

**MORE  
OLD SCHOOL  
THAN YOU**



**A skateboarder's progress  
or  
The roots of BODYSLAM  
skateboarding mag of vert only**



**by  
mark conahan**



INSTEAD OF "BODYSLAM - SKATEBOARDING  
mag if vert only," It should have been called  
"diary of a young man as an exquist." Five  
issues appeared between 1982 and 1987 -  
three in Oregon and two in New England. MC and  
friends felt underrepresented by the skateboard-  
ing press. They tried submitting photos with no  
result. They were ripping and they had a radical  
scene happening but nobody knew it.



**O**NE DAY LONG AGO, Craig picked up a metal-wheeled skateboard that had been abandoned in the sidewalk. Kids need to remember to pick up their toys. The tiny flat board said "Fifteen Ties" on it and a graphic of three footprints. MC wanted to be a surfer but didn't live close enough to the beach. Since the predominant culture in town was law-rider it just had to be surfers. MC had a subscription to Surfer Magazine and one issue included a story about skateboarding and the possibilities opened up by the development of urethane wheels. started skateboarding a lot. He made

do with the metal wheels until he could get ahold of some urethane "Cadillacs." MC skated every day on that metal-wheeled piece of shit. Amazingly, the neighbors never complained about the noise even when he used their driveway. So MC is definitely more old school than you. Did you learn to skate on metal wheels? Eventually he got some urethane





wheels and a better board. Loose bearings, were followed by precision bearing Road Riders and a flexible fiberglass board, then kick-tailed solid wood, then a fiberglass Z-Flex followed by laminated wood, concaves, foam and p-text, foam/graphite and eventually back to laminated maple.

They skated streets, sidewalks, curbs, hills, ditches, and then we started building ramps. **Plywood was nailed to tables** and skated like a ditch. Next they built a **twelve foot high by eight foot wide ramp** with 30 feet of runway up to it. They skated it for hours - kick turns, front-side and backside "wheelers," and "Bertlemans." It was dangerous. There were no bones broken but plenty of flesh wounds and splinters.

MC came up with the idea to make a ramp like a pool wall and built a four foot transition **quarter-pipe**. The original idea was that it would be portable - put it up against a wall for instant vertical!





The crew kept looking for pools, and drove long distances and paid to ride the skateparks. They collected memberships from Skatepark Montebello, Skateboard World, Skatopia, Concrete Wave, Pipeline, Skatercrass, Endless Wave, Big-O, Del Mar, Lakewood, Marina Del Rey. the young MC hung at Phil's pool when Tony Alva and other Dog-Town legends were there, Ninth

Street pool with Doug Schneider, Upland skatepark and the Mt. Baldy Pipeline with Kevin Anderson, who they also knew from Phil's pool. An eight-year-old Eric Dressen used to skate the quarter pipe. They trespassed to skate **pools**, **ditches**, bowls, pipes, whatever they could find, ditched school to go to skateparks. They worked in shops, and practiced handstands, 360s and wheelies, jumped over sticks and cars and barrels and each other, jumped off loading docks and picnic tables, grabbed rides on the back of cars in parking garages and ran from cops and didn't always escape.

Mark and Craig were locals at **Super Bowl 1**; they skated it before it was open and used sledgehammers to clean it out and skate after it closed. Superbowl was a third generation park. They had a full-pipe like





Upland but they added pool coping to the vertical bowls. Aerials, RacknRolls, fakie 360's pipe fly-outs and rollo-ins were the radical moves.

MC moved to Portland Oregon in 1977. It rains a lot in Portland; that was hard. He eventually found skateboarders. There was a downhill scene at a local park - a long smooth road closed to cars. Skaters sponsored by a local shop eventually took him to an eight-foot wide

half pipe with eight foot transitions and four feet of vertical in a barn at a dairy farm. Larry, the owner, could fakie the ramp higher than anyone else. MC showed them what to do with the top, three wheels out, man. They made the ramp wider and cut it down to just two feet of vertical and built a platform on one side. MC went there almost every night for a couple of years. **Larry** ripped. Hucklebee drove 50 miles each way every night, stopping to pick up Harris

and MC on the way to Larry's, a few hours of skating with fresh milk and cookies afterward.

During this period MC also skated **Halsey ramp**, Ron Fujii's, the Ride-On demo ramp, **Glisan pool**, Rock Creek, ramps in Vancouver, WA and Pat's ramp. Pat's had a roof, made from stolen roof trusses, carried home on foot. Fujii moved his ramp to his house and MC was on TV jumping over the news van off the side. Fujii's dad offered MC 100 bucks if he could one-wheel the top of the six feet of vertical. He was ready to pay up too, but MC wouldn't take it - he only got two wheels out and Ron was standing right there.

MC was visiting southern California on school breaks and skating. He also visited skateparks the way back to school. The gang made road trips to skateparks in Canada and southern California and to Tri-Cities skatepark in



Kennewick, Washington to skate the **forty foot diameter keyhole with four feet of vertical.**



They did demos and went to contests. One summer MC and three other skaters got paid to do demos all over Oregon wearing polyester tennis clothes. Huckabee drove the truck. They did safety demonstrations and freestyle routines. a highlight was MC's transfer across a six-foot gap between two quarter pipes. They made \$200 a show.

The Larry's scene continued for a couple of years, there was some other skating going on, slalom and downhill races but MC, Larry, Harris and Tom skated ramps. They macked skaters who didn't skate vert.

In April 1979 Kanaa Surf sponsored MC to skate in **The**

**Dog Bowl Pro** at Marina del Rey skatepark. Kanaa flew him to LA and he spent a couple of days beating the crap out of himself trying to get used to the bowl. The Dog Bowl was crowded and so MC did most of his practice in the upper pool. He spent some time working on laybacks with Duane Peters who later told the owner of Kanaa surf that all his skaters were lasers. Skating curved walls and concrete is different from skating a wooden half-pipe. MC had moves like layback airs and allies, a couple different inverts, stuff none else was doing - but the beating was too much. He placed near the bottom of the standings in front of Craig and all his old So. Cal pals. It was okay, though, he skated with the top vert pros of the day, got some new skateboard gear and a **t-shirt**. He could barely walk when it was over but was a hero to his pals in Oregon. MC skated in a pro contest! He wore that t-shirt a lot after he got back.





Eventually all of the first generation ramps got torn down. We became punks. We got mohawks. We listened to the Sex Pistols and the Circle Jerks and Black Flag. We wore funny clothes. **Huckabee** sang Louie Louie with Henry and Black Flag in Seattle; stage-diving back into the crowd after singing "me gotta go now." He got pistol whipped after a show in Seattle and lost a front tooth. He became a punk rock hero. Huckabee and Bill Reese had a band called **Dirge**. They skated a lot, mostly at Marcus's and in the street. They macked skaters who weren't punks.

Thrasher magazine appeared in 1981 to show the way - The boys introduction to DIY. Thrasher's production was so crappy compared to the slick skate publications we were used to, that MC figured he

could make a magazine just as good if not better. Mark and Tom made **BODYSLAM - skateboarding mag of vert only**. Thrasher was really cool, eventually plugging BS as "the virtual god of all skate 'zines."

BODYSLAM was intended to promote vert skating. There was bad blood between the freestyle-downhill-slam axis and the vert rats, the same crap that still goes on between vert skaters and street skaters to this day. BODYSLAM was a venue for Tom's photography and MC's comics and they skated vert. They made some good friends through the mag and eventually did put street pictures in the 'zine. It was a useful calling card when MC moved to Massachusetts in 1983. Tom had already moved to San Francisco.

The BODYSLAM3 cover was printed just before the move. The completed BS3 included shots of two primitive Massachusetts ramps.





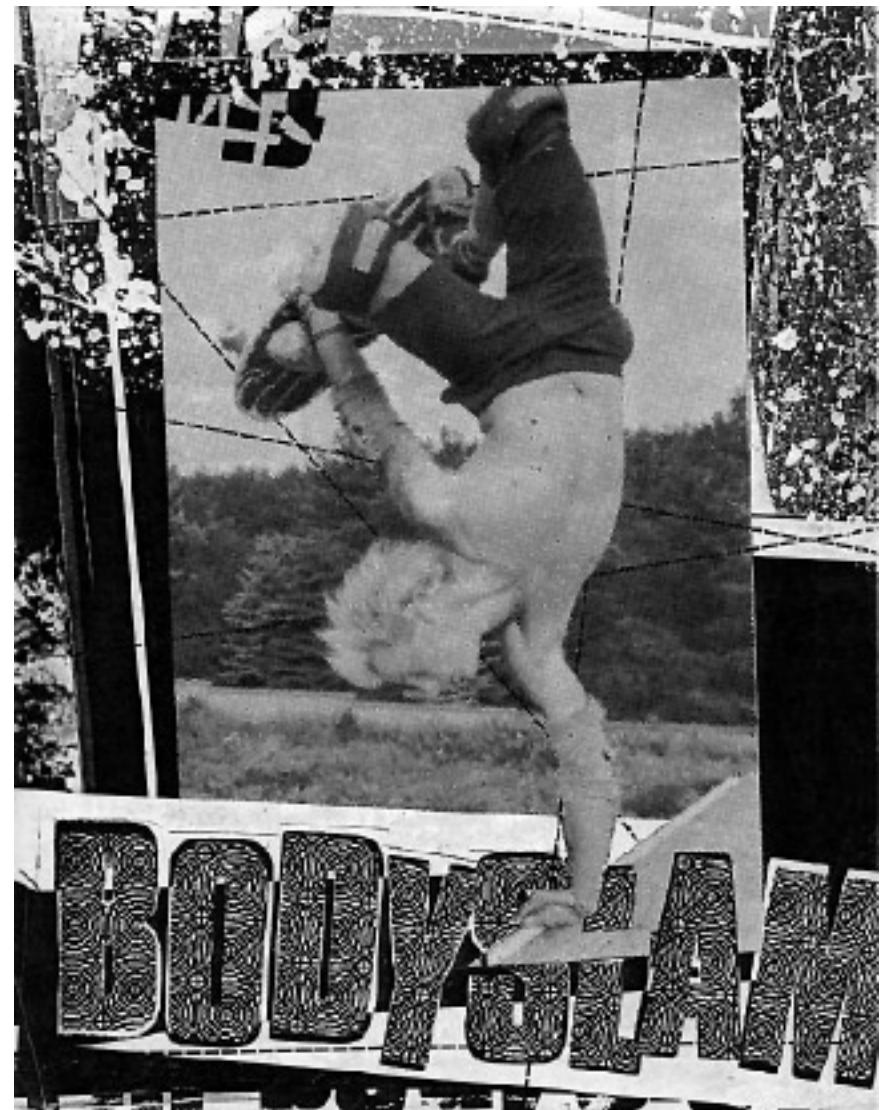
BODYSLAM4 had some Oregon stuff in it thanks to Jay Mugging but most of it was east coast material. MC met the Grinner at a ramp in Danvers - a native guide! Glen took MC to a bunch of ramps as well as the City Hospital banks, Turtles, Skate Lab, Cambridge pool. At Braintree there were cool people (Sean McLean, Fred Smith, the Wrecker) who were skating way better than MC. Those dudes eventually formed a band called the Loud Ones and

a couple of them picked up sponsors. They put up with Max because he didn't bail.

Max dragged Glen and Dave forward to a ramp deep in the heart of Maine for the contest described in BODYSLAM4.

MC was still doing comics too. Thrasher published a dozen MC **comics** and drawings and some writing between 1982 and 1988.

**BODYSLAM5**, completed in 1987 was entirely east coast. Featuring the Grinner, the Loud Ones, the Wrecker,





Contart crew, Newton Will, Canton, Chelmsford, Halden and Rhode Island ramps, it was all vert, baby. BSG was also the last BODYSLAM. MC applied the skills he acquired making the 'zine to a graphic arts career.


MC wrote a "gnarlier than thou" letter to the Boston Phoenix. They did a story featuring the Contart Crew that showed complete ignorance of the real Boston hardcore. Once again, MC was feeling ignored.

Back to Oregon in 1990. Most of MC's old pals weren't skating anymore. Jay Mugging was recently out of jail. There were still a few ramps around and the Burnside park was just getting started. Howard Weiner opened City Skate, an indoor skatepark. It had a slippery half-

pipe and a big curved mini-ramp bowl area. Ryan Neuhaft was still skating, he built a ramp at his in-laws' house across from the police station in Keizer, Oregon.

Now it's 2002 and there are a shitload of skateparks again. Last year MC skated at Newburg, Donald, Lincoln City, Beaverton and Burnside. If you skate **Burnside** early in the morning, there's nobody there.

Skateboarding is disgustingly popular again. There is a hardcore bench-sliding scene out in Beaverton. Budes use the flat-bottom of the big half-pipe as a runway up to a picnic table, which is is bullshit! There is a new indoor skatepark in Portland, Ten bucks to skate for two hours and no serious vert, more bullshit. It's hard to imagine how that's going to work when some of the best skate spots around are all free. Burnside even stays dry unless it's really windy. Ask Howard what their chances are.

MC's skating is nothing special these days. People bang their boards if he busts out the frontside invert but Flatlander brats also flip him shit. It doesn't mean as much to him as it used to. MC just skates now and only worries about impressing himself. 



no. 1

# BODysLAM

skateboarding mag of vert only



ramps !

huckabee  
interview

larry's ramp



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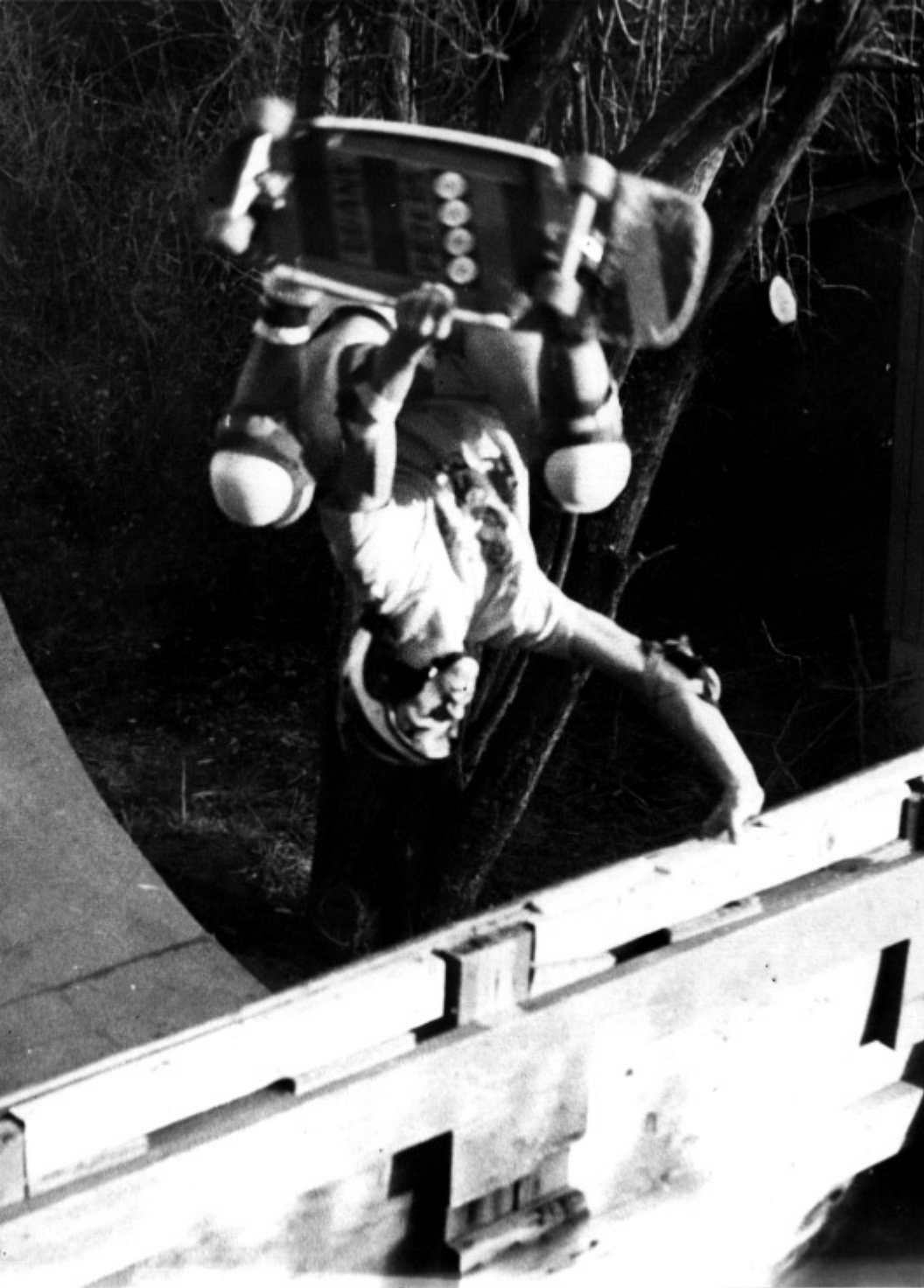
At this point I have to do everything I can to get people skateboarding on the walls again. In the past four months I've gotten hungrier than I've ever been to skate vertical, and in that same time I've watched through other sources the slow and painful decline of the sport across the country. There never were many hardcore vertical skaters in Portland, probably less now than before. Consider this a plea to those who aren't too far gone to recharge and bring the Portland vertical scene back to thrashing, snarling life. There was never a question of North-western vertical skaters competing



with the southern avant-garde. There are obvious disadvantages to skating in the Northwest a lack of places to skate, and rain. Speaking from experience though, the energy of the ramp sessions (the good ones at least) -that I've been fortunate enough to have experienced-rivals or surpasses any skatepark action, past or present. This is because the essence of high powered vertical skateboarding derives from the individual skateboarder, not necessarily from a commercial/professional epicenter like southern California used to be. This is why a group of ramp-skaters removed from the hotbed of skateboarding activity can thrash on the typical skatepark session. As long as skaters push themselves we will have radical skating. three feet of air is just as radical on a ramp as it is in a skatepark but a full-on session at a ramp is better than a wimp-session anywhere. I've been part of several hard core skate sessions since I've been here. I hope to be part of many more. Here's some stuff to get you thinking about skating again...read on.



MC



RYAN at jay's ex - cg's/halsey ramp noct - invert



mark

marcus





two ways to  
throw it over...

ryan neuhoff / jay's



ryan neuhoff

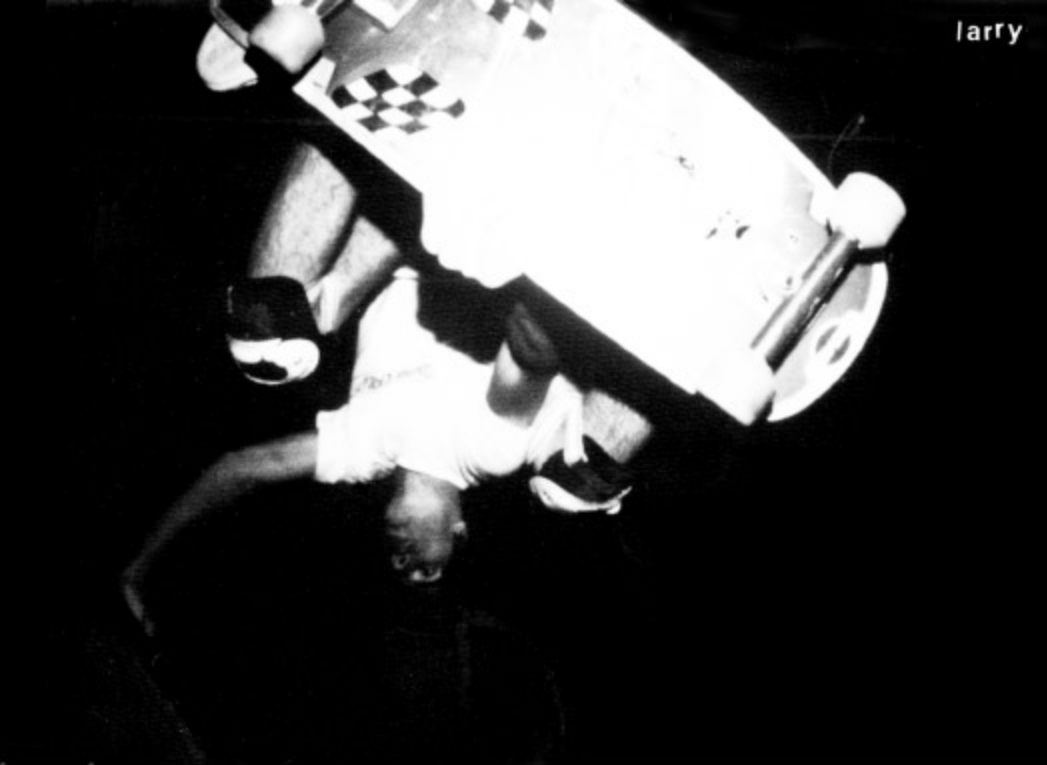


larry de sanno / fuji's



larry de sanno  
early release at  
ron fujii's ramp  
summer '79





larry



LARRY'S RAMP

# LARRY'S RAMP

by tom and mark

LARRY'S RAMP...THE BEST PLACE TO RIDE IN PORTLAND... That is, if you could...

I used to go out to Larry's every weekend... then every night during the years that it was around. It was about a 50 mile drive there and back, but I had my dad's gas card--no problem... Larry's was the scene of some of the best sessions that I've ever been part of...going out there every night riding...



harris rankin--stylish as heck

pushing everybody that was there; (usually it was mark, harris, larry and me, then when it was all over we'd go inside and have milk and cookies. The best sessions happened after the ramp was widened to 16 feet; mark would be perfecting some new trick he'd seen in skateboarder magazine, an "blie-air" or something equally difficult, he would always have the move down by the end of the night. Harris, he was harris. He had a goofy style, we called him "the duck. Larry was always doing something crazy. first it was wheeling off the side of the ramp when it was on- later it was verts.



the side of the ly eight feet wide, fully extended in- (ednote: last time I saw Larry skate, he was as radical as ever, even after several months away from skating vertical lets hope he's back into it this season.) Me, I just tried to keep up.

Larry's was where we learned how to skate. you have to skate every day, that's the only way to get good. That's just what we did too and hey, we were good. there was a time when no-

mc body in oregon was

even close. Larry's they fed us the cooki the ramp was in lar- try to find someone use that much indoor free for four years a lot to Mr. Gant- Now we have to loo k for places to skate... and they aren't easy to find. One best places we've ever skated, trashed beyond recovery. Marcus's ramp may be- to the pre- sent gener- tion what ry's was the poten is there- note- whether ication No mor more You ld a all

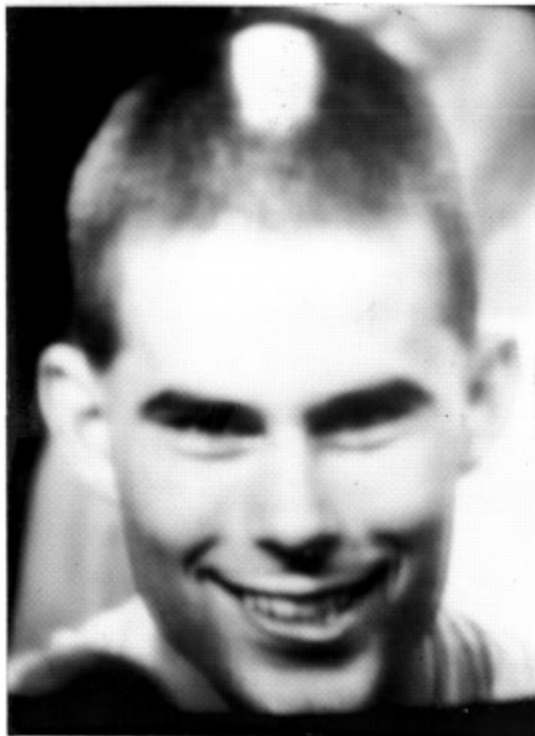
to sum up It had its nings as a 1/4 pipe at Mall 205. It became spots to skate on the west ped skating there... Larry went JD... grampa Had him tear the darn thing down...



family was really supportive es and milk didn't they? ry's grampa's barn, who'll let you space rent we owe bein

lar- to us tial I'm sure i the ded- is... dopes... skaters. should bui ramp. we should. no- thing is as cool as ver- tical skating I'll fight to prove it. But larry's ramp, humble begin- used in a demo one of the best coast... we stop- gear head, then

other juvenile delinquent



# huckabee interview

by m c

TOM on TV - am northwest punk?

What do you think of skateboarding magazines?

T H: Well I like Thrasher, but Action Now, I dont know, They always had the Tracker good looking people... like Percy..bunch of Fags... wear your OP shirts OP shorts, Rector pads all around your new shoes...

There was a guy out at Marcus' ramp who dressed like that, the guy who got speared.

T H: Yeah..."You thrashed on my chest..." (laughs) he stands right next to the ramp ...and once in a while somebody's gonna lose it and shoot their board...

I remember you dropped a board on a girl's head once.

(laughs) I also dropped one on Jay... he was walking off the ramp, and B O O M ... hits him right in the head. That was an accident but we all rolled on the ground

laughing and he got all pissed off and he went "OoooH oooH!" (laughs) Yeah, there's a lot of wimps up here.

Who do you think has cool style?

T H: I like all Duane Peters' moves... he's my hero. (laughs)

Who else?

T H: Well, there's this guy I know, Mark Conahan, he used to have it but he's burnt out now. (laughs)

Watching Peters skate for the only time was pretty hot, but what can you say for a style (that comes from) drinking a six-pack and going out and putting everything you've got into it. You know it's got to be pretty rad.

that was at Big-O . my biggest defeat was at Big-O (Gold Cup Series) about two years ago... I got last place out of everybody there.



"...there's a lot of wimps up here."

panic air  
at larry's



How long have you been skateboarding ?

T H: 18 years, about 5 on vertical.

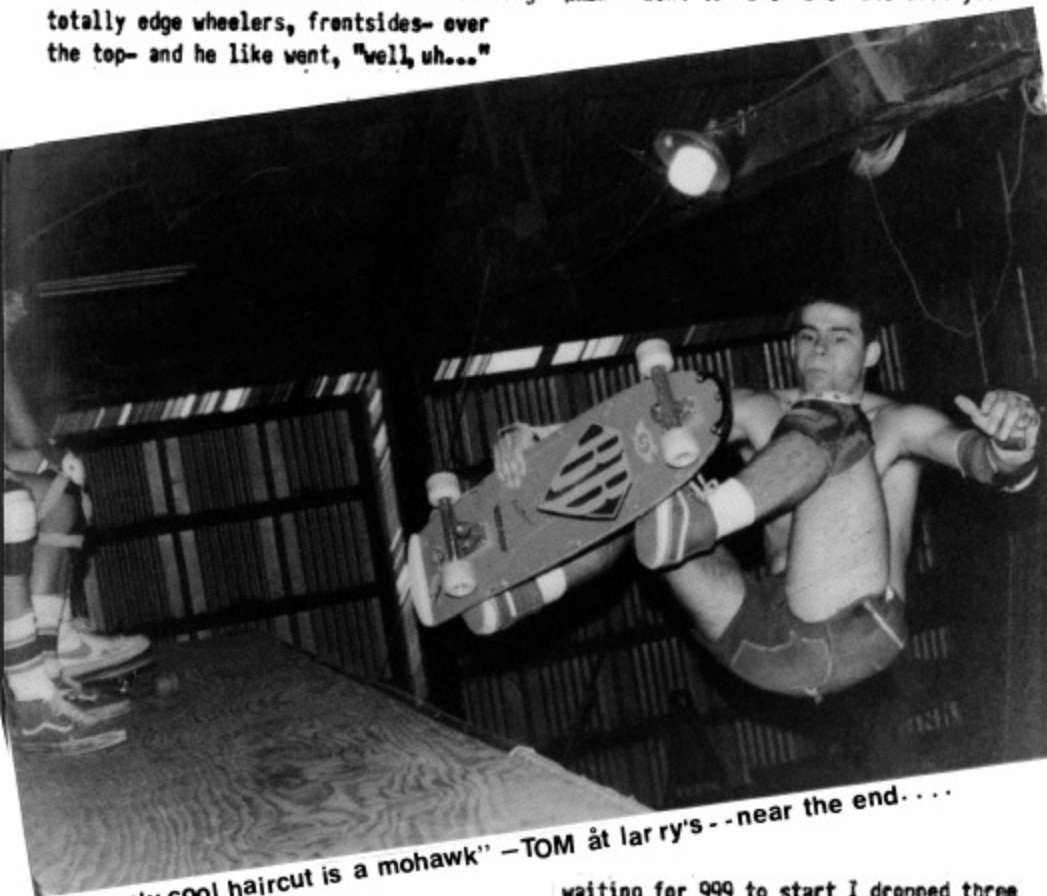
When I first started skating everybody kind of overshadowed me. Cross... he's wierd, always put me down..."Aw, you can't do that, you're too big."

Yeah what happened to Cross ?

T H: Cross is dead. Last time I skated with him, out at 185th ramp, I said, "look what I learned how to do!" I was doing totally edge wheelers, frontsides- over the top- and he like went, "well, uh..."

T H: When I first started going there I used to hang around with Mark and Larry and Harris. There was a mystique... there was like this image. People would say, "Ride On team's coming up!" That was Mark, me, Larry, Harris, we were the only vertical skaters... serious ones who actually practiced tricks... Yeah, the people in Olympia were stoked.

They also got this image of me because of when I went to Nine Nine Nine last year.



"the only cool haircut is a mohawk" -TOM at Larry's--near the end....

He didn't have anyone to shit on any more.

T H: Well, nobody to look up to him.

It's different now.

T H: When I went up to Olympia... they think I'm a wild man for some reason... they think I'm really good.

Well, you have really good style now.

waiting for 999 to start I dropped three beers in less than five minutes and got all crazy and started spitting on people and when 999 played I went crazy again and jumped off the stage a bunch of times and then as we were walking out to the car I said, "what a shitty show! I didn't get cut up or anything!" (laughter)

Why punk and skateboarding ?

T H: Well punk is a very physical type



Tom full tilt at Larry's

music and skateboarding is v e r y physical.

What do you think about rivalries ?

T H: Well, there's always been a fight thing going on, but I've always been one of the good guys. Like Cal Skate team was all nice and shiny and smiles, and then Ride- On was radical and terrorist actions, and now, I'm a punk. Yeah, I'm a roadie for a band and a skateboarder.

My hero...

T H: Yeah. (laughs)

Why do you think Punk Rock and skateboarding have such small followings here in Portland ?

T H: Because not many people can do it. Like, there's me, you, a few in Olympia, people from Seattle. Like as far as I know, all the cool punks up there have skateboards and everyone's down on skate-

boarding because of it and they burn down the ramps and stuff...

(a rather detailed and boring digression on the subject of Punk in Portland followed and by mutual consent- in the interest of saving space- is edited here.)

T H: Poison Idea is the only band I like in this town. When I go to see Poison Idea, I usually have a quart or two of "Old English" and get really drunk, and I become...become superman and I can jump off the stage without getting hurt. I do crazy things when I get drunk. The last time- get some tequila and I blacked out and I told a guy to beat my head in and he obliged me. I don't know...for people out there listening to me talking about drunk... or reading this, you shouldn't think Punk is getting drunk, going out, fighting. Its more of an attitude: that you're not going to get fucked (over) by anybody. If you don't want to do it, you're not going to do it



and if somebody makes you do it, you do something about it.  
How about if we get back on skateboarding?

T H: Good idea, fuck the punks.

Who do you think has potential as a skateboarder in Portland?

metal pipes night session

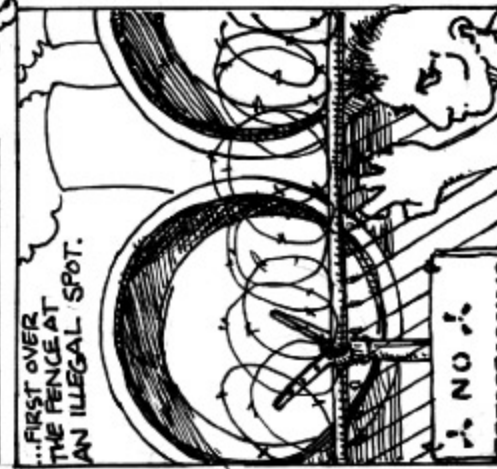
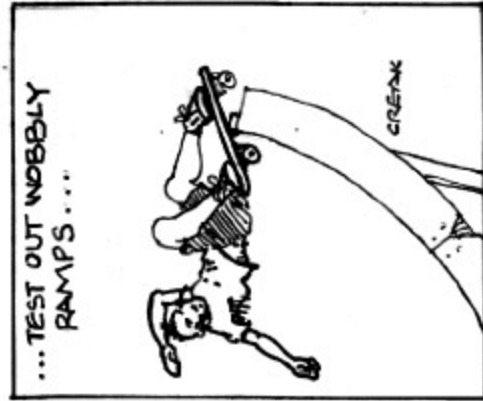


"...radical and terrorist actions."

I H: Um... I don't think... anybody does. the way I see it- I've never skated with anybody else -except you to make me think they really wanted to skate all the time. Well, Jay could be really good if he puts his mind to it, 'cause he's getting that no-self attitude: if you're not putting your life on the line, you're not having fun.

Do you think Jay will drop in this year?

I H: If Jay could get- not thinking about hurting himself- he could do almost anything. That's the kind of attitude I guess you have to have, it's like people on the dance floor... it has to be mechanical, without looking mechanical... don't think about anything- that's the trick.

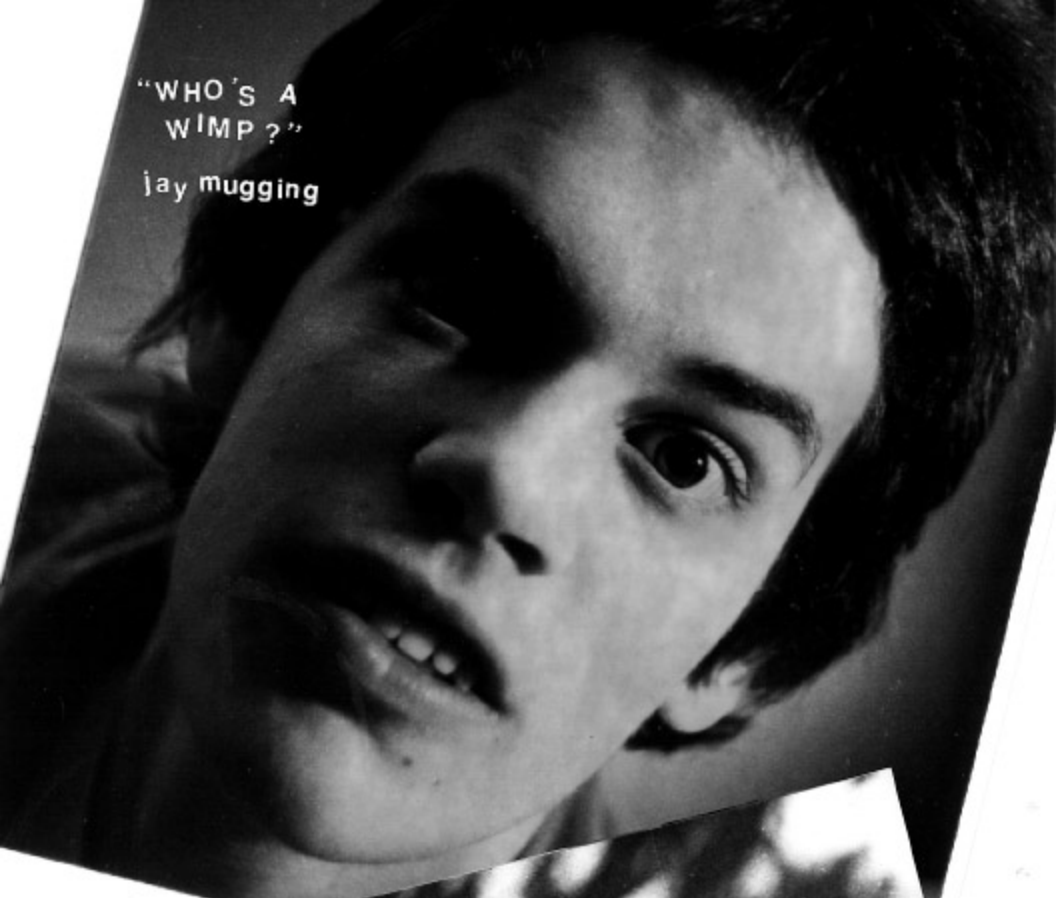


mc over the ruins  
of superbowl 1...1979

photo: tim



mc over the ruins  
of superbowl 1...1979



"WHO'S A  
WIMP?"

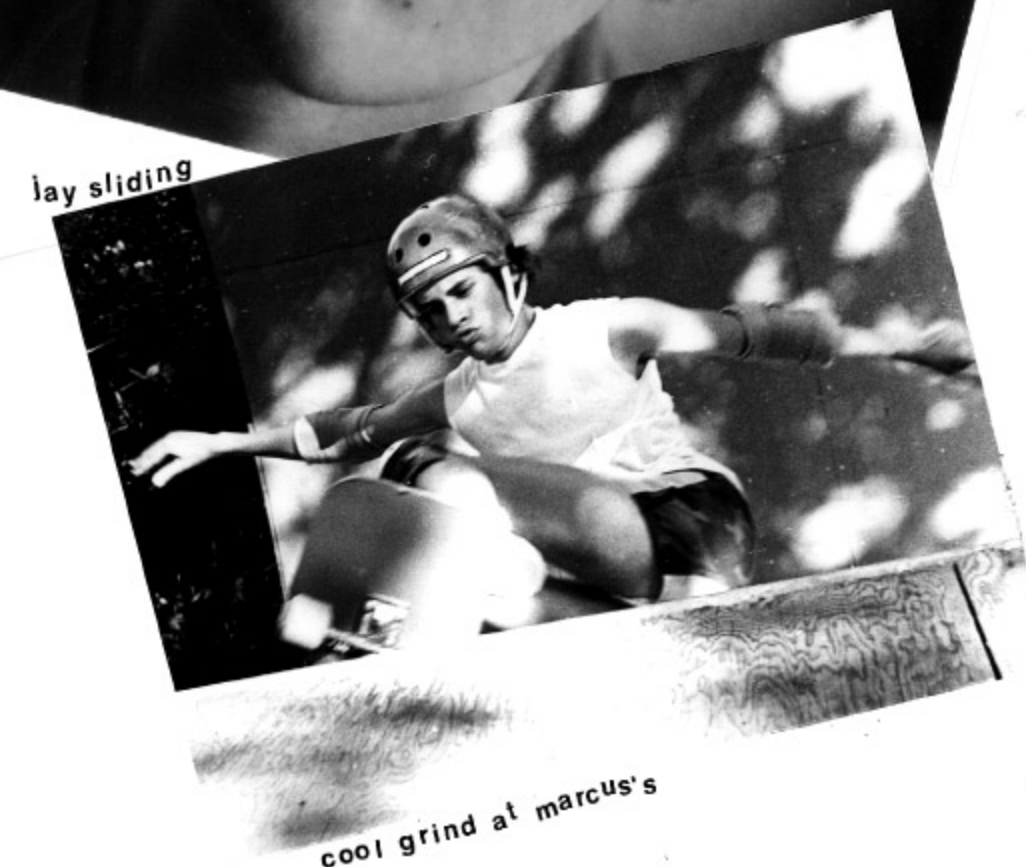
jay mugging



adam

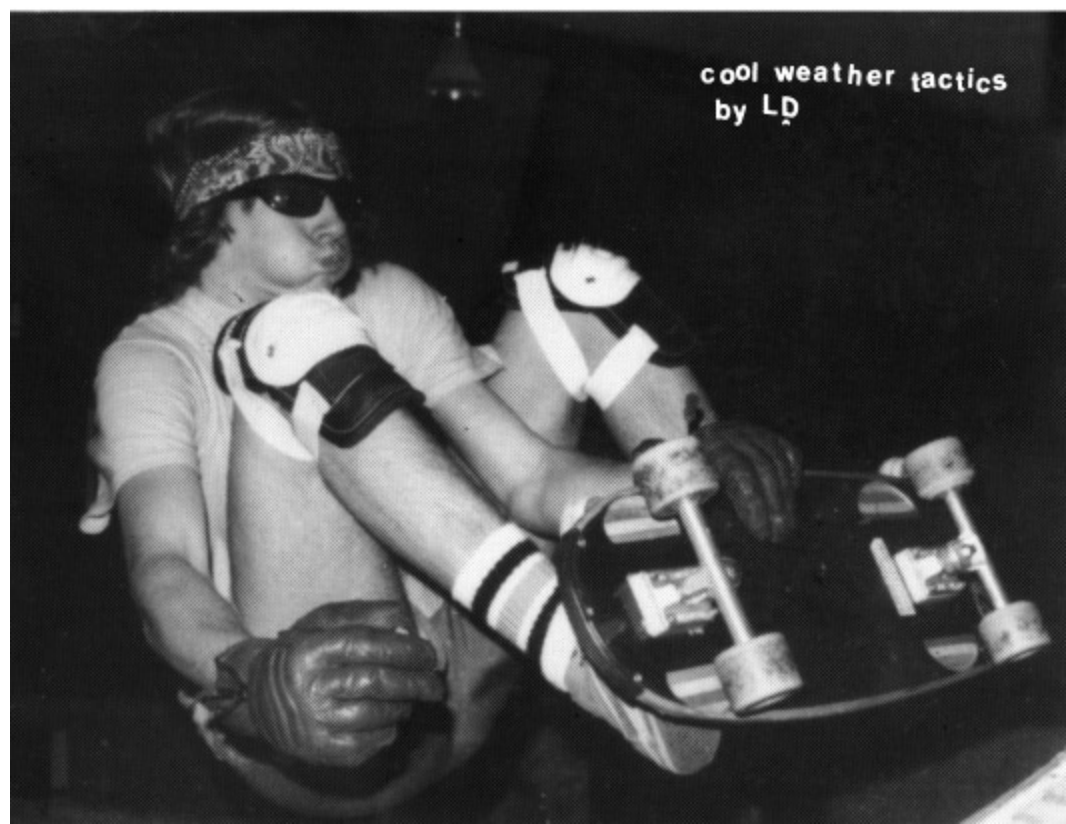


wow



jay sliding

cool grind at marcus's



cool weather tactics  
by LD



# CAL SKATE & SPORT

INTRODUCES SST SAND & SNOW BOARDS...



## credits

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**BODYSLAM**  
summer 1982

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tim's bowl june 82  
by Chris Gunderson



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**D R O P I N**

Ok, it's true. This issue includes a Mark Conahan interview. You're thinking, "ah ha! now we know why Conahan started BODYSLAM in the first place: so he could finally see his name in the mag." Well, you're right! Not really, it was all Tom's idea. Tom has been promoted from sometime writer/photog to photo editor and partner in crime for this issue. So blame him for both the length of the interview, ( he didn't want to edit it at all. ) and for the fact that it's in here in the first place. Don't blame me, I just answered the questions, I didn't know he was taping it, honest! Besides, even if you don't believe me and you're still suspicious, calm down there will be plenty of room next issue for pictures of your ugly mug!

In case you haven't noticed, this is a hot issue. In case you doubted it, next issue will be even better. There's a new ramp and Marcus is expanding his. Some gnarly action should be happening soon, so take pictures. No doubt, you'll also have noticed a conspicuous lack of pictures of Huckabee. Sorry, wrong place at the wrong time, and no camera. Tom's happy about it for some strange reason. Oh well, the little "th" you'll see on a lot of the pictures means "Tom Huckabee took this one!" He's been there, he's just been shooting more than skating.

For the record, Jay Mugging finally dropped in. Tom and I were both there; he elevated at Tim's. I know you've been losing sleep wondering I know Jay has. We're still waiting for him to do it somewhere high, You sissy!

That's all, skate hard and enjoy the mag.

**MAC**

# WASHINGTON SKATE GODS

an interview with MARC HOLT MIKE SHAUGHNESSY & MARK HEALEY

Washington and Oregon skaters have a lot in common. Both states are isolated from the hotbed of skating activity and in both areas hardcore vertical skaters thrive. The attitudes of Washington skaters differ from those of their Oregon counterparts however. The following interview reveals some of those differences. The interview was conducted by Tom Huckabee with three members of Washington's hardcore vertical scene.

Fife, WA.

Ok, what are you guys doing now that skateboarding is dead?

HOLT: Skateboarding.

MS: It's not dead!

HEALEY: OH, sometimes I - I'm into skating. I don't care whether it's dead or not.

HOLT: It's dead for the people who were never into it in the first place, and it's totally alive for the actual hardcores who are into it.

Uh, how many years have you been skating?

HOLT: Six. Six years.

MS: Six.

HEALEY: Yeah I'd say about just about the same, five six maybe, yeah.

What do you think of this ramp?

MS: Aaaaarghaha!

HOLT: It has no vertical so there's no potential for high aeri-als. It's adequate, but it's not all that great.

Describe the ramp.

HEALEY: The ramp, OK, it's about twelve feet wide one side's about 11 or maybe-yeah about 11 tall and the other sides nine feet tall. One side's got two feet of vert, the other side has maybe four or five inches. It's got pool coping on one side...

MS: Which we stole from Shelton's.

HEALEY: Yeah.

MS: GT and Mike Shaughnessy.

HEALEY: Yeah they stole it. It's got platforms on both sides and it's in need of repair. We need some new plywood. We'll have to go out and snag some more pretty soon.

Ummmm...

MS: Too much Old English.

What do you see you'll be doing in like fifty years?

(laughter)

HEALEY: Come on man.

Will you be skateboarding as long as you live, like the next couple hours?

HOLT: Yeah, the next couple hours.

HEALEY: The only thing that could mess up my skate career is an employment situation.

HOLT: An employment situation?

HEALEY: Yeah, 'cause it might get to the point where I'd have to work more than I'd be able to skate. Come on, think up some good questions Tom.

Ok...

MS: Tell us, we've heard about a downhill run called Somerset, what's that like?

HOLT: Oh, it's got a corner, it's...

HEY, this is only vertical skating so don't do that.

HOLT: Ok. Where are the hot spots right now?

HEALEY: Hey, there's this cool...

Who besides yourself do you think is hot?

HOLT: From this area? I think uh, I think Mark Conahan is really good.

MS: He's burnt out though.

HEALEY: David Garrigues! David Garrigues!

HOLT: David Garrigues is a good skater.

MS: David Garrigues.

HOLT: He's not... The typical Washington skater is the guy who really holds back.

MS: Yeah, truly.

HEALEY: Garrigues is pretty much of a "go for it" guy. There's lots of good skaters. There's a guy in Mercer Island who's all right. We call him pencilneck.

MS: Yeah, or swivelneck.

HEALEY: His name's Steve.

He's all right.

MS: He's real good.

Do you have a lot of wimps up here?

MS: Many. Like, about 98%

HOLT: Actually there's only a few hard-core skaters and-

MS:-and there's only a few hard-core wimps.

MIKE SHAUGHNESSY - bionic frontside





HOLT - backside ollie



HEALEY: This guy who owns the ramp or, he doesn't own it, he kind of...  
MS: He's a hard core wimp.  
HEALEY: Yeah, he's a wimp, he doesn't go for it.  
HOLT/MS: "Who's a wimp?"  
HEALEY: Kevin's a wimp.

What do you think of this ramp?

HEALEY: Oh man, we need some heavy thinking questions.

What do you guys do now that Olympia's closed (Olympic Skateboard Park)?

MS: Laugh at McGraw.

HEALEY: Typical skater response.

MS: He's laughing all the way to the bank to get a loan.

HEALEY: Hey There's some pretty good local spots though. There's this one place in Bellevue, this bank and it's about a block

long, white cement...

MS: There's a bank here & a bank there, but they're all banks.

HOLT: I just received a call from a friend of mine in the Tri-Cities area, in Eastern Washington and I guess they're getting into skating again.

HEALEY: Yeah, they've got some pretty good skaters there.

MS: Bill Reese, John Potter

HOLT: There's an indoor ramp...

MS: You hit the ceiling rafters on aerials.

Who's your favorite skater? (at this point, Tom says, a small child climbed onto Mike's car.)

MS: GET OFF MY CAR!

What do you think of LA or down south skaters?

HEALEY: LA is a total hex. All those Cal skaters are a bunch of jerks.

HOLT: They're not as good as Washington skaters would be given the same terrain. They just get really negative about everything. We'd just blow them away if we had the same terrain.

Again, who's your favorite skater?

HOLT: Stevie Caballero.

MS: Stevie Caballero.

HEALEY: Oh I don't know man, this guy Lester Casal

HOLT



"the typical Washington skater is the guy who really holds back."

HEALEY - tail slide



he's one of the only cool amateur competitive skaters I've met. I don't know I don't really have a favorite skater. I like watching a lot of good skaters.

MS: His favorite skater is Jay Mugging.

HEALEY: Wrong!

HOLT: No his favorite skater is Hobo Skank.

HEALEY: Yeah, Chico Skank he's my favorite skater. I need a quick hit, I think

I'll go skate. (The sound of wheels on wood.)

What do you think of Portland?

HOLT: I don't go down there very often, but every time I go down there it seems like they've always got a good half-pipe to session.

uh, what would Mark ask in a situation like this?

MS: "Where's the beer?" (laughter)

HEALEY: Just tell the mag BODYSLAM that there's some heavy action here.

HOLT: Yeah, we just need the heavy terrain.--BS

# MARK CONAHAN INTERVIEW



MARK CONAHAN  
As told to TOM<sup>th</sup> HUCKABEE



TH: WELL MARK, TELL ME ABOUT SKATEBOARDING.

MC: Mmmmm... skateboarding is really cool.

That is the usual response you get from Mark when you ask him about the subject. Better yet, he would just as soon show you what he means.

TH: YOU ARE KNOWN AS THE BEST SKATEBOARDER IN THE NORTHWEST. WHAT DO YOU SAY ABOUT THAT?

MC: It's true.

TH: WHY DO YOU THINK IT IS TRUE?

MC: Well I don't think it is true. I've probably been skating longer than anybody else around here... had more opportunity to see people skate...and skate with the pros and things like that. It just works out that way. People in the Northwest could be as good as me. People have the same talent... if you want to call it a natural talent or something. I've just had more practice, I



guess that's it.

TH: MORE EXPERIENCE, FROM CALIFORNIA.

MC: Yeah... that's about it.

TH: WHO'S STYLE DO YOU LIKE?

MC: I don't know about who but I like watching people who get really out of control and make it. I just think that's really cool when people skate fast and get into critical positions and pull it off every time.

TH: DO YOU TRY TO SKATE THAT WAY?

MC: You can't really try to skate that way... except for the speed part. You know, go as fast as you can and throw it up there and hope you make it. Once you get up, say, in the air three feet over the top of the ramp, you don't have much choice, you go for it or you don't. You can move your feet around if you want but...

TH: WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE SKATING ADVENTURE?





MC: ( Mark and his brother Craig look at each other and laugh. ) There have been a couple of good ones. It's always fun to get arrested. Those are memorable, when you get busted at pools, that's happened to me twice. Umm, I really liked a couple pipe skating adventures we had. They're exciting because those pipes are always somewhere you're not supposed to be. So you have to sneak in. This One pipe project, in a sewage treatment plant near my mom's house in Los Angeles... we skated there a couple of times... All of the pipes were under ground but there was one end open and man hole covers that were open but to get to either of these, you had to crawl under fences...

TH: COMMANDO.

MC: ...and jump down into these big ditches and sneak up to the opening and dive down this twenty foot hole to get to the pipe. People had to be watching... and you would see a shadow of somebody on the wall of the pipe and everybody would take off running up the pipe. It's exciting you know, to get chased and stuff. Skating is great all the time, you can skate safe and still have the same fun... but it is a totally different thrill being chased. I also liked it the first time we went out to Tim's. The first time I saw that ramp, I couldn't believe it. I just couldn't believe anybody could build something like that. That was an adventure. There was the thirty mile drive, and here was this mysterious guy who hadn't let anyone skate his ramp

( except his surfing friends ) for two and a half years and all of a sudden , we have a chance to go and we get there and its great... hot!

TH: YOU REALLY LIKED THAT RAMP?

MC: It was pretty good . There were some problems with it , because the guy wasn't really a skate-boarder. He was a surfer who skated sometimes, and he really didn't know what he was doing as far as building a pool for skating. He could build the curves all right, but he didn't know any-thing about the top, lip or about the need for drop-in platforms, but it was a bowl , a place to carve. As far as the Northwest was concerned, it was really great.

TH: YOU WERE IN THE DOG BOWL PRO.

MC: And I did really lame too.

TH: WHAT WAS THAT LIKE?

MC: Well, I had been living in Oregon for about a year . I was skating Larry's halfpipe pretty regularly and so I was in pretty good shape as far as half pipes were concerned. I got this call and its this guy named George who's the team manager for KANOA. He calls me, talks to me and says hi , and I was pretty surprised to hear from him . And he says "Hey there's a contest at Marina Del Rey Skate - Park", and "what would you think if we paid your way down here, to skate in it for us?". It turned out that a good friend of mine on the team, Ray Oriel, had recommended me. I was pretty stoked , I thought that this was great, I was really excited. I had to be back in four days or something , for some business at school , but it was really cool and I wanted to go , bad. It was my first real pro contest , you know , against



people who could really skate well. I got down there on Thursday and warmed up for a day and a half. I tried as hard as I could to get used to the pool and to get all my tricks but I just got beat to shit the first day. I was all beat up. My elbows were all bruised up, and my hips were all bruised and swollen. Ever though I had had safety gear on, I fell hard! A lot of times. By the end of the night, Friday, I could skate, but I couldn't walk. Needless to say, I didn't do very well in the contest.

It was hard to get practice in the Dog Bowl. There was just a massive snake session with all the pros. It was impossible to get a ride if you weren't ready to jump right in there, and when you aren't used to a bowl, you've got to take your time. I didn't have time to do that. You had to snake. When you did get in... beat somebody in by snaking, you were going so fast that you just couldn't do anything. You've got to take your time. (Mark had only ridden the bowl once before, he was first through the gate on its opening day.) I just got out of control, and it was lousy practice. Also, when I first got there they'd switched boards on me. They gave me a new board, trucks, and wheels that I didn't know, I wasn't used to the new board.

TH: THAT KANOA TRI-BEAM?

MC: Yeah. I had been using that Kryptonics board I had, with X-Calibur trucks. All of a sudden, I was on that 10½" Tri-beam with grab rails and sixtraks. I wasn't used to it, I was thrown off from the start. They were pleased by my performance though, because I

was doing some of the new moves and their own boys just were not very exciting skaters. They could do some tricks, but none of the new moves like ollie airs, or lay-back airs. I could do those, so they were stoked with that, at least. But I got 34th, or something like that, out of 42.

TH: YOU DID BETTER THAN I DID, MY FIRST TIME OUT.

MC: I don't know, that was luck. A lot of people skated really shitty. I didn't do very well, I was really shaky and unsure of myself there was no doubt about that, but if I had had more time...

CONTESTS IN GENERAL, WHAT ABOUT THAT?

MC: They can be fun. Except if you practice a long time to get a routine down for the contest. By the time you've got it, you are so bored doing it that its... automatic. There is a kind of rush from the fact that here it is... your final run in the contest, you have to do it right, but sometimes it takes the fun out of it all, the skating.

TH: WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT TYPES OF SKATING OTHER THAN VERTICAL?

MC: Well, people say we shouldn't say bad things about people who skate street all the time, because a lot of kids don't have the terrain to skate vertical, so its cool that they're going for skating however they can get it. That's true, in a sense, but why can't they build ramps? A lot of people do that. I think vertical skateboarding is the best fun in skating... the most fun to watch, and to do. People should skate vertical. The other kinds of skating are ok, for warming up, for learning new tricks. I never do that though, when I learn a new trick, its on



th







the vertical.  
 TH: THAT'S WHY BODYSLAM IS ALL VERTICAL?  
 MC: Yeah, pretty much.  
 TH: CHANGING THE SUBJECT, WHAT ARE YOUR FAVORITE PLACES TO SKATEBOARD, ANYWHERE, EVER? YOU'VE DONE ALOT.  
 MC: For sheer mystique, the Mt. Baldy Pipeline...just because of all of the skate history that goes with it, all the people who have skated it. Its just a legendary spot and it was really fun, skating there. I've gotten to like ramps a lot, good half pipe ramps, like Larry's ramp was really good. The fact that it was sixteen wide and had a little vertical, (which most ramps around here don't have) was good. I like Marcus' ramp, his is really solid and its really fast when it has a good surface on it.

Aaaaa...as far as parks go, I like Marina the best. Its the hottest park I've ever skated, the surface was great and they had a good variety of bowls. I like places you don't have to wear safety equipment, though. I think it really hinder you. I can't get used to wearing a helmet, or wristguards  
 TH: WHAT IS OR WAS YOUR FAVORITE POOL?  
 MC: There was this pool we skated a couple of years ago, in PV. (Palos Verdes, Ca.) What was the name we used to get in? Oh yeah... It was Joe Jeffries, #2 Boner dr. You see, there were these gates, it was a burned out house in an area where rich people lived. You had to tell a guard who you were visiting. All you had to do was give the name of someone who was living back there. You just say you





are going to see this guy, and he waves you through. We weren't going to bother anyone, we'd just park our car, and go skate this pool. It was really a great pool it had a left handed kidney. You couldn't skate in the shallow end but it had a big deep end. You could do frontside two wheel carves in the pocket, and it was a lot of fun. It was your typical pool session, sneaking around and stuff, it was great. It was like going through a jungle to get in.

TH: ANYTHING ELSE?

MC: People should stop worrying about getting hurt, or about being bi-sonic all the time. They should make what they can and try hard, but not bail, or just throw it out of control, acting like you are trying something really gnar-

ly. You know, like throwing a big ollie air and just bail off.. I don't like watching that. If you can't make your tricks, then just skate for a while and do grinds. Do something else for a while, don't keep pounding away at the same trick, missing it every time because that's stupid. --BS





rAMP mugging



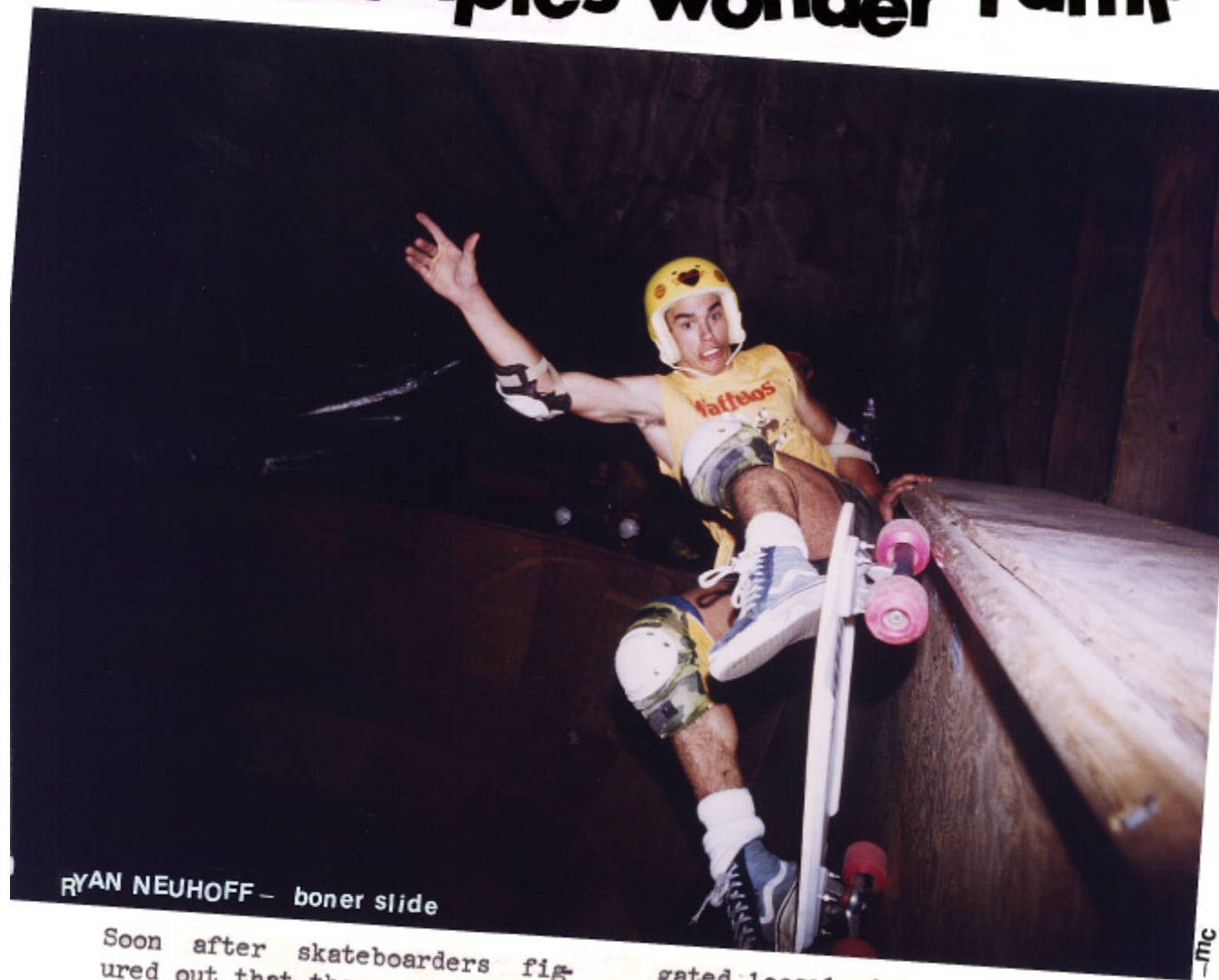
T-SHIRTS  
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DON'T BE  
CAUGHT  
DEAD  
WITHOUT  
ONE

[wet spots not included.]

# THE BOWL

## tim sample's wonder ramp



RYAN NEUHOFF - boner slide

Soon after skateboarders figured out that they could fabricate their own skate terrain using wood, they began to fantasize about building pool-like bowl ramps. Pictures were released of ramps consisting of multiple pipe sections aggre-

gated loosely into bigger ramps like bowls. These bowls differed from real bowls in the same way that storm control basins like the Toilet Bowl or Vipers Bowl did. They were mere approximations at best.



Master RAMP builder TIM SAMPLE off the lip.

-cd

two and a half years ago, Tim completed the bowls. He and his surfing buddies sessioned the ramp from that point on carving lines for over two years that other Northwest skaters could only dream about. Need it be said that Tim and his friends had the place wired long before the BODYSLAM crew learned of it?

the ramp is basically an eight foot wide by 18 foot diameter half-pipe with the ends bowled. There are two canyon-like drop-in chutes that can be plugged to close off the bowl. The only major flaws are: a lack of coping in the bowls and a lack of roll-out space. There is also some minor kinkage in one of the bowls. The ramp is a

Local Rob thrusting off the top.

-mc

masterpiece of construction. A single layer of 3/8" plywood is all that is used for the riding surface. All of the support comes from the frame tied together with a single layer of plywood. There are occasional blow-outs but they are gradual and obvious usually. The broken panels are easily replaced.

#### TEACHING AN OLD RAMP NEW TRICKS

For over two years the ramp had an easy life. With the exception of one or two of the locals, Noone who frequented the ramp really had any knowledge of power skating. The surfing locals were more attuned to surf-oriented manouvers such as long drawn out carves and off-the-lip kickturns. They also got into taking long rides and some "four man in the bowl"

chases that sounded gnarly. The true potential of the ramp as a vertical spot went largely unexplored except for the efforts of a local named Rob who threw an occasional aerial across a channel or off the side of the half pipe into one of the bowls. The majority of the skating was done well below the lip; well drawn but mellow carve lines.

Bill Long took Jay Williamson to the bowl in early 1982. Jay didn't think much of the no coping- somewhat kinked bowl but then Jay hadn't ever ridden a bowl before. Eventually Rob drifted into Cal Skate in Portland and offered photographic evidence of the bowl's true nature. It was obvious from the picture that someone was talking "wooden pool". The following week, with Bill Long again

Jay mugging

-mc



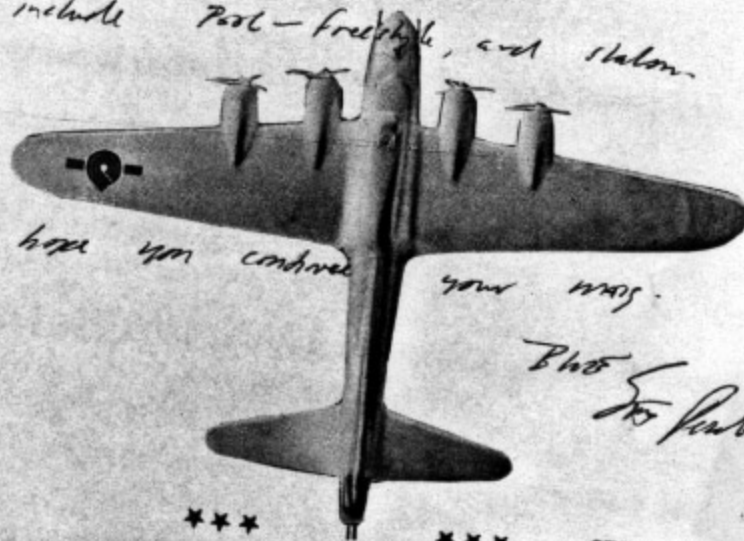
# letters

WE ONLY GOT ONE THIS TIME...

**POWELL PERALTA**  
POWELL-PERALTA-130 Los Agujas Avenue, Santa Barbara, CA 93101-(805) 963-0416

may 18 -

MANK - Thanks for the issue of Bodyslam.  
It's really good, the interview was  
hot. Tim stated you guys are doing  
it. Skating is definitely on the rise  
up here. A new Pro-am series is  
starting up next week which will  
include Park - freestyle, and slalom. I



hope you continue your ways.

Bliss  
Stacy Peralta

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

STACY PERALTA

WRITE!

acting as guide, MC, Chris Gunderson and Jay cruised the 30 or so miles to the ramp. The Bowl was awesome. It looked better than we had hoped. After watching the owner's lines for a while, the Portland crew adapted quickly to the alien terrain. Soon two wheel carves were being done in both bowls

frontside and backside. Better sessions followed with high canyon jumps, figure-eight carves at speed, and bionic pipe fly-outs being pulled off consistently. The ramp had never been skated so hard; the locals didn't know what to think. Tim commented one day, "You guys must be skate purists, I always think about surfing when I skate." Tim and his friends continued to skate on their regular night each week in private. BODYSLAM was not able to shoot these sessions, due at first to what can only be called your basic surfer xenophobia "this is my wave baby, don't cut me off," and later to some bad timing. Tim moved away this week and it seems unlikely that the bowl will be skated again. Hopefully the pictures will give you an idea of the intensity of the sessions possible in terrain like this, and maybe give somebody the idea, that they might like to build something just as outrageous.

-BS-

bill long

chris gunderson

-cd

skate misconception no. 1



you have to skate every day to skate well.

LARRY DESANNO after not  
skating for eight months ....  
throws it over at marcus's.

SUBSCRIPTION: send 75¢ & your Address, we'll send BODYSLAM no 3 when it's done.

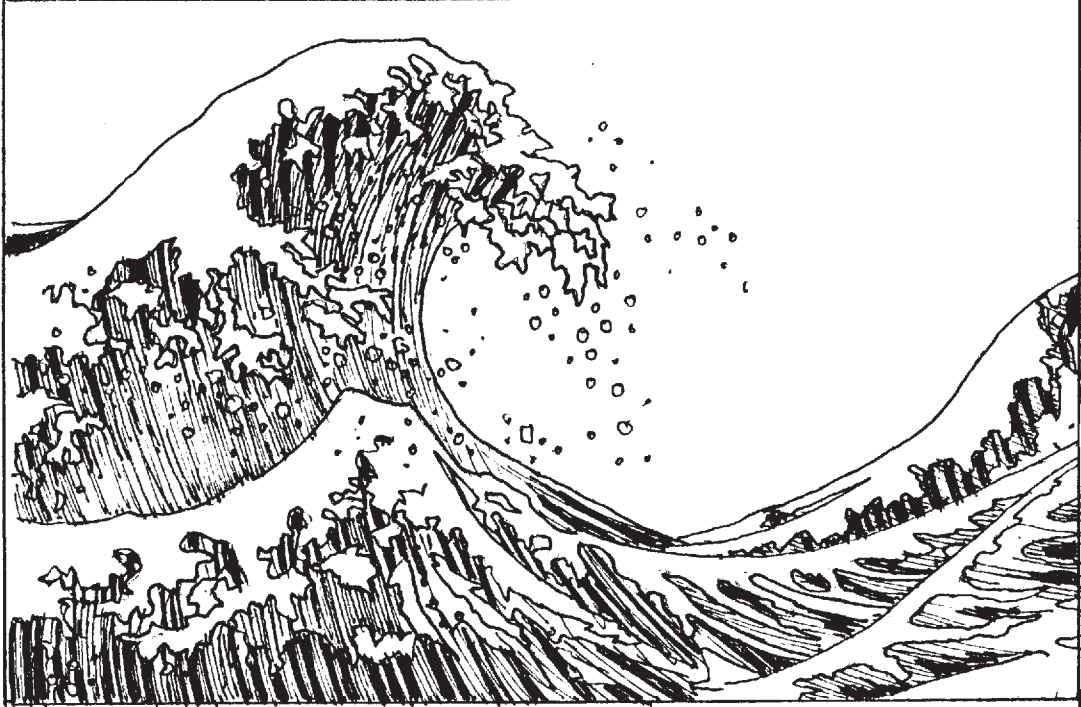


60's, SURF,  
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GRAVITY

SPORTS

ALL THE INGREDIENTS  
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DEFY GRAVITY: 10% OFF ANY SKATEBOARD WITH THIS AD...

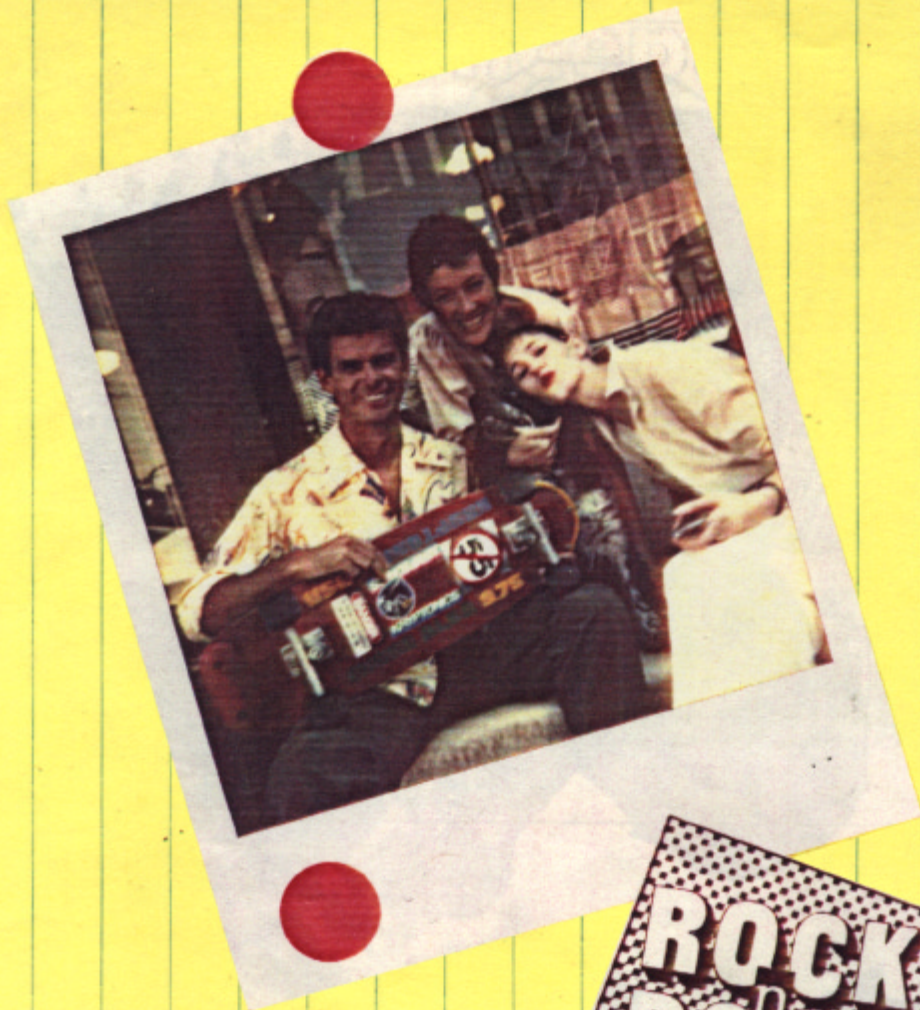
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THRU 8/82





skate tough  
dress cool  
BE ORIGINAL  
J.





# BODYSLAM

no3

1983

videoslamm-ryan neuhoff summer '82

03

mc

SKATEBOARDING IS NOT AN ART.  
IT'S A DISEASE.  
STOP IT BEFORE IT KILLS AGAIN!  
MC 1015 SE MARKET  
PORTLAND 97214

fred slack - marcus's '82

eric dressen - ca. 1977



c1983 BODYSLAM

- photos: mc & karl wenninger -







MC SUPERBOWL I

CONTENTS:

\*\*\*\*\* letters \*\*\*\*\* Non-vert \*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\* Marcus's Ramp \*\*\*\*\* Bugland \*\*\*\*\* misc. photos \*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\* contests \*\*\*\*\* SKATE STORY BY PATRICK BLANE \*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* madness \*\*\*\*\*



# BODYSLAM

NO. III 1983

brain - clark malathion

body - tom huckabee jay mugging  
bill reese max conacave

fiction -  
patrick blane

photos - mc slack  
huckabee rachel conahan  
louis waterbury  
steve coutcher  
marcus

thanks to John Hartung &  
Steve Coutcher



## SPECIAL NON- COMMERCIAL ISSUE





CRAIG CONAHAN & DAVE THORNTON - HALFPIPE DOUBLES CONTEST ca '79 SUPERBOWL - So. BAY



LARRY DESANNOSKATEPARKOLYMPIA



MARK - How is it going?

Sorry it's taken so long to get back to ya since your August.

I've been really busy in L.A. doing stuff for the company. Things have been really happening on the skate scene. We're getting more stoked all the time.

At this time we cannot afford to advertise outside of

Thrasher Mag and a lot of so we can make skateboarding

We are trying to energy into that mag is a focal point is

STACY PERALTA

130 Aquajes Ave., Santa Barbara, CA 93101 • (805) 963-0416 • David Kramer, Proprietor  
SAT APRIL 9 1983  
GRAVITY SPORTS

MARK,  
THANK FOR THE NOTE ABOUT SHAWAG. PLEASE ACCEPT MY SLIGHT INVESTMENT IN WHAT IS PROBABLY THE COolest NORTHWEST STATE COMMUNICATION. IT'S BEEN A LONG WAIT FOR #3, MAKE IT HOT! LOCAL SKATEERS WHO ARE HIP TO BODYSLAM DOUBT FUTURE PUBLICATION, BUT THEY DON'T WANT BUILD RAMP, TOO!  
IF JAY M. IS STILL AT CAL SKATE THEN YOU KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE BUSINESS. LET'S OF SMALL VIRGIN COVERS WHO CAN CONCEIVE OF EVER COMING OUT A SET OF WHEELS. FUN IS RELATIVE.  
TOMORROW I WILL GO RIDE A HALF PIPE IN WYOMING. I RODE IT BEFORE BUT IT HAS A NEW RIDING SURFACE. IT'S 12 WIDE, ABOUT 10 OF FLAT, LESS THAN 3 DIAMETER. 1 OF VERT #3 IS FINISHED, DON'T HESITATE TO MAIL US A DOZEN ISSUES, LOT OF COURSE.  
PS. YOU CAN KEEP ALL MY PHOTOS BUT COULD YOU SEND ME LOUIS? HE IS DONE WITH BOOT CAMP & HAS HIS HARDZ AGAIN. I WOULD LIKE TO GET THEM TO HIM.  
RIDE HARD, FLY FAR & SUDE FAST  
STEVE C.

DEC 19

HEY MARK,  
MY DAD SENT AND HE COME TO A LOONEY ON.  
IN THE MIDDLE! THE PLACE WHERE IT'S BORN IN HEAVEN. HE GOT PROUD CAUSE HE THOUGHT HE GOT SE AT HOME THEN CAME TO TO SOME BANG AND I DIDN'T. I WAS HAPPY ON IN BERKELEY WITH A PRISON FOR A MONTH AND A HALF, HE CALLED ME THE OTHER DAY AND TOLD ME HE WANTED TO TAKE ME OUT TO LOVED AND DRINK AND BEER. HAVEN'T. HE TOLD ME WHEN TO AND THEN MYSELF.  
SEARCHING TO BEHOLD TO BEHOLD! THE NAME THE "THE COURT (W/ MONTAGNA). THE ACT (W/ BANG) AND THE STREETS ARE ALL SUPERB. I WAS BEATING EVERY DAY WITH DAVE (NAME FOR CODE NAME) AND HIS BROTHER SHI. THREE DAYS AND AN HOUR SHI DOES WHATEVER HE WANTS. WE'VE DOWN AND DOWNED. DAVE DOES BACKSIDE AIR GRABING THE WOOD ABOUT 4' HIGH. ~~WE'VE DOWNED~~  
DO YOU HAVE YOUR NEXT MAG PUBLISHED YET? MINE IS ALMOST DONE BUT IT'S NOT HERE SO I'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL I GET OUT (I DON'T KNOW YOU KNOW I'LL BE HERE). IF YOU EVER BODYSLAM SEND ME A COPY SO I HAVE SOMETHING TO READ PLEASE!! I'LL SEND YOU THE AS MUCH AS I GOT IT. I'LL WRITE TO SHAWN (NAME) Kool

MARK,  
Sorry for the late reply to your letter in June.  
I've been super busy.  
I hope ya had a great time in CA.  
Blas  
Stacy Peralta

STACY PERALTA  
POWELL PERALTA 130 LOS AQUAJES AVENUE, SANTA BARBARA, CA 93101 (805) 963-0416





RCR CONTEST AT MARCUS'S  
RAMP IN ALDHA OREGON  
JULY 31 1982 MC VS.  
RYAN NEUHOFF IN THE  
FINALS.  
PHOTO: LEWIS W.

CHRISTIAN HOSOI -  
SKATE CITY'S  
LAST PRO  
CONTEST  
REESE PHOTO



BILL REESE -  
TAC'S RAMP  
EASTERN WA.  
HUCKABEE PHOTO.



# DIY HARDCORE

SO—HARDCORE VERTICAL SKATER YES? THINK YOU'RE BAD WITH YOUR HANDSTANDERS, YOUR AIR TURN SQUIRMERS AND YOUR THALYDOMIDE HOPS?



HEY, HARDCORE SKATING WAS HAPPENING LONG BEFORE THE FIRST SKATE MUTANT CRAWLED OUT OF HIS HOLE AND GRABBED A SKATE.

IF YOU CAN FIND A FIRST GENERATION SKATER, CHECK HIS CLOSET OR THE BOTTOM OF HIS BIRDCAGE FOR HIS

STASH OF OLD SKATEBOARDER MAGAZINES. IN SEVERAL CHOICE ISSUES CAN BE FOUND THE NOW CLASSIC SKATE TALES OF JOHN SMYTHE.

THIS IS GOOD STUFF! A FULL EXPOSE OF THE SKATE VATOS Y RATOS Y PERROS DE DOGTOWN! USED TO BE IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW THIS SHIT BY HEART THEY TAPED YOUR HANDS TO YOUR FACE AND PUSHED YOU DOWN THE STAIRS.

by SMYTHE:

- "Fish Eyed Freaks & Long Dogs with Short Tales." — SB 2 no 5 —
- "Westside Style—Under the Skatetown Influence" — SB 2 no 6 —
- "Frontier Tales..." — SB 3 no 2 —
- "Stranger than Fiction" — SB 3 no 4 —
- "Sequential Overdrive or Dog's Eye View" — SB 3 no 5 — (my favorite)
- "Opening Day at the Park" — SB 4 no 2 —
- "Dead Dogs Never Lie" — SB 5 no 7 —
- "History of the World & Other Short Subjects" — SB 6 no 10 (May 80) —

Interviews: Alva, Adams, Peralta, Pratt, Kubo, Alva, Peralta, Piercy





ryan wins rose city races.



Reese wins BODYSLAM

# '82 CONTESTS - MARCUS'S ALOHA, OREGON



craig crasher rcr...




jay mugging - BS...




A photograph showing a person on a surfboard riding a wave. The person is wearing a red shirt and is positioned near the crest of the wave. The water is dark and turbulent.

SIX O'CLOCK  
LIKE TO WATCH...

A photograph of two men on a surfboard. One man is standing and holding the board, while the other is crouching or lying on it. They are both shirtless and wearing swim trunks. The background shows a rocky shoreline.

BODYSLAM HIGHEST AIR  
AT MARCUS'S -  
KGIN TV NEWS PORTLAND

A photograph of a person holding a surfboard. The person is wearing a red shirt and is holding the board vertically. The background is dark and indistinct.

RYAN & BILL TIED FOR  
FIRST SOMEWHERE OVER  
3'6"



Aloha, Oregon-- Cascade Racing Association held a vertical contest at Marcus's July 31st. The ramp was newly resurfaced and 8 feet of flat added in time for the contest.

On hand for the contest were Chris Gunderson, Jay Mugging, Ryan Neuhooff, Bill Long and MC from Portland, Mark Healey Mike Shaughnessy and Kraig Krasher from Tacoma, and Karl Wenninger from Northern California. Also hanging around were Steve Coutcher and Louis Waterbury from Gravity Sports in Washington, A photog' from -the Oregonian, Denny Watson, Mel Ancheta from the old Ride On team, Marcus, Bill Parr, Chester, etc.

Highlights of the contest- Gunderson slamming hard, MC & Ryan flying high, Shaughnessy floating frontside ollies, the BODYSLAM banner.

Eliminations took most of the day with Chris Gunderson coming back off his fall to take third and Mike Shaughnessy fourth. Long time Portland rivals MC & Ryan finally faced off in the finals. Neuhooff had the first run, the pressure was intense, he pulled an extendo Valdez-invert then a high backside aerial almost losing it. The backside ollie air that followed got a few hoots and the rest of the routine was flawless. A tough run to beat. MC dropped in and threw over what was easily the highest backside aerial of the day, landing sloppily but on-more hoots-then an extended outside rail invert then a foot-plant, the run looked good but a fall on an attempted lien air broke the routine and another on an alley oop buried MC for good. The second run for both skaters was about equal, multiple falls for both Neuhooff and Conahan. In the end it was Ryan by four points. Boy was MC pissed! It was a good contest any way.

-BS-



top: marcus's ramp - shaughnessy ollies.  
mid: mc throws one over.  
bot: ryan neuhooff acid drops into the finals.

PHOTOS: COUTCHER. WATERBURY →  
← WENNINGER. CONAHAN

— CRA ROSE CITY RACES 1982 —





REECE



PAUL BIRNBAUM



MC

# NONVERT

BUT STILL HARDCORE.



HUCKABEE RACING AT MT.TABOR – RIDE-ON TEAM'S LAST STAND

just another hit & run - chester & billy.





# Skate Story

by  
Patrick Blane



bodyslam three  
portland, oregon  
1983

It was nice on the ramp with its new masonite. The sun was shining and reflecting off the new smooth surface of the ramp. He skated back and forth, up and down. That was what he liked, to go as high and as fast as possible over and over again was what he liked. The sun was warm and the surface good. He liked that.

He knew his skating companions were nearby. They always collected to watch him skate. He was the best, He had won



contests. He had skated in all the parks on the west coast and in the MG commercials. He had been interviewed in Thrasher three times and had been on network T.V. twice. He never wore knee pads, never wore protective gear of any kind. That stuff was for the weak. But those things weren't what made him the best. He was just the best and they knew it. That was why they always came to watch him skate.

He knew his skating companions were nearby. He knew they always collected to watch him skate. When he was finally done he would be tired and sometimes he would talk to some of them. They always gave him a beer when he was done, and sometimes he would talk to them. He knew they were nearby, watching him, but when he was up there he was alone. There was only him, his skateboard and the ramp. When he was skating he was alone. Up there he didn't have to think about anything, he didn't have to talk, Up there he didn't have to do anything. All he had to do was skate. He liked that. It was important to him.

Then he had his accident. Like all accidents it was unexpected. Unlike all accidents it was a bad one. He rolled up one side of the ramp. He went high into the air and made to turn and drop back down. This was the part they liked best to watch. He would make it look as though he'd almost lost control and then he'd turn and drop back down,

rolling over to the other side. Some people thought the skater's feet should never leave the board, looking as though you might just lose it made it more interesting though. It was a habit he had gotten into a long time before and now he did it without thinking about it. It always worked. This time it didn't. This time he actually lost control. His skateboard shot out from under his feet, went over the ramp into the bushes by the side, the wheels still spinning in the air. He still managed to turn though and without the skateboard he dropped down onto the ramp, landing on his left knee pretty close to the middle sliding the last few feet to the center.

Normally such a fall would not be too bad. But this was not normal. The more usual complaint for skateboarders who spilled on ramps were skin burns caused by friction. But his knee was unprotected. His knee was hurt; hurt badly.

He didn't scream as he hit his knee. Skaters like him didn't scream when they got hurt. The only noise came from his skateboard as it hit one of the bushes behind the ramp in the backyard. He slid down quickly but quietly on the ramp's new smooth and quiet masonite surface. He lay half on his side at the bottom of the ramp. His left leg was curled up half under him. He had his hands clasped tightly over his knee. The knuckles were white. His lips were tightly pressed together and

his whole face was screwed up like a walnut,

Somebody ran back into the house to call an ambulance. No one outside said anything. They stood and stared at him. They knew it had to be bad. They stood there, not saying anything until the ambulance men arrived and tried to put him on a stretcher. This was difficult because he wouldn't unbend. He wouldn't move. He wouldn't take his hands away from his left knee. They couldn't pry his hands away from his hurt knee. They had to give him an injected tranquilizer. When he relaxed they took his hands away from the knee. His knee was white. It was swollen and completely white, even though he was tanned usually.

When they got him to the hospital they wheeled him into the emergency room. The intern took a look at his knee and pressed the swollen mound gently. His hands were clean and smelled of soap. The knee was swollen tight and chalky white. The veins of the thigh were drawn upward and grey. The tranquilizer hadn't worn off yet, so the body was relaxed. Even so the leg was bent because of the swelling. The intern pressed the knee gently. When he pressed blood oozed out of the pores of the taut skin like water from a sponge,

"Jesus Christ! get him to radiology!"

Two orderlies in white transferred him from the stretcher to a gurney and rapidly wheeled

him down the hall. Their white shoes squeaked on the linoleum which was clean.

In radiology they took pictures of his knee and then wheeled him into a cubicle with a curtain around it. The curtain was made of translucent shrimp plastic. In the next cubicle the doctors worked on an older woman who was having a heart attack. It was not until she had finally been pronounced dead that they heard the guy with the knee moaning over the shrieks of the dead woman's daughter. A nurse came in and gave him another shot and he passed out again.

"The patella is completely destroyed. We'll have to go in there as soon as the swelling goes down and see what we can do."

"Even with a new kneecap - German plastic - he'll probably never bend it again. How did he do this?"

"Skateboarding without pads."

"God those kids are crazy. They tear themselves apart for kicks."

"Well this one won't be doing any skateboarding anymore. Shit, he'll be lucky if he can walk."

The operation was performed the next day. It went about as well as the doctors could expect. Every ligament had been torn. Curls of muscle, released from their normal tension peeled away from the joint like streamers. The



kneecap had been reduced by the accident to coin sized

pieces of gristle. these were removed. The plastic kneecap from, Germany was inserted and the damaged ligaments were attached to it. The extra liquid was drained off and a special lubricant was applied to the joint. The doctors worked in silence. It is depressing to a professional to know that no matter how well he does - the result will probably be the same as if he hadn't done anything.

"He'll be lucky if he can walk."

They put a cast from his foot to his waist on his leg. They gave him drugs to reduce possible tension in the joint. They gave him drugs to reduce the pain. After he was wheeled back to his room his parents came to see him. They were horrified by what they saw. His face was drawn and his eyes were almost blackened. They didn't stay long. They never understood why he went skateboarding. It was something kids did, they thought, but he was getting too old to be spending his days that way. He should have been building a career, getting married, settling down. Now he'd gone and maimed himself for life. His mother got a secret satisfaction when the doctor told her her son would never be able to skateboard again, "He'll be lucky if he can walk," he told her. She said

that was awful, but she was really making plans to go through his room and collect all his skateboards and equipment and take them to the Goodwill. He'd had his skateboarding, now he'd have to get a real job and start making something of himself. She couldn't admit to herself that was how she really felt, but later that night she surprised her husband by letting slip out that it really served the little bastard right.

His friends came to visit him, but they had less to say than his parents. Some of them were secretly pleased that he wouldn't be skating anymore. He was the best. Now they hoped they would be.

The drugs gave him nightmares. He kept reliving the accident. They say you can't dream pain. It's true that you can't but his knee was in pain constantly so the pain intruded and he dreamt of the accident again and again. On the third day the plastic kneecap popped out, pressing up against the skin, tearing all the newly stitched tendons. They operated again. They put in a new German plastic knee cap which they connected this time with metal pins. Now there was no question. With the pins in he would not be able to bend the knee.

Eventually the pain and swelling went away. The leg healed. The third cast came off and he

went home. His mother had cleaned up his room and his father left the paper open to the want ads with the Help Wanted columns circled in ink. His skateboards had all been given to Goodwill. But he didn't get a job and he didn't settle down. Every day he walked around and exercised his leg as best he could. When he knew no-one would be around he would go to the ramp and stare at it by the hour. He once clumsily clambered up onto it and lay in the middle, staring up at the two sides. He would lie there a long time. He would run his hands over the new smooth masonite surface. He would lie there even when it was raining. Finally he would struggle down again and limp home. He knew he wouldn't be able to skate anymore. It left a big hole in him. He felt uncomfortable. He didn't care about the limp. He didn't care about the pain that would come if he walked too far. He only cared about not skating.

Every now and then one of his skating companions would call him up to see if he would judge a contest or something. He always said no. Finally he took out his last 140 dollars from his savings account and went to a skate store in another town where they wouldn't be so likely to know him and bought a board, the trucks, wheels and hardware. When they looked at him funny because of the limp he told them that the board was for a friend who liked to skate. When the woman said, "ah I

see," he wanted to smash her head open with the board, but he didn't.

He took the Trailways bus home. He took the board to the garage and put it all together and skated around, standing up stiffly, turning gently in the driveway. His mom drove up in the station wagon loaded down with bags of groceries. On top of one of the bags rested a family sized box of Pop Tarts. She really liked Pop Tarts. When she saw him and the skateboard she started screaming before she got out of the car. He could see her face turn red and her mouth moving before she got out.

"...the hell do you think you're doing? Where did you get that thing? Your father told you you were supposed to get a job. Why do you disobey us? If you don't get rid of that thing, and I mean now, you might as well just pack your bags and get out. I don't want any son of mine to waste his life like that. You make me sick. Get rid of that thing or I swear...."

He wasn't listening. He just rolled out the driveway and down the street towards where the ramp was. It took him a long time to get there. He couldn't really go uphill, he could only coast on the down parts. Eventually he got there and there was no-one around.

He started to go everyday. Everyday his father told him if he didn't quit he'd have to leave. Everyday he went anyway. He practiced skating the



ramp without bending that one leg. He still didn't wear pads. His stiff leg would be stuck out from the board and he'd have to bend the other one down so low he was almost kneeling and he'd have to hold on with both hands. When he got to the top he couldn't turn - he'd just roll down backwards and back up the other side. But he was skating and that was all he cared about.

Eventually people began to hear about his exercises on the ramp. Gradually they came to watch. His possible embarrassment was over, and it was like it had been before the accident. When he was up there, rolling back and forth, he didn't even know they were there. He wasn't very good any more. There was no way he could be. He was like the guy in the wheelchair who does the marathon. But he was skating again and he was skating with a stiff leg, and that meant, in a way, he was still the best. None of that meant anything to him, it was like it was before. Not the actual skating, but in his mind. When he was up there, nothing mattered. His parents didn't even exist, there was nothing but him, the skateboard and the ramp with its new smooth masonite surface.

The guys who had been glad that he wouldn't be skating any more were not so happy now. It didn't matter that he wasn't as good as he had been. It didn't matter that they were now a lot

better than he was, it didn't matter that all he could do was roll forward and then roll backwards without being able to do kickturns. The point was he was skating.

Pretty soon people got used to seeing him and he got used to having them there. His parents didn't get used to his skating again. Every time his mother saw him get out the skateboard and head out the door she'd burn up. Finally one day his father told him to move out. He didn't work all day to support a burn who wouldn't even work, who didn't care about anything decent. Sometimes he thought the only important thing in his son's life was skateboarding. When he decided to settle down and quit this skateboarding business they'd welcome him back. He should be thinking about important things: job security, and a family to raise. That's what he should be thinking of instead of that juvenile skate boarding crap.

If they were expecting a reaction from this they were disappointed. He just got out his skateboard and went off to the ramp. The surface wasn't as smooth as when it had first been put on. They were thinking of doing it over. Still it was a good ramp and he liked it there. When he skated he didn't think about jobs, about settling down, about anything. That day it was sunny and it was nice on the

ramp, But skating with one stiff leg isn't easy and accidents happen. His first accident had already passed into a sort of legend, Those who had witnessed it had told the story over and over again. It grew in importance when he started skating again. The people who saw his first accident talked about it. The people who saw his second accident never talked about it.

They thought perhaps he had been going too fast. What happened was that he went further up the ramp than he could and his wheels caught on the lip. He grabbed at the lip but he missed it, lost his balance further and fell. His weight fell onto his bad leg which was stiff under him and as he fell onto it the knee gave.

With the pins holding the German plastic kneecap in position that leg should not have been bent. The knee joint couldn't bend, but it did bend and the pins shattered the bones in his leg,

one of them forcing itself through his thigh muscles and skin. The kneecap popped up. It was torn in half and this was clearly visible through the skin. His lower leg was twisted and the larger of the two bones was wrenched a full half circle from where it should have been. The knee joint that shouldn't have bent, did bend and with a loud cracking noise.

The first time he hurt himself he didn't scream. The second time, he screamed and went on screaming until the ambulance arrived. As the ambulance drove off with him someone picked up the skateboard he had spent his last 140 dollars on and threw it into a dumpster. The wheels rolled in the air after it hit the bottom upside-down and as those wheels turned his mother dialed the phone, calling her husband up to tell him that their son would be coming home and that he would finally be settling down. 🇺🇸





SKATEGOD  
INTERVIEW...

by  
11 4x concave



The Skategod first appeared in Thrasher magazine a couple of years ago. A short time later BODYSLAM happened. The skategod outlined his philosophy in BODYSLAM issue #1. Since then he has become a cult figure closely tied to BODYSLAM. Some skaters worship him. Others think he's shit. We all wish we could be more like him. The following interview was conducted in South Hamilton, Massachusetts in October 1983.

**MC**-Why do you skate ?

**SG**-BECAUSE I'M AN ADRENALINE ADDICT.

**MC**-Go on.

**SG**-ADRENALINE IS A COMPOUND IN THE BODY THAT SPEEDS UP THE HEART AND RESPIRATORY RATES IN RESPONSE TO A LIFE THREATENING SITUATION, LIKE SKATEBOARDING. IT ALSO AFFECTS THE BRAIN, FUCKS IT UP REALLY--THAT'S WHY SOME PEOPLE CAN'T FUNCTION IN A CRISIS. OTHER PEOPLE ENJOY THAT FEELING, I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT IT. IF I DON'T SKATE, I GET VIOLENT, SELF DESTRUCTIVE, IN AN EFFORT TO BRING ON AN ADRENALINE RUSH.

**MC**- Skateboarding is life-threatening ?

**SG**-DEFINITELY. SOMETIMES NOT BUT IT CAN SEEM LIFE THREATENING TO THE BRAIN. THE MOST FRIGHTENING EXPERIENCE THAT A MIND CAN HAVE IS TO BE THRUST INTO A SITUATION WHERE IT HAS NO CONTROL. A BASIC DRIVE IN HUMANS IS TO CONTROL THINGS, SITUATIONS. SO WHEN YOU SKATE ESPECIALLY IF YOU THRASH A LOT THE BRAIN GETS SCARED BECAUSE IT WANTS TO BE IN CONTROL BUT THE SKATER KEEPS THROWING HIMSELF OUT OF CONTROL. NOT ALL SKATERS DO THIS, BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW THEY'RE GETTING OFF IF THEY DON'T.

**MC**-Maybe they enjoy doing it well, practicing until they

can pull everything off perfectly.

**SG**-YEAH, BUT THAT'S THE OLD PROTESTANT WORK ETHIC AND WHO PAYS ATTENTION TO RELIGIOUS FANATICS ?

**MC**-I've heard it said that skateboarding is a religion.

**SG**-WELL, NOT REALLY. IT CAN BE VERY MYSTICAL THOUGH. VERTICAL SKATEBOARDING IS REALLY MORE COMPLEX THAN PEOPLE THINK IT'S AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT APPROACH TO EXISTENCE THAN THAT OF THE AVERAGE BIPED. THE TYPICAL SPUDESTRIAN SEES THE WORLD AROUND HIM IN TERMS OF GROUND AND OBSTACLES. "GROUND" IS FLAT AND LEVEL AND IS EASY TO TRAVEL OVER. EVERYTHING ELSE IS "OBSTACLE." THIS INCLUDES WALLS, BANKS, CHANGES IN THE CAMBER OF THE GROUND, ETC. THE SKATEBOARDER DOESN'T SEE THESE THINGS AS HINDERANCES, BUT AS METAGROUND. HIS OBJECT ISN'T TO AVOID THESE THINGS BUT TO EXPLOIT THEM. THE SPUD CHOOSES THE PATH THAT ALTERS HIS ORIENTATION vis a vis GRAVITY THE LEAST, OR IDEALLY, NOT AT ALL. THE VERTICAL SKATEBOARDER SEARCHES FOR THE PATH THAT WILL CHANGE HIS GRAVITIC ORIENTATION THE GREATEST NUMBER OF TIMES IN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE. THE SPUD LIKES STABILITY, THE SKATER, RAPID, CONSTANT CHANGE, IN GRAVITIC INTENSITY AS WELL AS ORIENTATION. LOOK AT HOW MANY SKATEBOARDERS WANT ANARCHY, IN THE SOCIAL SENSE: DESTRUCTION OF THE STATE, NO GOVERNMENT, ETC. I BELIEVE THAT THIS IS CARRIED OVER FROM SKATEBOARDING. THEY LEARN TO CRAVE CHAOS IN THEIR PHYSICAL LIVES AND WANT IT IN THEIR SOCIAL AND INTELLECTUAL LIVES AS WELL.

**MC**-I've heard that anarchy is love, man.

**SG**-FUCK THAT. ANARCHY IS HATE ASSHOLE. READ 1985 BY ANTHONY



BURGESS.

MC- How do you feel about moving to the east coast ?

SG- NOT SO GOOD. THERE'S NOT AS MUCH SKATE ACTIVITY OUT HERE. THE RAMPS I'VE SEEN SO FAR ARE SMALL, STONE AGE CONTRAPTIONS. IT'S LIKE TRAVELLING IN TIME BACK TO PORTLAND OREGON, 1978. I HAVE HEARD STORIES ABOUT OTHER RAMPS & POOLS THOUGH. WE'LL SEE.

MC- What do you think of the new street skating ?

SG- IT'S GOOD IF YOU CARRY THE AGGRESSION FROM VERTICAL INTO THE STREETS. JUST REMEMBER, TRICKS ARE FOR KIDS AND SPEED KILLS. 60'S SKATEBOARDING-- WAS LAME AND STILL IS.

MC- How about 80's skating ?

SG- NOT LAME. TO UNDERSTAND THIS YOU HAVE TO LOOK AT HOW SKATEBOARDING HAS CHANGED SINCE THE SIXTIES. 80'S SKATING HAS TO DO WITH PUTTING YOURSELF IN POSITIONS OF RISK, POSITIONS THAT YOU HAVE TO FIGHT YOUR WAY OUT OF. JUST BALANCING ON THE BOARD AND ROLLING DOWN THE STREET DOESN'T MAKE IT. LOOK AT 80'S STREET MOVES, CURB GRINDS ARE A GOOD EXAMPLE. GRINDING CURBS INVOLVES AN INTENTIONAL LOSS OF CONTROL. THE SKATER INTENTIONALLY THROWS HIMSELF OUT OF CONTROL THEN FIGHTS TO PULL OUT OF IT--PROBABLY ONLY TO PUT HIMSELF OUT OF CONTROL AGAIN IMMEDIATELY. THIS IS THE MAJOR DIFFERENCE BETWEEN

THE OLD AND THE NEW, THAT INTENTIONAL LOSS OF CONTROL.

MC- Where's your favorite spot to skate ?

SG- POOLS DEFINITELY. I SKATE THEM ALL THE TIME IN MY MIND. THIS POOL IN CONNECTICUT WAS GREAT, REALLY BIG KIDNEY TO THE RIGHT WITH A POCKET BIG ENOUGH THAT IT WAS JUST LIKE SKATING AN EGG POOL. IT WAS COOL. WE WENT TO THE DOOR AND TIED UP THE FAMILY IN A BACK BEDROOM FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS WHILE WE SKATED, WE LET THEM GO WHE. WE LEF. THOSE BIG HOUSES WITH LOTS OF LAND AROUND THEM ARE GREAT FOR THAT NO NEIGHBORS CLOSE BY. ONLY PROBLEM IS TRYING TO SKATE THE POOL AGAIN. THEY SHOT AT ME WHEN I TRIED TO SKATE THERE AGAIN! I FIGURE, FUCK 'EM IF THEY CAN'T TAKE A JOKE. IT WAS A GOOD POOL THOUGH. YEAH, HOSTAGE POOL DEFINITELY GOES INTO THE HISTORY BOOKS. BUT RAMPS ARE GOOD TOO. ONLY IF THEY'RE WIDE ENOUGH THOUGH, I DON'T KNOW WHY PEOPLE WASTE THEIR TIME BUILDING THESE NARROW RAMPS. YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING ON THEM. THE SAME THING IS TRUE WITH PIPES. YOU HAVE TO HAVE A LONG SECTION FOR IT TO BE ANY GOOD.

MC- What are your favorites of all the many moves ?

SG- AERIALS. TWISTED HAND-PLANTS ARE GOOD BUT FULL TRAVELLING BACKSIDE AIRS ARE THE BEST.

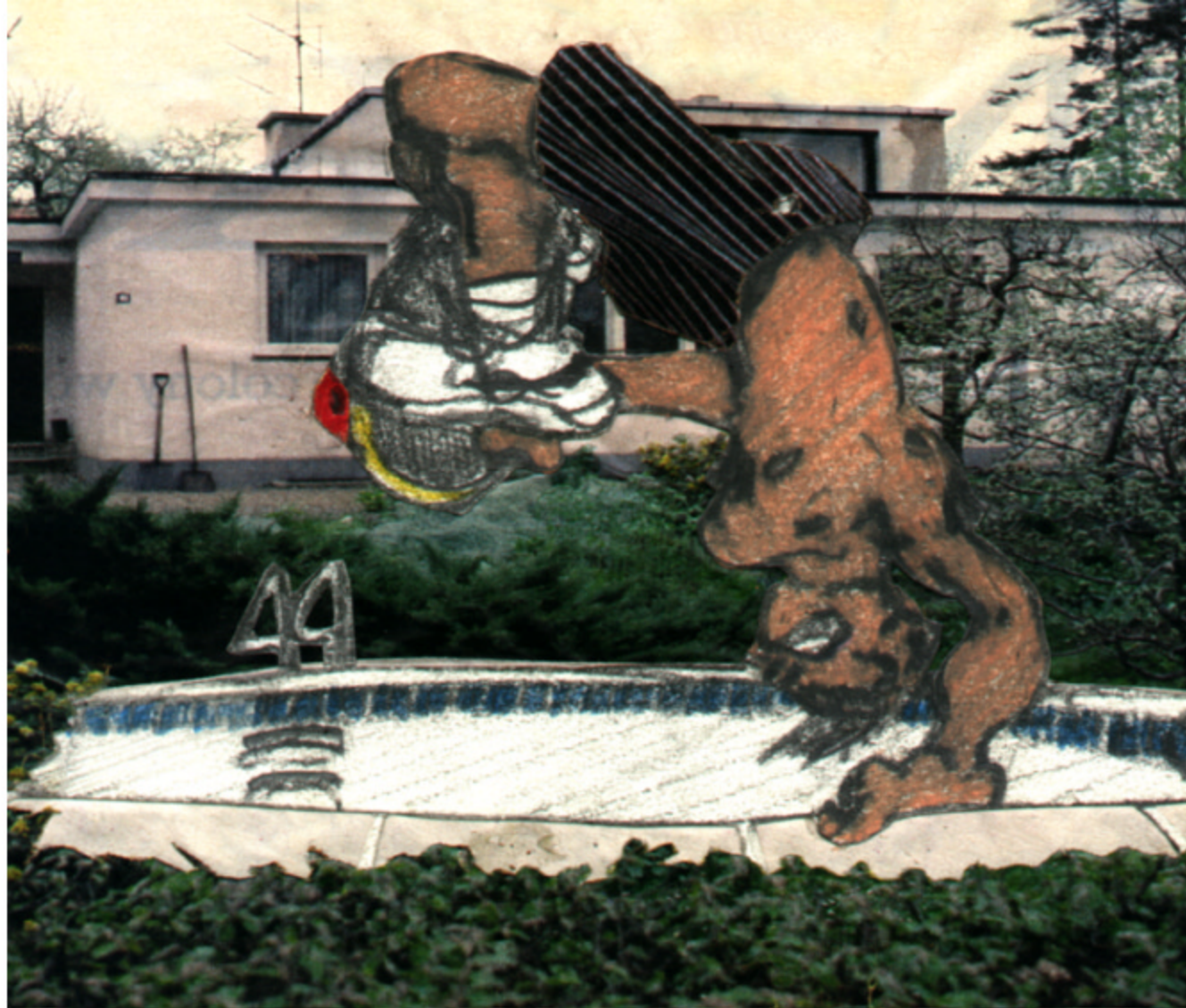
MC- How do you feel about contests ?

SG- THE ONLY GOOD KIND OF CONTEST IS THE KIND YOU HAVE WITH YOURSELF. YOU HAVE TO WANT TO BEAT YOUR PREVIOUS BEST. IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO'S BETTER THAN WHO ELSE, BUT I WANT TO SKATE BETTER TODAY THAN I DID YESTERDAY. THE BODYSLAM CONTEST WAS COOL LAST YEAR BECAUSE IT GOT A LOT OF PEOPLE TOGETHER TO SKATE. IT WAS GREAT. EVERYONE SKATED



SG- EARLY RELEASE AT HOSTAGE POOL





WITH A LOT OF ENERGY, BECAUSE THEY WANTED TO KICK ASS. I KNOW SOME OF THE BOYS THOUGHT THE JUDGING SUCKED. MAYBE IT DID, BUT THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF THAT CONTEST WAS HOW INTENSE THE SKATING WAS. THE REAL LOSERS ARE THE PEOPLE WHO USE THE TYPICAL OBJECTIONS TO THE STRUCTURE OF A CONTEST AS AN EXCUSE TO GO SOFT. IT'S NOT COOL YOU FUCKERS! IT'S WIMPY. IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE HARD CORE, WHY BOTHER AT ALL? I GUESS I LIKE CONTESTS FOR THAT REASON, BECAUSE THEY CAN USUALLY GENERATE A GOOD SESSION WITH A LOT OF SKATERS.

**MC**-What do you think of BODYSLAM?

**SG**-HEY, IT'S MY FAVORITE BRAINWIPE. IT'S ALWAYS BEEN TOO SHORT SO FAR THOUGH.

**MC**-That's because it's done by so few people. One person can only do so much. The fucking

thing almost died. Nobody wanted to put anything in so it took over a year to put out this time.

**SG**-HEY, DON'T GIVE ME SHIT, I WAS THERE.

**MC**-True. You were part of it from the beginning.

**SG**-HEY MAN, I AM BODYSLAM!

**MC**-Ok, clam down.

**SG**-IT'S JUST THAT WE'RE OVERWORKED AND THAT SOMETIMES IT SEEMS LIKE IT'S ALL FOR NOTHING NOBODY SEEMS TO BE INTERESTED. NOBODY WRITES OR SENDS STUFF. IT'S FUCKED.

**MC**-What do you think will happen to skateboarding?

**SG**-OH, MAYBE IT'LL STAY UNDERGROUND, MAYBE IT'LL CATCH THE EYE OF THE MONEY MEN AGAIN, MAYBE IT'LL BECOME AS POPULAR AS FOOTBALL. HEY I DON'T KNOW I DON'T CARE EITHER. I'M JUST A CARTOON CHARACTER MAN. -BS-





# \* BEVERLY RAMP

Owner: Unknown  
 Location: Beverly Mass. just off RTE 128  
 Dimensions: 8' transitions, 12' flat, 8' wide  
 Construction: template, plywood surface.  
 Details: 4' platform, wood coping. one wall is higher. slight kinkage in high wall. Much room for expansion.



# \* CAPRA'S

Owner: John Capra  
 Location: Hamilton Mass. RTE 1A toward Ipswich Mass.  
 Dimensions: 7' transitions, 12' flat, 8' wide  
 Construction: lean-to, masonite surface  
 Comments: This ramp is built in the storage area above Capra's garage. Head room is minimal-to nonexistent. The transitions are surprisingly smooth, almost like template ramps. It is possible to ride off the ramp at the flat and back on. Indoors.



**BUGLAND: aka RYAN'S RAMP**  
 THIS YEAR MASONITE SURFACE AND PLAT-FORM WERE ADDED.  
 MIDNIGHT MARAUDERS LIFTED 24 SHEETS OF FLYWOOD IN ONE TRIP TO BUILD THIS RAMP ON AN UNAUTHORISED BUT PRIME PIECE OF LAKE - OSWEGO SWAMPLAND

**HUCKABEE!**

**MANGY CAT!**

**RYAN!**

TAKE YOUR INSECT REPELLENT. THE MOSQUITOS ARE **FUCKED!**  
 KATU PORTLAND DID A VID SESSION. SEE PHOTOS NEXT TWO PAGES.

**AY MUGGING!**

**SKATEGOD**







W  
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RYAN NEUHOFF BUGLAND









HARRIS RANKIN - OLYMPIA



RYAN - AT THE BOVILL



VINTAGE CHESTER - HALSEY RAMP



REESE'S FIRST SESSION - MARCUS'S



HEAVY AT BOVILL'S CONTEST





1

9

8

5





BUT YOU CAN'T  
GO ON LIKE

THIS HOW  
WILL YOU  
SURVIVE?

HEY @\*#! BODYSLAM  
RISES AGAIN!! ABOUT @\*#!  
TIME TOO. HEY SKATEBOARDING  
IS TRENDY AGAIN BUT YOU WON'T  
FIND ANY PICS OF @\*#! FASHION  
SLAVES HERE!! WHEN ALL YOU  
/@\*#! WERE DROOLING OVER  
VUARNETS AND TOPSIDERS &  
WAYFARERS AND DURAN DURAN,  
WE WERE SKATING!! WE'LL  
STILL BE SKATING WHEN THE  
@\*#! FAD FADES! WILL YOU?  
EXPLOITERS AND OPPORTUNISTS  
!BAKE FOREVER IN HECK!!



MAX-TURTLES  
PHOTO: GLEN



**BIG DAVE; FAKIE TAIL STALL**



David Richardson is a guy who lived in Hanover Maine for a while. He once wrote a letter to Thrasher offering the use of his ramp to anyone who was interested. Then, in a later issue of the same mag, announced a contest to be held at his ramp, all comers. Unfortunately, Dave's ramp is way the fuck out in the middle of "holy-shit-are-we-there-yet" nowhere. Max went to this contest with a gang in tow, not knowing what to expect but not optimistic. Central New Hampshire was no hotbed of vertical madness, and Hanover

Maine was 100 miles further into the sodding woods! Visions of wobbly lean-to construction held a dance marathon in Max's head. The letter said the ramp had 8 ft. transitions, 2ft of vertical 8ft. of flat bottom, a three foot wide channel and 16 foot of overall width, stairs and four foot deep platforms, both sides. Max figured he'd heard the story before and refused to get too excited.

Anyway, Max was wrong, and the Hanover ramp, in the middle of nowhere was solid, fast and smooth, so read on

# MAINE

**HANOVER RAMP JAM 1&2** BY DAVID RICHARDSON

## THE EVENT 1

On Saturday, June 23, 1984, a few of the northern new england area skaters got toge-

ther for the first competitive session to happen in Maine for the past five years. The entries were far





**MAX DROPPED IN TO STEAL CANDY  
FROM BABIES... 4/1/79**

fewer than expected (8 sign-ups) but the enthusiasm generated by this event was enormous.

#### THE RAMP

The resurfacing of the half-pipe was completed just prior to the competition.

#### THE SKATERS

Mark Conahan, Glen Goldstein, Dave Forward

Greg Wing, Kurt Hurst, Tom Goodoff, Mike Stewart, Mark E. THE JAM

The jam was in two half-hour sessions. The two Davos, Forward and Richardson were the judges. Each took notes on each of the competitors during each half-hour, then ranked them, first to

last.

Rankings for the two heats were then averaged for the final placings.

Falls did not count against anyone due to the slipperiness of the new surface.

Mark C. had been the early favorite during practice, and he

continued to thrill during the main session. Noteworthy were his three foot, height frontside, backside, and lien airs, 10 foot rock and roll slides, roll-ins and stalled inverts. These earned Mark an easy first and the set of B-52s that went with it.

Second place was scarfed up by Greg Wing. His suicidal tendencies caught the attention of everyone, with landings on every boneless, thruster and iceplant fully within the bottom third of the transitions. That earned him the Powell nose and rib Bones.

Glen and Kurt tied for third. Both dared to tempt fate. Glen with his consecutive axle hang-ups on aeriels and Kurt with layback air lines across the channel. They split the third place prize of grip tape. The skaters agreed that the minimal attendance made the informal nature of the jam more enjoyable, but it was a gruelling task for the small number of skaters to keep the pace the audience expected. As



KURT HULST

they set out for their respective long trips home, the skate warriors were exhausted, but there were no complaints.



#### THE EVENT 2

It all began one bleary Saturday morning. It must have been the 25th, because the day before was the 24th. My attempt to crawl back under the covers was in vain, as the screech of a car sliding into the driveway interrupted my own blariness. The first skaters had arrived

for today's contest.

I was shocked and indignant at their distastefully early arrival. Less than nine hours had elapsed since both hands of the clock had achieved verticalness! So it was half-dressed, half-starved and half-awake that I staggered out to greet my guests.

Surprisingly, the four creatures that fell out of the maroon Honda seemed in a far more debilitated condition than myself.

It seemed that they (Kurt Hulst, Greg Wing, Charles "Snooky"

Cole Jr., and Dan Henderson) all suffered from big-party-last-night-no-sleep-too-drunk-too-far-to-drive-this-early-in-the-morning syndrome. But being the hardcore types that they are, they made sure they would have at least five hours to practice before the contest officially began.

Along came 11 a.m. Some more skaters piled out of some more cars.

In addition to the Brunswick crew, the throng on the half-pipe now consisted of Scott Herring and friends from the Unity area, Tom Goodoff and Erwin Carey from Rumford-Mexico, and the quite excellent Mark "BODYSLAM" Conahan from Ashland N.H.

At the peak of the intense practice session, I received a mysterious phone call. It seemed there were a few Portland, Maine

rippers who desperately needed directions to the ramp. I gave them a set of directions involving the navigation of many backroads and several shortcuts to allow them to make the two-and-a-half hour drive in two hours, getting them to the ramp in time for the start of the jam.

They never showed up.

By two o'clock everyone who was at the ramp was warmed up and ready to go at it.

The single 20-minute jam really took its toll on participant and spectator alike. Early On, David Richardson, the event sponsor, lost his board on an attempted layback air. The board, plummeting from approximately 30 feet in the air exploded chairs in all directions among the surprised spectators. Yeah, excitement is



GREG WING



good for you.

Everyone was eating it. Two feet of vert and an eight foot radius transition conspired to provide long hard falls. Wary combatants rested on the stairs, platforms and in the channel in various stages of exhaustion. True grit prevailed however.

Brunswick squad-leader "Snooky" Cole skated semi-conscious, and displayed almost fatal roll-ins and sketchy boneless fakie action. Kurt and Greg retaliated with thrusters and handplants respectively. Not to be outdone, Snook dropped in, ollied several times and finished with a botched layback rollout, landing on his board with his right hip, at the bottom of the transition, hard. It was the biggest bite of the day, complete with

hoarse moaning and pained thrashing.

David Richardson floated consistent channel ollies and frontside canyon jumps

Mark Conahan absolutely dominated the ramp, throwing multiple airs, including

a five foot high alley oop travelling the entire width of the ramp. He easily outclassed his competition

After the dust had cleared, the judges, Dan and Scott decided that Mr. Conahan was to receive first place and the coveted Variflex cushion set which accompanied that

distinction. Second place finisher David R was presented with two feet of the finest quality grip tape and Greg Wing, third place showered us with eternal gratefulness as he was the recipient of the virgin Rector recaps.

Thanks to all who helped make a great day of skating pos-

sible. And to those who didn't, maybe next time right?

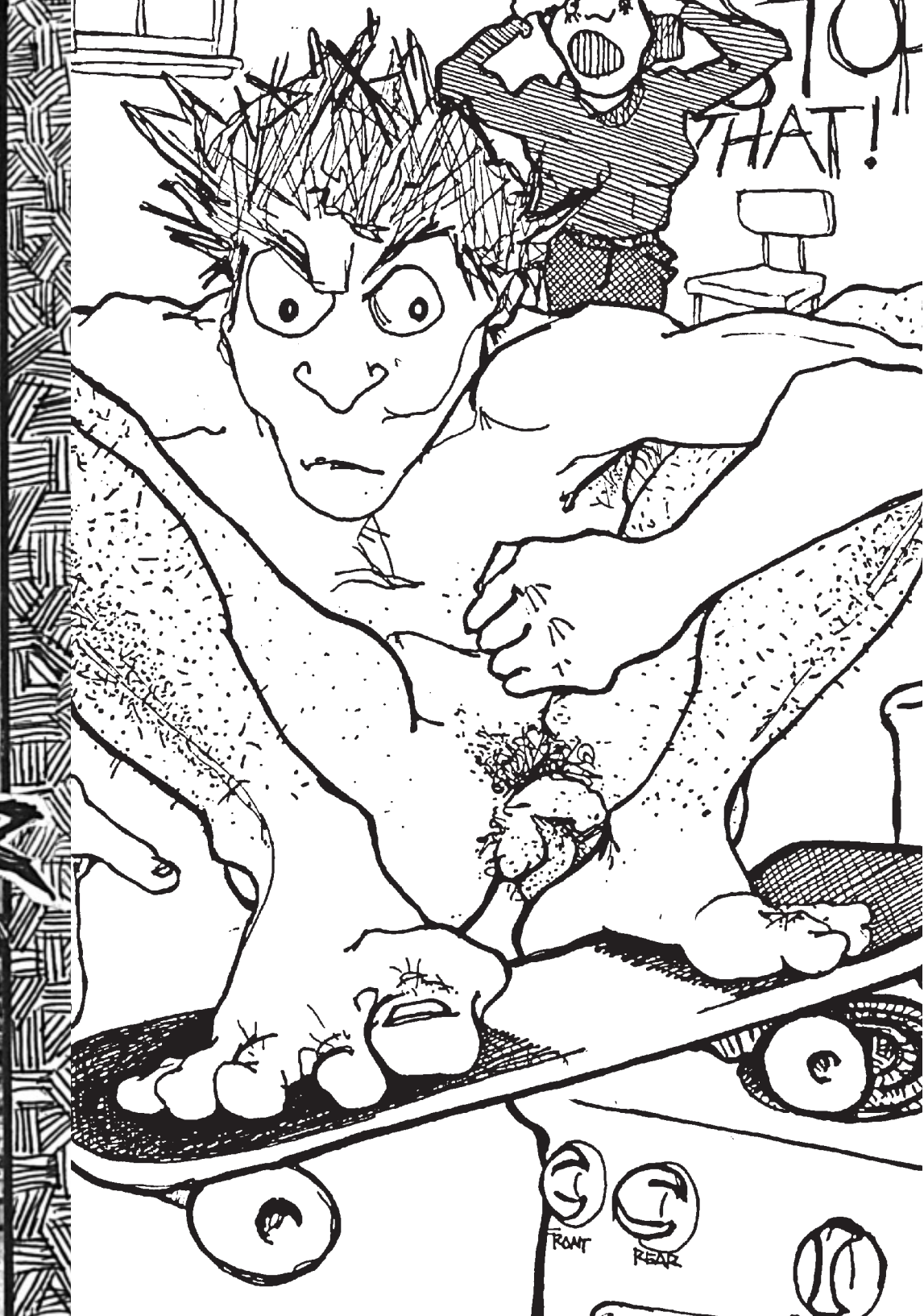
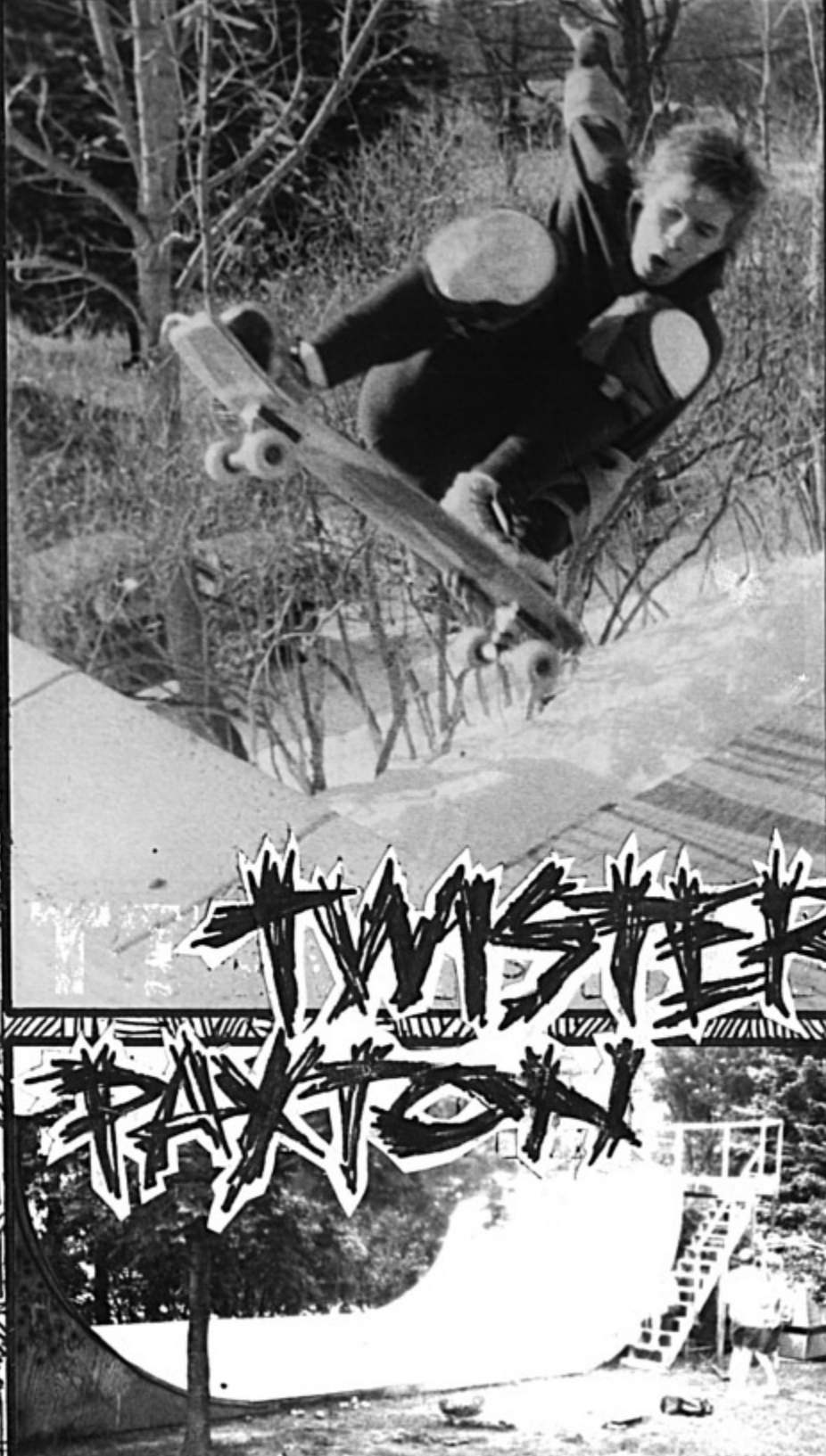
Both of David Richardson's contests were great. The ramp is boss! Dave bought the prizes himself when he couldn't get donations. The perfect host.

David now lives in Florida and skates.

-BS-

...SOLID, FAST, & SMOOTH  
& too big to fit into a suitcase.







# JAYMUGG



BUGLAND SKATE DEMON



LETTERS FROM MUGGY  
DRAWINGS TOO!

1.30 AM  
JULY 10<sup>TH</sup>, 1984

HEY MARK, I JUST SAW THE JULY THRASHER.  
YOU'VE MADE IT TO THE SKATE  
ZINE HALL-@-FAME. FINE SHOWING  
LAD! NOW TO BUSINESS WE BEEN  
SKATEING AND TAKEING PICS.

THE

F-ACTION  
PLAYED  
HERE  
ON  
THE  
22ND  
OF  
JUN  
AND

(THAT'S WHY MY SPELLING  
IS SO POOR)



BUGLAND HIGH SIGN

STEVE C. SKATED WITH RYAN AT

BUGLAND ALL OF WHICH WAS  
RECORDED ON FILM.  
AND ~~WILL~~ BE SENT  
TO YOU AS SOON AS IT'S  
DEVELOPED I HAVE TO HIT  
THE SACK NOW, I JUST ~~WANT~~ <sup>HAD</sup>  
TO GET A LETTER OUT TO YOU. I'LL  
SEND YOU SOME PICS STICKS  
IN A FEW DAYS. I'M SO FUCKING TIRED,  
I'M GONE! LATER



SLASHING DEL MAR

MARK,  
SORRY  
YOU  
HAVEN'T  
HEARD  
FROM  
ME SOON  
BUT I'M  
THE PRO  
CRASTINATION  
MAN!  
THANK FOR  
THE SHIRT,



THRUSTING THE SAME

SOME BAD NEWS FROM THE  
N.W. AREA ↓ POOR DREW, HE

WAS  
FINALLY  
STARTING  
TO GET  
HIS SHIT  
TOGETHER.

BATES - Christopher Drew, of  
Gateway Star Rt. Box 430, Ma-  
dras, Or., born Oct. 18, 1964, St.  
Louis, Mo., passed away April  
26, at his residence. He was 19  
years old. Came to Madras Oc-  
tober 1983 from Ridgefield, Wa.  
where he had attended school,  
graduating from Ridgefield High.  
He was a member of the Civil  
Air Patrol in Washington; had  
been active in Boy Scouts and  
was currently attending night  
classes at Central Oregon Com-  
munity College. He was a ranch  
hand for the North Star Cattle  
company. He enjoyed fishing,  
hunting and other outdoor sports.  
Survived by father, Earl Bates,  
of Madras area; mother, Linda  
Lee Bates of St. Louis; Mike  
brother of Julie E. Bates of Bon-  
zaman, MI; grandson of Mrs.  
Henrietta Pugh, St. Louis, Mo.





TOO. THIS NEWS BLEW ME AWAY.  
I HEARD HE WAS DOING WORK  
AT HIS DAD'S RANCH AND SOMETHIN  
ELECTRIC AND HE GOT ZAPPED  
HE'LL BE MISSED BY MANY.

NOW BACK TO THE LIVING  
I'LL SEND YOU THE SHIT I  
PROMISED SOON.

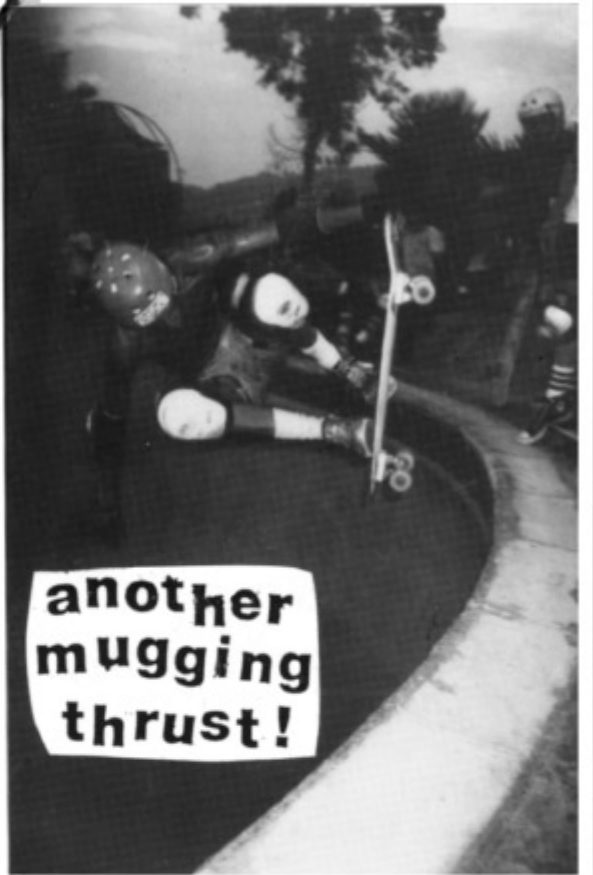
LATER,  
SMALL



DRAW SOME  
SPIKEY DUDES  
I HEAR THEY'RE  
IN STYLE

HUGGY  
84

GBH



another  
mugging  
thrust!

Max,  
good shit! Very entertaining  
fiction. That was fiction wasn't  
it? (max carnage 12/84 thrasher).  
How's it going? I've finally  
got some pictures together from our  
Cal-trek but I'm such a wimpy wri-  
ter I don't know what to do. I'm  
enclosing said pics. Maybe at some  
future time I'll reach a state of  
creativity above third grade intel-  
ligence. So here you go bud and get  
a fucking telephone!

Jay



# BODYSLAM

EVERYBODY DESERVES A GOOD ONE

HI MAX,  
WELL, DID YOU GET MY LAST LETTER?  
HOPE SO, IT HAD ALL MY GOOD PICS  
IN IT. JUST THOUGHT I'D  
DROP YOU A LETTER BOMB.

WENT SKATING FOR THE 1ST TIME  
IN 3 MONTHS. IT WAS HELL.  
BOUGHT A NEW SCHMITT MONTY NOLDER  
FOAM DECK. IT'S LIGHT, STRONG,  
AND HANDSOME. TOO BAD I CAN'T  
REMEMBER HOW TO SKATE.

GOTTA GO DROP ME A LINE, PREF.  
THE FLUID VARIETY. HA, HA, HA.

HOOK!

LATER DAYS,  
MASTER MUGGING

BODYSLAM

TIM'S HAPPY BOWL, OREGON



# VIRGINIA BEACH



**SIGNATURE** SKATE 'ZINE  
volume 1, issue 2  
THE FAMILY WILL LOVE IT!

**INDEPENDENT VIEWPOINT**



THE  
**RAGGED EDGE**

I get tons of mail from someplace called Virginia Beach, VA. The inhabitants of this place claim that V.B. is the home of the most thriving skate scene on the east coast. An outlandish claim?! Maybe not. I have received copies of three different independent 'zines and have heard of at least eight more from that area! They also claim multiple ramps and incredible enthusiasm for skating. Sounds like something is happening down there.

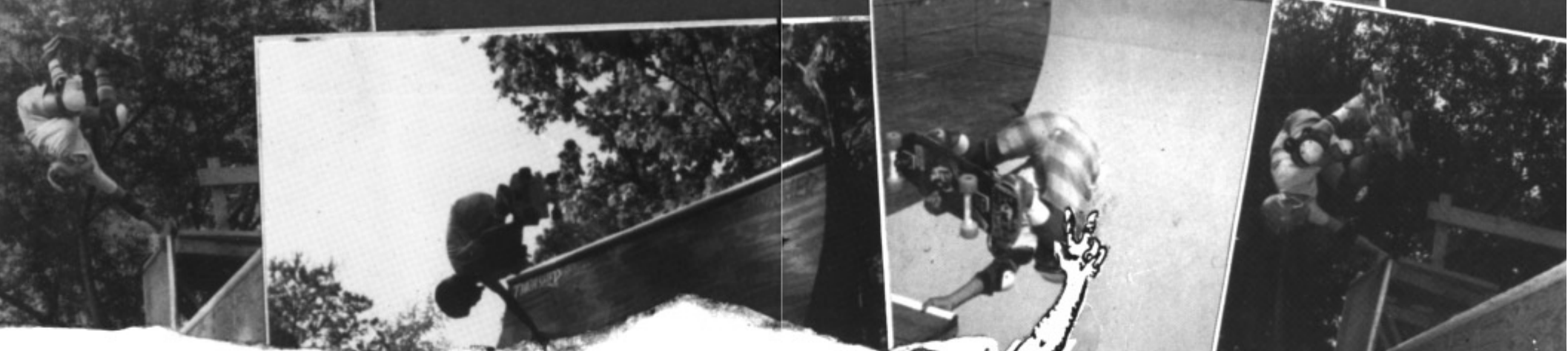
If you read the various letters columns of the various nationally distributed

skate mags you've probably heard of the place. There was a nasty battle there between skaters and the city over building codes, vis-a-vis skate ramps, resulting in the wholesale destruction of skate structures in that area. It all sounded pretty bad but in return for their compliance with the ruling, VB skaters were rewarded with what looks to be the best ramp built yet in Va Beach, and all at the expense of the city of Virginia Beach Virginia!

This is great for skaters in V.B. but it could be good for the

above: ALAN MIDGETTE; ANDY HOWELL

above: three of the many VA Beach 'zines



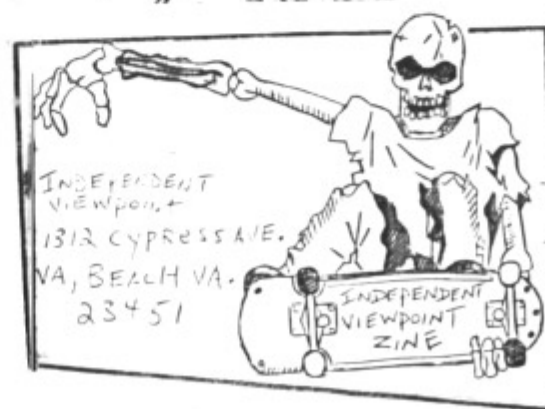
rest of us too. The V.B. ramp sets a precedent. Now that the city of Virginia Beach has seen fit to invest in skating, it might be easier for other towns to do the same. They don't even have to be brave or innovative, because it's already been done.

There are council sponsored skate ramps in several european countries and now, one in the U.S. No reason why there shouldn't be more. Any scene with enough skaters should be able to pull something like this off.

Even if younger skaters don't pay taxes, their parents do. Skaters have the same claim to that tax money that little league baseball or football players do. Provided that the local scene

is big enough a good argument for encouraging new skaters, no? & imagine the size of the mob if the local BMXers joined in (whoa I know those guys eat up a lot of skate time with their long rides, and if your scene is big enough you don't need them, but if you do, work it out).

No word from V.B. yet on how they did it but any one of a number of people there could probably tell you what to do.



V.B. skate rags to check out:

RAGGED EDGE c/o Brad Marx- 1202 Witchduck Bay Ct., Va.Beach, VA 23455- Hot mag, send 50¢  
SIC NATURE c/o Chris 4804 Haygood Point Rd. Va. Beach, VA 23455- Send \$1.50/ 4 issues.  
TAILSPIN c/o Dave Ciminelli, 509 Holbrook Rd., Va.Beach, VA 23452 send stamps.  
INDEPENDENT VIEWPOINT 1312 Cypress Ave, Va Beach, VA 23451 - send 25¢ and stamps.

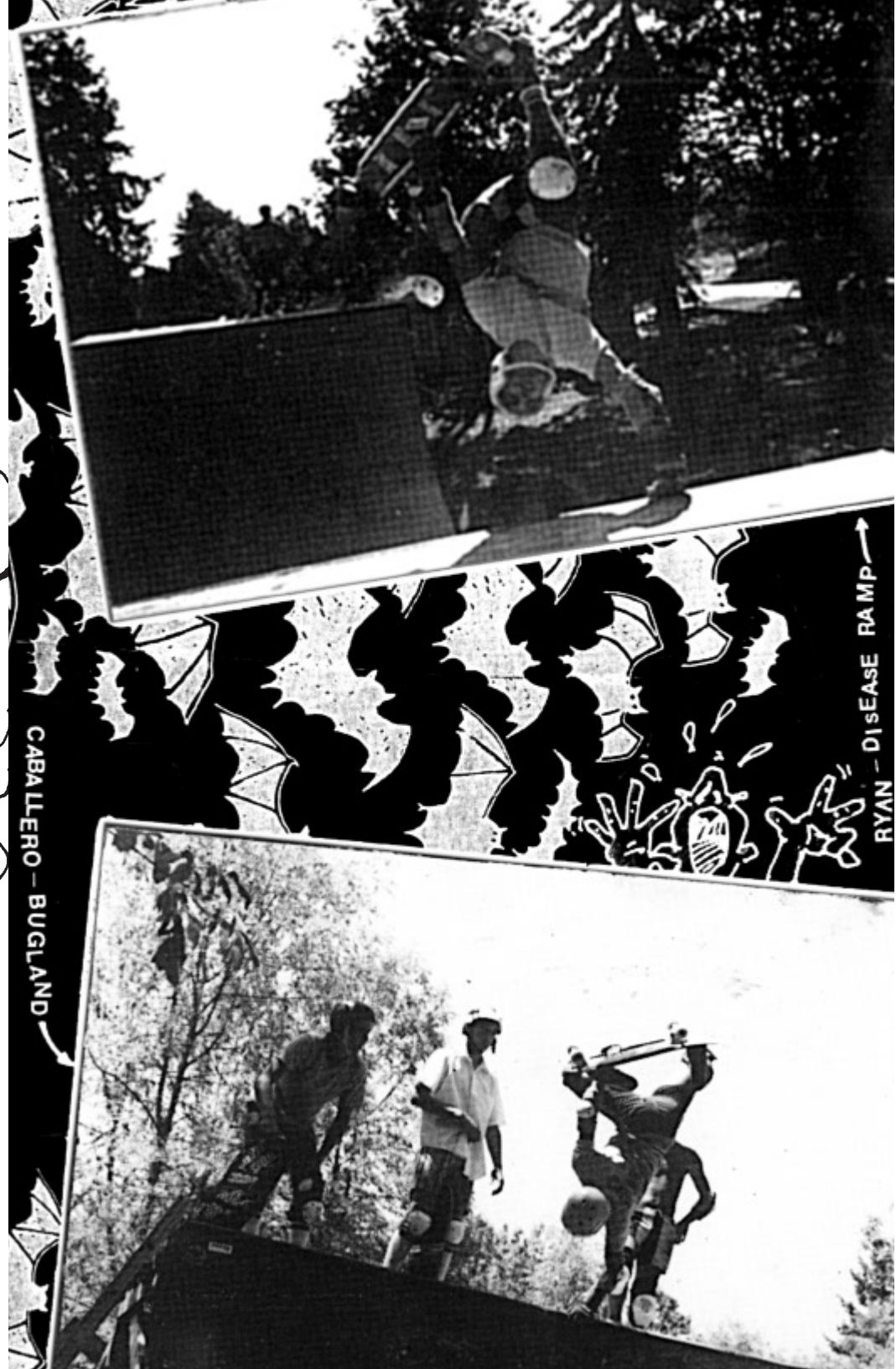
As I said there are many more. I haven't seen them yet though. Write to these guys and send photos, art, money, stamps.

Thanks to BRAD MARX  
DAVE CIMINELLI  
CHRIS (sic Nature).



GLEN GOLDSTEIN - DIRTMANZ  
PHOTO - DF









THIS IS NOT A TRAVELOG THIS IS NOT A TRAVELOG

SEAN - "YEAH, I LOVE MY MOM!"

You bastard SEAN! Man I can't stand it. Look at you tossing four foot  
backside airs one after the other. A person  
would think it was easy.



FREDDIE - NO COPERS AND NO BAILS!

like forgetting to take the spoon out of the chocolate milk and poking themselves in the eye.

Sure, the effing ramp is in your back yard and it's a solid, 16 foot wide -12 feet of fiat, 8 foot transitions- platforms - coping/ metal edge combo. Still, a lot of guys have their own ramps and aren't nearly as good. OK some are. Jon and freddie both have ramps and both those \*#@=!! are blazing too! In fact, every goodskater within 75 miles must be here today. Hey \*\$\*@! you guys too! An amazing gathering considering the cold. The sun's out but it can't be more than 35 degrees Nobody seems to be having any trouble with it.

Son of a @#\*%&! That was definitely a professional class invert! \*@%#! Insane lien to tail! @%##\*! Four feet of air frontside! Give us a break. @#\*@! Here comes the wrec ker. What will you that bet that he does ... yep, there he goes, stand up grinding about eight feet at speed onto the tail, shit, his [ ] at foot comes off- wildly out of control. Shit he's going off the side of the platform! Wait, hand down foot back on into a layback reentry-- no \*@%#ing stalling either! Right back in. A few more "Master of disaster" remakes and out.

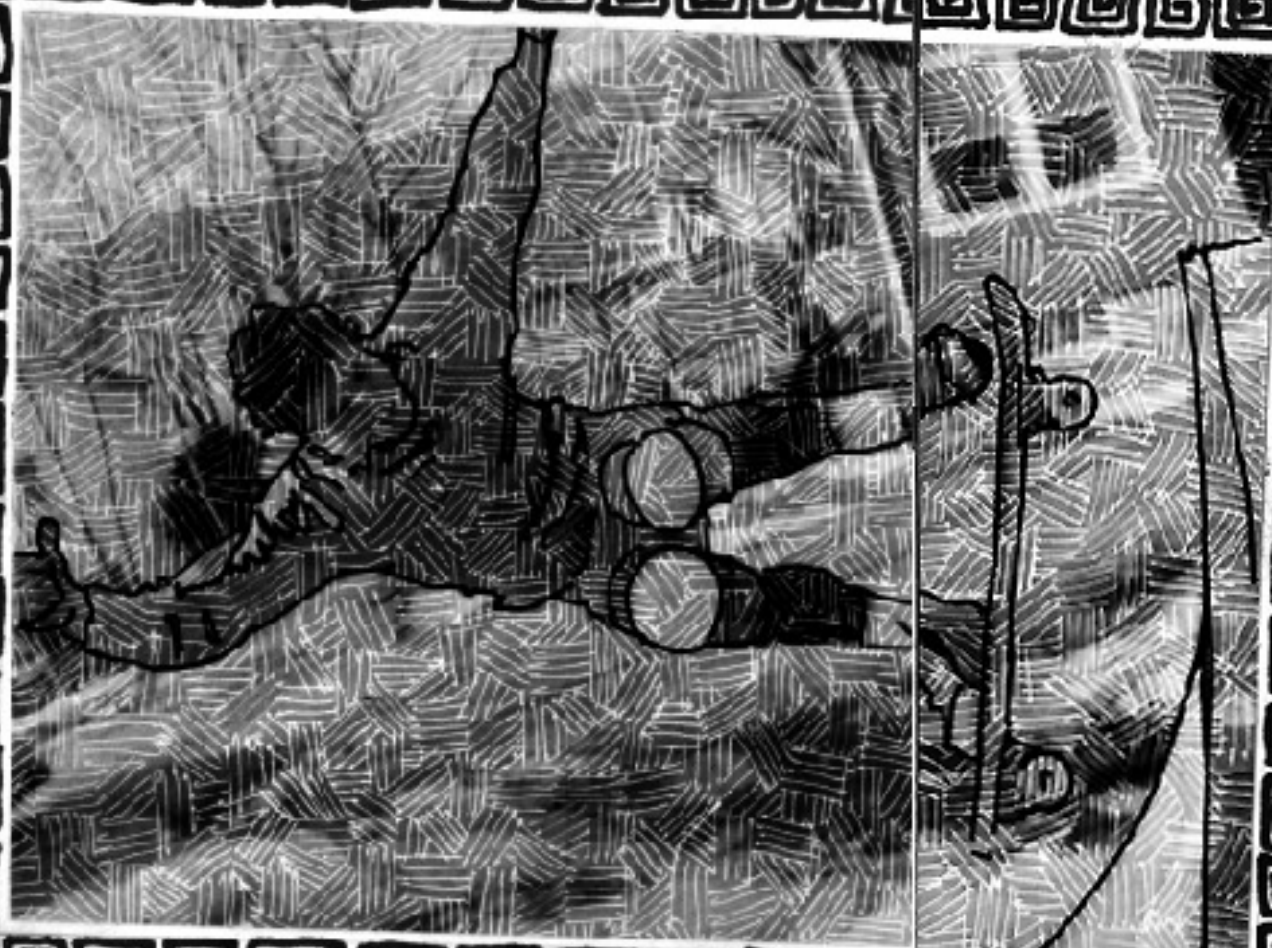
O kay here's my chance... Shit.. snaked. It's Freddy \*##%#! That frontside aerial was



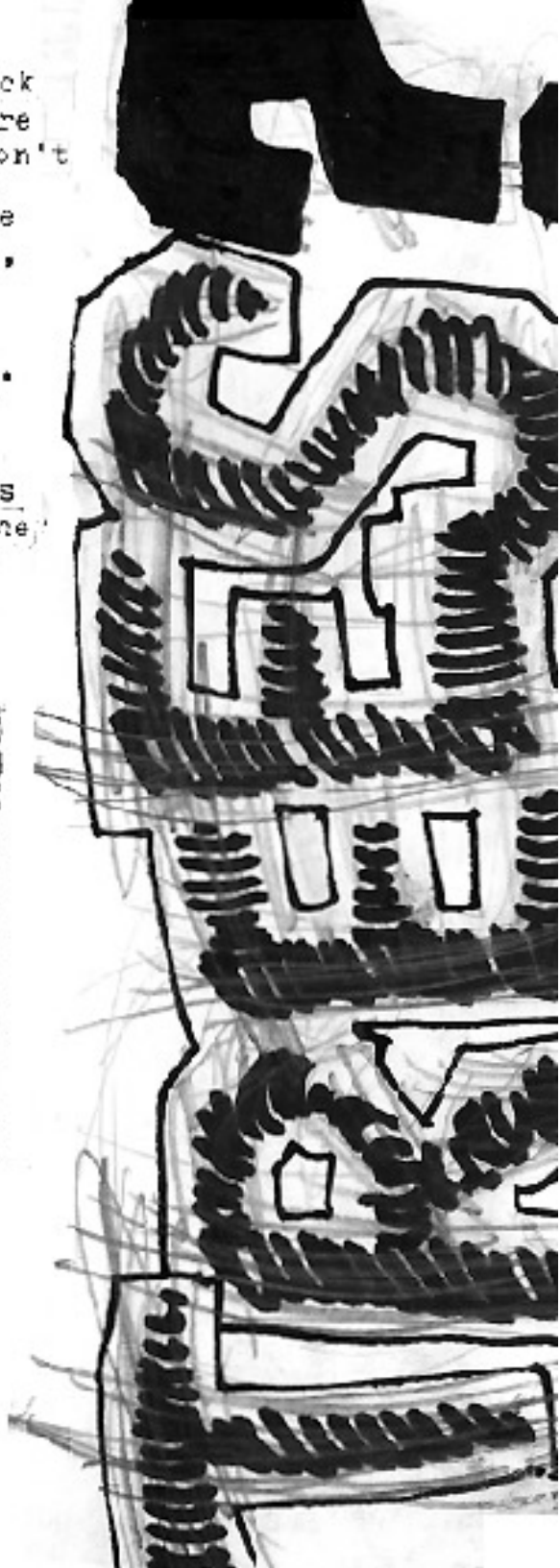


and as smooth as any backside air! No doubts  
 a skater in control, A sweeper... yeah! no  
 dancing on the top and a good slap on the way  
 in. &\*& I wish I could skate. Okay Here I  
 go, dropping in ...allright, dont hit the front  
 wheels grab tight, tuck those little legs, shit  
 going to hang up! Shit! tuck tight! Here it  
 comes I'm going to slam. I held on too long!  
 @\*% I made it. Not too bad either. No mega  
 height-2½ or so, wimpy? Hey at least it was  
 fucking stylish! Hey how about this lap over  
 grind? comitted ? or am I a dead man? A few

hoots. I'll try a back  
 side aerial next. Here  
 comes... thrust!.. don't  
 hit the front wheels  
 yeah...nice view here  
 four feet up... shit,  
 hang on, tuck it  
 up... I keep civing  
 my backside today...  
 oh well, I made it.  
 Allright grind this  
 wall, below coping is  
 for sissies. Grab the



FRANK - CALL ME THE WRECKER.





nose and tip it out,  
@\*#. I'm so cool I  
could just.. whea...  
UmH!... Shit that hurt.  
can I get up?... Yeah all  
in one piece... grab  
the board! get back up  
there. Well it was fun,  
there's Sean again. shit,  
those monorails of his  
are cool, I have to  
learn those. Shit, I'd  
give anything to be  
skating that good

Another stretched invert.  
Lengthy continuous and  
destructive grinds. Air  
following mind-boggling  
air. Interspersed with  
the odd wimpy attempt  
and lofty bail. It's not  
easy man! The easy part  
is the FUN, because  
ripping it up or sitting  
it out, skateboarding  
is insane good fun!  
Bumps? bruises? Abrasions?  
Why are these men  
smiling? Hey If you  
skated you wouldn't be  
asking. Holy cow! that  
aerial was a five-footer  
easy! \*#\*! Look he got a  
fucking nosebleed from  
the altitude!

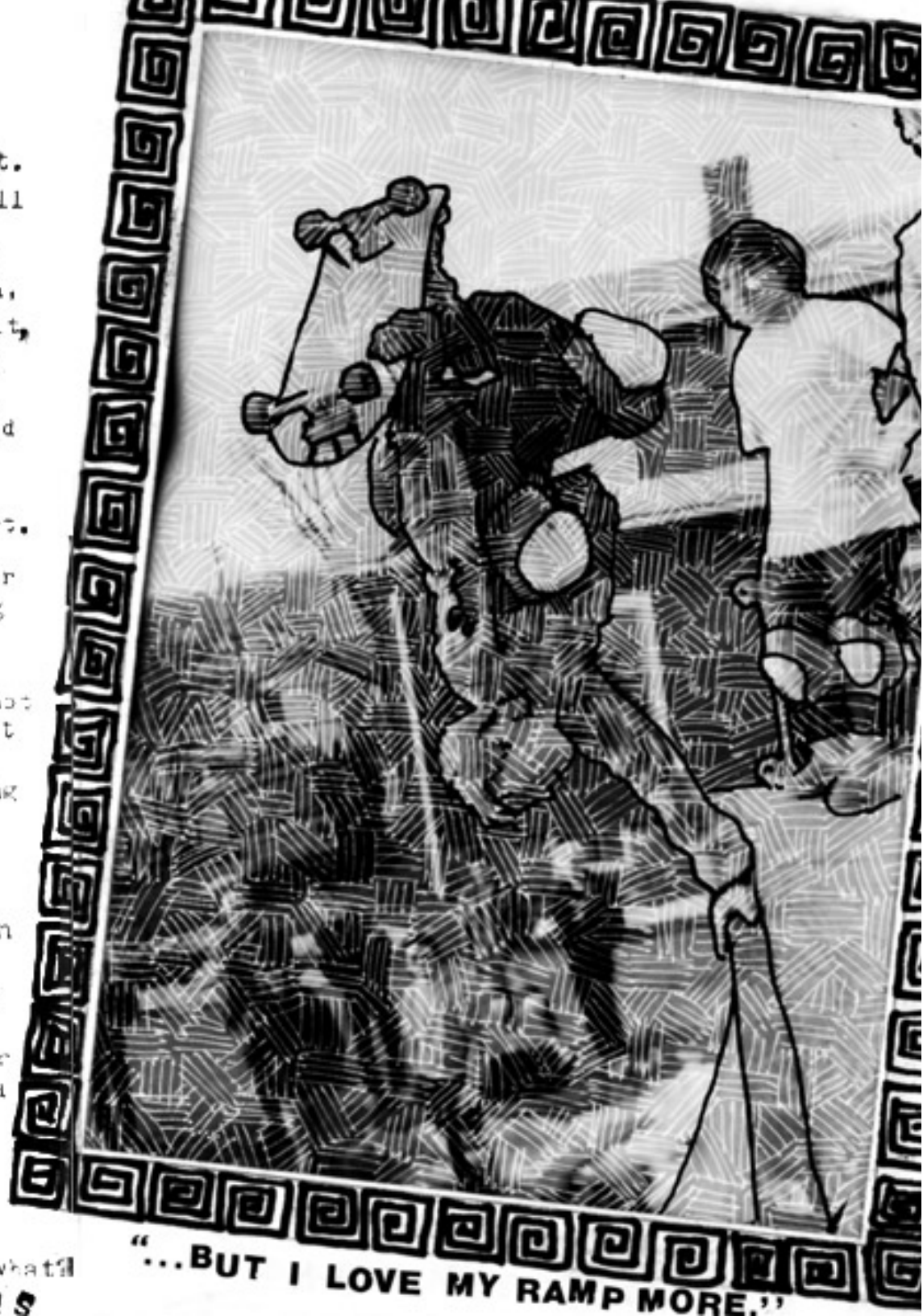
BRANTREE 1985

PHOTO EFFECTS & STORY

**M A X**

Hey, serious laughs or what!

BS



"...BUT I LOVE MY RAMP MORE."



**THANKS!**

**JAY MUGGING  
GLEN GOLDSTEIN**

**PHOTOS:**

**DAVE RICHARDSON** WORDS  
TOO!

**JOE LEMON, M.C.**

**RYAN NEUHOFF, GLEN,**

**DAVE FORWARD,**

**TIM KNOOR**

**ART:**

**CRAIG CONAHAN, JAY  
M & C CONAHAN**

SPECIAL THANKS  
ALSO TO MOTO  
& THRASHER  
MAGAZINE



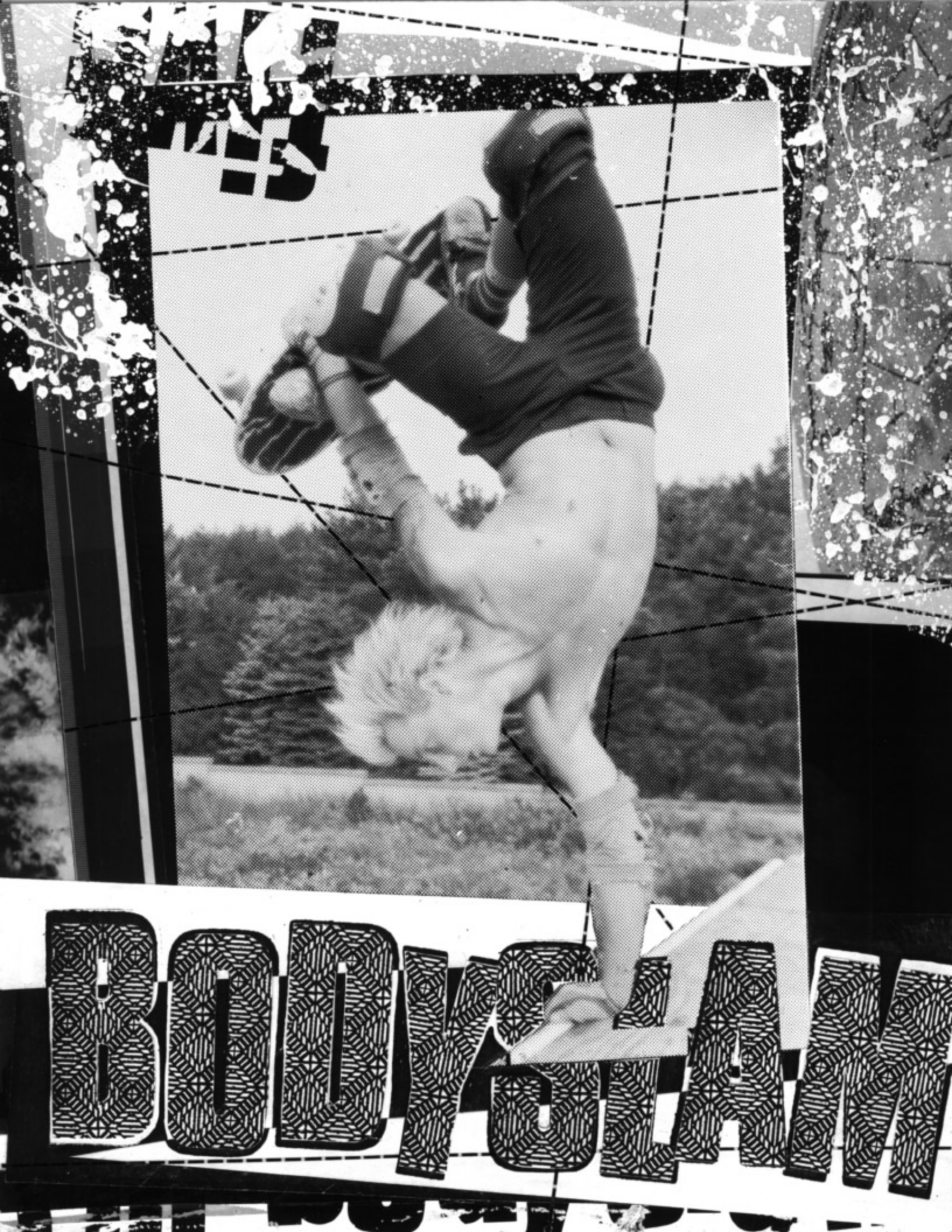


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BODYGLAM

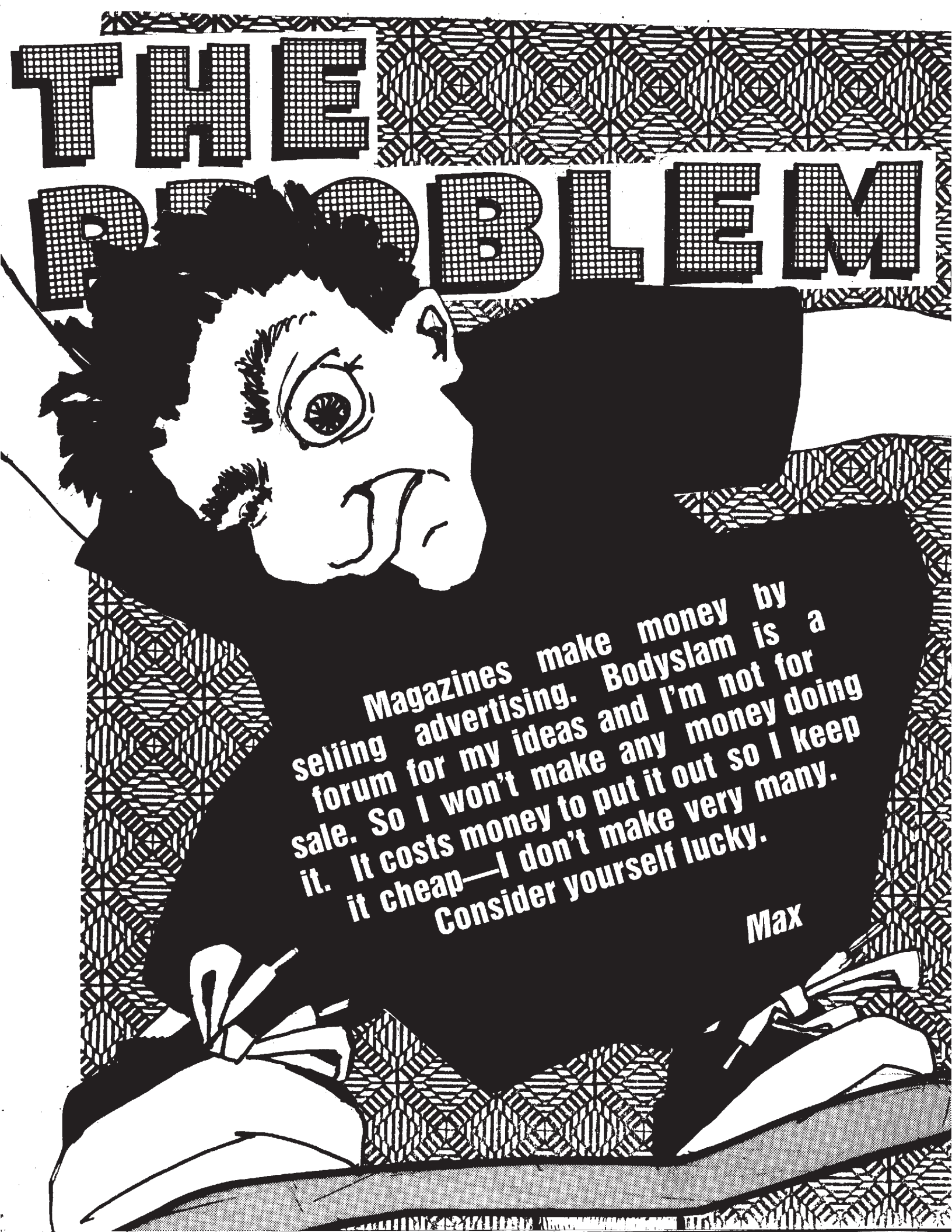


THANKS TO:  
CAROLYN CONAHAN  
SEAN MCLEAN  
CONORT CREW  
JAY WILLIAMSON  
BIG AIR CLUB





# THE PROBLEM



Magazines make money by  
selling advertising. Bodyslam is a  
forum for my ideas and I'm not for  
sale. So I won't make any money doing  
it. It costs money to put it out so I keep  
it cheap—I don't make very many.  
Consider yourself lucky.

Max

# THERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD

by MAX

THE RISE AND FALL OF DOUGIE'S  
EMPIRE IN CHELSEA, MASS.



TOP: LITTLE BIG MAN  
BOT: JAMES AYER

**S**TAGNANT SUBURBIA. SELF-  
AND SANITIZED, CHILD SAFE,  
TECTION. EVER-VIGILANT, IN-  
**TENSELY PARANOID!** A STRANGE  
SELECTION PROCESS DETERMINES  
THE SUCCESS OF NEW ENTERTAIN-  
MENTS. **OSMOTIC XENO-**  
**PHOBIA.** IN THIS ZIP-LOCKED  
MICROCOSM THE TREND-POOL  
IS MAGNIFICENTLY STAGNANT.  
"MAKE IT CONVENTIONAL OR  
**THE BUREAUS** MIGHT  
DOBBLE ELSEWHERE."  
ING, BUT THE AVERAGE SKATE-  
SESSION IS SO RANDOM THAT  
NON-GOAL-ORIENTED THAT  
IT PERMANENTLY CONTRADICTS  
THE SUBURBAN IDEAL. SO,  
SUBURBIA MIGHT ASK SKATE-  
BOARDING OVER FOR JELLO-  
WITH-MINI-MARSHMALLOWS  
BUT SKATEBOARDING WILL  
PROBABLY SNEAK INTO THE  
MEDICINE CABINET

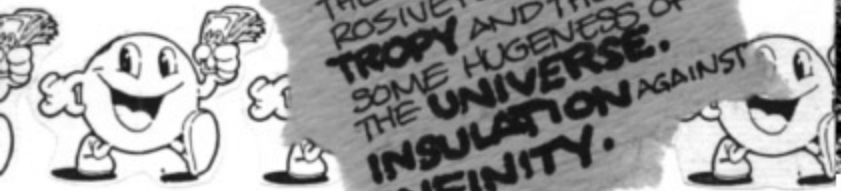




AND PUT **CAYENNE**  
 IN THE PREPARATION -H'!!!  
 AT THE CORE OF THIS CONFLICT  
 IS JOE LAWNMOWER'S BASIC,  
 (THOUGH ADMITTEDLY SUBCON-  
 SCIOUS) **FEAR OF NATURE.**  
**NATURE** DOESN'T KEEP ITS  
 YARD TIDY AND HAS LOUD  
 PARTIES - PLAYS HELL WITH  
 PROPERTY VALUES. JOE PRE-  
 FERS HIS WORLD HOMOGENIZED.  
 HE DOESN'T LIKE SURPRISES!  
 NO LUMPS IN HIS SPAGHETTI!  
 SAUCE GRATZ!, **CREAMY**  
**EVERYTIME!** JOE WANTS  
 HIS LIFE TO HAVE THE CONSIS-  
 TENCY, AND ESPECIALLY,  
 THE INSULATING VALUE OF  
**STYROFOAM.** HE WANTS  
 TO TUCK HIS ENVIRONMENT  
 IN AROUND HIM. WRAPPING  
 HIMSELF IN POSSESSIONS  
 AND THE **PROTECTIONS**  
 OF **PRIVATE PROPERTY,**  
 IN AN UNCONSCIOUS AT-  
 TEMPT TO MAKE HIMSELF  
 MORE SUBSTANTIAL IN  
 THE FACE OF THE COR-  
 ROSIVE FORCE OF **EN-**  
**TROPY** AND THE AWE-  
 SOME HUGENESS OF  
 THE **UNIVERSE.**  
**INSULATION** AGAINST  
**INFINITY.**



TOP: MAX, BOT.: TWISTA



SUDDENLY, THE SEPTIC TANK BACKS UP! THE ROOF LEAKS! TERMITES! ALL IS **CHAOS!** NATURE TRIES TO GET BACK SOME OF ITS STUFF. JOE BATTLES VALIANTLY. HE'S NOT **SCARED**. HE KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS AND IT'S NOT CHAOS. IT'S NOT THIS RACK ON WHEELS... WITHOUT ANY **AMBITION** OR DESIRE FOR RESPECTABILITY. THEY DON'T RECOGNIZE JOE'S STRUGGLE OR RESPECT HIS ACCOMPLISHMENTS. HE THOUGHT THEY WERE LIKE HIM, HE **LET** HIS SON'S FRIENDS BUILD A RAMP IN THE BACK YARD. **NOW HE'S SCARED!**



LIKE DANDELIONS, LIKE **FOREIGNERS!** FIRST A FEW. THEN THEY'RE ALL OVER THE **DAMN** PLACE! NICE KIDS, BUT DON'T THEY WORK? WHY DON'T THEY OFFER TO **HELP** OUT IN THE YARD? COULD IT BE? DO THEY EXPECT A **FREE** RIDE? WHY AREN'T THEY BUSY? WHY AREN'T WHAT ABOUT THEIR OWN **HOMES?** DON'T THEY HAVE ANYTHING **BETTER** TO DO?

TOP: BURLY BARK-AIR  
BOT: MADONNA - JEFF.





THEY DEDICATE THEMSELVES TO THESE CITIZENSHIP PURSUITS. BUT THEY ARE INVOLVED. NO LITTLE-NO TEAMS INVOLVED. THIS IS DIFFERENT; GIVING IT A STRUCTURE IS IMPOSSIBLE BECAUSE IT CHANGES IT. INTO SOMETHING IT ISN'T. **MOULD** IT AND DOESN'T DISAPPEAR. IT DOESN'T TAKE FRUIT, OR BEAR ANY VALUE. **RESALE** WHAT STARTS AS AN ATTEMPT TO ADOPT A NEW NATIONAL PASS-PARASITIC CLASS. THE BRAT DOESN'T MIND VISITING, BUT WON'T TAKE CUT THE TRASH OR BUY ANY GOOD.



MAX FOR: 5T  
OTHERS: MAX X



CERIES. **IT** JUST DOESN'T FIT IN. EITHER THE BABY HOMEOWNER WAS NEVER INTO IT IN THE FIRST PLACE; HAD SOME OUTSIDE MOTIVE; THOUGHT **HAVING** THE RAMP WOULD PROVIDE INSTANT STARDOM; MAKE HIM KING OF THE SCENE AND LOSES INTEREST WHEN IT DOESN'T HAPPEN. WHEN HE DISCOVERS THAT THE LANDLORD ACTS GETS NO APPLAUSE AND THAT HE HAS NO FANS, HE STOPS PAYMENT ON HIS CHARITY CHECK. **O**R THE CHILD CONVERTS AND IS SEEN AS A WEAK LINK ON THE CAPITALIST SHIRT SLEEVE, **DISSENTION** AT THE DINING TABLE. SAM AND SOPHIE SUBURBIA TRY TO HERD THEIR **OFF-SPRING** INTO THE RIGHT PEN, BUT IT'S TOO LATE, THEY'VE LOST A **PIGLET**. SO THEY HAVE THE RAMP REMOVED, THINKING TO **SAVE** THEIR CHILD, TOO LATE. HE JOINS THE NOMADS, **BE-GINNING** THE CYCLE ELSEWHERE. -END



TOP: DAVE LEMIEUX  
BOT: GRINNER



JEFF T.

# MEGA MORP HOS



As Sam Gregora awoke one morning from uneasy dream, he found himself transformed in the night into a normal sized human being. He was lying on his back seeming to sink right into the bed(?) and could see his pale, definitely not-shiny belly and only four legs which were huge in comparison to the rest of his body and very still. In fact, he could barely move them.

"What has happened to me?" he wondered. It was no dream. At first he thought that he might be dreaming, because the previous night, like so many before, had been spent snarfing whiskey-soaked fruitcake, which had been abandoned to the shadows at the back of the top shelf of the pantry where Sam had found it. He thought that the unusual sensations of lying on his back and of



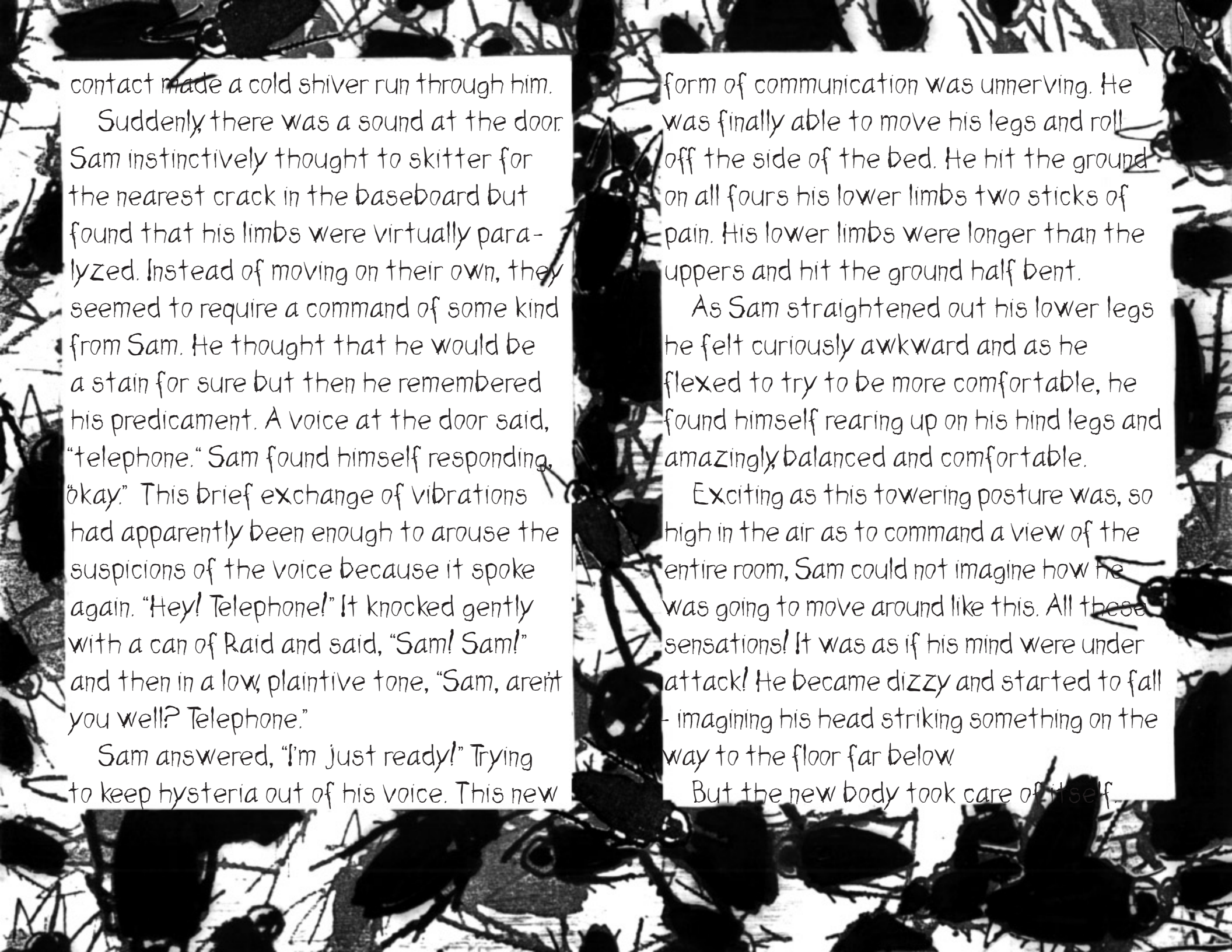


having four legs instead of two, might, like the pounding in his head, might be attributable to the debaucheries of the previous evening. Slowly he began to realize that these hallucinations were not hallucinations at all, and that something fantastic had happened to him while he was asleep.

"What the ..." Sam said; and was shocked at the rumbling quality of his voice and the way his insides seemed to vibrate and roll to create sound. "This transformation is truly strange." Looking down at his body, he noticed what he thought was a small fifth leg. It was different from the others though and surrounded by a mat of tightly curled hair, the purpose of which he could not imagine. He made to touch it with a front leg but he drew the leg back immediately for the







contact made a cold shiver run through him.

Suddenly, there was a sound at the door. Sam instinctively thought to skitter for the nearest crack in the baseboard but found that his limbs were virtually paralyzed. Instead of moving on their own, they seemed to require a command of some kind from Sam. He thought that he would be a stain for sure but then he remembered his predicament. A voice at the door said, "telephone." Sam found himself responding, "okay." This brief exchange of vibrations had apparently been enough to arouse the suspicions of the voice because it spoke again. "Hey! Telephone!" It knocked gently with a can of Raid and said, "Sam! Sam!" and then in a low, plaintive tone, "Sam, aren't you well? Telephone."

Sam answered, "I'm just ready!" Trying to keep hysteria out of his voice. This new

form of communication was unnerving. He was finally able to move his legs and roll off the side of the bed. He hit the ground on all fours his lower limbs two sticks of pain. His lower limbs were longer than the uppers and hit the ground half bent.

As Sam straightened out his lower legs he felt curiously awkward and as he flexed to try to be more comfortable, he found himself rearing up on his hind legs and amazingly balanced and comfortable.

Exciting as this towering posture was, so high in the air as to command a view of the entire room, Sam could not imagine how he was going to move around like this. All these sensations! It was as if his mind were under attack! He became dizzy and started to fall - imagining his head striking something on the way to the floor far below

But the new body took care of itself.



DAVE

something  
fantastic  
had hap-  
pened to  
him while  
he was  
asleep.

As he toppled; his vital fluids would ooze  
from his shattered carapace; he put one foot  
forward and prevented the fall. Then he put  
the other foot to balance himself further and  
found he was moving right along. As he con-  
tinued to move, this new form of locomotion





DAVE

became more natural and Sam felt that he might eventually achieve some sort of competence; at least enough to be able to escape into the nearest crack ... "but no, he would reduce this great tower of protoplasm to pulp if he tried to force it under a baseboard. Sam thought there were a lot of things he would never do again, at least not unless this wretched transformation was reversed. Sam was sad. He could not see how he could possibly crawl crisscross over the walls and ceiling - something he enjoyed very much - with this body. He thought he might never again be able to hang suspended from the walls. What was to become of him? Would he ever be happy again?

Suddenly, his musings were interrupted. "Are you going to answer the effing telephone or not?"

"Yes, here I come," Sam said, and found himself knowing not only what the phone

was but also its location and how to use it. "Hello?" He said into the mouthpiece. The instrument answered back, "Hey ma, what's happenin'?" "Not much, Sam answered wondering how he could explain what had happened so far that morning without his head swelling up to the size of a watermelon before going fruit-nova. Better to play along and see what would happen.

"Feel like skatin'?" asked the voice.

"Sure."

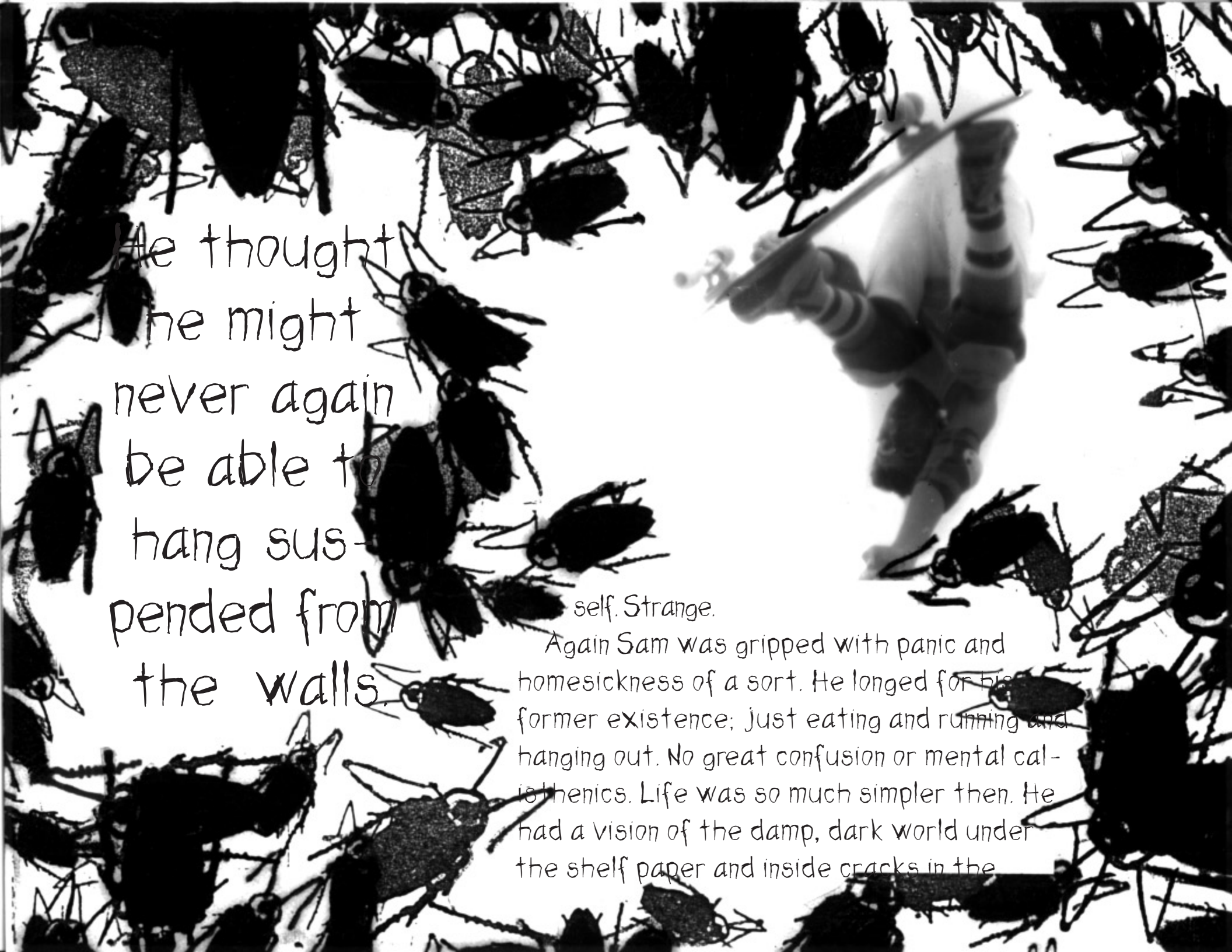
"Okay, be right over," click, buzz...

Replacing the phone in its rack, Sam thought things couldn't possibly get any stranger than they were and returned to the bedroom. Sam awoke to another knock at the door.

"Ready?" said another thing like him.

This one was a slightly more compact version and looked very stable and balanced. There was something familiar about this one; the way he moved. He reminded Sam of his former





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hang sus-  
pended from  
the walls.

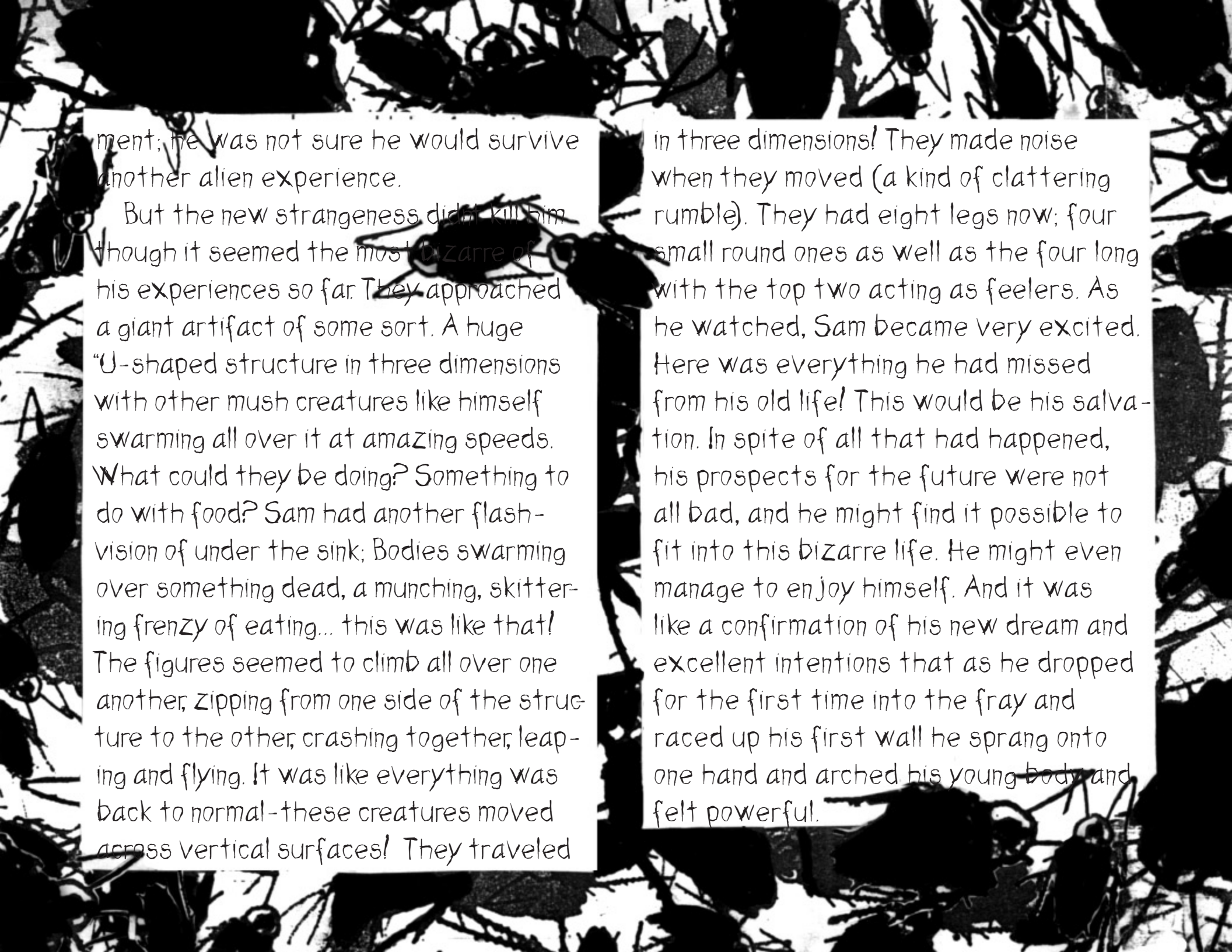
self. Strange.

Again Sam was gripped with panic and homesickness of a sort. He longed for his former existence; just eating and running and hanging out. No great confusion or mental calisthenics. Life was so much simpler then. He had a vision of the damp, dark world under the shelf paper and inside cracks in the



cabinetry. The occasional contact of his comrades, the constant contact of the world around him; so different from his present circumstances. He wanted to be swarming over something with something swarming over him. Sam wanted chaos - manic activity to turn off his mind - and more. This hallucination had too much order to it. There was so little contact and everything seemed to happen so slowly, as if he were swimming through marshmallow cream, without the luxurious tactility of that rapturous experience. Would he ever find total abandon in this monstrous form? The vehicle stopped now and as Sam, quite near to insanity, collected himself and thought out, he heard a strange roaring noise. It came from somewhere in the distance and as they walked they seemed to be approaching the source. Sam wondered what new horror he would be forced to experience, what further psychic tor-





ment; he was not sure he would survive another alien experience.

But the new strangeness didn't kill him though it seemed the most bizarre of his experiences so far. They approached a giant artifact of some sort. A huge "U-shaped structure in three dimensions with other mush creatures like himself swarming all over it at amazing speeds. What could they be doing? Something to do with food? Sam had another flash-vision of under the sink; Bodies swarming over something dead, a munching, skittering frenzy of eating... this was like that! The figures seemed to climb all over one another, zipping from one side of the structure to the other, crashing together, leaping and flying. It was like everything was back to normal-these creatures moved across vertical surfaces! They traveled

in three dimensions! They made noise when they moved (a kind of clattering rumble). They had eight legs now; four small round ones as well as the four long with the top two acting as feelers. As he watched, Sam became very excited. Here was everything he had missed from his old life! This would be his salvation. In spite of all that had happened, his prospects for the future were not all bad, and he might find it possible to fit into this bizarre life. He might even manage to enjoy himself. And it was like a confirmation of his new dream and excellent intentions that as he dropped for the first time into the fray and raced up his first wall he sprang onto one hand and arched his young body and felt powerful.

# MINDLESS Scribblings

WOW! BOSS BOARDS!! ONE  
O' THOSE UNDER MY ARM, OR  
IN MY LOCKER, & @!! I'D BE  
"BOSS OF THE BEACH!" YEAH! I'LL  
GET SOME KNEE PADS TO  
WEAR WHILE I CARRY MY  
BORED(sic) I'LL LOOK COOL!

NOW HERE'S AN EX-  
AMPLE OF A TRULY  
INTELLIGENT BIT  
OF COMMUNICATION!  
A POIGNANT COMMENT  
ON THE STATE OF  
SKATE-DOM & ALSO  
FOSTERING GREATER  
UNDERSTANDING (?)  
BETWEEN HUMANIDS!  
OK., MOST SKATE'S  
GRAPHICS HAVE MORE  
SUBSTANCE. @!!  
BUT DESE CATS  
BE TOO LONG IN  
DE TWINKIE ZONE.

YEAH, I'M  
COOL NOW!  
EVERYONE  
CAN CHECK  
OUT MY  
TOUGH  
GRAPHICS  
& THINK  
I SKATE!

ONLY ONE  
CATS  
SANDPAPER!

MAX  
98,

GUTS & GORE ABOUND! ALONG WITH SOME UNBE-  
LIEVABLY IDIOTIC @\*?@!!! IF YOUR SKATING  
MEANS ANYTHING YOUR ART SHOULD TOO!  
FIND THE SKATE ART & SUPPORT SKATING  
THE REST WILL FADE. YEAH! HEE HEE!

AH, CONCEPTUAL  
PURITY!



# FILDER



Confort foto

**F**ORGET it  
pal. Look at  
that thing!  
No lower  
jaw,

eyeballs eaten out and its  
fur looks like Orson  
Welles' Odor Eaters<sup>TM</sup> back  
from the grave. I wanted a  
moose head anyway.

I know that tomorrow is big  
trash amnesty day and no  
doubt there are treasures to be  
found in this trash. It really is  
amazing how this necropolis of  
refrigerators and nasty old  
stained mattresses has appeared  
on the sidewalk. It's awe inspiring  
that such a huge amount of  
merchandise is being discarded here  
when all those people in the Soviet  
Union are standing in line to buy  
cardboard belts. I have to admit that it  
was cool swooping the trash like giant  
flies——'board buzzards circling all this  
consumer carrion. No doubt you could  
furnish an entire house out of this trash,  
BUT I AIN'T TAKIN' THAT PIG MAN!!!

FRANK - cantOn



INSANE how this BS mail piles up. I can just see the little twerps sitting there with an old copy of Trans World, writing to every skate 'zine in the directory and putting a couple of stamps in each envelope, like they were putting teeth under their pillows. No note or anything, just a scrap of paper with a return address written on it. Well, they're just going to have to go hungry. It's hard enough getting this thing out to people who make an effort.



Mike Holden



metal - rj

SE **LL** ING mags is what it's all about, though a case could be made for

the existence of a cult of graphic designer worshippers. TWS is as much about graphic design as it is about skate life. I know, to you it looks like it's mostly about photo-trashing. TWS photos defy clarity and readability the way the subjects of those photos defy gravity or pedestrianism, or the guidelines for use of the American Plywood Institute. But it makes perfect sense considering their audience. Sometimes I'm suspicious of those arcane photo captions though. Has anyone tried reading them backwards?



WILL - NEWTON



**E**VERY day  
I think  
about  
skate-  
boarding at  
least once.

I rarely dream about it though. The few times I did they were dreams of frustration. I'm at a spot with my skating friends or I'm in a contest and I'm really nervous about how I'm going to skate when it's my turn. Then I drop in and I can't skate at all. No strength, no timing, lame. I wake up sad.



Joe - newton



ryan - bugland

**R**UNNING down a dark  
piss-smelling alley,  
ducking and weaving  
wildly to avoid flying  
nuggets of death—lead  
mcnuggets—I wasn't really con-  
cerned about my mission. Even though  
the agents of GOD who were pursuing  
me meant to destroy the secret formula  
I was carrying, just like they destroyed  
the man who developed it. The formula  
could save the world if I could just get it  
through. But my mind was elsewhere. I  
was pissed that I was missing another  
weekend of skateboarding. Oh well,  
maybe next weekend.



fred--braintree



My names Ade Wernersson and  
publish a paper called Hæro, it  
was wondering if you'd be into  
a photo / photo version here  
in Providence sometime really  
in '84. I'll see you out in  
Cobalt and happen my



BS

ATHLETE: VICTOR





Earlier than the  
Tales of the Old School

OLD GUY!



antigravity  
press

two bucks



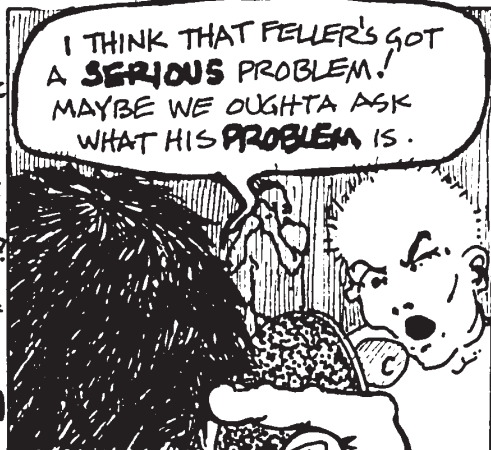








WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS MASOCHISTIC DISPLAY? IS IT JUST ANOTHER PUNK DOING THE OLD "HEAD BUTT" ROUTINE TRUCK PROTECTION DEVICE INSTALLATION? MAYBE IT'S FRUSTRATION



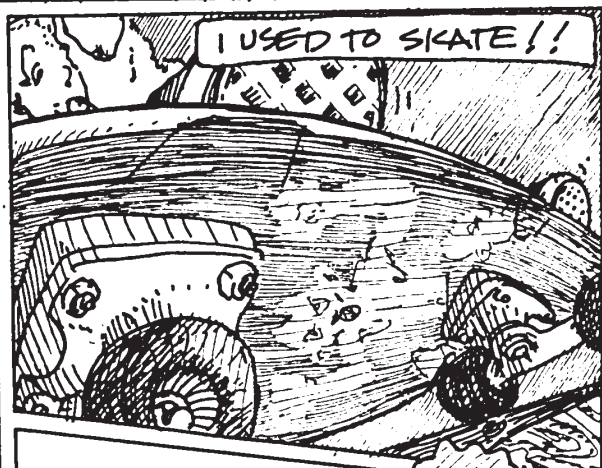
I THINK THAT FELLER'S GOT A **SERIOUS** PROBLEM! MAYBE WE OUGHTA ASK WHAT HIS **PROBLEM** IS.



I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S **WRONG!**



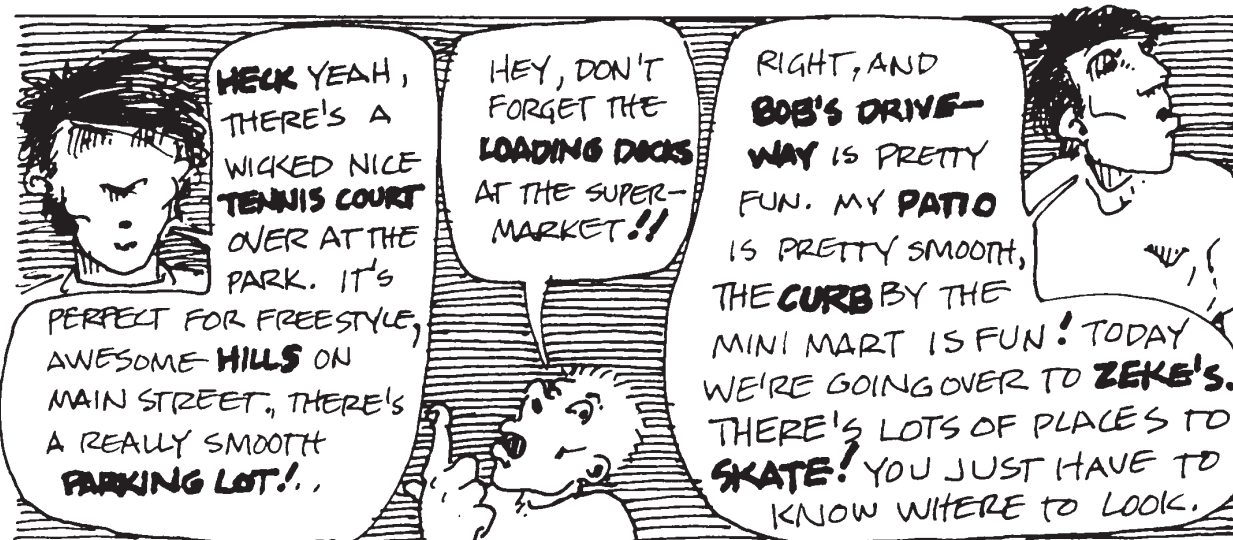
I USED TO DO **INSANE** PERIALS AND **EVERYTHING!** BACK HOME I WAS **KING OF THE SCENE!!!** BUT THEN I HAD TO MOVE OUT HERE, AND I HAVEN'T SKATED IN **WEEKS!** I CAN'T TAKE IT! I'M **TWEETING!** I'M **BLOWING IT,** LOSING MY MIND! **MY GOD...**



I USED TO SKATE!!



...DOESN'T ANYBODY SKATE ANYMORE?



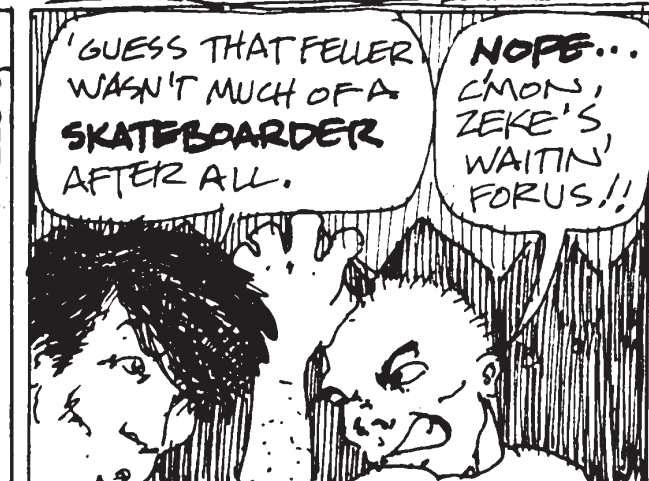
HECK YEAH, THERE'S A WICKED NICE **TENNIS COURT** OVER AT THE PARK. IT'S PERFECT FOR **FREESTYLE,** AWESOME **HILLS** ON MAIN STREET, THERE'S A REALLY SMOOTH **PARKING LOT!..**

HEY, DON'T FORGET THE **LOADING DOCKS** AT THE SUPER-MARKET!!

RIGHT, AND **BOB'S DRIVE-WAY** IS PRETTY FUN. MY **PATIO** IS PRETTY SMOOTH, THE **CURB** BY THE MINI MART IS FUN! TODAY WE'RE GOING OVER TO **ZEKE'S.** THERE'S LOTS OF PLACES TO **SKATE!** YOU JUST HAVE TO KNOW WHERE TO LOOK.

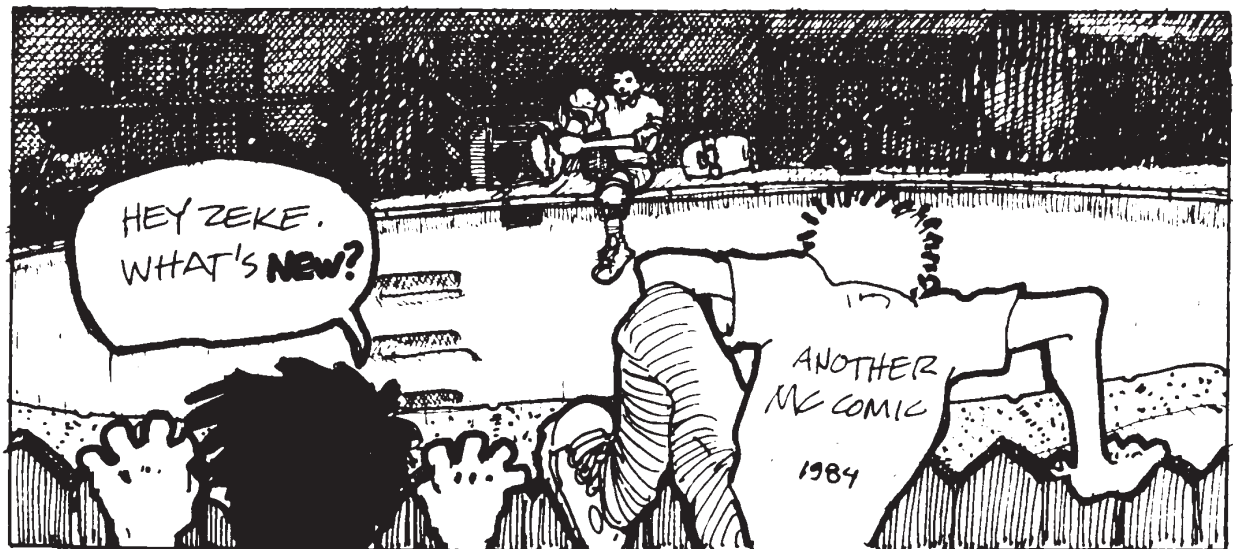


**AAAAAARGH!!** HICKS! GET ME OUT OF HERE!!! WHERE'S THE BUS STATION? **HELP!**



'GUESS THAT FELLER WASN'T MUCH OF A **SKATEBOARDER** AFTER ALL.

**NOPE...** C'MON, ZEKE'S WAITIN' FOR US!!



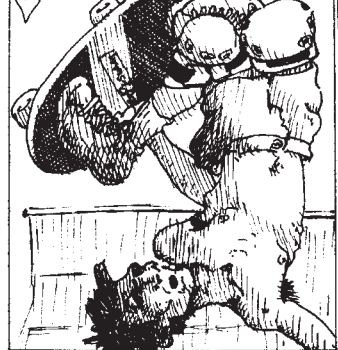
HEY ZEKE. WHAT'S **NEW?**

ANOTHER **MC COMIC**

1984



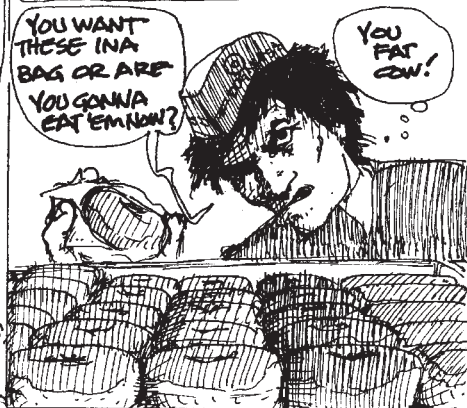
# FLEXIBLE?



**NEGATIVE.**  
AS SOON AS WE'RE  
OUT ON OUR OWN WE  
FIND OURSELVES MORE  
**CONFINED** THAN EVER  
BY THE NEED FOR **SELF-  
SUFFICIENCY...**  
GET A JOB MAN...



USUALLY THIS MEANS: PERFORM  
SOME DEMEANING TASK LIKE :



YOU WANT  
THESE IN A  
BAG OR ARE  
YOU GONNA  
EAT 'EM NOW?

YOU  
FAT  
GUY!

THE ADVANTAGES OF  
PLAYING THE **NICE** BOY  
ARE CLEAR, MAKE A LOT  
OF DOUGH **RIGHT?**...  
WORK **HARD** = GET **RICH**...

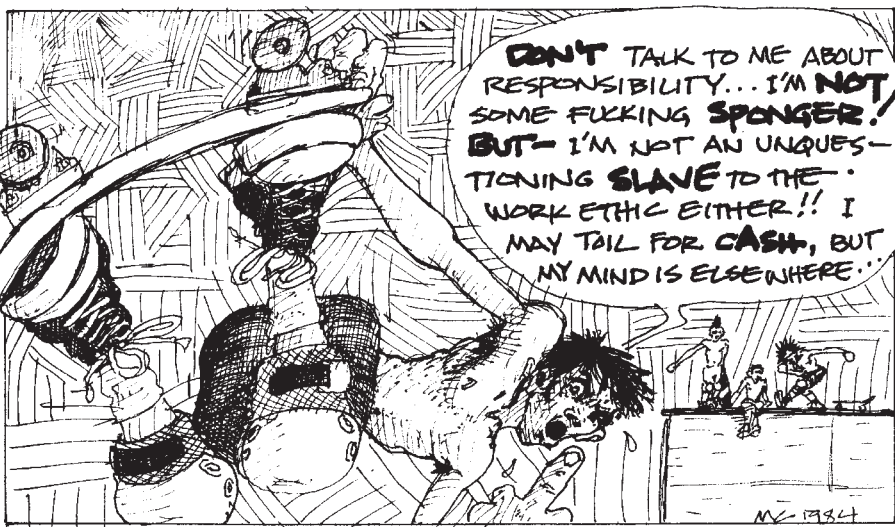


**OUTSIDE** -  
**INSIDE** -

...BUT I HATE  
THAT ATTITUDE!

GET A **JOB** YOU SAY? "I HAVE TO  
EAT?" ALL RIGHT, I WILL BUT NOT  
IF I DON'T HAVE TIME TO...

# ROCK & ROLL!



**DON'T** TALK TO ME ABOUT  
RESPONSIBILITY... I'M **NOT**  
SOME FUCKING **SPONGER!**  
**BUT** - I'M NOT AN UNQUES-  
TIONING **SLAVE** TO THE  
WORK ETHIC EITHER!! I  
MAY TAIL FOR **CASH**, BUT  
MY MIND IS ELSEWHERE...



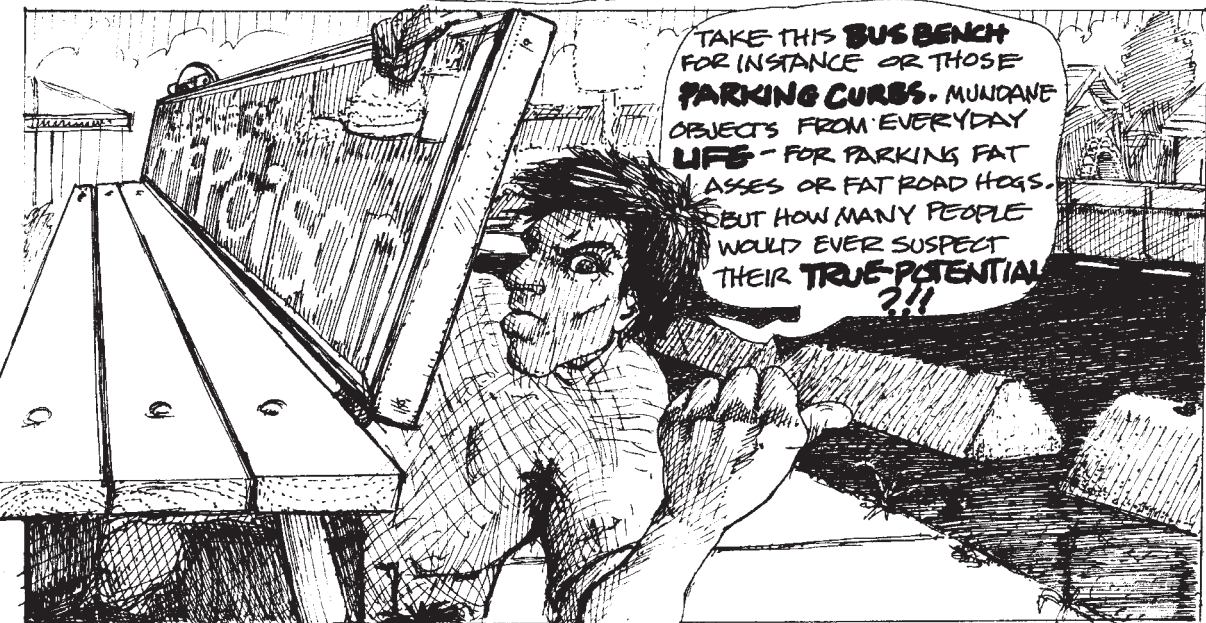
# SKATE ZONE

"JEEZ... WHAT'S THIS  
**SKATE ZONE** STUFF  
HE'S TALKING ABOUT?"  
YOU'RE PROBABLY CON-  
FUSED **RIGHT?**

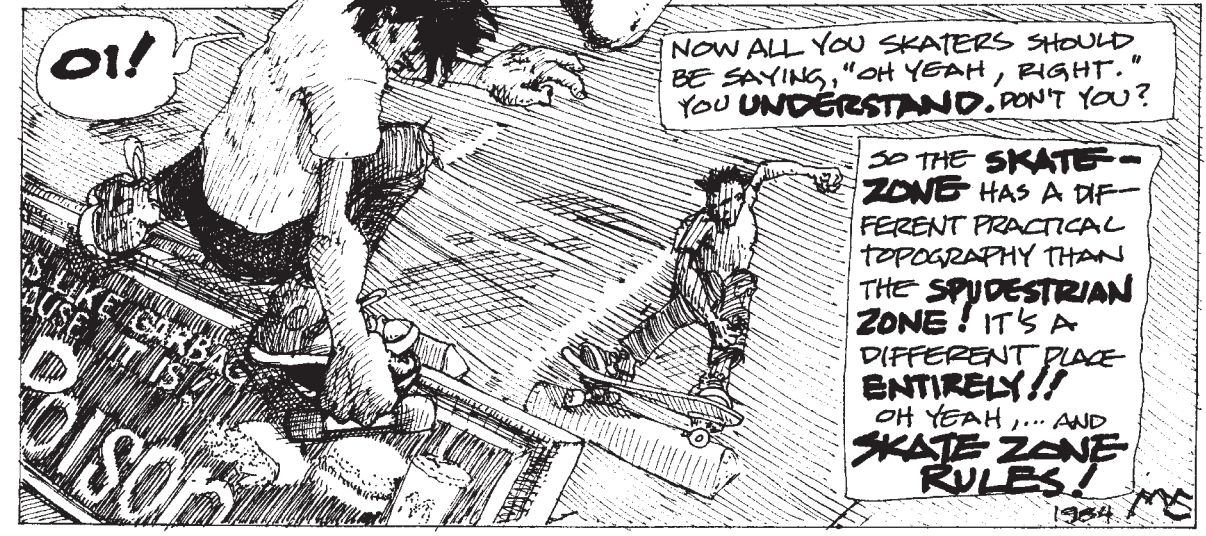


THE **ZONE** DE-  
SCRIBES AN ALTERNATE  
SET OF PHYSICAL CIR-  
CUMSTANCES - SIMILAR  
TO THOSE OF THE **WORK-  
WORLD** IN ALL BUT MO-  
TIVES. OK, HOW 'BOUT  
SOME **EXAMPLES?**

AND THIS  
IS IMPORTANT  
SO **FUCKING-  
LISTEN  
UP!!  
OK?!**



TAKE THIS **BUS BENCH**  
FOR INSTANCE OR THOSE  
**PARKING CURBS**. MUNDANE  
OBJECTS FROM EVERYDAY  
**LIFE** - FOR PARKING **FAT  
ASSES** OR **FAT ROAD HOGS**.  
BUT HOW MANY PEOPLE  
WOULD EVER SUSPECT  
THEIR **TRUE POTENTIAL**  
?!!



**OI!**

NOW ALL YOU **SKATERS** SHOULD  
BE SAYING, "OH YEAH, **RIGHT**."  
YOU **UNDERSTAND**. DON'T YOU?

SO THE **SKATE-  
ZONE** HAS A DIFF-  
ERENT PRACTICAL  
TOPOGRAPHY THAN  
THE **SPIDESTRAN  
ZONE!** IT'S A  
DIFFERENT PLACE  
**ENTIRELY!!**  
OH YEAH, ... AND  
**SKATE ZONE  
RULES!**

1984 MS



# MINDLESS Scribblings



appeared in BODYSLAM 5 1987

THE WORD: **BODYSLAM!** THE INFO:

**BODYSLAM 4** - A LIFETIME IN THE MAKING... AND NOT YOUR AVERAGE SKATEZINE, IS NOW AVAILABLE FOR 1 DOLLAR AMERICAN. THIS IS NOT A PROFIT VENTURE - IT COSTS MORE TO XEROX THE DARNED THING! WORTH IT TO

"THE VIRTUAL GOD OF ALL SKATEZINES"  
-THRASHER

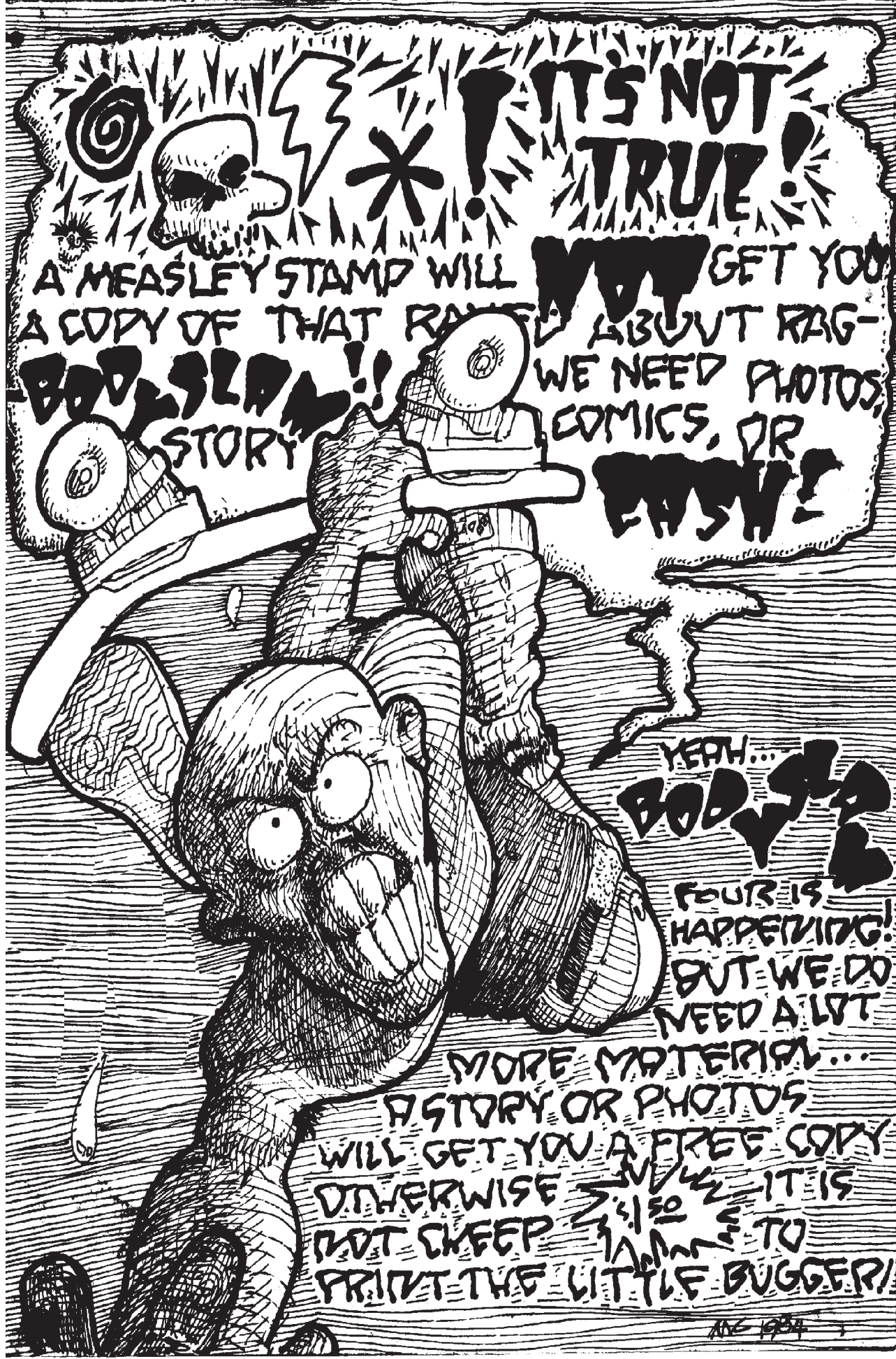
**BODY SLAM FOUR**













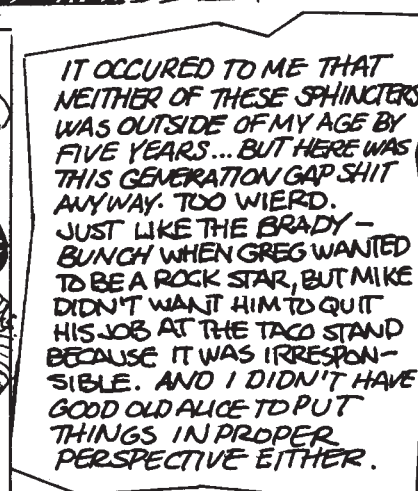
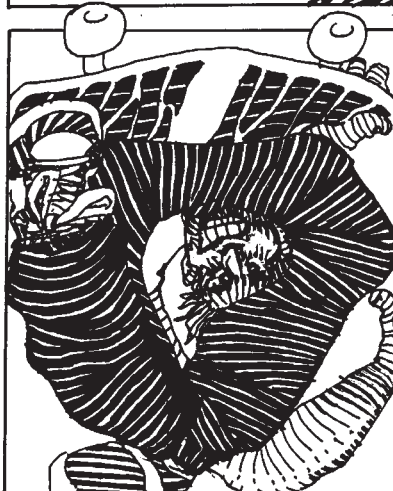
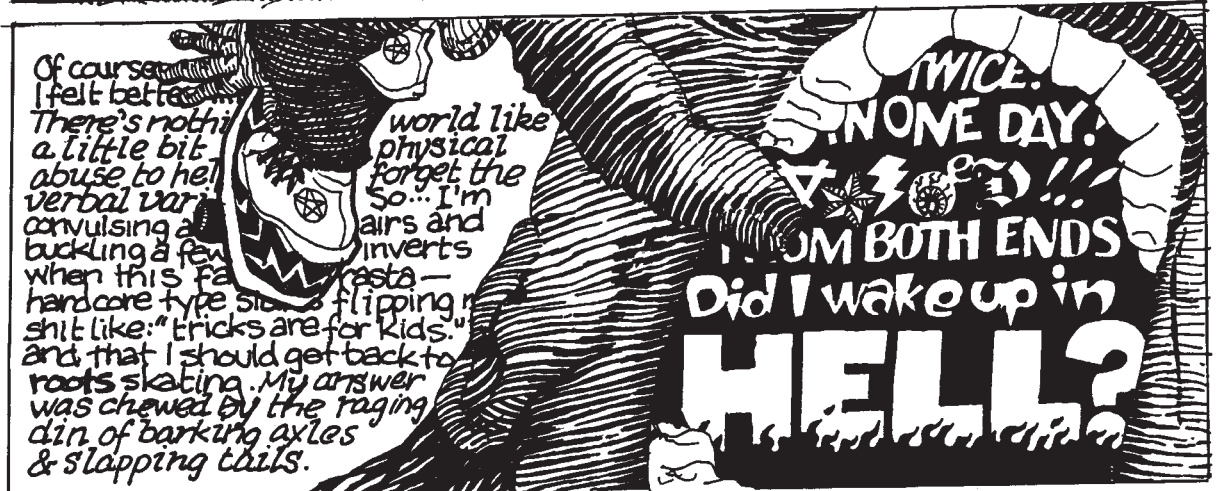
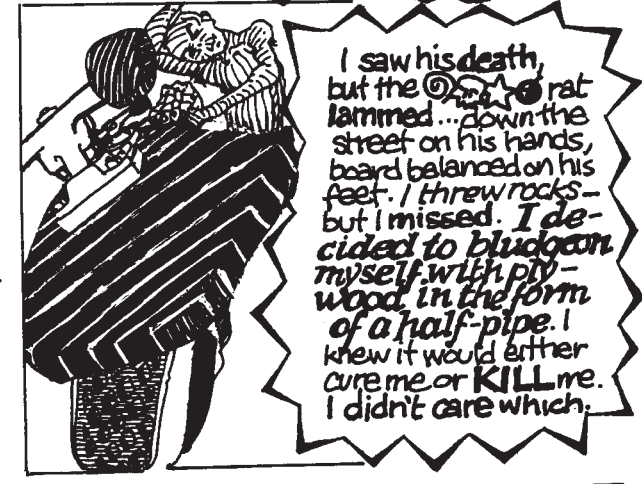






appeared in BODYSLAM 4 1985

# MAX THE RAT TOONS

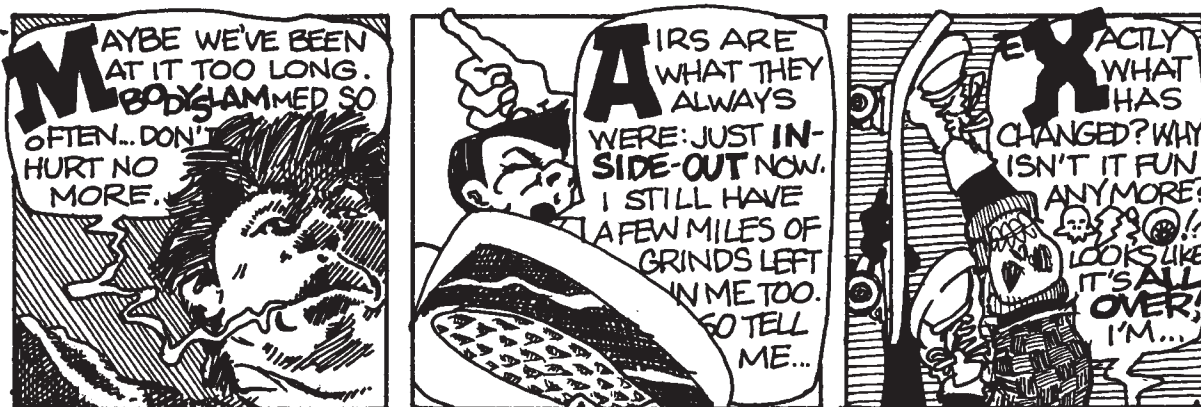


appeared in Thrasher ca. 1991









# SKATE & BORED

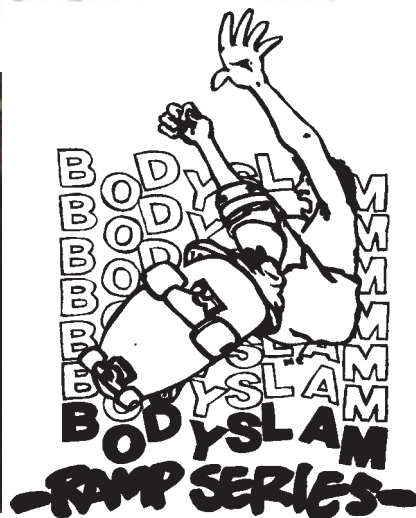
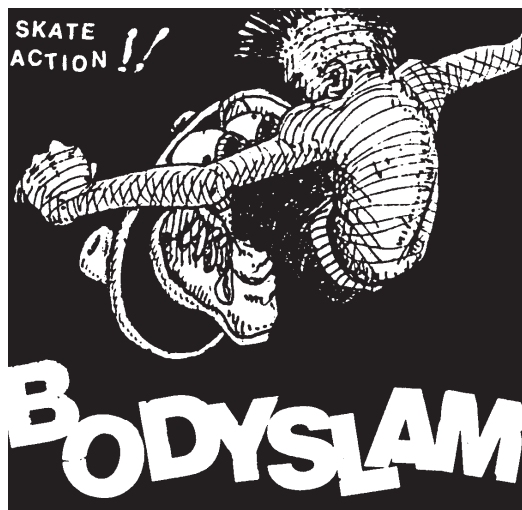


appeared in Thrasher August 1987



appeared in Thrasher September 1986

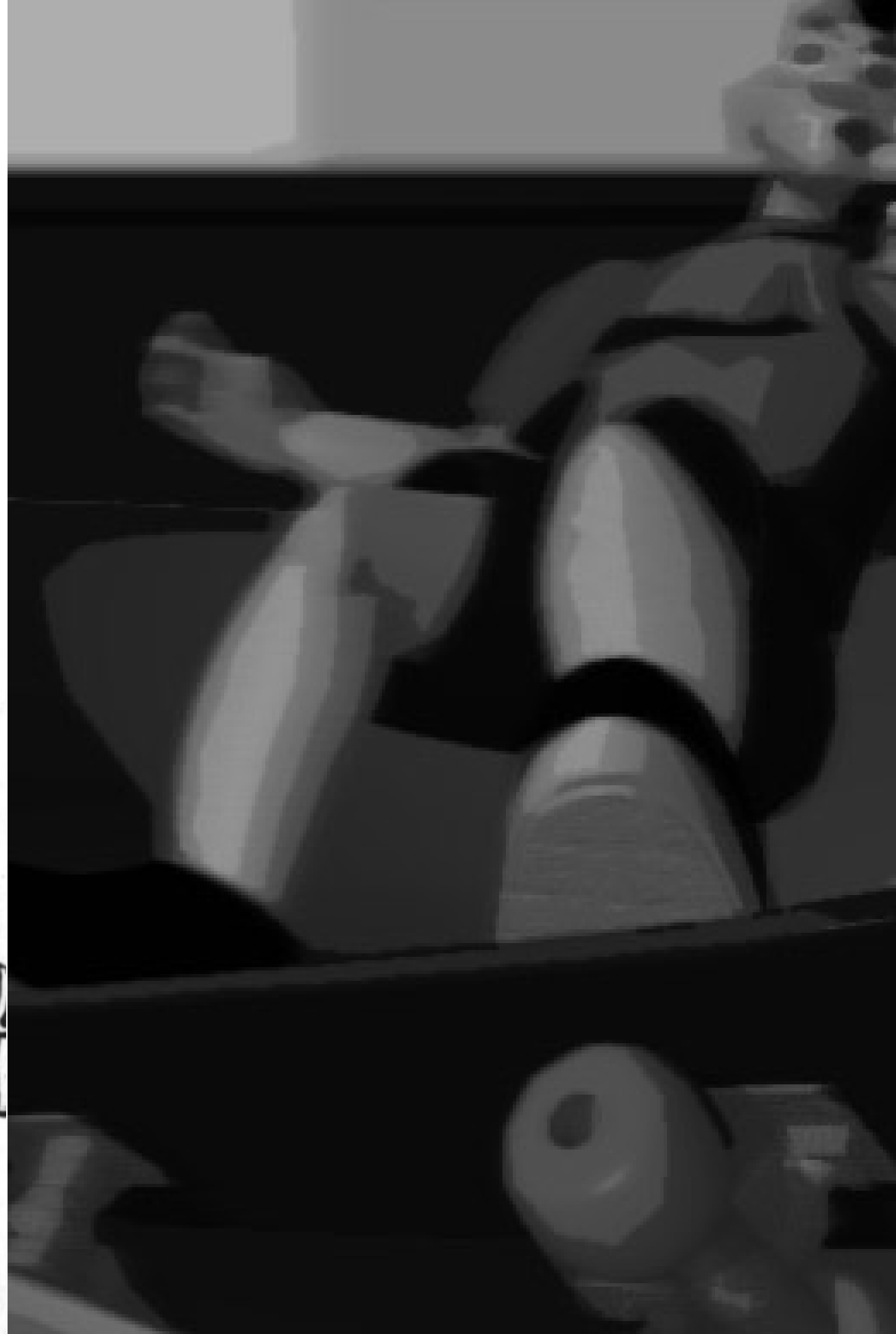














That horrid skateboarding fad  
Should crash and burn any day  
now. A sure sign that the  
end is near is the arrival of  
big business at the trough.

Certain International Footwear  
manufacturing concerns and a  
900-pound rodent are about  
to climb onto the heap, which  
is sure to bring it down. MM/

But that won't kill skate-  
boarding for people like MC  
who need it. These comics are  
about heading it. MC is still  
skating. Maybe not as well  
as you—but hey, he's old.

