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THRASHER

SKATEBOARD MAGAZINE



LAGUNA SECA: MAXIMUM DOWNHILL

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the draw in the duel with John
Hutson at Laguna Seca. Photo
by Reg Caselli.

Back Cover: Legend meets
legend. Tony Alva ripping the
Baldy Pipeline. Photo by Rich
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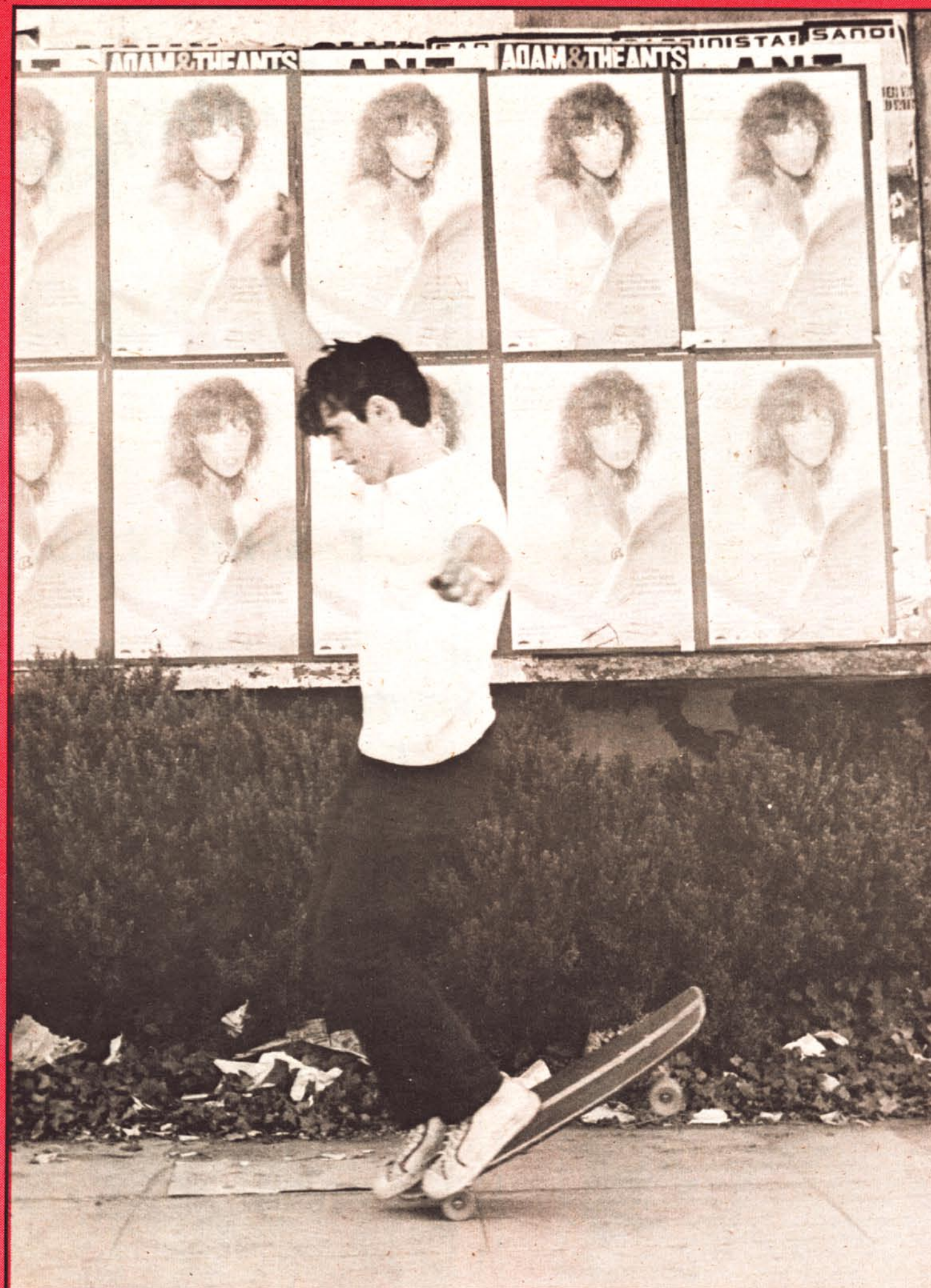
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TALKING ED

GUEST ED WITH STACY PERALTA

Since the beginning of time evolving changes have always perplexed and confronted mankind with influences and directions that have appeared out of his reach. Change is challenging and usually appears fast, indicating the start of something new and for the better, although not always interpreted that way. During times of change there is always uncertainty, people are not sure where the directions are going and, unfortunately, the negative is quite often accentuated. The wise ones who welcome the challenge and adapt to the changes progress forward while the ones that do not just fade.

A classic example of change forcing a new direction was the oil shortage of '79. Some thought it would lead to total economic destruction, but instead we conformed to the new way, which is slowly leading us to be energy self-sufficient.

Skateboarding right now is in a period of change. In the last five years we've witnessed and participated in the massive, all out, one way promotion of poolriding. It seems that during this time the other aspects of skateboarding took a backseat. Consequently there was even more emphasis put into pools and vertical. We single sourced ourselves and started to become wholly dependent on the parks to keep skating alive and flourishing.

Now, due to some of the best skateparks going under, the fear of skateboarding dying out is becoming prominent. Well how can a skatepark dictate the life or death of skating when concrete and wood exist in every civilized country in the world. Well, they can't. (Skateparks are great but it's a fact that they cannot be built in every skate center. If you've got a park, support it 100% and realize it's a normal business that needs skaters' support.)

Skaters all over the world learned this long ago when parks were never built in their location or when they lost their park. These riders are the real futurists who didn't stand around and wait, instead they built ramps, rode streets, freestyle and downhill. They carved out their own skating environments and adapted themselves to this new style. [We've heard from skaters all over the world, informing us of insane ramps which vary in size and shape, their radical street incursions, constant innovations in freestyle moves and high velocity speed runs.] We're even talking of Communist bloc countries where just the thought of a skatepark is unfeasible.

Clubs have and are being formed, local contests are popping up and heavy sessioning is going down. Skaters are producing their own small publications, putting on demos and progressing the sport in a way never seen before that seems to be setting a precedent.

This is hardcore evidence of the reality that exists, which really suggests that skateboarding is nowhere near the grave but that it's evolving into something better. A sport that can be brought to and done by anyone, anywhere, in the form of flat, downhill, banked or vertical. The accessibility of skateboarding is incomparable when you consider how many forms of cement there are in this world.

In conclusion, the future of skateboarding is to diversify our energies throughout all of the aspects of skateboarding, so as to serve all of the skaters around the world. Parks will close and parks will be built, ramps will most likely continue to be a popular form of vertical riding due to their functionalism and unlimited performance capabilities. Freestyle has been getting more popular and will continue to grow considering how many new mind bending maneuvers have been invented and all the unusual places it can be done. Barriers are still being broken in slalom and downhill and should continue to flourish with upcoming races. Things are moving fast and the future is at hand, take it as far as you can.

—Stacy Peralta



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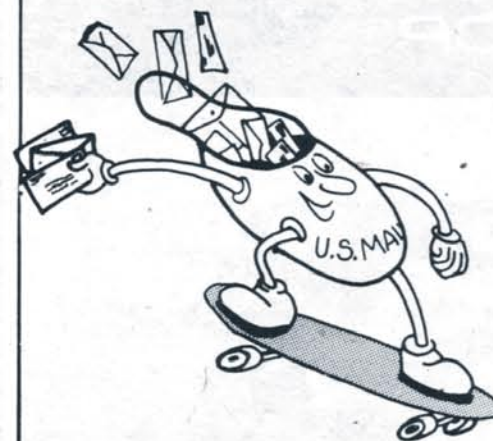
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MAIL DROP

TEXAS TERROR

THRASHER,
I've been skating for about 4 years, into street and ramp riding mostly. Your mag deals with the sport on a level unlike many others. Your Secret Spot articles are very rad, so is the underground sounds. Everybody seems to complain about not having a park, me and my friend in Texarkana are the only people who skate. Others guys think it's for kids but a raid on their house during the twilight hours soon convinces them. Thanks for a great mag. Oh Yeah, terrorizing malls can be fully bazaar.

—Robby Parris,
Texarkana, TX

THRASHER,

Here are some pictures I took at a half-pipe in Hendersonville, Tenn. The skater is Ray Underhill. I hope you will print some of these pictures to show people that Tennessee skaters can rip too. Your mag is the hottest.

—Britt Parrott,
Smyrna, Tenn.

NEW MOVES?

Dear THRASHER,

Your mag is so good. I wonder if there is *anything* for any impatient rebellious skaters to think of complaining. It couldn't be better. It's such a stoke just to read your mag. I am presently working on a new, ultra radical field of skateboarding. I will keep this secret until I have mastered this new door in skating. Don't worry—I will send pictures and story. For me, THRASHER is the only publication that has, is, and will be 100%—the skaters dream mag come true. My pen would run out of ink if I tried to tell how stoked I am.

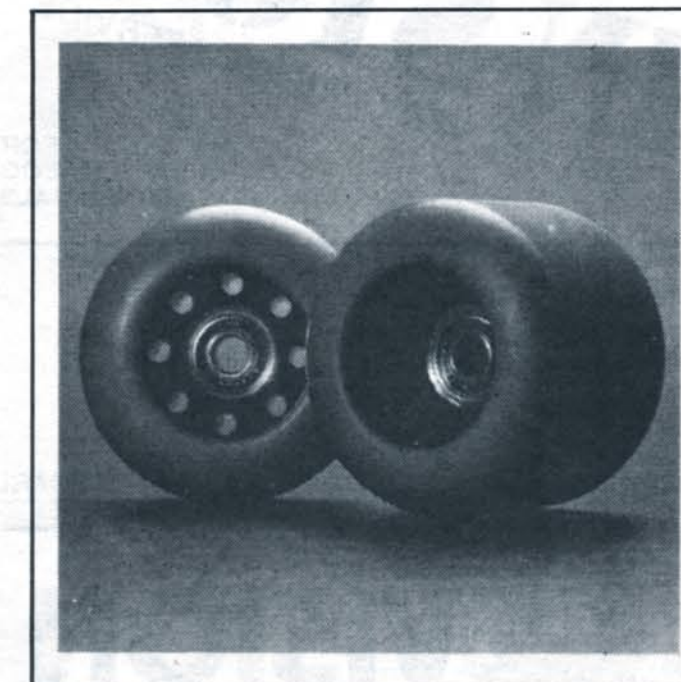
—Scott Edwards,
Greenville, S.C.

Awright Scott — we want exclusive rights to your new moves. —Ed



There you go Britt, keep shredding.
—Ed

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MAIL DROP

SKATE 2, 3, 4.

Dear THRASHER,

I think your mag is great, skaters need something like THRASHER since action rag came out. THRASHER is like a bible of modern skating. I live in Eatontown N.J. and skate a wooden halfpipe the Army built for us; I skate with about 7 skaters, sometimes 15. I am moving to Charleston, S.C. in 3 months and would like to know of any skate activity in the area. I am enclosing some pictures of our ramp. Don't stop printing the bible.

—Brad Constable,
Eatontown, N.J.

As long as you keep skating we will keep printing. As for Charleston, you can expect a lot of skate activity down there. If you can't find it create your own. Amen.

—Ed



THRASHER,

You're magazine is the hottest magazine. Although the photos are black and white, they are explosive. You're magazine is No. 1 in my book. It shows radical Pros and Amateurs alike. My friends and I have all of your magazines and we will continue to get them. We have a half-pipe and we want to show others that New Yorkers rip as well as anybody. We want to know if we can send in a story plus bio pics for a chance in being in your magazine. We really would appreciate your reply. Keep up the work.

—Nathaniel Bonneau
and the Rad Rats of New York

Nate,

Let's go with it. We've been waiting for some New York action. We know you guys shred.

—Ed

Dear Fellow THRASHERS,

Just the name of the mag fits. I must urge (if not threaten all of your lives) all of you who read this letter to turn on others of our type to this great mag. ACTION NOW has bent to the will of commercialism and knuckled under to BMX and other garbage. THRASHER won't (or better not). Oh yeah, give us some more hints on the secret spots. By the way, send me some buttons and stickers.

Thanks.

—Phill Hines,
Flint, Michigan

P.S. Try to get THRASHER distributed out here in Michigan.
P.P.S. In the words of the Circle Jerks, "LIVE FAST - DIE YOUNG."

To THRASHER,

We are thrashing harder than ever here in the East Bay (Berkeley). Our half-pipe, 10'H x 16'W - 5' Ft. Bot., is ripped daily, and we now have a Massive pool to shred plus "the Tennis Courts" and the "Art Museum," which is way rad. P.S. Will be sending pics soon. P.S.S. That lame cartoon, "Wild riders of boardz" has got to stop. Please, spare us. Signed:

—"Concerned Skaters"
Berkeley Skaters Association

THRASHER,

You're the greatest mag around. I have just started buying your mag and I am totally blown away by all the great stuff in it. I recently picked up the June issue and of course it's totally hot. In the "Wild Riders of Boardz," the picture of the guy with a nazi sign on the bottom is way rad, so I painted one on the bottom of my Powell board. Your coverage is great and considering it's completely filled with skateboarding makes it even better. There are not many skateparks in my area since they closed two of the best ones around. How about some "It's a Set-up's" on D. Andrecht, D. Peters and B. Bowman. Keep up the great work.

Thanx.

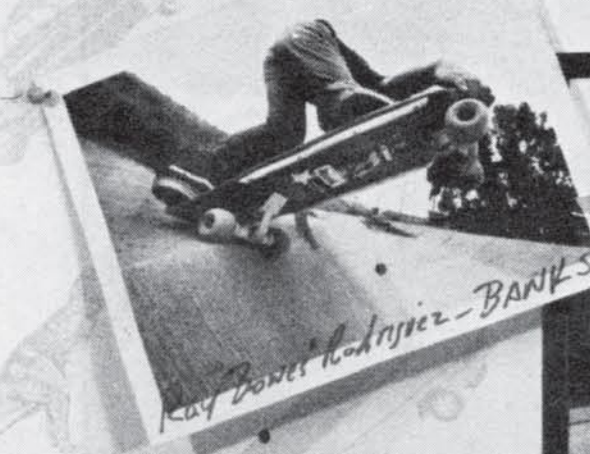
—An avid skater and punk rocker,
Danville, California

What nazi sign?

—Ed

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

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STEVE CABALLERO
Mid Flight - outside rail into fakie.



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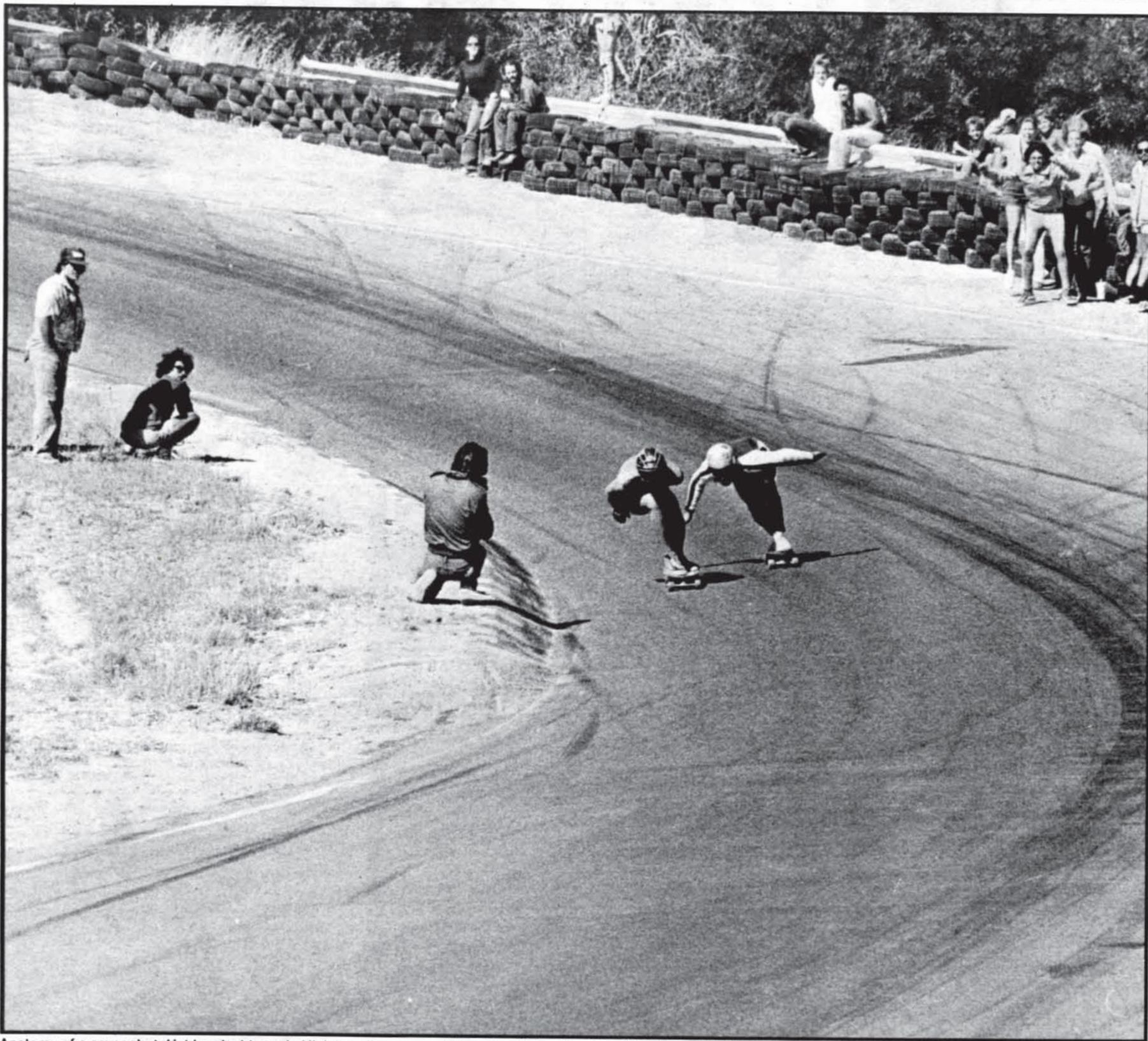
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LAGUNA SECA



Anatomy of a cover shot. Hut breaks his tuck, Hickey pulls away and Thrasher photog Reg Caselli captures it on film. Photo by T. Piumarta.

MAXIMUM DOWNHILL

A Report by MOrizen FOche

You'll never guess what happened to me the other day. Yup, that's right, THRASHER MAG called on me once again to cover yet another contest. I guess their other journalist is still in the hospital with that leprosy. The Deja-vu continued when it came down to the ride situation. I copped the same capitalists. Now do I have the luck or what?

So after being lectured once again on the wills and ways of capitalism I was extremely anxious, once we arrived at Laguna Seca, to pursue another mode of entertainment. It was Saturday, the eleventh day in July, the day allowed for practice runs on the downhill stretch affectionately called turn #4. I decided to familiarize myself with the racers and the terrain. After intense scrutinizing I came to the conclusion that the terrain consisted mainly of dirt with bushes and trees growing out of it in the appropriate places. Also to my astonishment I discovered the existence of the smallest little grasshoppers I had ever seen in all my born days. I caught one of the buggers and examined it closely. It was less than half the size of my thumbnail. I marveled at its miniature structure and complexity. Then I squished it in my hand and wiped it on my jeans.

At that same moment I heard the sound of violently spinning wheels coming down the track behind me. It was Roger Hickey, the Kid with No Respect, testing out the track's surface for contour and proposed rideability. On his way back up the hill he stopped to chat for a second or two. I asked him how he thought he was going to do in the race. Now I forgot to write it down but I'm pretty darn sure he said something to the effect of; now let me see if I got this straight, he was pretty nervous, no wait. Everybody else was nervous, no, as a matter of fact Roger did look pretty nervous. That's right, he was nervous because he had not skated in that many downhill contests and also he was up against the notorious (I don't know if I should really say notorious) John Hutson, the winningest skateboarder in the history of the sport (I don't know if I should really say sport). But I informed Roger that I had heard that he was one of the heavily favored and had a really good chance of winning, not to mention the fact that I had the equivalent of four paychecks riding on him to win. He told me that he wasn't surprised. No wonder they call him the Kid with No Respect.

There was one case of psyching (as I call it) that I noticed on this day. While many of the serious skaters were trying to get the place wired, John Hutson was nowhere to be seen. A heavy burden on the consciousness of the other skaters. This says that

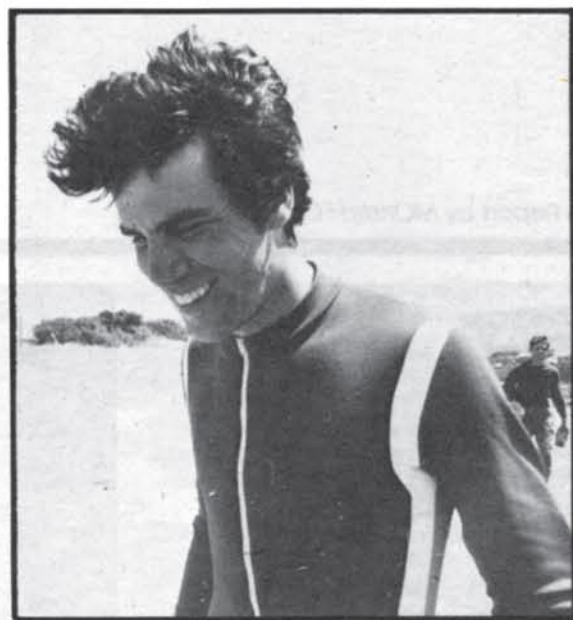


Fully Committed, Byron Miller using ski racing instincts during a head down approach into turn 4.

KEVIN THATCHER



Washington's Rick Fike blows past the finish line, edging out Mike Goldman in a runoff for 3rd place.



Bob DeNike looked very fast but had to settle for 8th.

John has this place wired and if there are no unforeseen natural flaws in weather or track, he might very well prosper heavily in this competition. But this had no visual effect on Roger. He was cool, calm and collected (sounds like a commercial).

The capitalists recruited me (they grabbed me by the arm and threw me in the car) to help them set up the timing gear for the race. Fred Lowery, the promoter of the race, gave us the combination to the gate that would let us onto the track.

In a cloud of dust we were off the road wheeling it towards the gate, ignoring all of the pavement provisions and denying all of the shabbiness that came our way. At the gate my recruiters futilely attempted to undo the combo lock (a mere task of lining up a couple numbers). While they were at it though I managed to find a felt pen rolling around on the floor of the car so I autographed much of the available space in the compartment. My friends walked back to the car in utter disgust. After minutes of trying to decipher their mumblings, I found out that they had received the wrong combination. I told them not to worry, it wasn't the end of the world and that they should lend me a cigarette. After a few moments of waiting up drives, an area Ranger asking us just what in the hell we thought we were doing trying to open the lock. We told him that we were from the health committee assigned to check racetrack surfaces for any signs of cancer causing agents. We also told him that the imported alcohol in our hands was to help us from contracting the cancer if there was any in the vicinity. The guy actually believed us and let us in. Upon contacting the track surface we were off and running. My driver took on the personality of Parnelli Andretti, or whatever his name is, and assumed the position of pedal to the metal. We zoomed about and around the back stretches of the track. We soon found out that my driver's little Volvo wasn't too inclined to take corners at high speed. The brake pedal slammed to the floor and we skidded a million inches. Fausto, Er, I mean my driver, claimed a broken piston return spring for the mishap. We drove on and soon

met up with Paco Prieto who was testing out the corkscrew run. He jumped up and sat on the hood so we proceeded onward driving up the hill. Now at this point I had already gulped down a sixer of the cancer deterring agent in hopes that I wouldn't catch any of that cancer stuff, but the only problem was that the old double vision was acting up and I prayed that nobody would hit me in the back of the head. Further up the hill we picked up a few more passengers enroute to the top of the hill. I tried to collect some fares from them in hopes of getting some spare change but it was to no avail. Suddenly at the top, an unforeseen swerve ejected one of the passengers, that was sitting on the hood, onto the roadside inflicting a severe, minor scratch on one of his palms. The victim of this unfortunate accident claimed to be an Ex-Green Beret who fought in the big one back in '67, and said he liked to crush jugular veins on a moment's notice. I laughed in his face and subjected him to my cancer deterring agent breath. The victim (or should I say double victim) threatened one of the members of my entourage but luckily a bribe of 20 bucks soon calmed the qualm, well at least for now it did.

Upon reaching the summit I noticed some people debating as to which course to use for the race. A little future planning would've solved this but there was nothing we could do about it now, so I had to put my two cents in too. Hey, what the hell you know, I just love good arguments and I spurred both sides on until I almost got rapped upside the head with a camshaft that was, until then, lying beside the track. It was as Paco put it, "...a question of sticking with tradition and going down the same side as in all of the previous races (which many of the riders had pretty much wired) or being a progressive sort and go down the backside run through the more challenging Corkscrew, which would make or break many of the contestants." The decision fell towards tradition. Therefore, Paco withdrew from the proceedings in protest against the traditionalists.

We had other problems here and there with one of the organizers who thought he was God or

something just because he had his own walkie-talkie and a sticker on his baseball cap. I didn't like him, in fact I don't think anybody did. He kept getting on my nerves so I made a voo-doo doll likeness of his walkie-talkie and stuck THRASHER button pins in it, causing it to malfunction later making him sound like a C.B.er from Austria.

So much for that. My keen instincts informed me of the presence of barley by-products in the immediate area. I wasted no time in pursuing the source. My search ended at the area of the team pits. They were comparing notes, giving helpful hints, partying down and having a good old time. The congenial atmosphere proved to be contagious and I rolled on a couple ludicrous tall tales. But soon the time came to head over to San Jose Intl. Airport to pick up a notable (whose name I will not reveal) and verbally abuse the tourist type Betties that were prancing around in the lobby area.

SUNDAY JULY THE TWELFTH

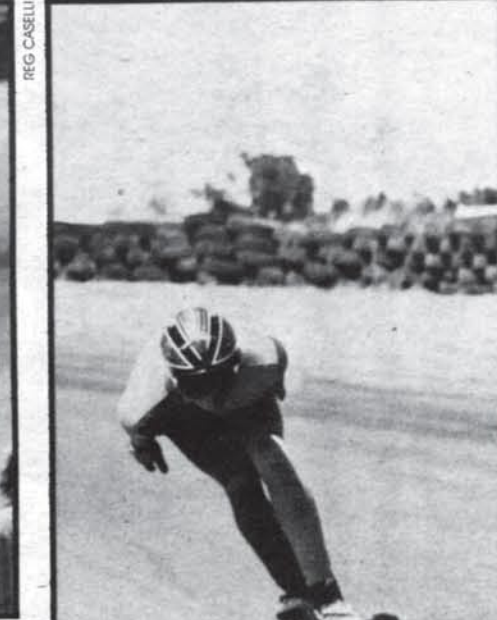
The night before, my host for the evening (whose name I won't mention either), told me he was going to teach me a lesson by making me sleep on the floor, but I sure fooled him because I sleep on the floor at home every night. As usual, I was the first person to be woken up last. A habit that many people associate with me because of how gnarly I look in the wee hours of the morning. A quick shower soon cured my gross condition and I was ready for any breakfast confrontation that any restaurant had to offer. We ate at a Chinese restaurant in Monterey that yielded Mexican food and I ordered some tacos and refried beans much to the dismay of my worry wart companions. Just before we were about to depart for the contest I was confronted by one of those communist types that tries to deliver a feeble speech about their cause and peddle off their trashy newspaper. Midway through this guy's speech, my just

Hutson had a good line but couldn't stay in the groove when the stakes were high.

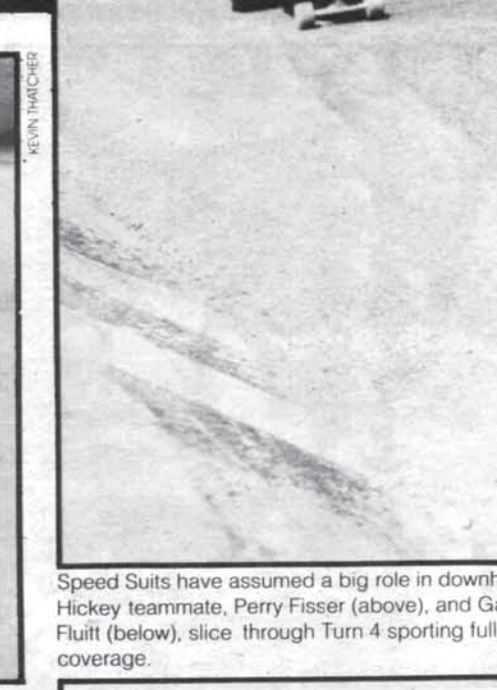


A rider goes down during practice creating a tricky situation for the racers behind him.

Downhill racer, Perry Fisser.



Speed Suits have assumed a big role in downhill. Hickey teammate, Perry Fisser (above), and Gary Fluit (below), slice through Turn 4 sporting full coverage.



recently devoured breakfast decided that it didn't like the confines of my stomach and that it would much better prefer to be all over this guy who looked like he hadn't had a decent meal in weeks. I wiped off myself and got in the car and drove away leaving the poor little commie holding his nose and yelling something about my karma. I yelled back and told him to get a job.

We soon got to Laguna Seca, the place was crawling with competitive predators. Among the throngs was John 'It's about time' Hutson, Don Bostick and Randy Katen both from Sacto, Mike Goldman also decided to show his face, Cliff 'Future T.V. star' Coleman, Roger Hickey, Bob DeNike and a host of others whose names I forgot how to spell. I meandered around the area trying to get a clue as to how the feelings were going to be towards this event and try to gather a useful proximity of their general emotion. The replies were as follows: "Go away you bother me," "Who in the hell do you think you are with that short hair and all...", "Hey man, how come you got rice and beans on the front of your jacket?" and "I really feel good about this race and I hope I win because I smashed up my Mom's car last week and I owe her heavily." Now going by this I had a pretty good idea as to how the competition was going to be and it looked like it was gonna be a good one.

About half an hour later I was picking out a grain of rice that had inconveniently lodged itself in my left nostril, when up drives Rick 'con' Blackhart. I wiped off my hand and asked him where in the hell he had been, 'cause it had been awhile since anyone had seen him around. He told me that he had been spending much of his time during the past month relaxing in a posh resort near Santa Cruz. I believed him because he had a tan and also a killer left hook. Anyway he looked eager to compete and I sure wasn't going to argue the fact. I noticed though, in the back of the vehicle he came in, a twelve-pack of some domestic Colorado cancer deterrent. I asked someone with a watch if it was noon yet and she said, "No." Good then I wasn't too late. So I popped one open and downed it with a feeling of maximum security.

An hour or two passed by without event. Then I spotted my capitalist friends. They looked ragged and dirty. I was going to ask them what they had been up to when I remembered that I mentioned to them on the way up here that I had read in a book that there used to be Indian tribes in this area and that hardly anybody knew about them. I also mentioned to them that on one of the hills near the track there is an ancient burial ground where Indians were buried along with their prized possessions which included, arrow-

heads, vases and lots of turquoise jewelry. I guess they believed me because as soon as we arrived, they disappeared until now. I asked them if they had any luck and they told me that they felt they were getting warmer and warmer and that they would continue the search after everyone had left. It was then and there that I knew deep down in my heart that this was not going to be a boring day.

The rules for the race were simple and decent. Everyone had to wear pads, helmet and gloves. Racers could only use the stand up style for the descent down the course. The race was to be conducted by a referee whose decisions would be final, with no provisions for appeals. The racers were allowed two solo qualifying runs with the faster one being taken to seed the rider in the top sixteen. I think everybody knows that if a rider falls off his board during the run that he is disqualified which I did notice happened during qualifying. Twice. To the same guy even.

Fausto was a witness to this, in fact he was sort of involved in the incident. The rider (I'll be damned if I can remember his name because it all happened so fast) pulled off a severe WHOOPTER maneuver twice in the same spot. Fausto, a concerned bystander, was watching to see if the guy was all right and didn't notice the board making a beeline shot at



Sunday Morning, race coordinator, Fred Lowery, gathers the racers at the top of the course.



Obviously this fan knows what's happening.



Could this be skateboarding's new elite? L to R: T-ED, LoBoy, unknown, Mr. V., Production.

John Hutson posted the fastest time of the day on this run with speedster Caedman Bear right behind him.



his legs. SMASH!! He was down, then he was back up again with a beaming smile saying, "I didn't spill any of my cancer deterrent." I was so proud of him. The rider was OK but unfortunately had to withdraw from the race. After the eliminations, the sixteen fastest qualifiers were paired off according to the elimination schedule. After racing twice in the first round, the racer with the fastest time in the pairing then advances to the second round where the cycle continues, so on and so forth until it reaches the fourth and final round where the two winners meet for the deciding duel for the Championship. Third place is determined by a consolation round between the two eliminated racers from round three and the positions four through eight are established by the times of the racers in the eliminations.

The qualifiers from one thru sixteen went like this: R. Hickey, R. Fike, M. Goldman, J. Hutson, P. Fisser, B. DeNike, C. Bear, D. Wood, D. Bostick, G. Fluit, R. Katen, P. Dunn, C. Coleman, C. Pettyjohn, and R. Blackhart. The fastest qualifying time was 35.82, belonging to Roger THE KID Hickey. There's one thing that I cannot forget to mention and that is the factor of the wind. Or is it wind factor? Anyway the wind played an important role in not only the qualifying, but the whole race in general. On the last stretch of the run, the wind channeled heavily into the racers faces. But the bursts of wind were not consistent. If not for the wind I think the qualifying roster might have been a little different. I think Mother Nature wanted total control of this race, if credit is due where credit is due then one would have to credit Her.

By this time of the day, the cancer deterring agents were taking full effect and control. I tried to get ahold of myself but my hands just kept slipping. Little did I realize, the sun was beating down intensely on my soul. Tan lines on the forehead. My eyes began to bulge and my custom C.H.P. Interceptor mirrored shades became too hot to wear. But did I care? HELL NO!!

Suddenly, I found myself at trackside. I was just in time to see John Hutson and Paul Dunn come down the track. Paul was a couple of yards out in front, but as they

came to the turn, John made his move and with snakelike precision passed Paul, beating him to the finish line. I was terribly blown away. I never thought that these races could get so intense. I walked over to some guy who was taking pictures and asked him for a cigarette. Handing one to me he asked, "Did you see that last run?"

I told him, "Yeah, it was hot." I lit the cig and then I said, "Hey man, who are you taking pictures for?"

"THRASHER MAG." "Oh really," I said, walking away wondering if the guy was legit or what. Later I found out he apparently was. It was then that I noticed a strange voice coming through the public address system, announcing the riders as they came down. I tried to decipher his muddled English and befuddled comments as to what was actually going on.

My success was minimal and I had to rely on recognition alone. Somebody nearby me said that somebody told them that 'D.D. Merv' was doing the announcing. "No wonder!" I thought as I tried to keep from falling down. "I hate T.V. people."

The mumblings from the speakers clued me in to the fact that there were two more racers coming down the track. I recognized the colors of Caedman Bear's speed suit and Byron Miller's helmet. The helmet was out in front when (just like John Hutson) the colors blurred by in a expose of fine snaking. Caedman Bear the young skater from Berkeley, CA was proving to be quite a threat.

Now, having the capacity to deny the opposite sex types certain unmentionable pleasures, I decided to use my gifted facilities in obtaining some desperately needed information. I spotted the unsuspecting prey nearby, standing all alone. Slowly I approached, being careful not to startle the timid little creature. I looked carefully for any signs of foreign jewelry that she might have on her person, i.e., frat pins, high school rings on a chain or medallions that say, 'ROCKY LOVES LULU.' All clear.

I slithered over and used one of my best lines, "Hey man I didn't know you cool looking broads were this interested in skateboarding." Slowly she turned and stared into my C.H.P. Interceptor shades.

"Holy cats!" I gasped as I realized she had T.V. eyes. The horror sent chills through my body, but I held my composure so as not to frighten her to drastic measures. "So, uh, I missed the first part of the race, could ya fill me in?" Her eyes rolled back in her head as if she was changing channels, they then came back into place. The gears were engaged. She spoke. "Randy Katen, Byron Miller. Miller will advance. Roger Hickey, Rick Blackhart. Hickey will advance. Bob DeNike, Don Bostick. DeNike's times ace out Don. Bob will advance. Rick Fike, Chris Pettyjohn. Fike advances. Mike Goldman, Cliff Coleman. Mike Goldman advances with the fastest time in the second round eliminations 36.23. Perry Fisser, Gary Fluit. Fluit will advance. John Hutson, Paul Dunn. Hutson advances. Caedman Bear, David Wood. Bear advances."

I couldn't take any more. I thanked her and she blinked. I turned and walked away. Fast. I spotted the Volvo and decided to stick close to it for the remainder of the race and make it my headquarters. I was glad to be amongst friendlies.

One interesting instance in the next round was when C. Bear and J. Hutson were paired off and dueling it out down the hill. Caedman picked the line and held firm, acing out Hutson on the first run of their two for the round. What an upset! On their return trip up the hill I witnessed the finest form of camaraderie. Paul Dunn, whom Hutson had just eliminated in the round before, gave John his new wheels to help increase his speed. Pure sportsmanship. The wheels did help, because on the next run J.H. blasted past Caedman and slammed the door behind him, scoring the best time of the day, 35.76. After the cheers died down and the dust settled, the four finalists hopped in the back of a greasy truck and made their way back to the top. The finalists were: Roger Hickey, Mike Goldman, Rick Fike, and John Hutson.

It was getting late in the day and the sun was unrelenting. I sat in the front seat of the Volvo reclining it to its full potential and pretended to sleep so no one would bug me. I began to weigh out the possibilities as to who would take this race. Let me see, Mike Goldman, a veteran skater, was making a good showing for not being in the public eye for a

good while. Rick Fike, one of the Washington boys, was picked up hitchhiking on the way to the race; he's looking good so his show would be pretty interesting. Roger Hickey. Roger was the first of all the racers to show up for practice. Arriving on the Thursday before the race, he was well prepared. He ground down his trucks so they would cut through the wind more effectively and create a much better fairing. And John Hutson. What can you say? He's the winningest skater and he's up against the stiffest competition yet.

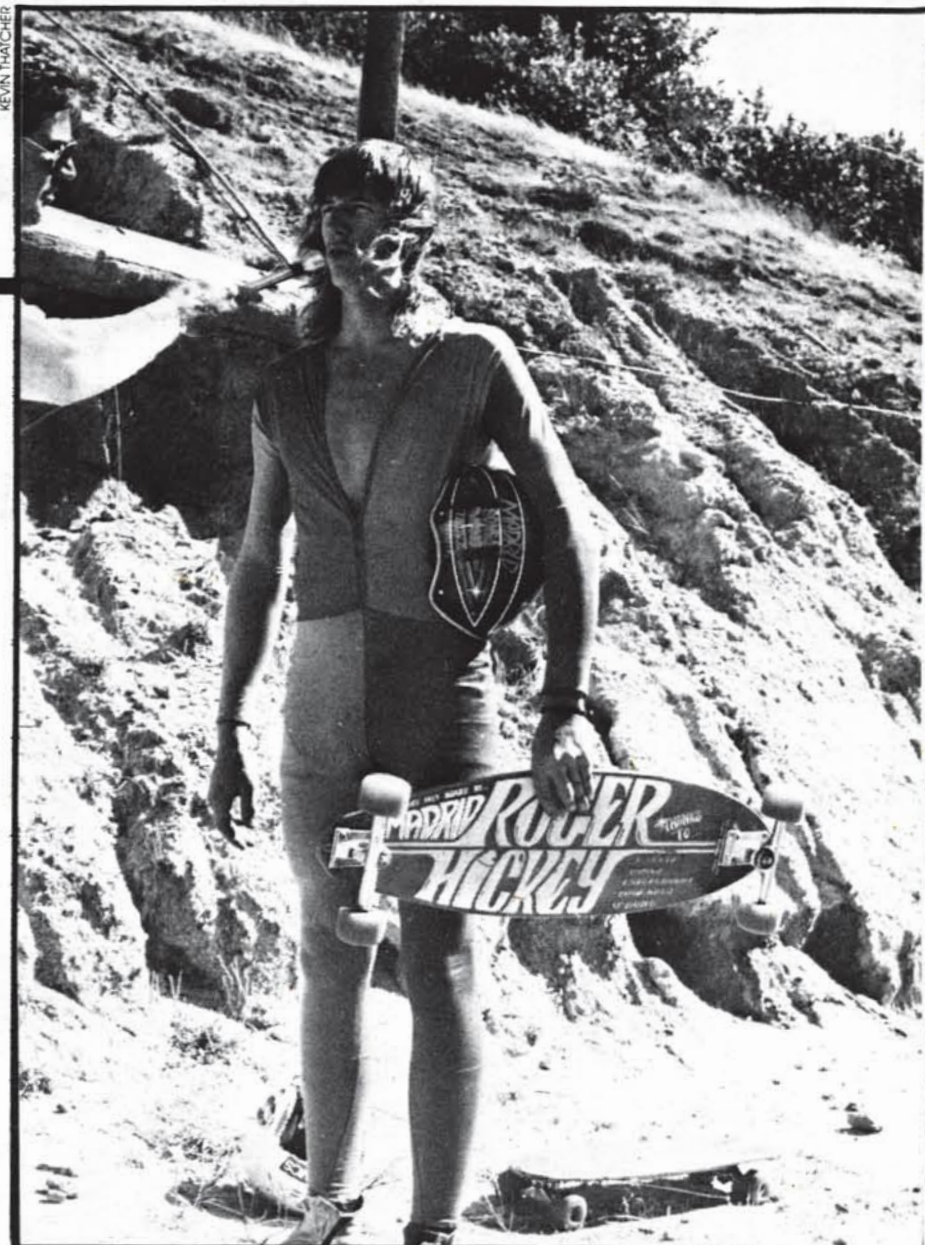
The fourth round. At this point it's almost anybody's race. The wind was playing tricks on the racers, juggling their times and what not. So it was pretty tough to say beforehand who would win the race. After the runs Roger Hickey and John Hutson came out on top to battle it out for the one and two spot. This left Mike Goldman and Rick Fike to race and decide who would capture third. Rick was the eventual third place finisher. In the finals Roger Hickey defeated Hutson, thereby ending skateboarding's longest winning streak.

I talked to Roger after the congratulations proceedings and he said, "I'm more stoked about beating John Hutson than winning this race." And after that I heard John Hutson say, "I'll be waiting for Roger at Capitola, and I'll be ready." It sounded to me like he meant that, so I think that Capitola is going to be one hell of a race.

Early evening now approached and I still had a long ride home. A friend had promised to introduce me to a glamor Betty from San Diego and I am looking forward to her. So until next time sports fans, later.

LAGUNA SECA RESULTS

Roger Hickey
John Hutson
Rick Fike
Mike Goldman
Byron Miller
Caedman Bear
Perry Fisser
Bob Denike
David Wood
Don Bostick
Gary Fluit
Randy Katen
Paul Dunn
Cliff Coleman
Chris Pettyjohn
Rick Blackhart



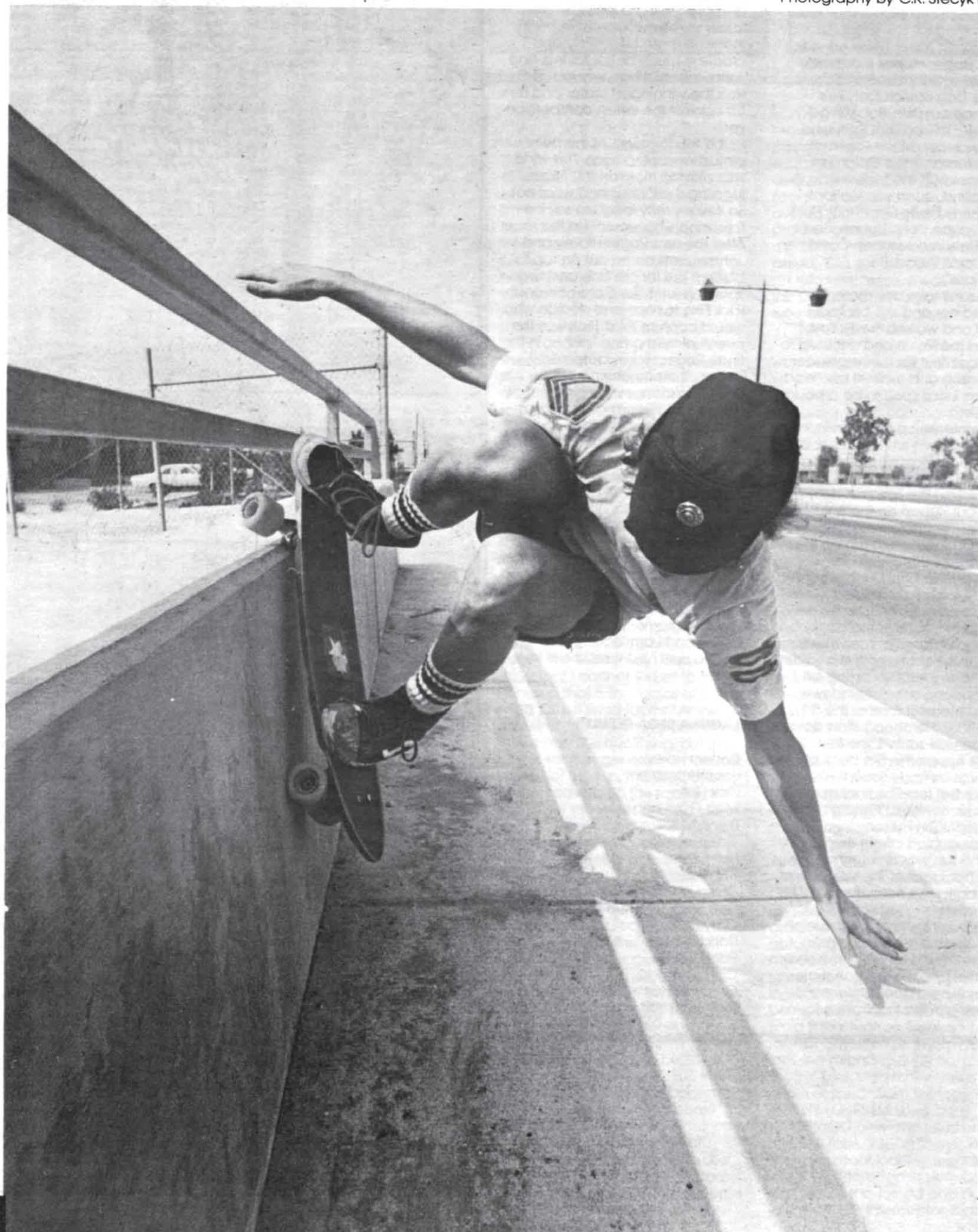
Roger Hickey, new downhill master, earns some respect at Laguna. Roger's challengers also included a fairing bicycle, which he passed on the outside using the laydown technique.



CONTROLLED INSANITY

Scott Foss

Photography by C.R. Stecyk III



Scott Foss draws his lines and picks his spots at will. The once undisputed conquerer of the AM as PRO approach to the contest circuit now prefers to create in obscurity. He runs his own private contests and he doesn't need prizes.

Steve Olson



It's one hundred degrees out and one of Beverly Hills finest has me spread-eagled face down on the hood of the patrol car. The heat from the engine is literally frying my eggs which is the intended harassment. The cop is making sure I realize the foolishness of further sessioning at the keyhole. I ponder the consequences. It is

the first time I ever consider the eventual net result of the skater as outlaw myth. Yesterday they popped T.A. and Hal. I wonder if we'll all go to court together. Possibly the hometown boys can be granted adjoining cells. Suddenly a thrown bottle disrupts the proceedings and a pack of Beverly Rats runs down the alley. They have saved us from paying for a

crime none of us committed.

The last time I realized the outlaw paradox was a half hour ago. Outside of the local grocery I was stopped for skating on the sidewalk. The man wants to know when my type is going to learn our lesson. After volunteering for traffic school I get off with a warning. Skating away I know the answer to his question is never.



Steve Olson, flyaway.

It could have been 1954. It would have been better if it was. But it's actually 1984 and a national mag called OUTSIDE is demanding payment in full. In this case the desired toll is a color cover shot of Bulky. Mass media always pays its debts. They are standing in an abandoned, demolition-bound gas station deep in L.A. The photographer is trying to explain, "Steve, we want more of the skatepark look." Get the picture? Actually we ended up in a sewer and were far happier, except maybe for the outsider lensman. Never give them what they want. Always give them what they need. In the remote background you can hear a sponsor shrieking, "Why is Olson kissing off his park model sales?" The bottom line is that leaders lead and skaters skate but sponsors only sponsor. Art imitates life while business imitates artifice.



Richard Armijo

Richard Armijo was kicked out of Whittier again for the last time. Maybe his hair was too short, maybe it was his attitude, maybe he just doesn't care. Things are different this go around because Richard and his friends say they're not going back...Ever. The powers that be have even forbidden the crew from skating in the parking lot. When last seen the marauders were abusing a backyard half-pipe created from scavenged wood and other assorted found materials. Once again the pay for pleasure syndrome fails to withstand the skate warriors onslaught.

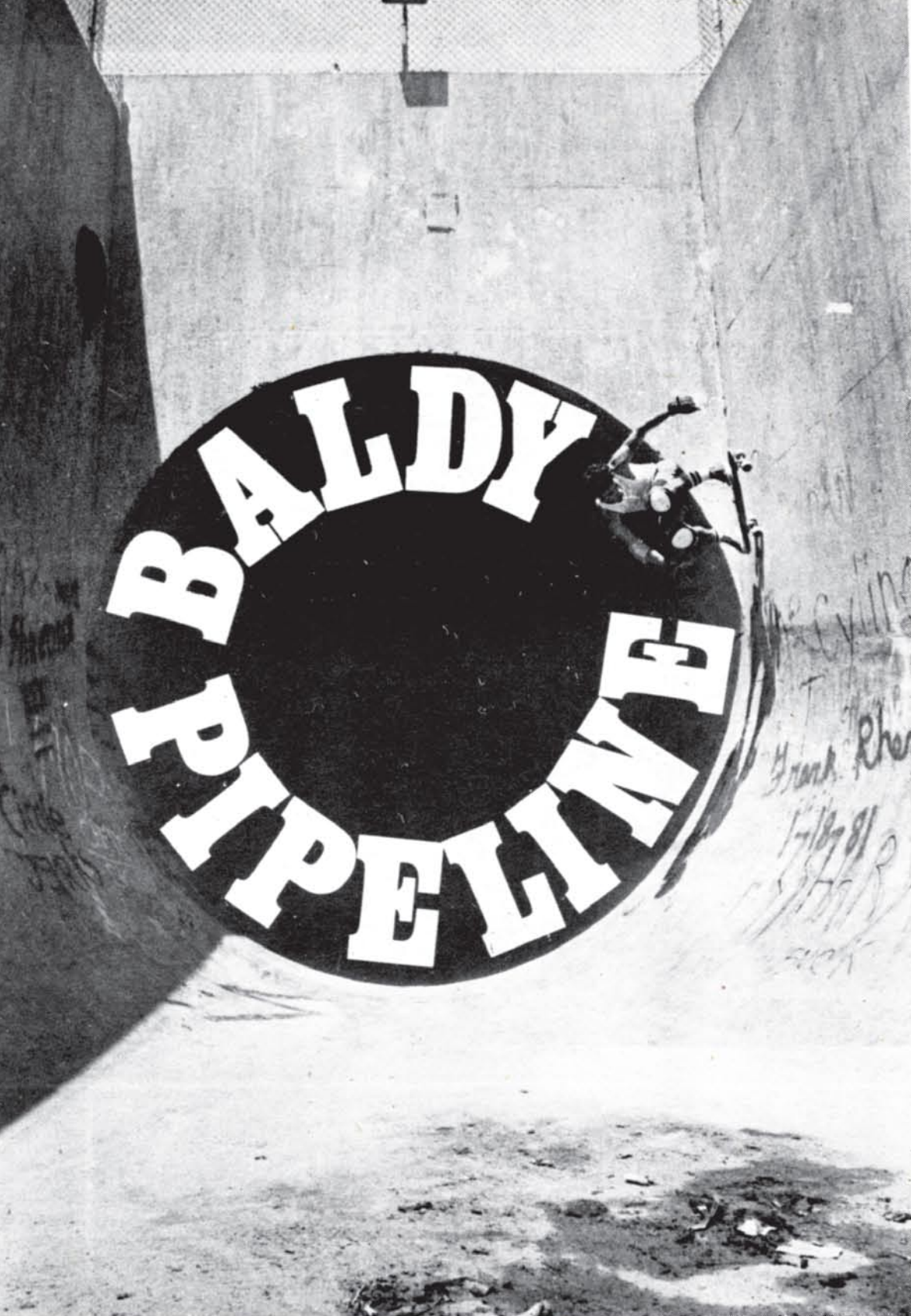
Skatingwise, Tony Hawk was born and bred in the contained atmosphere of skateparks. Viewed in that environment he'll shatter any and all of your preconceptions. The magic of his craft is that Hawk will short your circuits in any situation.

Tony Hawk, new kid, old spot.



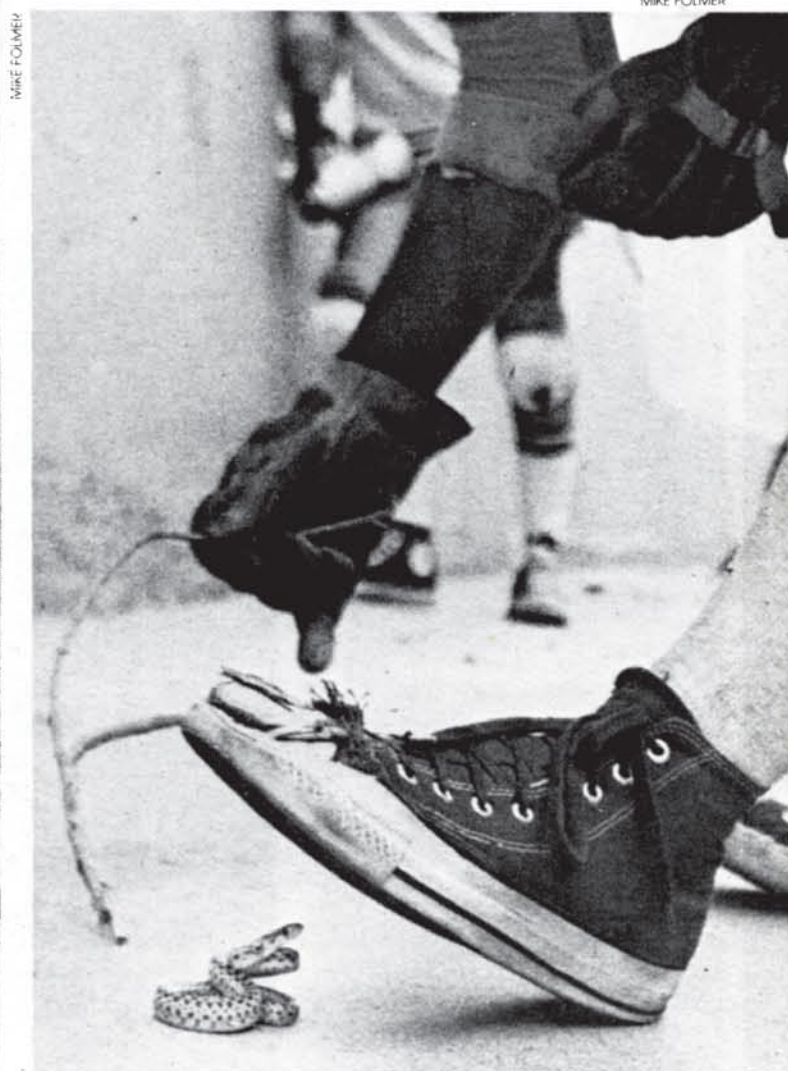
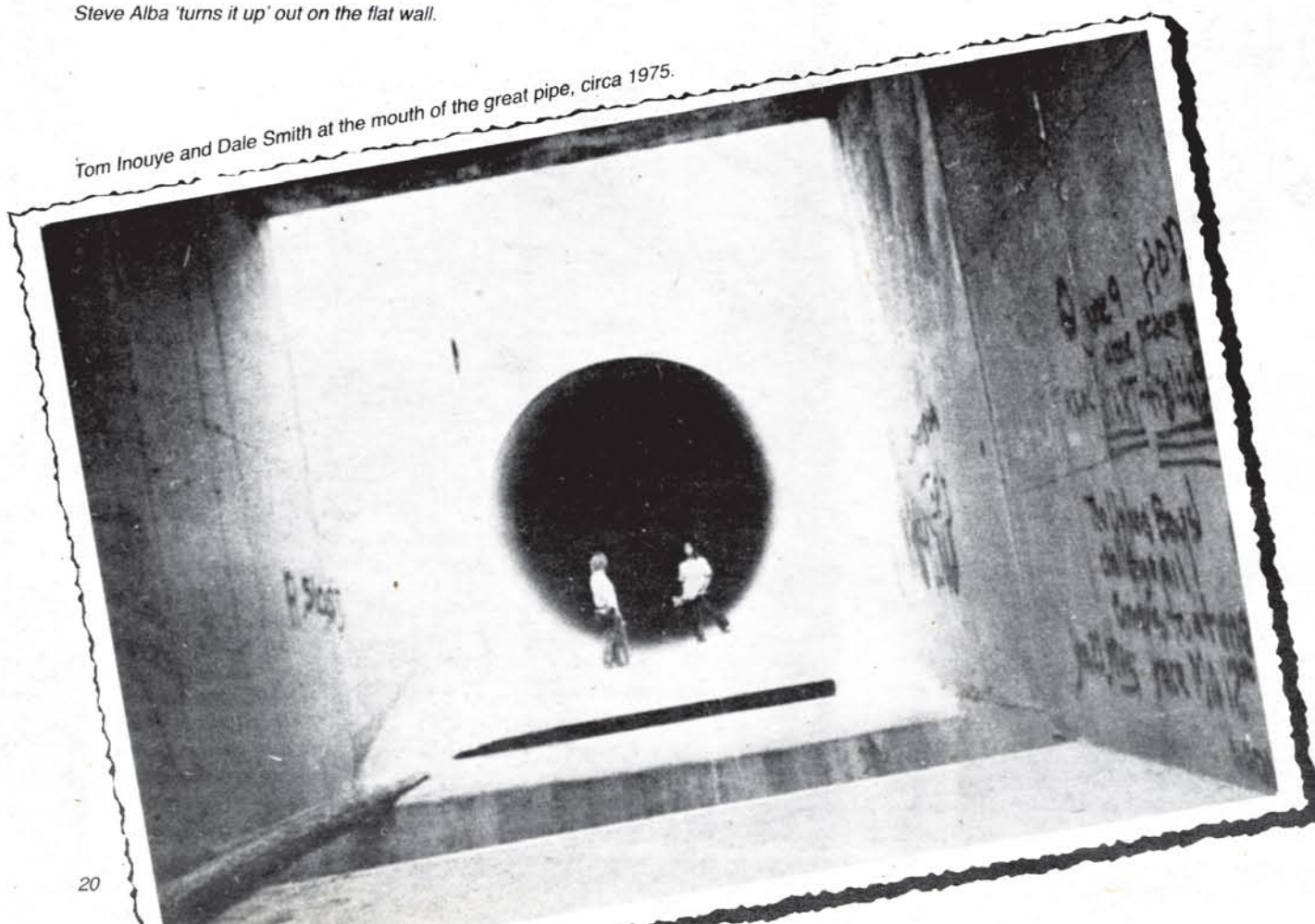
Richard Armijo, frontside rock 'n' roll.





Steve Alba 'turns it up' out on the flat wall.

Tom Inouye and Dale Smith at the mouth of the great pipe, circa 1975.



A rattlesnake, mascot of the Badlands, is discovered cruising the runoff and assumes the striking position.

In August 1975 a young avid skateboarder by the name of Tom Inouye and a friend, Dale Smith, caught word of a pipe at the Baldy Dam. Arriving at the dam, they could not locate the pipe. They saw a security guard in a bright yellow truck and asked him if he knew of the pipe that the kids were skating in. He said, "sure, jump in and I'll take you there," and drove them right to it. "It was totally clean and perfectly smooth," recalls Tom. "At first we walked 1/4 of the way up the pipe and carved down. Then 1/2 way up and eventually all the way to the end where it was dark and slimy. I also have movies of Baldy when it was lit up gold from the sun. This was ball bearing days, before pools or parks. We skated there for five hours and never saw a soul."

The Baldy Pipeline remains as one of the most unique skating terrains in the world today. Although its discovery as a prime skate spot is still a mystery, the earliest graffiti to grace the walls of the sacred pipe is credited to Muckus. Over the years most of the top vertical skaters have, at one time or another, sessioned at 'the cylinder.' Though it is not the largest pipe ever skated, Baldy was the first to be ridden and explored by skateboarders. It's location in the heart of the Badlands of Southern California prompted Don Hoffman to incorporate a full pipe into the design of his Upland skatepark facility, calling it "The Pipeline Skatepark."

Occasional sessions still take place up at Baldy, but the security guards now take your name and escort you out of the area rather than showing you to the mouth of the pipe. Even if Baldy pipeline is never skated again it will remain one of the great legends among vertical enthusiasts the world over.



Two methods of attack during a recent session. Chris Strople (above) cress slides up into the pocket and freefalls back to the transition. Steve Olson (below) frontside and airborne out of the end of 'the cylinder'. Some of the maneuvers pulled off at Baldy during the early days were not discovered by most skaters until years later when parks were built.



RAMP BUILDING

Basic construction techniques and materials to assist you in building your own skateboard ramp.

Last month we featured some hot ramp action on some finely constructed skateboard ramps. This month we are presenting you with some tips on designing and constructing your very own backyard skate structure. If you are determined to build a skate ramp it's not really that hard. I have seen ramps thrown together in one day that have lasted for months of heavy sessioning. But you shouldn't rush into it, a safe and sturdy ramp takes a few days to plan out and usually a solid weekend to build unless you are already an accomplished carpenter. It is best to start out building it *right* from the beginning. $\frac{1}{4}$ inch off at one end may mean several inches out of whack at the other.

Several important steps should be taken even before construction of your ramp begins. Round up your skate crew and without getting too technical, I will discuss some important stages in pre-planning your ramp. First off you must find a site to build on. This is not only important from a legal point of view (yes, some cities do have ordinances and height restrictions on backyard construction — check). It may also determine the type of ramp you will be building. You won't want to use heavy timbers such as 4×4 's if you are going to be moving the ramp a couple of weeks after you've built it. Ideally you will want to build on a fairly large flat cement area such as a patio or parking lot, but a relatively level dirt or grass area will work fine.

Your second area of pre-planning should be obtaining wood and other building materials that you will need. Unless you have 20–30 sheets of plywood lying around or a large stack of 2×4 's you will probably end up spending between \$100–\$200 on wood alone. Plywood isn't cheap and 2×4 's aren't just lying around, but there are ways of obtaining some free wood. First check your own backyard woodpile for boards and ask friends and neighbors if they have any. Also, hang around the local construction site and beg for cut-off ends and various scraps, every little bit helps.

Other planning decisions might include the transition radius from flat to vert. I've found that an 8 or 9 foot radius is perfect for a fluid yet thrustable transition. You may also want to consider a flat bottom between walls. Flat bottom gives you more speed and more set up time from wall to wall. From 10–15 feet of flat is recommended for an unreal ramp. There are other considerations such as width (the wider the better), coping, and roll out decks, but these will come later, right now your main concern is getting the basic structure put together.

[1] BOTTOM FRAMEWORK

Since this is where your strength and sturdiness begins 4×4 's are recommended here but 2×4 's will work. Lay down your 4×4 's in a rectangular box long enough for your transitions and flat bottom (8' \times 27' for a ramp with 10' flat bottom and two 8' radius transitions). Brace with 2×4 's spaced 6 inches apart under the flat section and about a foot apart under the transition areas. Place the 2×4 's in the frame with the 2" side facing up and flush with the top of the 4×4 's. The 2×4 's will also act as something to connect the plywood to flat bottom section. (SEE FIG. 1)

[2] TRANSITION TEMPLATES

The strength of plywood standing on end is many times greater than when lying flat and is the key to a sturdy ramp. For a perfect 8' transition take a piece of string and tie one end to a pencil, the other to a nail or stake in the ground. Pull the string taut and draw an arc on a sheet of plywood. By using a $\frac{1}{2}$ sheet set down next to the full sheet you should be able to draw one whole transition. (SEE FIG. 2) Using a sabre saw cut out these sections being careful to stay right on the pencil line. This is where the smoothness of your ramp begins.

[3] CONNECTING TEMPLATES TO FRAMEWORK

To connect the transition templates to the bottom framework start by placing a 4×4 in each corner of the rectangle. The height of the 4×4 's will be determined by the amount of vertical you want. Connect the 4×4 's with a 2×4 across the top and nail the plywood templates to either side of the structure. (SEE FIG. 3)

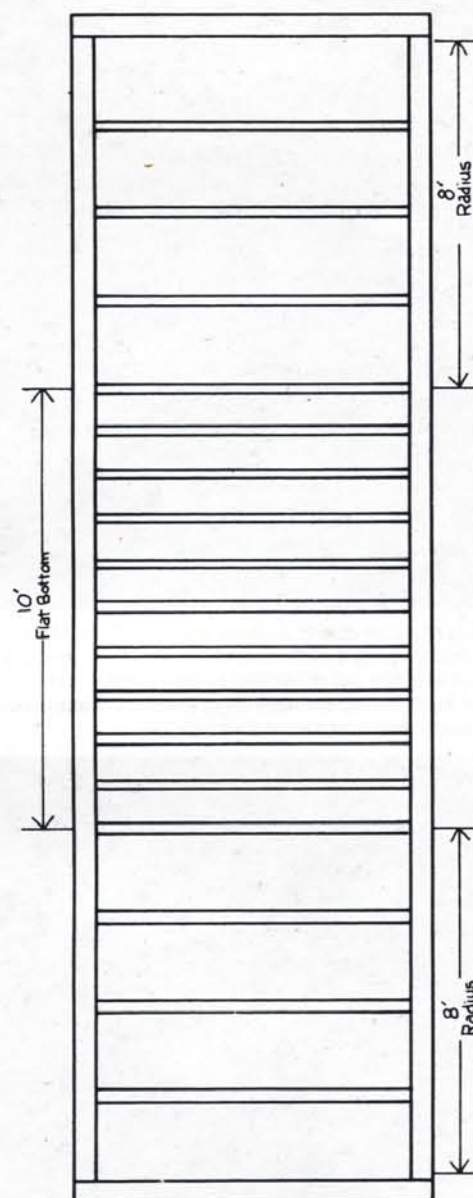
[4] TRANSITION BRACING AND SUPPORT

2×4 's will be used to support the plywood skating surface. Start at the bottom of the transition by placing a 2×4 between the templates with the 2" side facing out and flush with the plywood forms. Work up through the bottom of the transition, placing a 2×4 every 6 inches and secure with two nails on either side. A 2×4 every 12 inches in the upper and vertical sections of the ramp will provide enough strength and support in those areas. (SEE PHOTOS 1 & 2)

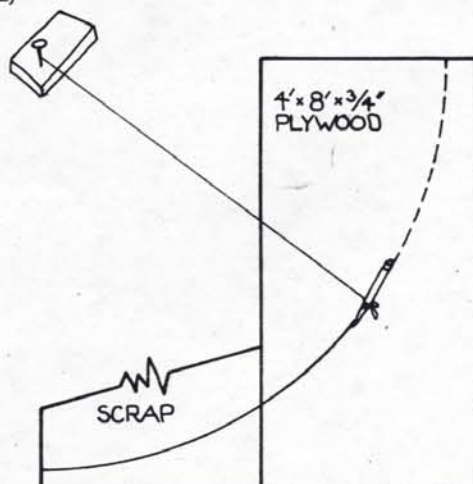
[5] PLYWOOD APPLICATION

Again, start at the bottom and work up. Center a full sheet in the middle of the flat bottom section and secure with a nail in each corner. Using nails sparingly at this point is important because if you

(Fig. 1)



(Fig. 2)



(Photo 1)

have to take up the plywood for any reason it will be much easier. Also, wood screws are recommended for attaching the plywood because screws will not pull out as easily as nails. When applying the plywood to the transitions have a couple of people stand on the wood to help bend it into a tight fit and secure with enough nails to hold it down until you can go back with screws. (Fig. 4)

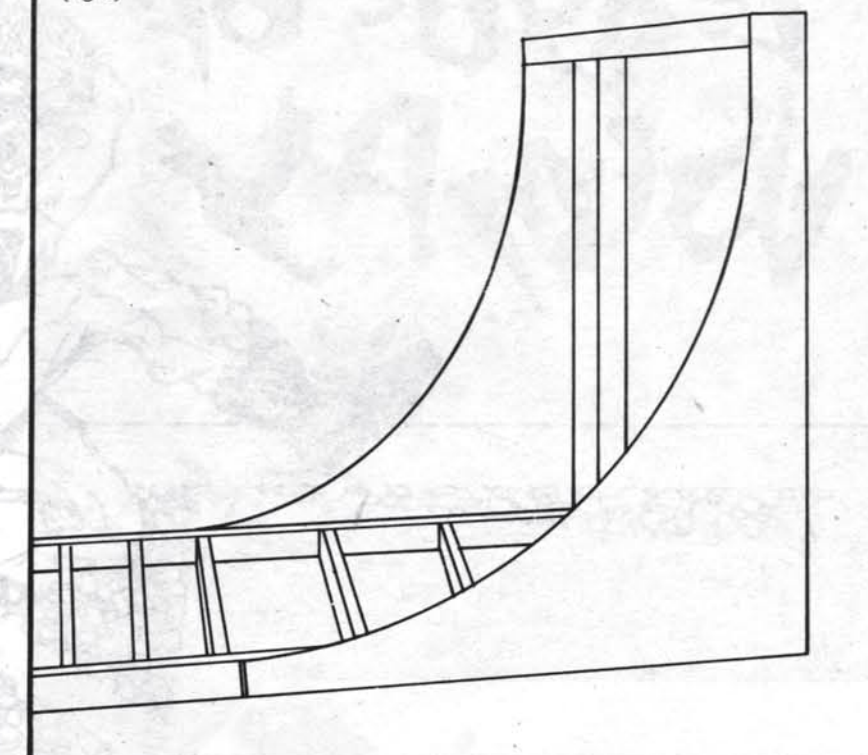
The thickness of the plywood you use may depend on availability. $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick is easy to bend although two layers are recommended for strength. If you will be using thicker stock it is a good idea to cut parallel lines, about half the thickness of the wood, on the underside of the sheet to facilitate bending.

[6] ADDITIONS AND ACCESSORIES

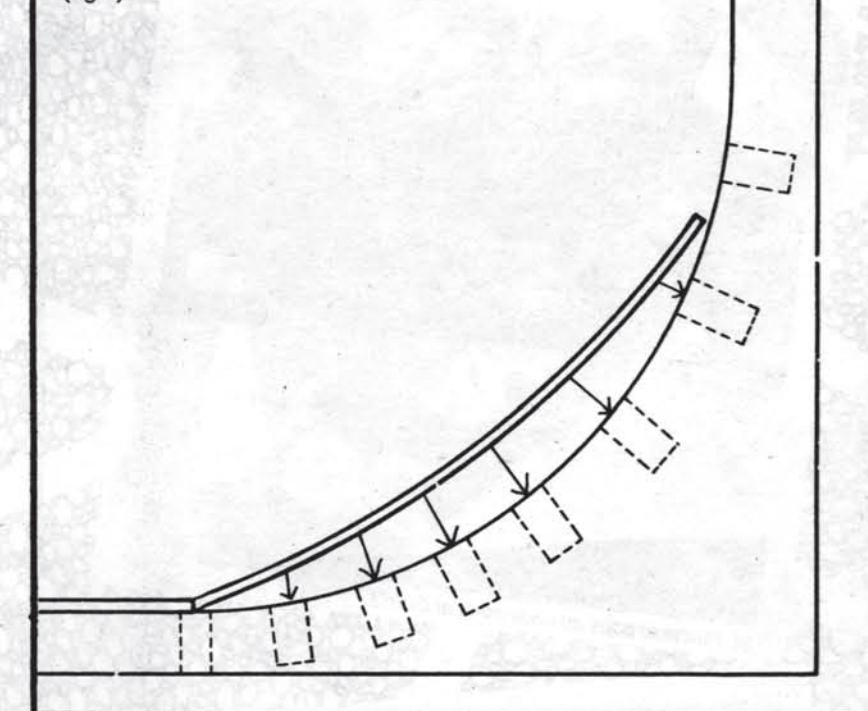
The key to a shreddable ramp lies not only in the transitions but also the coping or lip that you use. There are many materials that can be used for coping (broomstick, 2×4 , PVC pipe, and metal pipe) whatever you use is up to you. But it is a good idea to put some kind of edge on your ramp.

Another feature that will improve your ramp is a rollout deck on either side. By simply adding to the framework of the ramp you can build 2–4 foot wide platforms at the top of each wall. They may be used for roll outs, drop ins and other deck tricks, and also add strength to the ramp.

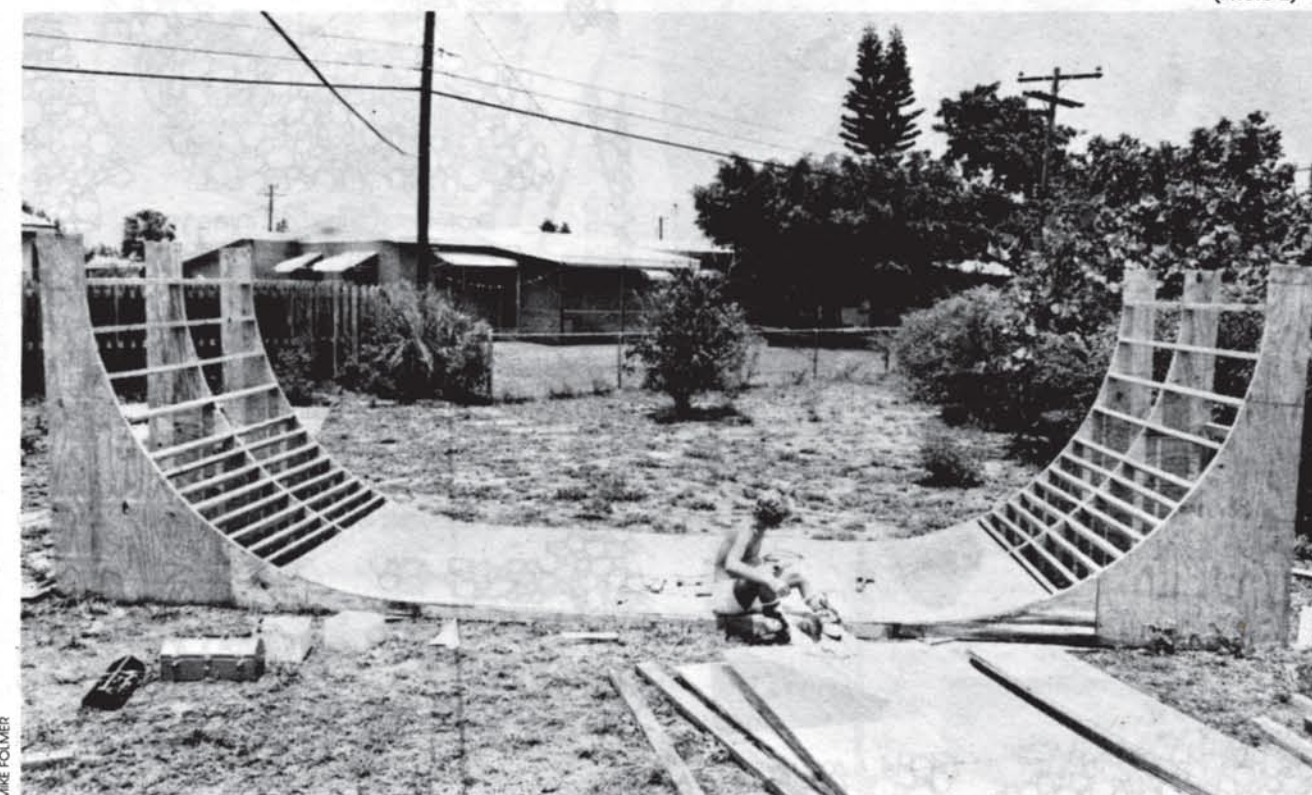
(Fig. 3)



(Fig. 4)



(Photo 2)



[7] PAINTING

Now that you've completed the basic structure you may want to session on it for a few days to make sure everything came together properly. But before too long you should think about painting the ramp to preserve the wood and prevent cracking due to weather.

Your basic enamel (water base) exterior paint works best because it soaks in and dries fast. You should apply two thin coats rather than one thick coat, letting the first one dry before applying the second. This will prevent the surface from becoming slippery.

Now you are ready to conduct full-on sessions on your very own skate structure. Remember, this article is just a general guideline to constructing a ramp. Any resourceful person can easily find ways to cut costs and save time, but hopefully this will give you an idea of what's involved in building a sizable skate ramp.

—Mike Folmer

"League of Wimpy Skaters"

THRASH 'N' SNIFF PHOTOS
BY MIKE BALTES



St. Pushead pops an underplant at Gore's.



Mike Matlock pile-driving a pogo in Goreland.



Todd Campopiano slips a sleeper hold on an unsuspecting Eddie Model.

Skateboarding died three years ago in Boise, Idaho. But deep into "Bozo's" underground, "Get out your shovels," exists the League of Wimpy Skaters. A disorderly group of anti-social skaters who have constructed two superb half-pipes and create new situations on or off. You can survive because we have survived. Forget the egomaniacs and the once-a-month trendies, this is the new breed.

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COMING EVENTS

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CAPITOLA CLASSIC

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

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

C.R.A. 1981 RACING SEASON

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

GLOSSARY OF SKATE TERMS:

Drafting - in downhill racing, when one racer uses another's wind resistance to pull him along.

Hairial - an aerial maneuver that is pulled off with a degree of sketchiness such as wheels hitting coping on re-entry or foot displacement. Early release aerial.

Scurb - a skateable/grindable curb or one who skates streets and curbs exclusively and lives in the suburbs.

Jogging - using either foot to push with when skating flat ground and alternating as you go. Helps develop equal coordination for switch stance skating.

Scumline - usually in backyard pools or reservoirs, the line that designates where the stagnant water was that you probably had to bail before skating.

MORE SKATE GAMES



Robert Schlaefli launches one off of a makeshift 1/4 pipe.

The idea here is to catch some air. First off you will need a piece of 3/4" plywood about 3 feet wide and 4 feet long. Lay the plywood down with one end resting on a solid support such as a crate or cinder blocks, forming a slight incline or launching ramp. You may want to create a more permanent structure by using two by fours and building a framework support.

Now gather together your skate crew and have a little contest to see who can fly off the ramp the farthest ala Evel Knievel. While one

skater is making an attempt the others should be standing by to mark the landing with chalk or a piece of tape.

Sounds radical, risky, dangerous? It is. That's what makes it so much fun. By starting off at lower elevations you will soon have it wired and before too long you'll be flying high and far. Freestyle variations such as board grabbing and 360° helicopters can be tried and mastered. As you progress you'll probably begin jumping garbage cans, bicycles and even cars.

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DEL MAR SKATEBOARD CONTEST



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HOW DO? MY NAME IS TIM. I'M IN THE 'BIG BOYS' BAND, A HEAVY WEIGHT ENSEMBLE FROM AUSTIN, TEXAS. WE'LL BE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE. WE LIKE SKATING AND MUSIC. THAT'S WHY WE SUBSCRIBE TO THRASHER. AND YOU SHOULD TOO. OR ELSE I'LL SHOVE THIS HERE SKATEBOARD INTO YOUR STOMACH AND DO A BUNCH OF KICKFLIPS. OK? O.K.

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I was asked to review this album by some guy from THRASHER MAGAZINE. He said, "Hey, can you review this album?", and I said, "Yeah, I guess so." So here goes nothing.

The album is called, 'FIRE OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN.' It's by an ancient ex-heavy metal band called, 'BLUE OYSTER CULT.' I could never figure out what their name implied. I've never seen a blue oyster before. I wonder if there is such a thing? They must be crazy guys.

The cover of the album is pretty interesting. There are a bunch of wierd looking, youthful, beings standing there holding blue oysters. Oh wow, so that's what they look like. Anyway, these beings have symbols on their foreheads; i.e., stars, bugs, etc. I'm surprised they didn't have any peace signs. Well, let me get to the music. The first side starts off with the title song. I think it stinks. Reminiscent of some cheap, white disco band. (Remember I mentioned, "ex-heavy metal band"?). The next song is the hit of the album. I don't see why it's a hit. Sounds like an imitation of a garage 'copy' band to me. Basic cheap top 40 crap. So far the only thing I find appealing on this record is the little quiet spots in between songs, which are fairly consistent and pleasing to the ear. The next two songs, "VETERAN OF PSYCHIC WARS" and "SOLE SURVIVOR" sound very much alike and stink as well. But the last track on this side, "HEAVY METAL", is my pick

for this album to make BOC a couple bucks.


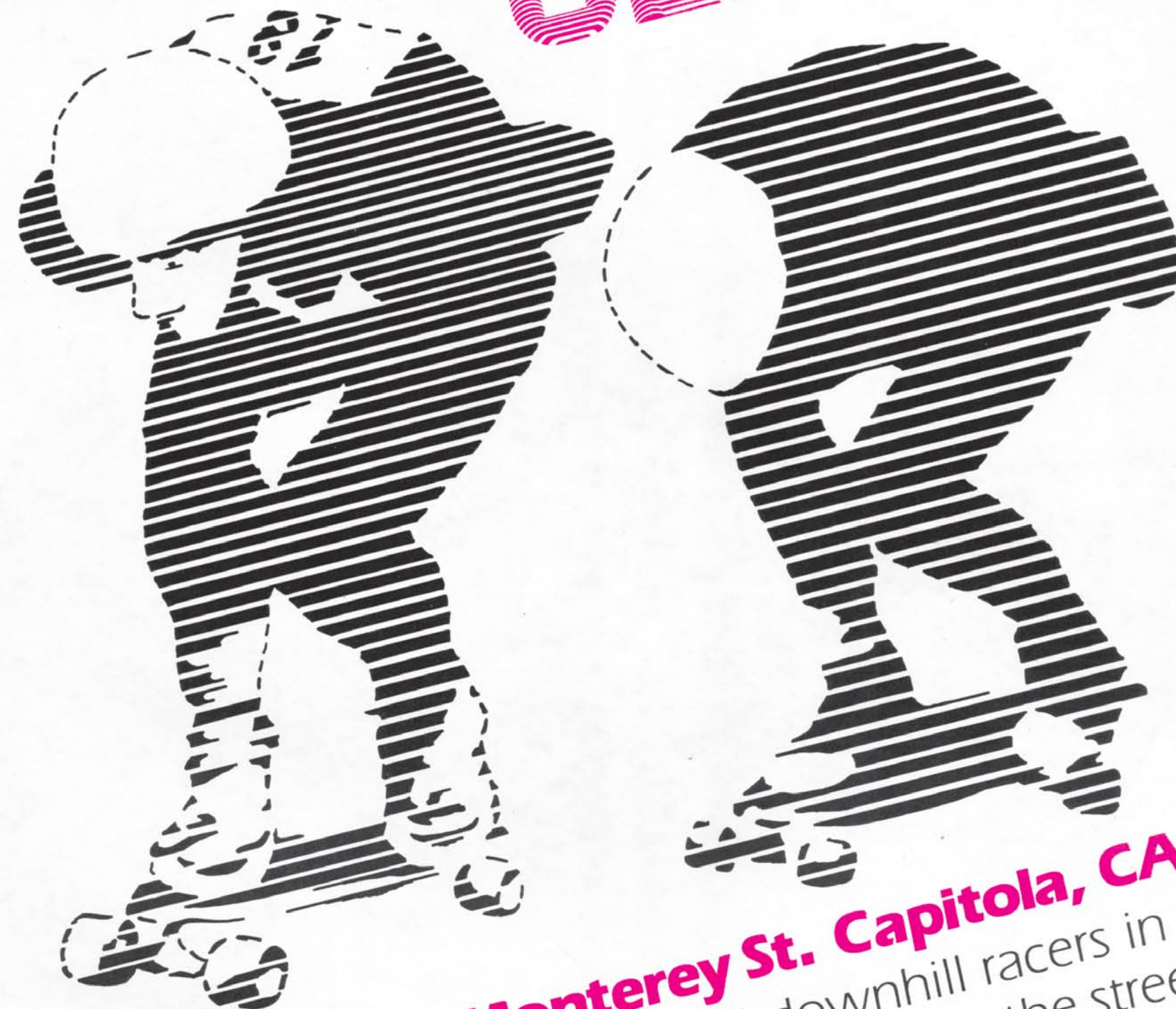
I don't see why it is named 'HEAVY METAL', because it doesn't sound heavy at all. Mediocre rock.

O.K., Now I'm gonna listen to the other side. I'm glad I'm half-way through this garbage. My favorite band still isn't this band. The first track on this side is called 'VENGEANCE (THE PACT)'. It sounds like cheap carnival music played through Marshall amps. 'AFTER DARK', the next song, made me think twice. I thought it was 'the KNACK' with the vocalist from 'STYX'. I hate them as well, so I think you know what I think of this song.

First there was 'BETTE DAVIS' EYES' by that fake female pop star with strep throat. Now there is 'JOAN CRAWFORD.' Who's next? Kathy Hepburn? Plastic harmonies about her rising from the grave plus dumb special effects that aren't so special.

The final song (Lord it's about time), is called 'DON'T TURN YOUR BACK'. Now this song bites the big one. A psuedo disco rock fusion for dancing fools on the make in trendy preppy clubs. Sounds to me like this band is a bunch of old, hasbeen musicians in dire need of haircuts, out to make a quick buck. The only reason I can see anybody buying this record is for the cover artwork. It's the only evidence of originality on this whole thing. In fact (PAUSE) there, it just smashed on the street, five stories below. Nobody will ever play that record again.

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I felt you would like to be aware of such a good and young skater. I also felt this would promote younger kids to getting into the sport at a younger age—I know it has at my park. Also, let me mention that Todd has been skating for 2 years, since he was 3 years.

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