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Calendar
Inside

DECEMBER 1981 \$1.00

THRASHER

SKATEBOARD MAGAZINE™

**DOWN
SOUTH
STYLE**
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**INDOOR
BOARDING**
A Guide To
Staying Dry





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DECEMBER 1981

ISSUE NO.12

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PHOTO BY STECYK

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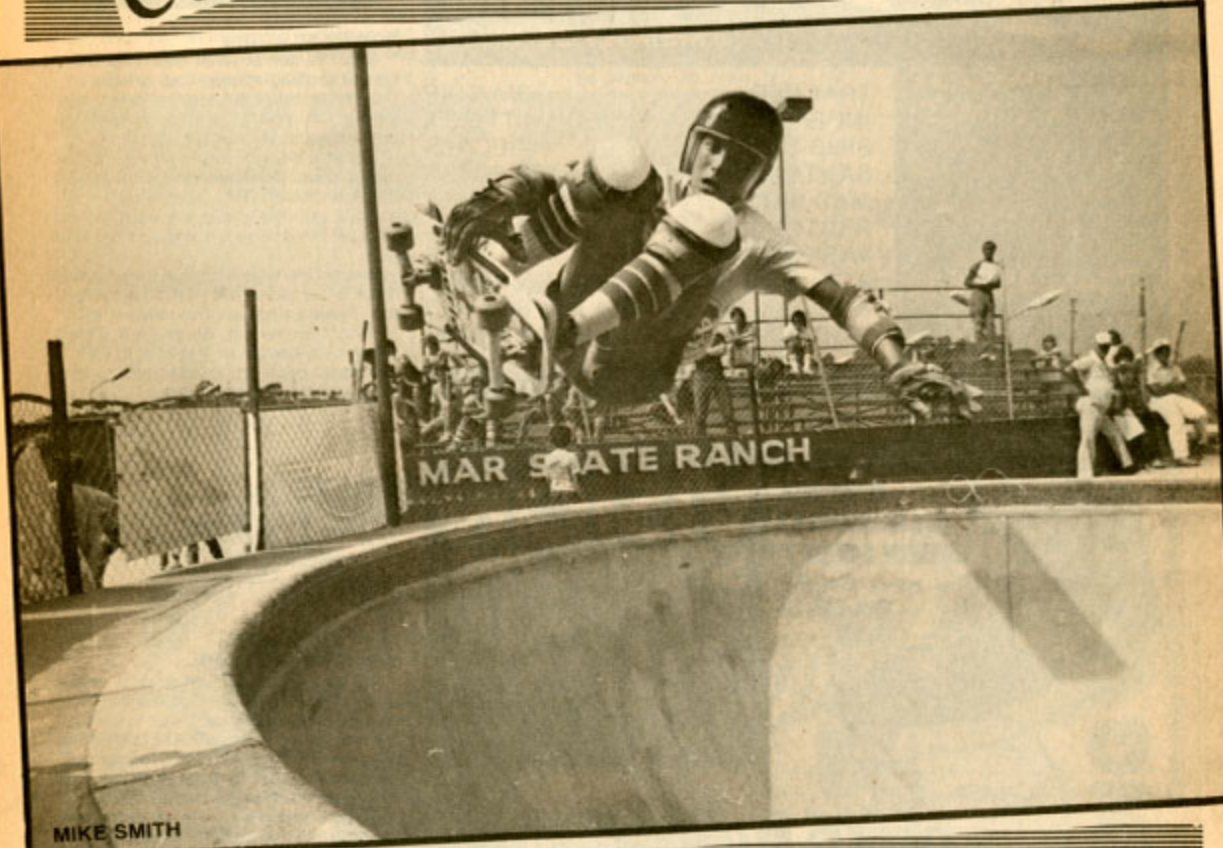
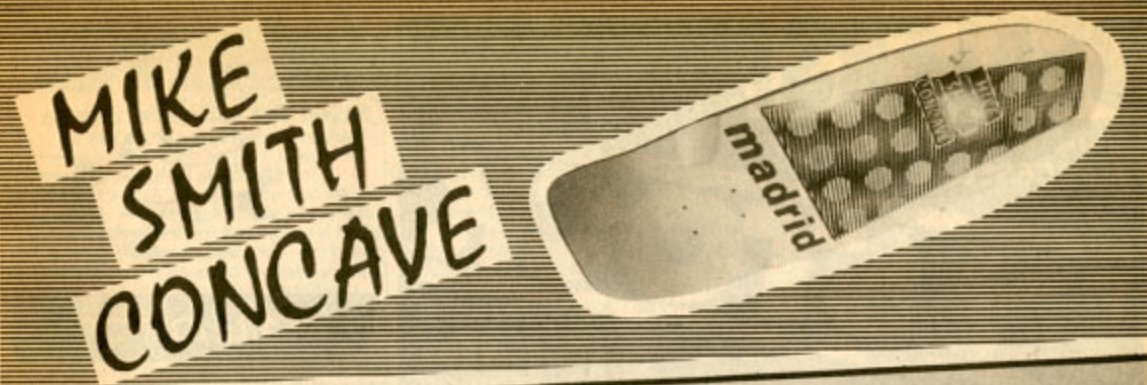
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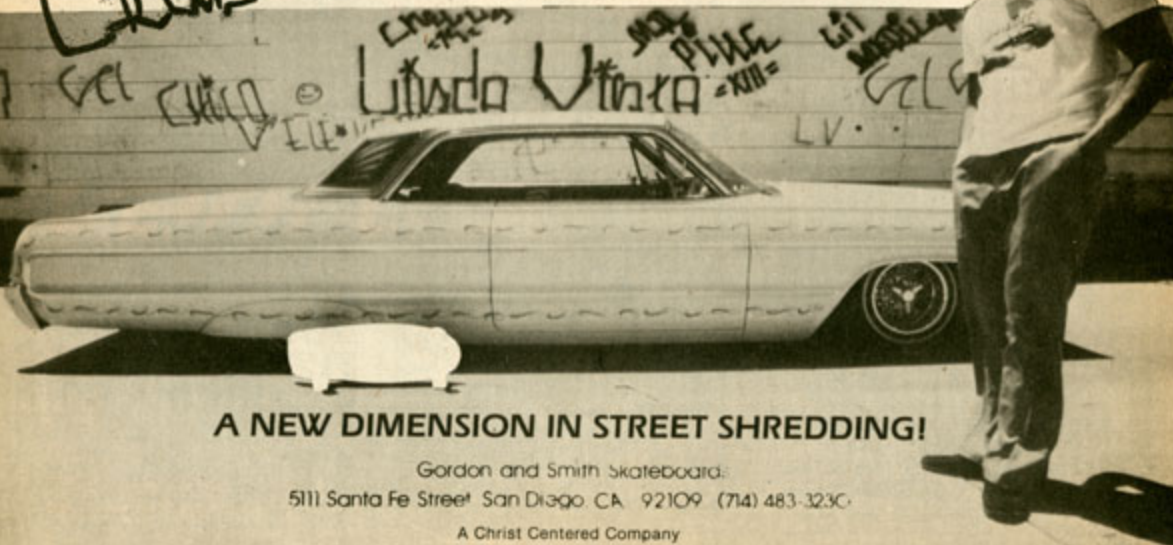


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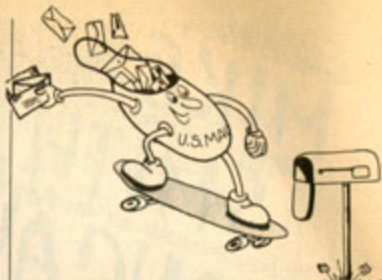
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MAIL DROP

POWER SKATERS

Great to see at least one mag left on the skating scene. Your article, "Heavy Metal-A Reiteration" was unreal. I'm glad to see that other people like good ole 60's rock 'n roll. I thrash heavily with skating, listening to some great Hendrix, Cream and Black Sabbath. Only true radical people still get into it and are hard to find with all the goons running around lately.

Since Cherry Hill closed down about three of us skate our half-pipe every day. I skate and surf but skating is still no 1 on my list. All skaters should join in like people of the 60's to get this sport cooking up again. Keep the mag and skating shredding.

E. Von Ripper
Union, N.J.

*You're right Rip,
True radicalism is when people can
gather together for a common cause.
That is the basis for Thrasher Mag.
You need us and we wouldn't be here
without you.*

VISITORS WELCOME...

We here in North Plainfield, N.J., were really stoked to get the Oct. issue. The change is good. We can't wait to see color shots in the best SKATEBOARDING and only SKATEBOARDING magazine. Good work. We have a 16' wide half pipe which we, much to the dismay of the neighbors, shred daily. An old lady blows up at us and that detracts from our sessions, but we still shred. We will welcome any visitors on any day that we're skatin. Believe it or not we get lonesome and tired with only two people. Call first, it's in the phone book.

Doug Mutz
Al Baker
N. Plainfield, N.J.

P.S. We'd like some info on Cherry Hill. P.P.S. Jones shreds—we want an East Coast article.

*Here's what happened to Cherry Hill.
Who's Jones? ED*

CHERRY HILL BITES THE DUST...

When Cherry Hill Skatepark opened its doors in the middle of '79, it quickly put New Jersey in the big leagues of skateboarding. The gnarly terrain which featured twin kidney pools, a keyhole pool a long halfpipe which flowed into a 3/4 pipe which flowed into a bowl-like ending, and two bank runs attracted skaters such as Tony Alva, Brad Bowman, and Shogo Kubo. Many skaters, both unknowns and superstars, passed thru its doors.

Cherry Hill closed its doors about May of '81. The phone was disconnected, the pro shop had all its boards and equipment removed, and none of their members was

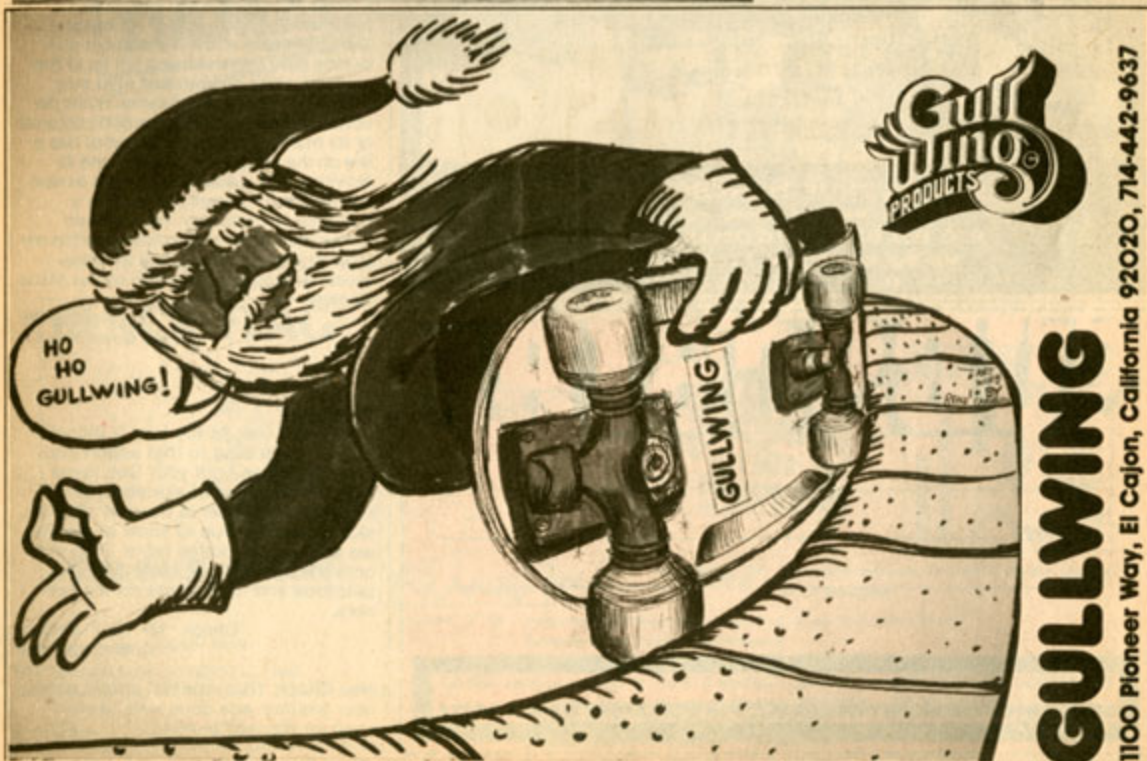
notified! Finally the inevitable happened and all the terrain was bulldozed. The photos (taken September 1, 1981) show the gory aftermath. The building is apparently going back to its former life as a warehouse.

As you can see, the only thing left of past glories is the sign on the front of the building, and that probably won't be around for too long, either.

N.J. Skaters fear not. The streets, backyard pools, ramps, shopping malls all await to be utilized. It's up to you. Put your imagination to the test. Find new locals to terrorize. Cherry Hill is dead but Skaters will thrash on. Forever.

CHERRY HILL SKATEPARK 1979-1981. R.I.P.

Ed Driscoll Mt. Holly, N.J.



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REBEL WRITES...

The majority of skateparks and other such rideable boundaries are on the verge of obliteration. The proof is positive. Examples: Cherry Hill Marina, Funway, Skatopia, Irvine, etc. Which brings me to the conclusion or hypothesis that the era of the outlaw skater is making a resurgence upon the scene. This also signifies a point in time where the men will be separated from the clones.

The so-called "establishment" has been responsible for putting a lot of pressure on the hardcore skate cats. Most vertical and banked type spots (if they haven't been leveled yet) have fences and signs posting penalty warnings. These restrictive ordinances always seem to be located right at the point of which skate action would assume, for some strange reason. Well, you can either ignore them and rip shit anyway or you can go home and pout. Of course, good little boys and girls don't break the law. So that leaves this and any other skate terrain to the rule of the true skate rebels.

Face it folks, it all started this way and obviously it is revolving back through the natura cycle. Underground movements of skate patrols will set the trends once again. The territorial instincts as well as the adventure and mystique are reborn in these select outlaws. Secrecy is the No. 1 rule.

The surf mags are too cool to be associated with this kind of an image. They don't give or know shit about surf skating. The future is being left up to the hardcore skate outlaws and what they find. Only the wise will survive. Busts do occur, and minimal fines are \$500.00 and/or six months in the brig. Thrasher has a line on the underground scene and its activities. The media blitz of old is almost monopolized. I myself still feel like a complete revolutionary. Having been luckier than most, I will continue within my limits to interrogate any and all skate areas. Groups of agents with similar plans do exist.

Signing Off,
Fritz Coy A.K.A.T.A

THE BEST

Thrasher mag is the best. I thought about subscribing to that action crap mag, but when I got your Oct. issue with the 52 pages of skateboarding I knew that Thrasher is the only mag for skateboarding. Due to snow in Alaska we session the coffee table. Drop ins onto the carpet floor, footplant tailslides and handplants on the corners.

Chuck "Mr. Rad" Chism
Anchorage, AL

Hey Chuck, This months' article on indoor skating was done with skaters such as yourself in mind. —ED—

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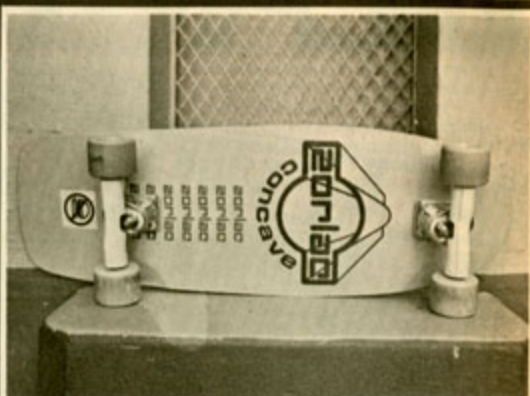
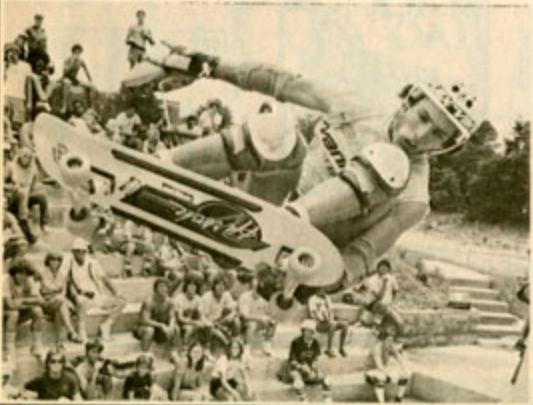
VARIFLEX STEVE HIRSCH MODEL CONNECTION TRUCKS - X WHEELS

The Hirsch concave hails from a fine line of concave signature models from Variflex. All of these boards have a look of handcrafted quality that is hard to find on the market today. The size of the Hirsch board makes it one of the most popular of the group and the 6-ply hard rock maple is layered on either side with a tough coat of epoxy resin.

In most cases you will find the Variflex boards set-up with the Connection trucks and X wheels as shown here. The no hang-up Connection truck has an excellent turning radius and is light-weight.

The X wheel is a 94A durometer wheel that has been designed using a light, stronger inner core constructed of Zytel ST. Up to 28% lighter than conventional wheels, the X is made of high rebound urethane and each wheel is turned on a lathe to ensure roundness.

Complete this set-up with Variflex rail sliders and coping devices and your ready to slide and grind away while protecting your equipment.



ZORLAC CONCAVE — 5" GULLWINGS KRYPTONICS 65mm WHEELS

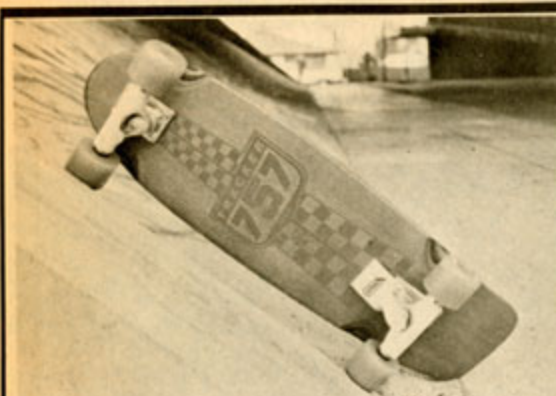
Pool, ditch, street or ramp, this new concave stick from ZORLAC (Skate tough or go home) SKATES might just be the board you are looking for. At a time when skaters are demanding more performance in varied terrain, this board seems to handle the chore with ease. It's size, 29" X 10", and its gradual concavity are well suited for the vertical enthusiast and any other manner of radicalness one may attain in pools or ramp situations. The concave is at 3° and the kicktail turns upward at 12°.

A bright effigy of rigidity, the GULLWING 5" truck delivers the rider through gliding turns and smooth stability. The GULLWING coping device is one of the best on the market today, giving off a good feeling while grinding.

KRYPTO 65's have been acclaimed by many as one of the best all around wheels in the industry. Consisting of correct hardness combined with correct dimensions, this wheel seems to do it for riders unlike the others.



A general guide to the latest in skatedecks and accessories

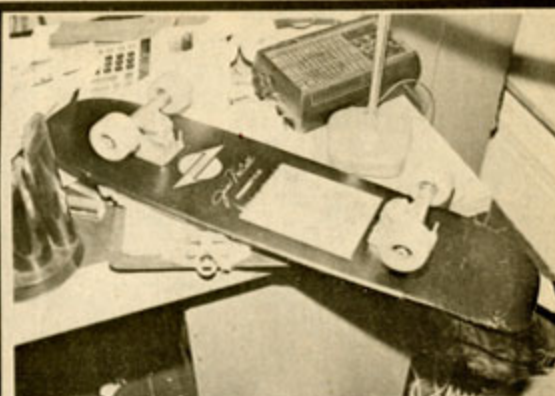


TRACKER 757-TRACKER EXTRACKS-City Street Wheels

The 757 City skate design has been fabricated for the go anywhere, do anything skater. This extremely versatile deck is of the more traditional design, 757mm (29.8") long and 229mm (9.01") wide. This board has a flat deck area as opposed to the newer wave of concaves on the market, with the leverage kicktail area bent up at 15°. Wheel wells fore and aft and exact drilling, offer the city skater ultimate truck placement and maneuverability.

Tracker Extractions (5" wide, 13.2 oz.) compliment this set up with exacting width, especially designed to harsh specifications. Copers and lappers have been incorporated into this overall setup giving long lasting protection to oftenly abused components.

City Street wheels, an excellent commodity, has great grip & traction which is desperately needed in the streets today. This overall setup offers today's skateboarder, the traditional versatility that was lost with the advent of the newer park and pool designs.



McCALL FREESTYLE - INDEPENDENT 88mm ROCCO FREESTYLE WHEELS

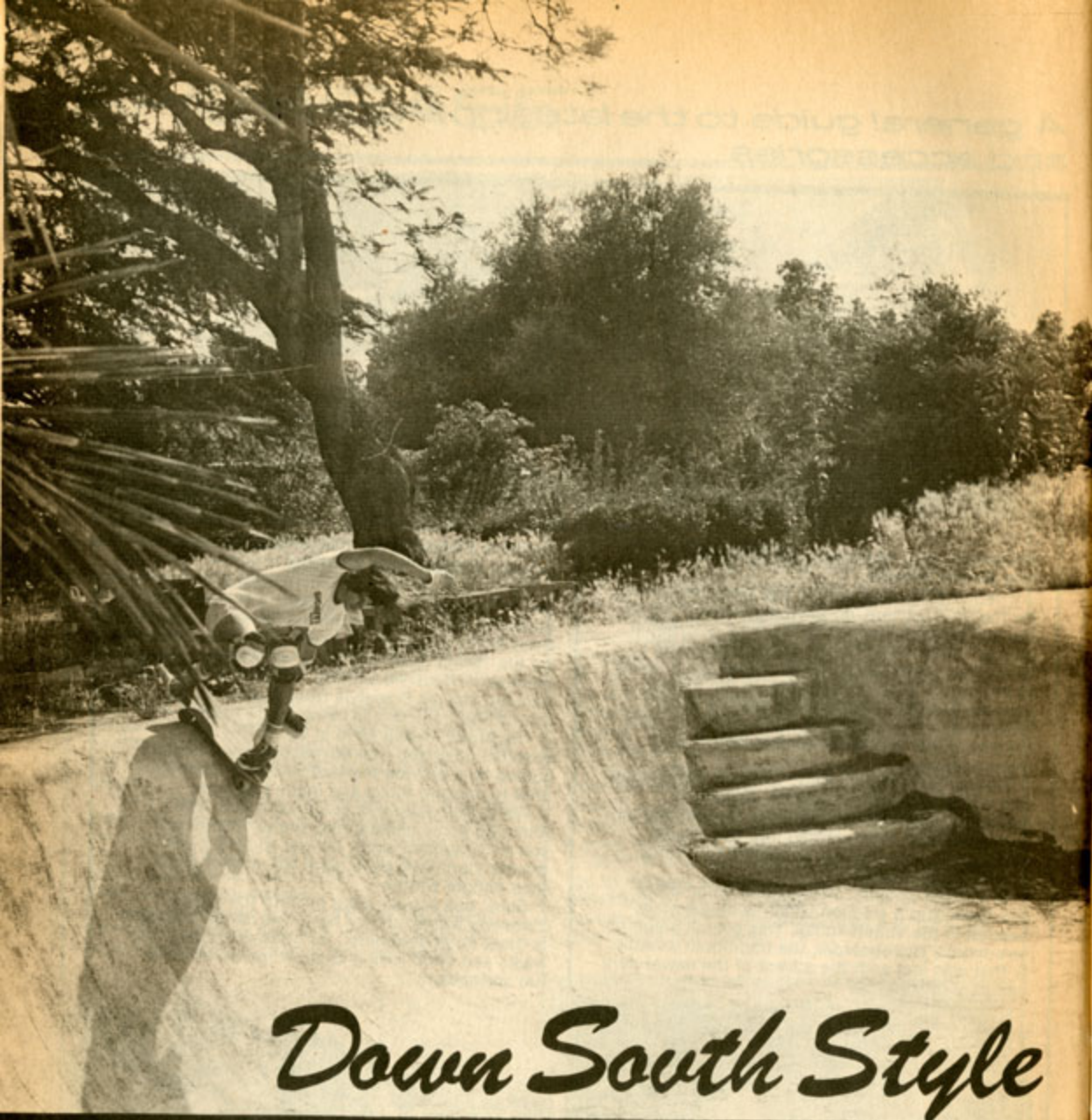
We sometimes wonder why freestyle skateboarding isn't more popular amongst the hardcore. It requires a minimum of space and you don't have to search out skate spots. Now, however, we are seeing more and more verticalists getting involved in freestyle skating. With boards such as this Jim McCall Freestyle from Walker on the market the transition is being made easier.

The board measures in at 27" X 7.5". Fully rounded nose and kicktail sections and slightly curved rails provide the skater with enough deck area to perform tricks and fancy footwork.

We've equipped this model with Indy 88's although some skaters may prefer 109mm's. If you're undecided about hanger width try both, the standard Indy base plate will accept all of their hanger widths.

Sims' has scored a big hit with the Rocco Freestyle wheel, shown here. The 54mm X 42mm is hard, at 95 durometer, for stiffness during rail walks and good rolling capabilities on smooth flat surfaces.





Down South Style

PHOTOS BY SONNY MILLER

The foothills of the North County area have played host to a number of secret spots through the years and some are just now being discovered. Finder/founder of the "Avo Bowl", Dave Kline, enjoys some laid back sessioning.

The Universe is big. To most, beyond comprehension. In it are numerous galaxies, which, when summed up, again beyond comprehension. Picking one at random, let us say, the Milky Way. Lots of stars and planets there, not to mention the billions of tonnage of space junk.

Descending upon our own solar sanctum, we descend upon earth. A world, pretty big but not the biggest. On it millions of people not unlike yourself, living and breathing, going about their ways. Hundreds of activities captivate their attention throughout certain parts of their daily routine. Lacrosse is one example. A team sport that is rough and rowdy but the audience participation level is minimal, limited to yelling, screaming and cheering only.

North America, the home base of so-called red-blooded Americans, known for their peculiar habits, ways and means. The year is nineteen hundred and seventy six. A form of music is devised to unite the people in a unified social life of dancing, congregating and mating, only to have it flop on its front side in the space of half a decade. It was called "Disco."

Around and about this same space of time on the west coast of the United States, on the southern section of the State of California, in the northern quadrants of San Diego County (known to the local inhabitants simply as North County), two young brothers, Tony and Rex M., took their first look at the reservoir. A blond-haired hot dog by the name of Ty Page whipped up and down the embankments slaloming a nose wheelie through graffitied obstacles. The brothers 'M' approached and knew they fit.



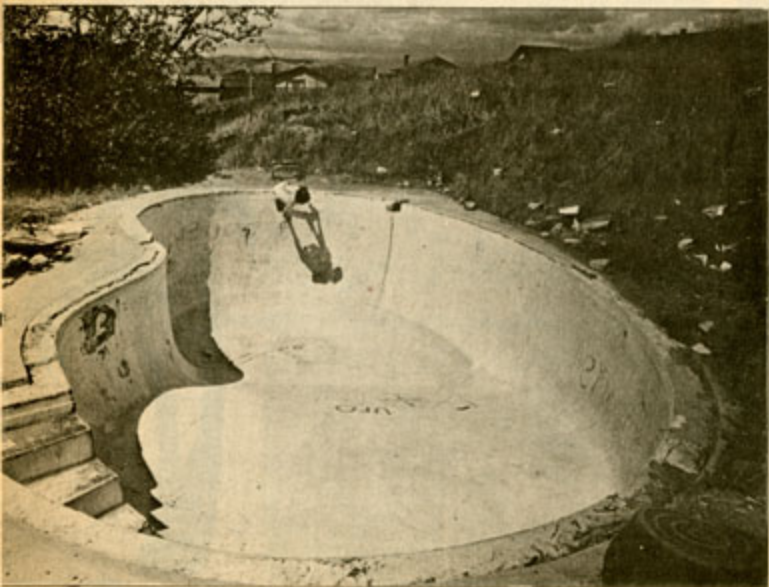
Jeff Tatum, Nuke-land pipe transfer.

A casual session at "Avo Bowl" gets intensified when skate heavies like Chris Stropie are in attendance.





Surrounded by jungle-like overgrowth, the "Avo bowl" is a prime example of a "secret spot."



"Kona Bowl Revisited", Sonny Miller carving a relic of skate history.

This was unlike any other activity on land, parallel only to surfing, to which many in this day participated hand in hand.

Some say that it was here (not exactly this particular spot, but this general global geographical location) that the dormant activity of skateboarding re-entered into being. It was spots like this one, Kona Bowl, the Concourse, Char-Bowl, San Marcos pool, V.C. (that is Valley Center, not Viet Cong) Reservoir, the Soul Bowl (named for its soulful mellow laid back atmosphere), the La Costa Downhill, Toenails Ditch and dozens of other unnamed and unrelinquished hot spots that delivered to the world the vastly fresh physical activity of skateboarding.

Frequently avid participants in this heyday included Bruce and the family Logan, Greg Weaver, Murray Estes, Marty Smith, Russ Gosnell and his little brother Wally, Tom Colvin, Gunnar Haugo, Sonny Miller, Chris Strople, Brian Visser, Jeff Hunt, Tom Netherton, Jeff Tatum, Dennis Martinez, John Hughes, D. Saladino, Bob Skoldberg, Bad H, Rodney Jesse, the Marechals and No-Face, among a host of other hot nameless and faceless ripsters of the day.

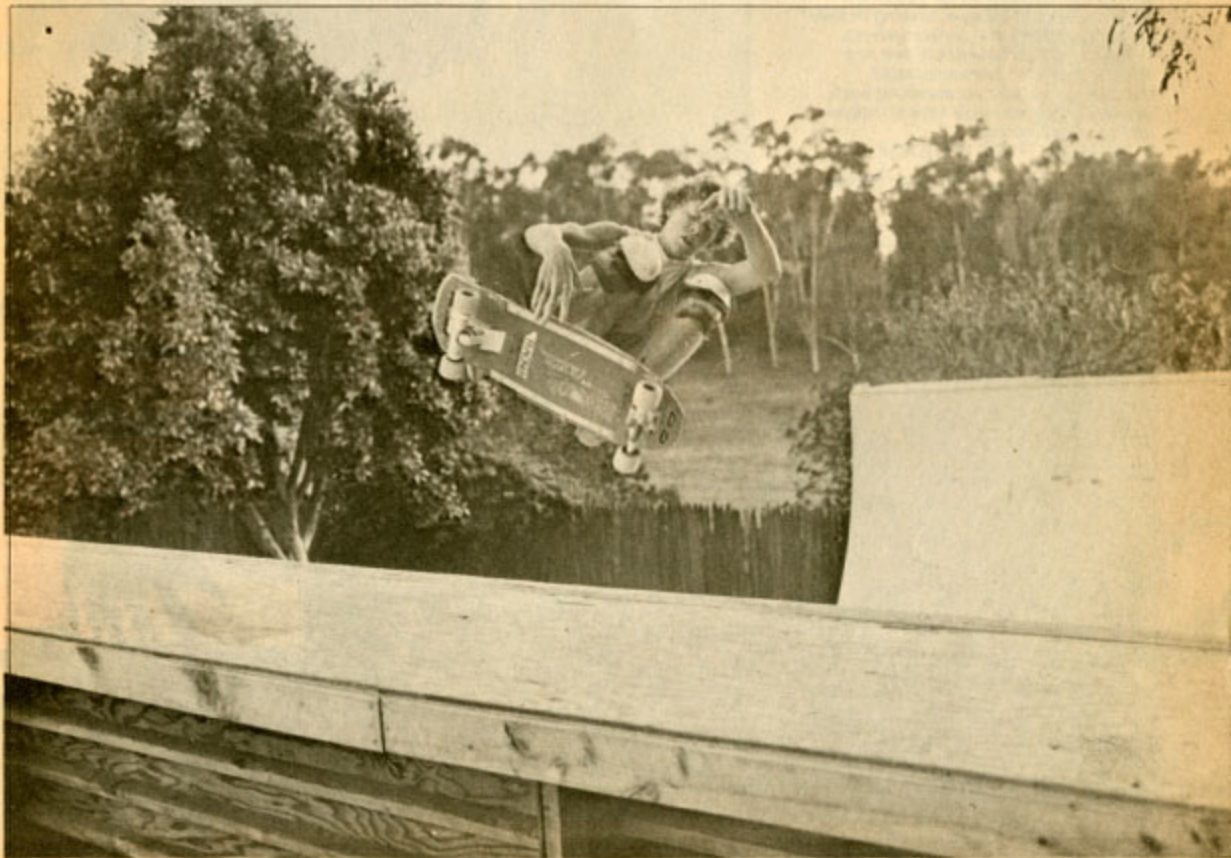
These forces to be reckoned with set a pace that prevailed mainly with a fluid surf-like existence. Soon was to come the controlled atmosphere of the skatepark, the first of which was located in Carlsbad by the renowned raceway. Finally, a legal spot to congregate and session was at hand. But alas, it had rules. Still, the activators conformed and kept organics and personal habits for before and after (not during, as was accustomed) sessions.

The infectious phenomenon grew and soon more controlled atmospheres sprouted across the skin of San Diego County.

Texan John Gibsons' association with the Caster skate crew brings him to the North County quite often. Early release, Hinickers Ramp.



Tom Innouye partakes in the local industries of surfing and skateboarding.



A contrast in styles develops about now with Tony Alva, Jay Adams and the rest of Dogtown, proclaiming and exclaiming their prowess and existence. The Dogtown vs. Down South confrontation begins.

Spring Valley dons a park, El Cajon, Vista, Oasis, Escondido and Del Mar soon follow. So fast that chronological order seems almost impossible to be arrived upon (not that it is really important).

Bringing the reader up to the present, we find many of the old riders married and with steady jobs. Many of the pools and rezzies are gone now. Nearly all of the parks have closed their doors sealing in countless memories of super sessions and full out brotherly rowdiness.

Del Mar still stands with wide, welcoming doors. Vista still stands, but is rendered unrideable until that one special day in the future.

Other offerable, semi-cool rideable spots include the banks at the UCSD library, V.C. rezzie, Sanolan, Concourse, Char Bowl, La Costa and Hedleys. Who knows what others have gone undiscovered and what is yet to be built?

This corner of the U.S. yields a pleasurable Mediterranean climate that provides locals with a year-round laid-back skateboard lifestyle, leaning heavily on surfing fluidity and consciousness.

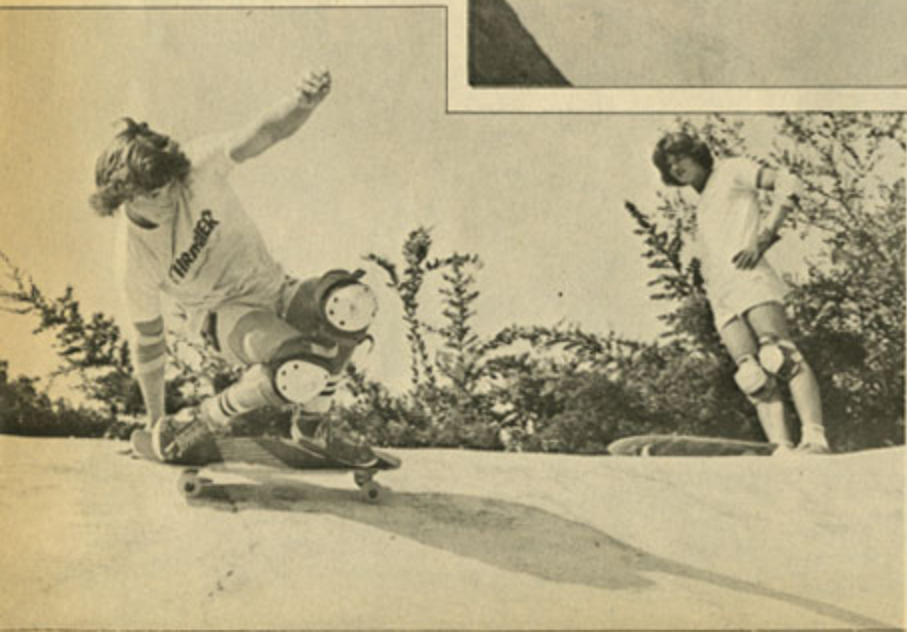
The boys from downsouth live and strive in their own horizontal rapid transience, herballly accentuating each and every day with their form of mellow laid-back radicalness.

ZERO OUT. FADE TO BLACK.

Damien Pithias



Tom Innuoye drops in on a long concrete section at Sano-land.



Stylish Sonny Miller, Avo Bowl.



PHOTO: CHRIS STROPLE

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1982 CALENDAR

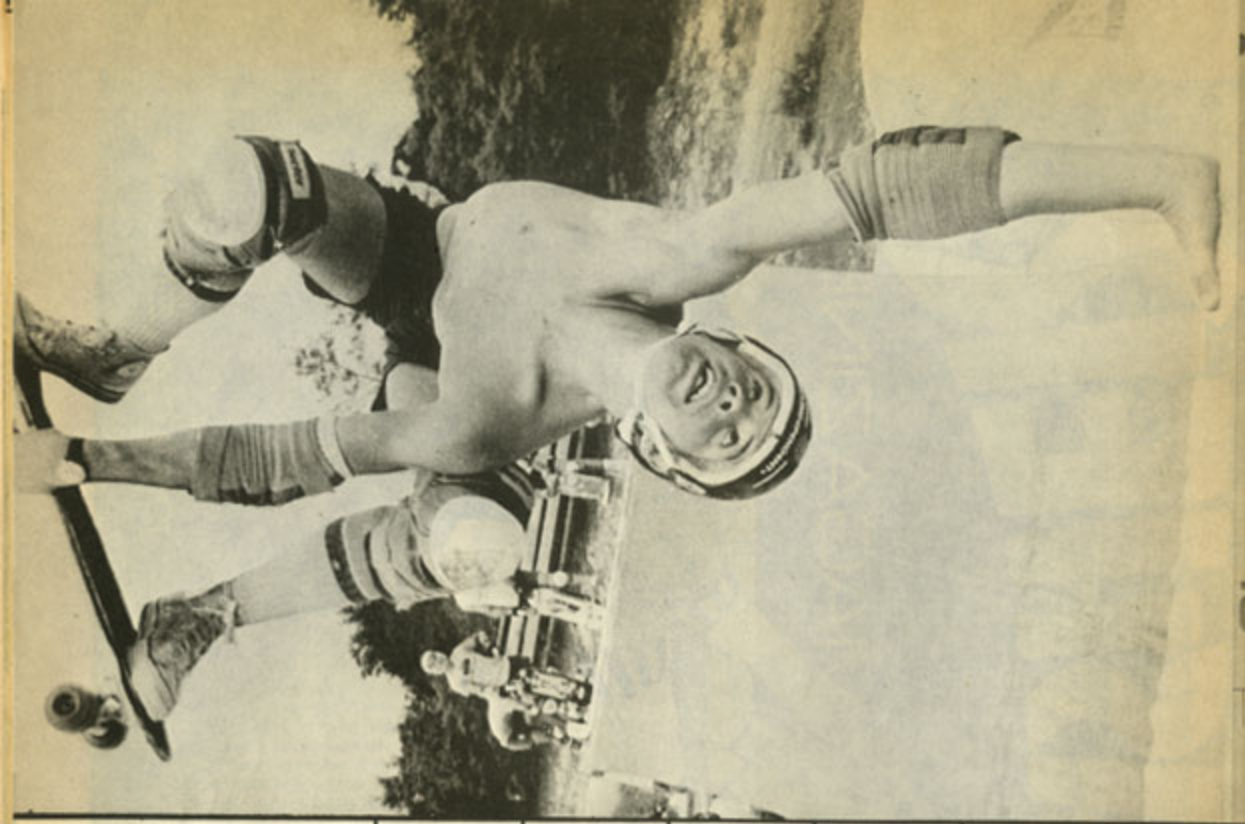
Duane Peters, Kona Ramp

JANUARY

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Christian Hosoi and Chris Miller, Colton Doubles.

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BRAD BOWMAN

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Steve Caballero, Winchester Pool

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KEVIN THATCHER

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Steve Alba, Upland Pipeline

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Bert Lamar, Ditch Carve

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Mike Folmer, Florida Beach

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Micke Alba, Upland Combi-Pool

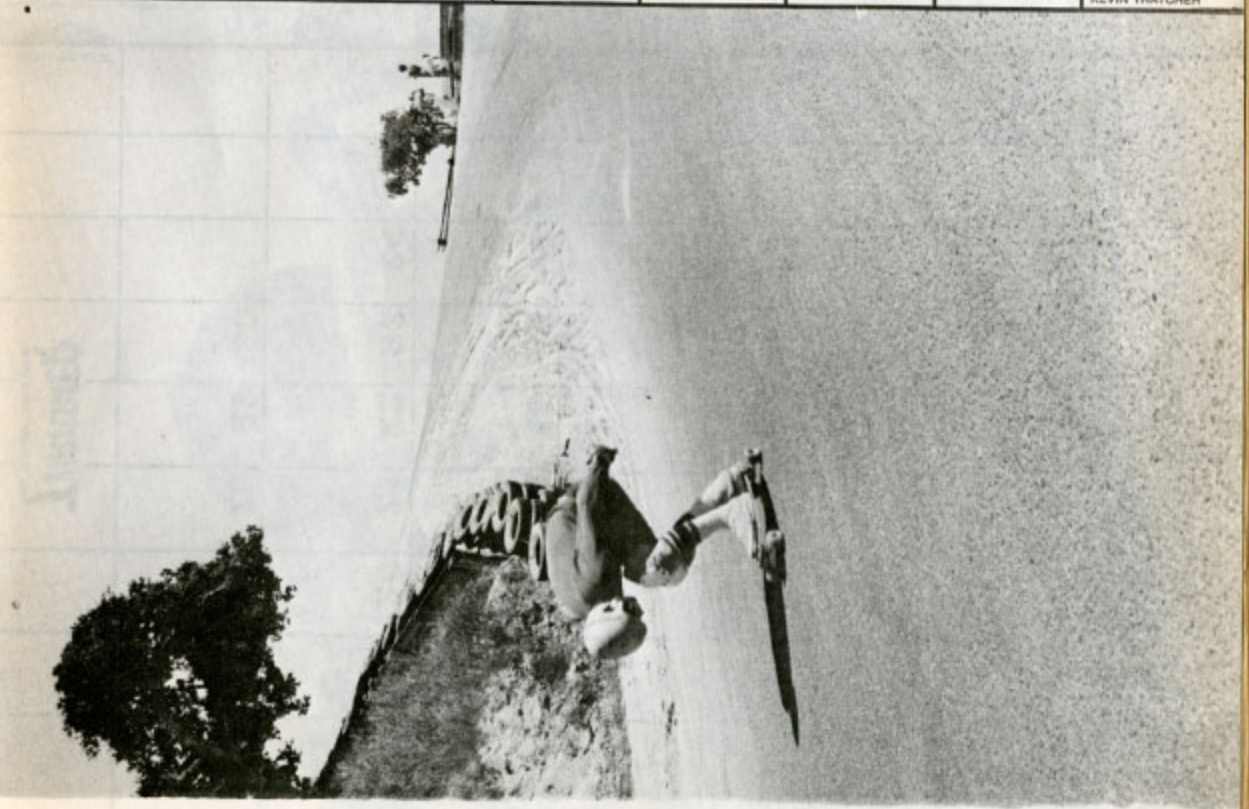
Scott Foss, Curb Grind

JULY

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PHOTO BY STECYK

THRASHER
SKATEBOARD MAGAZINE



Caedmon Bear, Corkscrew, Laguna Seca

AUGUST

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KEVIN THATCHER

THRASHER
SKATEBOARD MAGAZINE

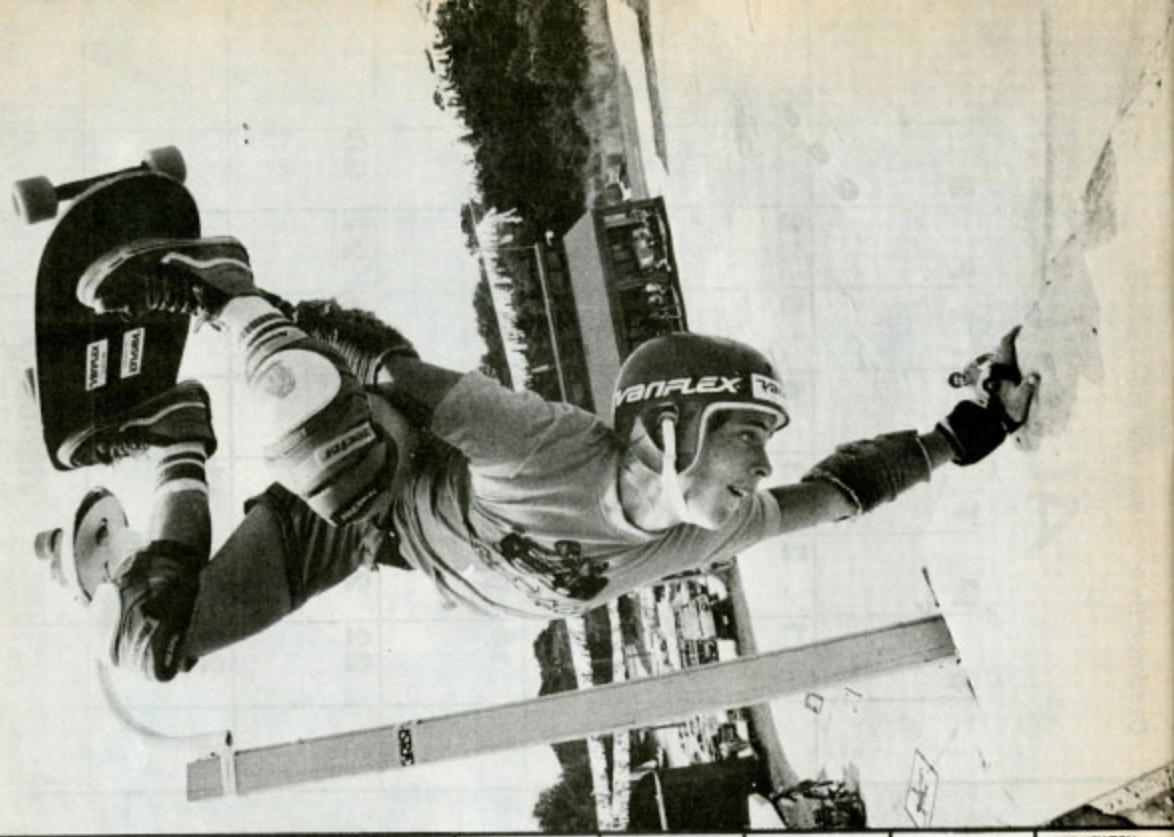
Eric Grisham, Kona Ramp

SEPTEMBER

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JEFF NEWTON

THRASHER
SKATEBOARD MAGAZINE

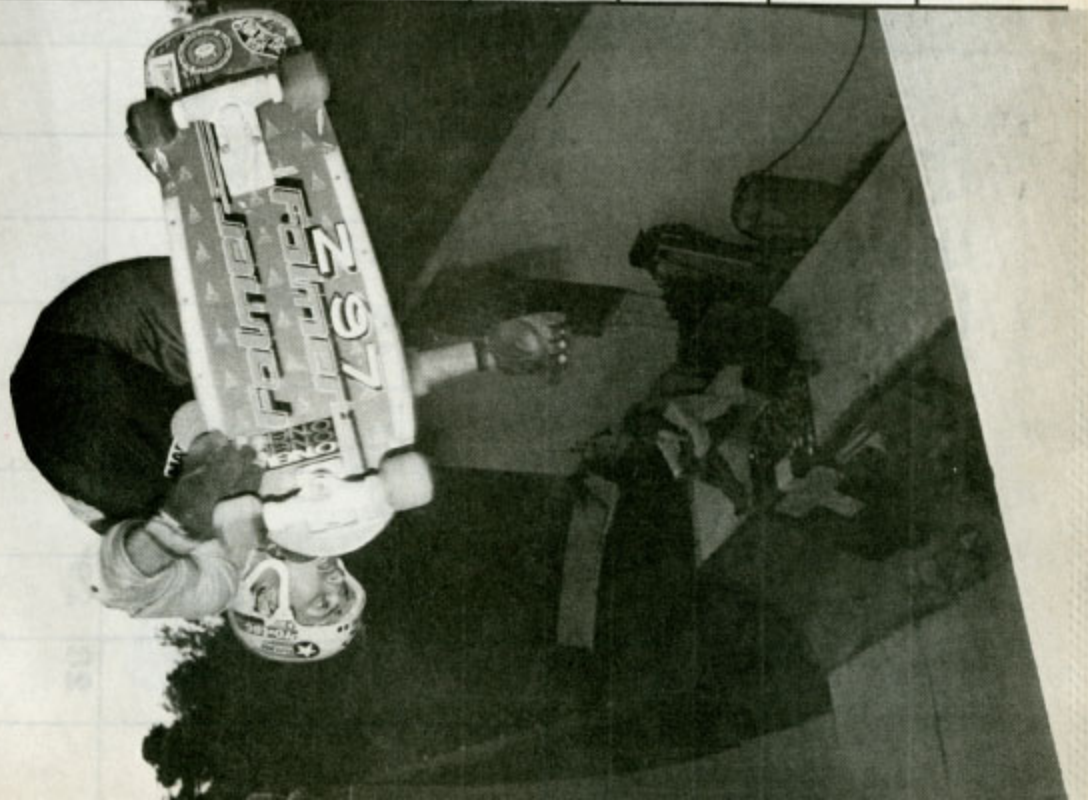


Mike Folmer, Caseys' Rampage

OCTOBER

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THRASHER
SKATEBOARD MAGAZINE



Steve Hirsch, Kona Ramp

NOVEMBER

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JEFF NEWTON

THRASHER
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Billy Ruff, Del Mar

DECEMBER

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SONNY MILLEN

THRASHER
SKATEBOARD MAGAZINE





WHAT SORT OF MAN READS THRASHER?

Take this guy for instance...He doesn't even skate, yet there he is at every contest with his Nikon grabbing all the betties. He knows he doesn't have to skate to reap the benefits of the THRASHER existence. Last year THRASHER readers sent in thousands of photographs and they weren't skating when they took **THRASHER** them. Skater or not subscribe to THRASHER and get in on thrashing. THRASHER SKATEBOARD MAGAZINE

SEE COUPON ON PAGE 8

INDOOR SKATEBOARDING

A GUIDE TO STAYING DRY



Luis Cruz performs a headstand while locals prepare for a massive drop-in, Fogtown.



ROCCO PHOTOS BY STECYK

PHOTO BY THATCHER



WEATHER OR NOT

"Skateboarding indoors?, I'm sure." That is the reaction I got from most of the people I talked to before laying out this article on skating undercover. I figured on doing a satire piece, you know, real elevator drops, rock 'n' rolls in the bathtub, and roll ins off the kitchen table. And while it's true that these activities do play a part in this report, the question I finally asked myself was this: "Could it be possible to keep an active skateboarding routine during the harsh winter months ahead?"

During wintertime many skaters' thoughts turn to hanging up their boards for the duration, especially in the snow-covered northern climates. Well, I didn't go to Anchorage, Alaska, to find the answer to my question (although there is some heavy skating going on there), but I did come up with some pretty good suggestions on how to stay dry and stay skating this winter.

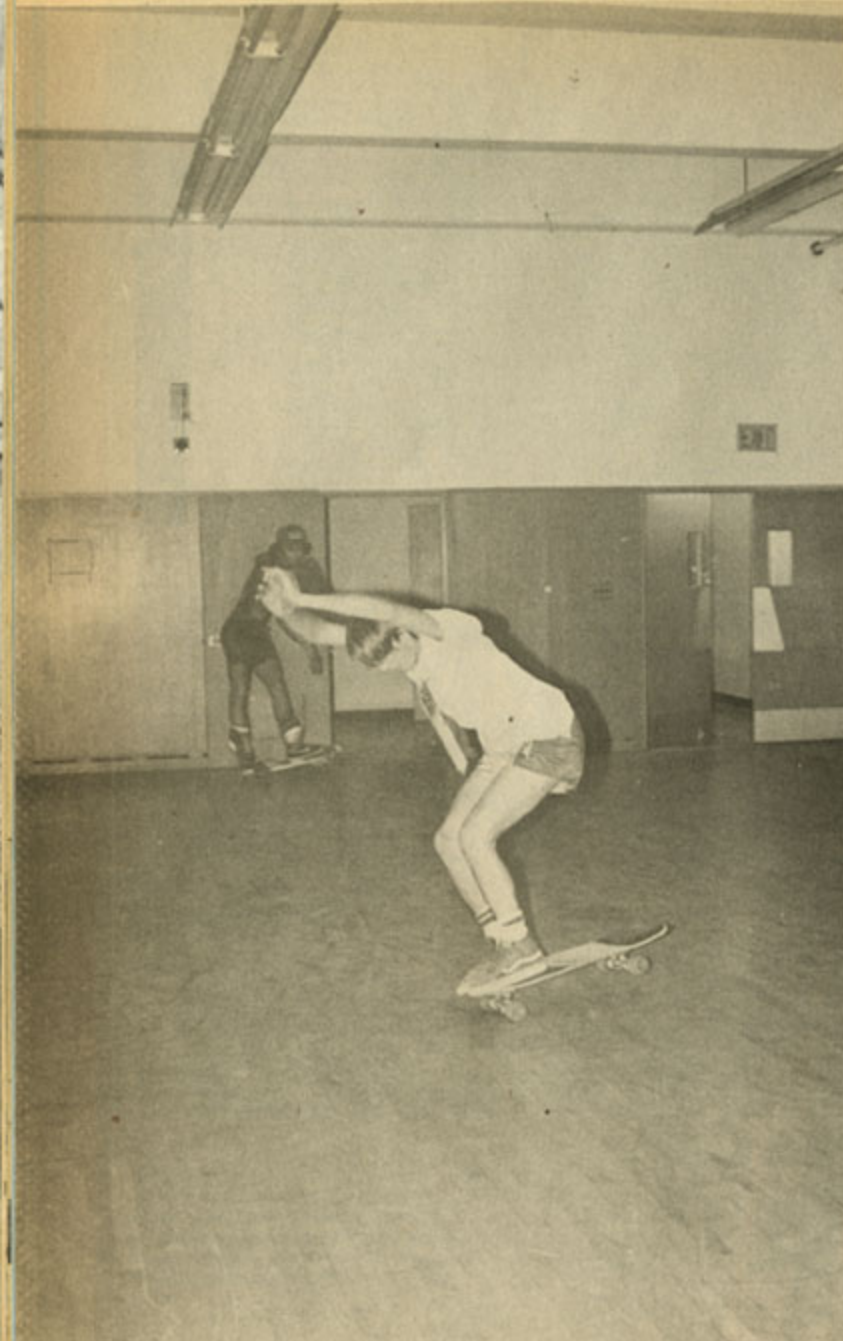
First of all, winter means different things in different regions. In the colder northern part of the globe, where sub-freezing temperatures and ice-covered streets and sidewalks make outdoor skating virtually impossible for five months out of the year, boarders are hard pressed to stay in skate shape. Along the East Coast, winter brings hurricane driven wind and rain and biting cold temps. Even in California, where it's sometimes hard to tell the difference between winter and summer, a weekend storm can put a damper on the best laid skate plans.



PHOTO BY THATCHER

(above) A parking garage provides undercover downhill thrills during harsh weather. An elevator ride to the top and a wall jilt road course are just some of the added luxuries. Bob Denike, Jim Martino and locals dicing in tightly packed formation at SJSU.

(opposite) Rockin' Bob Denike carving cool and dry lines in the sheltered confines of a Downtown San Jose parking garage.



An abandon gymnasium provides an ultimate freestyle arena for two adventurous skaters.

PHOTO BY THATCHER

In many cities winter's onslaught doesn't necessarily mean that there won't be skatable weather or dry pavement for months at a time. But skating is affected in other more indirect ways. Streets and sidewalks become littered with fallen leaves and branches, creating natural obstacles and dangerous surfaces. Drainage ditches, high, dry and skatable during summer, began the winter function of diverting water runoff. Pipes and reservoirs become clogged with rocks and other debris. Even empty pools must be drained of their collected fluids before each session. The only solution sometimes is to go indoors, underground or undercover where a whole new dimension in skateboarding is being discovered.

RUG RATS

The first topic of discussion involves those skaters who reside in heavy weather areas where snowstorms can leave one stranded inside the home for weeks at a time. If you have to stay indoors you might as well skate indoors. For beginners and a lot of skaters who were bred on vertical or park skating, these indoor hours could be spent honing up on some basic freestyle skills. Freestyle skating in the '80s does not require a lot of space to operate in. Most of your basic trickery can be performed right in your own bedroom or the garage. Freestyle wizard, Rodney Mullen, spends many practice hours on the smooth concrete of his garage, rain or shine. Our coverboy, Steve Rocco, works out his routines in the seclusion of his bedroom, or just about any place else that features a few square feet of flat surface.

A good way for any aspiring freestylist, especially the skater with limited on board experience, to learn the basic fundamentals is to practice on a rug. The reduced rolling capability of a skateboard on a rug-covered surface allows you to attempt the standard maneuvers (walk the dog, kickflips, fingerflips) without suffering the proverbial "bar of soap" treatment. If your room or garage has a bare floor, or you don't want to ruin Mom's white shag in the living room, you can usually find a yard or two of rug remnants in the trash bin behind the local carpet store.

SKATORIUMS

On his way to becoming the winningest skateboard racer of all time, John Hutson used to set up cones in the high school gymnasium near his home in Santa Cruz and with a few pushes would practice his pump-snap method of slalom skateboarding. The slippery surface of the varnished hardwood floor provided an extra challenge.

A gymnasium or other large, enclosed structure can provide you with a dry place to skate while allowing you to practice



Function follows form. David "Z" utilizes massive L.A. freeway architecture to skate and stay dry.

PHOTO BY STECYK

wheelies, slalom or whatever. Try setting up an indoor short track oval using cones and stage races with your friends. We've been hearing about a sort of skateboard hockey being played in underground parking garages and the like. Using a hard plastic ball and only skateboards as scoring tools, two teams pair off and go for opposing goals.

A large indoor arena could even house, dare I say it, a half-pipe ramp. Imagine school rallies and assemblies in the gym featuring half-pipe and freestyle demos.

SKATERS UNDERCOVER

More than likely you may already know of an area to check out for some dry skating during wet weather. Multi-storied parking garages can provide you with some downhill thrills during the heaviest of storms. Underneath bridges and freeway overpasses you can sometimes find a banked wall that is dry and skatable.

Kevin Thatcher



COMPETITION

TEXAS FALL SERIES PLUGERVILLE DITCH

As the weekend approached for the 1st contest in the Fall Series I watched the T.V. weather reports with disgust. Some sort of tropical depression or some other meteorological phenomenon was lingering over most of the state of Texas. Rain was falling everywhere. We left for Austin and hoped for the best. To conserve cash (with gas being what it is) the car was equipped with enough generic beer for the trip (Hey, you can save a buck per six).

Saturday came with no rain, but lots of fog, and we drove to the ditch to get things underway. As we pulled up we found what looked like a Cuban refugee camp—with Andrew Lopez in charge. Being the leader of the group he got the choice sleeping accommodations—inside the drainage pipe.

Practice was scheduled to begin at 10:00, and eventually did when everyone finally showed up at 12:00.

The notorious Big Boys showed up to handle the judging duties, as they had for the last Plugerville event during the Spring. The contest began at 2:00 after a typical snake warm-up session.

Wheels were worn before your eyes as clouds of urethane swirled about the ditch. The skaters were attempting and making almost every variation of the slide known to skatable man. In the 18 and under division, local skater John Nau took first with his smooth speed lines. Andrew Lopez, doing slide 'n rolls over his sleeping quarters, woke up in second place. Third went to Craig Johnson for doing well adapted vertical moves on the banks.

In the 19 and over division the same formula of fast slides and pool type moves were used to win. Brad Perkins of San Antonio took 1st. Nathan Gates (a last second entry) grabbed 2nd and local Tom Barrow received a 3rd place judgement.

After the contest we went to check out the hill that was to be used for the slalom portion of the contest on Sunday. The street was steep and long and peppered with rocks. When the boys decided to take a run they found that a wheel coming in contact with a rock would pulverize it into a puff of smoke. Kind of fun for a while but it didn't make the prospect of holding a slalom event on the hill any more promising.

With Sunday came more rain, and we went home.

JEFF NEWTON



Andrew Lopez combines street and pool instincts to pull off this slide 'n roll over the drainage pipe

PHOTOS BY JEFF NEWTON



IN THE TRENCHES



at Plugerville Ditch.

Vertical and pool-type maneuvers are adapted to the mellow walls of a ditch with interesting results. Dan Wilkes, Plugerville footplant.



Scott 'Squid' Sloane powers a layback during Alabama Ditch Contest.

NORTH ALABAMA DITCH CONTEST

Inspired by the Texas ditch contests, Florence, Al. skaters decided to throw a local ditch event of their own. Over a dozen skate dogs competed under blue skies and 70° temps at the TVA Reservation ditch. The government facility consists of one 30° bank opposing a 40° bank with 10 feet of flat in between. Incorporated into the terrain was a railroad tie along the top of the 40° side, providing rock 'n rolls and maximum board slides. The locals dug out a stretch of dirt along the top of the wall creating an 8 foot grindable edge.

During the warm-ups a bunch of rowdies ran off would be spectators by wiping out their suds stash. The contest got under way with the Pube division (17 & under). Tim Burnett was looking like the one to beat. The camaflouge kid skated with the experience that he had gained in the Alabama Mini Series last summer. But, without missing a trick, Doug Flippo pulled off a clean routine and a big upset over Tim. Frenchie Spencer, a little black kid, gave the boys a big surprise though, cranking mean berts, grinds and Jay Boy Adams influenced maneuvers off the railroad tie. The street skater smiled heavily as he toted away 4th place honors in his first contest of any kind.

After a few celebration doobs for the pubes, it was the oldtimers' turn. Steve Hobbie (a.k.a. bug man) opened with original tricks and plenty of bite in one of the best routines the ditch has witnessed so far. This back to basics contest really brought out the old guard. Ray Johnson, who had not seen competition in three years, was displaying surf style moves and up to date railroad tie techniques.

Playing the role, Squit Sloan (arriving dressed in coat and tie), blazed high-speed grinds, super extendo laybacks, and railroad tie sweepers in to a respectable 2nd place. The oldsters proved to the pubes that old dogs can learn new tricks. Each skater was given two one minute runs. The two scores were added to achieve a winner. Simple and sweet.

Appreciation is extended to the Chromatics for providing a great tape for the contest. Most of all, this ditch contest proved that the local hardcores don't care that Get-A-Way Skatepark (Huntsville) went up for sale last week. They're gonna THRASH regardless.

PATRICK WACHTER

WILD RIDERS OF BOARDZ

THE BIGGEST BOYS ROLL

THEY HAVE TRAVELLED HUNDREDS OF MILES ALTHOUGH IT COULD'VE BEEN THOUSANDS OR MILLIONS FOR ALL THAT MATTERS, OR MAYBE EVEN TWICE AS MUCH AS THAT FOR ALL THAT IT MATTERS. ALL THAT REALLY MATTERS IS, THAT IT HAS BEEN A LONG HAUL SINCE THE LAST FULL ON SKATE SESSION AND THAT THE MILES AND WEARINESS WERE BEGINNING TO SHOW. THE BOYS ARE ORNRY AND THEY NEED TO LET LOOSE.

The desert air rushed into the smoke-filled cantina as the foreboding stranger bellowed through the swinging double doors and made his way towards the stand-up bar. As he belted up, he snapped his fingers, the sound of which was not unlike that of the caballero's whip, signaling his presence and the bar-joe's attention.

"What'll ya have, mack?"
The stranger hardly acknowledged the bartender's meager presence. Then, slowly and surely, he stared into the proprietor's cataract eyes and said slowly, but with determination, "Give me the strongest you got."

"Yah, O.K. fine, sure, bub. Yessiree I'll tell ya."

The stranger surveyed the premises. Nobody really noticed his arrival. Over in a far corner of the room, Fred and Tim sat in a booth, sipping cold ones and cajoling over Cisco's antics of chasing cockroaches across the dirt floor and stirring up a minor dust storm beneath one of the tables.

Further glances unveiled the hidden mysteries of boon docks social life. A lush at the other end of the bar slowly sank into her seat and calmly laid her head to rest on the bar top in a drunken stupor (very common to the female gender of this rural hamlet). Nothing to waste one's time on here.

A partially sauced Biskut reeled off joke after joke to the captive lush audience of one, as Chris studied a topography map a few stools down.

The Bar Joe brought the 'stiff one in a glass' to the stranger while simultaneously mumbling about how he would rather be caught in the sack with his favorite 'hot patootie,' than be implanted on the household throne in the event of a nuclear holocaust.

One sip empties half the snifter, he decides the atmosphere needs something to be desired. A jukebox behind him became his center of attention. As he moved towards the Rockola, Chris paused from looking at the map and followed him with his eyes. He noticed his sinister character, evil looks and overall evility. Immediately, Chris decides he hates this man and was going to do anything he could to bring him down.

The nickel dropped down the slot. C-14. The stranger sang along, only, making his own lyrics.

*If you got the money, honey
I've got the time
We'll go honky tonkin', baby
Your bed or mine,
You've contracted T.B.
And that suits me just fine,
If you got the money, honey
I've got the time.*

On that last note he plopped back down in his seat and resumed his drink only to be stabbed in the eyes by Chris' cold hard gaze.

The message was clear. Only one of them would walk out of this dingy cantina tonight.

He finished his drink and delivered himself to Chris' side and said, "What we do. We do now."

Chris said nothing. His only reply, folding the map he rose and moved to a table nearby and sat down, facing the stranger, who in turn, followed and sat, facing Chris. Simultaneously they set their elbows down on the charred fake antique varathane-coated table top and joined their burly fists. The song on the jukebox finished and Hank Williams went back into his slot until the next stranger comes by and offers the nickel sacrifice.

The rest of the Big Boys tuned in on the action that was about to happen. Even Cisco became enveloped in the unravelling drama, tossing aside a cockroach torso and pattering over to Chris' side.

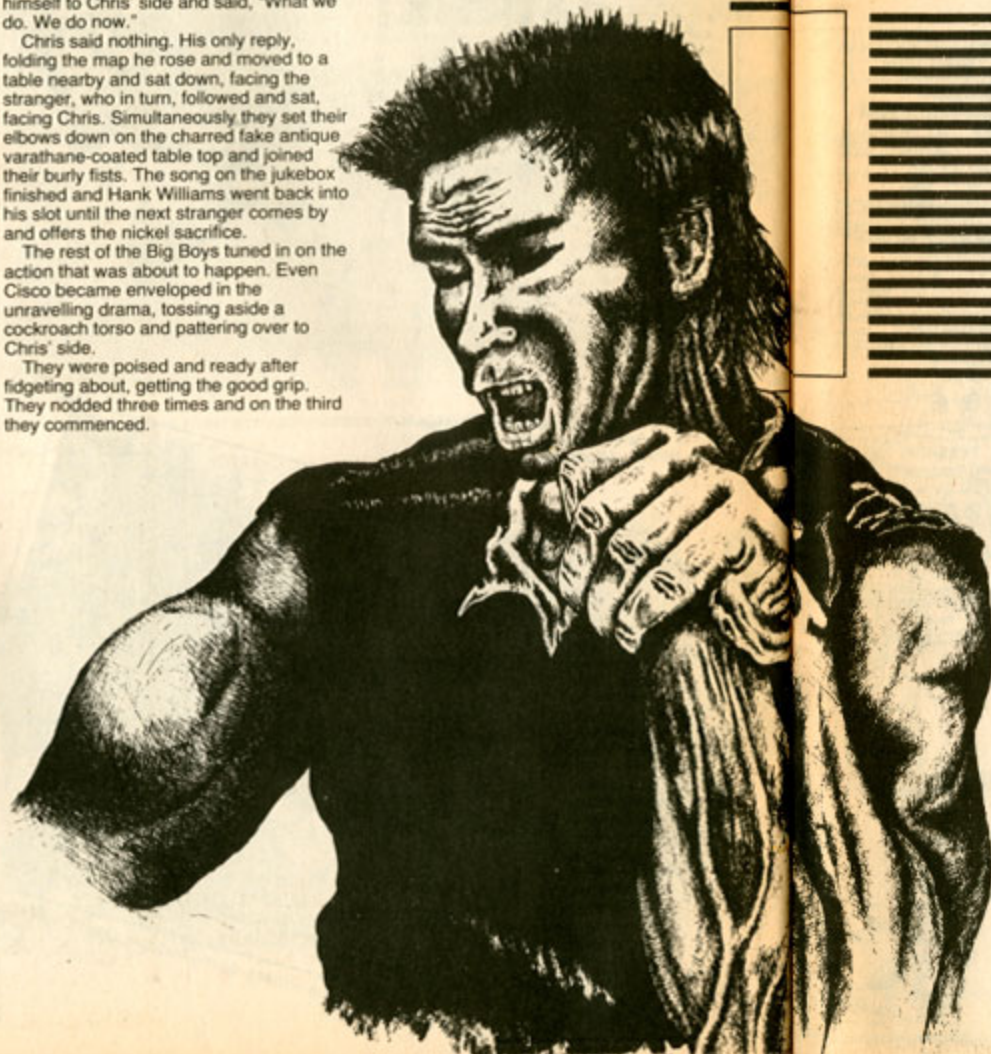
They were poised and ready after fidgeting about, getting the good grip. They nodded three times and on the third they commenced.

The seam on Chris' left shoulder grew taut and separated under the duress. The stranger's arm suffered a similar folly, seeming to bend at first, then finally snapping about four inches down from the wrist.

The lush rose from her drunken stupor just in time to witness the gory horror and consequently unchucked over the edge.

The stranger, who should have been screaming in utter agony, simply looked at his mangled member and said, "DAMN!!"

The Big Boys downed their suds, packed up and headed out to blaze the trail. They left the stranger a quad to call an ambulance and play his favorite song on the Rockola while he waited.



Back on the road, Chris pointed out what he had discovered on his map. A ten-mile, four-laned gradual downhill run that winds through a rarely used pass. The proceedings were as follows.

Forty-five minutes delivered them to the highest point, mark, a few thousand odd feet above the level of the sea. Fred at this point was becoming very well adapted to his driving duties (being's he only drove when he deemed it necessary). He slowed to a thirty miles per hour crawl as Biskut levered open the side doors and latched them in place. Fred held his course well, swaying not even the slightest bit.

Tim, Biskut and Chris, unpreoccupied, resembled paratroopers ready to bail. One after the other, at three-second intervals, they pressure-dropped from the moving vehicle to the passing pavement below, then veering off towards the slow lane. Fred, still in utter control, veered towards the left and faded back to drive a screen in the event that any cars might force their way on top of the rolling trio.

The road was on a gradual decline serving occasional black market runners. Smoothly paved. A downhill's paradise. The only flaws being the 'DA-DIT, DA-DITS' spaced every other line. A minor flaw nonetheless.

The run lasted a full forty-five minutes. The boys worked the hill to its full extent. Nobody bailed, nobody sketched as most know that it should always be this way.

Four trucks in a convoy, that were carrying cigarettes over the state line, advanced on the entourage three quarters of a mile back and closing. Fred, being the expert pilot that he was pretending to be, popped his horn twice and sped up in the fast lane, jockeying in front of the pack and pacing himself with the moving body of riders.

Biskut, in the lead position by about four lengths, rolled up to the door and stepped off his stick onto the running board, the skate still rolled beside the van in perfect cadence. He leaned down and picked it up, the wheels spun furiously. He spit on his bearings and then laughed when it sizzled.

The rest of the Boys rolled up and mounted in the same manner only with varying degrees of difficulty.

Chris, the last in, latched the doors behind him, then looked out from beneath his sweaty brows through the front windshield and said between exhausted breaths, "We turn West right up here."

Fred executed a picture perfect left hand turn and the Big Boys rolled off towards the horizon.

BEING BIG DEFINITELY HAS ITS ADVANTAGES AND THE BIG BOYS ARE NOT ONES TO REALLY IGNORE THIS FACT. ONE IS ONLY AS TOUGH AS ONE THINKS THEY ARE. NEXT MONTH: ON STAGE WITH THE D.K.'S.

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ON BOARD

KONA: A SKATEPARK THAT WORKS



PHOTO BY RICH ROSE

Kona Skatepark in Florida went out of business approximately three years ago. Eight months after closing, it was purchased by Martin Ramos, a successful businessman from Jacksonville, Florida. After the purchase, Mr. Ramos dropped in a new pool and built a half-pipe ramp, which by today's standards has turned out to be one of the finest constructed half-pipes in the world. Of course, these new attractions brought back the old skaters and provided a breeding ground for new ones.

Being the smart businessman he is, Ramos did not stop there. He advertised the park through different forums, built a club house which included a full stocked pro shop, a cafe with chairs, pool tables and electronic games, held periodic pro and amateur contests for the skaters, had free barbecues cookouts with prizes and even started the Kona newsletter to follow up on all the park events.

He created an atmosphere that was fun and exciting. An atmosphere that encourages a skater's presence, skaters are there because they want to be there. He created an atmosphere that must spread throughout all parks so as to create and ensure a healthy, stable future for skateparks throughout the world.

This summer marks the third summer Kona has been in operation under Ramos and business has grown each year. He has successfully proven that a park can survive and thrive under the proper *business methods*. Hopefully others will realize this and follow suit.

During a lengthy conversation with him at the Kona Pro-Am, he talked about the future of the sport, what positive steps might be taken and what strategy he is planning to implement. A strategy to evolve the sport to newer and higher levels.

His success with skateboarding so far has been totally hot. If he can project that same success into his other ventures ideas about the sport, then look out and get in gear....We're talking serious business now son....Added note, reports lately that Kona has been having 100 skater days...not bad mate!

Stacy Peralta

COMING EVENTS*****

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COMIC STRIP OF THE MONTH



ON BOARD

RAMPS ON THE PLUS SIDE

This past year we've seen the media take a sudden total interest on the scene of ramps; construction; how to build, who's riding them, and a ramp as a survival tactic. There are a few avenues though that the media has not shed light on.

The comparison between wood and cement as shock absorbers is obviously

apparent. When you fall on a wood ramp, it tends to give and absorb much more than concrete, which is definitely a plus factor. Landing on concrete puts all the pressure on the falling rider and his ability to fall properly. Wood tends to bend and flex taking pressure away from the impact on the rider's body. So technically, it is much safer to ride a ramp than a pool.

Ramps and pools are closely paralleled when it comes to knee sliding except for one thing. Wood does not wear out your skate and safety equipment as fast as

concrete, especially your wheels and knee caps. Concrete tends to act as a sand blaster to knee caps where wood is much less abrasive. The same goes for wheels when you are doing slide moves. Wheels wear down much faster on concrete than they do on wood.

The availability of wood should not be too much of a problem, although the cost of it can at times seem astronomical. If you can't afford it, then scrounge and comb your neighborhood for scrap pieces. One man's trash is another man's treasure. Many ramps have been put together with wood that would be considered junk. So don't let high prices put you down. Go out and scavenge.

Some skatepark owners have realized how wooden half-pipes can make a difference in skater enthusiasm and in cash outlay. Ramps may not be as versatile as a pool but they sure are the next best thing. Most park owners don't have the room and money to put in new pools, but they usually can work out getting a good ramp built. Kona and Sensation Basin skateparks both have had ramps built that are now being sessioned heavily. Not only were these ramps cheaper to build than a pool, but they are also more portable, easily repaired and safer.

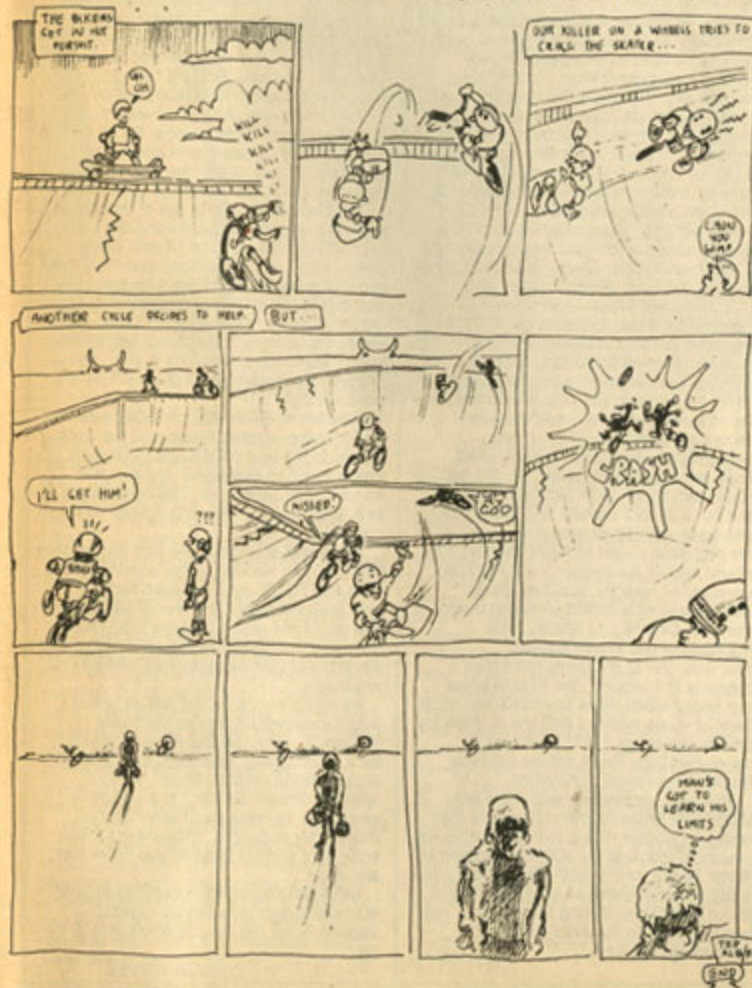
A skatepark made totally out of wood ramps with varying sizes might not be too far off in the future. A park like this would probably cost one-fourth what a concrete park would cost and it would offer more versatility to the park owner and the skater. The owner could disassemble ramps not being used and make new ones while the skaters getting tired of one size or shape could push to have another different one made. Something like this is unfeasible with concrete.

Plus, once a pool is built, that's it. You can't mold or sand out vicious kinks. If a ramp is built with a kink or mean transition, it can be disassembled and put back together properly. We all know how many terrible pools have been made that just lay in the park to waste. Every pool that goes to waste hurts skateboarding that much more.

Hopefully more and more, we will realize the vast potential in ramps that lies ahead of us. As the technology in ramps gets more sophisticated, we will probably see completely new designs. Wooden pools, full pipes and banked bowls are probably not too far off. Hey, if we can go to Saturn, then sure enough we can build a wooden pool that equals or betters a cement one. The potential and opportunities are there, all that is needed is an open mind.

Stacy Peralta

By Ted Alb, Riverdale, MD



S FROM THE UNDERGROUND



IGGY POP: PARTY

In England, *Party* has been called "an endless drunken bash" (*Sounds*). What should be noted is that for the first time ever, Iggy has recorded songs by authors other than himself: "Sea of Love" and "Time Won't Let Me" ("Bang Bang" is not, however, Bono's). The rest of the LP is pure Pop, joined by Ivan Kral, a pair of pro producers (Thom Panunzio and Tommy Boyce), NYC's Uptown Horns, and, inevitably, others.

As the story goes—you have, of course, heard it before—Mr. Pop (as *The New York Times* is inclined to call him) had his professional beginnings in a band called The Iguanas, from which he got his *nom du rocque*. He played drums and sang lead, and in fact drummed for a living for a time before giving up the skins to play his own skin. A Doors concert was the impetus for the formation of The Stooges, a band that eventually (through the machinations of one Danny Fields, A&R guy) found itself on The Doors' label, Elektra. The first Stooges concert took place on Halloween in 1967 in Ann Arbor, Michigan, kicking off a career as one of the most absorbingly outrageous (and walked-out-on) bands in the biz.

Veteran Ig-watchers will recall such Great Moments in Modern Culture as the televised appearance of our hero at an open-air concert somewhere in the midwest, wherein he stole the show from the likes of Grand Funk and Alice Cooper by being passed hand-to-hand along the audience while the unflappable Jack Lescaouie reported on crowd reaction. Others will recount such not necessarily apocryphal tales as Iggy winning a recording contract with a large, respected label by crawling on the president's desk and crooning "The Shadow of Your Smile." He is also no stranger to the sound and feel of breaking glass.

There were two albums for his first label—*Stooges* (produced by John Cale, and featuring such Ig-anthems as "No

Fun" and "I Wanna Be Your Dog") and *Fun House*—then a period of disintegration, then a period of remission c. 1972 courtesy of David Bowie's creative guidance and the indulgent support of Columbia Records. The result, *Raw Power*, is considered by many the prime cut heavy metal power-rock album of its time. On release, writer-moralist Lester Bangs, in no less august a journal than *Stereo Review*, called *Raw Power* "a staggering dose of bone-scraping rock frenzy straight from the heart of adolescent darkness...fascinating and authentic, the apotheosis of every parental nightmare."

Fame, it was logical to assume, was the only thing that could have followed such a musical achievement as *Raw Power*. Wrong. It just didn't work out that way, sorry to say. The group, instead, headed headlong into disintegration, ending up ending it up where it had begun, in Michigan. The last night (Michigan Palace in Detroit, January 1974), captured on tape, is documented in all its shuddering chaos on a record titled *Metallic K.O.*, described by L. Bangs as "the only rock album I know where you can actually hear hurled beer bottles breaking against guitar strings." So long, Stooges; Iggy and Stogee James Williamson stuck it out together for a collaborative LP, *Kill City*, recorded in 1975, released in 1978.

James Newell Osterberg stayed out of sight for a while, then, sometime during 1976, he bumped (literally, some say) into David Bowie, and from that chance encounter a revitalization of their professional association was kindled. They relocated in Europe, I.P. put his autograph on an RCA Records contract, and cut a record named *The Idiot*. The Ig was back, and there was a segment of the populace eager to welcome him. The album and its successor, *Lust For Life*, were hailed heartily, and live shows (sometimes with Bowie on keys) even more so. Of a N.Y.C. show, John Rockwell of the *Times* opined, "this was one of the finest hard rock concerts in memory...the kind of show that could teach most any punk you could think of some needed lessons in intensity, drama and range." *T.V. Eye Live* concluded Iggy Pop's tenure with the Radio Corporation of America.

The next Ig-carnation was '79's *New Values* on Arista followed by a tour that recruited all-star new wave luminaries as sidemen, followed by *Soldier*, followed by *Party*. About which Iggy said, "Every track is about somewhere in America. One is about a girl I met during Mardi Gras. We had to go to the financial district to consummate our love."

BOW WOW WOW: SEE-JUNGLE SEE-JUNGLE... MALCOLM HAS DONE IT AGAIN

Hailing from England, BOW-WOW-WOW features thundering African-Latin percussion with twangy Duane Eddy guitars. The band's lead singer, Annabella, is a fifteen year old Burmese refugee who was discovered in a laundromat by SEX PISTOLS creator Malcolm McLaren. She's fifteen and a fool, can't you see. She's a rock and roll puppet in a band called BOW-WOW-WOW. Annabella likes to travel around, experiencing different things. So much different than London, and she hates London. "It's just really horrible, I just really hate it. It's depressing," she says.

The band is a melting pot of different ethnic music influences mixing the Latin-African rhythms with the Duane Eddy guitar, good old fifties Rock and Roll. The group's guitarist, Matthew Asheton, feels that this is the only way a guitar should be played, just that twangy sound. "No need for all those fancy fuzz boxes and all that sort of stuff," he claims. It's that purity he prefers. He doesn't think the devices are pure enough.

As a band, BOW-WOW-WOW was the body for the original Adam and the Ants. Towards the end of that stint, Malcolm came along to manage it and told the band to kick Adam out. The band didn't like Adam really. They thought he was too old at 25.

The band entertains the fact that people see them as walking in the shadow of the SEX PISTOLS. Just because Malcolm was their manager, the media gives them this rap. They admit that the PISTOLS changed their lives, as they did many. But since they have no spiky hair, there is no argument.

All of the songs on the album are of equal merit with a couple particular standbys. Hey, the Greeks had a word for it, "Chiuagua," seems to be the most popular song on the album. Another, "Sinner, Sinner, Sinner," is a beautiful piece that incorporates heavy African chants. Most people, if they don't move when this song is played, you know they are dead.

BOW-WOW-WOW in performance is something that is not to be missed, especially for the people who claim to be 'IN.'

Damien Pithias

CHROMATICS: AT THE SLAM DANCE SALOON

A Review by Patrick Wachter



The Chromatics — L to R, Steve Reno, Killer Danny Fair, Larry Viall, Tom Pizza

Sliding back home after a heavy ditch session, the talk box jock was plugging the Chromatics gig at the Stagecoach (a.k.a. Slam Dance) Saloon. Whipping into the nearest 5&10, I purchased a cheap bag of cassettes with the bright idea of doing a review for Thrasher.

Arriving at the Stagecoach, with deck in hand, I found the establishment packed with skatepunks and delectable Betties. Fudging my way past the club owner (I gained free admission by slipping him Thrasher paraphernalia and making him believe I was a genuine staffer from the mag.) Mr. Saloon Owner then extended the invitation to enjoy myself without worry, due to the fact that the tables were nailed down.

Headed up to the balcony, I proceeded to locate various members of the band. Seated at a corner table, Steve Reno (guitarist), was trying to gather enough light to read MoFos' latest on the Big Boys from Texas. Killer Danny (drums) and Vile Child (vocals) were nowhere to be found. Back in the "ex-

ec" room, bassist Tom Pizza was curled up on the couch with half-o-gal and his squeeze, Sue. I yelled a word of encouragement. Tom replied, "Chrome time."

Charming the audience with his warped sense of humor, hardcore skatedog Max Russell (aspiring guitarist of local garage group "The Ditch"), introduced the boys of fast, furious, full terrorization.

Opening up with "For Me, For You" and "World Wide Suicide", the Chromatics set the pace for a full-on evening. On "Racin' Man", a jaunty tune, Larry describes the modern day streetrodder. Killer Danny comes through with a slashing cymbal sound on the fast paced number "Kling On". "Easy Way Out", a song about suicide, opened with Stevie and Danny guitar and drum jam. After the first verse Tom dropped in and took command. During "Sacrifice", vocalist Vile Child sacrificed himself by jumping into the crowd. Escaping with only minor slams, Larry stayed on stage the rest of the night.

After the first set, a video crew proceeded to set up. I inquired as to what their purpose was. They were trying to get clips to send to Europe. Scanning the crowd I noticed the notables present. Chromatics producer, Russ Zautson of Cactus Studios was taking it all in, while harboring new ideas for "the boyz next trip into the studio". The tables were sparsely spotted with the Muscle Shoals Sound crew (I'm sure you've heard of them). Though reserved, they seemed stoked.

Starting the second set the "Three" and on into "Take Me Back", Stevie blazed disciplined, precision guitar riffs. "Friends", a western type tune with a good dance beat brought a Betty invasion onto the Saloon's area of aggression. Ultimately one of the crowd's faves, "Quaaludes" intro was killer due to Danny's chime work. Vile Child, Larry provided appropriate theatrics.

Into "Welcome To The Streets" and "X", Danny and Tom's California roots intermeshed into some intense patterns. "Tell Me You Love Me" a good, tight, audience sing-a-long, concluded the set. In the aftermath of placing the crowd on pause, the band quickly replaced needed body fluids.

Tantalizing the audience with extended foreplay, Chromatics opened their third set with "Upset Boy". Erupting in mass chaos, the crowd edged on a violent frenzy throughout the set. (Tote-outs included introductionist, Max Russell and "worm" Jeff Tippett, they were unable to handle the mass inflictions on their heads.) Highlights included "That Girl", a surf tune, "Girls", a Betties fave, "This Town Is Overdue", kick-but number, and heavy breakdown in "Punk Cult Blamed". Not letting the boys leave, the sweat, spit and bloody crowd demanded "U.S.B.S." Grinding those on the floor into the most critical participations of the night, the Chromatics glowed. With no political motives at first-appearance, the boys expressed the semi-political composition of "U.S.B.S.":

"The government says they are working they say you mean so much to them, this is when you should be worried, and find you some new kind of friend.
U.S.B.S.
I'm talkin' 'bout U.S.B.S."
In short, everyone left the club fully "Chromatized".

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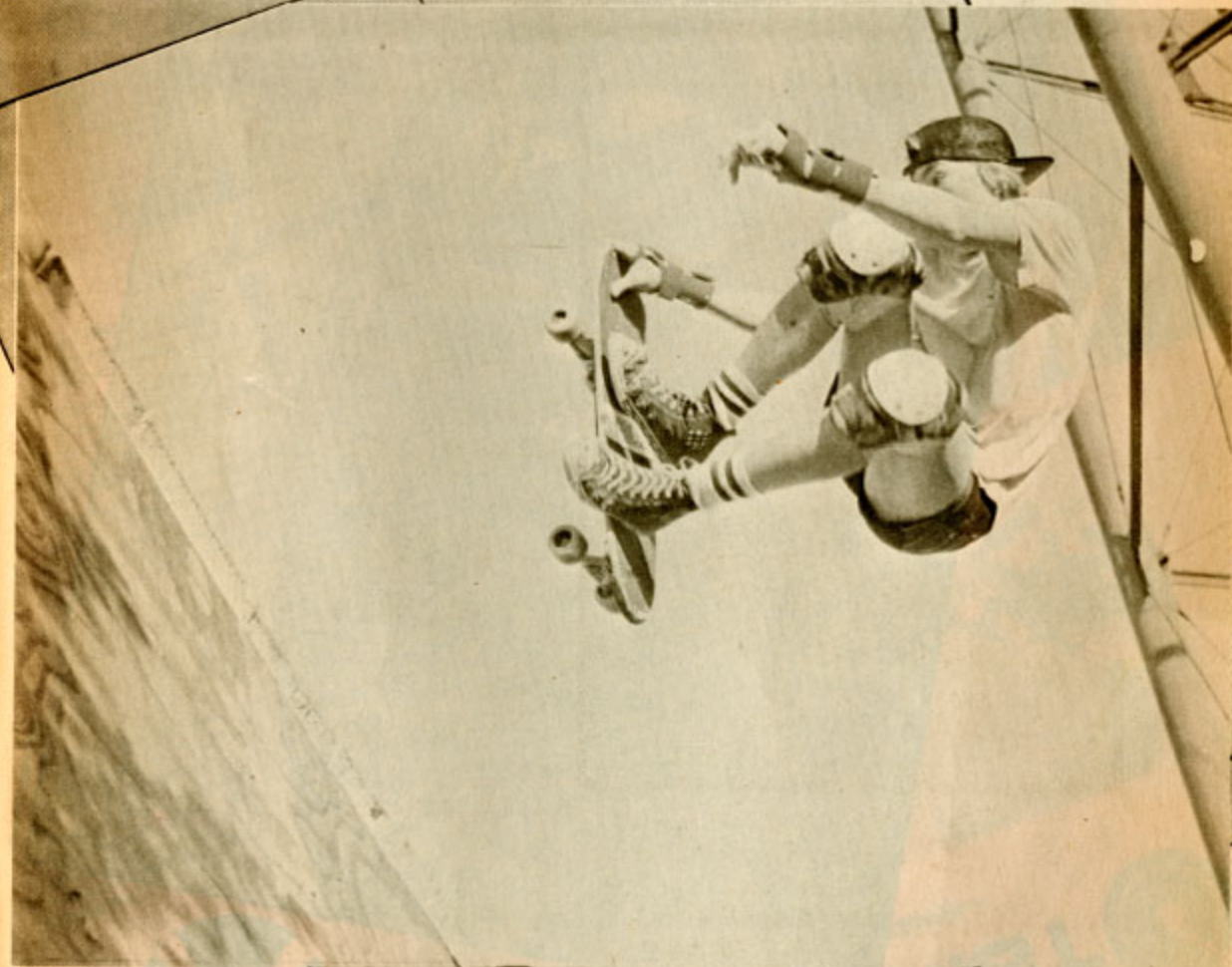
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Seaside Heights local, RALPH, at the 16 ft. halfpipe.

SKATE REBEL



TONY ALVA: BALDY PIPE

PHOTO BY RICH ROSE



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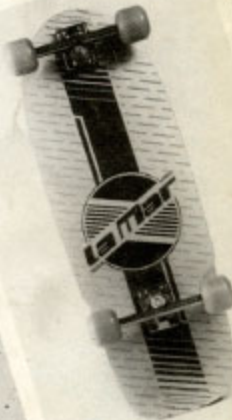
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