mind wars
letters
news section
music section
san francisco
rodney opinion
rudy johnson interview
encinitas contest
hotshoes checkout
subscription ad
a day in venice
soapbox
how to kill yourself

cover: daewon song
photo: rick kosick

contents: robert ivy
photo: niko
CONSOLIDATED INCORPORATED
STANDARD PROMOTIONAL ADVERTISEMENT

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

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JESSE PAEZ
wade speyer

speed, hellfire & damnation.

droors
“big brother sucks.” — George Powell

“It’s all about what’s happening on the board.” — Mike Ternasky

“One time I was all out of herb but luckily I found a bong hit in my hair.” — Jeff Hartsel

“What was Hitler’s first name?” — Jed Walters

“Every single person in this company besides me is expendable.” — Jim Gray

“Seriously, you’ve seen me skate before, I could have been in the top ten at San Francisco.” — Jeff Tremaine

“I’ve never slept with one, but I’ve gotten them for my team plenty of times.” — Steve Rocco

“I just don’t like that guy, Earl Parker, because he’s sneaking around.” — Fausto V.

“10 good reasons to use somebody else’s girlfriend in your ad.” — Mike Carroll

“Just ‘cause I don’t skate doesn’t mean I don’t try to keep up on all the tricks” — Marc Mcke

“It’s all ego, with everybody it’s always ego.” — Rodney Mullen

mindwars

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

First, you will probably be interrogated for the crime of having one in your possession. “Is this yours? Where did you get it?” After which it will be confiscated and subjected to intense scrutiny. “Oh my God, they don’t have magazines like this when I was young.”

Finally, a self-appointed moral vigilante will put you on trial. Using a group of unanswerable questions designed to keep you from giving a precise and definite answer, he will try to turn your brain into a blob of Play-doh®. “Why are you reading such trash? Where is that kind of thinking going to get you? What do naked girls have to do with skateboarding?” So on and so forth. Failing the wrath of a parent or teacher can often leave you at a loss for words. But now is not the time to cower and whimper. Not only are your basic human rights being challenged, but your manhood as well. It is now time for mental warfare.

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

**Rule one: remain calm.**

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

**Rule two: show them their own weaknesses.**

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

**Rule three: plan ahead.**

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

**Rule four: to the victor go the spoils.**

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

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

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

Yes, He's the man. Do it!

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

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

*On the front, POOF! Apparel. Unlmited Worldwide for guys and gals including the exclusive Kevin-Marie Collection.
Dear whoever cares,
Please send me a subscription to your magazine. Also include any back issues.
Thanks.
Andy Kelleher

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

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

Your friend,
Rich Johnson

Dear Earl,
Thanks for sending us a copy of BB. We are so glad that you got the job and are doing what you enjoy to earn a living. It’s a nice looking, colorful magazine with lots of good pictures and humor in it. Only thing is, I hope you can clean up the F-word language in it, and the vulgar, sexy stuff. Does it really need that to make it sell? Looks to me like it would be great without that stuff, and more parents would be willing to subscribe to it for their teenagers. I’d doubt that parents would want their younger kids (ages 10–12 and up) to read the magazine with that F-word all over it. I know I wouldn’t show it to Jamie. I don’t mean to criticize the magazine, but just want to pass on a grandparent’s opinion. Grandpa thinks it’ll be nicer if that stuff is left out too. How about more jokes and cartoons, etc.? What you have in it is really good!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Letters From My Children
3014 Del Amo #904
Torrance, CA 90503

Dear Editor,

Before you bail up this letter and toss it in the round file, I invite you to at least give it some consideration. I enjoy Big Brother very much even if it costs too much, it is too big, and I got 10 copies I didn’t order.

SUGGESTION: We believe the very best and funny editorials are written by Steve Rococo. We would like to see regular features by Steve such as “competitors that eat shit!” and “current shops that suck” and “crazy baby laggots who quit Blind, W!, or Plan B.” Is this good or what? Another regular feature by Steve could be a list of all Transworld staff members and what Steve thinks of each one of them. This would be HOT! Then he could do Powell, then Vision, etc., etc., I’m serious. This would be mega, mazed out, super good stuff. DO IT!

Thanks for reading this.

Richard

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

Richard is just kidding. He thinks it’s funny, but he’s fallen into a trap with no getting out!
I think your magazine is really neat-o, but I've got one question for you [intercourses]. Why is it that you and every other stupid [humping] magazine call tailslides switchstances noseblunties? I've been doing no-holds tailslides for years, and you're telling me that all I have to do is ride up to the obstacle backwards and it's a whole new [fooling around] trick. [Jazz] you all, I'm going to start my own wave of switchstance tricks. Footplants (boneless) and switchstance Earls (homosapiens). Thank you [illegitimate son] [screwed] [excrement hail] [pony phalouses].

Love,
Brian "The Real [Fugger]" - Alucard

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

world industries

[droors]

eight ball

xyz skate supply

775 carlsbad village Dr.
carlsbad california 92008

send $2.00 for catalog and sticker!

619-434-2444

no bullshit mailorder.
Ron Bertino quit Think and is currently on Blind. Ronnie was the hottest free agent to hit the market since $4000-a-month Willie Santos.

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

Rocco recently paid for some professional strippers to entertain several team riders, including Guy, Tim, Daewon, Rodney, and Jeron along with various employees, Sal, Leo, J.D., Sean Oliver, and Stewart the UPS man. Some of them took turns baring the girls with dildos while the others looked on. Earl Parker photographed the event but most of the slides were later discovered missing or destroyed as most of the boys were less than comfortable with the incriminating photos in the hands of the magazine.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Randel Jeron Wilson has switched from Real to Blind.

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

Last month we reported that nobody attended the Grover City Contest. In an entirely unrelated development the residents of Grover City recently voted to change the name of their municipality to Grover Beach, in order to make their town more attractive to businesses.
Steve Berra and Oscar Jordan engaged each other in fisticuffs at the NSA street/vert finals in Encinitas, CA. Oscar was winning until Henry Sanchez stepped in to break it up. Other noteworthy incidents were Mike Valley and Sal Barber's handplant-wallride demonstration (which garnered more attention than the contest) and Mike Temasky debuting his new exalted-ruler-pocket-flip-phone.

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

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

Etnies has a new low top out. They also have an ad in this magazine.

Pat Brennan, former Powell team rider, has quit skateboarding to pursue a future in kickboxing.

All the skateboard companies are working on new videos.
Impostors Exposed
Company Review: Counterfit Skateboards
by Todd Swank

This month in Company Review we have Counterfit Skateboards. Who the hell do these guys think they are? These boards are such shit I could puke, and then they push them as being quality. What a joke! These are the kinds of skateboards that belong in K-mart. What the hell are these X-S ultrathin plys? The decks I saw were fucking tug-boat tankers. Lies for cash is what's going on here. I tried to locate their production source and I have a good feeling these decks came out of Japan or Taiwan. Another thing right here in their lame-ass money oriented, shop plugging advertisement is their claim to have shapes similar to the "best selling" shapes currently out there. So what they do is wait to see what's hot and then copy it. What you're getting by that time is an old, ancient shaped deck. This good-for-nothing company lacks innovation wholly. Take their graphics for example. How can anyone satisfy their creative hungers with this crap? Same old, same old. These guys obviously don't make products which meet the standards of modern skaters who define the standards of tomorrow.

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

FIGHTback!
by Steve Berra

What should I do about the shit they said about me in Big Brother. I don't know what I did. I know I was on tour for 3 weeks with Tony, Willy, and Jeremy and then we arrived at Woodward skatecamp. Things were just great after the 13 hour drive straight to Woodward. I was ready to trash. But before I thrashed I got the low down on this kid. He told me he had learned every trick in Wily Santo's part in the new Birdhouse video and that he learned every trick in my part (except the vert because vert sucks). He also went on and insisted he learned almost every trick in Mike Carroll's part of the Plan B vid. He was having a little trouble with 1 or 2 tricks but he's really close. I was ready to give the guy the shirt off my back and 3 pro models if he would bless us and ride for Birdhouse. I was really sicked on that kid. I'm supposed to hate kids even though I am one of them. For some reason I got into the position I'm in but I don't feel any different. I think it's dumb that kids even care if I'm alive. I get mad when I skateboard sometimes. That makes me a crybaby. I can't believe that Big Brother would even take enough time to write anything about me. I'm nothing to them, and I always thought I was on good terms with those guys. I don't understand why some kid from Woodward wants to say that about me either. Actually I

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

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

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

A Tripped Out Halloween
I used this painting as a release of my mixed emotions and a ceaspool of memories from Halloween '91 when my parents got divorced and I took 660 mics of LSD. Suicide was not my intention, recklessness is my abandonment.
do. He got a little bit of power in his hands and really didn't quite know what to do with it. He thought Steve Rocco really felt threatened by the company of Birdhouse but little did this boy know. Steve didn't even know Birdhouse is alive much less what he threatened by it. The little boy in question figured let's talk about Birdhouse and maybe I'll be in there with the man himself. Steve Rocco. Well little boy your dreams came true. You've hit the big time-printed in Big Brother just for a little shit talking. I'll tell you what, if you want to talk some more shit or if any of you kids want to tell me how big of a piece of shit I am or if you want to tell me that it's OK—just pick up a pen and paper and write a letter to me at 3675 Barnard Dr. #163 Oceanside, CA 92056. Sorry for being such a fucking idiot.

This is Alex Goldberg:

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

- Name-calling $1.00
- Pie in the face $5.00
- Panting or wedging $10.00
- Beating to a pulp $25.00
- Sodorizing $100.00
- Crucifixion $500.00

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

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BEVERLY HILLS 90210:
EARLY SEASON SYNOPSIS
by Sean Oliver

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Countryside

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

School Days

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

"God made me funky." — Shannen Doherty
a corner of poetry

Bones are strong, simple, functional and basic. They are the structure which connects everything else. Bones are not for the squeamish or meek. They are direct and honest, they do what they say and say what they do. They endure when all else has gone and remain in tact when the rest is in shreds. They keep on working when all else has failed.

Dearest friends, this is the end of innocence. The death of youth, summer's last breath. What will the changing season's bring? Adolescence, our guilty hands and eyes. Are we doomed to suicide?

I can remember every detail, as I inhaled deep and pure. Now every breath is screened and secured by what has come before.

I stand awkward, I fail hard, comfort is ignorance. Ignorance is bliss in innocence. I am guilty, and friend you are too, and this guilt has detached us from emotion, natural, true.

Yet our lives are so premediated. And we're so concerned with what others say and do. Every word we use is to praise or pity ourselves, that's all we seem to do. I see it all thru these hazy eyes, so clearly now. I see the roots and where they're buried but I'm too tired now to dig them out.

And so we sit around and talk the shit, and watch it fly it all around. And we find content in this contempt that we call our lives now.

So what's the future of our story? Is it too late to turn it around? I wouldn't put a penny in our name, it's in the hands of our children now.

—George and Juli Powell

The final moments of The Aquaman

words and rare photos by E. Parker

(shot with a waterproof camera.)

I still get the chills when I think about it. Tuesday night. Nothing to do. Sal, Doug, Jed and I decide to get a 17-pack and take Sal's boat, The Aquaman, out to party away the rest of our opium. Sal had his fishing rod and he was nontop heckling.

"I'm going out one more time! I'm catchin' that shark I always wanted!"

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

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

"You have herpes?"

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

"A donkey had it on his balls."

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

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

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

And for me, I was just happy being accepted by these fellas. We had gotten a couple miles out into the Pacific Ocean, with the swells turning into a surfer's dream, when we discovered a hole in the boat. Water was collecting by the motor and in no time it broke down. We went into a panic knowing the Aquaman (aka: Kilroy Beefbox) was going down. However, if you think about it, we were all in our element. I was going to die with my camera and micro recorder, Doug with a head full of drugs and a can of beer, Jed in the ocean, and Sal with his hands on the wheel, shifting gears maniacally. He wailed out, "No sharks caught on this boat! Thousands of dollars wasted on killing little fuckin' mackerel and it's all over!" For the first time in my life I felt sorry for him.
The Skater Chatline

Dear Big Butt,

Suck ass. Hey, boy oh boy. a phone number to call some nice boys: "Fuck off you fucking idiot" - quote from the nice Wi phone line.

Lovely. I was just calling to chat. so fuck, sucky! Chester Copperpot

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

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

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

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

blind skateboards
3914 del amo #904
torrance, ca 90503
attn: Operation Manhood

The lucky lady Guy chooses will be flown out to California, picked up in a limo and escorted to the Beverly Hills Hotel. Once there and settled into a luxury suite, a brief courtoisie consisting of groping in the dark will take place. Then down to business, which shouldn't take more than a few minutes. When you awake the next day, there will be shopping on Rodeo Drive and an etquette lesson from the Hotel manager, just like in the movie "Pretty Woman." Finally, you'll be dumped in a cab and driven back to the airport where you will be returned to your miserable life. So go ahead and give it a try, you have you have everything to gain, and Guy has everything to lose.
Here is the first installment of our music section. From this point on we will be constantly reviewing cd's, concerts and videos all in an effort to get more free cd's, more free tickets to concerts and more free videos to review.

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

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

model EZ

tnies USA - Beach Center Station #78 - Huntington Beach, CA 92648 - 714-545-9388 fax 714-545-9390 Send $2 for stuff
The San Francisco Street Contest or ‘Disco in Frisco’ as it was originally titled, has been taking place each Labor Day at the Civic Center Fountains, in the middle of the Annual S.F. Youth Fair since 1987. The consistent scheduling, good atmosphere, and workable course set ups have made it the premiere event on the National Skateboard Association Contest Tour. Many weak street comps come and go each year, but San Francisco is the only one which has some tradition, and it appears that the top skaters actually take this contest a little more seriously.
This guy said, "That's all you're taking to SF, a camera, a recorder and the clothes you have on?"

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

I bought my first Playboy at the airport giftshop and remembered I was going to meet Jake Phelps at the contest. He said, "I'll have glasses, you'll have glasses, and we'll see each other." I ripped out a picture of a nude mountain girl so I could give it to him.
Day 1 Friday September 4

The course is not finished so we drove down to the Embarcadero, to see what's up. The place is pecked. Danny Way and Spiderman Dan are skating the Gonz Channel. Dan is trying to 360 ollie the gap while D. Way is attempting b's pop shove-its. Ron Bertino, Henry Sanchez, Justin Girard, Julio, Rick H., John Montessi, Spencer Fujimoto, Oscar Jordan, Paul Zuanich, Jovontae Turem, Pat Duffy, Stu B., Shoff, Chris Sann, Mike Cao, Salmon, Kelley Bird, Edward Devera, Jim Thiesbad, Chico, Karen Campbell, and hundreds more are sessioning the blocks, bricks, and stair area all afternoon. Pretty soon Rob Dydek, Ryan Fabry, and Lavar McBride are jumping down the 7 Stair. Rob's doing nice heel taps, while Lavar does it's 180 ollie taps pretty clean, and Ryan Fabry does the same only opposite footed.

I saw some new tricks on the blocks like:
- Ollie J: tip pivot grind from nose grind.
- Ollie K: pop shove-it nose slide gazelle.
- Ollie B: kickflip nose slide.
- Ollie S: nose slide 360 flip out.
- Mike Cao: S/Nose slide to ollie flip out.

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

Day 2 Saturday September 5
The Course

Imagine a big rectangular fountain with a medium size wall in the center, splitting it into two halves like a spine. Then place some various obstacles along the wall in the middle to allow people to transfer from one side of the fountain into the other. Yes, people have ollied the wall off flat ground like Natas did in his run 3 years ago. Although they are not needed, the obstacles make the course more functional. Along the wall from left to right start with a 12 ft bar like Jerebek across the top, slap a higher jump box next to it, then slap a steep spine next to that, then a small jump ramp on each side of the wall with a death channel in between, then a small bank to 5-ft dock to bank to round out your wall transfer selection. Place large banks at each end of the fountain, one with a jump ramp in the center like Woodward Gymnastics Camp. Then place a set of stairs up the middle of the other bank so people can do tricks across...
crayg

I found crayg on a bench. He begged for money and held out his hand as I dropped a handful of change into it. The coins spilled all over the sidewalk. crayg said, “That was rude, man.” He proceeded to tell me that he was homeless and sleeps on the leather seats at the airport. I asked him what bus went to the Embarcadero. He told me he was going the same way. I flowed crayg a dollar for the bus fare, and asked him if he could take his picture.

“Only if you give me five bucks,” he said.

“Does this bus go to the Embarcadero?”

“Yes, now give me five bucks.”

“If you make sure I get to Embarcadero, we’ll go out to eat together.”

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

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

“Nah! You were supposed to get me to the Embarcadero!”

“You’re on the way. Give me five dollars!”

“Only if you let me take your picture.”

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

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

“You said one picture— You look too! I want five more dollars!” crayg flared. He yelled at me for the next ten minutes, until, all of a sudden, he settled down.

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

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

the hotel

The Inn At The Opera was breathtaking. The desk girl had a pleasant, milky complexion with features that lent a more interesting than cuteish figure which gently eased my troubles. After acquiring the “rags to riches” key, I proceeded upstairs in the charming two-man elevator with velvet-padded gold-plated walls. There was a mystical symphony playing from an unknown source and a mirror to check yourself out in. In the room I was on cloud nine as I glanced at the silk sheets and plush carpeting.

I rushed over to the double Italian window, stuck my head out, and heard a woman screaming on the sidewalk. 10 stories below. Terrified, I flung myself around and layed my eyes on thirty miniature, complimentary bottles of liquor. STOCKED! Whiskey, cream liqueur, gin, and a basket full of expensive crackers and chocolate Toblerone. There was also a micro-frigerator with Heineken and soft drinks. I pigged out and got drunk.

I found myself sprawled out on the bed unable to think of what to do next. A warm shower I grabbed a Heineken, shed my clothes, dragged the clock radio into the bathroom, and started partying. I was spinning around under the endless stream of water. Letting it massage my shoulders as I drowned out with gentle organic shampoo. My favorite Doors song came on—“People Are Strange.” I applied the finishing touches, Chamomile and Honey Conditioner. I found a little box of Oatmeal and Trye soap which I applied to a wash cloth and wedged in my butt crack to grind out the dingleberries. Warm-skinned I collapsed on the bed and drifted into the dream zone. I was walking through a fancy park towards some guys who were sitting down. Upon joining them, Rocco started talking to us. It resembled an old youth football meeting except these T’s were green and Rocco said, “I guess we’re gonna have to set up the refugee headquarters down at the warehouse.” A pale man appeared next to him.

“How did you get here?” said Steve.

“Highway Thirty-five,” said the pale man.

“Your wandering Thirty-Five! Everybody knows that’s a huge party. People that live along there can’t even sleep at night!”

Instantly I was in the refugee place. A white room with a California girl in the corner. She was standing on a towel, but it didn’t reach under my feet. I had the tip in and she told me to take it out. I said, “Let me do it, I’ll pull it out.” Before I entered again I thought quickly, should I be standing on the towel? My feet are cold and it could be a turn-off. I chose to continue despite my semi-erectness. By the second stroke the climax was approaching. Should I pull out? Never! My muscles tightened and I smoke. I hadn’t had one of those in months. It was 800 PM! FUCK! Must find the厕所 and cover it. It’s my job.

the subway

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

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

brick wonderland

At last I stood before the infamous Embarcadero plaza. Wow, there’s “The Gonz Ollie.” Cute girls don’t hang around skaters where I come from, but that’s not the case here. They were all dressed up and ready for the tech party. I sat down by the Blind team where they were kicking it by “The Seven” (the famous staircase). I quickly realized this was their world. Now I knew what all the stocking caps, doctor’s robes, and baggy jeans were for. These big fashion shows. The Blind team is one of the major innovators for this kind of stuff. They have to keep up on the lingo. I can’t remember the stuff they were saying, but it sounded really good. From
the steps. Finally, place a standard bench-size box with metal coping along the walls of the fountain and a bank hip against one wall and you have the entire course. The set-up skates very similar to a spine because basically you start at the one end on top of the large bank, drop in, choose your transfer obstacle, transfer, then hit the other large bank and come back. It's very hard to stay in one side of the fountain or work the course horizontally because you lose all your speed.

Practice

Right away a few pros started to stand out as favorites. John Cardiel was throwing himself all over the course, and taking some pretty hard slams, but between the slams he was sticking flash smith grinds across the slider bar and b's 180 over the jump ramp channel. He was also trying long slides to fake nose grinds on the benches boxes. Rob Dyrdek was doing nose-blink style nose-slide transfers across the jerebek bar, clean nollie flips, and trying b's ollie revert b's foot flip on the banks. Steve 'Yogi' Berra was having a tough practice. I saw him slam hard into several large people like Salman Agah, Wado Speyer, Rick Howard etc. and he had a hole in his hand where he ripped it open on a screw. One time he tried to bail on an ollie over the big jump box and landed on somebody else's board eating severe shit, but for the record he wasn't crying. The truth is Steve looked pretty good when he wasn't running into people. He was doing 360 Indy Airs over the spine, nose slides across the jerebek bar, double ollie flips on the banks, and more!

Willie Santos was doing 360 b's ollies off the jump box deck into the transition and 360 flips over the bank to bank box. Ren Bertino looked strong in practice and was doing heelflip variats over the bank to bank box, nose slides across the steps, Howard Flips (F/S half cab heel flip variats) on the bank, and f/s 180 ollie flips over the hip. Mike Senteros was doing opposite footed f/s 180's over the hip, and alley-oop f/s 360 ollies over the hip, and Heel-Flop (b/s 360 Nollie) f/l flips over the steep hip. Wade Speyer was going big with 360 b's airs from the spine over the deck end and into the transition of the jump box, along with all other big ollies variations off the jump ramp onto the bank. D. Way was having some problems getting a line together but he did manage to do 360 b's ollies over the same big channel Wade was jumping. He also threw cross bone ollies over the jump box, f/s alley-oops off the jump to bank, f/s nose slide across the jerebek bar, and b/s pop shove-its over the bank to bank box. Rudy Johnson was looking too smooth, he definitely has one of the best styles going. He did good 360 flips over the bank to bank box, and 360 flips to take on the bank, f/s 180 ollie flips over the hip, as well as opposite footed ollie flips on the banks, and clean double flips.

Speaking of style, Rick Howard was mixing his usual calm style with some of the best tricks done all weekend. He did nose-grind across the bar, alley-oop heelflip off the jump ramp onto the bank, inside flips (b's shove-it toe flips), over the bank to bank box, 360 flips to fake on the banks, and alley oops (b's nose slide revert) on the quarter pipe. I also noticed a few rookies skating good in practice. Keith Huynh was doing all kinds of rad tricks including nollie flips on the banks, backfoot kickflip variats on the banks, and nose slides across the bar. Mike Magnus was doing clean heelflip to fake on the banks and solid lines around the course. Pat Duffy looked right at home skating with the top pros. He was doing b's lipslides, b's 50-50s, and feeble grinds across the bar, as well as double ollie flips over the bank to bank box, 360 Ollie flips to fake on the banks, nose blunt transfers over the spine, and b's nose blunt on the quarter pipe. Roger Sellina and Mako Uraie rounded out the 'New Guy' stand outs. Both looked pretty good in practice. OK, a lot of people skated well in practice, but the guy who looked the best by far was Mike Carroll. His line was fast and clean, and contained hard tricks on each obstacle. Oh yeah I also saw Alfonzo Rawls do tail-stall transfer ollie-flip over the spine. Ren Allan did a pop shove-it to late ollie-flip on the bank, and Keith Gruber did a double ollie flip variat over the bank to bank box.
his data on it's always random Guy Marano "out of place" hanging around the offices or chintzy skateparks. Guy and his good friends thrive in the city, under the bright lights and skyscrapers. Sitting in the corner, too cool to skate, being looked upon by dozens of 'Height of Fashion' teenagers just like them, except for the fact that they don't get paid. They were being nicer than usual to me and I was happy.

Famous Street Corner

The bus took me to Masonic and Haight. Heading up Haight I knew the moment was coming. Out of nowhere a scrappy girl of about 20 whisked from an alley, enfilade in my direction, scooping an empty soda can from the sidewalk, and disappeared around the corner. I saw her. She was dressed in dirty jeans, a sweat shirt and a great blue bandanna knotted in front of a shop window laughing and saying, "Look at that, oh, look at that!" I approached and said, "What's so funny?" She stood up snarling at me as I asked back at the large indiscernible looks on their face, the curling tongue, and withering lips. Her eyes were on fire and her hair hadn't been washed in months. This was a real hippie. Then I asked the dumbest question of my life.

"Where is Ashbury street?"

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

"ASSHOLEUUURRRYYYY!!!"

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

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

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

I said.

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

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

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

The Contest

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

George Powell

So how many years have they been having contests here?

3 or 4 years.

How's this one looking?

I think this one's the best yet, every year they get better. It's nice to have the original going on around all the world. It brings a lot of people if you look closely you can almost everyone here is a skater...and their girlfriends. It's pretty cool.

Now come there's so many good looking girls in San Francisco?

Because they're not threatened up here.

Yeah, so they don't grow psychologically ugly.

Do you think skateboarders headed in a good direction?

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

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

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

What was the problem?

Companies trying to kill each other.

So they're all mellowed out.

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

What guys are on your team now?

You don't know who's on the Bones Brigade?? Lance Coalin, Wade, Cabby, Senn, Frazier, Rickie.

Are they all here?

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

Where are they?

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

Who do you think's going to win this?

I haven't seen everybody skate yet.

Do you want to say anything to the skateboarding world?

Yeah, skate for fun and forget the politics.

What do you mean by the politics?

The politics of who's cooler than somebody else. Just for the good product and have a good time. Look for our new wheels. Caballero has it on, shock 'em out! They're clean! It's a totally new warehouse.

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

Yeah he skated, didn't see him play.

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

No.

Wait, he's not washed up yet?

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

What do you think about Steve Rocco?

No comment.

Are you two like enemies?

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

Do you think he may take over the industry? Hasn't he already?

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

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

Any last words...last words?

What?

Last words?

Big Brother sucks.

How did you know I work for Big Brother?

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

I was standing on the edge of the 7 foot main stage. George glanced over the edge and said, "What would you do if I gave you a trip?" at that point I left, hurrying to find my liaison. Jake.

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

"Because I told you, you're in the big leagues now. You wanna play hard ball? They'll play hard ball."

Oooh.

Later Jeff said, "Take a picture of that guy."

I did and he reached out and patted my camera saying, "I'm not George Powell. Don't mess with me you little punk!"

Turns out the man's name was Fausto and he was only kidding. I was still shaking though. I looked over and Jordan Richter did a kickflip to nose slide on a platform. The crowd cheesed. I was getting bored of the contest so I went to get some food.
Spiderman Dan dying from a 360 fka Gonz ollie.

Who cares about Jaya’s ollies over the Jessek Bar, and what the f**k is a Jessek Bar?
candy, my girl

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

"Yeah."

"OK, which drug?"

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

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

Some guy gave her 50 dollars to play in his face? Yeah. He was gonna give her a hundred dollars more to shit on his face? Yeah. And she does tricks? She turns 'em. Turns tricks. That means she whores. Yeah. That's how she gets money for her heroin? Yeah. (cough) From our view it's a lot different from like you guys that skate and stuff. A lot of people come to San Francisco for the glamour or whatever they want to sell it and they stay in those high class hotels and those ritzy, fancy restaurants, but I could take you places where they sleep in the streets.

Oooh. People get killed every night. Oh, they do? Will I get killed? Not if you know the right people. I was walking back to the squat the other night and I was turning onto Sixth Street from Market and a friend of mine was lying there dead.

A friend of yours?

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

Did you cry? He was a friend of mine. Alright so you did...sorry Candy. People take life as a joke, you gotta see it, you gotta be out there. You gotta see what actually goes on.

Candy had a problem. She was addicted to heroin. She called herself a vampire junkie, meaning she sleeps in the day and at night panhandles people with jobs. When she gets 18 dollars she can buy a "fix." Also, every 18 hours she needs a fix or she will get "sick." A fix heels her sickness (cramped muscles, headache, stomach pains) and makes her feel "just like a regular person."

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

Candy told me that the were selling drugs.

Candy knows drugs

If the cops come they'll swallow it?

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

Yeah, they can talk. I can talk when I have it in my mouth.

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


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

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

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

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

"Did you get your hero?" I said.

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

I didn't expect the new Candy to last long. I knew she could never change. Still, because she was the only girl I knew, I bought her some dogs and snow cones all day.
Day 3 Sunday September 6 Qualifying Day

Today, 79 skaters will be cut to 30 who will skate in the sub-jam tomorrow. The top five qualifiers from today will go straight into the main competition. As usual the qualifying day was long and the scores slowly inflated favoring the guys in the later heats. Here are the people who made the top five. John Cardiel finished fifth, I told you he looked good in practice. Rick Howard took fourth, Tom Knox took third, Tom had the cleanest run of the day, he didn’t fall at all, and he went real fast, but he did not have the technical level of the other top five skaters. His run included a 180 oliette, frontside 50-50s, and nose slide on the box. Ollie to tail-slides, and much more, which excited the crowd and put him solidly in second place. Mike Carroll barely edged out Agah by combining modern street tricks with speed and style. His run was b/c cross bone ollie over the big jump box to b/c alley-oop off the quarter-pipe onto the bank, to a giant heelflip over the bank to bank box, to nollie across the steps, to nose slide the bar, to 360 flips fake on the bank, to kickflip over the bank to bank box to 50-50 across the steps to b/c 180 to take down the bank, to opposite footed nose slide fake on the bench box, to opposite-fooled kickflips come out forward on the transition, to nollie to the bank, to nose slide fake on the bar to opposite-footed 180 flip fake on the bank to death from exhaustion. Mike stepped off his board once or twice which cost him, but he still managed to qualify first. Before the results were announced Mike Valley got in a fight with a 250 pound security guard who looked like a relative of Mr. T. The fight was broken up before anything happened, but Mike V. called the guy out to parking lot to finish the conflict so everybody ran out to the parking lot area to check it out before they even knew who the cut.

Day #3 Monday September 6 Labor Day

Well here it is, the final day. This is the day the top dogs bust out all their best moves and go for the trophy, glory, cash, chicks, board sales, etc. I don’t want to bum you out or anything but all the best skateboarding happened yesterday, so don’t believe the hype. Yip, that’s right Mike Carroll and Agah took the top two runs of the contest and they were yesterday in qualifying, but I’ll still give you the run down. The 25 skaters below the top 5 took two runs to cut down to 15. The 15 who qualify get to take two more runs for the finals. In the sub-jam the scores get higher as the heats went on, just like yesterday, which was a disadvantage to the guys in the early heats. I thought Chris Senn, Pat Duffey, and Wade Spyer looked the strongest in the sub-jam, but the judges had Makoto Urabe in first. Here’s the whole breakdown from the sub jam. 10-Shawn Martin, 9-Pat Duffey, 8-Mike Santarossa, 7-Oscar Jordan, 6-Tommy Guerrero, 6-Omar Hassan, 5-Mirko Magnun, 3-Wade Spyer, 2-Chris Senn. The sub jam was finished the top guys practiced and the finals were held. The runs were in the final 60 seconds instead of 45 like qualifying, much to the disdain of the pros. John Cardiel had good strong runs in the finals he did 50-50s across the bar, nose slides on the bench boxes, nose stall 1/4 rock on the quarter pipe, b/c 50-50 across the rail cabinet and more. Chris Senn had the best run of the day going which included b/c 180 fake nose grind the side of the fountain from tranny to tranny across the jump box, opposite footed nose slide shove-it on the filing cabinet across the back to bank box, and 360 b/c nose tap over the spine. He kicked his board up and quit with 20 seconds left in his run. If he hadn’t quit he could have won. Wade Spyer went aerial in the finals including 360 b/c grabs over the box, and Indy airs over the box, he also did half cab blunt b/c disaster on the quarter pipe. Rick Howard, Makoto Agah, and Pat Duffey looked good in practice but fell too many times to score well. Local favorites Shawn Martin and Tommy G. both had clean runs with no falls, but stayed very conservative with their trick selection compared to the other top finishers.

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

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

**tony hawk**

Mike told me to interview you.
I hate Mike Ternasky.
What did you think about Transworld’s “Most Influential Skaters” article?
I think there were a lot of people left out of there that shouldn’t have been. Even their names weren’t printed there. I mean there’s so many people that have influenced skating that they didn’t even write down.

How does it feel to be one of the most influential skaters?
I was stoked to be in there, but I’d rather not be in there too much anymore.

**the end**

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

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

Julian Stranger?

Jake, here’s the photo I forgot to give you.
Rodney Mullen

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

"Why?"

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

Okay, it's everybody's job to make big laws on exactly what is and isn't "good" skating. That's why a lot of us skate: no uniforms, no wristlets, no rules. Run through a list of top guys and see there's a wide spectrum of what is good: Barbieri, Koston, Spier, Sanchez, Agath, Cowtort; the tricks they do and the way they do them are all different, yet each guy truly embodies what it is to be a professional. So without trying to say exactly what is and isn't good, we can take a look at how to put all the pieces together so your skating can be stronger as a whole.

Start with the most recent. Pressure flips went in and out violently. Yesterday, we saw boards of kids inching along, drilling their toes into unbelievably awkward positions, then with a long drag, a little flip would shrapnel the ground. Contrast that with Jason Lee's 360 kickflip: a crack of the tail, caught high and clean, no set-up, and full speed ahead. Late show... it came under control, almost catchable. Then things got out of hand: guys started incorporating them into everything, spastically throwing their boards every which way, only hoping to land. Contrast that with Rick Howard's frontside pop shove: loud pop, caught, solid landing, any speed. A similar thing with some grab tricks: before long, people were grabbing two-handed sinker, landing with their hands still on the board.

Variations are good, but it's easy to get carried away. Sometimes it seems easy to take shortcuts, but it's bad in the end: guys want to do nose slide transfer on curbs, but they drop the e ills, stab the nose and wiggle. Contrast that with Mike Carroll's: every aspect of the trick is pronounced; it's nose slide to nose grind to nose slide. It's easy to see that that's what he's doing. There's nothing wrong with pressure flips and late shoves in themselves. Cowtort's caught pressure flips with no real set-up at all; Gonzales' grabs were rad; and Sheffey's late shoves were utterly controlled. It's just that some tricks have different limitations than others, and good skaters know how to make the best of what's there without overdoing it.

Again, what makes a professional has more to do with the way the guy skates, not with the number of tricks he does. Go forward and try as much as you can, but learn to recognize what's going to make your skating stronger as a whole.
this is rudy johnson. rudy would probably prefer that i didn't say how good he is; so i won't. in fact, rudy would prefer that i didn't talk about him at all. so i'll keep it short. rudy's whole life boils down to this: if you pull up to a traffic light and ask him if he wants to race, he won't say no.

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

interview: rocco  photos: spike
So you broke up with your girlfriend after three years?
Yeah, 2 years and 7 months.

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

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

What?
I swear.

And she's 18?
Yeah. Every time I go to her house I'm not allowed to go in her room, neither is she. We have to stay where the TV is. It's crazy dude. I don't wanna talk about it anymore.

That's cool. Who else do you like to hang out with?
Danny Way is so fun to hang out with. He's fuckin' crazy. He's bad on his motorcycle if he wasn't pro at skating, he'd probably be pro at that. And he's got all these chicks coming over-different ones every night. He's got all these guns, too. I heard stories about him and Josh shooting a horse, though. That's pretty gnarly.

Is it fun traveling and hooking up with all your friends?
Yeah. Going to Germany was bad. That's probably my favorite contest.

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

When are you guys gonna make your video?
I don't know dude. It'll happen when we're ready.

What else do you do? Don't you play guitar?
Yeah. I just like to play a lot. Metallica's bad, dude. Those guys are good musicians; I like playing their shit, but don't take it the wrong way. A lot of people start playing and tell everybody they're pro and shit.

Do you wanna join a band?
Fuck that dude.

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

Gabriel lives in a gnarly neighborhood, huh?
Yeah. It's gnarly because you can be skating around his house and hear ugs go off. Funny thing is, nobody even cares because it's so common.

You had an aborted fetus embedded in Nazi flag for graphics. Was that your idea?
No, dude. I don't care what's on my board that much. It sucks because you always have to come up with shit all the time. If you don't come up with something, you don't get paid much for that month. I guess it's because nobody will buy the old shit.

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

What do you like about racing?
Why do I race? Cause it's bad dude.

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

Have you ever brought Guy or Tim?
Yeah. Guy raced with me twice.

Has Guy ever driven or anything?
I would let him back then. That was when I lost the IROC.

You lost the IROC?
Those were 5.7 V-8s, my Mustang has a 5.0 V-6. I lost cuz when I went to third my hand slipped off, I only lost by a second.

So what else, are you gonna talk about skating too?
Skating's fuckin' bad. Everything's so fuckin' dumb. Like what?
“every time I go to her house I'm not allowed to go in her room, neither is she. We have to stay where the TV is.”
front of his house and learn tricks. I mean vert's glamorous and everything and it's fun for crowds to watch. It's like supercross. You go to the arena, you watch it. But for the average guy who rides a motorcycle it's not very realistic. Vert's cool, I don't have anything against it. How come they said you killed it? Fuck, I didn't kill it! All I did was push the part of skating that I was into, I never had anything against vert. I just figured street riding is real, that's what I've always been doing, and I was just pissed off because nobody would ever cover it. Vert riders used to call them street muffins and babies for riding that kind of stuff. However, I never actually attacked vert. There's a difference.

Cuz no one really knows who Harry Stratton and those guys are. True, huh? Vert just got out. Everything goes in and out. Look at jump ramp. Five years ago...Per Welinder used to tote one around in his car so he could go practice. Jeremy Klein too. They would bring a jump ramp to Beryl school. I swear, it's totally true. No way!

What do you think of all these small skater owned companies? Not small really. Three or four years ago the industry was Powell, Vision, and Santa Cruz. Now every company is owned by a skateboarder. You started your company, you did it and everyone tried it. That's when it all started.

Do you think that it's good that people like Lance Mountain have a company and stuff? Yeah, I do because at least he's gonna stay into the skating.

That's what I think too.

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

I think so, he just ran a five page ad in Slap. Who does Slap magazine?
Thrasher. What about all the shit that happened with Blind and Gonz [Mark Gonzales]? How did that affect you? Were you freakin' out?
Yeah, I was. I knew he was gonna do it a long time ago. When we were in Europe he and Jeremy were already talking about it back then. They were all, "Fuck that! I'm calling Steve right now, I'm gonna quit."

Why did they wanna quit?
Jeremy was all, "yeah, rad Mark. do it Mark, yes! That would be so hot!"

Do you think Mark's glad that he quit?
You know what Angie [Mark's sister] told me? "Mark's so broke." She said, "I have to give him money from my paycheck. A few nights a week we go out to the market and we beg for money to get cigars." You know what happened with the Volvo and all that shit?
His house got seized by the IRS. What about Guy [Meriano] and the rest of the team, did that blow them away?
Yeah, we all were cuz Mark was our inspiration. He was tuckin' weird and shit but he had helda rad ideas all the time.

The hardest thing to do is find ideas. Like what we did with the Blind video, that was bad dude. Like the car, we went and filmed, he picked all the spots and it was perfect.

Yeah it kind of bummed me out too.
I don't know why those dudes got bummed. Like Jeremy, Mark, Ron [Chapman], even Vallely. I don't understand it...

Fuck, I don't know either. You try to be as nice as you can to everybody. What I can't understand are guys like Jason [Lee]... I don't know why that thing went so far, I can't believe he quit over something that dumb...

Because he said didn't have freedom to control the products and the team. That's complete bullshit.
It looked like he was into it [being team manager] at first. Me and Guy were talking with Tim and it's funny cuz where's the Blind team now versus how it was before. I still remember the first ad that ever came out for Blind and like now it's us. Fucking gnarly.

Do you think the team's good right now?
Fuck yeah man. We just put on this little dude named Jeron. That's gonna be one of the best. He kinda already is.

What about Ronnie Berlino? He's bad!

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

Who do you think the best pro skateboarder is now?
I think the three best ones are Mike [Carroll], Henry [Sanchez], and Rick [Howard].

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

I don't think Deewon's the best. I think that he's good but he's not the best. The most underrated skater there is right now is Henry Sanchez. His video part was good but he's so much better than that.

How's Henry doing? Is he pretty happy? He seems like a hard guy to keep happy. He doesn't even care.

That's what I heard when he got on Blind. He was gonna be a nightmare to deal with. That guy is so good now. He's probably the best I can think of out of all three of them.

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

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

Maybe no one in your circle of friends. waiter--"do you need anything else?"
Can I get more Sprite...

(I interview ends because the tape runs out. Steve set the auto reverse incorrectly)
encinitas
YMCA
contest
On November 7th and 8th, the so-called NSA pro street vertical finals for 1992 took place at the YMCA Boys Club in Euniceitas, CA. The NSA has hosted approximately five contests this year, including this one. Gone are the rock 'n roll extravaganzas of the past as the NSA now opts for the easy out contests at convenient locales.

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

The following day was the street comp. Well, you there were many obstacles with transitions and a low contest handrail box. Fresh. The four heats took too long, the qualifying cut was too large (top twenty-five), and the whole event abbreviated by the onslaught of darkness. Another well thought out contest. The biased pinnacle of the contest was the entire Blind and world team entering and skating. Had qualifying runs been final runs, Pat Duffy would have won. However, this was not the case, so consequently Jason Rothmeyer placed first.
Everyone who hung out at skatepark called Big Brother soon became bored. The World video was done, and the Blind video was also out. Skateboarding lost its interest for everyone in the crew besides Rodney Mullen and Guy Mariano. Soon Colin McKay started doing pull-ups on the bars that are part of the gate in front of the door at the entrance. This led to hanging upside down and crawling around on all the bars. At first it was considered "weirdness" but soon everyone copied him and a new sport was born. Also, baggy clothes were not necessary and were considered "gay."

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

(Right to left) Daewon Song can eat hot spicy Korean BBQ, snap your wrist in two, and frontside varial kickflip to backside tailslide without breaking a sweat or messing his up hair. But then, come to think of it, if
at his new smaller house. There were no other companies except for Alva. On June 22, 1994 Ronnie Bertino invented a new trick on a bus bench that appeared to him in a dream. He started skating every day with Guy and Rodney. Later, in the fall of '94 a world video was released which revealed the new trick performed by all three teammates. Skateboarding once again grew back at an incredible rate until it was almost as popular as in the summer of '92. The name world industries was soon changed to “Higher Level Skateboards” and became financially lucrative. Focusing boards was now also considered gay. Countless variations of the revolutionary trick were soon performed. The trick was later condemned as “played out.”

—Jed Walters

Daewon got hit by a truck in the middle of a hurricane, that wouldn't mess up his hair either.
In the past, not to be nostalgic, but if you rode for a skateboard company you would call them every day just to see if you were still on. Today if they don’t call you every day, you quit. That might be the present state of skateboarding, but then again it might not. Nobody really knows right now.

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

In America, as you grow up, your family, teachers, and countless authority figures will always tell you how great “ownership” is. The wonderful pride thing of something you could call your own — i.e. house, car, something material that they make television commercials about, etc. The feeling of having something that you were “king” to it, because you owned it. You could supposedly tell people to leave if you didn’t want them there or to stay.

The old “your house and you make the rules” perspective is always in effect. This ownership premise becomes a term in question because — can you really own anything? Like, let’s say, a skateboard company?

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

—RON ALLEN
Steve Cailes, seen here filming for the world video, would rather that you didn't see this trick on paper. So don't look.
My assignment was to write about something positive, enjoyable, true to life. One of the funnest and most embarrassing things was when a friend replied to me, “No, that’s not Steve Steadham and Steve Caballero.” To my disgrace I had confused the two with Roe Allen and Jim Thiebaud. How many fingers were lost to Hic-Hi’s? My friends and I would skate downtown Las Vegas on the weekends. It probably wouldn’t have been half as fun if it weren’t for all the tourists, lights, and scantily clad women. When we were tired of this we would retire to the local Carl’s Jr. Fueled up and our pockets brimming with creamers, we would retreat to a remote firing zone near a friend’s house. From the shelves of a dark and wooded corner we had a perfect range for hitting two-way traffic. We would bombard passing cars with creamers until our supply was exhausted or someone got mad enough to stop and chase us. Another great activity, somewhat less frequent, was skating Wet-n-Wild waterpark in the off season. Wet-n-Wild boasted a kiddie pool with ramps and hills comparable to any skatepark. The challenge was getting in, skating silently and unseen, and escaping in a New York minute when a security guard spottet you.
One time we had been skating for a good twenty minutes and we all sensed we were pushing our luck. Someone yelled "Security!" and I turned around just in time to see a distant security guard scream, "FREEZE!" This was a perfect example of reverse psychology as I began running extremely fast toward the front gate, the nearest exit I knew of. I only looked back once, just long enough to notice that my companions weren't far behind. I looked forward again and quickly scanned the now closed front gate! Panicking, I quickened my pace and jumped as high as I possibly could onto the gate, scaling its height with newfound supernatural abilities. Jumping off the top, I fell to the ground quickly picking myself up to resume running.

Everyone can surely relate to these type chases, so I won't bore you with anymore. The golden years of skateboarding are changing and a new generation is emerging with a new genre of tricks. Hopefully things can only get better and the good times continue. With this thought in mind I bid farewell without further ado. -Brian Lotti
Andy! Who's this?
This is Earl Parker. We met in Washington D.C. at a demo. I'm from D.C. and I was wondering what you're up to?
I'm sleeping right now.
Are you still skating?
Yeah, yeah, yeah!
Do you skate every day?
Almost, sometimes I don't.
Are you sponsored?
Yes, by Planet Earth
What are your favorite foods? I like tacos, what do you like?
(long pause) You called me at 1:45 AM to find out what my favorite food is?
Do you like burritos?
I like everything man.
What are you gonna be when you grow up?
A professional wrestler.
Are you on the school wrestling team?
Well, my school doesn't have a wrestling team.
Where do you go to school?

Andy Stone skates in our nation's capital, oblivious to the ironic fact that at 1:45 AM, his civil rights would be violated by Earl Parker, master journalist.
So, what do you think the future holds for the United States?

Don't really care much.

Do you have a job?

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

I had a telemarketing job once and I hated it.

How old are you?

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

Pest Control, man.

I worked for a telemarketing place and everyday the manager would give us a group pep talk. Once he talked about "How selling patio decks is like baseball," and he used a chalkboard. Do you have a guy that does that?

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

Is it pretty interesting working there?

Sucks. I don't hate it.

Why do you do it?

I got to man. I gotta make some money.

I'll send you some of my money.

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

I do LSD. What do you do?

Herb I guess, it's there.

LSD's too strong for you though?

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

Like getting fried?

Like draining your spinal fluid.

And you smoke herb when it's there?

No, I don't really smoke herb.

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

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

What kind do you like?

I use Camel filters if that's what you're asking.

You don't like Winstons?

I've smoked Winstons.

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

That's what the ads say.

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

Earl you're losing it man.

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

Because your doctor called you Jim.

Oh, you caught me, bye.

Bye.
What are you doing? Just kicking back, man, hanging out at the store.

Why do you hang out there? I was skateboarding and the store's really close to there. Oh, and I skate for them too. They have a big skate team.

Do you skate for Powell? Yeah, I still do.

What tricks did you just learn? I was almost doing switchstance double kickflips.

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

What are you gonna vote for? I'm not even watching the elections.

What about the LA riots? What do you think of those? I say it's kinda scary, a lot of people.

Are you pro-choice though? Yeah.

You are? What do you think about the racism problem that's growing in the USA? Hey what did you say there? Pro-choice? What does that mean?

Abortion. Do you think there should be abortions? Yes, I think there should be.

What about the Christian religion? Do you think that's falling apart? Uh, yeah.

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

Do you buy your clothes there? No, I got 'em free, but I would come over here and buy 'em if I wasn't sponsored.

How far is the skate from Los Feliz there? It's like a block away, not even that.

Do you feel kinda special living in Hollywood, the city of the stars? Not too much. I guess I do because there's a lot of stuff going on here. You meet a lot of different people so you can find all cultures around here. If you want to find a special instrument from another country you can find it here cuz it's so worldly.

Have you ever seen a movie star before? I met Bill Murray and Arnold Schwarzenegger once.

How did that make you feel? I was real young, I was tripping out.

What do you wanna be when you grow up? I wanna be a musician and play old sixties music.

On guitar? Guitar, flutes and everything.

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

So are you pretty good then? Yes, I'm pretty good. I guess I am, I don't mean to sound conceited or something, but I am pretty good.

What tricks do you hope to learn in the future? I wanna do switch stance 360 kickflips, do you know what that is? I wanna have that by next month. I wanna try to land that trick.

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

Because you don't sweat as much? Totally because of that.

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

Got anything else to say to the American public? Everybody has to start getting more open-minded.
Second graders. Colene Hoose School in Normal, Illinois. Led by the brilliance of master mind Mrs. Weer. What has become of her students thus far in life? Garbage men, college leeches, gaffers, and telemarketing freaks. Surely none of them have gained such status as to call themselves the master journalist. That is, all but one.

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All foreign orders add $10.00 because you're foreign. I will not daydream in class.
Recently new Pro Pat Duffy was informed that he would be receiving his very own signature model from Plan B Skateboards. He was also told that he’d be responsible to design his board. Thanks to the help of Rodney Mullen, Pat had no trouble making the shape of his board, but deciding on a graphic was another story altogether.

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

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

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

3 Exciting Ways to Win!

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

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

Go For The Grand Prize
If you’re lucky enough to scratch off Pat Duffy’s real graphic, you win the Grand Prize; an all expense paid trip to Los Angeles to the World Industries Warehouse where you’ll go on an “All You Can Fit in One Box” shopping spree. Yes, anything and everything you can shove, stuff, or stomp in to a box. Then you’ll get to skate the WI Skatepark with Pat Duffy and the rest of the Plan B team, and get your picture in the next Plan B ad.
ENDLESS GRIND
DECKS $39.95 COMPLETES $99.95

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ENDLESS GRIND
424 W. Peace St Raleigh NC 27603-0424
Awhile back the PSL played host to a contest on the Venice Beach Boardwalk. I was sent to cover this event, but due to my bad sense of direction, I never found it. I did, however, find a lot of freaks and ran into Donna V. Marvel Felix, a Greek lady who had a 'greasy pork incident' at a foreign deli. She was a very bubbly, outgoing lady who found the pork wasn't lean enough so she wanted to return it for chicken. She had had 41 operations and performed as a dancer, actress, model, and songstress. She told me that she was famous so I was starstruck. Later I went to the library to research my distinguished friend. She was a fraud and I was a fool. But hey, enough of my yakkin'! On the following page is a brief version of how Jake Rosenberg saw the contest.
Sean Cliver lofting his way to victory! Whoops, that’s Jovontae Turner, 360 kick flip. (Note: Sean is a white man.)

Sai Barbier sees two good reasons to start skating and eight fuckin’ reasons to quit. B’s 180 nose grind.

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

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

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

Akira Ozawa: aley-coup ½s 360s over the hip and a blunt to kick-flip over the spine
Josh Beagle: noseslides to fakie on the car and ½s shove-its over the hip.
Oscar Jordan: bluntslides on the car.
Jordan Richter: s½s flip spindly.
Sal Barbier: heel flip over the hip and b½s 180 to fakie nose grind on the car.
Kris Markovich: f½s ollie kickflip over the hip and b½s 180 fake grind on the car.
Jason Rothmeyer: nose wheels to fakie to revert on the manual pad, and noseslides on the medium box.
Tom Knox: double flips over the hip and noseslides on the high box.
Mike Santarossa: aley-coup f½s 360s over the hip and lots of cruising around.
Omar Hassan: noseslides on the car and an ollie on medium box to f½s shove-it off.
Jeremy Rentoria: back foot flip over the hip, nose slides abound.
Christian Hosoi: boneless one over the hip, nose wheelies on the box, and an ollie off a jump ramp behind the car to backside disaster on the roof back window.
Jovonae Turner: 360 flip over the hip to fakie on the bank, fakie on flat, and nose wheelie to fakie on the medium box.
Eric Dressen: one-foot over the hip and 180 fake nosegrnds on the car.
Mike Vallely: ollie to f½s late shove-it over the hip, s½s noseslides to fakie revert.
Salman Agah: nofie back-foot flips on the bank, nofie tailslides on the high box, f½s tailslides on the bar, and a hefty s½s ollie to nose wheelie on the high box.

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

Denna V. Marvel Felix
By ROB DYRDEK

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

Every kid in the midwest is a full world industry monger, so it was no surprise to see kids from all over my state showing up for the demo. Fortunately for them the demo was probably worth their 5 dollar admission fee. When the six demos finally arrived, a crowd of more people than I had seen at a demo since 1989 waited anxiously. The demo started slow but picked up at times when stunts were pulled. You could sense the riders could care less how they were skating. They knew deep inside that their video spots could account for their skills. Some riders felt they no longer had to skate so they just kicked back and tried to hook-it with the local snatch. The Bossman (Steve Rocco), who escorted the young kids, saw that things were getting a little slow so he decided to take it upon himself to liven things up. He found an obnoxious individual who's mission was to find a proper young lady that would simply bare her beautiful jugs for a hundred bills. I didn't think any girl in the arena had the nuts to do so, but was I wrong. I heard screaming and laughter and I didn't really know what to make of it. I poked my head through the crowd and there she was—a brown haired, brown eyed beauty with her tits a bobbin'. I have to admit it was very funny. After a few photos the topless dancer fuzled her way back into the crowd. The excitement had pretty much peaked and the skaters were getting tired. After giving a free T-shirt to everyone in the arena the Bossman thought his new loyal followers (every kid at the demo) needed a little nourishment. He decided that he would take everyone out for pizza. Not just shop owners and cool guy locals. Everyone. I honestly didn't think he was serious, but sure enough almost everyone from the demo showed up at the designated pizza parlor for free pizza. The Bossman made sure everyone got hooked-up. The pizza party in itself, was an exciting event. The local crazy boys had their cocks out dick smoking and dick farting (a concept originally engineered by the Gobol Twins.) At one point in the evening there was a Bossman bounty of a finger asshole for a hundred bills. Unfortunately no one was willing to get that raw. The pizza was gone and the excitement had dwindled so everyone started for home. With a belly full of pizza and a mind full of world industries each kid left with a sense of corruption in him. "world is the freshest. I could hear over a clutter of voices. Enough to make me scatter.com. How could you think a company was so great because they bought you pizza, and showed you a set of tits? As disturbed as I was my night was not over.

The Bossman gathered up his demos, who had found two potential snatch hook-ups, and headed back towards the hotel. With the lead of a few local cool guys the crew stopped at a few beat parties before making it back to their rooms. The Bossman and his crew thought they had the snatch hook-ups, but all they had were snatch-aches. The youngest of the two snatch hook-ups (Snatch 1 who is fifteen) immediately geared his efforts towards the Bossman. Her choice was very obvious because all the boys she adored looked up to the Bossman. He was no fool. The Bossman wasn't about to get involved with such a youngin' so he just showed her the laps of luxury. Snatch 1 was so very happy because Bossman let her call someone far away, who she didn't know, and make a total fool out of herself on his pocket phone. It was getting past Snatch 1's bed time and she had no ride home, so Bossman simply bought her her own hotel room. This was good news for one of the young demos because he now had a private place to hook Snatch 1's friend—Snatch 2. Snatch 2 was a little naive to the smooth talking demo and fell prey to his passione fire. Despite smooth lines like, 'I'll move out here and be your boyfriend,' the demo never got his hands on anything precious. With feelings of deep sexual depression the demo without a second thought said "late" to Snatch 2. (This is a little advice for any girls out there: Don't be stupid. No guy from halfway across the country or state gives a shit about you. All he wants is a fat slice of your cherry pie. Get a clue?)

Although nothing really happened with the snatchs, rumors began to spread. For example Snatch 2 had allowed the demo to stab her wet wound so he is now going to move out to the Heartland. Of course, none of this is true, but it really doesn't matter or not. It's all about the talk and the rumors. The crazy antics are all promotion. It's better promotion than if the best skater, skated his best and did everything. Buy having rumors and stories like this one to tell others is just mass promotion. Kids still talk about that demo today which keeps the world industry name fresh in their heads. Exactly what world industries wants to accomplish. I'm not trying to say what's cool and what's not. I'm just letting you know how it gets pounded into your skull because you're to dumb to realize it yourself. Buy what you want, not what you have to want.

Rob Dyrdek seeks refuge from the gay world we inhabit in the writer's sanctuary, Soapbox. B/s 270 tailslideto blunt 180 revert.
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Help me! I am stranded on a desert island. I don't know where I am but can you please come and look for me? I am probably not too far from where you found this bottle. I feel like my life is wasting away here.

There is no one else here except for some animals and I think I am slipping into deep melancholy. I spend most of the day trying to whittle this big log into a surfboard. There is lots of fruit on the island, but I only wish I had a woman. One thing keeps me alive everyday. The dream that a ship will come and rescue me from this nightmare. I feel like I'm never going to get to make love to a woman again or do any of my favorite things. I have always dreamed of visiting Paris, the city of love. At times I get really down and lose determination. I have horrible thoughts about jumping off the south cliff, but I keep my sanity. I think I can hold out a little longer.

Please hurry!

-Stranded soul
ten better reasons to start skating
HOW TO KILL YOURSELF

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

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

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

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

Final Note:
Don't forget to leave a suicide note. Remember, this is the last thing you get to say. Ever. Everyone will want to read it. The police will want a copy. It's a good place to blame people who you want to feel bad. Heck, make stuff up, no one will know. But remember, actions speak louder than words—the most crucial thing at this point is a successful suicide.
This is a German bearing. It was manufactured by a small company in Nuremberg, Germany called G.M.N. A man named Georg Müller founded it during the 1920's and within a few years he got a reputation for making the best bearings in the world. During World War II, the Nazi's forced the company to manufacture bearings for the war effort. The Nazi's became angry because Georg couldn't meet the production quotas so they called in the Gestapo for a little pop talk. The next day Georg was found with a bullet in his head. Apparently it wasn't a good pop talk.

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

WITH
D.J. KOSTON

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B-BOY SWITCH STANCE