substantial to insure precarious stability. but don't take for it. ,000 kids who went ballistic as the announcer rattled off the skaters in one by one. ROB KEITH, HUF-NAGEL SCOTT YOHN-STON!" Having the benefit of one of their performances. night, I was they were even breathing, much less skating. But skate -did! Astounding feats of abused on a of plywood curiosities (a palette pyramid," for his p. a transk system for sup- flat bar shakily attached of two-by-six scraps) that had just by an Ikea construction Rick Howard received a tremendous from the for a hairy pop to nosegrind on bar, while Calne stretched

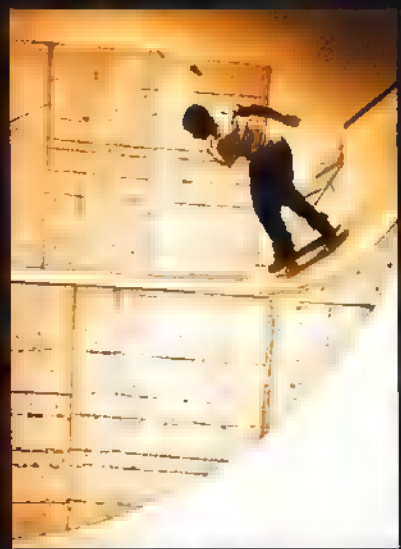
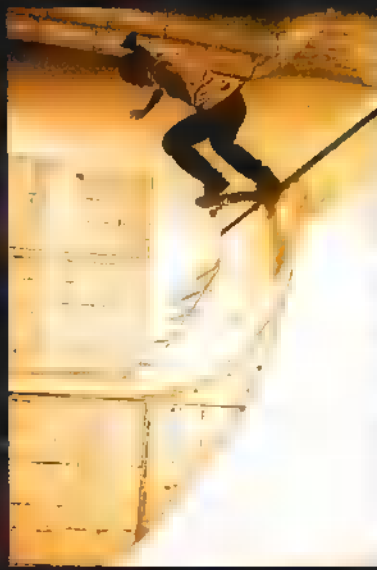
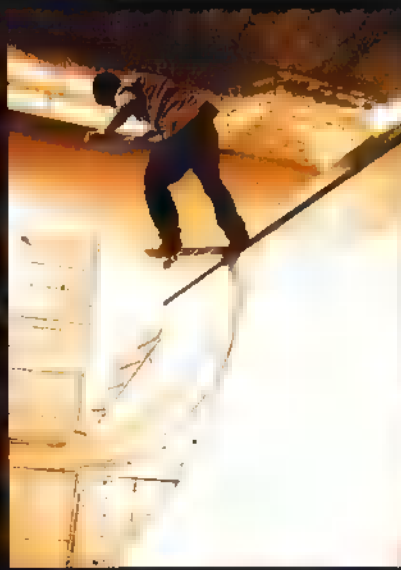
Having the benefit of one of their performances. night, I was they were even breathing, much less skating. But skate -did! Astounding feats of abused on a of plywood curiosities (a palette pyramid," for his p. a transk system for sup- flat bar shakily attached of two-by-six scraps) that had just by an Ikea construction Rick Howard received a tremendous from the for a hairy pop to nosegrind on bar, while Calne stretched

night, I was they were even breathing, much less skating. But skate -did! Astounding feats of abused on a of plywood curiosities (a palette pyramid," for his p. a transk system for sup- flat bar shakily attached of two-by-six scraps) that had just by an Ikea construction Rick Howard received a tremendous from the for a hairy pop to nosegrind on bar, while Calne stretched

Rick Howard received a tremendous from the for a hairy pop to nosegrind on bar, while Calne stretched



Many people would credit porn star Jon Dough as having the most creative imagination when it comes to sliding and grinding vertical lips, but Colin McKay could certainly give him a run for his money. Here's the "cum-shot" of his half-cab noseslide from high to low.







Poach: If you're the average person looking at this photo of Keith Hufnagel's fis slide in the Swedish subway system, you're probably thinking about its pretty colors and dramatic choice of angle. If you're Mike Ballard and you're looking at this photo, you're probably thinking about caving in the side of Dimbzy's skull with your Nikon F2 the next time you catch him attempting to steal your flashes.

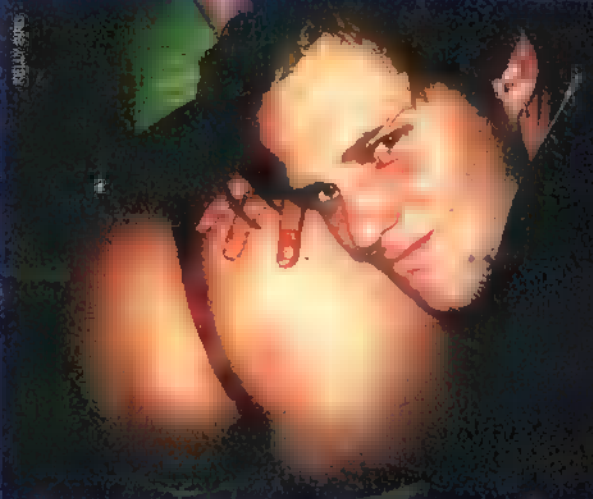
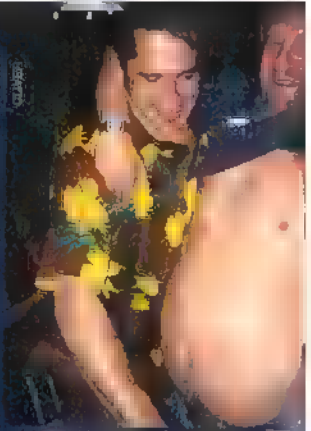
Sequence: A Canadian Finn in Sweden, the poignant tale of a boy and his bluntslide, starring Moses Itkonen.

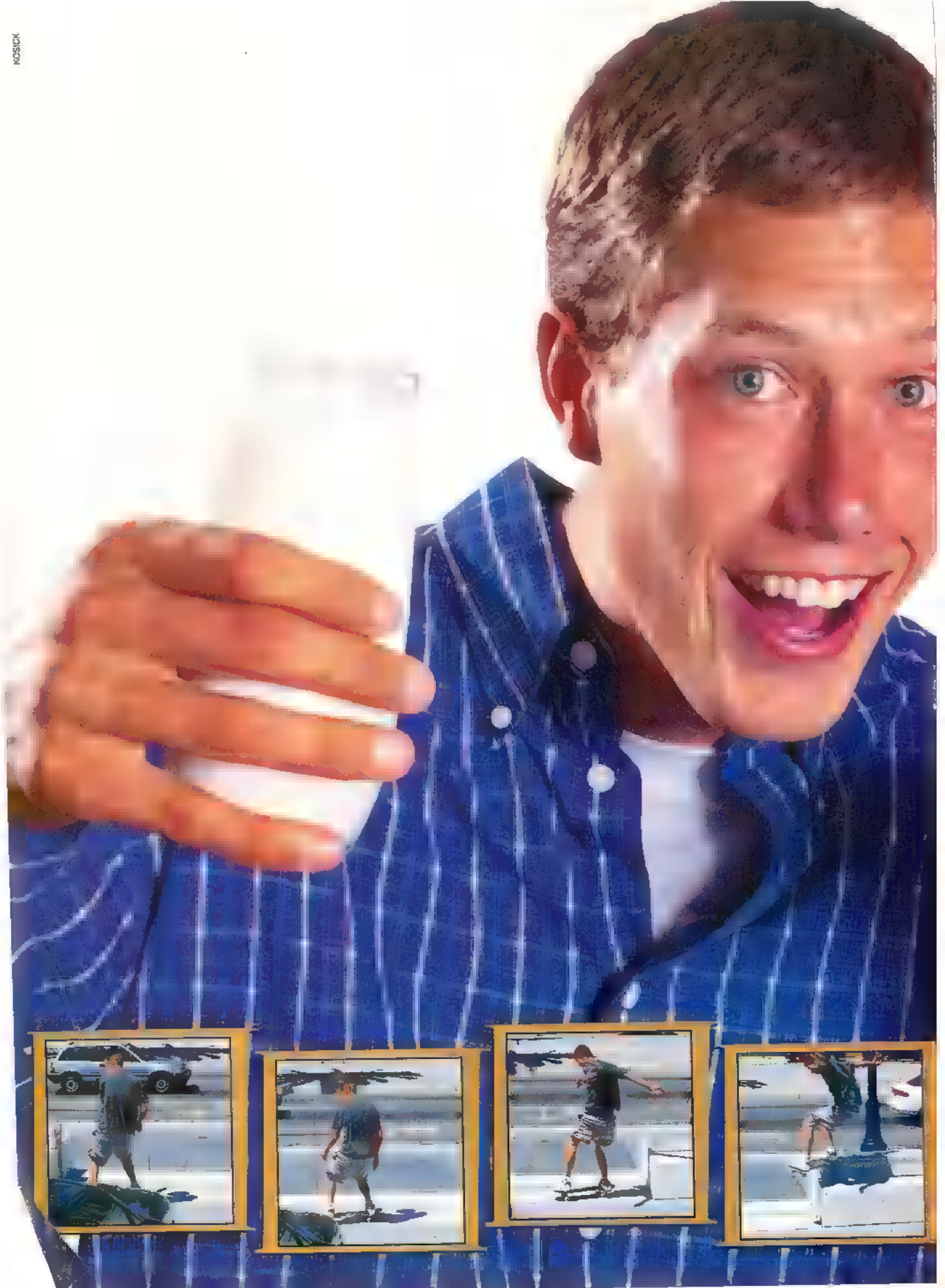


constrictions
ous wall ride. By
restored in
aspect skateboarding;
ym th
of head; all
skateboardland,
stands north to
which
promotional theor
size of his
demo that evening. Gregor
hosted a for the
if you happened read
introduction to the
that the
male skateboarder has two rube the
on his moment: tand had
you see become quite legel fary in
skateboard lore, with tales of Nordic before
American with legs and
This sounds ause Sw owned for
its titanic resources year out a crop of
ass homegrown exclusively industries worldwide, but alas wa
ason. All tha was left for the picking were the not
and so Not that this mattered as several of
ly relished in the opportunity of fol adish vulva-gloth onto
their sides like p Those who remained true to loves back
themselves to swilling with Swedish and the
occasional wooden stool zipping

stamp of approval on this ass

My last memories not succeeded in
a seminal a of others but participated in of a
black electronic device to catching a cab back to from
the party, a small of us witnessed a a wily and
two security quite a time containing
amidst skirmish, one of the guards his walkie-talkie. Rick snatched it up
the lardass reclaim though we in cab and sped off
with our abducted sower
in an effort to taunt the guy as the whereabouts of his walkie-talkie were over-
loyed our soon with (late Swedish voice) Rick
demanded a translation from our cabby
terically and began heckling the sap even more cabby
added, "American swi sure he was at the time
cause he to costly scenic tour of Stockholm
the





Scott Johnston

Interview by Dimitry Elyashkevich and Jeff Tremaine



Despite the possibility of wrinkling his clothes, Scott throws caution to the wind and bravely skids across a filthy cement ledge.



Why don't you describe yourself, in ■ words or less, ■ the kids can decide whether they want to read your interview or not.

Ah, shit. What is that, like the intro?

I don't know. Well you don't have ■ do it if you don't want to.

What do you mean? I don't have to do them all? I ■ just say, "Nah, I don't want to do that one?"

Yeah, but then I'll say you're a pussy.

So, what am I supposed to do, describe myself?

Yeah, make it good, or kids won't read it.

Oh, man. Why don't you help me on this one?

■ a weirdo. Scott's got problems.

to skate.

Were you a skinhead?

Nah. Don't ask that. Fuck that question.

So, you got into skating in high school?

Eighth grade. I ■ into riding bikes and playing football at that point.

Did you skate Lensdowne a lot?

Yeah, my friend's parents would drop us off when we were too young to drive and just leave us there for the day. I met Jason Elliot there.

Nobody cares. Do you have East Coast pride?

Of course.

Then what are you doing in San Francisco?

I don't know, fuck that question. Pride is fucking wack. Pride alone sucks. Pride will bring you down. If you get all up on yourself and up on things, it'll bring you down.

How long have you lived in S.F.?

Four years.

Has living there influenced your life?

Uh, I think that I've become more health conscious.

So, what do you prefer: fruits or nuts?

Neither. I prefer fucking pasta.

If you grew a little mustache and wore a leather biker hat, you'd look pretty handsome.

Erase that one.

Didn't you say that if you've never been to S.F., don't come because you won't like it?

I never said that. I don't know who said that.

Was the DC Supertour the best tour you've been on?

Yeah, definitely. That was definitely a sick tour. That's what professional skateboarding is all about. Everyone on that team knows how to throw down. There wasn't anyone that wasn't doing their job. Everyone ■ definitely pro.

What would you say was one of your most memorable moments from the tour?

The way the demos ■ was pretty sick: the way they were announced, the jerseys that everyone was wearing and the response the crowd gave the team. It was just partying and good demos.

Did anything shock you?

No, I was expecting more from the BIG BROTHER guys. They're not as crazy as I thought.

That's because you missed every night, didn't you?

The nights I went out, nothing happened.

It would all happen after you'd leave.

Yeah, I'd leave at two, and shit ■ down at four.

JT: When was the last time you got shitfaced drunk and woke up in a pool of vomit that wasn't your own vomit? It's been awhile.

JT: Scott's a big nonpartier. What do you do for

fun, Scott?

Watch TV. Well, you saw me in Europe; I went out with you guys sometimes.

JT: It's no fun to be around a bunch of drunks.

No, it's fun. If you don't have your new shoes on. If you've got your old shit on, it's cool. They can splash their beer all over you.

Why are you such a neat freak?

That's how my mom is. I just inherited it.

What's the most anal thing you do?

I keep my clothes folded up, and my closet is organized. Have you ■ thought of becoming the "Boy in the Bubble"? You know, that kid that had some disease and couldn't be exposed to the outside world because ■ germ would kill him.

Like any little wrinkle in my clothes...no, I'm not that bad.

Let's say you're skating and you soil yourself.

Keep skating. Once you're skating, you're already dirty; it doesn't matter. Try not to fall. You only get dirty when you fall.

Tell 'em how it ■ eating on tour.

Well, during the day you'd skate and eat a snack or whatever, but at night everyone would go out to dinner together. It was like ■ set thing at seven o'clock. The distributor ■ paying for everything, ■ everyone was drinking like it was a bar. Everyone ■ ordering the best meals on the menu. I probably spent \$50 on one dinner.

Were you embarrassed when that Swedish lady thought you were her son and tried to take you home?

I was still skating. She tried to tell ■ to get out of the way of the pros.

When we were in Amsterdam, ■ noticed you had a little weed problem.

I don't have no problem, buddy.

We have photos that say otherwise.

Those photos are a joke.

Who smoked more on tour, you or Sean (Cliver)?

I think Sean did—100% more.

Who got the ugliest hooker?

Did anyone get a hooker?

Well, that depends. What did you do for those three hours in Amsterdam when we forgot you and went to that skate park?

I did nothing.

Oh, is that what they call it these days?

Ah, fuck you. You're wishing that was it, huh? You'd love for that to be true. It would be a good story if that ■ the truth, but it isn't.

JT: I wish to God it ■ the truth, but I wish to God that it really is the truth, and you're lying about it. Like you just pulled it off and never said anything.

Like, I just held my shit together; like, I ■ drunk every night, but you didn't know it.

JT: Skated every demo drunk off your ass.

Yeah, I got drunk during the day.

JT: Have you been straightedge your whole life?



JT: Scott, what do you want to say in your interview?

What ■ you all about man?

Ah, shit.

JT: Besides that. What sums you up in three words?

I can't talk about myself.

Where are you from?

I was born in San Diego, but ■ was raised right between Washington DC and Baltimore, in a little suburb called Elliott city, Maryland.

What did you ■ there?

Rode my bike to my friend's house and learned how





Photo: █ the fuck does █ sign say? No orange bars in the sky? What, what? Stockholm █ a weird place for nosegrinds.

Sequence: Europeans are generally regarded as quite a filthy bunch, especially █ Germans—real dirt farmers. And the fucking French bathe █ a month at best, setting world records in █ B.O. department. Oh, and let's not forget the English, who hang their asses █ windows and shit in █ █ Disgusting! Scott demonstrates a clean fl/s 180 to switch crooks at the demo in Sweden.



No.

What's the most illegal thing you've done?

Hop a fence to skate a pool. I don't know, I'm pretty much by the book.

You ever get in any fights?

When I was a little kid; like when I was 12, I was quick to throw it out, but I haven't fought in a long time. I was probably the first to throw punches, but then I'd go home, call 'em up ten minutes later and see if they wanted to go play.

You going on tour again?

Yeah, at the end of this month.

You bringing your bike?

No.

"I keep my clothes folded up, and my closet is organized."

Why don't you tell the people how much you paid for that bike.

Nah, it's my business.

Why not? No one is going to steal it. Do you got the shoes and the spandex too?

I'm not trying to go that fast.

Where do you go?

Out to Marin. There's cool trails out there. Get out into nature, away from the city for a little bit. It's cool, there's no one out there but you.

What did you dream about last night?

Dude, I had a crazy dream. Shay and I were trying to fly some crazy plans like off the streets. We were trying to bomb a good hill to get enough speed to make it take off.

Do you pray before you go to bed at night?

Nope.

Do you believe in Jesus?

Uh, I don't live by it, but I believe there is something there. There must be a reason for living.

Do you lead a clean life so that you'll go to heaven?

I live a clean life because that's how I live it. I don't do it because I'm afraid I'll burn in hell if I don't.

Some people do.

Yeah, but they shouldn't think of it like that. They should just think, "I want to be a good person to be a good person." That's it.

Are you a good person?

I'm all right. No one's perfect. I'm not even close to perfect.

If Ken Block put his gold tooth up for auction, how much would you bid?

I wouldn't bid. I don't want somebody else's tooth.

What do you got going on after skating?

I don't know. Sometimes I freak out about the future. I'm trying to make the best out of what I'm doing right now. I'm trying to save up some money to do what I want, maybe start my own business.

What kind of business?

I seriously would like to have like a deli-type place. Kind of a Mom-and-Pop deli. You know, and my wife will work there, and we'll hire one kid to work there.

What kind of food?

Whatever the wife wants to make. Whatever is on the menu that day.

Whatever the wife wants to make?

Yeah, whatever she wants to make. Let her cook up some vegetarian lasagna for the day, and that will be the special.

In San Francisco?

Maybe. Everyone eats out in S.F. It's one of the best cities for eating out. New York is like that. New York and S.F.

are more accepting of different things, different ethnic backgrounds and food. In DC, it's like all fast food. People just stick to brand-name food instead of original stuff. I'm going out to New York this month. I'm going to spend a couple weeks out there filming this Mad Circle video.

Who's going to have the best part?

Me. No, I'm just kidding. I don't know.

How did you get on the Mad Circle? Or is it just, Mad Circle?

Mad Circle. I think it was just word of mouth. Mike York was talking to Wing Ding and said that Scott is bummed on the company he's riding for right now, and he said something to Justin (Girard). It was a pretty casual thing.

You're like the veteran now.

Yeah, I got on a month after they started, back in '93.

JT: Who on the Mad Circle team do you just hate their guts?

I don't hate anybody, dude. I'm not answering these questions. I won't incriminate myself or anyone on my team.

So, it's your team?

The team that I'm a part of.

JT: Didn't you say that you got a headache watching Justin skate?

No.

JT: Have you ever played "Gulliver's Travels" with Bill Pepper and Justin?

What's that? I don't even know what that is.

JT: It's a giant that gets tied up by all the little people.

That's fucked up. Turn the recorder off.

JT: If you were going to kick someone off the DC Shoe team, who would it be? Not that you hate any of them, but which ones don't you like at all?

I like everybody.

JT: Okay, what about the DVS team?



Photo: Sup, this is a loading dock, and these red posts are there to protect the highway, the backhoe yanks from a steam truck driver, who are unable to control an 82mm shell in reverse. His 160 over red truck bickers.

It's enough has been beautiful with the first we need to translate. In a once we'd read, we realized that it was the wrong caption. And you thought that it was hard to see of Amsterdam... Why don't you try a half-cab crooked through customs sometime?

What about it?

JT: Who do you hate on that team?

I don't hate anybody. I don't know anybody on that team.

JT: When we went to Europe, didn't you say that you could kick Kareem Campbell's ass?

Yeah, right.

JT: You are the worst shit-talker.

Fuck that.

JT: Talk about the time that you kicked Sean Sheffey's ass.

You got to record these things.

JT: Didn't you bitch-slap Bo Turner's kid behind his back at the Tampa contest?

I'm not even going to speak.

JT: Who do you hate more, Bo Turner or Jovontae Turner?

Fuck you.

JT: Okay, let's go back to the time that you fought





Sheffey.

Huh-huh.

JT: I heard it wasn't **me** a fight, it **was** just you knocking him out.

Shut up. What are you trying to do to me?

JT: Didn't you grab **me** of Paulo Diaz's bongos, whip it at his face and say, "Nollie this, motherfucker"?

No.

JT: When you were little, did you **ever** bury cats up to their necks and run them over with a lawn mower?

No way. I've got two cats of my own, and I love 'em.

JT: Did you listen to heavy metal when you were growing up?

I didn't really listen to that much music growing up. I'd get my fucking Quiet Riot tape and listen to **one** song on that for a month, and then get my Fat Boys tape and listen to that for a while. I never really had a style of music that I followed.

JT: Tell me that **story** you told me on the way to Germany about Ken Block. The one with the gay hooker, the little Phillipino boy.

Shut up.

JT: How come you don't have dreadlocks?

I can't even answer these questions.

Let's do word association, then. I'll **ask** something, a then you tell **me** what **comes** to mind: Niggerettes.

Huh?

What's your favorite Wu lyric?

Fried fish halibut.

JT: Do you like gangsta Hip-Hop or R&B bullshit?

I like neither. I like the happy medium. The in-between shit.

JT: Have you ever been part of a driveby shooting?

Nope. Never.

JT: How many guns do you have?

None.

How many crack pipes?

I don't have any.

JT: Were you **ever** a tagger?

No, I never tagged.

JT: Went straight to gangbanging?

Gangbanging, yeah.

Interview is **over**.

Thank God; that shit sucked. Are all those questions going to come out like that?

JT: Just shut up, Scott. Drink your milk, and eat your cookies.

What are you more worried about: That we'll print what you really said, or that we'll make up stuff you said?

I'm just wondering what the outcome will be.

You'll definitely get your ass kicked.

Fuck you. You'll get your ass kicked by somebody too.



AMSTERDAM

Cat glove compartment of our lunch box on wheels, and to the baggies containing pot buds, worms, Nico, the bus, and the vehicles, he kept them so doped up they were oblivious to all similar plans were occurring in the other two vans as well, with some skaters so shaken that they popped entire buds in their mouths. I began chewing them up in the plane in which our pilot chose to set the plane down on the runway—reeling a bit as a little high on the weed himself.



OLIVER

Mad weed, kid.

has been the skaters' eyes upon it before—namely my car, which I had already dragged to the heart of its red-light district by the knowledgeable veterans. I'd have numerous revelations in the days to come, but the city and perhaps the me was not yet yours. I was not yet yours. I was not yet yours.

As for the red-light district, it was a street of mystery, a street of mystery. As for the red-light district, it was a street of mystery, a street of mystery. As for the red-light district, it was a street of mystery, a street of mystery.



DANIEL WAY

Mad as hell.

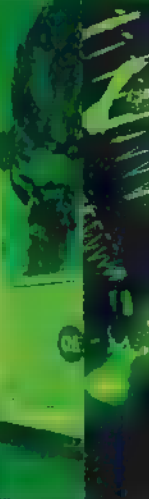
for the group to assemble out in the red light that was the heart of the city. I had already dragged to the heart of its red-light district by the knowledgeable veterans. I'd have numerous revelations in the days to come, but the city and perhaps the me was not yet yours. I was not yet yours.

camera, but Daniel decided to become a reborn humanitarian instead. For his inaugural good deed, he handed me a brown stick of hash that looked like a goldfish poop, possibly a koi, but it was hash, and I should eat it. People perfect job, work, mission, love, free travel, etc. and as a result, I often feel guilty of my good fortune and obligated to treat my body like a laboratory test rat in return. So, with a long future in my mouth, I tasted exact what type of sensations to expect, having never done a similar naughty thing before in my life, but for the next

but for the next



OLIVER

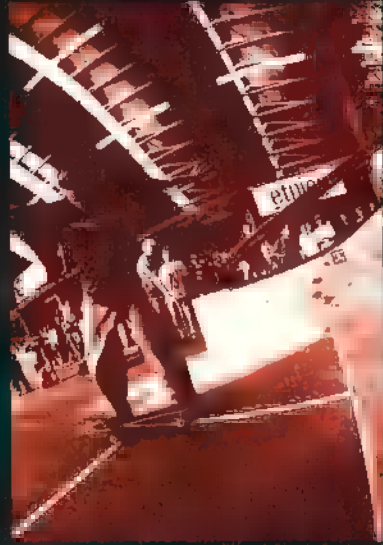
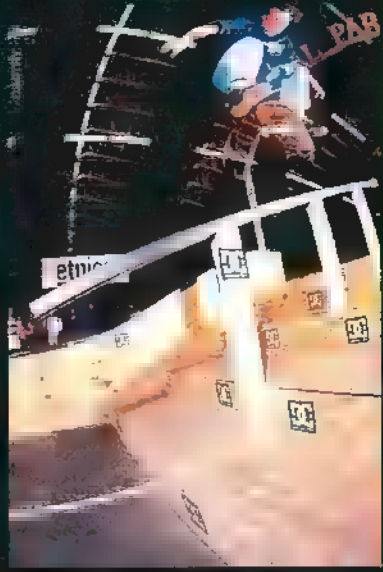


AMM



A wholesome tail-slide transfer in the midst of depravity by Scott Johnston. (Please note that the Amsterdam opener is bathed in green. Jeff is always thinking. Way to go Jeffy!)

SALLARD



Gavie shows us that DC does not stand for doo-doo-cp-cm (Klek-mp to be lit-ard)



Carl Shipman, and thousands of others, were swallowed by a whale. Carl made the best of it with his hip flips.

STARTLING IMAGES OF BALLARD



Title: El Hombre Sin Piel (ES Verda)



Title: The Missing (Moses Verda)



Title: (ES Verda)

several hours I was a drinking glass of water to aftertaste of stale shit. I wasn't until much later, in fact, when I was lying in bed eating that my neural finally decided to physiologically blossom. I sign I received was develop a other extraordinary of hearing. the voices on the street to the shoring, farting pile Ballard in bed next to mine. was in surround sound on the sensory. was a zipping body. isolate all of its individual members mental with hand, left foot, tongue. midst of teeth individual. I panicked. I on even whole time. So, I concentrated real hard on inhaling for a while. entire experience a Lamaze student. I considered waking up Ballard and asking him what I should do about my situation 'cause I'd begun to feel somewhat trapped and dizzy inside my trippy merry-go-round of altered states, but when I finally decided to say some minutes to the conclusion take me the nothouse in the and I'd ruined. Late the next morning I awoke to find myself re escapade was that I than usual. My first there was a plot our way skate Zandvoort, I began to suspect there was a plot the Dutch whom employed to chauffeur us around to Americans. all tioned driving techniques many a previous day, today's display of vehicle. Initially. For instance, the DC the Supercatastrophe when our go a the other van stopped ahead of us at a are not of the the Japanese kamikaze were, and his of him swerve put a split second impact. medieval. the absurd actions of as a perfect example in hand, would've on the coping and. The Ballad of Tweedle Bee Tweedle. a woeful little melody romantically the acts of brilliance played by and Ballard, our two "professional" photographers. This afternoon's melodrama around act of fitching another skate photographer's flash for a stolen angle. Thus far on the trip, Vert had been an especially rare so Colin asked Ballard if Mike to shoot some Mike agreed and proceeded to amble settling up his the exposures whatnot while like a hyena, angling Mike became bummed about by the sloth all plopped his a shot lest he set off his flashes for Dimitry up roost at end of the bowl no less than a half two photostandoff while Colin and Moses scooted. I a song one has already It's The debate is which one of their heads contains more water. be noted when Zandvoort entirely Scott Johnston left him at the hotel. We n't return for a good three felt really bad about leaving him long. After all, a guy to do of Amsterdam by his Scott didn't obviously a natural born weed-smoker...



sciously decided. Instead. district. the on- couple to from. but one that Ed Templeton Big Brother #18 at the Cassa Rosso theater. While rushed to get a choice my archival sixth. warned me to sit a good distance from the stage. Later, when some chicks came out shaking their maracas in a trope to me. This was Banana whose involved planting a banana in her velvet trench while volunteers from the audience the. us he was looking to logged tonight, though. not a single mar appeared forth to brave all basket. So, while Banana sat there their thumbs a guy man accompanied her onstage and began.

At this point in the act, Dimitry promptly jumped up and relocated himself to the row I was in because he knew exactly what was coming next: a load of monkey cum several rows. The we happen in Amsterdam before your skin to come contact unidentified some milky concoction sweat bag as concerned, seeing Huf, Tremaine and out of skins in front as mystery third rained armor wall worth our check out the sex show, made their own decision brain strike isn't always the wisest of always in wait stragglers to fall from in streets Amsterdam before long I was approached by some guy peddling coca laly declined the offer, as did Caine, but fellow misunderstood response as "Fuck off" bridged the barrier by introducing his fist to Caine's promptly broke out, but soon noticed the guy was tailing along behind them with one of hands mysteriously inside his up to them, miscreant demanded Caine apologize his proflig for insulting the wares of occupation and motioned over to a canal. Weighing options to when him by ace in his stead.

could be summed up in a number of which I'm about to abuse the magnificent of The atmosphere of demo was breathtaking (actually, it was completely suffocating due to the inordinate amount of beer-smokers with thousands sensational filling up the outstanding bleachers, banging on spectacular rakers and even spilling out onto the spacious floor of the demo amongst the fabulous obstacles. There so boys in the paint, in fact, that two separate were created for the prosto skitter about in. Moses domina lone, while Caine car on his b's tip in was briefly the mfo to embrace the receiving (example: sake) who was

of the It's a little know and partaken of the weed doctora in our lives. As through, in the nearly lost my sanity and to try my hand idly was give my maiden w first with that



For the the everyone kept me if I was "feeling it," but at the I didn't feel "weird" king back on it varow ppehad gave delusional product of drug use.

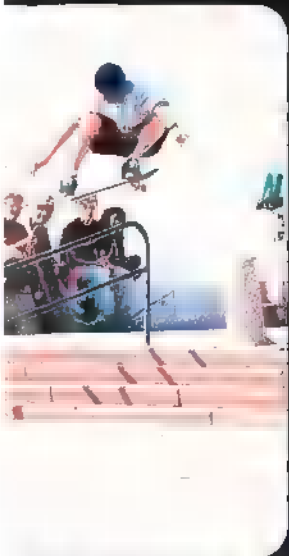
Following our devirginization, we all retired backs of bar, only minor occupants w pool table and a his whore. We didn't pay that much attention couple at first, noticed hands up under her miniskirt and tiddling fish merke one began fidgeting with their cameras, bulb of and even breath two would break out. Appart didn't notice didn't she the up her skirt even another and another, and is knocked like a bag of sounds. By the our flashes reached the sc and Carroll all had out of session for the folks When they finally did wind up leaving, spoilt the moment insisting Nico had The couple to a show became very hit of demanded he less up, but Nico reassured Mike that this had indeed been a genuine medic moment not to mention an appropriate ent chapters as well.



Class met outside to Huf demonstrate how to allie over a pole and rail. My guess is that Caine, Mike and will the Zandvoort, Holland.



A popular attraction in Amsterdam is "The Ghost of Caine Gayle," where people flock nightly to this canal's shore, hoping to witness its famous supernatural phenomenon.



BALLARD

Moses Ikonen swoons the crowd with his good looks, devil antics by crookedly brid

Perhaps with the benefit of hindsight, the carpenters will see their errant ways and finish the job. How can you miss a whole eight feet of transition? Shod... [ismanship]





BIG BROTHER

collab. mckay • zandvoort, holland

You were pretty low-key on the DC tour. Yeah. I was just having fun skating and stuff. I haven't been out there for a little bit, so it was kind of a new experience.



JOHNSON BATA

You've been real low-key for awhile now. ■ you just drop out of the ■ or what?

Yeah, I think so. Gave it a little rest. I was skating; I just wasn't worrying about taking pictures ■ stuff like that. For ■ I was thinking about ■ hard, ■ the industry. That kind ■ burned me out, ■ I did get into playing ■ too.

Have you been playing a lot with Paulo ■

Yeah, I play the guitar mainly. We just jam. We have a ■ friend, ■ dude Jaime from El Salvador, ■ we're going to start recording. We don't really have a name for a band, yet. We're just... jammers.

I know Paulo's got like two million different instruments; do you just start grabbing shit and jamming on it?

Yeah. ■ not really because most of his instruments are too hard to play. I like to try everything, but for me, right now, ■ guitar is more universal.

■ would you describe the girls in Sweden?

I'm going to have to be really nice about this...

You're practically married, huh?

Yeah. I've been going out with her for seven years.

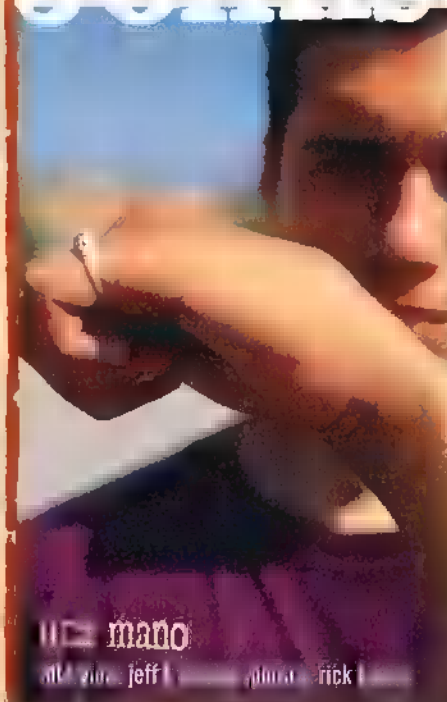
Holy crap. ■ you going to get married?

Yeah, eventually. I'm pretty down for that because I'm pretty mellow, and that's an even ■ mellowism. But, the girls in Sweden, I'm not going to lie, they ■ pretty attractive. Honesty is your best policy. Sweden had some ■ babes.

Did you smoke a lot of weed in Amsterdam?

Yeah, I did.

Do you smoke a lot of weed in general?



Not as much ■ before. I do party with that a lot, though. I don't like drinking that much.

Was that your first time in Amsterdam?

No, that ■ my third time.

Do you like going there because you can just ■ back ■ a coffee shop and smoke a lot ■ weed?

Yeah, I like it, but I get bored after the second day, you know, because I'm not going to red light it. I think the highlight of the trip was that we got to fly from country ■ country. We didn't have to train it—and having the sweet charter bus.

Now, what about your name, Johnson. Talk about your ethnic background.

My ■ is from Costa Rica, and my mom is from Mexico, I don't understand why I have ■ last ■. At home we never speak English. I think it came from some sailor, like my great grandfather. He must have sailed up to Costa Rica and came up, like,

■ my grandma.

A hot little Latina?

Yeah. Over there, people from Costa Rica love ■. They love George Washington. I have this cousin out there, his name is Georgy Washington. It's pretty crazy. My dad, I think ■ kept the name just because he thought it would help us in the future over here.

So did that sailor marry your grandma?

Nah. Well, maybe for a little bit, I think.

■ just knocked her up and sailed on?

Yep. It's kind of a strange one. I've had a lot of people say, "Dude, where did you get 'Johnson'?" I don't know how to say it to anyone.

How long have you been skating?

I started in '85—11 years. It's ■ cool. I've ■ skating change so much in all that time.

What were some of your favorite times skateboarding?

Probably filming the Blind video. ■ just seemed like such a ■ project ■ it didn't seem like it was even going to happen. And when it was done, it was so good. We'd do weird shit like fucking take off at two in the morning and go to some weird coffee shop in L.A. because, you know Mark (Gonzales), he just liked being out at night. So that's when we'd do all ■ skating, like at three in the morning.

You got any good Mark stories?

He was just an interesting fellow. He would call me up to ■ over, and pretty much every time he'd have the Willy Wonka video playing with no volume. He'd ■ doing other things, so that when ■ walked by the TV, ■ trip out ■ whatever ■ it was. That's just how ■. He was just a fuckin' fuzzy dude.

How did your shoe come about?

I used to hang with Darryl (Way) a lot, back in the Blind days, even when Girl started. I would just come down and hang out with him. He was learning how to play guitar, and I was teaching him stuff. ■ would jam, go skate, do whatever. Then, when he told me that there was a team starting, I didn't even hesitate. It seemed cool, and then later on, I was offered a shoe. I wasn't going to say no, but I was shocked.

Are you the first Latino to have a signature shoe?

Yeah, I'm the only existing Mexican person that has a shoe. Mexican pro athlete. Actually, I think you are ■ only Mexican with a shoe. Oh, but you know what—Caballero.

Oh yeah, huh?

He's probably got some Mexican in him.

He doesn't speak Spanish, though.

Yeah, but ■ last name is undeniably Latino. Did you have a lot ■ input in designing your shoe?

Yeah. I did need the help of Ken (Block), but I had input. I tried to make my shoe not cost so much so that the poorer kids could afford them.

What's up with the DC poster? They kind of put you ■ in the shadows. Is that because you're Mexican?

I know. ■. Some people are like, "What's up, DC don't have no black skaters, and the Mexican, they put him in the back." I don't. ■ it was intentional.

Are you going to start going to schools in the Mexican neighborhoods and start speaking?

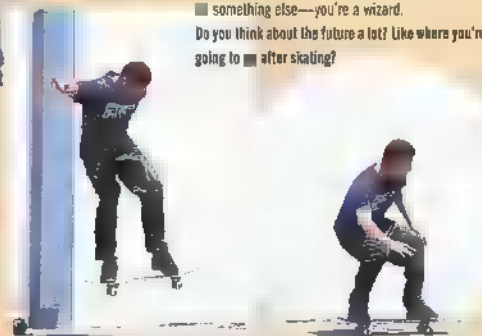
I should, huh? With my guitar. I could sing them songs.

You could become the first mariachi skateboarder. Why don't you start gearing up like that, with the hat and the ■ getup? Just start skating demos with a guitar on your back—you and Paulo. Dude, I probably will. I want this to happen ■ day; to do a demo and then play a show. I would respect any other skater





■ did any kind of music. I know Ray Barbee does that and Frank Hiralza. If they were going to play after a contest, I would love to go and check it out. No matter what kind of music. Just the fact ■ it's ■ dude that skates, you know, because skating is the craziest thing, and to be ■ to skate and then ■ something else—you're a wizard. Do you think about the future a lot? Like where you're going to ■ after skating?



I guess, I don't do it that much because it scares me, so I just worry about right ■. It's pretty good right now. I just got to keep skating. Are you ■ working ■ a video? Yeah, I think the Chocolate video is being worked on. I'll for sure have a part in that. I kind of slept on the Girl part. ■ would you ■ retire to? Maybe go to Costa Rica. Maybe you could ■ ■ with some little white girl sailor? Start the story ■ again. But ■ ■ some fucked-up ■. Yeah, my mom's maiden ■ was Peña. Is her first name ■? ■, how ■ did you know? Because every Latino woman is named ■. If you ever have a little boy, are you going to ■ him Jesus?

■ ■. ■ come Latinos can get away with ■ and whites can't? ■, name their ■ Juan? No, Jesus. I've ■ met a white kid named Jesus. I don't know, dude, I guess they're all into the Bible. You know, if your name is Spanish ■ Maria or Jesus, they call ■ Chuy (pronounced Chewey). Chuy? What does that mean? That's just what they call them. They've seen Star ■ too many times. ■ happened to your ■? Oh, this happened when I ■ to take a little ■ and skate around. I used ■ think ■ it was all right. I was just skating around and not really paying attention, and the result of ■ ■ four broken fingers. Now you got four extra knuckles, huh? Yeah, I got all kinds of broken bones, but I'm going to fix them ■ this coming January. I'm going ■ go to ■ doctor and have him rebreak them ■ and ■ the shit right. ★



Editor: In 1990, Rudy Johnson and his friend quit skating for Powell. This made Powell a T-shirt with their pictures on it. "Little ■ play with themselves go. ■ Years later, Rudy switchstance crooked grinds with perfect 20/20, proving the prophecy wrong."

Sequence: If the U.S. was a Muslim country, you could sell Rudy your daughter's hair in marriage for some camels, and then Rudy Johnson would be your son-in-law! Mad Rick!!!

LONDON

The course of our
 airlines had been
 enough to provide us with
 "reassuring" rather, "warnings"
 as to what
 the country on the land
 masses below. Our
 kholm to Amste for
 instance,
 Swedish out the
 to partake of those
 was not
 ability to sleep
 on a plane is often praised as a



Dimitry transplants a dirty meatball into Hui's mouth.

but when a amidst a
 culinary lesson for the day en route to was to steer of
 salmon salad" sandwich, a blend salmon and
 Fuck all that alien and sea shit; the only salmon phenom-
 why there are so few fatties waddling around the

Many us had as big and I believe that's the rea-
 son it was as big the moment we first
 wa were beset with immediate
 when Ca to run off to
 "Sherwood Forest" whatever fucking moor he's from, leaving
 us to run around in



NBA excitement! Game 2 of the finals, live at 4:30 a.m.

back into the black.

Circus—the
 where
 tourist

whom we'd
 alignment,
 had become about as
 much fun to
 soggy loaves bread.
 Somewher

immune to if bear were on the verge of
 level lower form, one no longer phased by the
 elixir's the skaters' one last bastion of



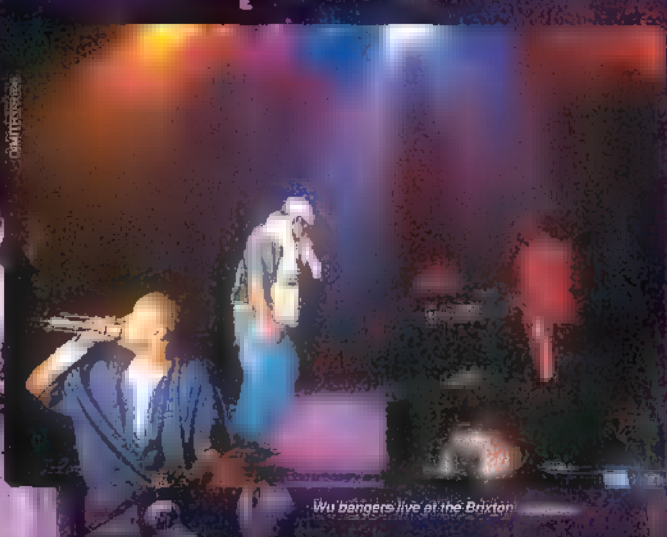


Rick Howard, trying out for the next Zero video.

of its allure as well. Back in Stockholm, it had been all fun and games, where the American equivalent to (early dollars) was wreaking havoc with the money. we were left to put other things to our time—things like skateboarding, ragins. No ubiquitous ledge and local sk are dying. Well, to belittle the marvelous marble of but most pair parks, a transitional cement ditch that encrusted like the house was located and I don't think it of the but for friends to do with across its gaping we found ourselves doing will (to is the gen allowed to scratch his name in que of memorable others as Mark Gonzales and in a suburb in and best be described as the Lansdowne of weather-beaten cement park. social hub to the sketchy skaters tried to find a few here but were cons thwarted who would lumps cement velodrome and it in a ogie the pigs and



Brixton park local.



Wu bangers live at the Brixton

themes that us even was the Wu-Tang Clan. skaters had been absent the States. the but then became once we had landed. Swe be one of days we here with



we're buying tickets for the... around for an...
 Bastard... on, they emerged minus the... Of Dirty...
 Killah? it me, or would... with Raekwon leading...
 buddies. For some... go con...
 but it might... during the summer...
 of... Raekwon kept telling us to... our... in... and...
 all these... even know... care about...
 biggest problem I have with... whole... culture... I wish...
 sending... rather... waste... on... about... shout...
 ous and... Perhaps the... about... is (hat... about...
 one in their interviews... ing about...
 or conveying a... Stop...
 Another part of the... with... di... s that a... ned...
 already been... us in Stockholm... where... distributors...
 had wine, dined and bussed us... to...
 promote quality... on, we'd become...
 bitches... when we found... to a course that...
 been built under a freeway overpass and... for the extreme...
 enthusiast... imagi... di... ment... prevailed in...
 the end... and the skaters took... steps to... a...
 while demo. Most... toward as the... clutch 50-50 down the...
 rail at the demo's buzzer... of m... the demo was...
 e... filled one... often...
 underrated bail. The... he falls... only... ready, but pure...
 genius... well... is... making... look like something...
 as to be...



for us... London's... Shoe... downside was... our... to... Germ... arty in the... morning—eight o'clock to... the pro... ai men were... from the... VIP... fami... nates; we strode... by and into... lounge, where we... ourselves... remainder of... the... Since Goldie... was footing the bill for... everyone... switched over... and... corks and... in... the... through the... from my own... saw... walking around... e-listed... of Moet... quote: Bird... ridiculous... in a bubblebath... er than... like... a id... cocaine await... hotel... sunrise to find finger... were concave... so... last stab... rock-star life... to Bird... elevator... a... Flooding back... elevator... and... all over...



THE ART OF THE BAIL

by Kelly Bird



The "giddyap" in full effect.

Rob Dyrdek thinks he's a fifteen percenter. If you don't know what a fifteen percenter is, then consider yourself an eighty-fiver. Although he's got all the luxuries and privileges that most fifteeners enjoy, the thing he takes the most pride in is his bail. Check it.

What's your theory on the bail?

No theory. You definitely have a theory; I've heard you say it before. Let's hear about your wild-style, midair antics.

Style, bail-style. I learned it from Holmes [Christian Hosoi].

What'd he say?

You gotta have style on the bail.

That was his direct quote?

It's just an aura that comes from him, and I picked up on it.

Why do you go straight karate chop?

Sometimes it happens.

Is it in your blood? Do you got a little karate kid in you?

I got a little karate in me.

Who would you most like to kick in midair?

I can't say.

You pussy.

I didn't sleep enough last night. Let's talk about gambling.

We can't; we have to talk about the phenomenon of your bail. Do you think if you gave [Bo] Turner a good midair judo to the face, you'd take him out? For sure, he's a pussy. He can't take a punch.

Do you have a patented bail—one you revert back to the most?

On the nollie heel-flip, you get a lot of double body splits. It's natural.

So you end up in the "giddyap" position?

Yeah. And on the kick-flip, you're gonna end up in karate-kick position pretty smooth. On backside flips, you might arc your back like a rollerblader.

What about getting nutted. How do you play that off?

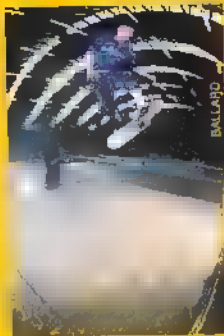
What do you mean?

You gotta have a way to play off a good sack on a rail.

A shot to the nuts? Nothing you can do.

You can't make that look good?

Nah.



The early stages of the "karate-kick" bail.



Photo: Just like Lionel Ritchie, Collin is dancing on the ceiling.

Sequence: Kick-flip master, Calne Gayle, opts for a grabber.



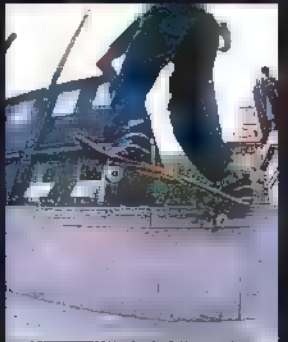
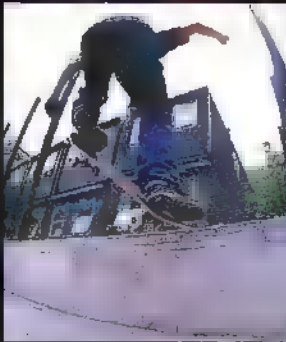
DIMITRY

Seems: Check out my backflips, I've been working on 'em since McKee, name's 139 lbs. Photo from a different angle of a trick from the quarter pipe a pivot on the wall



Whoa-ho, guns of Brixton. Keith Hufnagel, b/w 180 out of the bowl.

You can take █ kid off the ledge, but you can't █ ledge off the kid. Moses, █ ollie fakie crooked grind.



DIMITY

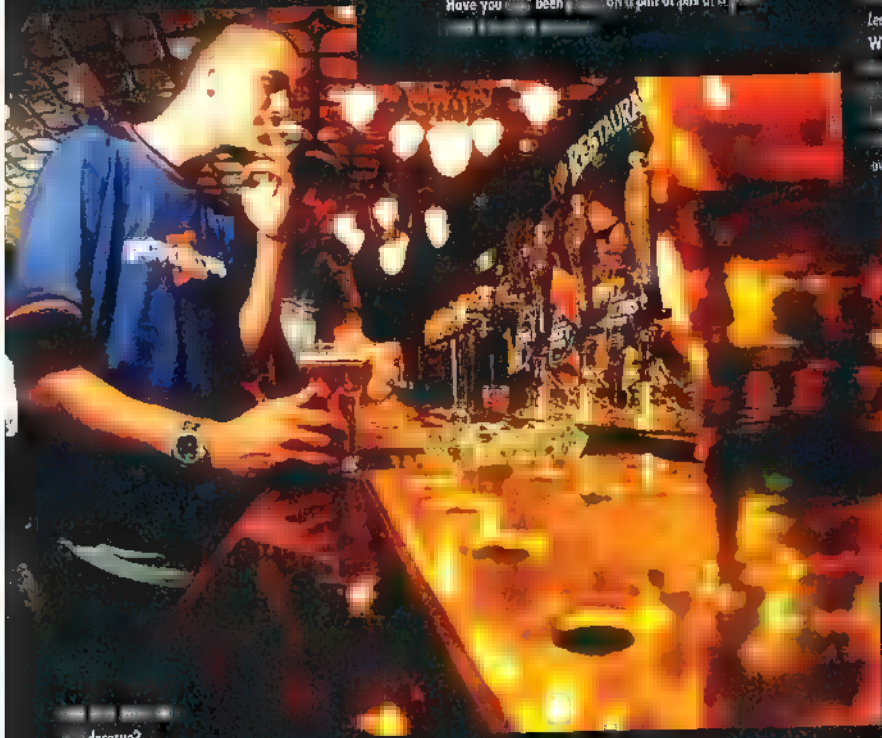
Carl Shipman

Interview by Jeff Tremaine

How did the tour work out for you?
 Fadin'!
 Did you like it?
 I love that place. It's definitely
 That shower seemed to have a
 That whole bathroom had
 You had a bathroom, Carl.
 Like Ben
 ...did they give you in Sweden?
 Like Ben

How come?
 Fadin'
 Do you ever feel harassed
 ass?
 We might
 of your own
 what do you think about Americans?
 I know, but some of them are just
 Little
 a land where
 in their own fantasy world. Talk about the most
 obscure bullshit. And
 that guy. He fuckin' peeks." Susie
 American are just
 like, "What! Wassup
 ill". Word nigga,
 Have you
 been
 on a pint of pils at a

Yeah, I have
 This England malts. I'm at
 pub in
 this
 guy's jumping up, being too wild, and then he
 my beer.
 sat on the pool
 of his.
 you know up
 me a scar on my eyebrow.
 What happened?
 Me and
 in San Francisco, then Mike starts fuckin' with me a little, gettin' pretty rough.
 We were just
 around,
 guy, and then it just
 got crazy. He wailed out, and he was just a
 to fight. He
 broke out 'cause he said I was going
 he drove off. What a dick. He
 broke out 'cause he said I was going
 shit. I mean, I don't give a fuck, I'll
 We had a good time, right? Massage, orientals
 Lee Shipman: We spent
 \$500 in three days on fikh.
 What's fikh?
 When I made
 ticket. Gave him
 two grand
 check I got,
 two obscure weeks of
 perca. Like
 message, suck
 get that
 over here. Massage
 like twice in one night. Went down at 12, finished
 about one.
 session would come at like five 'cause we're all
 burn out. The massage
 was
 dope.
 I go
 in
 -laps
 just walk in, and
 be like, "Hey
 again!
 English. You
 it was the tight-
 pussy. We
 much
 so
 night, till five in the fuckin' morning.
 That's a big mustache, man. Do they like it?
 That's what
 I like it. The dirty mystache.
 It's so dirty.
 (I know. You ain't never seen
 So, a slay
 Right.
 And a tart is a ripe, young
 A tart is
 someone who
 herself up
 a
 fair
 pig where,
 a few slappers in
 in
 I mean, it just depends where you are.
 They're
 out to hook up. In Europe it
 seems easy. In
 they're definitely easy.
 all the time.
 out with it, huh?
 I was like, "Are you fuckin'
 she was like, pretty
 So, what
 I drove back to her house, washed. She was washed. Fucked her.
 of story. Have you ever
 a hooker on



...deserve?
 en.
 How
 times
 been to Amsterdam?
 I noticed on
 trip you
 take
 of the
 Oh God, I've
 like talking about it just 'cause
 biggest tits, and
 that
 Where do
 like causing
 or England?
 Have you ever
 in a fistfight over football?

...old were
 when
 started drinkin'?
 All the
 I know are
 more than willing to just
 over
 thing.
 "What the

When I made
 ticket. Gave him
 two grand
 check I got,
 two obscure weeks of
 perca. Like
 message, suck
 get that
 over here. Massage
 like twice in one night. Went down at 12, finished
 about one.
 session would come at like five 'cause we're all
 burn out. The massage
 was
 dope.
 I go
 in
 -laps
 just walk in, and
 be like, "Hey
 again!
 English. You
 it was the tight-
 pussy. We
 much
 so
 night, till five in the fuckin' morning.
 That's a big mustache, man. Do they like it?
 That's what
 I like it. The dirty mystache.
 It's so dirty.
 (I know. You ain't never seen
 So, a slay
 Right.
 And a tart is a ripe, young
 A tart is
 someone who
 herself up
 a
 fair
 pig where,
 a few slappers in
 in
 I mean, it just depends where you are.
 They're
 out to hook up. In Europe it
 seems easy. In
 they're definitely easy.
 all the time.
 out with it, huh?
 I was like, "Are you fuckin'
 she was like, pretty
 So, what
 I drove back to her house, washed. She was washed. Fucked her.
 of story. Have you ever
 a hooker on

Carl

DIMITY

top of Big Ben?
 of money
 to
 I'll smoke a fag.
 Do consider you faggot
 live sticks, and not from London?
 They coast people the sticks.
 Better fighters?
 in London are pussies.
 What Tom Penay? Did grow up near
 together for a long time. Every fuckin'
 weekend, just go to the skate park and get crazy. Crazy sessions at
 the park. Crazy shit I wish I could be
 then, but ho up, little fuckin' kid -
 Versus now?
 Flip and
 that shit.
 Back when it was in England?
 I was and
 After all the shit went down and I rode for Starvo,
 was at rate.
 seemed to think that it was just because Jason Lea
 asked me, but I just did because fuckin' back
 loyal prob-
 would done some thing. They that back then
 because things wasn't like they are now. I respect them
 got out because I wanted to. I mean, I'm happy for those guys
 they
 ple and to
 you sold out England.
 the chain in
 went there, they ain't come just stayed
 out there a long time. I always come back. They come back a week for cam-
 like they live
 there, a lot of those guys have changed.
 Americans, vegans, you name it.
 Cuck of shit. It has to be bullshit.
 shit. These of nowhere. I believe
 He's not a fish, he's a rapist. What about
 Could happen. Just some fat American
 on his belly
 Did God save queen?
 thing is that Princess Diana
 she She all those
 countries. I don't
 where the family is going to, but it's
 only And Prince
 don't do anything, do they? The
 family is just bullshit. No one's seen the queen for
 the last



Judging from Carl's last name, Shipman, you could make the fair assumption that a lot of his ancestors were probably of the sailor persuasion. This supposition would also explain why Carl likes to constantly have a fag in his mouth. Alley-oop the 180 flip from this here quarter pipe to that there bank at the demo in London.

FRAIDNYFU

Once we were a million or so stick figures that were railroaded through its court idea and led to their eventual but I'm willing bet one of them looked more chipper than Gyrdek did. we landed in Rob had been reduced to a human pogoet, one was now eaved and hiccupped airport. His future in fact, look bleak at blank, glazed he was expected to in a demo for no than one thousand kiddies in less time. this demo was to place directly after an amateur that been under the moniker of the "DC A more have chosen because was going to be a DC for the whom had indulged in two hours of and were now entering the early of fermentation. article may

the demo, per to Superfour concept arena noon. the spin were immediately lifted when their assortment of ramps that would've contest participants weep with joy. After all good obstacles in sequently regained a on his composure and fit bout like a other skaters



I see London, I see France, I see Caine Gayle's underpants; flip to tail-slide.



Following demo someone the plug in the ant kids drained onto the floor drowning the pros in requat shirts and shoes. I'd thought the weden were especially rude, little cusses, but these German s heretofore seen Moses had been given a box of to be out and pounced a rabid One little managed to succeed in sharing a from to have Moses rip it out of his the a for fit, request by lock until after the demo, we several hot and sweaty "Goddammils" were issued in response. someone had heard our divine intervention profane Our deliverance the arrived in the form of a caribad whom had met demo. they annoyed us to no end by for freebles soon to corrat our attention by plastering a of bare asses against W. Thus ensued ind-mouse chase, as we wo with Bird-cracking the whip on German driver him beside from the Disney animated team No known that she wanted one of the skaters' team No with so the skaters bartered back and forth





Photo: Shame on us for not explaining it earlier but Mike Carroll had dislocated his shoulder a couple weeks prior to the trip and was unable to skate in any of the demos. By the time we arrived in Germany, though, he'd gotten skateboard ants in his pants and started fucking around with Dyrdak's beard. In case you're wondering what Mike's definition of "fucking around" is, it's doing sudden kick-flips over walls.

Moses/Kroner had a harder time parting the Kraut sea for his fake nosegrind to shove-it than the Biblical Moses did parting the Red Sea for his posse of Israelites.



Time Traveler model for the '90s—Rob Dyrdek; b/s not—grind revert.

pretty damn... of... its windows... cameras, when she finally exposed... lanes of stalled traffic... to us and...



at us on the autobahn.

On the awards ceremony... during the... on Ken... one... essent the skaters whom... thought... chalcias... The... Howard for London... were... Gayle... Moses Iikonen... not... was the extra-large... in... (Rob)... Germany... Keith Hurman... appreciative... the... London... have... for an... and... pari... Ken but was in actuality... veiled... said... had... an awkward... and... cumbersome... um... just... of... Stanle... p... America the next... our return... States... were tunneled... arms of its... custo... officer... While... mopping... lura's passp... one... upon his... Amstien... in... saying...



Disen skateboarder

drugs... legal then... Dyrdek... Other officia... were more...

of the guys... to... customs... but once we... successfully... miserable... one... the other... sel... He-rai...

GAY EURO-TREND UPDATE

In an attempt to make heads or tails of this year's batch of Euro-trend sightings, the only half-baked hypothesis I could draw was that ever since the Middle Ages of man on the European continent, they have forever been fascinated with metal; be it the elements forged in fiery furnaces or the triumphantly heavy chords powered by hair-laden hesitations. I mean, how else could you describe the modern European's propensity to link their facial skin into sheets of chain mail? Since this practice of excessive piercings to the lip, nose and brow regions remains heavily abused in the English and German cultures, I can only surmise it's a trait passed down from their medieval heritage. Tiptoeing along this mental metal thread into the north, the Scandinavian females have taken to foiling their natural beauty by sporting a disturbing array of bargain-bin Filas, Adidas and other mid-'80's high-top throwbacks from the glory years of heavy metal. Many a time these miscarriages of the athletic-shoe industry were then forced into the '90s via rave-like modifications, such as the extreme elevator sole or castrated entirely of their high-top features and converted into "sport clogs." Regardless of the style rocked by the Swedes, these puffy, leather marshmallows were always proudly displayed at the bottom of tight-fitting black pants or jeans, forcing our perception of a beautiful girl into that of a bubble-footed cartoon character from *Cool World*.



Footwear of the fashion unconscious Swedes.

This isn't meant to imply that Europe remains firmly rooted in its Dark Ages' mentality because it has become anything but dark. Being the proud owner of a bright-yellow Hilliger jacket with red, white and blue trim, I normally expect myself to be the most obnoxiously bright object in any corner of the planet, yet even I could not do battle with the violent chromatic schemes wielded by the Euros. They're definitely not afraid to throw a vibrant orange ensemble together with accents of neon green—no matter what the visual repercussions may be.

Shocking though it often is, there's no denying the powerful influence of Euro-fashion on the road-beleaguered subconscious. By the end of our trip, both Tremaine and Kelly Bird had adapted a "gay-Euro" state of mind. For Tremaine, a fashion-risk daredevil on all occasions, this is nothing out of the ordinary, but for Bird, this was an unbelievable metamorphosis. Normally attired in impeccable gear beyond reproach, Kelly wound up succumbing to the Euro-dirt style in full, with sunglasses that even an O.C. snowboarder wouldn't be caught clubbing in, smokes for days and an unnatural yearning for the sounds of techno—particularly those of the drum-and-bass variety.—Cliver



All German girls look like this.



All German guys look like this.



Adhering ■ the laws of color theory,
 Flick Howard's yellow-and-blue ■
 crooked grind ■ fakie makes you
 green ■ envy.

DIMITRY



YASHICA T-4:

The Choice of Skateboarders



BALLARD

the first time I ever saw a Yashica T-4, it was in the famous hands of Spike Jonze. He was flaunting his Super Scope, a nifty little viewfinder situated on its topside that acted as the ideal crutch

next time I ran into a T-4, it was being utilized in the streets of New York City by Thomas Campbell, who lavished heaps of praise on its supreme optics (a Zeiss lens) and low cost. Before the craze began spreading, the

Meta's T-5; Damon's T-6; Ballard's T-4; Bird's T-4; McKay's T-4; Scott's T-5; Hufnagel's Contax T-2; Dimitry's T-5.

the mark of prestige in any show, contest or tour setting. Then, in the summer of '88, a new chapter was added to the legacy of the T-4, when Dimitry returned from Amsterdam brandishing its silver and black twin. It was not only visually identical to the T-4 in all functional aspects, except for the fact it was silver and black, but it was also not be

So boastful was Dimitry of his new purchase a T-5, I finally ran into him on our tour in Holland, where he was so flustered he resorted to scrutinizing the camera's serial number, so he could at least have the solace of knowing his model was not a mine in the production line. The skaters soon took notice of our heated rivalry and wanted in on the fun as well. They were beside their mediocre Konicas and decided to wave to a frenzied rest Descending upon a local skate session, Mike Carroll, Rudy Johnson, Scott Johnston and Colin McKay reped the entire T-5 stock. The only one who didn't succumb to the madness was Keith Hufnagel, who sat in the back of the line, gently stroking his Contax T-2 end-all mother of all point-and-shoots, once-fabled camera slung about by Earl Parker in his early days.

shared a make-out session in Amsterdam and the boobies on autobahn. We're tentatively planning a year of 2002 and researching the possibilities for a Yashica sponsorship package. —Cliver



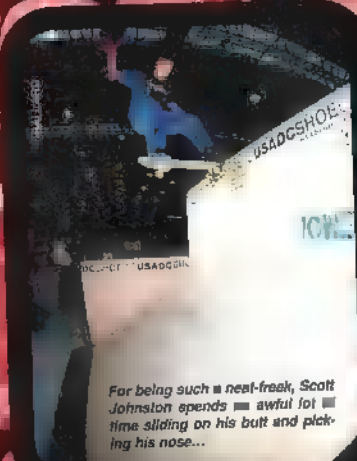
the Supertour's epidemic.

Kareem Campbell and Justin Bolans were the latest to be infected by the shutterbug.



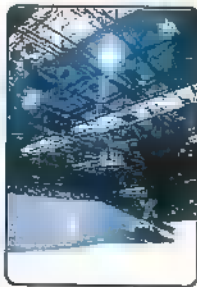
BALLARD

Clip this picture out and put it in your safety deposit box 'cause a shot of Dyrdek skating in shorts is rarer than an Honus Wagner baseball card.



For being such a neat freak, Scott Johnston spends an awful lot of time sliding on his butt and picking his nose...





BALLARD



Upper sequence: "As if
 forever and
 all the... his
 Swedish... for the Germans
 to nosegrind."

PHOTO: German skateboarders should feel
 eternally grateful to the... it's
 bombing the shit out of
 their...
 Holystone's right shoe
 Rudy... switch fall-
 ...
 with... of Moët.



Ca

Interw

ine Gayle



iew

Okay, Caine, talk to me. Where are you from?

Jacksonville, Florida
Jacksonville craze. Talk about growing up there.

Whew...it's pretty wild. It's extremely hot. There's pretty fun stuff to skate there.

Did you grow up skating with Clyde Singleton there?

Yeah, I used to hang out with Clyde all the time. We'd skate together and take little trips down to Tampa. Pretty fun. So, what's up with Florida and shit, yo? You drink that orange juice and shit?

Yeah, it's the sunshine state.
Molly Hatcher is from Florida.
Molly Hatcher is from Florida.
Are you a redneck?

No.
What about Florida stories? I heard the heads in Florida get pretty crazy.

Me and Bo [Turner] were sitting around talking about this fight that him and Scott [Conklin] and Lance [Conklin] were in at the high school. Bo said that when he showed up, he just started punching everyone that was in his path. He didn't care who it was. There was some guy stepping on Lance's neck; he just walked over and knocked him out.

So, how did you get from Florida to California?

Me and Mike Mihaeley, our first time, we flew out here for like a week and a half.
Were you sponsored?

No. About a year later we drove out here with all our stuff right after I graduated from high school.

days later, Kris made me pro.

Were you ready to turn pro?

I didn't really expect it. I wasn't thinking, I want to turn pro.

Who is Mark Oblow?

Mark Oblow is a good friend of mine. We've definitely been through a lot of things together. He's probably been there through my entire career. I first met him at the am finals in Houston, Texas, skating the street course.

Yeah, but who is Mark Oblow?

Mark is one of the most obscure, annoying, little shits I've ever known. I'm definitely not afraid to call him my friend, though.

So, what happened to Color? How did Prime start up?

Kris, and Mark and [Rich] Mativer, I guess they were all having their differences. I was in Florida, and Kris called me up one day and said, "Hey, there's a new company we all ride for. It's called Prime. It's through World Industries. We're not doing Color anymore." I don't know what went wrong, but I was like, "Fucking right on."

Did you go out and get a Prime tattoo?

Fuck no. I'm not getting a tattoo of a sponsor.

Who was originally on Color?

Markovich, Jeremy [Wray], Kyle [Yanigmolo] and Jason Dill. Jeremy went to Plan B. I don't know what happened to Kyle. Then [Jason] Maxwell got on it and [Mike] Santarossa. The first time we actually went on tour was the Europe tour. It was cool. We had fun. We all got along pretty much. The only thing that I can actually say was bad was that Santarossa won the first contest, and then, I don't know, him and Markovich didn't get along too well after that.

Markovich got jealous?

He was talking to me and Maxwell about it, and

Pappas quit, started Platinum. We went from a ten-man team to about five pretty quickly. It was me, Markovich, Maxwell, Mike Crum, Quy [Nguyen] and [Chris] Lambert. Then they set up this West Coast tour, and I was sick, so I had to fly in midtour.

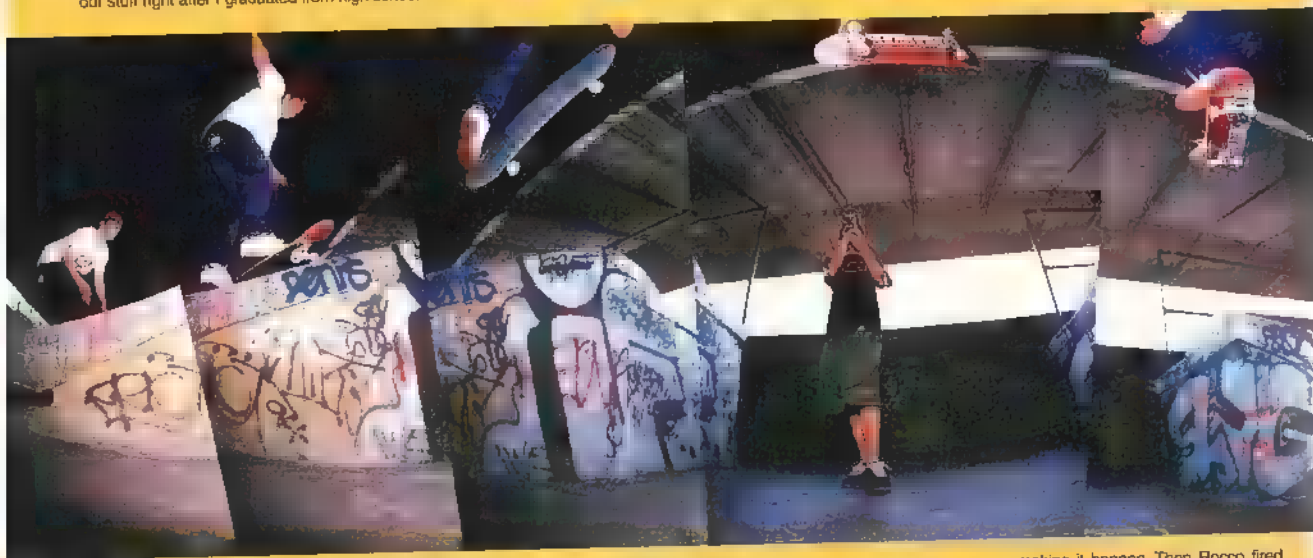
When I got there, I guess there had already been some static between Markovich and Lambert. Whatever, if you've been on tour long enough, you know that arguments will occur. So, tour was going pretty good. We were skating, having fun, whatever, and Markovich always had shotgun. We didn't really care that much, we'd just always sit in the back, but eventually, we'd try to get it, just to be more comfortable.

He wouldn't even call it? He'd just assume?

Yeah, he was permanent shotgun. Whatever. So, one time I called shotgun and I sat there, and he was all, "What are you doing?" "I'm sitting shotgun." "No you're not." "Why not? I called it." "Who do you think paid for this whole tour?" "Prime paid for this tour," I said. "And who do you think that is?" "Me, Maxwell, Quy, Lambert, you and Mark—we're Prime. It's not a solo mission. It's a team effort." He got pretty pissed, but he sat in the back and just glared at Oblow. I just wanted to have it one time, to know that I could get it. Weird shit happens; you can't help it.

How did Prime fizzle out?

Markovich quit. The reason is still unknown, but he quit right before our new video was supposed to come out. I don't know why. But then he got on Element. Actually, before Markovich quit, Lambert quit to ride for Planet Earth. Then it was just me, Maxwell, Crum and Quy. Then, they took Quy's guarantee away because I guess he didn't have much footage. He eventually quit. It just got to a point where it was me, Maxwell and Crum, and that was it, but we were doing good. We were



We got a place to live. I went back home, and then he got a job at TWS. So, he got in the industry, and I came out one time and he introduced me to Kris Markovich. Pretty much all started from there. Kris started a company called Color, and that was my first real sponsor.

What happened to Color?

I went back to Florida, and the NSA amateur bullshit was coming around. So I skated in that and qualified for the finals. I came back out, skated in that and placed fourth in the street. About two

he said, "If Santarossa beats me in the next contest, I'm going to quit skating." I don't remember who won, but it was just a pretty funny situation.

What happened with Santarossa?

I think that he just got bummed on Markovich's bad vibes. I think he asked a couple of other people if he could ride for them, and Mark [Oblow] found out and said, "Look if you're looking for another sponsor, then you don't need to ride for us." Two days later he was riding for Powell. Yeah, the team started diminishing pretty quick. Ben

making it happen. Then Rocco fired Oblow from World, and that threw everyone for a loop. That kind of pissed me off because Mark is who I dealt with. So, Maxwell and I were like, "Fuckin', whoa...what are we going to do?" We started to get the feel that this was turning into another 101 situation. We went to a couple of contests—Vancouver, Tampa—and then I

went to Australia with the DC team, and that was a fuckin' awesome tour. Lots of partying and drinking, cool demos. It was rad. Get back, ■■■ the Vancouver contest comes up, and I ■■■ Rodney (Mullen), and he says he has to talk to me about something, but that he can't talk here. So I went to Florida to the XGames trials in Orlando, Florida, skated in that, had fun and then called Rodney to tell him how I did, and he said, "Rad, that's cool!"

How did you do?

I got first place. I was pretty stoked. It wasn't that big of a contest, but one of my goals has always been to place first in a pro contest.

Did the hometown crowd help?

Yeah, I was pretty stoked to take it in Florida. So, I talked to Rodney, and he gave me ■■■ and said, "Well there's ■■■ where that came from. I'll talk to you when you get home." So I fly to L.A., and we have this meeting at World. It's me, Rodney, Rocco, Vince [Krause], Chet [Thomas], Marc Johnson and Gershon [Mosley]. Rodney says, "We're going to start this new company, and we want you to ride for it. We're going to call it the A-Team." This is going ■■■ right when Plan B is leaving World.

Do you think they called it the A-Team to fuck with Plan B?

I really don't know anything about it, except they said, "Here, this is it." I thought it ■■■ kind of weird, but I didn't have any other options. So I agreed to ride for them. We all quit our teams.

Did they ask Gershon to get a Mr. T haircut?

I don't know about that. So, then we did these promo photos, you know, team bullshit, and then I went home and I got ■■■ call from Oblow who said ■■■ Danny [Way] and Tommy [Caudill] want to talk to me. I thought, "Oh shit, they're pissed at me." I thought they might have gotten the impression that I stole Chet from [Platinum], which I had nothing to do with. So I called them and straightened things out. Then I called Danny, and he asked me if I would like to ride for Plan B. I said, "Fuck, I got to talk to Rodney and tell him what I want to do."

Did you want to ride for Plan B?

Yeah, I was definitely fucking stoked. I've looked up ■■■ Danny my entire life. He's an awesome skater and I've always respected him, and for him to ask me to ride for Plan B, I was super stoked. And to ride for Plan B would make everything perfect, you know? Plan B, DC, Droors, it just all

fits together.

Did you think that it would have been weird riding for Droors and being on the A-Team?

Well, I didn't feel threatened. Rocco seems to think that the only reason I'm riding for Plan B is because I was scared that Danny was going to kick me off DC. For me, everything just worked out. It's perfect. But I had to call and tell Rodney and Rocco, and they freaked out. I asked if there was any way that I was going to get my last check because I pretty much represented Prime to the fullest until ■■■ week before the end of the month. They said, "Yeah, no problem." Which ■■■ bullshit, because it is a problem. That was a month ago, and I still haven't seen a check from those guys, and they still sell my skateboard. Well, okay, cool, but at least give me royalties from my skateboard. I ■■■ understand them being bummed that I quit, but they should

No.

High ■■■ cocaine?

No, I just got in this little race with this dude, lost control off the side of the freeway, and that's all she wrote. Car gone. No insurance. I ended up paying about \$16,000 for a car that I didn't ■■■ have.

Next.

I saved my money up for ■■■ while, and I bought this Honda CRX for \$3,000. Put ■■■ little money into it. Didn't get insurance for some damn reason. Then one night I was driving ■■■ this girl's house at three in the morning and just lost control on the freeway on this section of the 6 freeway that they were doing construction on. Totalled. Gone. Wasn't that bad because that one was paid for.

Next.

Went on tour, saved up some more money, and

"Mark [Oblow] is one of the most annoying, little shits I've ever ■■■ I'm definitely not afraid to call him ■■■ though."

respect my decision and give me what I deserve.

Was it ever weird for you over at World?

No, not really. I didn't hang out with Rocco that much. He went on the Prime tour for about a week, so we hung out for a little and had fun. He was always cool to me, but a lot of people have beefs with him. I don't hate the guy, but I'm kinda bummed on the way he's handling the situation. If that's how he's going to be, then, whatever. I'm still going to do what I do.

What do your parents think of your career?

My dad is proud of me. He calls me up to check up on me. He's happy that I look skateboarding to where it is now. I've been doing it since I was a little kid; ■■■ never would've thought that I'd be doing what I'm doing now.

Approximately how many cars do you ■■■ through a year?

I try to keep each one as long as I can

C'mon, let's hear some car stories.

Right when I moved ■■■ California, I bought a '95 Civic Coupe. I had it for no longer than a month. I completely totaled the fucking car. I was racing down the freeway—
Were you drunk?

around Christmas I started looking to get another. I bought a '92 Honda Civic hatchback for \$7,000. I just paid the guy cash, so no car payments. I went straight from there to the insurance place.

Who the hell would give you insurance?

There are no records of the accidents.

So, that's the car you have now?

Yeah, but I've had car troubles with that ■■■ too. I let my friend borrow it while I was in Australia, and three days before I got back it was stolen. It was recovered, but it was totally stripped.

Let's move ■■■ to the DC European tour.

Any nights you remember?

Oh man, there were way too many nights of being drunk, gambling and taking all of Dyrdek's and Dmitry's money. Just having fun hanging out with you guys and the DC ■■■

Are you religious at all?

I don't think so. I just do what I got to do.

■■■ you use any drugs?

No. Well, I've tampered, but I'm not into it.

Do you like candy, Caine?

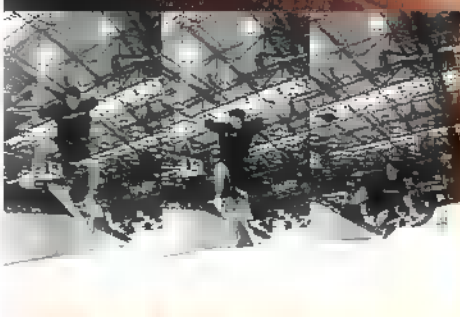
You ■■■ such ■■■ freak...





David Hockney is an English homo who paints nice, little pictures. He also con-
 tains out
 of snapshots. They seem to hover somewhere between the still and moving picture. If you've seen them, then
 be wondering what he has to do with a sequence of Caine
 b/s 180 kick-
 flip
 Gap at Meanwhile.
 Unfortunately, we are forbidden by
 further.

Caine's skills
 number of
 In this
 deceptively simple kick-flip, one can see
 elements from skydiving, downhill
 slalom, Yoga and off-
 shore racing. That's what makes him so



Sentence: The DC team is perhaps the only group
 in skateboarding that comes close to resembling
 an ultra rock band. Sometimes, though, I think
 it resembles an Olympic water polo team.
 (less, continuing with the band scenario, I
 can't imagine being lead singer or lead
 drummer on the fact that being jobs of
 right mind, luck and rhythm, ballers,
 drummer and not the

only team
 in costume of
 was! Nasogpina miiiiiihoul trouble inside the key.

Do you ever look at your last name and go, "Fuck, the word GAY is in my last name"?

Um, no. I really don't.

■ you ever humped a stripper?

Why do you got to put it ■ that?

Okay, Have you ever dated a stripper?

Okay, you can say that. My first girl-friend in California ■ a dancer, and we dated for about two years. It ■ pretty weird, but she was cool. We had a lot of fun together.

Is that the first stripper you ever dated?

Yeah, first dancer.

Dancer?

I don't know. The shit just happens.

How does it happen?

I don't know, you just say, "Come on back to the house, we're going to party." Just hanging out, drinking or whatever, and then the shit just goes down.

One time I heard you ■ driving in your car with two girls—

Oh shit. I can't go there. That was way too gnarly because it involves my ex-girlfriend. God...I'm going to have to alter it a little bit to make it sound not so weird. Ah, fuck it. ■ and these two girls ■ coming back from this bar, and we're dropping this ■ girl off, and the girl in the front seat starts going down ■ me. I'm all, "Wood Right on." The girl in the backseat ■ playing with herself, and then she leans forward and takes over for ■ little while from the backseat.

killed his brother.

Who is Cain?

Good.

Caine for \$300.

This plant is ■ of Hawaii's largest crops.

What is candy cane?

I'm sorry, that's wrong. The correct ■ is, "What is sugar cane?"

Oh, fuck me. Caine for \$400.

This is the Daily Double: Chong tricks Cheech into thinking that a bag of soap is this illicit substance.

What ■ cocaine?

Alright!

Caine for \$600.

Orson Welles plays a newspaper tycoon in this 1941 black-and-white film.

I'm baffled.

and these two girls are coming back from this bar and we're dropping this one girl off, and the girl in the front seat starts going down on me."

Yeah, they call 'em dancers, entertainers.

What's the most you've ever spent in ■ evening at ■ strip club?

That would ■ around \$1,600 for my friend Scott Waters' birthday.

How do you spend that much at a strip club?

It was my boy's birthday.

Did you hook up that night?

I was seeing a girl from there at the time. So, yeah, I hooked up.

Was she ■ entertainer?

Yeah, she ■ a dancer.

How many dancers have you dated?

And you're driving?

I'm driving. Then, the girl in the front seat ■ over for ■ while, again. That went on for a little while, then we dropped off the first girl at her house.

You dropped her off? ■ that hard to do?

Uh, no, it was cool.

Okay, the ■ part is *Jeopardy*. You know how to play, right? Okay, this one has only one category, though, and it's "Caine."

Okay, I'd like to take Caine for \$500.

The coast is toast.

What is the East Coast?

■ Kane.

Alright, Caine for \$700.

An anesthetic commonly found in dentists' offices.

What ■ Novocain™?

Perfect.

\$800.

Michael Fay, an American, got ■ of these in Singapore for vandalism.

What is a cane to the back?

Yes, or ■ caning, as they call it.

Caine for \$900.

Caney is ■ town in this state.



Whew! Let's see...um, do you mean, how many I've dated?

You know what I mean—have touched your genitals.

Uh, let's see...hold on...I think five.

Have you ever had ■ threesome?

Yes. Two or three times.

How do you hook something like that up?

I'm sorry, that's wrong. The correct answer is *Volcano*.

Okay, let's go Caine for \$100.

A peppermint Christmas treat.

What is a candy cane?

That's perfect.

Okay, Caine for \$200.

He was ■ first son of Adam and Eve, and he

The fuck ■ I know.

Kansas.

Caine for a \$1,000—going for the win.

This professional skateboarder is the subject ■ the interview.

Who ■ Caine Gayle?

Exactly.



Sequence: Rain. Goyte.
Shows, Nose, Blind, Mind, Grind.

the of a
look that everyone in the K stick white tail

When Mike Crum fell during his doubles routine with Rune Glibberg, Rune sensibly pretended it didn't happen and dropped into a solo kick-flip b/s disaster. Meanwhile, [redacted] had scampered back up [redacted] the platform with the intention of initiating a [redacted] game of dueling banjos with Rune. Mike's first lick was the of [redacted] his heel-flip over the channel. The judges, of course, failed to appreciate their impromptu performance.



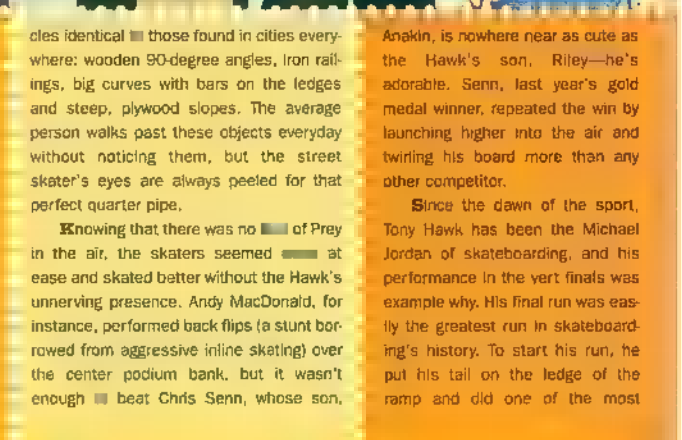
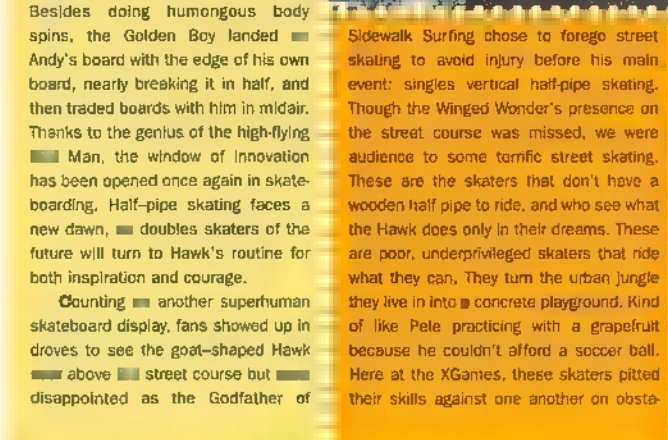
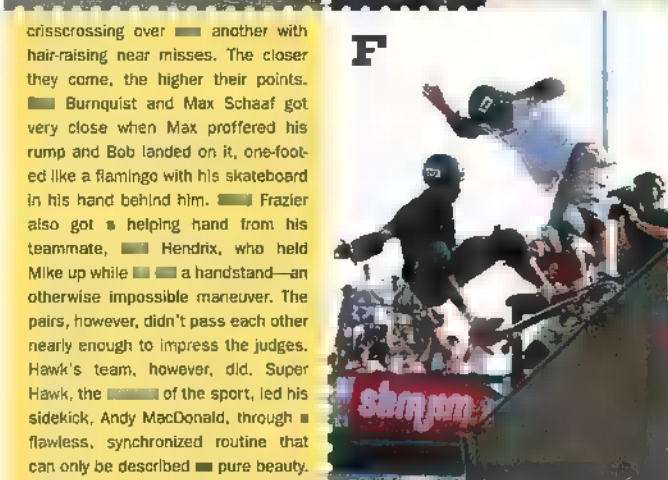
See all those photographers down there? Some work for Sports Illustrated, some for local papers, some for music magazines. They were all very pompous and downright rude. I have to admit, though, that they got some great stills of rock 'n' rolls and axle stalls. Here, you can see that their choice of angle and long lenses will guarantee a fantastic close-up of Chris Senn's ass.



For the third year, the skateboard competition at ESPN's summer XGames, held in San Diego, California, and attended by over 566,632 fans, was a grand event that will go down in skateboard history as one of the sexiest and most extremely aggressive contests ever. The rolling warriors competed on two stages. The first was the half-pipe ramp: a monolithic, wooden "U" surfaced with tempered, waterproof masonite. It was the site of the greatest routine of all time by the sport's undisputed world champion: Tony Hawk. Then the skaters took their acrobatics to the street course: an acre of blacktop, burgeoning with an array of urban terrain that pushed the riders' strengths and limits of endurance. Mariner's Point was the sight of what many feel was the most radical skateboard event in the history of the sport.

Unexpectedly, this year's Games saw the revival of an "old-school" favorite: doubles ramp skating. The world hasn't seen doubles competition for over a decade, but the XGames' organizers—possibly on the verge of insanity—decided to bring it back. Doubles consists of two riders dropping vertically into the half pipe from the top ledge, and then performing aerial tricks side-by-side and

SUMMER
X
GAMES
EFFEMINATE SAILOR'S PERKY NIPPLES
Story: Dave Carnio Photos: Bill Kosick



crisscrossing over another with hair-raising near misses. The closer they come, the higher their points.

Burnquist and Max Schaaf got very close when Max proffered his rump and Bob landed on it, one-footed like a flamingo with his skateboard in his hand behind him. Frazier also got a helping hand from his teammate, Hendrix, who held Mike up while a handstand—an otherwise impossible maneuver. The pairs, however, didn't pass each other nearly enough to impress the judges.

Hawk's team, however, did. Super Hawk, the of the sport, led his sidekick, Andy MacDonald, through a flawless, synchronized routine that can only be described as pure beauty.

Besides doing humongous body spins, the Golden Boy landed Andy's board with the edge of his own board, nearly breaking it in half, and then traded boards with him in midair. Thanks to the genius of the high-flying Man, the window of innovation has been opened once again in skateboarding. Half-pipe skating faces a new dawn, doubles skaters of the future will turn to Hawk's routine for both inspiration and courage.

Counting another superhuman skateboard display, fans showed up in droves to see the goat-shaped Hawk above street course but disappointed as the Godfather of



Sidewalk Surfing chose to forego street skating to avoid injury before his main event: singles vertical half-pipe skating. Though the Winged Wonder's presence on the street course was missed, we were audience to some terrific street skating. These are the skaters that don't have a wooden half pipe to ride, and who see what the Hawk does only in their dreams. These are poor, underprivileged skaters that ride what they can. They turn the urban jungle they live in into a concrete playground. Kind of like Pele practicing with a grapefruit because he couldn't afford a soccer ball. Here at the XGames, these skaters pitted their skills against one another on obsta-



cles identical to those found in cities everywhere: wooden 90-degree angles, iron railings, big curves with bars on the ledges and steep, plywood slopes. The average person walks past these objects everyday without noticing them, but the street skater's eyes are always peeled for that perfect quarter pipe.

Knowing that there was no of Pray in the air, the skaters seemed at ease and skated batter without the Hawk's unnerving presence. Andy MacDonald, for instance, performed back flips (a stunt borrowed from aggressive inline skating) over the center podium bank, but it wasn't enough to beat Chris Senn, whose son,

Anakin, is nowhere near as cute as the Hawk's son, Riley—he's adorable. Senn, last year's gold medal winner, repeated the win by launching higher into the air and twirling his board more than any other competitor.

Since the dawn of the sport, Tony Hawk has been the Michael Jordan of skateboarding, and his performance in the vert finals was example why. His final run was easily the greatest run in skateboarding's history. To start his run, he put his tail on the ledge of the ramp and did one of the most



STREET

- 1. Chris Senn
- 2. Andy MacDonald
- 3. Brian Patch/ Burnquist

VERT

- 1. Tony Hawk
- 2. Rune Glifberg
- 3. Burnquist

VERT DOUBLES

- 1. Tony Hawk/ Andy MacDonald
- 2. Neil Hendrix/ Mike Frazier
- 3. Matthias Ringstrom/ Max Dufour



A. "HA-YA!" Rune Glifberg, karate-kick indy.
B. Why was the street course as black as night? Well, last year the [redacted] made yucky tire marks all over everything. Jeya Banderov kick-flip grabs over an unblemished solar panel.
C. Paul Higgins: Is this 'Regular'?
D. So, this must [redacted] 'Switch'? Hrm... [redacted] with at least a dozen security guards everyday over the most petty of matters. The fucking assholes treated the event [redacted] it was a Presidential visit. I made this jerk cry.
E. There [redacted] of a homo-erotic element to doubles, isn't there? Tony and Andy, forever.
G. When I [redacted] younger, you [redacted] sassy if you couldn't bomb [redacted] standing up, but now butt-boarding is "sport." Meet the "athletes." Loogie!

This photo: "They're crossing! They're crossing! They're crossing!" Sergio Ventura [redacted] top. Jason Ellis [redacted] ft.



incredible "tail drops" onto the vertical panel. He then followed that with four body spins and board variations, one of which was an "Andy grab." As if that wasn't enough, he then did "soul grinds" and "unity skidders" on the top bar. He then performed some wonderful snowboard-like airs over the gaping chasm in the middle of the vertical panels. Of course, the crowd responded by giving the soft-spoken superstar a standing ovation, and his wife kissed him on the lips, to show her approval, and then the judges said that he was the best, and they gave him a gold medal. which is probably the finest feather in his enormous collection because he said so himself: "I can't believe what I just did." Neither can we! What a contest! What a champ!



afterlife:

Q: how did the melé influence from skater to teacher come about?

I graduated from Cal State Long Beach and got a bachelors in black studies, and then I was doing little demos in Compton and in Watts, doing something positive in the community with the kids, and then someone approached me with the idea of teaching. It was a test, just to see if I could do it, but I'm kind of bored with that right now. I'm kind of looking for something else to do, but it's good money on the side.

What ages are the kids you're teaching?

I usually choose second and third grade—they're cool. They're pretty mellow and easy to control. The high school classes aren't as fun.

Where were you teaching at?

In the Compton Unified School District.

Oh, shit. Was that rough?

No, they were real cool. They liked it 'cause I was black and young. It was a trip for them because most of the teachers were kind of old and not in touch with them. I had more problems, well not problems, but the teachers are what tripped me out. They were pretty negative about the whole thing. It was like (the kids) were animals or something.

What do you mean?

It was us vs. them—the teachers vs. the students. The teach-

ers made it like the students were there for them, when the teacher is there for the student. It should be, "What can I do for you?" instead of "You're here right now. You get out at three, but until then, I'm the boss." That's the attitude most of the teachers had. I thought that was pretty lame.

So what was it like in Compton?

Well, they give you all this crazy war preparation. Like, don't leave campus by yourself, let someone know you're leaving. Most of the time the schools are in a bad area, so you don't want to leave campus and go eat somewhere because when you take off, maybe a student might try and fuck with you or

something.

Did that ever happen to you?

No, most of the kids in high school were like, "You're the teacher?" because I look younger than I am. For half the day they'd just be trippin' that I was teacher.

Did you have any crazy incidents in any classes where kids were acting up?

than that. I if you're waking the morning with no one home, coming home with no home and then the parents coming home all bent and yelling at them and to the bus stop and fighting with these dudes, by the time you're at school...I think they need to work on stuff that, not "put on your uniform, and everything is gonna be all right." They say, also, that it's for the poor kids. If everyone is

I'll just work my way out of it.

So, never had to spank any of the in your class?

No,.

children wielding guns in your class?

Not that I found. There were all kinds of alerts and stuff, maybe kid got stabbed or popped, but that all happened when I was going to school. That's just.

you have any in in your classes?

I'm sure there. I had a friend growing up who had to take Ritalin.

What do you of that?

I don't know. Have you ever that picture that says, "Drug Free America"? It's got like a Q-4 kid and he's taking drug, and then it's 4-12 and the kid on Ritalin, and then 12-18 it's the appetite suppressant, 18-24 they got No-Doze, 24-38 they got the Prozac, 38-65 they got Zanax, and then at 65, they just got this old man in a wheelchair throwing everything down his throat. a lot of people are born with chemical imbalances, so I don't know.

What was best thing being a teacher?

Helping the few kids that you could help. I always felt that the teacher wasn't it, I wouldn't be into it. One day isn't enough time, but I try to find the that have a problem and help them one on one. The bad kids, you know, that don't really want to be there, I'd just go, "Read a book. Draw."

Did you feel you better equipped to next more because of your you're?

Yeah, kids. They'd ask teachers when I coming back, and I'd hear that; that was cool.

you have a favorite subject?

Maybe English or history but not really. I just really like tripping off people. It's like going to a party. You go to socialize, right? You don't socialize so much at school, but essentially the same thing. The clothes you put on, the words you say, who's dominating conversation, I learn more off that—studying people. You know, right when you get there, you find out which kid is doing good because they walk up and tell you everything, "Miss so-and-so usually like this." Okay, that's the smart kid—the teacher's pet. And then maybe there's something you're looking for all day, and finally, the quiet says, "It's right there." Ah, the quiet kid, maybe he's smart kid. I don't know; I like that.

Do they know you skate?

Yeah, a few kids. By the end of the day, they'll say, "Ah, you skate? That's tight." That's what they say, "Tight." They all say that.

What's going skating now?

I'm riding for 60/40, but I've been getting hurt. I messed up my back real bad. It's kind of hard. Then I hurt my knee, but I'm in effect right now.

you skating at now?

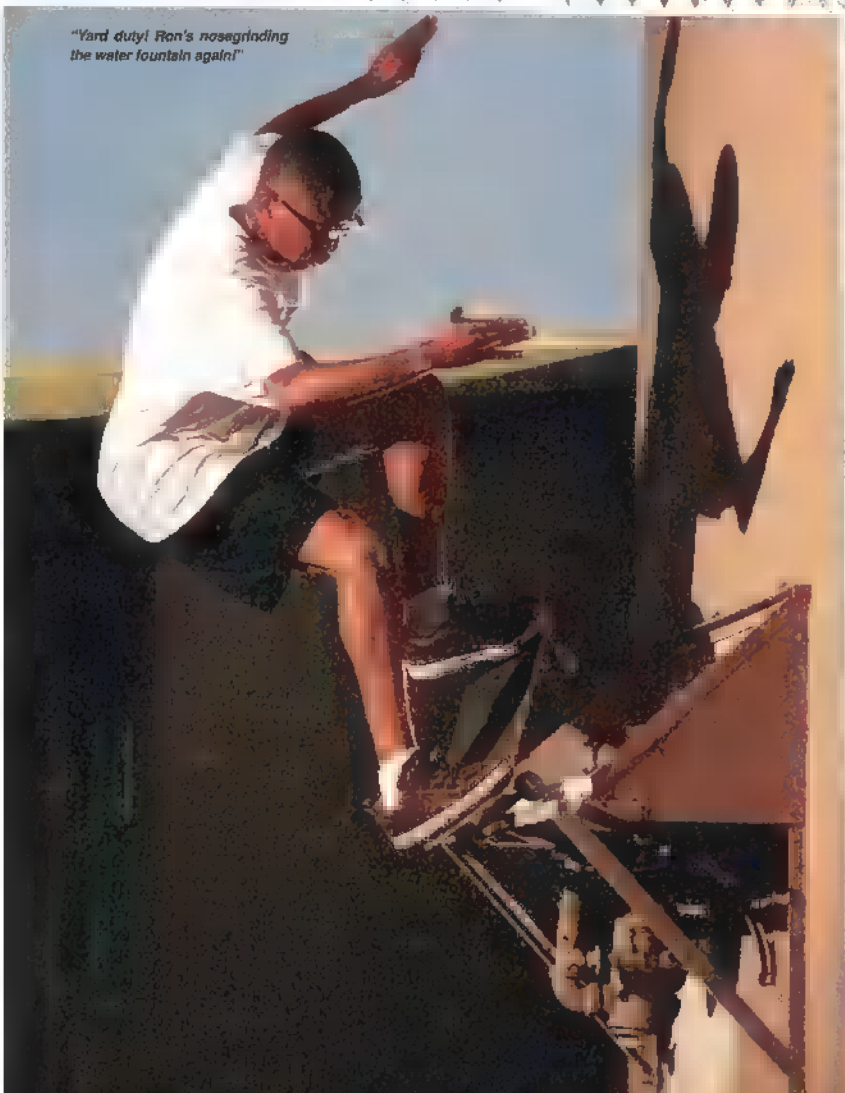
I've been riding around Venice. For awhile I was riding the Chaos bowl in Harbor City and 23 ramp.

else is going on? next?

I think I'm going get my license. The area where my parents live, a lot of the people are moving out. We used be one of few people, but there are black people, all the white people moving, right? I'm figuring a lot of those people going to try and sell their pads for real cheap. I'm also trying get art show together right now. It's gonna have my stuff, Lance's, Paulo's, Ed's, photos, whatever. Because all skaters do other shit. We the words, "kickin' back," or "chillin'," or whatever, but everyone does something.

**interview: dave carnie
photos: rick kosick**

"Vard duty! Ron's nosegrinding the water fountain again!"



ron chatman

Nah, not at all. The biggest problem I had, like I said, was just tripping out other teachers. You know, I wore a suit all the time, but most of the teachers would come in with a sweater all kinds of lint all over it. And, you know, a lot of these kids have to wear uniforms. Why should they have to wear uniforms when the teachers look like slob?

They have uniforms?

They say it helps test scores and all that, but it's the parents' problem. Gangsters know gangsters. I understand the whole idea behind the uniform: It gets you organized, you're in school mode, you school differently, but the problem is deeper

ing a uniform, they're all the same. But if a kid is poor, he's not going to be able to wash his uniform a regular basis, he's going to wear a dirty uniform his shoes going to be fucked. it doesn't make a difference. You can still tell he's poor.

So, you never had any incidents in class?

Nah, regular stuff, when kids to act up, I'll just like, "Do you want to to the office?" "Do you want to read a book, because I'm trying to teach." You avoid problems in a lot of ways. Just like getting in fights, I get in fights. I'll be around a lot of violent people or in a bad situation, and

The Pervert Clothing Corporation 1655 Meridian Ave. Miami Beach, FL 33139



The only corporation that dares

to show

REAL BEAVER.

pervert

ASR BOOTH #615 AND #617



W.F.C.

WHOSVM PERTINAX CARVE

by Dave Carnie

When we think of the Roman Empire, the thoughts are oft tainted with blood, wanton cruelty, orgies and bacchanalia—such is Roman culture. Though violence and gladiatorial combat was a large part of the ancient Roman world, it was, in reality, a society whose other talents are more worthy of our attention. Their music, sculpture, architecture, indeed all their arts, are awe-inspiring wonders to this day. Their greatest talent, however, was their ability to govern. One has to marvel at how their vast Empire remained intact for ten centuries. At its peak, Rome stretched over two-million miles including Eastern Asia, Egypt, Northern Africa and nearly all of Europe. The subject of this installment of WFC is one of the many Roman emperors who, in the brief period of 86 days, "ruled the world" during the year 193 A.D.: Pertinax.

If this column were titled "Very Interesting Subjects," then perhaps Pertinax's predecessor, Commodus, would be the feature. Commodus was a certified nutcase. During his 15-year reign, he spilled more blood than the Nazis held a candle to. Aside from executing every other person he met, he had some peculiar habits. Imagining himself to be the "Roman Hercules," he would enter the gladiator's arena, sometimes in women's clothes, and slay beasts of all kinds: lions, tigers, elephants, even giraffes. He fought human "opponents" nude and outfitted with lead swords. As a cock, he showed great talent by shitting in the food. As a surgeon, he amputated freely. He enjoyed naming his patients after their modifications, as in the case of "Ol' One Eye" or "Mr. One Leg." In his harem, he sullied the name of virtue by performing the lowliest acts upon members of both sexes of all ages. It was there, at the summit of vice and infamy, that he met his death. A triumvirate of his servants decided, perhaps because of the hourly execution of their coworkers, that it was time for a new world order. They attempted to poison him but, failing that, had to employ a professional wrestler to strangle the tyrant.



With the position of emperor now open, the conspirators sought the noble Pertinax to fill the vacancy.

Understandably reluctant, as the office was traditionally terminated in a violent fashion, he accepted the offer of Caesar in the early hours of January 1, 193 A.D. His succession to office was met without resistance, but he certainly wasn't greeted with open arms. The Praetorians (imperial bodyguard), for one, had been sole audience to Commodus's rare acts of generosity and were suspicious of the Prince's reported cause of death: a stroke. They stifled their suspicions and grudgingly recognized Pertinax as emperor.

Immediately, he set to dressing the wounds inflicted by the hand of tyranny. With a frugality never seen in our own government, he auctioned Commodus's estate and paid all debts with its profit. He reduced imperial banquets and cut all palace expenditures in half. The innocent who had been exiled or imprisoned were returned their honorable positions and estates. And despite the treasury's emptiness, he had the generosity to remit all the oppressive taxes invented by Commodus. He told the Senate that he would "better satisfy to administer a poor republic with integrity than to acquire riches by the ways of tyranny and dishonor." As with any Goody Two-shoes, his virtuousness was misunderstood, mostly by those who had their unearned privileges stripped from them, but also by the Praetorians who didn't favor the idea of new bosses who expected them to actually work. On March 28, 193 A.D., they marched upon the palace, took Pertinax's head off his body and put it on the end of a stake, despite the wonderful things he had done and promised to do. In all their hastiness, though, they had forgotten to find a replacement. Not knowing what to do with such a large piece of property, they decided to put the Roman Empire on the auction block. It was purchased by Gaius Didius Julianus, who fared even less than Pertinax, surviving the office only 86 days before they chopped his head off. SPQR.

CD REVIEWS

DK3

Well, it seems they've finally found a way to be more cologne to the kids of the hipster set—audio aroma for those strung-out days and hopped-up, smoky evenings reading Rilke amongst your Lower East Side friends. Vincent Gallo and all that shit. No, really. This is damn good music by a duo that consists of guitarist Duane Denison of the Jesus Lizard and drummer James Kimball, formerly of the Laughing Hyenas and Mule. Now, whereas those two outfits were mandatory soundtracks for punk-rock clubbing and double-wide, beer-soaked cookouts, the Denison/Kimball Trio play music to be heard while strolling through William Burroughs's *Naked Lunch Interzone*. Did you go over your head, skate punk? I'll give it to you plain and simple: drugged-up free jazz that'll sink you into somnambulistic submission.—Greg E. Boy



The Dandy Warhols Down

Since returning from my trip to Amsterdam and ending my 28-year-long resistance fight against the evils of drugs, I should only be a matter of time before I begin dabbling in heroin. I already have the veins of a fuckin' champ, in the event I do become a free-wheelin' junkie someday and have to resort to selling off my CDs to some H, this one here will probably be the only one I'll keep. This CD sounds a lot like how it feels to come down off a wild ride—the "white horse," I imagine, and would make a nice accompaniment to waking up naked and strung out on the hardwood floors of a bare, sunlit room. Now if they'd only change their Goddamn name, because it's impossible for me to verbally recommend them to anyone. Saying "The Dandy Warhols" out loud has to be like the equivalent of getting mouth-raped.—Cliver



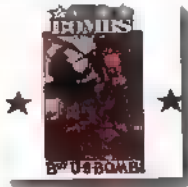
Buck-O-Nine Twenty Eight

Buck-O-Nine? Just what the fuck is that supposed to mean? There's only seven people in the band, so it can't be a numerical concept. And it can't be some guns-and-ammo thing because I would be thirty-eight-six. Could it be they want you to pay 'em bucks for this record? I dunno. But this thing is for sure, I wouldn't pay a penny for this fucking watered-down ska-core crap. May the Mighty Mighty Bossstones burn in hell for the useless shit like this and the Suicide Machines, Goldfinger and MU330 they've given birth to. Brava yourself, I only get worse.—Greg E. Boy



U.S. Bombs Buy U.S.

The other night my band, the Smut Peddlers, was supposed to play with the U.S. Bombs. They got there a little late, so after we finished playing, I went outside to see what was up. All I saw was this huge security guard pushing the U.S. Bomb's singer, Duane Peters, into a corner. He was telling Duane he was gonna make him "suck my dick like they do in the pen" and when he finally got to "I'll ass-rape you," one of the Bomb's crew hit him with "like they" and ran. From what I understand, this CD was their first recording, and it was a record. Now, it's their third CD. A fourth is coming out soon—and it's good—but this will definitely hold you over.—Gish Thaxton



First and the Gimmes a Ball

What a bunch of bullshit this is: A bunch of greasy-haired, side-burned, bowling-shoe-wearing kooks who deliver a whole album full of covers. C'mon fellas, how difficult is it to cover a fucking song. Especially songs like "Seasons in the Sun" (been done a thousand times), "Mandy," "Rocket Man" (another overplayed cover), "Uptown Girl" and "Me & Julio Down by the Schoolyard." I can't go any further. I won't subject you to the list of covers that I had to listen to. Larrie. Go write your own fucking songs. Maybe, just maybe, someone will actually pay for that. Sady, the band sounds really good; it's just they've fallen victim to a bad idea.—Greg E. Boy



Oxbow Serenade in Red

I think I'd heard this band before but I don't know. They had previous albums out, but I don't think they were on SST. Now is it that SST used to have some of the best bands ever to play music on their label, and then they fucked everything all up, and they all left. Just to a few, there was Sonic Youth, Maat Puppets, Bad Brains, Black Flag (well, Greg Ginn is still around), Blast, Minutemen and St. Vitus—the greatest hes—alive and locals at the Thirsty and Miserable in Redondo Beach, California. Anyway, I'd lost interest with the label since those days, I haven't heard too much of their new bands, but I actually like this band. They rock and have a singer who tries to be like David Yow a bit, but it isn't too bad. I liked the album from start to finish, to further sell the album, the master engineer himself, Steve Albini, recorded some of the album. So, either they paid him a lot of money for his recording talents or he actually enjoys the band or maybe he had to record the album for payment of a previous sexual encounter—who knows.—Chris Reed



Balgagger Ache

Sometimes when my ex-girlfriends would yell at me, I'd try humming along to make music. It made it better, almost fun. Now, with my new Balgagger CD, I hear it recorded. I've known these here girls for awhile now, except their new babe of a bassist they're using for tour. The original bassist and I were arrested together for a while. She walked; I did nine months in jail. The singer/guitarist and I close for a while, but now she doesn't talk to me. The drummer talks to me when she feels like it. I think they want me bad and just can't express themselves. Balgagger's CD is good. It's not the other lame, dyke girl bands on the radio. Another great Theologian CD.—Gish Thaxton



Sudden Fun

I'm not quite sure why this album is called *Sudden Fun* because it really isn't fun unless you enjoy listening to crappy music. Slider is the name of the band, and when I hear that, all I can think about is ass-sliding. Ass-sliding isn't butt-fucking or anything perverted like that. It's what they do in *Rad*, the greatest BMX movie of all time and actually quite possibly the best movie ever made. To ass-slide, you must first find someone you wish to spend quality time with and not be afraid to hold tight to get wet with. Then, go to your neighborhood creek or reservoir and slide down the moss-covered pipes into the water. Now, that's fun. *Rad* also had a great soundtrack with the highlight being Go West doing "Send Me an Angel." Slider wants to be the '90's version of Go West, but they aren't even half as talented. I know that all bands can't be as good as Go West, but I've dedicated my life to finding a band that has my heart with as much joy as they do.—Chris Reed



We've Been Had Again

I've huffed a lot of shit in my day: nitrous-oxide balloons, rush and airplane glue, but never moose. Thank God at that, too, because of this is what you sound like after huffing moose, then I want no part of it. How do bands like this get signed? What executive's are they sucking? Really, I want to know. Why is it that all the really fucking good bands fall in obscurity while shit like this gets fat cash advances from super indie labels like Interscope? Yo, Interscope, if you want to know what the public, the kids, like, then give me a call. I'd fucking be the best A&R man you ever saw, delivering the goods with hit makers. Not slop like this that is destined to fade away and maybe get their video on late-night rotation on VH1. Really, I tried to find something good about this record—and that was in the liner notes where they thanked Schooly D.—Greg E. Boy



Sleep Capsule Pink Eye

Isn't pinkeye one of those viruses you get from kissing too much? I wonder if these guys in the band have groupies they kiss on, before and after their shows. If they do, I sure hope they're eating balanced meals covering all the four major food groups, as well as taking plenty of vitamin C. Being from Seattle, Washington—an area well-known for its quantity and quality of groupies—Sleep Capsule are lucky. The best groupies in Seattle are from Federal Way, a nice, quiet suburb, which is the home of some great progressive metal bands, such as Street Child. I met some of the members of Street Child, and I'd have to say they're definitely living the life of rock stars. Nigel—I think he's the drummer—has hair covering 80% of his body and loves Spandex but still has 30-year-old rocker moms all over him. I'm not saying he's ugly; he's just no Val Kilmer, star of the hit movie *Willow*.—Chris Reed



Metal I



M is an fellow who is either from Dallas, Texas, or Mars; he won't us a straight answer. Metal I on the but as with all affliction is never absent. He plays a six- s—one of murdered the guy sister. They're only temporary installments in the Metal I solo ph- his aspirations and playing bass in his Metal I girls even know his address. Metal I success of his art his lack social graces, Metal I is hate; many, and he loses fans as gains them. At first, we, too, liked Metal I in our offices for three days, he is not welcome back. Metal I likes good because is so of it out there these comes across as a negative jerk—which he is. Just to mix we had him review some of the we get here at the offices. —Dave Carnie



Lady of Rage Roughness
First of all, I am Metal I, not Rap. I take this free—and it like (like "really assho people") and stands for love it.



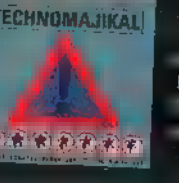
Supergrass In it for the Money
On the cover it looks more like bluegrass than supergrass. The singer sound like a girl. If I had a and I knew where they lived, I would fly over and attack the shit of.



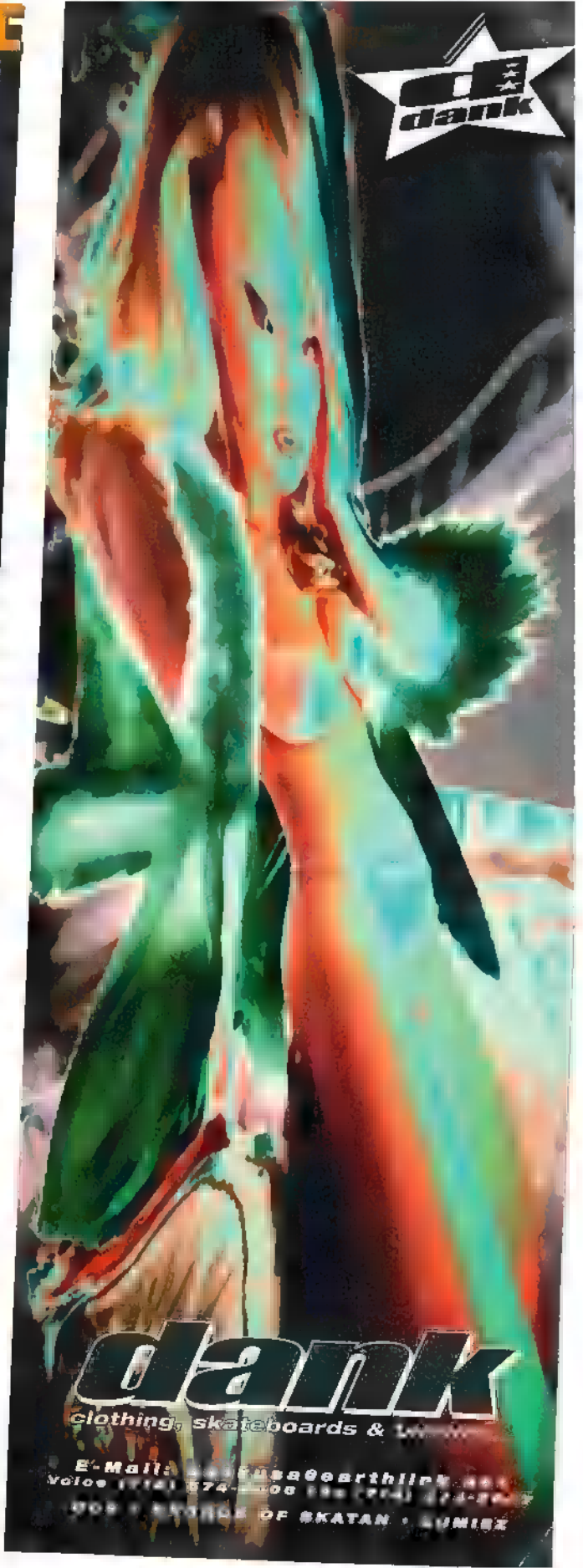
Positive State The Bullshit Initiative
Can't play. idea how bullshit walks, they always say, I don't paying than nothing for.



EWAR Carnival of Chaos
This is one of favorite bands in the world. This is standards. balls Carnival holds its own. If like.



Lee Scratch Perry amajikal
I want to know what country Lee Perry is. Not I can't even pronounce the name album. "good" Perry worst techno I have ever heard.



dank
clothing, skateboards & toys

E-Mail: usa@earthlink.net
Voice (714) 574-2008 Fax (714) 574-2007
100% OFFICE OF SKATAN • LUMINX

SPECIALIZING IN THE DESIGN & MANUFACTURING
OF HIGH QUALITY SKATEBOARDS



ARIEL COTTRELL
SASHA LAMB
BEN LEUNG
JAY MULLALLY
RAY WONG

JADE
MFG

119 HUNDY AVENUE / STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK / 10310
PHONE: (718) 981-7212 / FAX: (718) 981-7235

street

SKATEBOARD MAILORDER > Call for free catalog 619 687 0270



Street Machine Member > Dan Connelly
Photo > Brian Reid

és-EMERICA DC KASTEL ANON DYS TAPK SHEEP ETNIES BROORS ELWOOD FOUR STAR DIMWLS DUB
TSA STAMINA INDIVIDUAL GIRL AD UNIT LUNILATE BIRDHOUSE THE ZERO PLANET EARTH TOY
MACHINE PLAN B SHORTY'S EVOL MAPLE A TEAM ALIEN SAN YORK REAL STEVIN MAD CIRCLE
FOUNDATION N-HOOG ESPECIAL THINK RHYTHM ANTHERO WELLS BLIND MENAGE ELEMENT
RIVERTAR CAPITAL PRIME PLATINUM SPITFIRE FIRST BY NICOTINE PHYSICS INDEPENDENT
VENTURE THUNDER MERCURY DESTRUCTO ORION KRUX BRAND KING AND MUCH MORE

street

USA 709 Sixth Ave. San Diego, CA. 92101 • tel. 619 687 0270
EUROPE 6, rue Baillet 75001 PARIS, FRANCE • tel. 33 1 47 03 64 64
Kronprinsengade 3, 1114 COPENHAGEN K, DENMARK • tel. 45 33 33 96 11

MAKE THE SWITCH FROM NEWSSTAND TO SUBSCRIPTION



SUBSCRIBE NOW— IT'S LIKE GETTING 7 FREE ISSUES!

5 Newsstand Copies \$19.95
12 Subscription Copies \$19.95

Big Brother, P.O. Box 17720, Beverly Hills, CA 90209

Start my 12-issue Big Brother subscription for only \$19.95; I'll save 58% off the annual newsstand price!

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Payment Enclosed Charge My VISA MasterCard

Credit Card # _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____

BACK PORTIONS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS SATISFIED! Foreign per year.
YOUR FIRST ISSUE WILL ARRIVE IN 6 WEEKS. Where applicable, sales tax is included in stated price.
OFFER EXPIRES FEBRUARY 9, 1995 AA7000

Subscribe & Save!
Save 58% off high newsstand prices!
Use this coupon or the attached card
to start your savings today.

THE GIRL SKATEBOARD FAMILY 1997

MIKE SARTOLI



JASON MURPHY
SWITCH FRONTSIDE METHOD 180 SEQUENCE WHISTY

دوب

TEAM
GARE CRANE
COLIN MCKAY
JASON MURPHY
JIM PETERSON
DALE REHBERG
TARQUIN ROBBINS
SCOTTE SIMPSON
RUSSELL WINFIELD

FREE INFO 800-896-8238
WWW.DUBWEATHERGEAR.COM

ALL WEATHER
PERFORMANCE
PROTECTION
DUB 120 FPS
DUB WEATHERGEAR

5
41

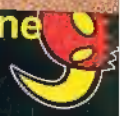
DUB WEATHERGEAR



Bam Margera and Mike Maldonado

skate like a slayer charged hessian

toy machine



TOY MACHINE LOSERY
FILE OF CRUD
971 WARNER AVE
F-435 HUNTINGTON
BEACH CA 92647
D TALK TO TOY
EMPLOYEES BUSY AT
MAKING US ^{shop off toy}
LL 619 558 7875

Look for the turtle-boy series of
boards in your local shops!
I rule!



top photo by adam wallace/vaga



S F TO N Y



NOSE GRIND
SAN FRANCISCO
KARL WATSON

1/8" SING



B/SKICKELIP
NEW YORK CITY

DANNYSUPA



Picks: Giovanni (except SF), skylines, Tobin (and Watson), Blabar

FAST
BREAKFAST · LUNCH · DUFFS



ASRRoom #P425

CrushConnection > 800.379.3833



RONNIE CREAGER



NEW
"GO-KART"
PRO MODEL
OUT NOW!



FULL PAGE PHOTO: CRITZ
INSET PHOTO: KOSICK