

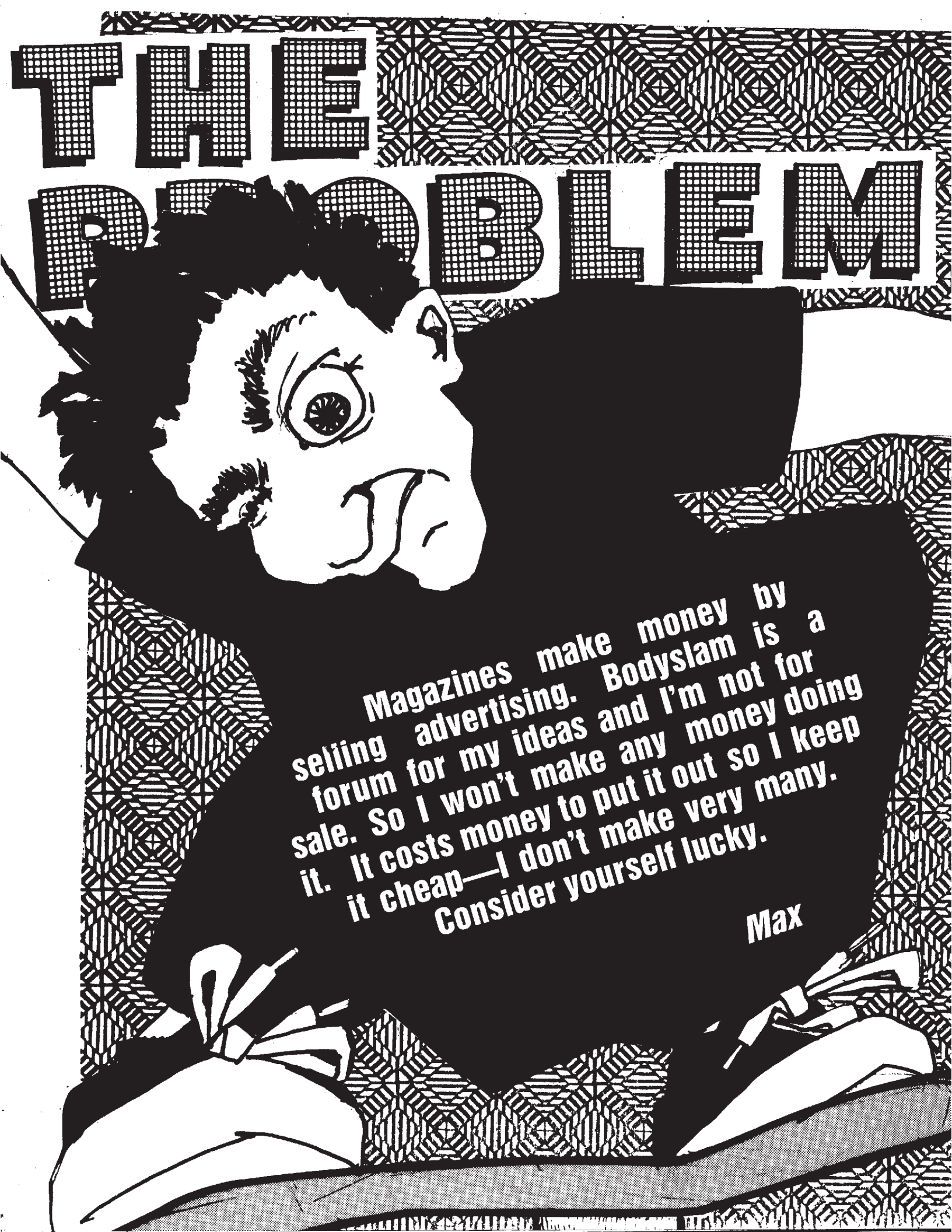
BOYSLAM



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

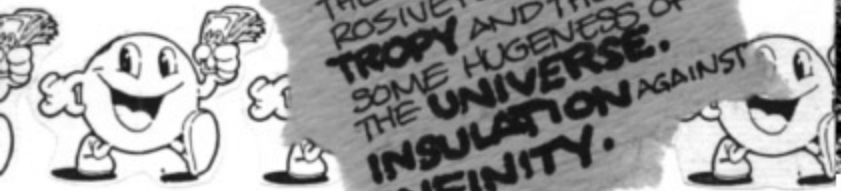
STAGNANT SUBURBIA. SELF-
PERPETUATING, CHILD SAFE,
AND SANITIZED FOR YOUR PRO-
TECTION. EVER-VIGILANT, IN-
TENSELY PARANOID! A STRANGE
SELECTION PROCESS DETERMINES
THE SUCCESS OF NEW ENTERTAIN-
MENTS. **OSMOTIC XENO-**
PHOBIA. IN THIS ZIP-LOCKED
MICROCOSM THE TREND-POOL
IS MAGNIFICENTLY STAGNANT.
"MAKE 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

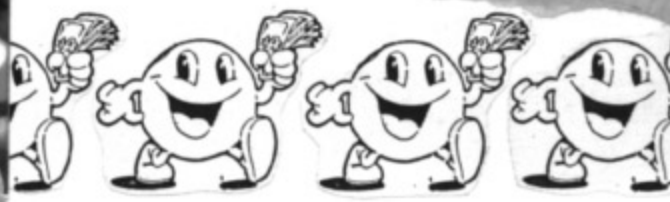


SUDDENLY, THE SEPTIC TANK BACKS UP! THE ROOF LEAKS! TERMITES! ALL IS **CHAOS!** NATURE TRIES TO GET BACK SOME OF ITS STUFF. JOE BATTLES VALENTLY. HE'S NOT **SCARED**. HE KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS AND IT'S NOT CHAOS. IT'S NOT THIS RACK ON WHEELS... WITHOUT ANY **AMBITION** OR DESIRE FOR RESPECTABILITY. THEY 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 PURSUIT LIKE LEAGUERS. BUT THEY INVOLVED. NO LITTLE-
GOOD STRUCTURE; GIVING IT A DIFFERENT BECAUSE IT CHANGES IT. INTO SOMETHING IT ISN'T. **MOULD** IT AND DOESN'T DISAP-
 PEAR. OR BEAR ANY FRUIT, OR ADD TO THE **RESALE** WHAT VALUE. A NEW ATTEMPT TO ADOPT
 A NATIONAL PAS-
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 HUS

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.

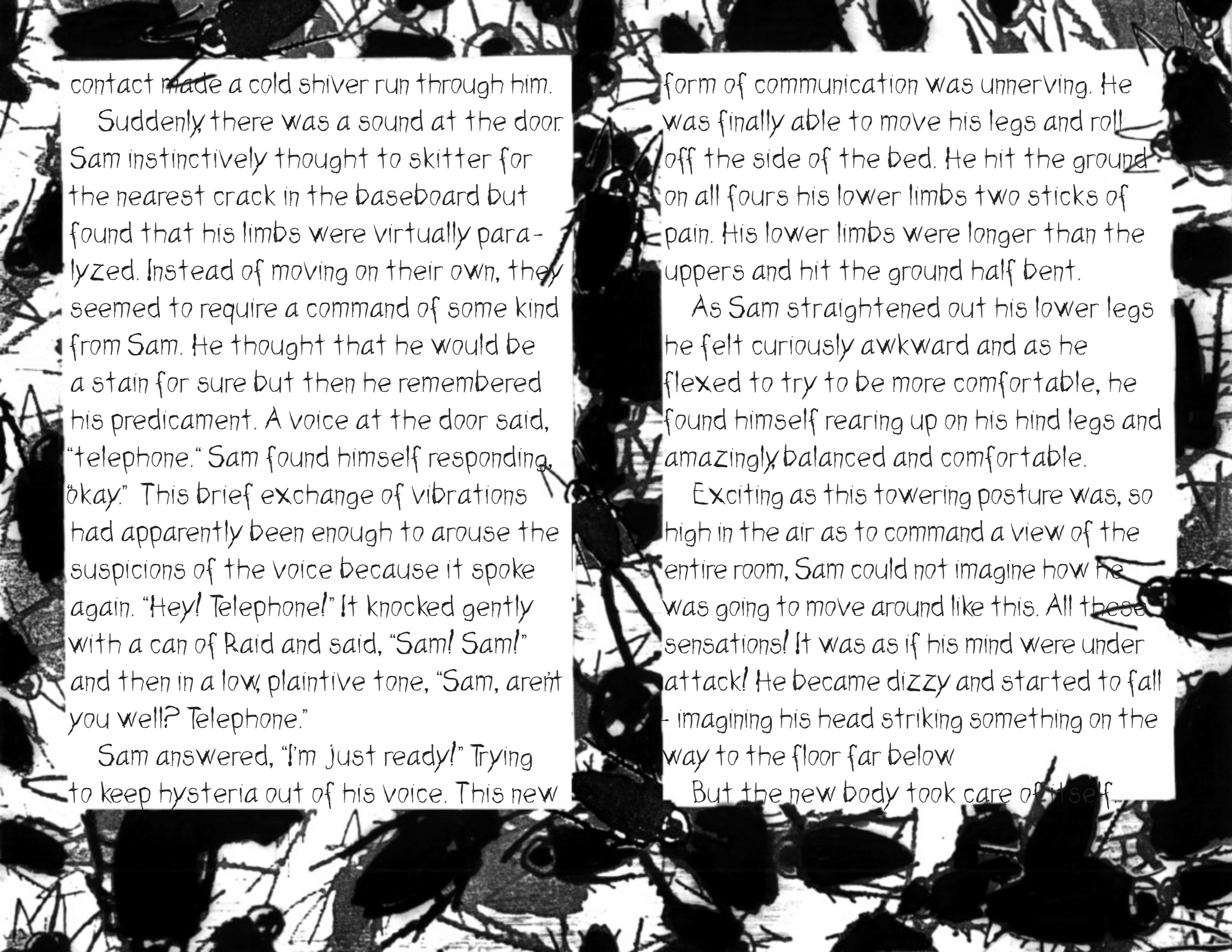
"What has happened to me?" he wondered. It was no dream. At first he thought that he might be dreaming, because the previous night, like so many before, had been spent snarfing whiskey-soaked fruitcake, which had been abandoned to the shadows at the back of the top shelf of the pantry where Sam had found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

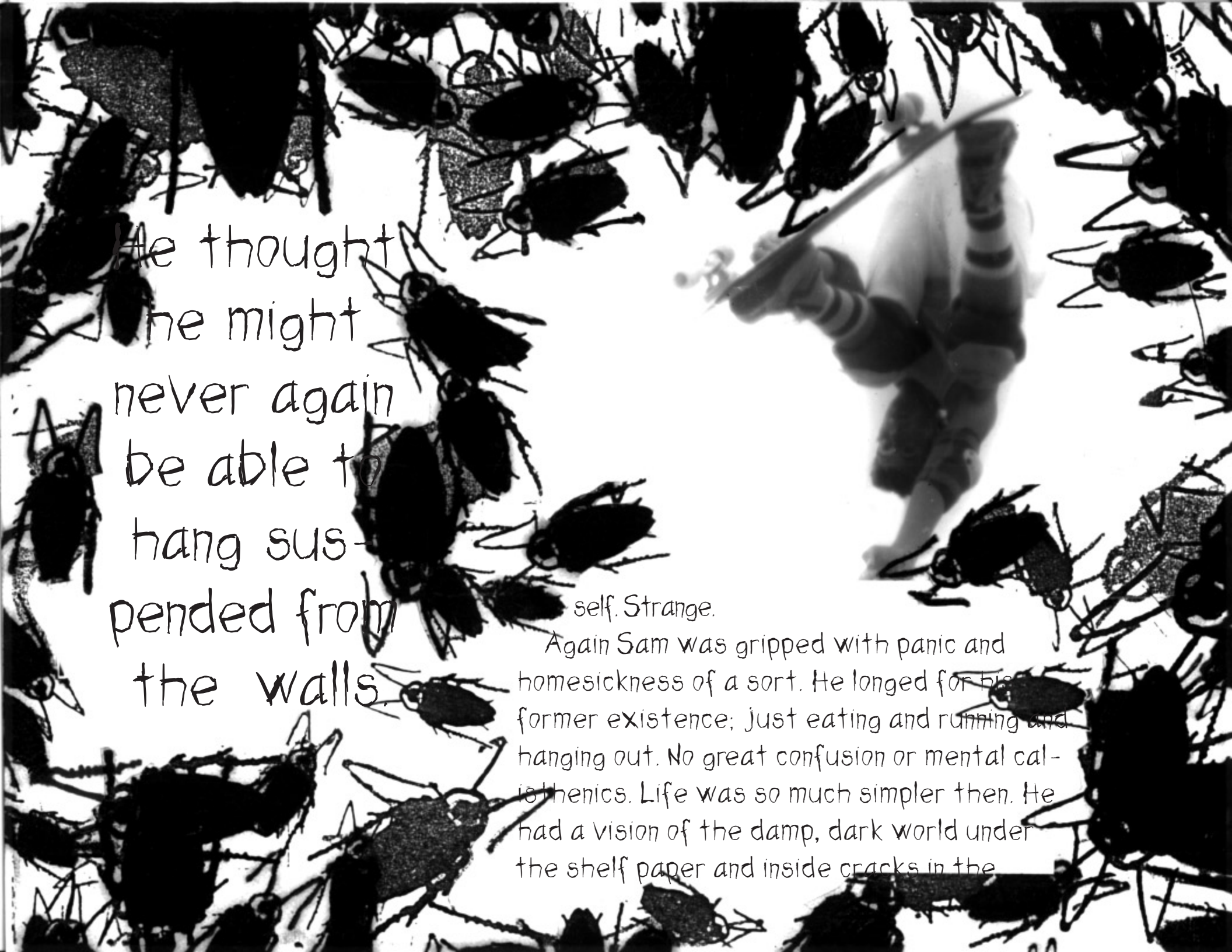
"Sure."

"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



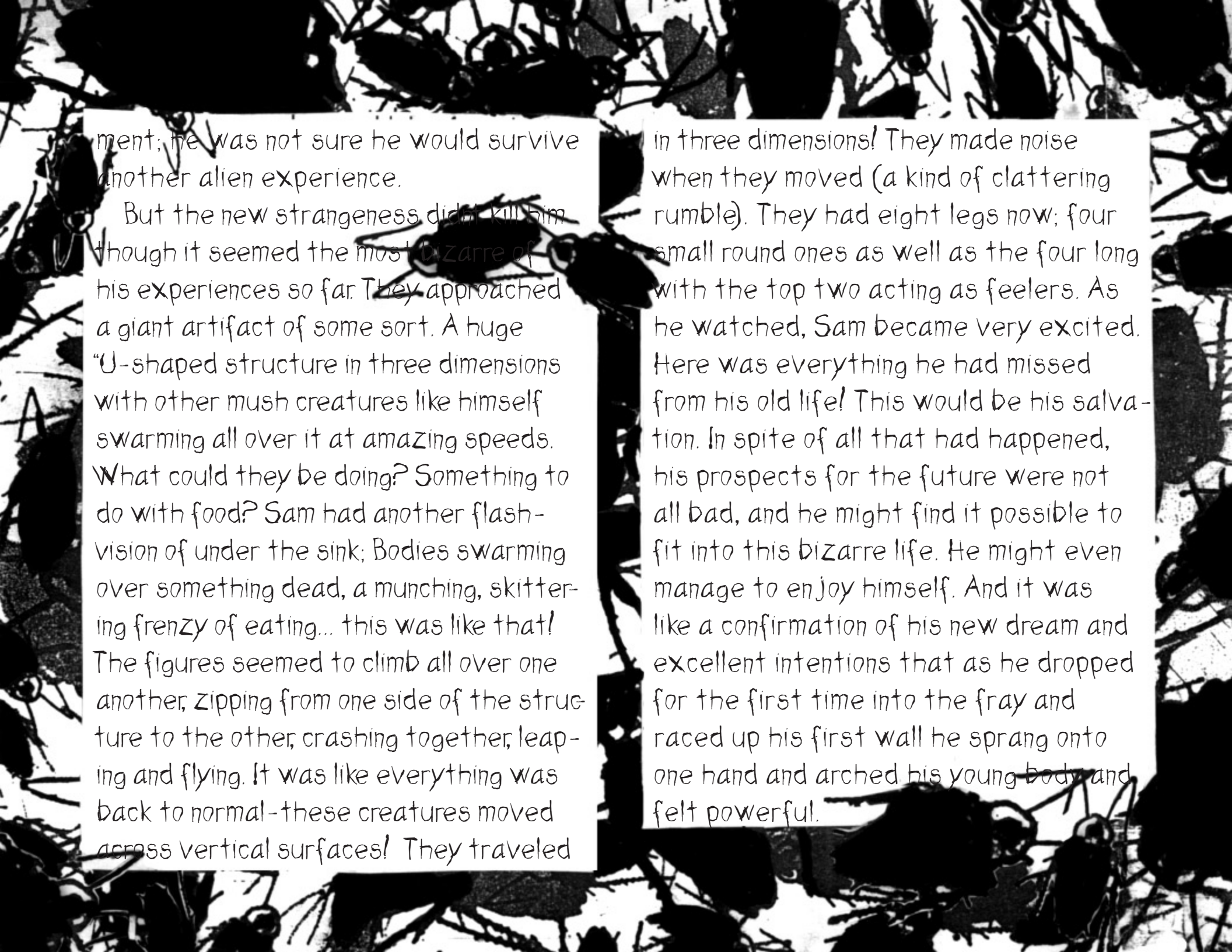
He thought
he might
never again
be able to
hang sus-
pended from
the walls.

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 IN A
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



FORGET it
pal. Look at
that thing!
No lower
jaw,

eyeballs eaten out and its
fur looks like Orson
Welles' Odor EatersTM 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

EVERY 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

RUNNING 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 And Women
problem in your called dress, in
was wondering of you be into
a photo / what reason here
in the picture sometime really
soon! I've seen you out in
and Gabe on with
and with it happy
my

BS

ATHLETE: VICTOR

