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SKATEBOARD MAGAZINE™

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Photo by Rich Rose.



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## TALKING ED

A telephone call from Columbus, Ohio the other day brought the news that Apple Skatepark was to be filled in to make way for a warehouse (probably by the time you read this). Apple was one of the finest vertical skating facilities in the world and along with the closure of Cherry Hill in New Jersey last month the situation on the east-coast concerning skateparks is getting pretty dry. What was once a dream has now gone full cycle and is fast becoming just a dream once again. It's too bad, yet the state of the skateparks does not reflect where skateboarding is at in the 80's. The parks will continue to close but not because of a lack of interest in skating. So much emphasis has been put on vertical skating these past few years that many skaters don't check other possibilities. Once a skater realizes how much fun he or she can have just riding in the streets or parking lots, then it doesn't matter that they don't have a park in which to skate. Ramps have had a big effect on the skateparks; not only are ramps a lot of fun to build, the type of skating that can be done on ramps is just as intense as any park. You can session anytime you want and a ramp can be made to order to your own specifications.

Anyway, you won't find us crying about the loss of skateparks because we realize that there is a lot more to skating than being told when to skate and where. In future issues we will be stepping up our coverage of non-park skating environs such as banks, ditches, pools, streets, and sidewalks. So quit blubbering about the past and skate with us into the future of skateboarding.

K.T.



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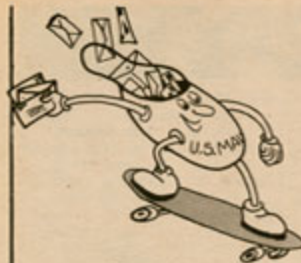
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## MAIL DROP

### PARK DEATH

THRASHER,

I just heard that Cherry Hill closed. Is this true? I thrashed there last Christmas and planned to this summer. Got any info on it? Us East Coasters crave perfect pools as everyone does. Your mag rips. Your name explains it totally. Apple rips too. Go for it D. Bush!

—Pat Nugent "Rebel Skate Rats"  
Newport News, Va.

Yeah, it closed. And so did Apple.  
Con-Ed

THRASHER,

Yesterday a few friends and I skipped school to go to Apple (skatepark, Ohio) for a couple of days. The car we rode in was a piece of s...t. It won't start without a jump. But anyway, on the way up we were caught speeding (70 to 80 mph in a 55 mph zone), we were out of our state and the cop charged the driver \$46.00 for a ticket. That about broke us, but we went on, waiting to shred. You know the good feeling you get as you near a good spot to skate. We pulled into Apple's parking lot at about 3:30 p.m. (from Charleston it's a 3½-hour drive with a one-hour delay for the ticket). Well, we got there and I was ready to jam out. The park was closed down. UPS bought the building and will fill in all of its bowls. I can't explain the blank feeling you get when your park closes. The new owner, I'd like to wall on him, was in there, so we bought some pads, boards and trucks for good prices. While he was selling the stuff, I grabbed my board, ran into the park and dropped into the L-Bowl. I was the last one to ever ride in that park. All I did was a grind or two before that jerk told me to get out. I should've stayed anyway but I didn't. I see the purpose in its closing. It has made me want to ride even more, just to show people or myself, skating will never die.

A guy I have skated with was there—he lives in Columbus. I don't know his name nor he mine, but we are pretty good friends. I'll never see him again. He shared that feeling I had, I'm sure.

We were going to go ride another park. Everyone left the park. It was closed, all locked up.

Two more locals drove up and found out that it was closed. "Locals," man, they didn't even know that it was closed. They must be real loyal skaters. Whatever. We tried to break in and skate but couldn't. I'm really bummed about it. The "locals" split and we were all alone. It was pouring the rain. We just sat in the car in front of the park, drank some beer and smoked.

It's such a letdown not having that park. Naturally, the car wouldn't start, so we stayed in the rain for about three hours. Ironically, we didn't get lost on the way back. I think we'll build a half pipe and thrash. Keep skating.

—Mort Taber  
Cross Lanes, WV

P.S. Skaters (are there any?) in WV, give me a call. Help build the ramp. Number's in the book.

That's it—keep the skater spirit. And please accept our deepest condolences on your great loss.  
Con-Ed

### ON THE TEE-VEE

Dear THRASHER,

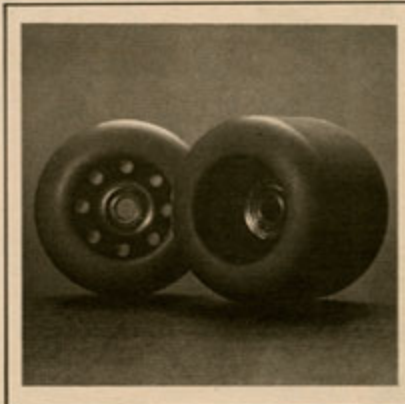
Lately on the ABC TV channel I have seen a SPRITE soft drink commercial with, as you put in your mag, is James Robinson at Upland. But on Saturday, May 16th and Sunday, May 17th (on Sunday at about 7:40) I saw the same commercial with surfing, but this time it was Brad Bowman doing the skating at Upland. I know that Bowman shreds from contests and seeing him at Cherry Hill, and now the world can see him shred. I can't explain how excited I was to see this commercial. I missed the 1980 Gold Cup finals, if indeed it was telecast over here in Ga. I don't intend on missing anything else of skating. With your help I won't. I would greatly appreciate it if you could inform of coming or happening skating events by mail. I'd really appreciate it.

—Mike Harrington  
Alpharetta, Ga.

We'll try and keep you well informed through the mag. OK?  
OK

Con-Ed

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## MAIL DROP

Dear THRASHER,

Your mag rules! It's way better than that other so-called "action" mag. Yours is all about skateboarding. No biking, BMX, MX or surfing. When I first saw your mag at my local skate shop I was blown away. I saw the SIMS ad on the back (Jan. '81) and I immediately bought it. The guy at the skateshop had told us that nearly all of the skate Co.'s were bankrupt. But in THRASHER I saw Z-FLEX, SIMS, GULLWING, VARIFLEX, MAD RATS, MADRID, and others. I've enclosed a dollar so please send me your rad sticker and button. In closing, "If the mag fits, read it." And your mag fits my needs—SKATEBOARDING!

Thrashingly yours,  
—Robert Benzie  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada  
P.S. Tell Bowman and Folmer that up here in Toronto we think they rule!

### LONDON CALLING

Dear THRASHER MAG,  
I am writing to you from the other side of the Atlantic. At the moment we are having a tough time—uncooperative authorities and the like who pass skating off as dead. I live 20 or so miles from London where there are a few parks. My nearest is the Rom at Romford, about 12 miles. But more BMX freaks use it and give you one hell of a bad time, getting in the way and everything. In London itself are few smaller council facilities. But on the other side of London, about 40 miles from me, is Harrow skatepark. The guys who run this park are known as the H-Boyz. They can really turn the place on with most of the current moves. The park consists of a half pipe, pool, snake run, slalom run into mini-bowls, 15 foot performance bowl (soon to be cut down), peanut bowl, freestyle area and mogul bowls. The scene in England is getting better and we all hope it will return to how big it once was two or three years ago.

Yours faithfully,  
—R. Abel Gray,  
Essex, England

THRASHER,

After all, I'm goin' to say to you that your mag is great. It would be better if you put articles about new tricks of freestyle, bowriding, etc. Now we here in Puerto Rico have a problem, in a lot of parts in the island except the Capitol, San Juan. The problem is the making of ramps. Down here we are into ramps but we can't construct them. Once you put the ramp up and you ride it, older people call the police saying something about us. Then they bring the ramp down. I would like that you promote skateboarding here in P.R. or teach us how to promote it. It would be cool of you to come here and make a little article about skateboarding in P.R. Keep Kooll Hasta la Vista!

—Jeffrey "Pig" Quimones and  
The Hawk Skateboard Team  
(promoters of skateboarding)

THRASHER,

I'm writing you about your mag. It's really hot. I'm from Houston, Texas. I found out about your mag when I was in the Texas Spring Series of Skateboarding. Jeff Newton, the man running the series, gave them out to all the skaters. Then as soon as I could I ordered your mag. As they say around where I skate, "ACTION later, THRASHER now. THRASHER all the way." And I'm also sending you some pictures of some of the skaters of Houston, Texas. If you could use them in your mag that would be nice. And if you have some more on John Gibson put it in the mag because he is a good old friend and I would like to know what he is up to. Just wanted to send you some pictures and let you know that your mag is a big hit in HOUSTON, TEXAS! If any of you skaters are in Houston, come by and ride my ramp. Just ask the skate shops around town for Pete Castro.

From one of your readers  
—Pete Castro  
Houston, Texas

### NAME DROPPER

THRASHER,

I am a 19-year-old skater that has been following skate mags as long as they have been around. I think THRASHER is unreal. I am not into Punk or ACTION NOW, I like heavy skate mags without bikes or other stuff. Don't get me wrong—I own a hot mongoose, but skateboard magazines are for skateboarders. Keep bikes in bike mags. I am over on the east coast of Florida and recently had a heavy session with Bowman and Folmer. They are hot. I have been skating for a long time and was a local of Indian Harbor Beach Skatepark with Mark Lake. I hope to see a lot more of THRASHER in the future. Stay hot!

—Mello Comello

P.S. PUNK IS BUNK.

If a mongoose has anything to do with BMX, then I must let you know that we here at THRASHER MAG fail to recognize that BMX exists.

—Con-Ed

THRASHER,

I've only seen one of your issues, a friend had it and that's how I got the address. Skateboarding rules and I don't like to see some faggot on a MX bike in my skating mag. That's the reason I want to subscribe to your magazine. It's all skating and I don't care if there's no color in your pages. So if you would please send me some kind of information if any? That would be Rad. Thanks a lot.

—Sam Cunningham

Go ahead, gamble a stamp and tell us where you're at. Tell us where skateboarding is at. Send newsworthy items and related black-and-white photos to: THRASHER, P.O. Box 24592, San Francisco, CA 94124.



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# MODERN MOVES

Rodney Mullen and Swedish counterpart Per Welinder demonstrate that one does not have to be restricted by lack of skating surface. Rodney shows off some delicate rail work, pulling off a 360 degree Casper Disaster, while Per, Sweden's number one freestyle champion, gets involved in a maneuver called the spinning Roccoco. A trick which requires quick hand and feet action while rotating one full revolution on the tail of the board. Study these tricks for a while and you can't help but go out and try them for yourself.



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# RAMP RAGING



Frontside air variation, Brent Beatty, Calgary, Canada.



Hebert's half pipe, Calgary, Canada.

A single sheet of plywood is bent in a semi-circle and nailed down on two more sheets which are standing on end about four feet apart. An odd assortment of 2 x 4's and 4 x 4's make up an awkward support for this strange looking wood structure. To the ignorant, this abstract work of art might look very peculiar. But to a group of local youngsters who roam the streets in a very modern manner, this represents endless hours of healthy athletic enjoyment.

The youths are skateboarders and the plywood-plank structure is their ramp. When they're not on the street, shredding curb grinders, or out on the school blacktop practicing freestyle etc., they can be found gathered around the ramp. It could very well be that the ramp represents the closest thing they have to vertical riding. Probably most of them have never even stepped into a pool, so this is all they know. Unless they have a locally provided skating area these kids have learned almost every vertical trick imaginable by skating the ramp every day. Although sometimes it may give in to the strain of constant everyday pummelings, a little repair session is all it takes to render it skateable once again.

The above description is only a sampling of the kind of energy being unleashed on homemade ramps. There are many reasons why ramp skateboarding has become the most widely practiced form of vertical expression lately. Due partly to the fact that many skateparks have been shut down and destroyed, already experienced verticalists are now using sophisticated construction techniques to create pool-like transitions in their own backyards. Ramps provide the same vertical rush that can be so commonly found in a park or pool type situation, but without the hassle of dealing with irate money minded park owners or officers of the law. It's free and it's legal. The only rules are your own.



Photo: Deano Mueller



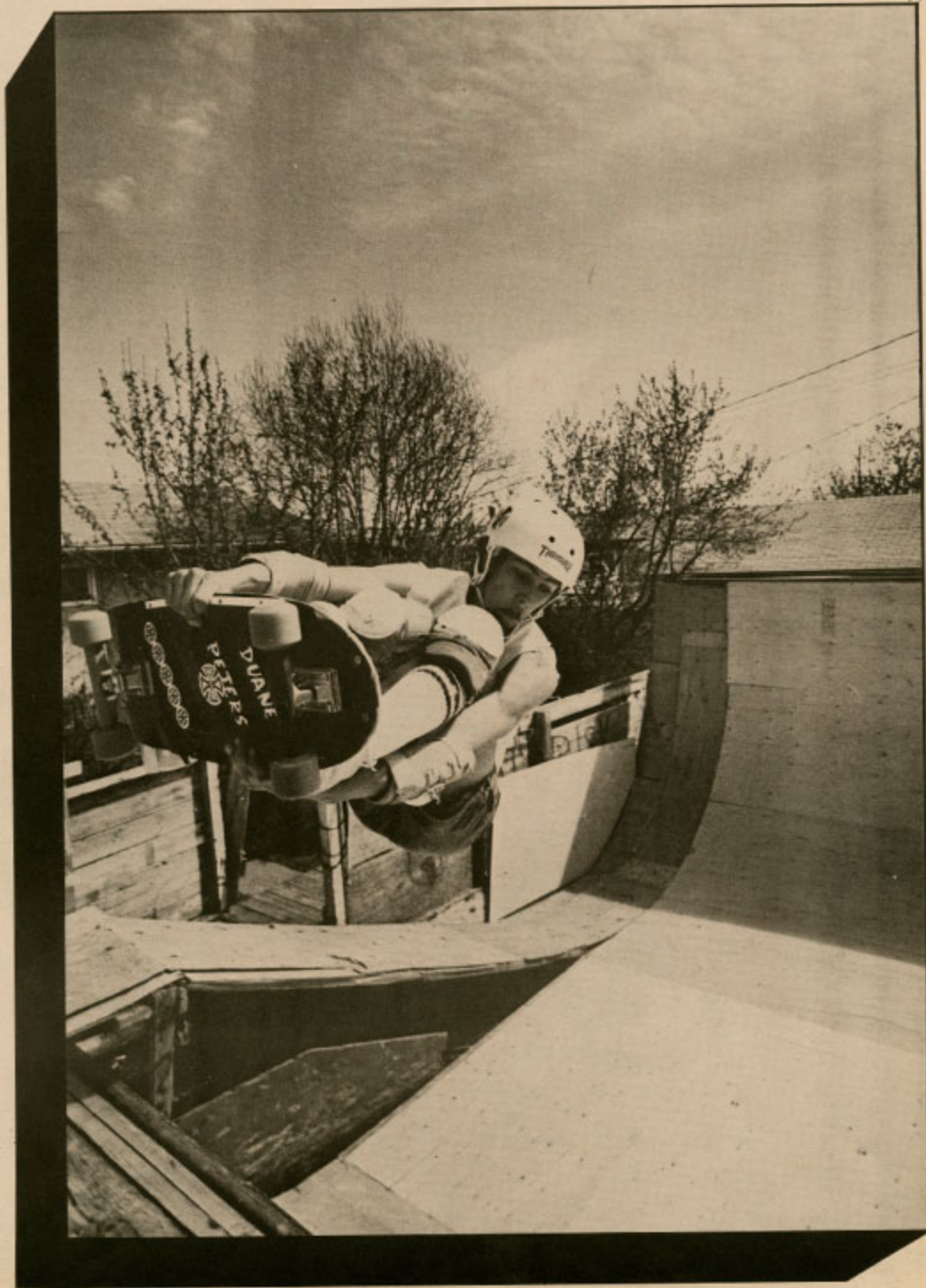
*Robbie Wise working out on the Korea U.S.A. half pipe.*

*Ramps can be found almost anywhere.  
Scott Foss jamming on a backwoods structure near Santa Cruz.*



*Chris Cook hange one over the edge. Rock 'n Roll Fogtown.*

*Todd Joseph checking the surroundings on a finely constructed ramp in Phoenix, Arizona.*



# EXPOSURE

Photography by C.R. Steacy II

Ray Rodriguez discusses some of the finer points of ditch skating in a phone conversation with Stacy Peralta.

SP: Ray, how's it going?

Ray: Hey Stacy, what's happening?

SP: You been riding the ditch lately?

Ray: Heck yeah! Lately we've been going in the evening when the weather cools.

SP: How long do you ride for?

Ray: As long as we want.

SP: How long have you been riding it?

Ray: Oh, about three or four years. That's where I learned to skate you know. We used to skate there all the time when there were no parks.

SP: Did you stop skating there after the parks opened up?

Ray: NO WAY! We've always ridden there. And we always will. There's been four generations of skaters who have ridden there. The place is unreal.

SP: Hey, I'm graduating tonight! Really? Unreal!

Ray: What do you like so much about the place?

Ray: It's cool. You can do anything.

I like skating for fun. I don't dig the contest attitude. I had more fun skating in the backyard pool days when everyone just got together and sessioned heavily. That's what we've been getting back to. You can do all the latest moves on the walls. It's free and it doesn't take a pro to rip it. Beeefing is less frequent than on vert.

SP: Does it ever get crowded there?

Ray: Now it does. People have seen it in the mags and they're realizing how much fun it is. We used to be able to session it alone, but not anymore. It's getting graffitied out.

SP: Do you ever get busted for riding there?

Ray: Never! We had cops watching us before. They were stoked.

SP: So where's your future in skateboarding?

Ray: The same place it's always been. I'm always going to skate no matter if there's parks or not. I dig skating for fun. That's why I started skating and that's why I've been doing it for so long and that's why I'm not going to stop.

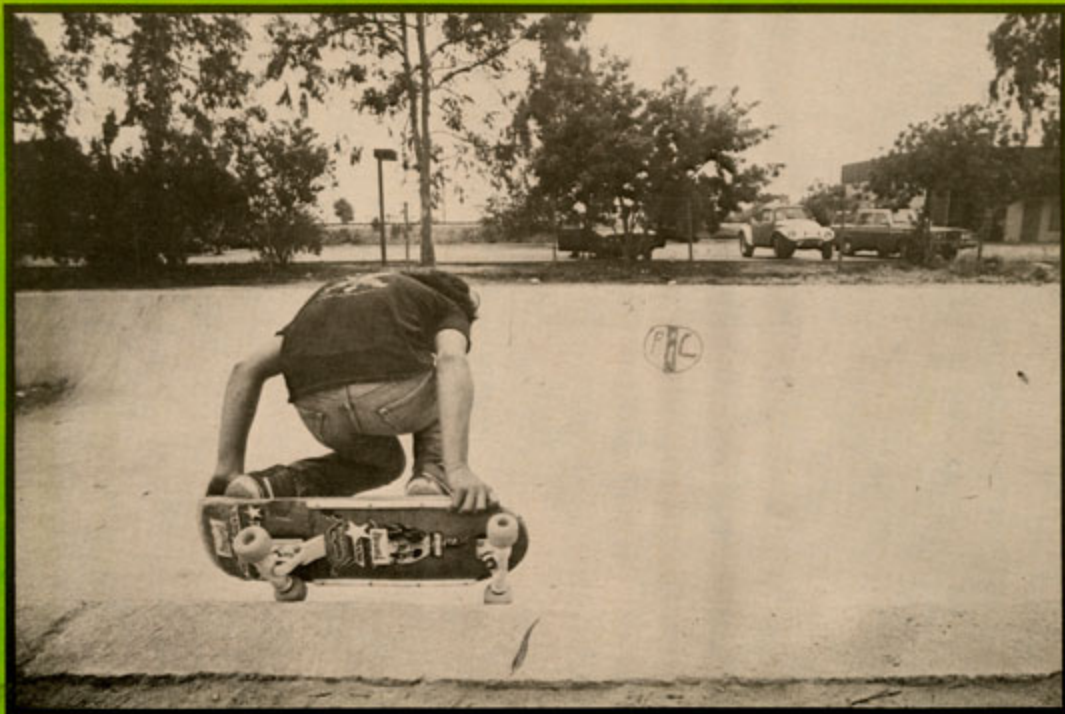
SP: Hey, that sounds hot. We'll come down and see you down there one of these weekends.

Ray: Sounds good! Hey, where you guys been skating?

SP: Mostly the Kenter banks. Is that place still cool to skate?

Ray: Totally! It's so fun there in the afternoon to get everyone together and ride... Well, I gotta get back to work. We will see you soon.

SP: All right. See you later, take it easy and all that sort of stuff.



# SECOND ANNUAL MORRO BAY SLALOM CONTEST

Photography by Rich Rose



Two racers headin' for the beach as the crowd speculates Morro Rock, ominous through the fog, creates the backdrop.

It was Thursday, June 4th when I was rudely blasted off my mattress by the sound of the phone ringing. I focused on the clock and determined the time to be roughly about 1:30 in the afternoon. Now who in the hell would be calling me at this forsaken hour of the day? I groped for the receiver.

"Hello. Is this Morzen?"  
"Yeah, this is me, who are you?"  
"This is one of the guys from THRASHER MAG. I was wondering if you could cover a race for us?"  
"A race? What kind of race?"  
"Where is it? When is it?" (The things I had to know.)

"Well, I know it's kind of short notice, but it's day after tomorrow in Morro Bay. It's gonna be a downhill slalom race. Uh, the journalist we had originally assigned to cover it suddenly came down with leprosy and his doctor suggested for him to keep away from large crowds for a while."

"Hm... that's too bad." I figured the guy probably wouldn't live too much longer 'cause that leprosy stuff can get to be pretty nasty. I thought to myself of all the things that I had planned for the weekend. This assignment could put a damper on all the female scams I had set up for the next few days. I guess I could just keep those bottles dry. Let them suffer. And if they can't take it, well hey, I don't need them. Besides, a little change of scenery might do me some good. "Morro Bay? Hey man, I've never heard of it. Is it in the U.S.?" I asked, wondering just what I was getting myself into.

"Of course it's in the U.S. you jerk. What do you think, I'd send you to Nicaragua or something? Morro Bay is just a couple of hours down the coast. Now! Can I count on you or what?"

I tried to think of how long it had been since anyone had called me a jerk. It was a pet name my Mom used to call me. A very special name that really means a lot to me. So I figured that if this cat from THRASHER thought enough to call me a jerk that I sure could make the time to go and do this story for him. So I said, "Sure buddy, just get me there and I'll do it for you." He gave me the number of a couple of prosperous skateboard exec's in my area that were going down to help out in the contest. I gave them a ring and arranged a pick-up. Armed with briefcase full of firecrackers, various stickers, a truck wrench, toothpaste, toothbrush, a Japanese made ray-gun, half a yo-yo, a computerized screwdriver, a sixth sense in dimes, a pen and a pad of paper I was on my way to Morro Bay.

The drive down proved to be very interesting. We left at about noon on Friday the 5th. I sure learned a lot on the way down. I learned that capitalists sure like to talk a lot about capitalism. I also learned that I could drink thirteen 16 fl. oz. bottles of barley by-products, smoke a bunch of wierd, brandless cigarettes, get dizzy, and sit for four hours and 350 miles without once having to go to the bathroom. Now that's better than any of the capitalists in the car managed to do. Nary a quarter of an hour passed without one of

them having to take a rest.

Finally we arrived at Morro Bay. We pulled into a gas station to ask for directions. My three chauffeurs looked around for the attendant but couldn't seem to spot him. And no wonder, I thought, because they were all pretty darn near cross-eyed. (You know, my grandmother once told me that if you made your eyes crossed and somebody came up and hit you in the back of the head that you'd be cross-eyed forever.) I was the first to spot him. He was in the office just sitting there. I thought he was dead. The capitalists were inclined to agree. So they held a quick board meeting and voted me, in a 3 to 1 decision, to go ask directions (I was the minority vote). I walked up to the guy and asked him where Harbor Street was (the sight of the contest). He sort of had a long scar all the way around his neck and squinted one of his eyes as he spoke to me in a strange hick dialect. I memorized the instructions and walked back to the car wondering if he was legit or maybe he was crazy or something and was leading us to Motel Hell. Regardless, we went our unsobar way and found the spot. As we turned onto Harbor, we met up (almost head-on) with Jack Smith. Jack was coordinator of the race. We chatted a while and asked him if he could suggest a place to lodge for the night and a place to scarf. The lodgings proved to be pretty formidable, so we proceeded to dump off our junk and headed over to the fine scarfing establishment called The Hungry Tiger. After waiting a half hour in the cocktail lounge to be seated I was summarily gassed. And after seeing the final tab I was delirious. But luckily I was dining with capitalist types and they took care of it. I just put in 1/2 of the tip. We returned to our respectable lodgings to rest up for the next day's festivities. Bright and early the next morning I was rudely awakened by the sounds of my cellmate's harmful emissions as he prepared for a shower session. Being wide awake and nasally disgusted I put on my clothes, switched on the video accommodation and sparked up a dose of caffeine liquid. The broadcast was centered on what happened on this very same day in 1944, D-Day, the invasion of Normandy. How appropriate for the day's contest. A show of strength and endurance to see who would prevail. Only today, the weapons would be skateboards instead of guns. For breakfast we ate next door to the place we ate at the night before. The building was half the size of the "H.I." and so was the tab. I paid in my usual fashion. While we were waiting for the check, in walk a couple of heavies, John Hutson and Tim Plumaria from the SANTA CRUZ SKATES squad. They looked hungry for vittles and for victory. We exchanged comments and insults and it looked to me like the "Hul" seemed ready for action. On our way out we ran into the "Potatoe Head" and Bob Serafin, also on the SANTA CRUZ squad. They also looked famished in the same fashion as their cohorts. As we walked outside we were



Speed blur David Baker had considerably fast times.



Lone female entrant, Carol Elliott, brushes a cone on her way down the hill.

greeted by a beautiful day. Behind me in the bay was the Moro Rock. Ominous, gigantic and downright pretty darn big. I mean if fifty tall guys stood on each other's shoulders, they wouldn't reach halfway to the top. Geez.

O.K. so much for the scenery aspect. Finally getting to the issue at hand, I scaped out the contest area. I walked through a maze of riders seated up and down the road, fine tuning their instruments of battle. New wheels, new trucks, new bearings. Old equipment was quickly swept away by young future competitors. I made my way over to the registration table to see just who was going to show up for this race. I approached with caution because I wasn't sure what the local types were like—and what do my bespectacled eyes see? Not one, not two, but three glamour beetles. Nice. I tried to think up a couple of good scam lines but I eventually decided against it and decided to leave them dry of the pleasure. So I just picked their brains for the information I so desired for an affective article. The accumulated information that there were 12 riders in the amateur division and 6 riders in the Pros.

The amateurs competed first. The riders chose amongst themselves who they would compete

against. The competitors were allowed one run on each lane in the qualifying round, with the fastest of the two runs determining their position in the seeding for the finals. The rules were in very good taste and most logical. Safety equipment was required during practice and during actual competition, with a warning on the first offense and eventual disqualification with continued infractions. But it seemed all the riders abided by this rule. The starting box rule consisted of keeping the skateboard and both feet inside the box. Plus the racer could push as far as he/she desired, because there wasn't a stop pushing line. The penalty for hitting a cone with the board or foot was .10 (one tenth) of a second added on to the time. A racer could knock down three cones without being disqualified for the run. But, if he/she knocked down four, SNAP, that's it buddy. The run is D.Q.'d. Now if a racer disqualifies a run in the finals he/she will be assessed a one second penalty. So if you disqualify your first run in the finals you'd have to beat your opponent by 1.001 seconds to hang in there. At the finish line the rider had to have both feet on the board and both trucks had to cross the timing tape. If not D.Q.'d. pat.



Left to right: Dave Baker, Rick Howell and John Hutson. The men to beat in the heated competition.

The seeding for the finals went like this. The number one qualifier vs. the number sixteenth, number two vs. fifteenth, etcetera, etcetera and so on. The first and second qualifiers were placed at opposite ends of the bracket. Now in the finals both runs were counted and the racer with the lowest total times of the two runs will advance. So much for the technicalities, right? Right. In the ranks of the amateurs was the only female competitor of the event. Carol Elliott put up a pretty stiff showing against some of the guys with her best time at 25.11, and an overall time in the finals of 50.27. Not bad at all. I asked her how she felt being the only female rider in the race and she said, "There should be more girls because it's kinda tough to race against guys. If girls raced against girls there would be a more at ease feeling in the competition."

Early in the competition, David Baker proved that he was definitely the one to beat. He had the line. He had the speed. He had the motion. Although he was quick to show his stuff, one couldn't deny the fact that taking it all would not be easy because there was some stiff competition. Gary Ruft and Rick Howell proved to be the final walls to the top spot. The qualifying runs proved to be quite exciting. Potatoe Head and Barry Fields had some good head to head runs, with Potatoe Head executing some of the best "WHOOPTER" moves I have ever seen in a run off situation. He always got up and brushed it off in all modestly claiming it as a contemporary move for the 80's. Roger Schumann saw the fiercer in his town for the last year's race but couldn't make it. But when he saw it this year, he came a determined skater. His times might not have been enough to hit the top spots, but still the spirit of competition was everpresent. Skating to the best of his abilities, sticking it out. The true skater with the heart to skate. At about this time, clouds seemed to accumulate overhead and the crowd also accumulated, making the skaters oblivious to the unclear skies. Bob Serafin proved to be an effective challenger in the slalom as well as in the bowls. I saw John Hutson

coaching Bob, and after a few suggested equipment alterations, he fared pretty well considering his competition slalom experience. As the finals narrowed down to the last three riders, David Baker, Gary Ruft and Rick Howell, the crowd urged them on more and more, causing the times to decrease considerably. Gary Ruft came through with the fastest time in the finals at 19.35. But his accumulated score was only good enough to land him in the third place spot. Rick Howell took the second place honors and the top spot went to David Baker.

As the practice session went on for the open class division and Pro combined, the course was changed a bit. While this went on I took the liberty to trip around, do facial impersonations of some of my favorite people and talk to some of the people on the scene. On hand were some notables: Rich Novak, the N in N.H.S., Eric and Fausto, the body and soul (or should I say the Stansky and Hutch) of INDEPENDENT TRUCKS, Rich Ross, totoman ala high calibre and, can you believe it, Mike Rector, the insides of the outside gear.

In the Open/Pro race qualification runs, just about everyone from the amateur class re-entered, making it quite a large field of

John Hutson, is he ready for prime time?



Jack Smith, without whom this would not be possible.

competition. All of the same rules were applied here. With the change in course structure, some of the riders needed to acoustomize themselves with the run. Those who didn't, paid dearly with a few body to street moves that they probably didn't plan on doing. All in all the qualifying runs were very exciting. The seeding of the semi-finals consisted of eight riders. They paired off as follows: Barry Fields vs. John Hutson, Tim Plumarta vs. Cliff Coleman, Paul Dunn vs. Rick Howell and David Baker vs. Chris Pettyjohn. A humorous note in the semi-finals was when, on one of the runs, John Hutson was

a couple of cones ahead of Barry Fields, Barry screamed (now, this will crack you up), "JOHN, SLOW DOWN!" That just butts me up. Oh yeah, and when Baker and Pettyjohn were dueling it out, Chris lost his line and smashed out three or four cones in a row and so this old lady in a lawnchair next to me shrieks, "Oh my God," like he was gonna die or something. That is just a sample of some of the goings-on at the semi-finals. Never a dull moment you know.

The next step narrowed the field down to four riders: Hutson vs. Plumarta and Howell vs. Baker. Tim succumbed to the veteran Hutson and David and Rick battled it out with David not being quite the successor. So this left Tim and David to duke it out for second and third and John and Rick to hash it for the top spot. The tension built. The guy next to me started to fidget about intensely and smoked a cigarette a minute.

On Tim and Dave's first run, Tim lost by a few cones and as they came by on their way back to the top Tim said, "The sun was in my eyes." I figured right away that this was a cheap excuse because the sky was pretty densely overcast. I asked David Baker if he thought the race was fun and he turned and said, "yeah" (great conversationalist). As it turned out, the head to head competition was fierce. Hutson beat Howell for first place in the Pro Div, with a time of 38.55 overall combined from both runs.

And since Howell registered as an Open Class rider he took first in that class with his overall combined time for the final two runs of 41.11. Second place for the Pros went to David Baker (c.140.79), leaving Tim Plumarta not quite hitting it at 44.15 for third. Second and third in the Open Class went to Barry Fields (c.146.92) and Coedman Bear (c.148.32).

It was a long and eventful day and I still had a long drive ahead of me. On our way back up, my illustrious driver almost ceased my existence on this earth by passing a car near kissing a passing tour bus. Pretty close. This time I was the one to request a pitstop right away. When I finally got to the front of my humble abode I was horrified to see that my front door had gotten into a serious fight with a chainsaw or something similar. The Thugs. Fortunately, one of my roommates had suppressed the culprits minutes after their entry

and scored them away by telling them that I lived there. The Moro of this story is, "IT IS ALWAYS GOOD TO KNOW THE RIGHT PEOPLE."  
—MOrizen Foche

#### COMPETITORS PRO

David Baker  
Cliff Coleman  
Chris Pettyjohn  
John Hutson  
Tim Plumarta  
Paul Dunn

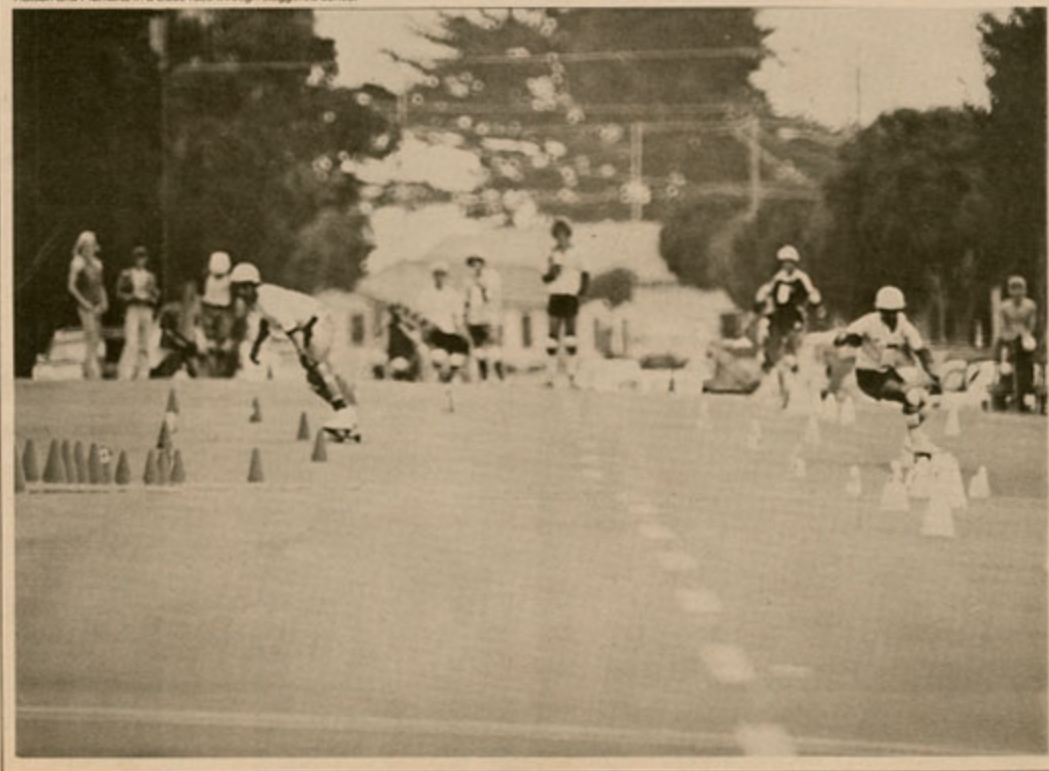
#### AM

Brent Mathias  
David Baker  
Barry Fields  
Roger Schumann  
Carol Elliott  
Bob Serafin  
Rick Howell  
Gary Ruft  
Coedman Bear  
Tony Farley  
Ken Bailey  
Gerry (Potatoe) Hurtado

Amateur poolmaster, Bob Serafin, brought his style and determination to Moro Bay



Hutson and Plumarta in a close race through staggered cones.



# COMPETITION-APPLE

Photography by Kevin Tate



This year's first GLSA contest was held at Apple Skatepark in Columbus, Ohio. Manager Kevin Tate made sure that everyone felt welcome and that all systems were go for the contest. Skaters had traveled up to eight hours, one way, to make this event. It proved to be, without a doubt, the finest display of radical skateboarding seen in this area to date.

The 16 and over group was so close in ability that only one point separated the top three skaters. After the tie for first was settled, the final standings showed Mark Carpenter in the first spot. Shawn Scott (TRACKER TRUCKS) landed in second, and Bob Reeves (POWELL-PERALTA) settled for a close third.

Donnie Nelson edged out Bill Danforth of Endless Summer. Surfin Turf's Nelson and Danforth really had their acts together and definitely should be looked out for in future contests. A brother act, Zil and Marty Deaudian, of Surfin Turf skated well, as did O.P. Moore of E.S.

If looked like Jex Harrison of Sims, had finally met his Waterloo, from the likes of Apple local Chris Phillips (SANTA CRUZ). Jex had not lost a contest in two years and felt that Chris was his strongest competition. Phillips had a hot routine but falls cost him the number one spot. Harrison's energy packed routine was flawless and he remains undefeated. Dave Dooley also skated strongly in his first tour with the E.S. Team.

## 1981 G.L.S.A. STANDINGS After One Contest

**12 - Under**

1. Jex Harrison	100
2. Chris Phillips	99
3. Dave Dooley	98

**13 - 15**

1. Donnie Nelson	100
2. Bill Danforth	99
3. Zil Deaudian	98
4. Marty Deaudian	97
5. Chris Moore	96
6. Bill Soar	95
7. Pat Fredrick	94
8. Kenny Wilkowsky	93
9. Joe Weissman	92
10. Don Sieracki	91

**16 - Over**

1. Mark Carpenter	100
2. Shawn Scott	99
3. Bob Reeves	96
4. Paul Hugosian	97
5. Steve Ottson	96
6. David Brim	95
7. Bill Ferguson	94
8. Wayne Lyons	93
9. Keith Clade	92
10. Mike Blauvelt	91
11. Doug Anne	90
12. Herod Ansorge	89
13. Doug Bashaw	88
14. Mike Early	87
15. Mike Dooley	86
16. Rob Petrosky	85



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# WILD RIDERS OF BOARDZ

**WHAT IS IT THAT HAPPENS TO A PERSON WHEN SOMEONE THEY RESPECT AND LOOK UP TO SUDDENLY GETS INJURED? THE INVINCIBILITY ONE REGARDS TOWARDS ANOTHER SUDDENLY VANISHES IN THE SAME INSTANT. THERE IS THE FEELING OF "MOVE OVER SKATE DOG BECAUSE THE TOUGH DOG IS STEPPING IN," AS THE ADRENALIN STARTS TO FLOW. WE NOW REJOIN THE STORY IN PROGRESS.**

Eddy-Boy heard nothing except for the pulse in his ears. His adrenalin surging through his veins and his eyes watering with wind's resistance. Two board's lengths ahead of Joker, he headed to where the nearest phone was to call the Paramedics to come to the aid of Blade and Nacho in their hour of need. At the end of the block, Eddy-Boy barely rounds a sidewalk corner, bumping his elbow on the building. But as Joker came around he seemed he was going to make it no problem. Suddenly, SNAP! His rear axle broke, sending him flying into the side of a parked car. SMASH! Hearing this, Eddy-Boy squatted into a powerslide halt. Joker sat, slightly dazed, against the car. A heavy stream of blood rolled down the side of his pain stricken face. Eddy-Boy stared back diligently. After a few moments he spoke, "Joker," a pause, "are you O.K. man?"

Joker shook his head to and fro a few times, trying to shake his wits about him once again and said, "Yeah, I think so."

"Are you sure?" Eddy said, trying to make sure.

"Uh, yeah I think so."

Repeating himself, Eddy-Boy said, "Are you sure you're sure?"

"Uh, yeah I think so." Two seconds passed. "Eddy-Boy. Why don't you go ahead without me and call the meat wagon? I don't think I can make it 'cause my board broke."

Joker said, stressing the fact that his board failed and not himself. Eddy-Boy nodded and then turned and skated away, returning to his search for the phone.

Meanwhile, back at the pool, Blade and Nacho tried to pull themselves together.

"You O.K. Holmes?" Nacho said to Blade.

"Yeah, I think so," Blade said, as he held his side trying to relieve the pain that was throbbing there.

"What about your wrist? It looks pretty bad."

"I will survive," Nacho said, showing no pain. "I hope Joker hurries up and gets help."

"I'll bet you Eddy-Boy gets there first. He's pretty fast."

"Yeah, he is fast, but Joker's pretty fast too."

"I guess we'll just have to wait and see."

"Si."

The faint sound of a siren made itself audible in the distance.

Nacho and Blade looked at each other and nodded affirmative nods. Blade spoke: "I gotta hand it to you guys, you're not such bad skaters. In fact, I think you are pretty damn hot."

"Gracias. Eh, you ain't so bad either, dude. And that Eddy-Boy,

doesn't he ever fall down?"

"Afraid not. I think he's got monkey blood in him, HA"

Nacho laughs, thinking to himself that this Blade dude ain't so bad.

"Blade, wadaya say that whoever's side loses this standoff buys the cerveza tonight and let's party down real good? We'll share the bank with you guys and we could skate together in more skate-offs like this. Shine this rivalry, man. It sucks. Too much to worry about man, you know?"

"Oh, I don't know. Well, I guess it's all right by me, but what if Joker and Eddy-Boy don't go for it, let alone all the rest of the guys?"

"Listen Blade, my compadres do what I tell them and if they don't like it (he snaps the fingers on his good hand for effect) they're off the squad. And that's all there is to it man. No more, no less. Comprendre?"

"Yeah, I dig. I guess my guys could manage to cool out and session with you guys once they got used to the idea. But it might be hard at first."

On Blade's last words the ambulance appeared at the poolside.

Eddy-Boy was the first to emerge with Joker close behind adjusting a gauze beneath his headband.

"What in the hell happened to him?" Blade said to Eddy-Boy in mock concern.

Eddy-Boy turned to Joker. Joker stared back at Eddy-Boy wondering what his reply might be.

Turning back to Blade Eddy-Boy said, "He ate it just as we got to the phone booth. His truck broke, but we both got to the phone at the same time, didn't we Joker?"

Repeating himself, Eddy-Boy said, "He didn't know what to think. Finally, he said, 'Yeah, right Holmes. Damn trucks, that's what I get for riding substitutes.'"

In the meantime the Paramedics were busy themselves with attention towards Blade and Nacho. They set Nacho's wrist and put it in a sling. They then came to Blade and checked his ribs. One of them said, "From the looks of it guy, it seems you have two broken ribs, maybe more. Won't know till we see some X-rays."

As Blade cursed to himself he

noticed a severe throbbing in his right wrist. He held it up to look at it. It was swollen like a ripe grapefruit. The Paramedics attended to it and put it in a sling just as Nacho's for medium comfort.

Joker stood at the side of the pool scratching his face, trying to get the dried blood off. He stared at the pool's contour and dimension. He was ready to skate. More so than he had ever been before in his entire life. But the reality of the whole situation prevailed over his positive skate emotion. He locked in one important area: his board was broke. He turned to the others and said, "Well, I guess we're gonna have to call it a day."

"What do ya mean?" everyone chorused.

"I don't have a skate, man. Well, I have a skate, but the damn axle is busted. I can't fix it."

Nacho scowled at Joker. "What do you mean you can't fix it? Are you crippled or what? I sure as hell ain't gonna be riding for a while. So just take the hanger off of my stik and put it on your board."

Joker thought, "Why didn't he think of it himself?" "Does anybody got a truck wrench?"

Apparently no one had thought to bring one and they all said "Nay."

"Well, it really isn't going to be so easy, Nacho. No wrench." Nacho scowled at Joker once again.

"Joker, why do I always have to think for you?" Joker shrugged his shoulders. "Joker, you have got to be the most illogical fool I've ever known. Just pick up my board and ride it. They are both the same, exactly."

"Oh yeah, huh," Joker said in a slightly embarrassed tone.

Realizing that the gig was still on, Eddy-Boy jumped onto his board and dove into the pool, warning himself back up with a few gnarly aerials for the finale of the day's confrontation. The Paramedics stood with widening eyes, watching the skate scene unravel

before them. They saw Joker do some outrageous one-footed frontside edger carves that covered five to six coping blocks. This was all too unfamiliar to one of the medics, because every time one of the skaters got into a precarious situation, he would cover his eyes with his hands.

A car pulling up beside the ambulance diverted everyone's attention from the heated action in the pool. It was the local authority. THE MAN stood out of the car, an awesome sight with hat on head, mirrored aviator glasses on face and hit stick in hand. He had a large bulge in one of his cheeks and seemed to be chewing intently on it as he surveyed the scene before him. He then spit out a long brown stream of spittle solution. The medic covered his eyes once again.

"What in the hell do you guys think you are doing?" the cop said in a long southern drawl.

The crew at the poolside offered no reply. They just stood there with ignorant expressions on their faces—their united defiance to authority. The cop, seeing that he was going to have some trouble communicating with this motley crew, withdrew his notepad and proceeded to try and get the names of the skaters. The other medic stepped forward and explained just what was coming down here and that it was better for the gangs to skate it out than to duke it out. THE MAN pondered this and put his pad back in its place. Turning to the wild riders of boards he said, "Y'all can go ahead and do your stuff here but y'all better watch yo ass's cos' ah don't want no casualties on mah beat, ya hear? An jes you remember that ah nevah saw yo' faces befo' in mah life. HEAR? And y'all nevah saw mah face befo' either. O.K.? O.K."

On his last syllable Eddy-Boy literally flew into the pool and just shredded the hell out of it. THE MAN just sort of got all excited

and said in loud punctuated words, "THAT BOY JES TOOK OFF LIKE A HELLS AFRE!" Another stream hit the dirt. "Nevah in all mah born days have I evah seen anyone do sumptin' like dat boy is doin' right now."

Joker was so maximally psyched by the cop's hick logic stokedness, that he decided to drop in on Eddy-Boy for some doubles action. Eddy adapted right quickly and followed in as Joker passed by. Roundhouse carves became the name of the game. THE MAN was in awe. One of the Paramedics was in awe; the other didn't really know what was happening because his hands were over his eyes. Eddy-Boy called the shot, "FRONTSIDE GRIND, JOKER!" Joker's only reply was the sound of metal on coping. They came around again. This time Eddy-Boy was in front calling the shot once again, "FRONTSIDE GRIND, JOKER!" Eddy-Boy flew into a high backside air. Blade crossed his fingers. One of the medics pointed to Eddy in the air with astonishment. The other medic covered his eyes. Again, THE MAN said, "LOOKIT THAT SUMBITCH! Ah nevah seen nothin' like dis, EVAR!" as another stream hit the dirt.

Eddy-Boy descended and they both exited out the shallow end and gassed on each other. Joker offered his hand between them. The soul shake. THE MAN was seen walking towards his car shaking his head and saying something about the 'WILD RIDERS OF BOARDZ'.

Nacho was stoked. Blade was stoked. One of the Paramedics was stoked. The other medic was unstruck. Joker was stoked. Eddy-Boy was so stoked that he had a grin on his face that lasted fifteen minutes or so. He couldn't wait to tell Naom.

Blade and Nacho walked over to the two warriors of skate. Nacho said, "It looked like a tie to me. What do you think Blade?"

"Hmmm, I'd say you were right, Nacho. These two guys are the

gnarliest, quickest, get down, superior skateboarders that I have ever seen in my entire life." Blade quipped in a mild attempt to impersonate THE MAN. "I guess we'll just have to take up a collection for tonight's party."

Joker and Eddy-Boy looked at each other in a sort of dumb-foundedness that one might have soon after wetting his pants. "What do you mean, 'Tonight's Party'?" Eddy-Boy said. "I thought we were mortal enemies."

"Yeah!" Joker added.

"Well, it doesn't look like that to me Holmes," Nacho said in a condescending manner. "You two looked like you have been skating together for years. I've decided to shine all that rivalry B.S. and share the savings and loan banks."

"And I agree," Blade added.

"Then what are we doing standing around here for? Let's get back to suburbia and let's get down to some serious celebrating. I can't wait to tell Naom. Oh Boy! Eddy-Boy was ecstatic."

"Who is Naom?" Nacho said to Blade.

Everybody laughed except Eddy. He was looking to the future prospect of seeing Naom. Everyone separated with the decision to meet at the savings and loan that night. Blade and Nacho went to the hospital to be fitted with designer casts. Eddy-Boy wasted no time in driving Joker back into town, dropping him off and jettisoning over to a waiting Naom. The Paramedics got another call. A Supersonic train had derailed over on the other side of town. Life goes on.



'THE MAN' was seen walking towards his car shaking his head and saying something about the 'WILD RIDERS OF BOARDZ.'



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Nacho scowled at Joker. "What do you mean you can't fix it? Are you crippled or what? I sure as hell ain't gonna be riding for a while. So just take the hanger off of my stik and put it on your board."

Joker thought, "Why didn't he think of it himself?" "Does anybody got a truck wrench?"

Apparently no one had thought to bring one and they all said "Nay."

"Well, it really isn't going to be so easy, Nacho. No wrench." Nacho scowled at Joker once again.

"Joker, why do I always have to think for you?" Joker shrugged his shoulders. "Joker, you have got to be the most illogical fool I've ever known. Just pick up my board and ride it. They are both the same, exactly."

"Oh yeah, huh," Joker said in a slightly embarrassed tone.

Realizing that the gig was still on, Eddy-Boy jumped onto his board and dove into the pool, warning himself back up with a few gnarly aerials for the finale of the day's confrontation. The Paramedics stood with widening eyes, watching the skate scene unravel

before them. They saw Joker do some outrageous one-footed frontside edger carves that covered five to six coping blocks. This was all too unfamiliar to one of the medics, because every time one of the skaters got into a precarious situation, he would cover his eyes with his hands.

A car pulling up beside the ambulance diverted everyone's attention from the heated action in the pool. It was the local authority. THE MAN stood out of the car, an awesome sight with hat on head, mirrored aviator glasses on face and hit stick in hand. He had a large bulge in one of his cheeks and seemed to be chewing intently on it as he surveyed the scene before him. He then spit out a long brown stream of spittle solution. The medic covered his eyes once again.

"What in the hell do you guys think you are doing?" the cop said in a long southern drawl.

The crew at the poolside offered no reply. They just stood there with ignorant expressions on their faces—their united defiance to authority. The cop, seeing that he was going to have some trouble communicating with this motley crew, withdrew his notepad and proceeded to try and get the names of the skaters. The other medic stepped forward and explained just what was coming down here and that it was better for the gangs to skate it out than to duke it out. THE MAN pondered this and put his pad back in its place. Turning to the wild riders of boards he said, "Y'all can go ahead and do your stuff here but y'all better watch yo ass's cos' ah don't want no casualties on mah beat, ya hear? An jes you remember that ah nevah saw yo' faces befo' in mah life. HEAR? And y'all nevah saw mah face befo' either. O.K.? O.K."

On his last syllable Eddy-Boy literally flew into the pool and just shredded the hell out of it. THE MAN just sort of got all excited

and said in loud punctuated words, "THAT BOY JES TOOK OFF LIKE A HELLS AFRE!" Another stream hit the dirt. "Nevah in all mah born days have I evah seen anyone do sumptin' like dat boy is doin' right now."

Joker was so maximally psyched by the cop's hick logic stokedness, that he decided to drop in on Eddy-Boy for some doubles action. Eddy adapted right quickly and followed in as Joker passed by. Roundhouse carves became the name of the game. THE MAN was in awe. One of the Paramedics was in awe; the other didn't really know what was happening because his hands were over his eyes. Eddy-Boy called the shot, "FRONTSIDE GRIND, JOKER!" Joker's only reply was the sound of metal on coping. They came around again. This time Eddy-Boy was in front calling the shot once again, "FRONTSIDE GRIND, JOKER!" Eddy-Boy flew into a high backside air. Blade crossed his fingers. One of the medics pointed to Eddy in the air with astonishment. The other medic covered his eyes. Again, THE MAN said, "LOOKIT THAT SUMBITCH! Ah nevah seen nothin' like dis, EVAR!" as another stream hit the dirt.

Eddy-Boy descended and they both exited out the shallow end and gassed on each other. Joker offered his hand between them. The soul shake. THE MAN was seen walking towards his car shaking his head and saying something about the 'WILD RIDERS OF BOARDZ'.

Nacho was stoked. Blade was stoked. One of the Paramedics was stoked. The other medic was unstruck. Joker was stoked. Eddy-Boy was so stoked that he had a grin on his face that lasted fifteen minutes or so. He couldn't wait to tell Naom.

Blade and Nacho walked over to the two warriors of skate. Nacho said, "It looked like a tie to me. What do you think Blade?"

"Hmmm, I'd say you were right, Nacho. These two guys are the

gnarliest, quickest, get down, superior skateboarders that I have ever seen in my entire life." Blade quipped in a mild attempt to impersonate THE MAN. "I guess we'll just have to take up a collection for tonight's party."

Joker and Eddy-Boy looked at each other in a sort of dumb-foundedness that one might have soon after wetting his pants. "What do you mean, 'Tonight's Party'?" Eddy-Boy said. "I thought we were mortal enemies."

"Yeah!" Joker added.

"Well, it doesn't look like that to me Holmes," Nacho said in a condescending manner. "You two looked like you have been skating together for years. I've decided to shine all that rivalry B.S. and share the savings and loan banks."

"And I agree," Blade added.

"Then what are we doing standing around here for? Let's get back to suburbia and let's get down to some serious celebrating. I can't wait to tell Naom. Oh Boy! Eddy-Boy was ecstatic."

"Who is Naom?" Nacho said to Blade.

Everybody laughed except Eddy. He was looking to the future prospect of seeing Naom. Everyone separated with the decision to meet at the savings and loan that night. Blade and Nacho went to the hospital to be fitted with designer casts. Eddy-Boy wasted no time in driving Joker back into town, dropping him off and jettisoning over to a waiting Naom. The Paramedics got another call. A Supersonic train had derailed over on the other side of town. Life goes on.

THIS IS NOT THE END. HOW LONG WILL THIS TRUCE LAST? MAYBE WEEKS, MAYBE MINUTES, MAYBE FOREVER. THERE IS STILL A DIFFERENCE IN LIFESTYLE. THERE IS STILL A DIFFERENCE IN OPINION. THE ONLY COMPARABLE NOTE IS THAT THEY DIG SKATEBOARDING. STAY TUNED.

—MOFO

# ON BOARD

## COMING EVENTS

### LAGUNA SECA DOWNHILL - PRO EVENT

July 11-12, 1981  
Contact Fred Lowery  
P.O. Box 1183  
Pebble Beach, CA 93953  
Phone: (408) 372-4389

### VARIFLEX/KONA SUMMER NATIONALS

July 13-19 PRO 17-18-19  
Amateur - Bowl and Half-pipe, Sponsored 13 and under,  
14-16 and 17 and over. Pro - Half-pipe \$4000.00 purse.

### August 15 - 16 TRACKER PRO/AM

Tracker in conjunction with Del Mar Skatepark  
Pro/Am Street - Pool Freestyle Contest,  
Del Mar Skatepark

### CAPITOLA CLASSIC

The Capitola Classic will be held on September 5, 1981, this year's event will be run as an invitational. Time limitations on the availability of the street has forced the promoters to change to the new format.

Thirty four of the world's best downhill racers will be invited - last year's top sixteen finishers automatically making the list.

### C.R.A. 1981 RACING SEASON

For more information contact Doug Hitch, 1432  
Compton Ct., Olympia, WA 98502. Locals call  
943-5923 evenings.

### GLOSSARY OF SKATE TERMS:

**Bizotic** - totally out of the ordinary, way out of bounds, bizarre, extreme.  
**Denial** - to refuse others access to your trip; keeping them dry. Or refuse females access to your affection, as in "I sure denied that Betty".  
**Flied** - to thrash about wildly in riding style.  
**Gassing** - he was gassing on that last maneuver.

**Kook** - a person with virtually no brains.  
**Snake** - to cut off a rider as they ride, fouling their whole karma.  
**Spot** - a place one frequently skates, as in "secret spot".  
**Slick** - the thing that keeps you going, your steed, your reason for living, your skateboard.

## THROW YOUR OWN CONTEST



Test your skating skills and that of your friends by promoting a skateboard contest. When skateboarding was just beginning to emerge in the 60's, and again in the 70's, a big part of the energy was coming from regional and local contests. Usually held in a store parking lot or on a closed off city street, these mini contests were the forerunners of the Pro skateboard circuit. Not only were they ideal settings for skaters to exchange skate chatter and innovative new techniques, contests provided the public with a chance to see skateboarding being performed as a sport instead of a plastic sidewalk toy.

One suggestion for getting things rolling in your area would be to approach a local skate shop for some help in passing the word around. Print up some flyers that can be distributed and posted on bulletin boards around town. To secure a contest site check with local city officials about using public property. Of course, there may be a little red tape to clear up before they give you the go ahead, but it should be worth a

try. Schools and parks are a good possibility to check out. The park and recreation department in your town should be receptive to a community event such as this.

Hold sign-ups on the day of the contest so as to prevent a whole bunch of pre-contest paperwork. The type of event that you choose to run should be determined by what kind of skating is being done in the area. Slalom and downhill contests are a lot of fun but finding the proper site to hold events such as these may be difficult.

A freestyle contest is probably your best bet, requires nothing more than a flat cement area and different events such as high jumping and even curb grinding can be added to spice things up. Of course, if you're near a skatepark you can approach them about holding a pool or half-pipe contest unless they already have a contest program happening. At any rate you've got to get out there and make things happen for you and for skateboarding. If you don't do it nobody else will.  
—K. Thatcher

### 1981 CANADIAN & INTERNATIONAL AMATEUR SKATEBOARD CHAMPIONSHIPS

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3	Atlanta	28	Syracuse
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# MUSIC FROM THE UNDERGROUND

## THE DREGS



Who? Steve Morse, acoustic and electric guitars, pedal steel and banjo. Andy West, fretted and fretless bass. Allen Solar, electric and acoustic five string violin and viola. Rod Morganstein, drums and percussion. T. Lavitz, acoustic and electric piano, organ and synthesizer, clarinet and saxophone.

What? Now that you've met the players, let me tell you a little bit more about their music. Steve Morse, head dreg, does most of the writing and producing as well as his lead guitar work. Their music is 99.9% instrumental and combines hard driving rock, southern boogie, sophisticated jazz, heavy metal, blues, country and classical. All this is spun into an unbelievably original and precise web of music. It is almost impossible to compare the Dregs to any other group because their music is so unique and the band members are such versatile, educated and polished musicians. It is hard to believe that

one can find so much talent contained in just one band. The Dregs are not a showy group that needs faddish gimmicks and stage theatrics to enhance their music. They just get up on stage and rip, creating an amazing amount of energy when they perform. "We try not to bore anybody," says Morse. Adds bassist Andy West, "When we've opened for heavy metal rock bands, even though our music is a lot more complicated, we still go over great...because of our energy. There's no discrimination just because we all studied theory and composition, that's why we've always felt we could win people over just doing what we do."

Their first album (now a collector's item) was made for college credit at the University of Miami and later privately issued as *The Great Spectacular*. Capricorn Records signed the band in 1976 and their first publicly available

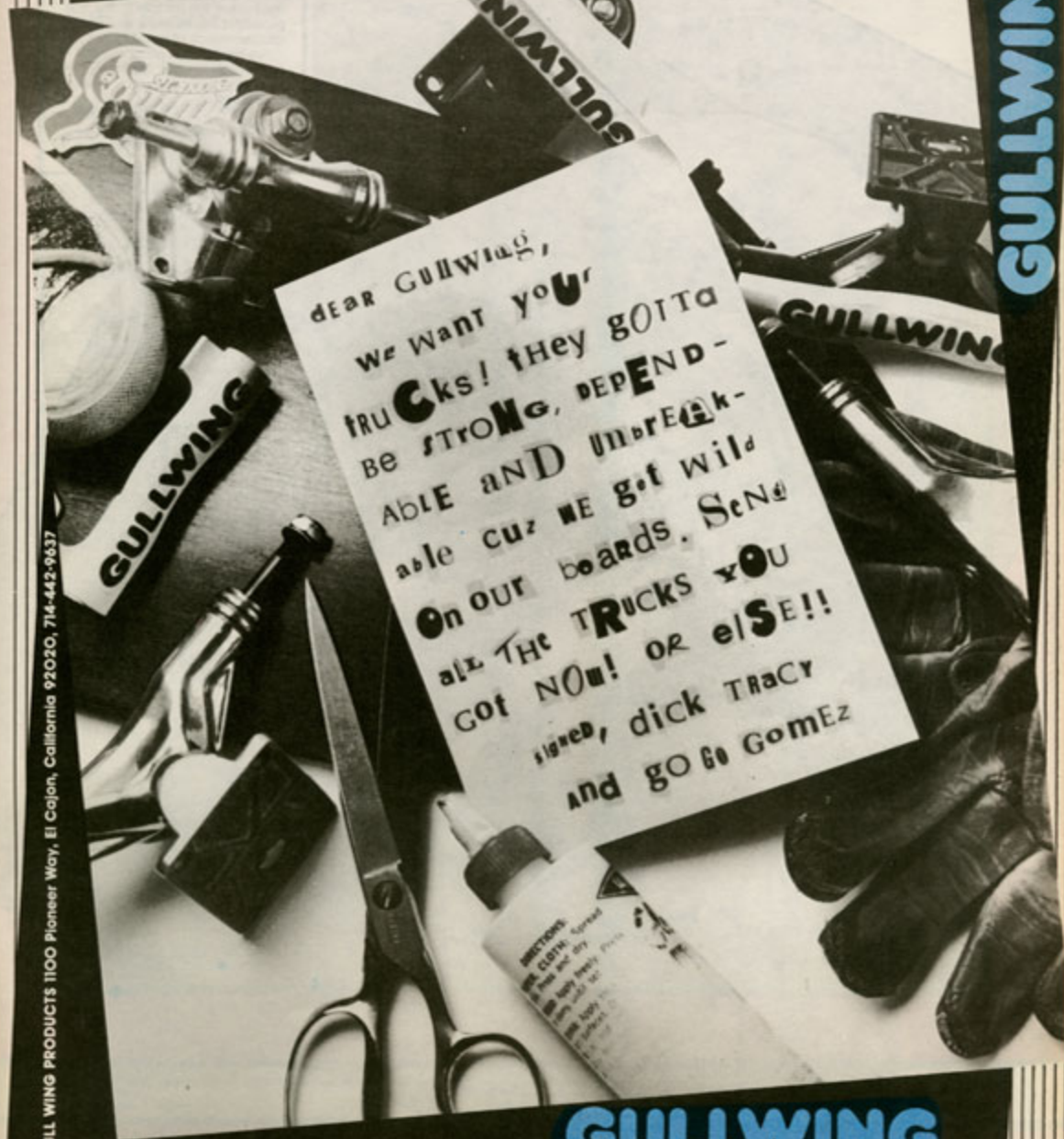
album, *Free Fall*, was released shortly after. *What If*, their third album, was released in 1978, followed by *Night of The Living Dregs* which contains the only live recordings to date. After a label switch that brought them to Arista Records their critically acclaimed album, *Dregs of the Earth*, was released in 1981. With the release of *Unsung Heroes*, their latest album on Arista, the Dregs continue their hard driving assault on rock and roll in the 80's.

Being as the Dregs are an instrumental group their music is ideal for skating because there is no singing to break your concentration. Tunes to skate by include: "Take It Off The Top" and "Travel Tunes" from the *What If* album. On *Night of the Living Dregs*, "Punk Sandwich" and the title track are two hard driving upbeat songs. *Dregs of the Earth* features "Road Expense" and "Twiggs Approved" (dedicated to

late road manager Twiggs Lyndon); and if you like country, "Pride of the Farm" will blow you away. On their most recent album, *Unsung Heroes*, there are two unbelievably hot skate songs, "Cruise Control" and "Rock 'n Roll Park." There isn't enough one can say about such a talented group of musicians, but I can tell you who listens as well as attends Dregs concerts. Top music makers such as Stanley Clarke, John McLaughlin, Jean Luc Ponty, Tom Scott, Lenny White and Jeff Beck, and if that's not enough for you, top skaters like Tom Inouye, Chris Stropie, Stacy Peralta, John Gibson, Mike Folmer and skater/guitarist Dan Murokarni have all been seen at Dregs Shows. If you like the Allman Bros., Sea Level, Yes, Beck, Led Zeppelin, etc., then the Dregs are a mandatory part of your music collection. If not, check 'em anyway. They're hot!!

—Brad Strandlund

# ANIMATING



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# GULLWING

# GULLWING

8x10

Dear THRASHER,  
Just a line to let you know how skating (4 wheels) is doing here in Scotland. We have just had a new Park built in Livingston, which by British standards, is good. It consists of a long half pipe with an eight foot flat bottom and it varies in height and edge detail all the way along. It also has a 30 foot diameter, 10 foot deep flat bottomed bowl with a smaller bowl attached. The slalom run goes right down the middle of the half pipe and the freestyle area has an assortment of good banks.  
I've enclosed a picture of my friend Gary 'Gober' Godfrey at the Livingston pipe doing a frontside Andrecht.

Yours faithfully,  
—Graeme Stanners (age 15)  
(Local skater, Livingston)



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