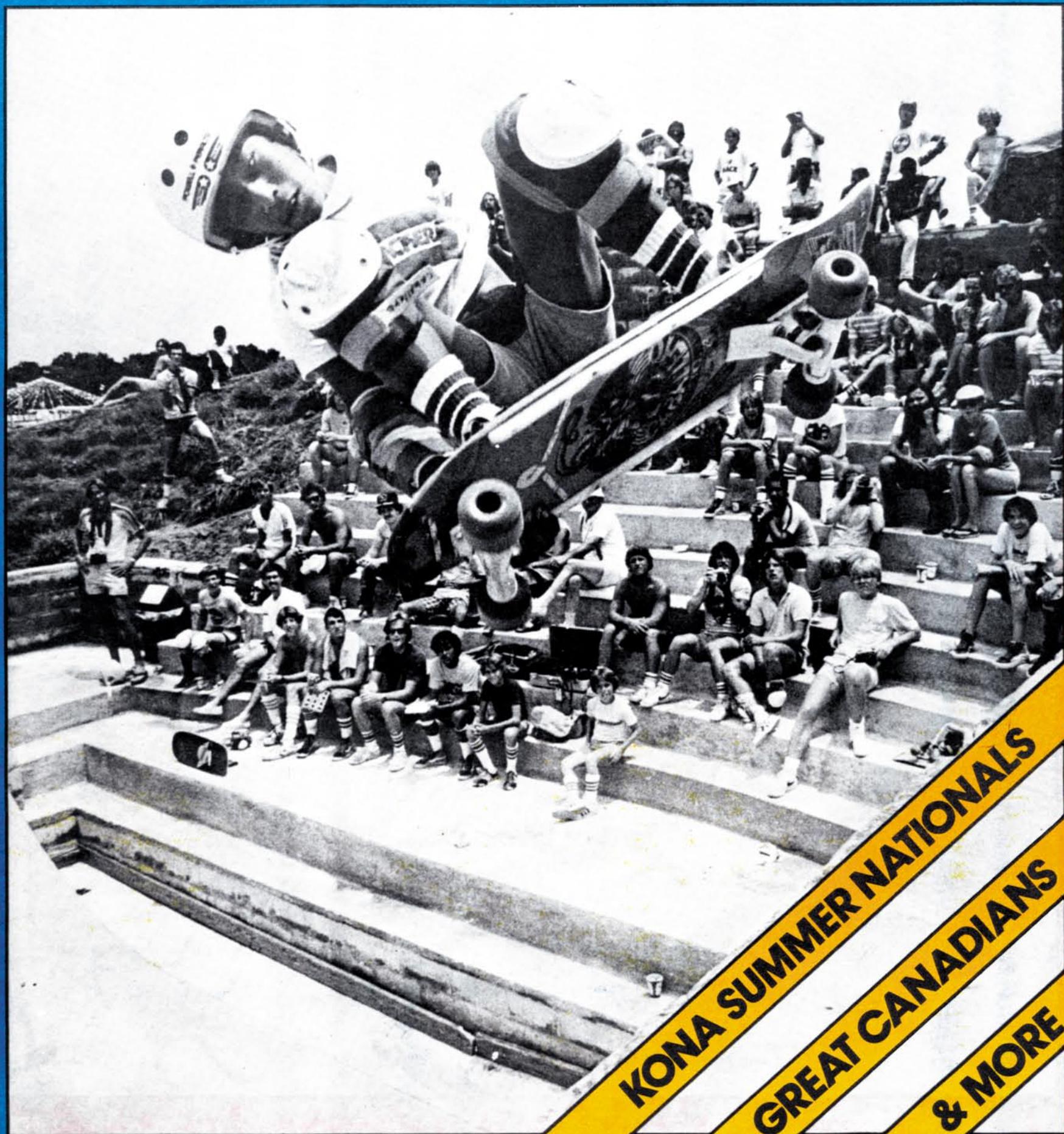


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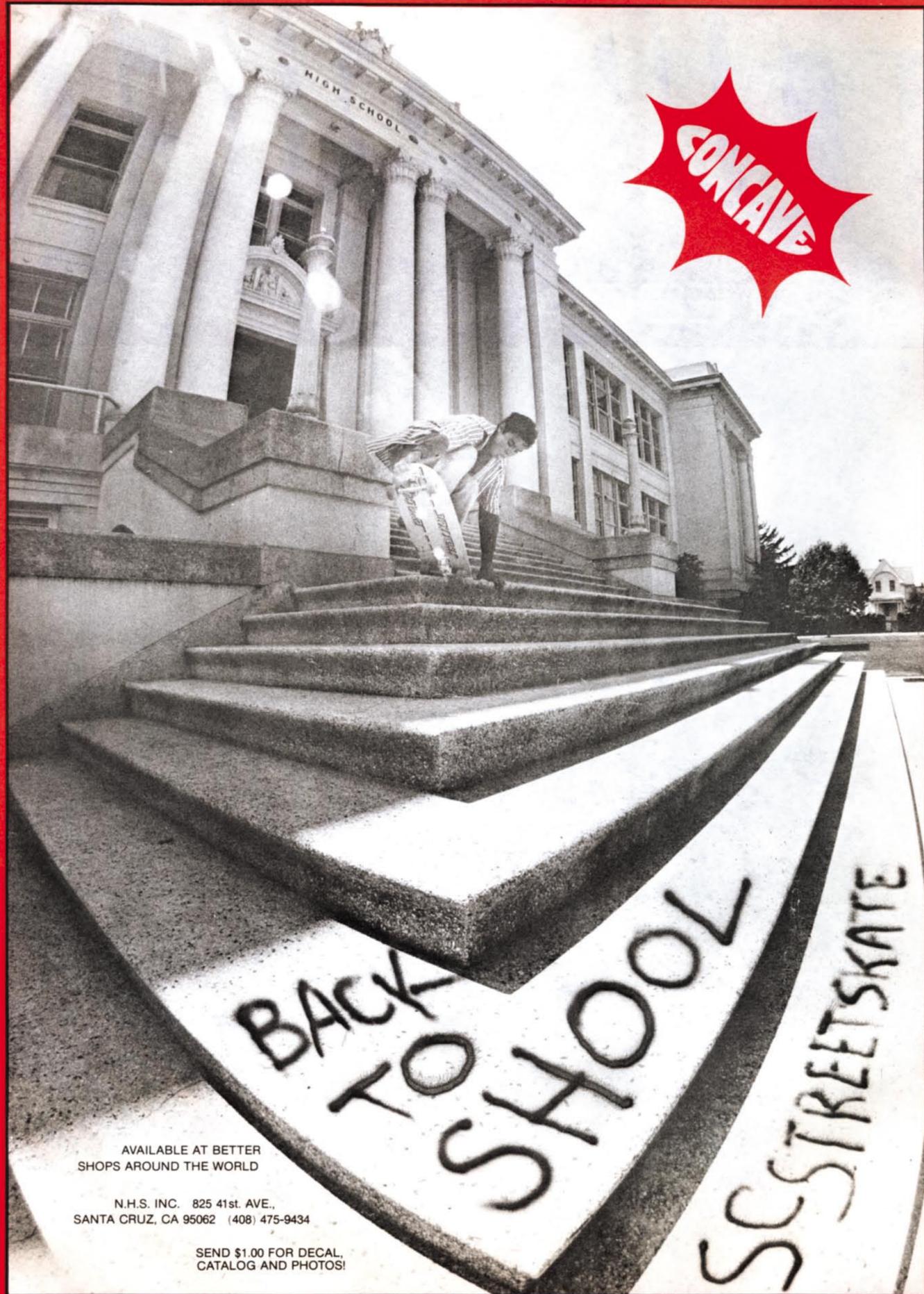
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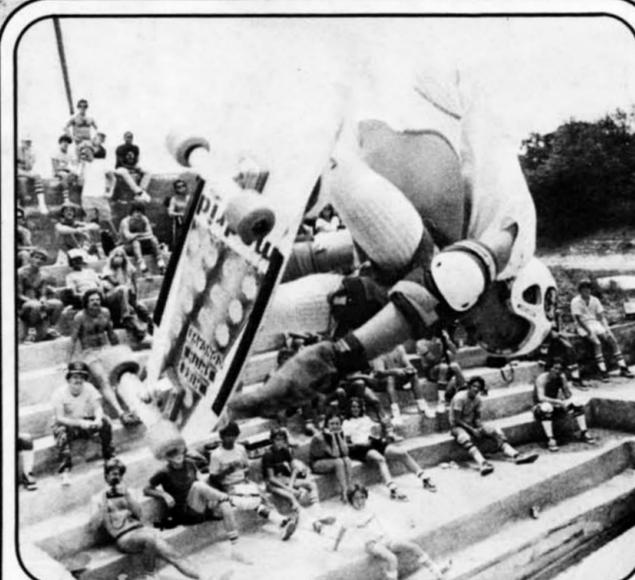
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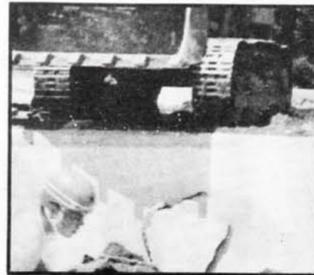
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Photography by JEFF NEWTON

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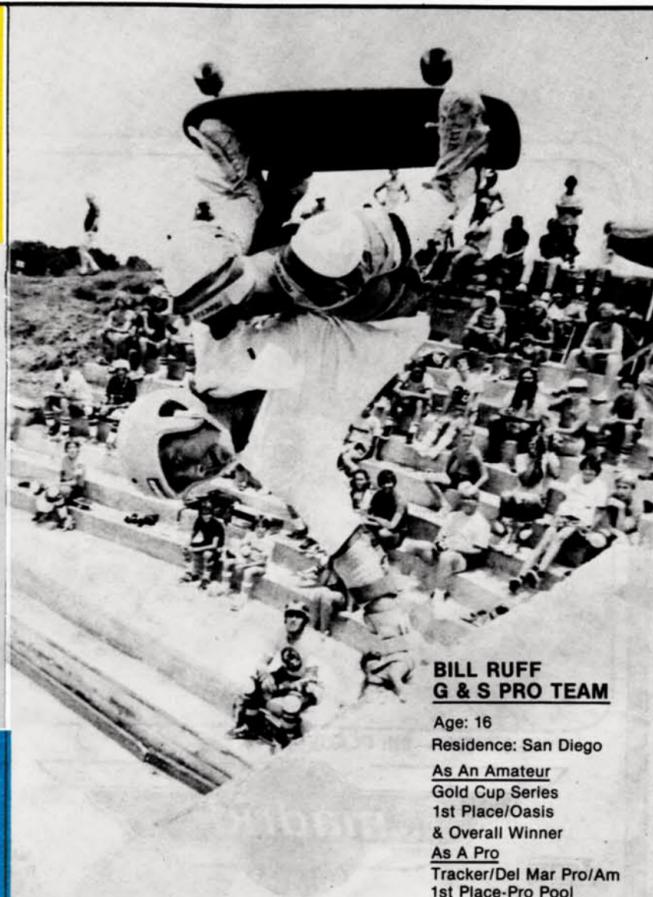
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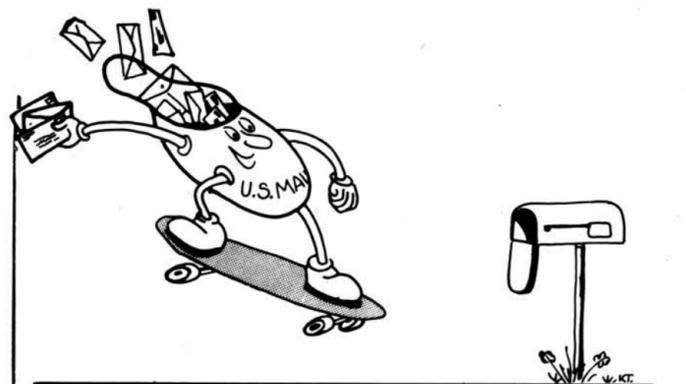
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MAIL DROP

GOODBYE WINCHESTER

Dear THRASHER,
I just picked up your magazine at, of all places, a Record Factory in San Jose. As you all probably know, Winchester Skatepark has said goodbye for ever. I myself am not a skateboarder, but appreciate rad skating and good photography. I used to take pictures of locals whenever I had the time—it was fun. People like Cory O'Brien, Caballero, etc. Now that there is no local park to go to I was glad to read about the upcoming contest in Capitola. Thanks for the info. I also liked the R.B. interview and am glad that the mag is getting widespread publicity. Here's a buck for a sticker and button.

—Howard Ogawa
San Jose, CA

Dear THRASHER,

I'm really into skating, in a way it's my life right now. I was a member of Winchester but recently it closed. When I heard that dreadful news I almost died. I think a good park is just as important as a public library or a post office. In a way I feel frustrated because nobody cares about skaters—it's sort of cruel. I wish the owner of Winchester had a son or daughter that skated and could tell them how fun and gnarly a park is. It just seems so stupid to put up another apartment complex over that gnarly park. The world doesn't need another lame apartment, the world needs at least one park. There used to be three here, now there aren't any. Rumor has it that a park might be opened in San Mateo—NEW HOPE! At least there are streets and ramps. We are skaters, we are the gnarliest and we have to stick together and work with each other. That's the only way to bring skating back to life.

Thank you THRASHER for hanging on and not selling out to fads that will die. Skating will always be around.

Thanks for your time and effort.
—Adam Topol
San Francisco, CA

THRASHER MAG,

I've sent three rolls of undeveloped film that a friend and I took of the clozed and dozed bulldozer syndrome of

Milpitas and Winchester skateparks.

Both parks were well built in my opinion, but Victoria (Milpitas) closed because they had no insurance and was unattended. The owner wanted to let the kids and punks skate there for free with no rules but the Santa Clara County (a.k.a. Medfly Co.) Sheriff told the owner, "either bulldoze or we will at your expense." So the owner had no choice.

Winchester closed because the higher lease could not be paid. So the same syndrome took care of that park and beloved keyhole.

Now, my friend has a 1/4 pipe ramp and I'm building a 1/2 pipe (like featured in THRASHER) with the keyholes extra coping that's unused.

—Paul Andrackin
Saratoga, CA

THRASHER,

I've been skating a long time and I think it's a rad sport and it's never going to die. I was a member of Winchester skatepark until they recently closed down. Two others have already closed down and that really sucks. I really think this is a gnarly mag and I hope you interview some groups like Black Flag, Circle Jerks, and stuff like that. I wish they would keep a skatepark open or make one because there is no place to skate in. Can you tell me when a skatepark is going to open. Your pictures of skaters are really rad.
P.S. Punk Rules.

—Earl Yen
San Francisco, CA

DEAR THRASHER,

Your mag is great. There is only one problem, don't take Wild Riders of Boardz out. Don't listen to those geeks out there that are telling you to take it out. They can Hope-it. In Fresno, Duane Peters and Steve Caballero rule. We had a skatepark, but it was torn down. Get some interviews of D.P. and Steve C.

Street Skater
—Brian Ramos,
Fresno, CA

P.S. In Fresno, your mag really blazes.

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MAIL DROP

Dear THRASHER,

I just got back from a trip to Seattle, where I got a look at some of the hottest street skating I have ever seen. When I got back from Seattle (I live in the San Francisco Bay Area, in Marin) I gave my local skatepark, Winchester a call and it was closed. This really gets me pissed off, I mean I never got a chance to thrash there, and I had set up a weekend when I would go down there.

Why are all the parks closing? I mean it's not like skating is dead, yet all the parks are closing. I'm sick of seeing all the vertical spots close down. There's a guy I know whose trying to set up a half-pipe in Mill Valley, but the city won't let him, and insurance costs a fortune. Look, I have nothing against street skating but vert can't be beat. If there is anyone who is willing to help me build a half-pipe ramp, call me, the numbers in the book under my mom's name. YOUR MAG IS RAD...

Keep Skatin'

Tim "Boom-Boom" Howard
San Rafael, CA

P.S. If there are any ramps in Marin let me know.

Dear THRASHER,

The recent closings of Cherry Hill and Apple skateparks are a real downer. Just when I began enjoying vert skating all of the Eastern spots shut down.

Now I'm located in California and recently I've visited the Marina del Rey skatepark. It totally ripped. The Dog Bowl rulez. Now I'm totally stoked about Western vertical terrain when the yippy behind the counter tells me that they will close in a month also. This really sucks, but the world is not over yet. The world is over when there is no such thing as street skating. Street skating will always be there because there will always be a street. You can get a whole new thrill exploring new terrains and ripping up the environment. Hanging out on the local strip, curb grinding with your custom paint job skate can be totally gratifying in it's own rite.

So I'm tired of those faggots bitching about how their skatepark was ripped down. Tomorrows skateparks lie in the streets, the backyard ramps, and in the imaginations of the skaters of the 80's.

Take to the streets and have a shredding day.

—Mark Duane
Pacific Palisades, CA

RAD ROLLER ACTION

THRASHER,

I know you and most of your readers are totally into skateboarding. Great. But...let me tell you about a few radical Rollerskaters down south here in Texas. Now I know what everybody's thinking. Boo/Hiss. Just hold onto your boards for a minute. I'll

start with Charles, just your average guy 'till he got his first pair of street-skates. Boom. Suddenly we have a way rad roller. Something afflicted Joe, Karl, John and Me. Yes, there is life after rink rolling. There's streetskating. I mean—we're talking tearing up the streets and spiral parking garages (and let's not forget the courthouse and police station with their gnarly banks and ramps). And don't we all just love to terrorize little old ladies on the boardwalk? There's also vertical skating. We have a few vert skaters in Texas. So far I know of about 8, 7 boys and 1 girl. I'm not complaining, I'd just like to see more rollerskate ramp riders. Especially girls. It's hard to go to a contest and have to skate against the guys. This might also change after the Texas summer series, but I doubt it. I think if all the skate-boarders and rollerskaters stick together instead of waging war, we can keep skating alive and well. For sure we can when we have great mags like THRASHER. You're absolutely the best. Keep it up. And to all you 4 and/or 8 wheeled skaters—skate rad and party hearty...Bye Y'all.

—Rad Lady Roller
C.C., Texas

COMIC CHALLENGE

THRASHER:

Note: I would appreciate it heavily if you would print the entire contents of this letter. This letter is addressed to one Jose Marin of Miami, Florida—one of the three winners of the April '81 Comic Contest.

Jose—Your drawings were cool, but, can you do sequences? If so, I would like to challenge to a full-on comic skate-off. I will be entering two of my best Vanalvas (also are called skate rats, but no Mickey Mouse these two) named Charlie and Steve, for Bowl Freestyle and Doubles versus your best. This contest will involve entire routines (from first drop-in to the last roll-out) using all the tricks in the book plus a few of your own. You can use as many pieces of paper and paper sizes (8x11 or 11x17) as you wish. Here are my choices or suggestions of a pool—the Holiday (square pool) Bowl at Colton or the Combi-Pool at Upland.

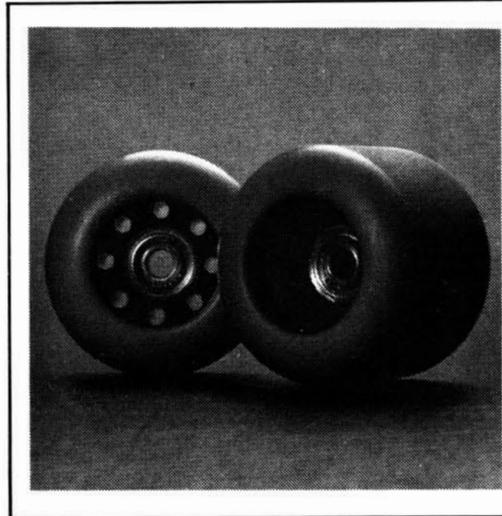
I would also like to call on either "MOFO" or K.T. to judge the contest if possible, 'cuz Jose and I will be prejudiced toward our own artworks. This could be accomplished by making two xeroxed copies of the original and sending one copy to the judge and the other to the opposing artist. Most Important: no one else is invited to join in.

So, it is left up to you, Jose. Well? I'll await your answer Thrasher Rulez!

—W.C. Gutman
4236 Karesue Ave.
San Diego, CA 92122

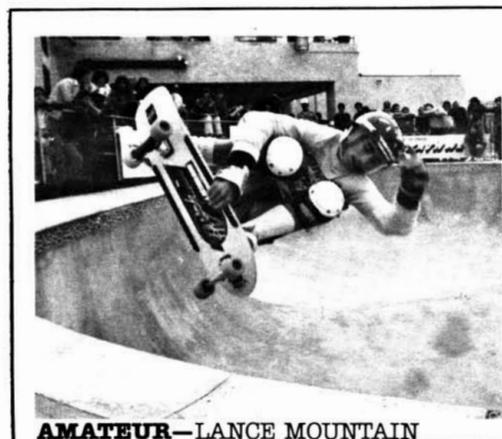
This guy sounds serious, Jose. You better take him up on this challenge. If not, look for a monthly Comic Contest in future issues of THRASHER.

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MAIL DROP

HOT TIP

THRASHER,
Just a note to tell you there's a mogul type skatepark in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina that's closed but not destroyed and can easily be gotten to over a broken fence. It's fun for surf skating. Things aren't too hot around here since APPLE was crushed. Only one person skates around here besides me. We used to have three people that skated but one moved to Athens, Georgia. We still rip our own half-pipe though. Skateboarding will never die and I will never stop. There's still lots of people who have never been to a skatepark and just ride streets or reservoirs.
Stay Wild.

—Dan Raridan
Dayton, Ohio

THRASHER,

Your mag is total bonzaville! You guys put that No Action mag way in the backfield. As far as stepping up your coverage on street riding is concerned, I'm behind you 100%. Da roads, da banks, an da ramps are definately where the real action is at. Thanx for a hot mag and keep Thrashin'.

—Velveeta Boy,
Chico "party town" CA.
P.S. Do something on the Dead Kennedy's, Jello is fun.

SPOT FOR SPOT

THRASHERS,
How 'bout some backyard pool info on any good pools in the L.A. Area, a.k.a. SF Valley, Hollywood Hills and surrounding areas, cuz it's getting pretty lame down here. The only pool that is by far hot is the E. L.A. boys club pool, 11 1/2 feet deep, excellent transition, 1/2 pipe type with corners and filter box, steps, everything extreme. No pictures cuz no camera. So how about it? I gave you one for your pool hunt so how about one for mine? Directions, hints, anything. Your mag is the hottest by far.

—S.S.
LA, CA

RAMP CONTACT

Dear THRASHER,
Just got issue. Your definitely hot. In the issue there was a guy from Cross-Lanes, West Virginia that wrote you. I want his full address so I can contact him about the ramp he wanted to build. It's always nice to know that there is another skate thrasher in the state. The past month I've been working something out with our local park board about letting us build a half pipe in the park. It looks good but I have a little more planning to do. If you could get his address for me I would appreciate it. If you can't find it then please print this letter. I think his name is Mort Taber.

Thanx and Keep Thrashing.
—Bryan Ridgway
1626 13th Ave.
Huntington, W. Virginia 25701

P.S. Here's a West Virginia sticker, can I have a THRASHER stick, Please?

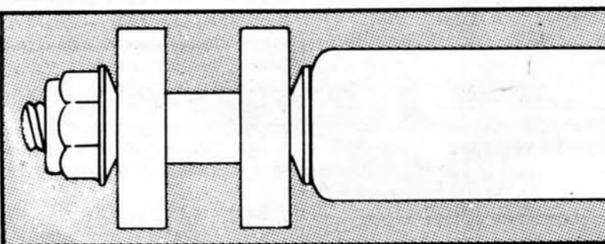
Thanks for the sticker, Bryan. It's a deal. As for Mort Tabor, Hey Mort—Get in touch with this guy, and start building. —ED

DEAR THRASHER,

Your magazine is totally hot. It's nice to see a good skateboard mag again. I keep hearing and reading about the East-West coast clash, but what about the Midwest? In Nebraska we never had any parks (just ramps). We were always into the horizontal skate scene. There are some pretty progressive street skaters here, so why don't the East Coast come West and and West come East, and we'll meet somewhere in the middle and rip together!

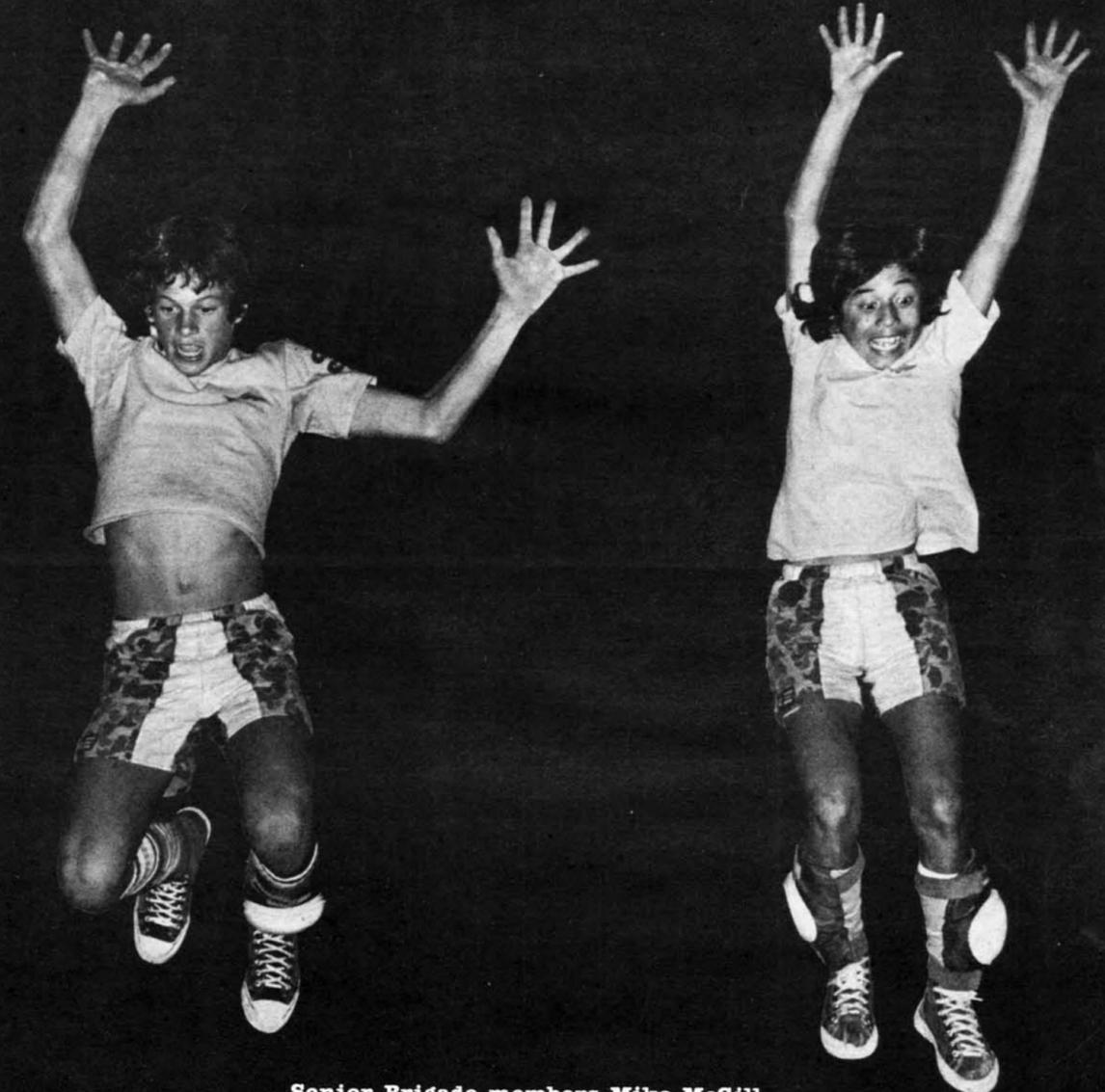
—Flatlander, Blain Brazier
Lincoln, Nebraska

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ASSAULT



Senior Brigade members Mike McGill and Stevie Caballero jetted back from a four week Swedish training mission for a full drop-in assault on the Kona Pro-Am. Armed with their highly tuned skateboard equipment, and front ranked talent, the boys were ready for the radical incursion... and prevailed. Mike and Stevie's stance on equipment is demanding and exacting because as traveling professionals they must be instantly ready to shatter any and all terrains. Whatever your stance on skating and equipment is, Powell-Peralta issues the armament to keep you on target.

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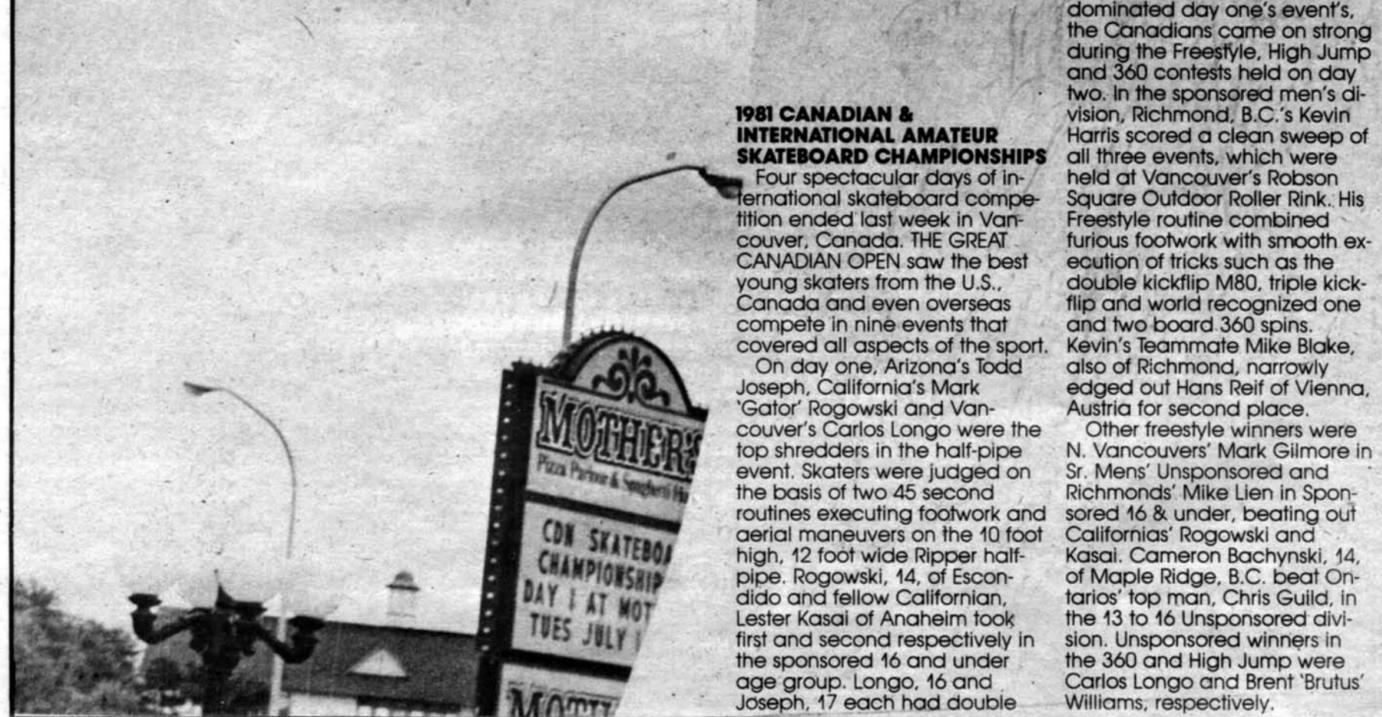
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THE GREAT CANADIAN OPEN



Mark Rogowski, amateur ace from San Diego overcame some rough competition from his teammate Lester Kasai as well as the best of the Canadian AM's, to take the half-pipe event at the Great Canadian Open.



1981 CANADIAN & INTERNATIONAL AMATEUR SKATEBOARD CHAMPIONSHIPS

Four spectacular days of international skateboard competition ended last week in Vancouver, Canada. THE GREAT CANADIAN OPEN saw the best young skaters from the U.S., Canada and even overseas compete in nine events that covered all aspects of the sport.

On day one, Arizona's Todd Joseph, California's Mark "Gator" Rogowski and Vancouver's Carlos Longo were the top shredders in the half-pipe event. Skaters were judged on the basis of two 45 second routines executing footwork and aerial maneuvers on the 10 foot high, 12 foot wide Ripper half-pipe. Rogowski, 14, of Escondido and fellow Californian, Lester Kasai of Anaheim took first and second respectively in the sponsored 16 and under age group. Longo, 16 and Joseph, 17 each had double

wins on the half-pipe for their victories in both events, Half-pipe Freestyle and Most Air.

Just as the American's had dominated day one's event's, the Canadians came on strong during the Freestyle, High Jump and 360 contests held on day two. In the sponsored men's division, Richmond, B.C.'s Kevin Harris scored a clean sweep of all three events, which were held at Vancouver's Robson Square Outdoor Roller Rink. His Freestyle routine combined furious footwork with smooth execution of tricks such as the double kickflip M80, triple kickflip and world recognized one and two board 360 spins. Kevin's Teammate Mike Blake, also of Richmond, narrowly edged out Hans Reif of Vienna, Austria for second place.

Other freestyle winners were N. Vancouver's Mark Gilmore in Sr. Mens' Un-sponsored and Richmonds' Mike Lien in Sponsored 16 & under, beating out California's Rogowski and Kasai. Cameron Bachynski, 14, of Maple Ridge, B.C. beat Ontario's top man, Chris Guild, in the 13 to 16 Un-sponsored division. Un-sponsored winners in the 360 and High Jump were Carlos Longo and Brent "Brutus" Williams, respectively.

In day three's Giant Slalom, Rick Howell, 23, from Upland, California was clocked at 26.49, the fastest time recorded on the tight twisting course which was set up on Burnaby Mountain. Men's Un-sponsored winner was Ottawa's Claude Regnier (28.66) and in Women's Open it was Sophie Bourgeois (30.34) of Quebec who showed us that she can blaze in Slalom as well as Freestyle. Two time winner was Tim Galvan, 16 of Montclair, California (13-16 Un-sponsored) whose firsts in both Slalom (28.37) and Downhill Speed Run (46.98) proved that he ruled the mountain that day. Galvan's downhill run was the events best time, followed by Sponsored winner Brian Martin, 22 of Long Beach, Ca., at 47.34 seconds. Martin beat out Rick Howell for the title and Galvan won over travelling companion Barry Fields, 21, of Orange, Ca.

Day Fours' Banked Bowlriding event at North Vancouver's Seylynn Skatepark brought a few upsets. In Senior Mens Sponsored, local bowl hero, Al Harrison was beaten on his own concrete by Brian Bailija, 18, of Lethbridge, Alberta. Rival Gullwing team riders Lester Kasai and Mark Rogowski again battled for first place honors in their division with Lester getting his revenge this time for Rogowski's half-pipe win. In Un-sponsored Bowlriding all the winners were local talent. First in 17 & up was Scott Kiborn, in 13-16, No. Vancouver's Rob Lester took first with Dave Opko of W. Vancouver a close second. Womens' Open winner was Denise Frohlick of Coquitlam, B.C. Contestants were judged on two 45 second routines utilizing the park's downhill snake run and 20 foot wide banked bowl.

Finally, the Barrel Jumping. Leaping sixteen one foot barrels for the Sponsored Open title was flying Dave Crabb, 17, of Surrey, B.C. Crabb beat Calgary's Chuck Bell and former barrel king Cory Campbell. In the Un-sponsored Open, Covey of Calgary cleared 14 barrels for the first place. Left in second was big Barry Fields, with the borrowed SIMS board he split in half during a particularly wild jump.

At the Grand Awards banquet, sponsored by the B.C. Provincial Government, contestants enjoyed the antics of the "Beef Boys" and viewed video clips of the competition while feasting on a great meal. After dinner contest MC Russ Howell and Canadian Pro-Am Skateboard Association president Monty Little presented over \$2,500 in trophies that had been donated by local businesses. The audience then settled back to read the latest copy of THRASHER while the film crew set up projectors and screen for the big slide show. A real treat here, not only did the gang get to see slides of the weeks events taken by photogs Mike Blake, Bob Nurmi and Graham X Peat but were also entertained by longtime Skatographer Jim Goodrich, who put his very best slides from the past five years up on the screen.

The Annual John Edward Plucha Memorial Award, a special Canadian award given to the most outstanding Canadian skater who has not only excelled at the Championships, but who has also helped with the growth and safety of the sport was given to Kevin Harris of Richmond, B.C.

The Canadian Pro-Am Skateboard Association, founded in 1977, has yearly hosted the National Championships in Van-



Mike Negus pops an ollie in the bowl at Vancouver's Seylynn skatepark.

couver. With the completion of THE GREAT CANADIAN OPEN, the championships mark their fifth year. Major sponsorship for this years event came from the SUPER VALU/PEPSI COLA Amateur Sports Program. Co-sponsors for the event were—Vans-Gullwing-YoYo Wheels-Santa Cruz-G&S-OJ Wheels-Sims-Independent-Protector-Variflex-Donel-Mothers Pizza Parlors.

The Great Canadian Open shifts it's location for the first time

next year to the nation's capital, Ottawa. Plan now to be where the best are going to meet in the summer of 1982. You are all invited to be a part of what has become one of the longest running and most prestigious skateboard contests in the world.

For further information contact Monty Little at (604) 937-0449 or write to the Canadian Pro-Am Skateboard Association-P.O. BOX 2039, Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6B 3S1. Graham X. Peat



VARIFLEX

Kona Summer Nationals

TUESDAY, JULY 7

On July 7th I entered Kona Skatepark in Jacksonville, Florida to be greeted by Mr. Ramos, park owner and contest coordinator, who had a nicely planned week of skate activities arranged. The VARIFLEX/KONA SUMMER NATIONALS was offering the largest purse for a Pro/Am contest in quite some time. Starting with \$1000.00 for 1st and paying all the way down to 10th with \$100.00 For the Amateurs, \$1000.00 worth of prizes were to be awarded.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8

Wednesday saw the arrival of the Losi family and the Variflex Pro team, midway through their summer tour. They nearly had the whole crew, Steve Hirsch, Eric Grisham, Freddy De Soto, and blazing amateur, Lance Mountain. You've got to give credit to Gil Losi, driving his team across the country in the Team Van and now getting set to direct a week long contest, and when it's all over, packing it up and driving back to California. That is dedication.

Word of the contest had spread far and wide and skaters from all over the country began filtering into the park. Skaters from Texas, Alabama, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, New Jersey and even a couple of skatedogs from Puerto Rico, who had flown up and pitched a tent in the field next to the park. Over the next few days some top California Pros began showing up, Mike Smith, Duane Peters, Neil Blender and Billy Ruff, and were eager for big bucks.

SATURDAY, JULY 11

For Kona Skatepark Saturday night is the occasion for their weekly backside air contest. Since there was a large crowd of skaters and spectators it was decided to include an open freestyle event to the nights program. Held in the reservoir and connecting bowl the event was won by Dan Murray of Bocaaton FL, getting a pair of freestyle wheels for his efforts. I placed second winning a pair of "Z" Gloves and 2 "Z" copers, according to Mr. Ramos these



The beautifully constructed half-pipe ramp at Kona Skatepark.



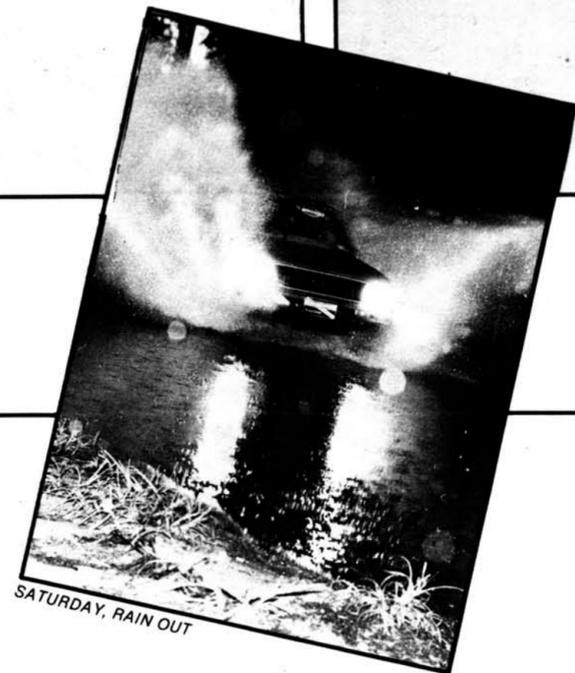
Steve takes the cash.



Steve Caballero



Mike McGill



SATURDAY, RAIN OUT

were the best. The backside air event had two divisions, Pro and Am. Amateur winner, Casey Chmielinski of Melbourne Beach, Fl., recieved a pair of Madrats shorts. Second place went to Scott Green, a local, winning a pair of "Z" Gloves and "Z" copers. The Best. The Pro was won by Monty Nolder, who would be up against some pretty stiff competition all week long, skating his first Pro event and receiving a pair of shorts. Again, I got second and the usual prizes.

SUNDAY, JULY 12 - WEDNESDAY, JULY 15

On Sunday, Mike "Ziggy" Seigfreid flew in to join the Vari-crew. Brigaders Stacy Peralta and Tony Hawk arrived on Tuesday and were joined on Wednesday by Mike McGill and Stevie Caballero, who had just arrived from their tour of duty in Sweden. Many instate Pros returned like Shawn Peddie, Monty Nolder and Myself.

The main and only Pro event was to be the Half-pipe Ramp. The Ramp stood 11'x16'x28' with

an orange fiberglass coating over plywood. There were rollout decks on either side with cement coping and lighting was good. The surface was smooth and a bit slippery but ultra fast and the transitions were 9 1/2' with 1' of vertical, allowing for maximum air and safe bailing.

Tuesday night the Ramos' threw a party for all the contestants with lots of food, drinks and ice cream. Then everyone proceeded to the .99 movie. On Wednesday morning the first amateur event was freestyle

which was easily led by Robert Rodriques of Miami. The pool prelims were skipped due to low entrants. So the next event was the 1/2 pipe, which was held in the evening because of the high heat and humidity during the day. The judges for this event were Paul Schmitt, Ziggy, Mutt, Bill Ruff and myself using a scoring system of 1-100. The unsponsored age groups were, 13 & under, 14 - 16, 17 and over. This event progressed smoothly and featured some hot skating by the up and coming amateur

contingency. After a short hot-dog break for the hardworking judges, and practice for the sponsored amateurs, the hotly contested Open Ams event began. Andrew Lopez of Texas led off doing various airs and some contorted layback airs to inverts. Tony Hawk was next, having a blazing run, pulling off a Cabi-grind or should I say a Caballero landing in a grind. A local Scott Green was tearing it up with some lofty airs but got carried away doing seven backside airs in one run. A pip-

ping skater from New Jersey, Jeff Jones, had one of the most variety filled runs, with variats, high switch stance airs, and neck contorting inverts. Lance Mountain was skating strong as usual, placing high, but a skater from Winter Park, Fl., Billy Beauregard, edged ahead of Lance. Ending up in first was Chris Baucom of Gainesville, Fl. Chris pulled off the gnarliest frontside tail slides in both runs, fully rolling out on top and staying in control. After the prelims the top eight going into the

head to head finals looked like this: in 8th, Buck Smith, Jax beach, Fl., in 7th, Andrew Lopez, San Antonio, Tx., in 6th, Tony Hawk, San Diego, Ca., in 5th, Scott Green, Jax Beach, in 4th, Jeff Jones, in 3rd, Lance Mountain, Pasadena, Ca., in 2nd, Billy Beauregard and 1st, Chris Baucom. The crowd was fully behind the local skaters despite of how well known some of the California skaters were.

THURSDAY, JULY 16

On Thursday the weather was

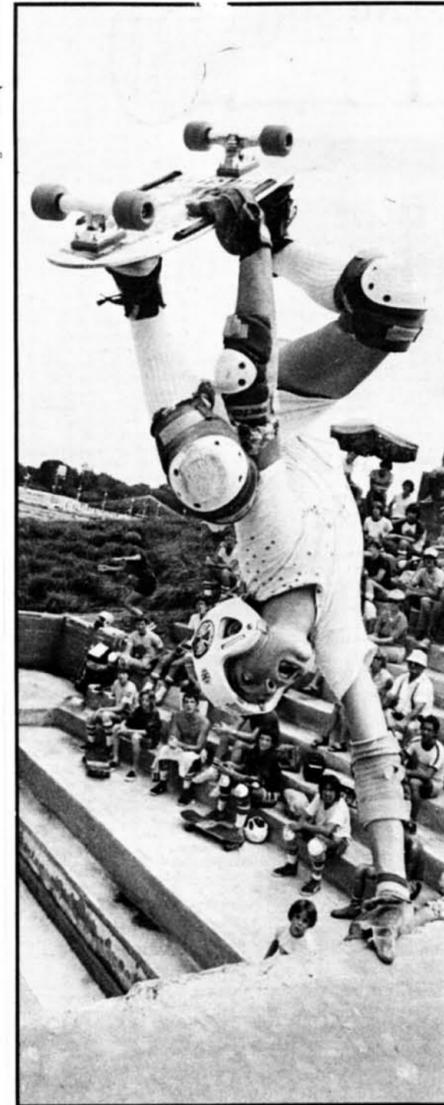
clear, hot and humid as usual. Because of the high heat factor Pro practice was to start at 4 P.M. and the prelims were scheduled for 6 P.M. Media brethren, D.D. Morin and Jim Cassimus arrived that evening to liven things up a bit. A total of 14 Pros were entered and ready to battle their way to the top eight. We took two 45 second runs with the better of the two to be combined with Saturday's best run, thus determining the eight cut. The judges for this event were, Cassimus, Paul

(continued on page 23)



Neil Blender

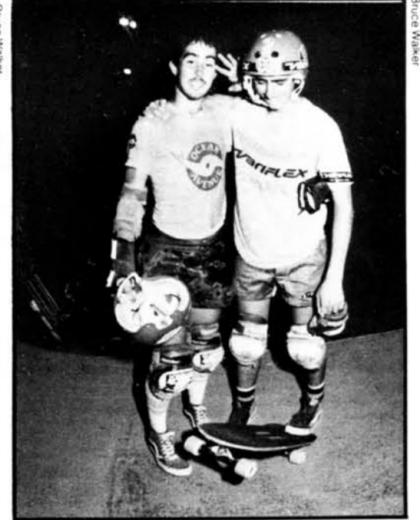
Monty Nolder



Mike Smith



Chris Baucom



New amateur rivalry/camaraderie — Lance Mountain, Chris Baucom

Big Bucks Breakdown

KONA-VARIFLEX PRO FINAL RESULTS		
JULY 16, 1981		
1 st	\$1,000	Stevie Caballero
2 nd	\$700	Mike McGill
3 rd	\$550	Monty Nolder
4 th	\$400	Neil Blender
5 th	\$350	Billy Ruff
6 th	\$300	ERIC Geisman
7 th	\$250	Mike Smith
8 th	\$200	SHAWN Peddie
9 th	\$150	Allen Iosi
10 th	\$100	Mike Folmer

Luckily Folmer won some cash or we might of had to pay him for this article.



LIFE & DEATH

A STEP BEYOND "PAY, SKATEBOARDING?"



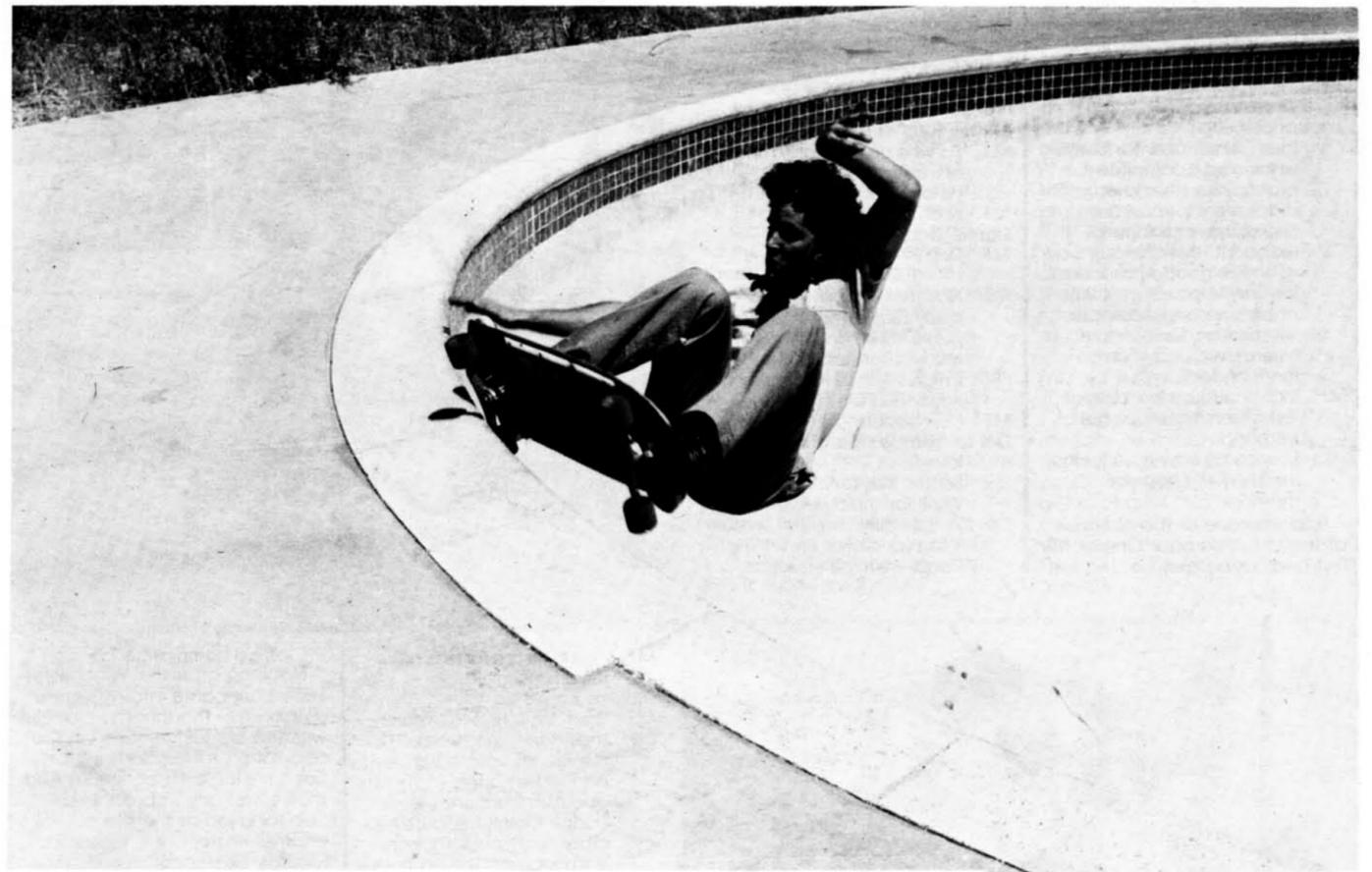
"Easy come easy go, after that it'll be just a popular memory."

Bulldozer kook dropping in on unsuspecting local. Milpitas' day of execution. Photo: Paul Andraikin



Just recently I was blessed with an assignment of close regard. I look around to see Myself in the eighties. Although My vision of this era and another's vision of this same era might differ, I do not care. But the question is always this, "Just what is a poor dwid to do in this society of electronics and big missiles?" Do I care?.....What do you think? I am directed towards the Bay Area, (That is San Francisco Bay Area, for all of you foreigner types who usually don't seem to know better) and just a little south of there, is a valley known as that of the silicon variety. Some of the older inhabitants in the area still call it, affectionately, The Santa Clara Valley. But we know better, DON'T WE MY LITTLE KIMOSABEES!?! The area has been the victim of a vicious predator, who in massive numbers could ruin many peoples lifestyles. BUT, when cornered alone, one could squish it in ones fingers. Yes kiddies. THE MEDFLY (appropriate mood music to be inserted here). "Sure, what the hell, let's just kill it with

malathion", you might be saying. But no. You see you will only get some of the Flies. But you won't get 'THE FLY'. (But if the chemicals affect 'THE FLY' from having any little maggotts, with the San Diego connection willing, is another story and should be referred to in your history books in the distant future.) You won't get rid of 'THE FLY' at all because what you don't see is that 'THE FLY' is not an insect. It is still a vicious predator though, don't get me wrong. (In fact it is not an It. It is a he, and will be referred to as such in the future. O.K.? O.K. (sorry)) A predator, not in search of fruits like the Medfly mind you, but in search of banks. No I know what you are thinking. There's some guy running around trying to rip off the First National, right? WRONG! Fools, this is a skateboarding magazine, not a guns and revolution commie rag. I'm talking sweat and guts die hard skateboard breathing full on to the hilt no if ands or buts I don't care if this move kills me type of publication. Are you still with me? If you're not, then you are



"Skating's not nice. You don't grind to be nice." Milpitas. Photo: MOFO

reading the wrong stuff and should be concerning yourselves with more meager matters, say domestics or something as well as depressing. Sorry to come down on your foolish little heads like that, but I just had to weed out all of the jerks in the audience. O.K. If you know what is good for you, you will listen because this is good. And from good you will learn. Trust me.

- M.F.: How do you feel now since you have these two parks behind you, the highly acclaimed pool that everyone loved to skate? Is there any feeling of loss?
- R.S.: It's not a loss to the skateworld really.
- M.F.: No, what I mean is, do you feel that it is a personal loss?
- R.S.: Yeah, I guess so, but the other factors outway that loss. Poor management. Well, not poor management, but it was the bossing around of skateboarders that was the bad factor. Condescension.
- M.F.: Dwid management?
- R.S.: Yeah, those blond management.
- M.F.: Well, who in particular would you say was responsible for this?
- R.S.: I don't want to say any names.
- M.F.: Those blond guys?
- R.S.: Yeah, those blond guys.
- M.F.: They always hassled people. The kings. They thought they were God's gift to the skateboarding industry.
- R.S.: You'd take your helmet off for one second to get the sweat out of your eyes, someone would be coming down on you.

"THE FLY", is one of God's good

creatures of the 'Skate Generation'. His name, as known to a very few up until now, is Robert Schlaefli.

Let me tell you a little bit about this guy. Rob. O.K.? O.K. I've known him for quite awhile now. Behind him is a massive splatter of Northern California calenderistic (if there is such a word) skateboard history. Now keep in mind that I am writing this while listening to the Germs and watching The Godfather. This is I and probably what I will be and that he is he and maybe he won't always be is another thing that really doesn't concern me. Do you follow? Do I care?.... What do you think. You see there once was this duck. And then this rich farmer came along and killed the duck. Therefore, dead ducks tell no tales. But what you are always failing to see is that there is always this FOWL (me), who has a tale to tell, and this FOWL won't die until it is told.....Read on.

I sort of got away from my whole scheme of things there for a moment but a quick slap soon brought me around to my objective of completing this story. Article? Interview? Retrospective? I don't know what you can call it when I'm through. Oh wow, they just shot Sonny. There I go again off the track of my goal. Where was I. Oh yeah, Rob. Sorry Rob, didn't mean to forget you so soon in your Interview. Article? Retrospective?, hey I fooled you. You thought I was going to lead off into a bunch of stupid words and meanderings.

Spread my wings. I FLY. Winchester half-pipe. Photo: T-Bone.



M.F.: It was this that disoriented the skate population. Putting you behind a fence and giving you rules, enforcing them to the maximum. After all, there were no rules in the backyard pool scene.... What made them think that anyone would want to do a complete turn-around? And the newcomers didn't seem to know any better. They just obeyed.

R.S.: No doubt. I think the only way to have a good skatepark is the way Milpitas is now. Just an abandoned skatepark with broken down fences where everybody can go there and ride.

M.F.: Right. For four more days at least. Then that place gets bombed.

R.S.: Easy come easy go. After that it will be just a popular memory.

Rob was one of the old crew at the Los Altos pool. One of the first and definately not the last

of these nomads were notorious for their affiliation with the Tunnel Team. (Did I forget Rod? Sorry Rod but you know how it is, beer and 'B' movies and all). If I forgot to mention any body please forgive me. If not, BITE IT.

M.F.: So, who do you hate most out of this whole scene?
R.S.: Who do I hate most?
M.F.: Yeah. Gutswise.
Del 13: Dan
M.F.: Dan?

(Everybody laughs.)
R.S.: Naw, I don't really hate anybody. Except for the pseudo punks. Those kind of guys that are weekenders. The ones I get in fights with all the time at the Keystone, Palo Alto.

M.F.: How about jocks and surfers?
Del 13: Yeah, surfers are pretty lame.

R.S.: Surfers, they're totally lame. Water on the brain you know.

Del 13: They think they are something special or something. Really we're all equal as



Overshadowing excrements of BMX. Fly sliding at Milpitas. Photo: MOFO

M.F.: And tricks are for kids, a rabbit once said.

R.S.: Yeah.

M.F.: Who do you like to watch?

R.S.: The riders I like to watch? Let me see. I liked to watch Jay Adams. He ripped. Too bad about his situation now. Duane. Mainly because he's crazy. I like to watch Olson and Blackhart. The Dogtown influence people are really the ONLY SKATERS I've ever seen.

Skating's not nice. You don't grind the coping to be nice. But they're too pretty and nice about it.... 90% of the other skaters are the same. They're not harsh enough. They don't release, like Alva. Alva is still the best. But nobody seems to think so. Everybody thinks you have to be able to do lots of tricks like double backflips. What I'm trying to say is that skating was never meant to

be a damn circus.

Not long after this, Winchester Skatepark came into existence (Personally I thought this place was the biggest infection in the neck of skateboarding history, but nonetheless, I continue) And then some guy approached Rob for a job at the site of another skatepark in the area, Milpitas' Skatepark Victoria (My God what a gawdy name for a park). Accepting. Rob took on the job and also along with it he added his own ideas towards design and such. Given this experience he was well adept to do just about anything a skateboarder would desire. Then he was asked if he could help in the design and construction of a pool to be installed into the wounds of the Winchester Skatepark. Taking the task under his wing, he made the famed and renowned pool, his own. Now don't you ever forget that.

There is a beginning and an end to everything, but is this end just the beginning?



Photo: Paul Andraikin

Chris Cook forcefully enjoys one of the last days at Milpitas' comp pool. Photo: MOFO

to be remembered there. Also around and about that time was the famed Bombora pipe. 30ft. 35ft. Inbetween. Who cares what the actual size was. All I can remember was that it was big and that he skated it with authority along with other notable ones at the time in the area.

Let me see, who might you newcomers and oldcomers remember? Try these on for size you little creeps. Rick Blackhart, (ring a bell?) and Peter Gifford (ding dong, are you awake yet and do you know from where I am comin, kidzz?), Steve "Del 13" Weston, Barry, Waldo, Queever, the Buck brothers (Randall and Brian who's whereabouts have stretched from Lake Tahoe to probably Nicaraguan street guerilla warfare blood battles), T. "Loco" L., Bug, a few others, wait, less I forget (He'd surely kill me and forget to give me a paycheck) The Editor K.T. Many

human beings.
R.S.: I guess for the record I would have to say that I really don't hate anyone.

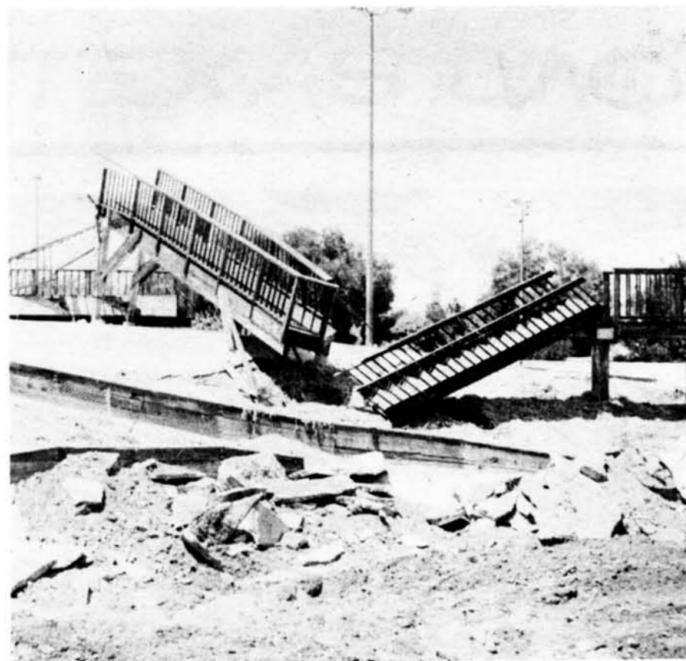
R.S.: I need to state some facts.

M.F.: O.K. ROLL.

R.S.: I just think that skateboarding has gotten to be a real drag for what kind of sport it really is. It should've stayed in the backyard pools, in the streets...

M.F.: More personalized.

R.S.: Personalized. It's just a form of expression... it's not a, Nothing to be famous about. Nothing to make money off of, except the people making the equipment. I can see why they need to make the bucks to keep the scene alive. But, all this pro scene is a total joke. There's only a couple of riders who ride with aggression, and they never get scored right anyway. They only get scored for their tricks.



You'd take off your helmet to get the sweat out of your eyes. Someone would come down on you "Winchester, after the fact" Photo: MOFO

M.F.: How did you get approached to build the Winchester pool?

R.S.: Well, that was after they approached me for Milpitas. When they were building Winchester I was checking them out and watching them build it. I'd give them hints on it and they'd always ask me, "Should we make this steeper or what?" But they kinda screwed up Winchester before the pool got put in there. I remember the first time skating it—how much better it could've been. There were a lot of things weird about it that wouldn't have been weird if we would've built it.

M.F.: So, what happened then? Did they commission you to build Milpitas?

R.S.: No, they just asked me if I wanted a job working for

them building a park in Milpitas. It was a bitch. I always had to get up at four in the morning. But I got into it after a while. I'd get down in the pool and carve out the transition with a pick. With a pick... sculpting it out and getting real dirty. But they never came out the way you thought it would.

M.F.: So, then after that did they tell you to go build Winchester pool?

R.S.: Well, they said that they were going to build a pool there and they asked me what kind of pool they should build. I told them they should build a keyhole and that it should have a lot of flat bottom. So they became really reluctant. "Flat bottom will never work man, no way flat bottom isn't cool." Bullshit. Flat bottom will be great... they had the

... sweat and guts die hard skateboard breathing full on to the hill no ifs ands or buts I don't care if this move kills me... FLY, Milpitas Kidney. Photo: MOFO



theory that bowls were like sugar bowls, totally round throughout. And I told them no, you need the transition to pick up speed. I convinced them of that. I even wanted it to be wider but they only had so much room.

The pool was the sight of many intense heated sessions by the best skaters in the history of skating. When it came down to the Hester series being held there, no one skated it like the good old local boys. Around this time Rob was skating Pro, although he never really considered himself as one. He just never figured all of that pro stuff was all that it was cracked up to be. His apartment at this point was the scene of many a nights of wild and vicious parties, and bottle cap wars were the main social function. It was around late 78' or early 79' when an American guy came looking for Rob inquiring if he'd like to work on another

then one day the funds ran out. Thus ended what was to be the biggest and best skatepark ever.

Now in the present, Rob bides his time by skating where it is skateable. Down the street from his present address is Del's Wall. A large 20 ft. bank that lies beneath an overpass. His preference on equipment is of the "what ever is available" logic. He says that "...Equipment doesn't really matter. If it works then it is good." Currently he rides an old beat up Elguera model mounted with Motobuilt trucks and a set of Cherry Rocks (An old Tunnel Wheel) that are in nearly mint condition.

In a conversation with him recently he mused about "The old days when everything was cool". "We used to have this group of guys that skated the Los Altos pool all of the time. We went to school together. There were three of us. Me, T.L. and Kiwi.

Midtown Man "KIWI", lays on in the now defunct Winchester Pool. Photo: T-Bone



skatepark in the San Jose area. He accepted. The Park was to be called Rapid Transit Skatepark. Rob enlisted a group of his skate partners, Del 13, T.L., Blackhart, Myself and an exile from L.A., Kelly. Blackhart only lasted a few days, but before leaving he managed to do one of the most incredible things any of us had ever seen. He carved the bowl at the end of the halfpipe that was under construction. I know what you think. Big deal. Right? But he did it with a motorcycle.

Someone always used to tie a little rag around one of Kelly's bellflops and tell him to run around at the other end of the site. Then everyone else would throw dirtclods at him. The rag was so he'd make a much better target. The person who hit him the least amount of times had to buy a six-pack for the lunch break.

Rob was coming along smoothly with all of the runs and

We lived in the midtown section of Palo Alto near Lovetron. Thus we called ourselves the Midtown Three. We used to make the long trek over to Sacramento and Modesto where the only skateparks were in N. Cal. Del 13 moved back into Midtown and decided that he should be with us. We let him and became the Midtown Four. Then after awhile T.L. moved to the city and we all sort of got settled down with good jobs and responsibilities. The Midtown Four changed to the Midtonians and T.L. comes down alot to visit. We're alot older now, especially Del, but we still skate and stuff just like we did along time ago if not better."

Thus ends the story of the Fly, the gnarly guy. I now return you to the controls of your normal reading habits. The previous has been another story in 'A STEP BEYOND PROFESSIONAL SKATEBOARDING.'

COMPETITION



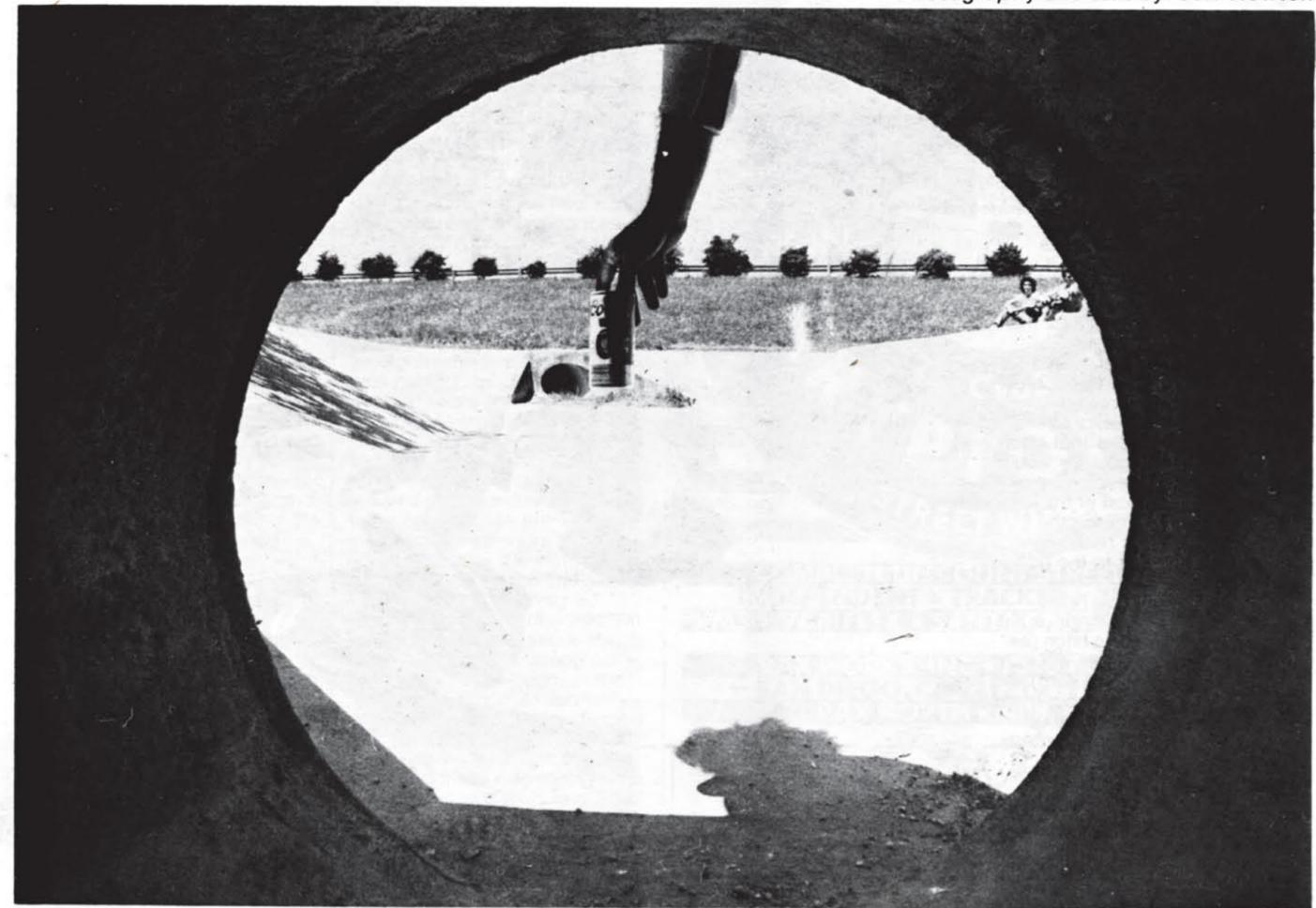
Dan Wilkes hovers an aerial above the Pflugerville ditch.

Tom Barrows carves a high line over the runoff pipe, a high scoring maneuver.



TEXAS UNDERGROUND

Photography and text by: Jeff Newton



Sun, suds and skating go hand in hand in the Big state.

PFLUGERVILLE DITCH CONTEST

Texas, known for its outlaws and gunslingers of long ago, has sprouted a new age of outlaws armed with skateboards and boundless enthusiasm. With no skateparks this energy has been channelled onto the streets and ditches. One prime location for this kind of activity was used recently for Texas' first unofficial outlaw contest.

The Pflugerville Ditch is set right next to the Interstate freeway north of Austin so it is easily accessible to any and all skaters. Austin's own thrashing band, the Big Boys, have been skating there for years so it seemed logical to have them help judge the events.

Jerry Defrese from Easy Rollers in Ausin got the whole thing together and made sure that everything ran smoothly. Quite a few skaters and spectators showed up at the ditch to spend the day in the Texas sun and check out the varied methods of attack on this favorite local spot.

It was decided not to ask permission to hold the event because we probably would have been turned down, so we took our chances and had the contest hoping that the powers that be wouldn't come down on us. Well, they didn't and now the contest is history.

RESULTS 14 - 16

- 1- Blake Hallmark
- 2- Phillip Taglavore
- 3- Mike Delong

17 - 19

- 1-Mike Valdez
- 2- Dan Wilkes
- 3- Tom Barrows

20 & Over

- 1- Ron Sharpe
- 2- Brete Anderson
- 3- Jeff Newton



"Hey Tim, would that be a footplant?" "Yeah! I guess you could call it that Biskut".

Doubles

- 1- Mike Laird/Dan Wilkes
- 2- Tom Barrows/Mile Valdez
- 3- Kenny Pagton/Mike Delong
- 4- Blake Hallmark/Phillip Taglavore

Freestyle

- 1- Dan Wilkes
- 2- Jeff Newton
- 3- Cody Bell

RAT HOLE CONTEST

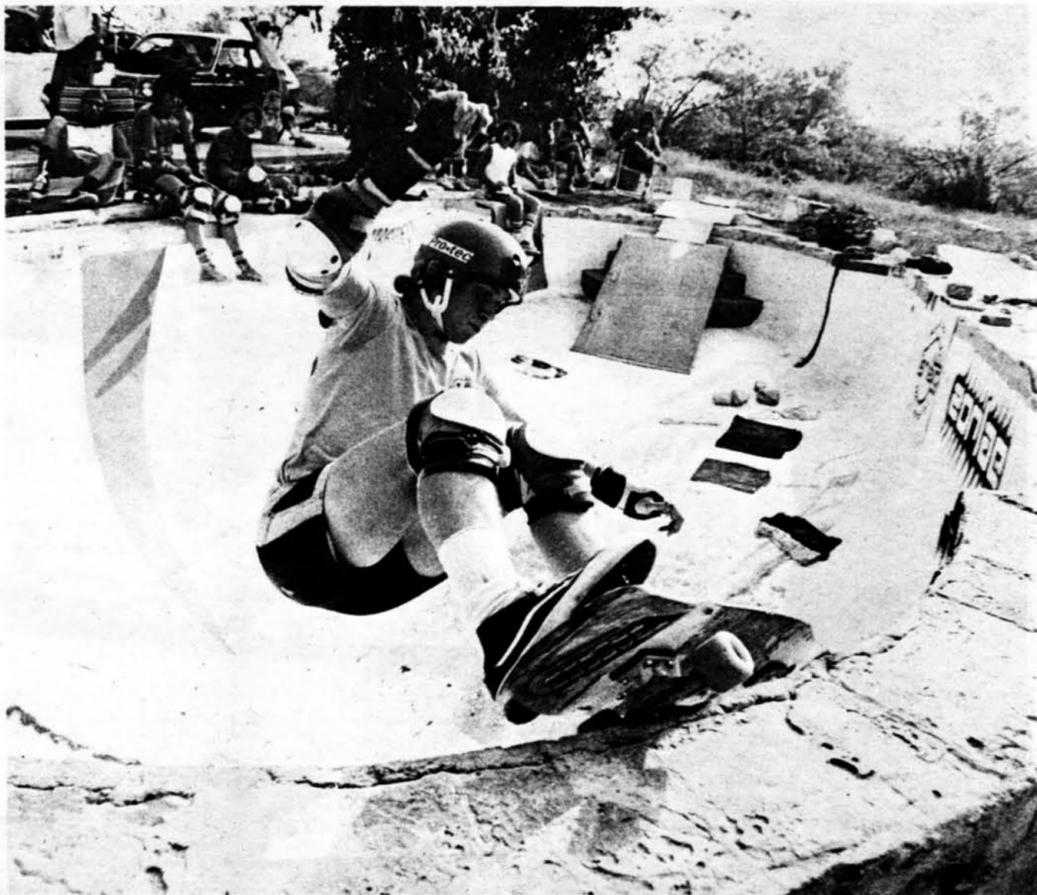
The weekend following Pflugerville another underground event took place in the form of a pool contest. Staged at the Rat Hole, longtime favorite and heavily abused Dallas area skate spot. Once again a hardy crew of skaters and fans turned out to take part in what was a very "grassroots event".

Rain turned out to be the main factor at this event. It rained heavily for 1 1/2 days before the contest. Normally this wouldn't matter except for the fact that this pool leaks -especially right after a hard rain. The morning of the contest we drained the pool and started warm up sessions. It leaked so bad at first that after every 5 or 6 runs puddles would form in the deep end. We placed towels over most of the cracks to try and catch the drippage before it had a chance to make it to the bottom.

Most people would have given up by now, but not us, we pulled it off without a hitch (except for when a skater would hit one of the towels and slam). We would like to extend a big Thank to everyone who showed up and helped with these contests.

RESULTS

- 1- Jeff Phillips
- 2- Craig Johnson
- 3- Barry McDaniels
- 4- Dan Wilkes



The Rat Hole, heavily abused but still shreddable.

"Most people would have given up by now, but not us."



KONA (from page 15)

Schmitt, Jeff Jones, (SIO) Barry and Alan Gelfand who had just arrived from down south. Also showing up from points south was Mark Lake, who only spectated due to a recent knee injury. The crowd was settled in and ready to witness some fine skating. Although this was only prelims for Saturdays finals the runs were bionic and varied, giving the spectators every indication that the finals would be intense. When the runs had been taken and the dust had settled some of the skaters were stoked with their riding while others were disappointed but they all knew that they still had Saturday to confront.

FRIDAY, JULY 17

Friday morning came all too soon for most of the amateurs since the previous night was not a quiet one. At 11:00 A.M. the first event held was the Freestyle finals, which was won handily by Robert Rodrigues and followed by two students of "Mullen & Mutt University" in Gainesville. The pool event was thrilling with Kirt Jose winning the 17 & over division and Lance Mountain taking the Open honors. The next event up was the Amateur 1/2 pipe finals, with eight skaters going head to head. The judges panel was selected quite well, with Paul Schmitt, Ziggy, Ruff, McGill, and Folmer (Hey, that's me). With the judges in place and all practice in, the first matchup was between Chris Baucom and Buck Smith. Buck put up a good fight but his 85.66 average wasn't good enough to top Chris' 88.33. So Buck went to the losers bracket and Chris stayed in first, and did so all the way through Jeff Jones, Tony Hawk, and Billy Beauregard. He was now in the final match with Lance Mountain, California's top amateur. Lance had already lost to him once so he had to beat Chris twice to win. D. David flipped a coin to see who would skate first since they were both worn out from skating all the way to the final match. Chris went first having a good run but not his best. Lance took his run beating Chris' with an average of 91.33. All Lance had to do was beat Chris one more time to win. Chris took his next run knowing he couldn't fall or skate mellow. He gave it his all and it was BLO, earning him an average 92.66, and putting the pressure on Lance. Mountain had to get a 93.00 average to beat Chris and win the contest. You could tell he was pushing every maneuver to the max, but it wasn't enough to knock Chris out of the top spot. This victory was Chris' biggest win and proof that Florida skaters are right on top of things.

SATURDAY, JULY 18

Saturday, I arrived at the park about 4 P.M. just in time to see the worst thunderstorm of the month. It poured so hard the

pool was half-filled with muddy water. Believe it or not Buck and some other locals were doing swan dives into it. There was no hope in skating on this day so the finals were postponed until Sunday morning.

SUNDAY, JULY 19

Sunday morning came quickly, and I stepped outside and started sweating instantly. Sure enough the weather was as muggy as always. I arrived at the park at about 9:15 A.M., some of the Pros were there and some were still in bed sawing wood. We first had to take two runs and combine the best one with Thursdays' best. Surprisingly a few skaters who had choked on Thursday skated hard and made the eight cut today. McGill and Losi were tied for eighth and in a run-off McGill won putting Losi out of the head to head. The first match up was between Eric Grisham and Neil Blender, with Eric going to the losers bracket. McGill then had to skate against Stevie, but lost and went to the losers bracket. The two standout matches were Blender-Nolder, where Neil blew it in both runs and slamming on the 2nd run he held his face, screaming. But then got up smiling and said, "I'm O.K.", Neil's like that you know and he did make a strong comeback, beating Grisham. In this match up Grisham stalled an Andrecht so long that he flipped over, almost making it. Billy Ruff and Mike Smith had an exciting match with Billy introducing some new twists such as a 540 Miller Flip. But McGill passed by all of them leaving Smith 6th, Ruff 5th, Blender 4th, Nolder in 3rd, and winding up in the final match up with Caballero, Stevie -vs- Mikey. Now the pressure was on and the crowd roaring for radical action as the teammates went from comrades to arch rivals. Now was the time to pull all the tricks out of the hat. McGill had lost to Caballero earlier so he would have to beat him twice to cop the win. But after two run of high airs, Andrecht to fakie to a fakie handplant and other bionics, he couldn't top Stevies' run. Thus making Stevie Caballero the proud winner of the Variflex/Kona Summer Nationals. He recieved \$1000.00 cold cash, a trophy 1/2 as big as himself and victory shower, courtesy of D.D.M.

Many of the Californians were glad this week was over so they could return to a more comfortable climate. This contest was not only one of the largest in Florida but one of the biggest skating events in the world today. Hopefully it generated the interest needed to keep skating alive in Florida and push the issue of another contest of this type in the near future. Many thanks to Mr. Gil Losi and Mr. Ramos for making this contest all possible.

-MIKE FOLMER-

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MY NAME IS BISKUT. I RIDE A SKATE. I'M IN A SKATE BAND. WE ARE CALLED THE BIG BOYS. WE MAKE A GOOD NOISE. WE CALL IT MUSIC. WE ARE FROM TEXAS. THE BIG STATE FOR BIG BOYS. THERE IS ONE THING IN THE WORLD THAT MEANS A LOT TO US. SKATE-BOARDING. HERE IS OUR STORY.

The outskirts of Austin. Suburbia. It's a Sunday afternoon and it's burly hot. On a corner house, in the kitchen sits Biskut shoving down a late breakfast of cold leftover pizza and sipping on a flat warm coke with cigarette ashes in it. The hardest day of the week to get your juices flowing after two full nights of hard core Honky-Tonkin'. Now he couldn't just sit at home all day vegging out in front of the T.V. He has to find something to do. The phone rings. Forcing down the last mouthful of harshness he picks up the receiver. "Hello."

"Biskut? This is Tim. Whatcha up to?"

"Nothin Man, Just hackin' breakfast. Whatcha up to?"

"Not much either. We should practice today. Wadaya say?"

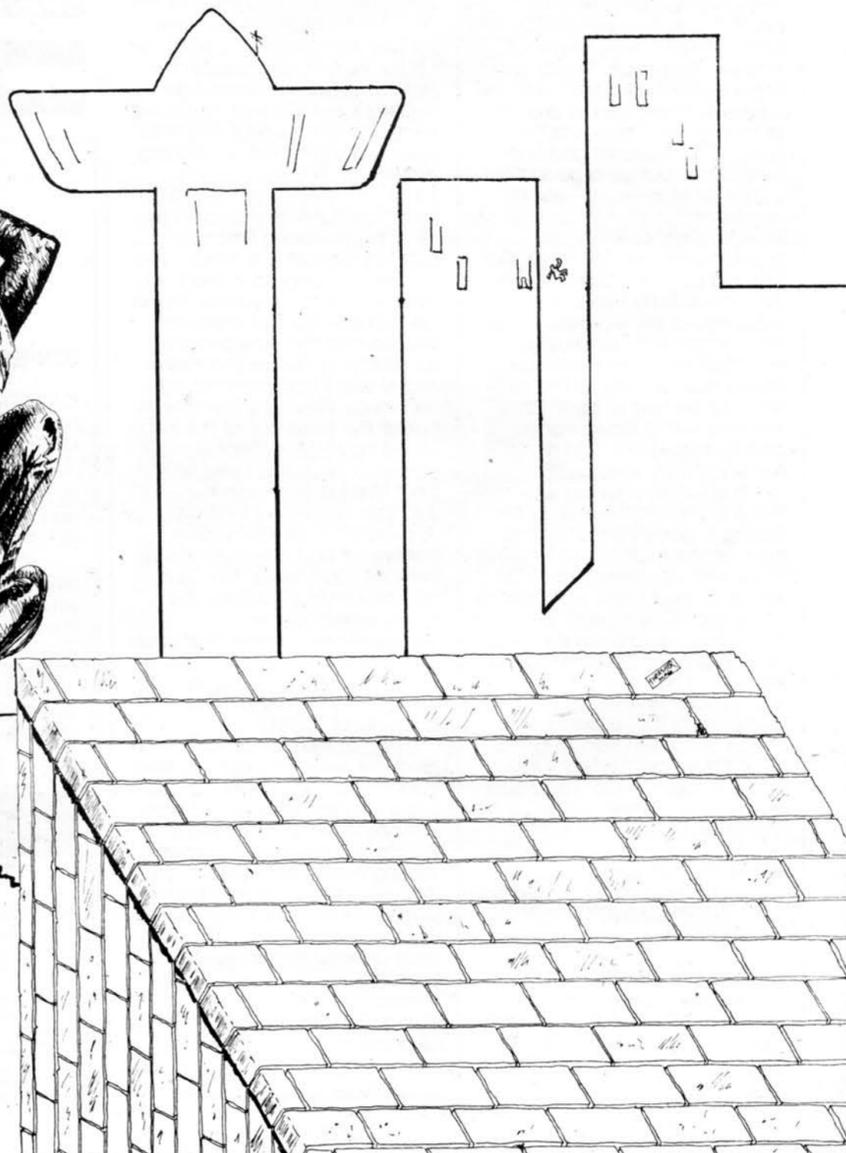
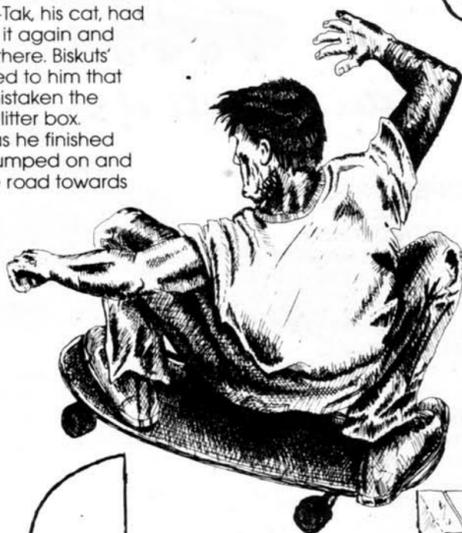
"Sounds good to me. What time?"

"How about an hour from now at Chris' place?"

"Shore. I'll leave in a few and skate on over. Later!"

"Later."

Biskut hung up the receiver and commenced to search out his stik. After about ten minutes of despair he finally spied it in the corner of the washroom. Tic-Tak, his cat, had been playing with it again and must of stashed it there. Biskut's keen eye confirmed to him that Tic-Tak had also mistaken the board for the kitty-litter box. "Damn!!" As soon as he finished washing it off he jumped on and headed down the road towards practice.



DOGS

Rolling through downtown Austin, Biskut came by the fine eating establishment called 'ETHYL MAMAS' HAMBURGERS'. His belly screamed to him, "STOP! STOP!" Obliging he wheeled in. Immediately he noticed that the place was empty except for a wimpy looking business man in the corner of the patio dining area who was sipping on a coke and reading a business paper. Biskut wheeled over to him and stood before him blocking all forms of reading light with his massive 300 lb. bulkness. The wimp looked up.

"Hi!!" Biskut said as loud as he could. "If you buy me a 'MAMA BURGER' I'll be your friend forever."

Hearing this the wimp immediately recognized Biskut as the guy who sits on you if you don't buy him food. Now, not wanting the massiveness wrinkling his panatela slacks he decided that it would be well worth his while to buy Biskut a burger and save himself some agony. Two minutes later found a 'MAMA BURGER' in Biskut's hands. Ten seconds later it was in his stomach. Two more seconds and he was skating away saying, "THANK YOU VERY MUCHO!!"

Now Biskut was feeling really good and terrorized the sidewalks on his merry way. "Progress has been very very good to Austin," Biskut thought to himself as he spied a banked brick monolith in the City Hall square. He decides to tear it up and possibly bum one or two people's lives in the process. He pushed off real hard a few times and picked up a good speed, his momentum increased steadily due to his weight. Click-click went his wheels as he sped across the bricks. 3-2-1-0 he was up the wall and gground his axles heavily on the top left corner of the structure flying over the edge five feet down to the surface below. Three executive secretary types were walking by, watching the feat and not watching where they were going, and ran into a hot dog stand on wheels. The vendor was furiously yelling at the types and they all made quite a silly sight to behold. Biskut rolled by and snatched up a couple of dogs that were lying in one of the lady's laps and proceeded on towards his destination.

Biskut was not about five blocks from Chris' house and could see a figure skating towards him down one of the side streets. As the figure neared Biskut could see that it was Tim on his way over to Chris' house also. He yelled, "TIM!!" Tim sped up and was soon alongside. "What's up Biskut?" "How ya doin' little buddy?" Biskut said with a big smile. But before either of them could reply, a four-wheeler full of young cowboys' drove by and chucked a beer bottle towards the innocent unsuspecting skaters nearly missing Biskut's head and smashing onto the pavement behind them. Tim hailed verbal and hand gestures at the truck and beckoned them to return. They did. Pulling into the driveway behind them, they bailed out of the truck wielding buck knives. Tim wasn't scared and neither was Biskut because they were armed

with their sticks and they are just as lethal if you know how to use them. The smallest cowpoke was a smartass and said something about Tim's mother and how he probably wouldn't be worth sour cow dung on a hot summer's day. Tim didn't think too kindly to this and replied in a slow determined sinister voice, "I'd like to shove this skateboard through an open wound in your stomach and do a couple of kickflips." On that note, up the street a patrol car made its way towards the group. The suburban fake cowboy geeks sheathed their knives and pretended to be casually conversing with the two skaters. They turned to watch and made sure it was out of sight before they resumed their ploy. Unsheathing and wielding they turned but only to see that Tim and Biskut had not bothered to stick around.

In front of Chris' house they were rolling with laughter over how they could've had quite a bloody scene. Chris came out and inquired what had happened. Biskut explained and said, "We just didn't have the time to mess around with those dumb-ass, drugstore, suburban type cowboy dwids." Chris agreed and said, "Yeah, we need the practice more than we need casualties." Everyone laughed. Kicking his board into the air and catching it, Tim said, "Let's play."

They all went into the house. Tim's fine instincts told him that there was someone missing. After a few minutes of deep thought he concluded that they were missing their drummer.

"Hey Chris. Where's Steve?"

Chris picked up his bass and began tuning it, then said, "He called about ten minutes before you got here. He was really excited. I think he's got some good news for us." At that moment a violent raucus drew everybody's attention to the kitchen. Tim and Chris looked at each other and then noticed that Biskut was no longer in the room. They ran to the kitchen. Sprawled there on the floor was Biskut, powering down drumsticks, and Steve was hopping about madly, cursing about a stubbed toe. In between bites Biskut said, "You should watch where you're going Steve." All Steve could say was the seven bad words. After he regained his composure he said, "Guess what fellas? We're goin' on tour to San Francisco." Then there was mufe silence in the room. Biskut belched and then everybody knew that this was a good sign and that they better start packing for their trip. Biskut belched again and Tim decided to bring along an extra cooler.

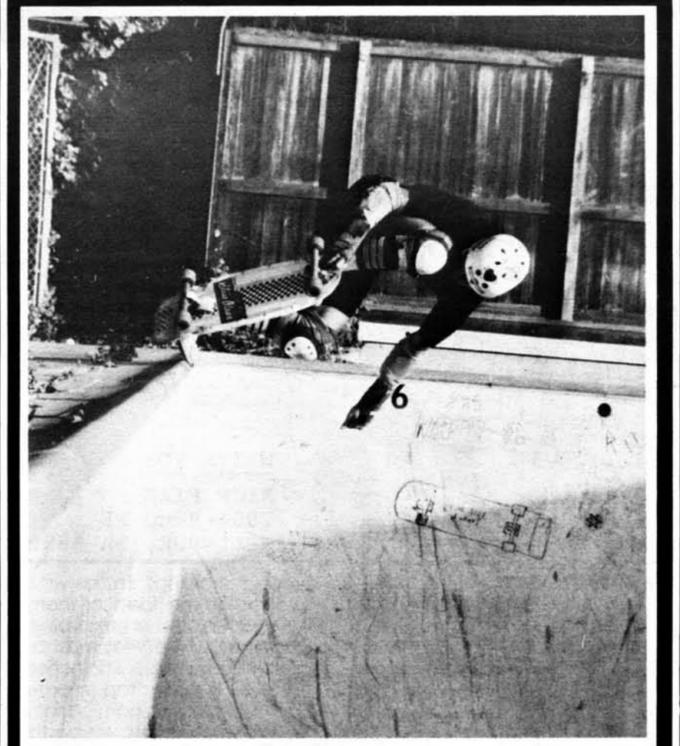
THAT WAS YOUR INTRODUCTION TO THE BIG BOYS. THEY ARE GOING TO SAN FRANCISCO. WHAT WILL THEY FIND ON THEIR WAY? ONLY FATE WILL TELL. FIND OUT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF 'THRASHER MAG.'

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FROM THE UNDERGROUND



HEAVY METAL AND HARD ROCKS-- A REITERATION
by VLAADMIR BLUTONIR

These are the years of the fast buck, forget about the cause, high technology non-decorum style of musician. Most of you so-called hard core heavy metal fans associate yourselves with corporations like, Styx, Def-Leppard, Journey, Rush, the new AC/DC and the rest of the groups lumped in the slums of commercial success. But what you fail to recognize is the fact that these so-called bands (with the slight exception of AC/DC in the years with Bon Scott) are not interested in your ears, they're interested in your money. They're not musicians, they are businessmen. Sure, they can play an instrument but that doesn't make them musicians. Anybody can play the stuff they put out, given the time and proper backing. But what really counts is the heart and soul, the maximum energy, the 'This is me playing what I want and if you don't like it you can...' mode of thinking, and a high percent of the groups today lack in this department intensely.

There is nothing like the sound of a thousand grinding, screaming guitars wailing away at the same time with the volume turned up to a pleasing ten. That luxury can not be found in anything that has been recorded in the last six or seven years. To get that grooved feeling you must look to the past when gold was cheaper, rock was rock and heavy metal was glistening steel. Some of you probably never even heard of some of these bands but that just goes to show you where your head is

at and that you have been listening to the wrong stuff.

Here is what you've missed and what you need to carry the title of a true metal fan. If you think that I'm trying to dictate to you what is right and what is wrong in music, you're right. Someone has to take the responsibility and set your poor little fleabrain on the right track and so I am taking it upon myself to restate the standards that were set long ago but you so feebly lost sight of. OBSERVE.

JIMI HENDRIX- Some say he's the Godfather of heavy metal but wrenching guitar and there are very few to dispute the fact. If you are unfamiliar with any of his works then you can stop reading any further and go back to reading your teen idol mags and listening to your Donnie & Marie because you ain't even hip. Try this, "...scuse me while I kiss the sky."

BLUE CHEER- One of the best things to come out of San Francisco since Rice-a-roni. Their rendition of Eddie Cochran's 'SUMMERTIME BLUES' has rattled many a rockers eardrums making their blood curdle with ecstasy and sending them into intense nirvana. The sound for a good youth that will never grow old.

CREAM- These were the days when Eric Clapton was hot, before he wiggled out and started playing psuedo country-western. 'White Room' and 'Sunshine of Your Love' mirrored the drug culture moods of the times and 'Toad' was out there in the notable early classic drum solos.

YARDBIRDS- Comprised of rockers who today still practice

their craft. Jimmy Page, Jeff Beck, and later Eric Clapton (he sure got around in those days). 'Over under sideways down', 'Shapes of things', 'I'm a man', and 'Heart full of soul' were some of their more noted works involving Beck's early usage of guitar wizardry and gimmickrey.

IRON BUTTERFLY- INAGAD-DADAVIDA.

DEEP PURPLE- Ritchie Blackmore, Ian Paice, Roger Glover, Ian Gillan and Jon Lord were pretty much the reigning gods of the heavy metal scene in the transition period from the 60's to the 70's. Classic, epic songs such as 'Rat Bat Blue', 'Sweet Child in Time', 'Smoke on the Water', 'Hush', 'Space Truckin'', 'Mandrake Root', 'Lazy', 'Highway Star' and so many more I could go on for hours. Blackmores style set the standards for most of the aspiring hard rock musicians for the next half decade. If you don't have a single Deep Purple album in your collection you were probably born yesterday.

BLACK SABBATH- Demonic music that takes you from heaven to hell and then back again. 'Paranoid' one of the heaviest albums ever pressed. 'War Pigs', 'Iron Man', songs that set your breath on fire and make you crave for more.

THIN LIZZY- Good band for aggressive people with not very much of a concern for their social standing. 'Cowboy Song', 'The Boys are Back In Town', 'Jailbreak' and 'Warrior' are particularly good songs in their own right. This band is one of the very few bands who continue along the same lines as when they started out, not divulging

themselves in trend movements that lower their state of stature as a good rock band. Respectability in one's self is more important than following the waves.

ARTHUR BROWN- The god of hell fire brought you fire but unfortunately it was too intense for the mellowing out hippies who wanted to be rocked to sleep by the likes of the Grateful Dead. Preceder to the PUNK generation he was very tough and therefore was not too well accepted in the industry. 'Fire' is a startling song and should be listened to over and over again.

EDGAR WINTER- 'FRANKENSTEIN'.

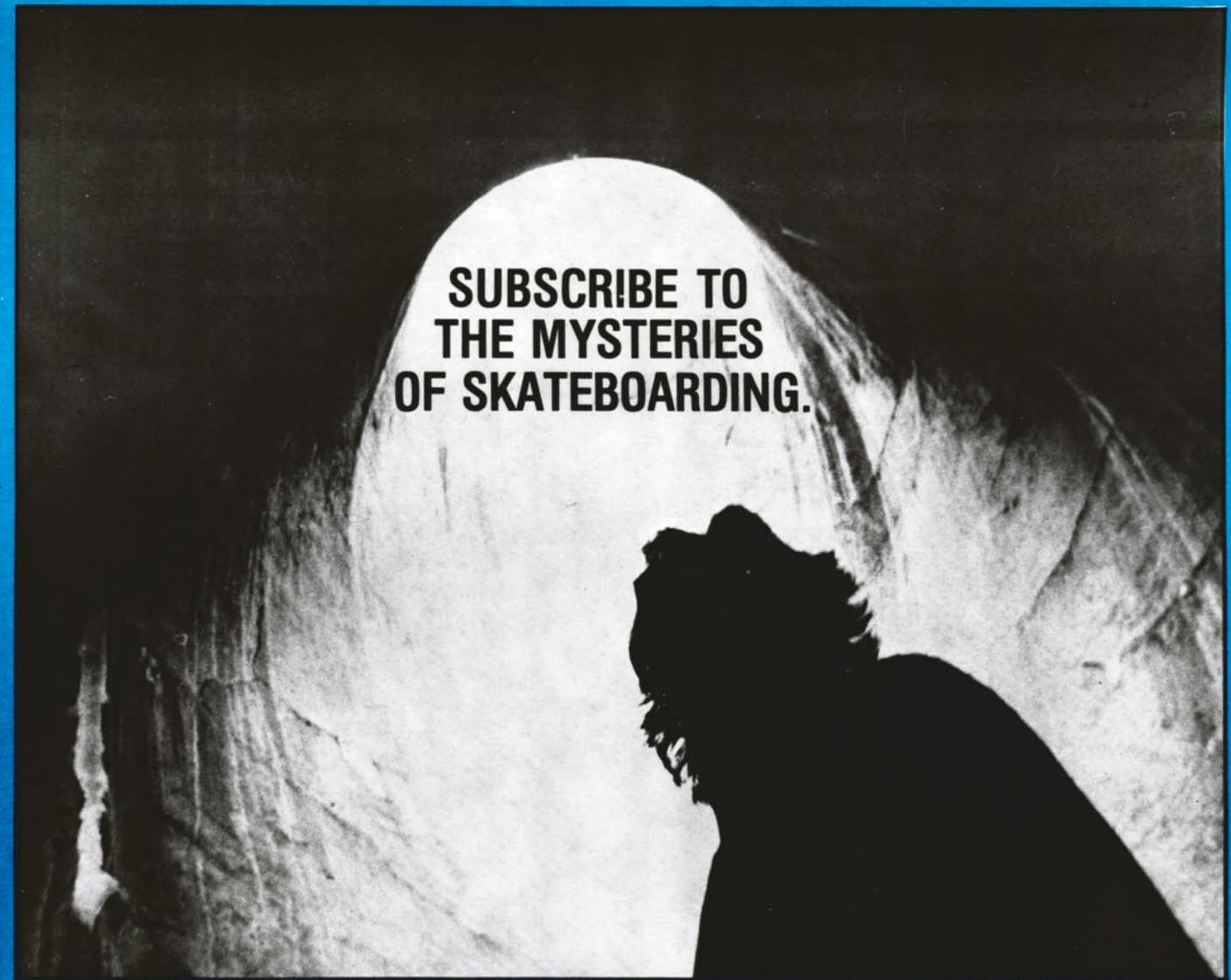
RAM JAM- 'BLACK BETTY'

GOLDEN EARRING- 'RADAR LOVE'

BOWIE- 'SUFFRAGETTE CITY'

AEROSMITH- Although somewhat of a pretty boy type of band, they did have their illustrious moments: 'Last Child', their version of 'Train Kept a Rollin'', and 'Walk This Way' were just a meager few of their coolest tunes.

Now that was just for starters. There are hundreds of other super groups that need to be mentioned but you see I only have so much space and I figured this will be sufficient enough for your next trip to the record store. And after you have bought all of these, send in proof and I in return will send you a list of the correct clothes you need to wear when you are a heavy metal fan. But you must have proof of possession of all of these fine discs. Be the first on your block to be able to have the honor of saying, "I am a real Heavy Metal fan and I rock'n'roll correctly."



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The new pool at Lakewood Skateboard Center has been the scene of some heavy sessioning lately. While many parks are experiencing difficulty throughout the country the crew at Lakewood has been busy improving what was already a prime skating facility. The new pool has been given the "thumbs up" by everyone who has skated it thus far.

Here, John 'Tex' Gibson loftily infiltrates the air space above the canyon zone of the bowl. Rumored maneuvers in this pool consist of bio handplants over the extremely narrow canyon, blasting aerials and endless carving sessions. The state of the art here is only restricted to your state of mind.



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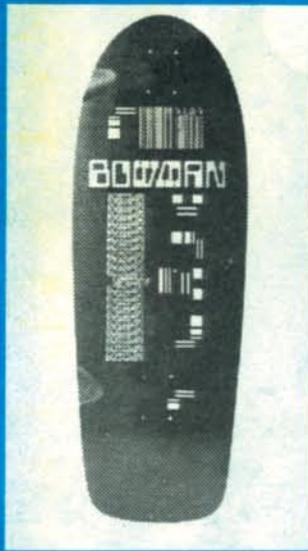
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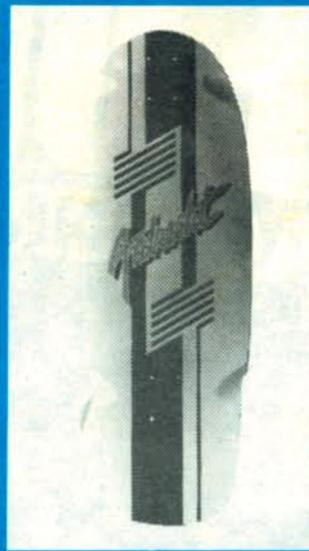
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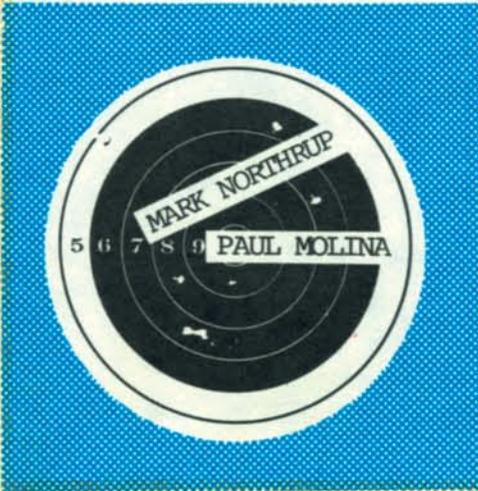
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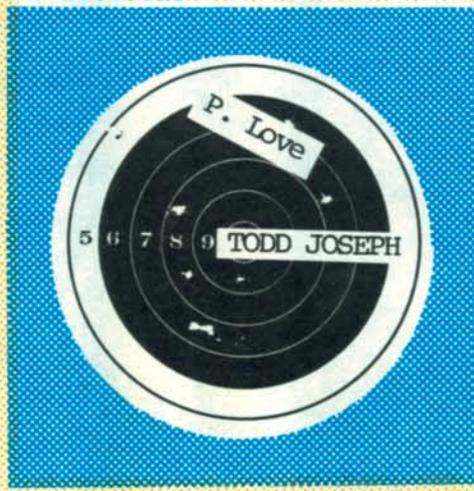
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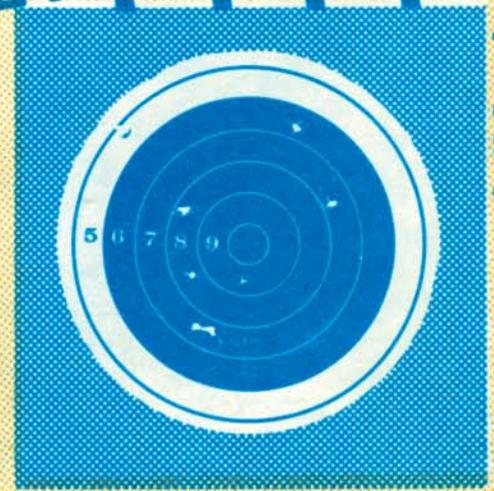
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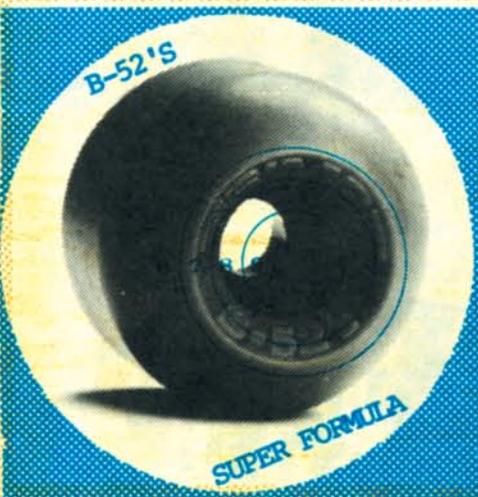
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