

CONCUSSION

Magazine

BETTER THAN A HOLE IN THE HEAD

NUMBER FOURTEEN



CASEY LINDSTROM

SOUTH AFRICA

COLORADO EUROPE

OREGON CUTTHROATS 9

COMETS
ON FIRE

PSYCHO ART

7TH LETTER

Concussion Issue 14
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Casey Linstrom
skys a big
frontside air on the
7' "mini"
in Truckee.
Photo by
Aaron Sedway.

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LETTER
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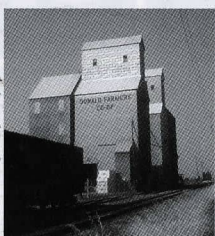
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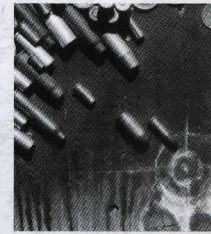
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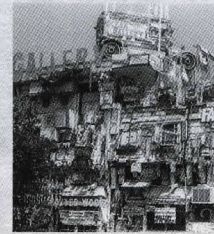
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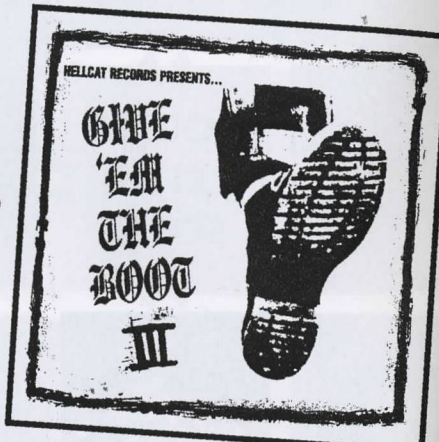
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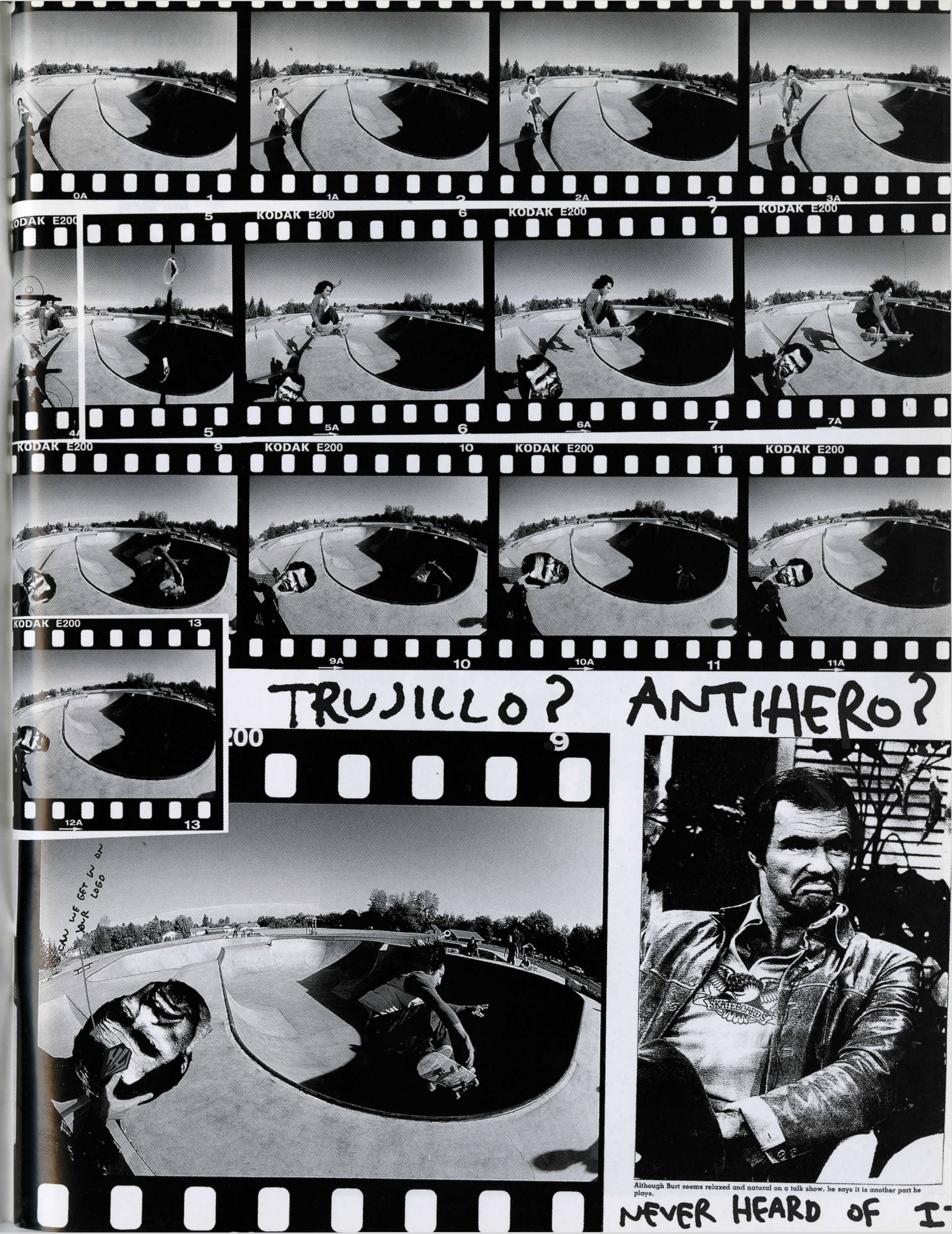
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TRUJILLO? ANTIHERO?

WE GET W ON
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Although Burt seems relaxed and natural on a talk show, he says it is another part he plays.

NEVER HEARD OF I-



kris hargis 2001 'untitled' 9"x12" acrylic/collage, graphite on panel

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JACOB TILLMAN

510 Skateboarding

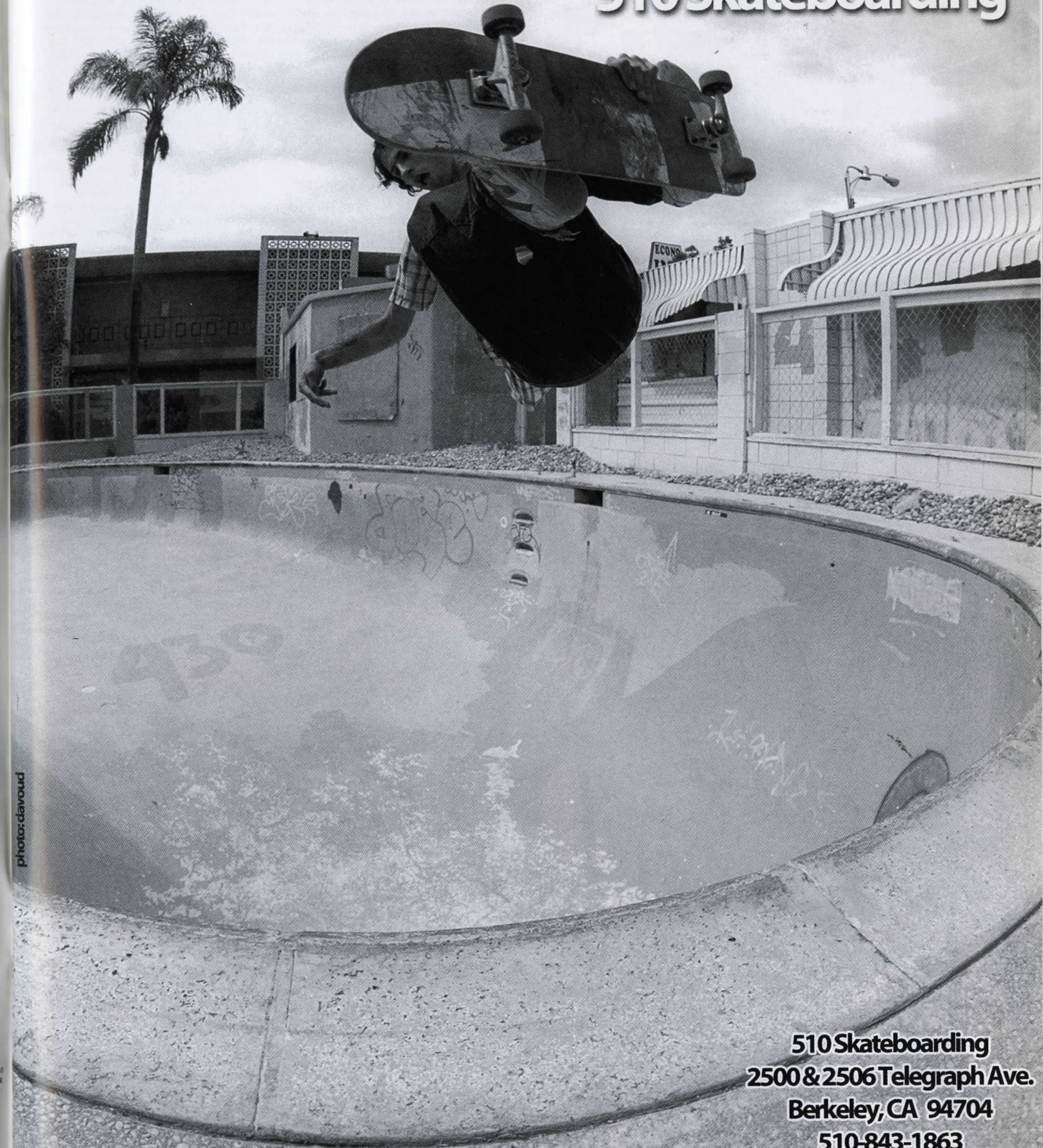
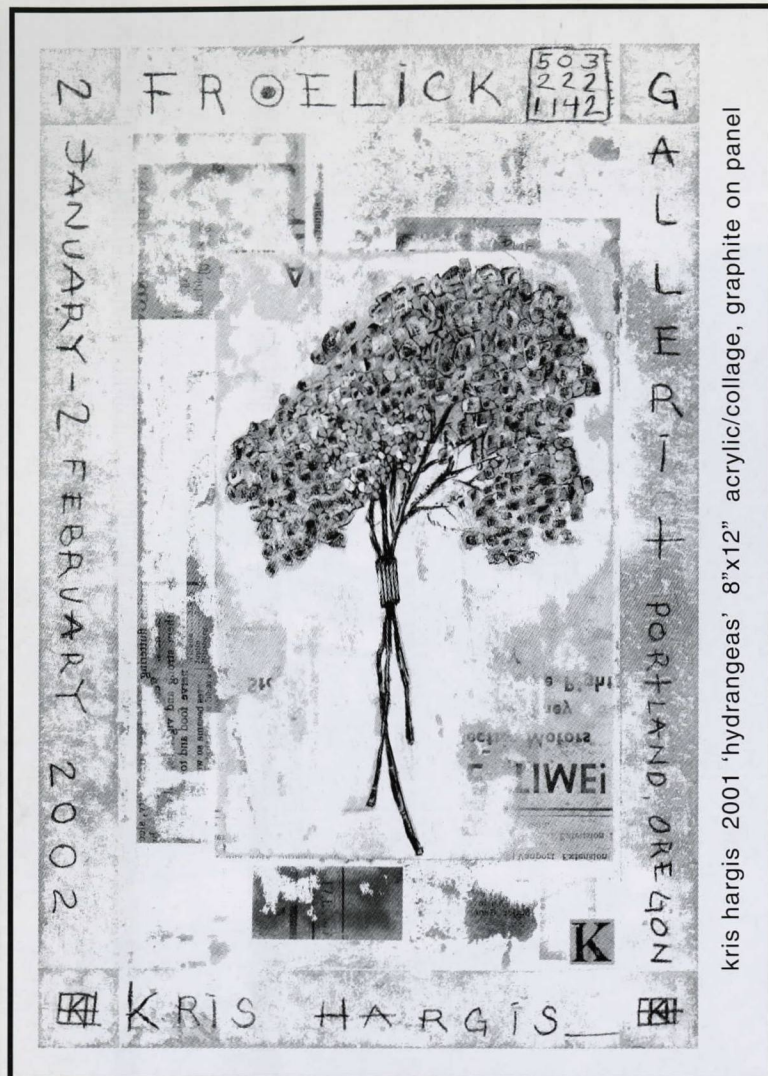


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kris hargis 2001 'hydrangeas' 8"x12" acrylic/collage, graphite on panel



blah blah

send your rants, ravings, and really stupid ideas to: Concussion PO Box 1024 Santa Cruz CA 95061-1024 or better yet email concussion@concussion.org and then we don't have to type it. typing letters sucks. and we're not even printing any letters this issue because they were so fucking boring, except for the one from the guy from BYO Records. After Sick Boy talked shit about every single one of the new releases on their label, he definitely had something to say.

And with that, the results of last issue's reader survey are in. We are pleased to learn that we didn't learn anything we didn't already know, and we are doing just fine. This reinforces my theory that we shouldn't give a fuck what you readers think, and whatever we do will be just fine because the general public at large will consume whatever piece of shit mass media product is pushed in their face. Got it? Just kidding.

Anyway, onto the results, or the highlights, if you will. We have chosen to simply print some of the more interesting quotes, and leave it at that. If you haven't sent your survey in, it is never too late.

"I subscribed to your magazine because it wasn't full of teenage toe flippers on rails and stairs. VERT PLEASE. Fuck the newshool!"

"I'm glad y'all finally asked for my opinion... Now you can know that the surfing sucks ass...we want Pete the fucking Ox...Big Sean....Sam Cunningham ...Fuck Bacon....Fuck surf trips to Mexico...Fuck snowboarding in Alaska....Gnar dogz only!!!"

"As far as the surfing coverage goes, I like to see it burn!"

There was some other stuff, but it wasn't quite as interesting. One reader requested less Delgado, another wanted to see more of Ratboy and Barney at the Lane. All in all, we had a fun time seeing people's responses, but since the survey was relatively loaded to begin with, we got the last laugh. Ha! Ha!

a) Skateboard magazine
b) Surf magazine
c) Skateboard magazine that also has surfing and some other random shit
d) Broom to the brain, produced by a violent blow and followed by a temporary or prolonged loss of function
e) I'm not quite sure, but I know I can't spell it

3) Using the term "read" loosely, I read Concussion because I like:

a) The very humor and witty sarcasm which pervades your publication
b) To read articles about places I will never go and things I will never skate
c) To look at all of the pretty photos
d) Something to keep me entertained while I poo
e) Other: ONLY RAW SKS MAGAZINE (EXCEPT MAYBE JUICE)

b) I got my copy of Concussion from:

a) The local newsstand/bookstore/record store
b) The local skate shop
c) The mailman who delivers my subscription
d) Randomly, steal them at friend's houses
e) Bull if I know

I visit Concussion had more:

a) Skateboarding
b) Surfing
c) Skateboarding
d) Skateboarding
e) Skateboarding
f) Skateboarding
g) Skateboarding
h) Skateboarding
i) Skateboarding
j) Skateboarding
k) Skateboarding
l) Skateboarding
m) Skateboarding
n) Skateboarding
o) Skateboarding
p) Skateboarding
q) Skateboarding
r) Skateboarding
s) Skateboarding
t) Skateboarding
u) Skateboarding
v) Skateboarding
w) Skateboarding
x) Skateboarding
y) Skateboarding
z) Skateboarding

a) Throw it out
b) Give it to a friend to read
c) Keep it on my coffee table until it gets stolen or something gets spilled on it
d) File it away in my extensive shoe collection
e) Smoke a cigarette

9) When I'm reading an issue of Concussion, I generally:

a) Look at each page closely, cover to cover
b) Skip the advertisements, unless they have a cool photo
c) Look for things that are skateboard related, and skip everything else
d) Skip everything else
e) Skip everything else
f) Get stoked on the surf spreads, except I wish they said where those kill spots really are

10) Pick the phrase which best describes you:

a) I am a skateboarder
b) I am a skateboarder, but I also surf
c) I am a surfer
d) I am a surfer but I also skate
e) My boyfriend/girlfriend is a skateboarder/surfer but I am not
f) I am stuck in a Kaiser waiting room and don't know how I ended up reading this magazine
g) I am a snowboarder and I live in Tahoe/Utah/Colorado, etc.

11) Pick the phrase which best describes your "job":

a) I am a student
b) I am gainfully employed in a blue collar field
c) I am gainfully employed in a white collar field
d) I have no idea what the difference between

c) Tan hanks with lots of logos on their boards and no shirts
d) Sick surf photos from exotic places I will never visit because I am chained to my shitty job
e) Sick surf photos, don't care where from
f) Less of it

14) As far as the artist interviews and art coverage goes:

a) I could care less
b) I like it more than the surfing
c) I like it less than the surfing
d) It gives me more to talk about at all of those gallery openings and party parties I go to
e) It makes me feel alienated from the bourgeois who actually have time to discuss neo-classicism and post-impressionism in a casual atmosphere

15) Have you ever seen the Concussion website (concussion.org)? Circle one

YES NO

16) Do you care whether Concussion has a website? Circle one

YES NO

17) Have you seen the Concussion video, Answer? Circle one

YES NO

18) Do you care whether you see the Concussion video, Answer? Circle one

YES NO

After you read the Agent Orange interview or the other side, tear this page out and send it to:

Concussion Reader Survey



Congratulations goes out to Hector Lee Heavyside of *Depth Charge Revolt*, who now sports the Concussion skull on his neck, and now gets a free subscription, forever dude. Just like the tattoo. Forever, man.

It could be you. Send us a photo of your Concussion field tattoo and get a lifetime subscription to our mag. Forever, dude. Just like the tattoo. Forever.



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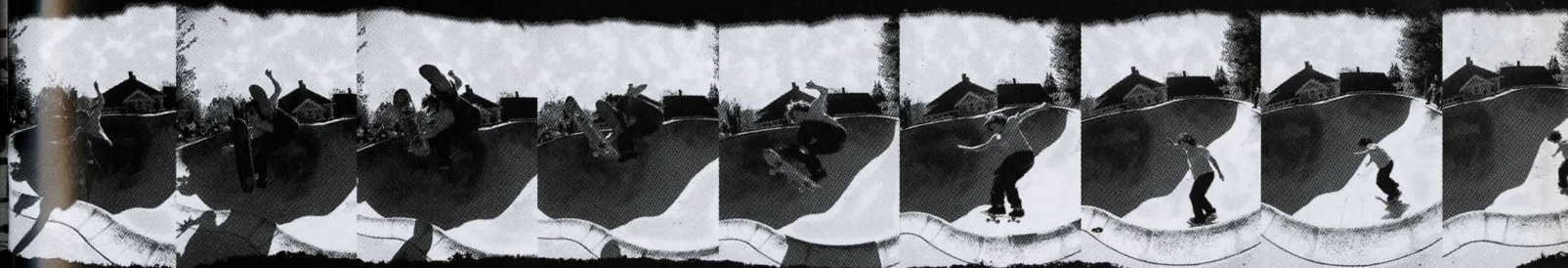
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THIN 50.5, 51.5, 52.5, 53.5

CLASSIC 51, 53, 55, 57

WIDE 50, 52, 54, 56

**RIDE
THE
FIRE**



Product review

That's right boys and girls, Concussion has a product review page. We didn't think people would keep sending us free shit without one, and y'all know that free shit is a good thing.

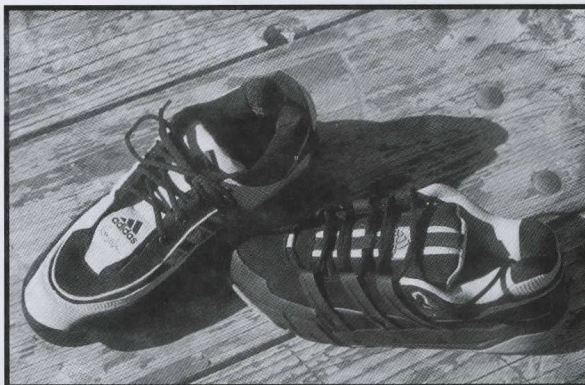
Foundation Pool Series

Who the hell gave the okay to recreate these beasts? Foundation was able to use a shape from the past that works in the modern world. I rode the 8.75" x 32.5" - the hot mermaid one with the nice tits. It was good to ride a board that had some meat on it, although the width and the square tail gave me OTD (Old Timers Disease). I wouldn't recommend this board for the waxy ledge pros of today, but if you want to do some serious carving on the way to the liquor store, I mean the pool, this big gun might need to be one of your next acquisitions.



Adidas Mark Gonzales Pro Shoe

This shoe sure didn't look like a skate shoe, but if the Gonz is putting his name on it, then it must be good, right? That is the theory at least. Sporting one of the most bizarre soles I have ever seen on a skate shoe, these kicks looked like they might be more suitable as running shoes or perhaps climbing or hiking shoes. They looked like tennis shoes to me, so I went and played tennis in them, but they were half a size too small and hurt my feet. They've got a beefy heel cushion, which I suppose is good for all of those aborted attempts at backside 180s down double sets and stuff like that. The sole was surprisingly grippy, and I didn't slip once as I ran cross-court from side to side, whipping forehands, backhands and slices during a fierce tennis battle. Gotta tell you, though, I wouldn't be caught dead skating in these things, they simply look too goofy. I'm not one big on skate fashion, but come on. Adidas sent Jonathan a pair that looked like soccer shoes, but supposedly they were skate shoes too. He said he thought they would be only good for chilling, but once he got on his board he said they were grippy and surprisingly good as skate shoes. But as always, you should check them out at a



skateshop or sporting goods store near you and decide for yourself.

Glory Skateboards

I'm pretty much down for supporting anything that is made in Oakland, even skateboards. Glory Skateboards are pressed one at a time in Oakland, and John, the owner of Glory, kicked me a deck to ride a while ago. It was a little narrow for my old-guy big ass feet (8" inches), but the wood was stiff and the board had a solid pop. I could have used a little more concave, but after riding it for a couple days I couldn't tell the difference. This board lasted a long time, and unlike some boards from some larger skateboard manufacturers in the area, this board did not go flat and lose all its pop in a week or two. This is a very good sign, as was the fact that I managed not to snap an 8" board. Also, when I was done riding this deck and was getting ready to set up

another board, I started giving it the upset street skater abuse test by slamming the nose straight into walls and stuff like that, and the wood stood up to the abuse 100%. Not a chip or evidence of delam to be seen at all! Glory boards may be a little harder to find than that Flame Boy or Zero deck you're riding right now, but let me tell you they're worth searching out. I can't wait to set up the 8.5" deck John just gave me the other day.

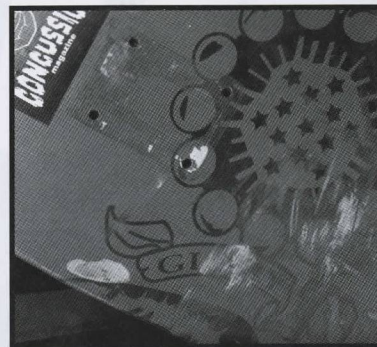
Independent Utility Belt

Holy shit, look at that Indy belt! Not only does it sport the iron cross, but it also doubles as a skate key, and comes complete with a Philips head and some other nifty tools which are pretty much all you need to fix your board. No longer will you have to slam on that skate key that's in your leading pocket and get big-ass hipers. Pretty cool belt, I wish I had one.

Skater Aid Injury Oil

Not to be confused with Skater AIDS (the name for Staph infection that is sometimes passed between skaters by sharing pads that are covering festering cuts on their knees and elbows) Skater

Aid Injury oil is just that: an oil used to soothe ailments such as sprains, bruises and general soreness associated with skateboarding and other hazardous activities. The oil is basically Arnica and Olive Oil Extract (oh shit I gave out



the secret ingredients!), packed in a nice little bottle that you can put up with your other Echinacea and Golden Seal tinctures and your Epsom Salt.

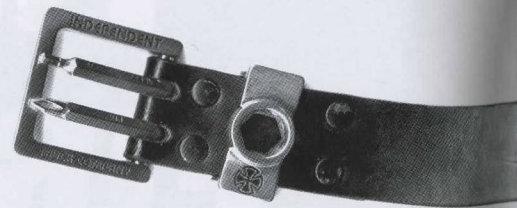
The best part about Skater Aid, is with any luck you

can coax a willing young lady to massage the oil into your soar back and shoulders, reason alone to buy this product. I'd say the only draw back of Skater Aid is it's a little runny, so if you have to apply it to those hard to reach areas yourself, it drips down your back and gets on your clothes. They'll probably expand and make a variety of different formulas, including one that is a little thicker. That reminds me, I mentioned it to Julian, owner of Skater Aid, and he said you can mix it with flour or something to thicken it up if that's a problem. Or maybe that was just some weird dream I had. I don't know. Skater Aid Injury Oil works for minor ailments, but unfortunately, it's not a miracle cure. I rubbed it all over my shoulder day after day for a while, and 4 months later, my shoulder is still separated. But that's just me - I'm broken and unfixable. For your average sprains and bruises, you will heal or your money back. Buy a bottle and try it out for yourself. Your body is worth the money, isn't it?



If you have a product for us to review, don't hesitate to send us some free shit, er, a sample, to:

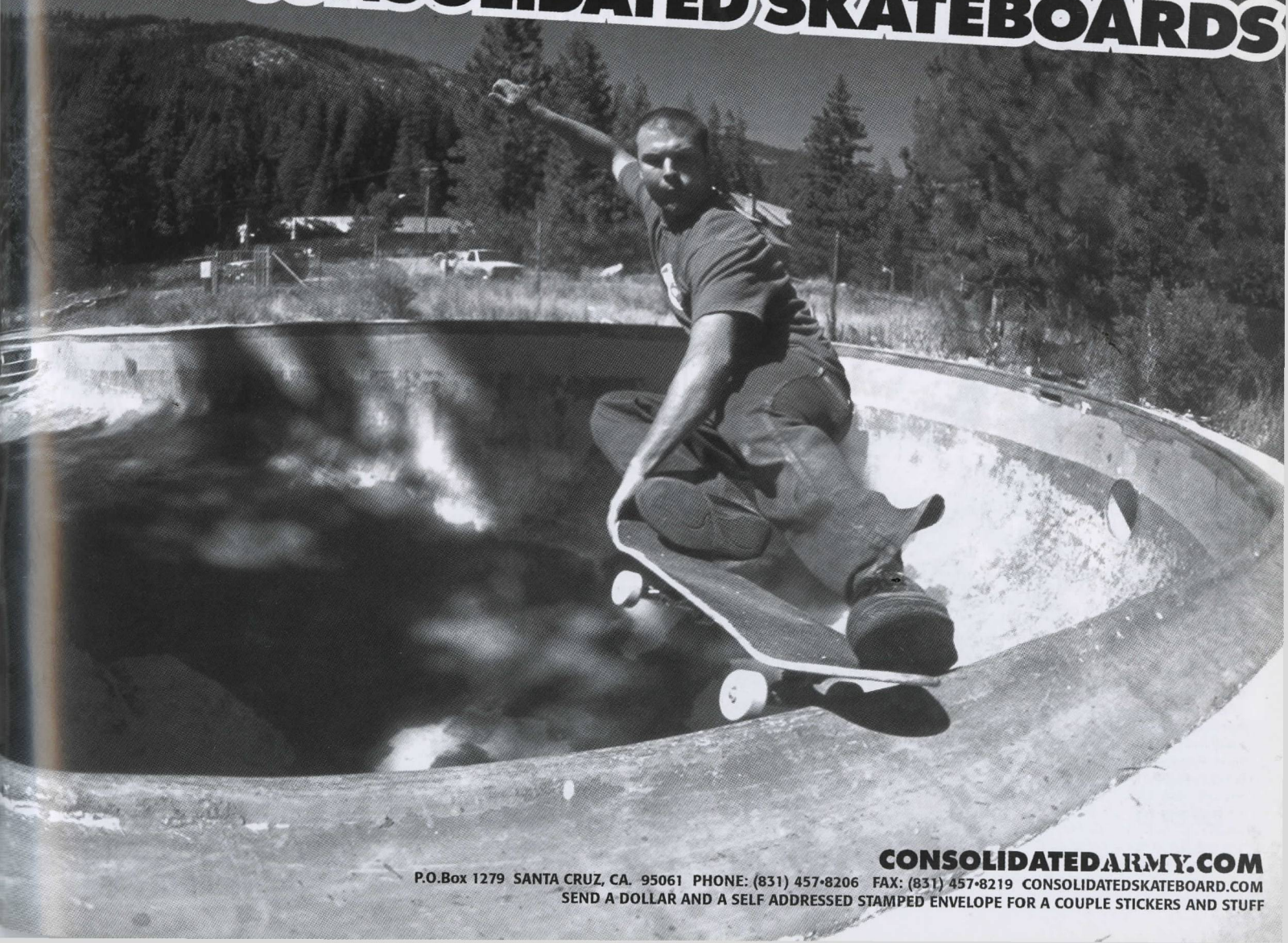
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skatePark reviews

Disclaimer: Opinions are like assholes, everyone's got one and they all stink. That being said, here are our park reviews for the issue. If you don't like 'em, go check these parks out and form your own opinion.

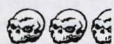
Hayward

Built by the same guy who did the San Leandro "Thrasher" skatepark, the Hayward park (located off of Tennyson Road) is an improvement over his San Leandro creation. But that isn't really saying too much, as nothing in this park is much bigger than 5' high. The fun box is still a piece of shit and placed without much thought as to how it relates to the other obstacles in the park, but other than that the street course is actually pretty fun. It has one of those Ashland-esque pyramid box things, a fun flat bank hip, a couple of rounded hips, and some other weird shit.

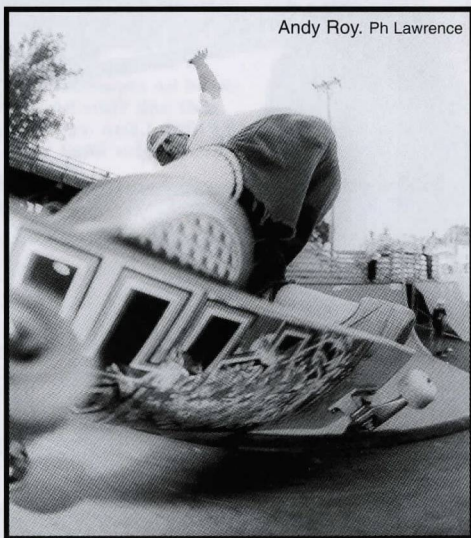
The Hayward park also features a bowl/spine combo deal that would probably have been good if they would have made it deeper than 4'. At the size that it is, it is too small to scare you and too shallow to have enough tranny to not flat bottom on transfers and the like. The spine has a couple of inches of concrete inbetween the two pieces of coping (why do people think that is the right way to build spines?) which is always irritating. Still, one can manage to get some speed out of the bowls and locking into long grinds or hitting spine transfers are still fun.

During the times that I visited the park, pads and helmets were not required and/or enforced, but Jonathan says otherwise, so it might be a good idea to have a helmet in the car just in case. Hayward is a pretty vile town, and harbors its share of gangstas and sketchy lurkers, although with more of a white trash flair than Oakland or Richmond. One time I went there and someone had taken a shit in the bowl, which was disgusting. The locals (that skate) are actually pretty rad, especially the guy with the rotting front teeth and "Hayward" tattoo in block letters on his back. Watch out for gangstas lurking on the bum hill behind the park, swilling 40's and talking shit though, they like to prove how tough they are.

Overall this park is generally not very good, but it does have some lines and it is possible to have fun there. Two and a half skulls.



Hayward



Andy Roy. Ph Lawrence

Piedmont

This public park, located in the rich and uppity town of Piedmont (near Oakland) is the recipient of the "What the Fuck Were They Thinking" award for this issue. It is a total hunk of shit, and if it cost anywhere near the supposed \$500,000 that I heard it cost to build, it is also the biggest waste of money on a park in Nor Cal so far.

The Piedmont park was built by some landscape design firm from LA, Purkiss-Rose, and that guy Frank Hirata supposedly consults for them. In any case, Frank Hirata either doesn't know his shit or doesn't care, because this park makes no sense whatsoever. Never, ever have Purkiss-Rose build a skatepark for your town unless you want to get ripped off and have your park be the laughing stock of the area. Seriously, I read some letter in Thrasher that some guy wrote talking shit about Frank Hirata and the park Purkiss-Rose built in

Huntington Beach, and his complaints were pretty much the same complaints I had about Piedmont.

Specifically, the fun box/ollie pyramid thing is one foot high - I have skated better sidewalk bumps than this thing. The bowl, while it looks good at first, is actually lumpy with irregular, poorly sculpted, too tight transitions and aluminum coping. The spine (once again) has a piece of cement inbetween the two pieces of coping, and the end of the

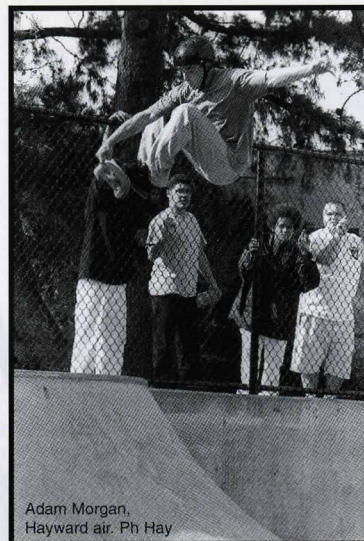
spine that should be a pump bump transition, is kinked and lumpy.

The snake run goes uphill in both directions, and comes complete with vert in the middle. The inclusion of vert is always a good thing, but when you are unable to get any speed to hit the snake run (because it goes uphill both ways, duh!) you are forced to drop in from the middle of the snake run and half pipe it.

You either end up getting sucked into this shitty tilted bowl (think the spine-bowl from Talent, but smaller), or you end up getting spit out of the other end of the snake run with too much speed and nowhere to go. Either way it is a losing proposition and I cannot imagine what the fuck they were thinking.

On top of that, you have to have full pads (yes, both elbow pads, enforced by parks and reg goons) to ride this place, which is a total joke. Piedmont is not recommended unless you are under 10 years old or your name is Steve Bacon. Actually some people like this park, including Royce Nelson, but he also like to skate really fucked up pool shallow ends, so go figure. Joel Chavez also likes this park (and he hates wearing full pads), and said it takes time to get used to. He also said that

the park made no sense and reminded him of the Santa Cruz Mystery Spot, where water flows uphill. Too bad skaters can't flow uphill in the snake run. One of the worst parks ever, half a skull with full pads, or maybe one and a half skulls if you could ride it padless. I did have some overview photos to show you, but I managed to lose them.



Adam Morgan, Hayward air. Ph Hay

Santa Cruz "Fun Spot"

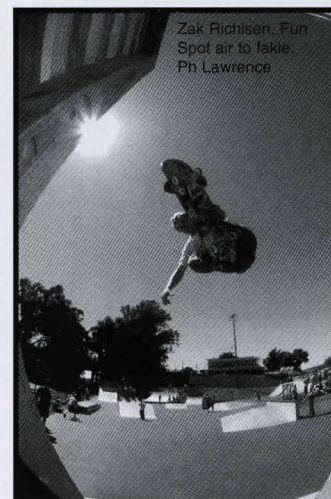
The "Fun Spot" is the Santa Cruz's answer to requests for a temporary skatepark while everybody argues and files lawsuits over the supposed permanent cement skatepark which is still in legal and bureaucratic limbo. Basically, it is a cookie-cutter RampTech park layered in skatelite, and if you've skated one RampTech park you've pretty much skated them all.

Located next to the bridge by the infamous Boardwalk, the Fun Spot comes complete with a 5' mini

ramp, street course, and mini-mini ramp for the gromz and big kids who can't skate the larger ramp. The mini ramp has the same elliptical transitions as the ramp in Half Moon Bay and every other RampTech ramp I've skated, but it is solid and fast and sort of fun if you have nothing else to do.

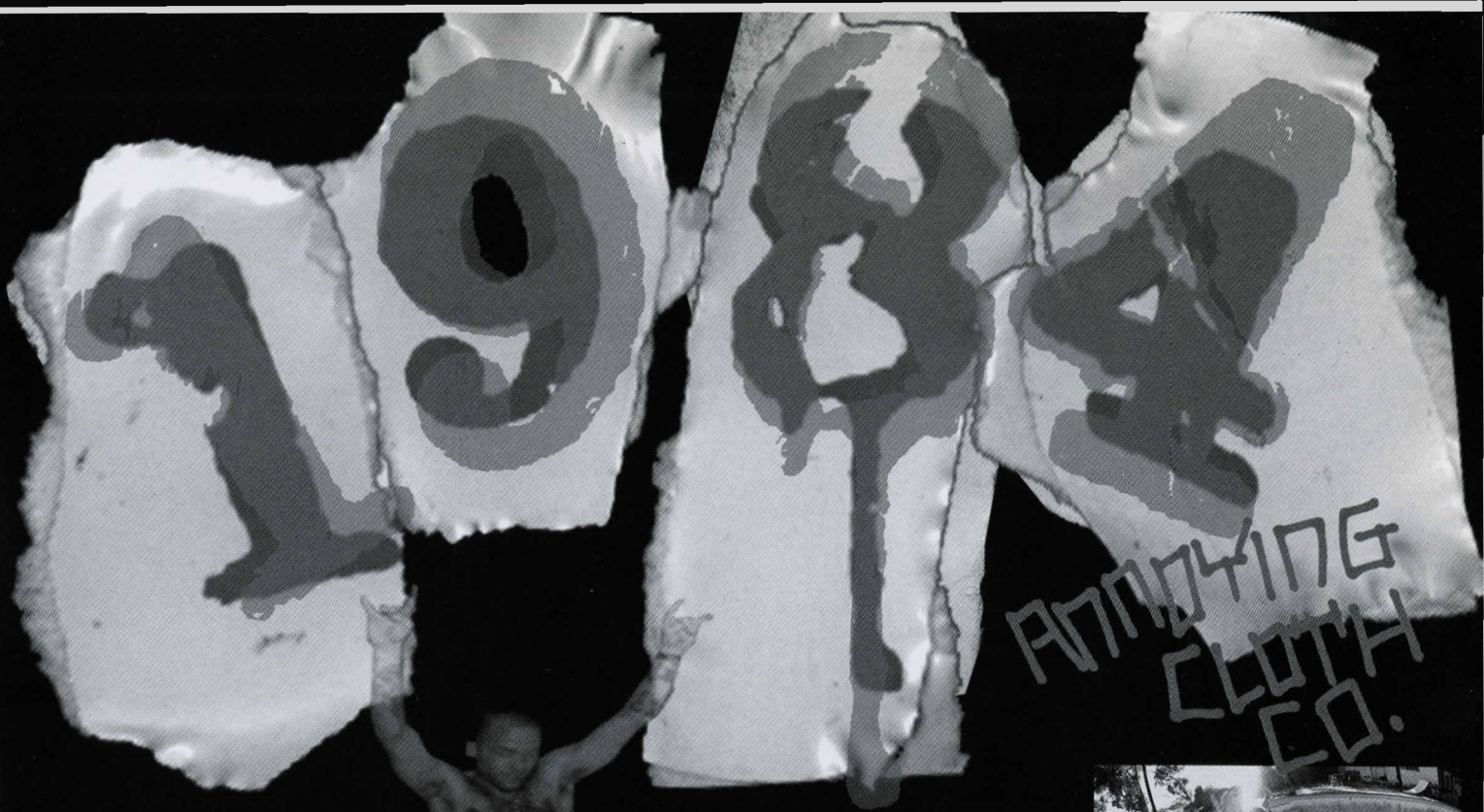
There are some quarter pipes sprinkled throughout the street course, which enable one to hit some transfers here and there, or if nothing else, do an axle stall or a disaster and redirect your speed to another part of the park. There are a variety of fun boxes in the street course which are placed pretty well, and most everything lines up except for the 3-4 ledge boxes which are in a corner for stupid kids to try their crooked grinds on all day. My favorite part of the street course is the large 6-7' flat bank hip, which is similar to the one at Hayward, but it is bigger and has a gap at the bottom, so if you fuck up there is the chance of catching your legs inbetween ramps. Fear is always a motivating factor for pulling tricks, right?

My biggest complaint about the Fun Spot is that they put the park on an old parking lot, with a rough-ass asphalt surface. Even riding soft wheels you can feel how rough it is, which is bad for keeping your speed, so be prepared to push. Also, watch out for the kooks on longboards who think they are surfing. These guys are the worst, but that's how it is in Santa Cruz, especially when there are no waves. Still, the Fun Spot does not require one to wear any pads, and I have yet to see the police sweating anyone, or even show up at all for that matter.



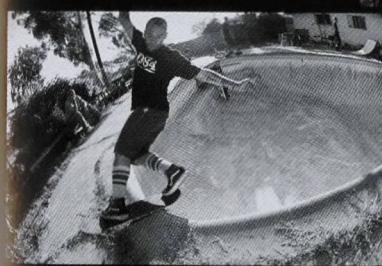
Zak Richisen, Fun Spot air to fakie. Ph Lawrence

PHOTO: RHINO



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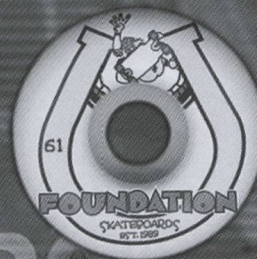
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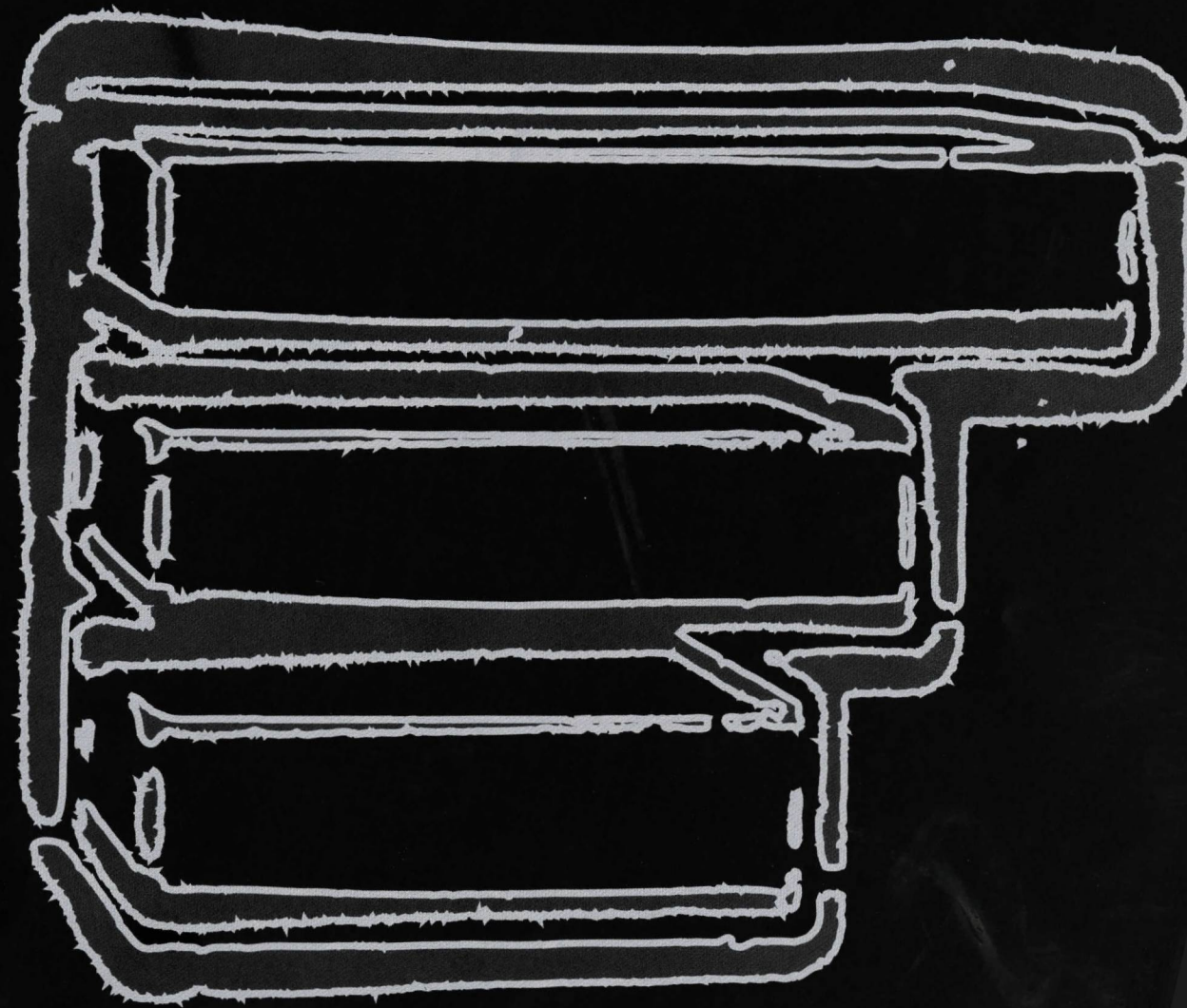


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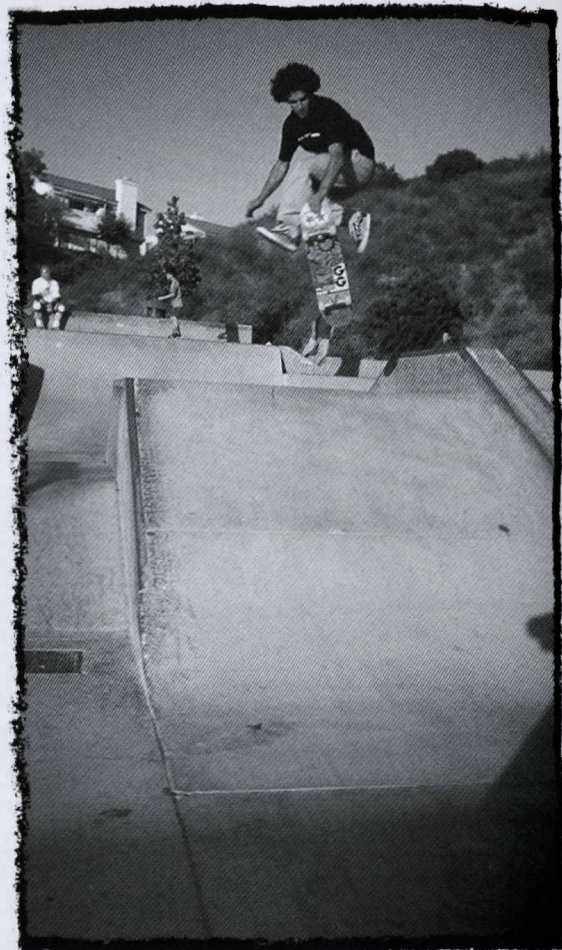


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DAVE GOES TO EUROPE

WORDS BY DAVE AMELL PHOTOS BY BLAIR ALLEY

Traveling and skating - that's what it's about. Sort of like Coke and Jack Daniels. They're good separately, but combine them for maximum enjoyment. Always on the look out for a chance to take a skate trip, when the opportunity to go to Europe this summer arose under the guise of a study abroad program, I grabbed my board, packed a backpack, and got a ticket for Amsterdam.

Amsterdam

Everyone has heard about Amsterdam and everything everyone has heard is true: hash is sold in coffee shops, prostitution is legal, and in general, the city resembles a giant party. The problem is that it resembles a giant frat party. I hated frat parties in college. So why would I want to be around that now? Smoking pot in some touristy coffee shop with a name like "The Doors" or "Bob Marley" isn't my thing. And if I want to see prostitutes, I can just step out my door here in the Mission district of San Francisco. To top it off, it rained constantly and the indoor skatepark had closed. For good. So, off to the train station, and fourteen hours later I'm in Marseille.

Marseille

Located on the French Riviera in the south of France, Marseille has a reputation with the French as being dirty and crime ridden. Likely, the town's poor reputation can be attributed to its large population of North African immigrants. A lot of French have racist and xenophobic attitudes, and the French attitude towards Marseille is analogous to the attitudes that a lot of white people have towards Oakland. Anyway, it seemed like a chill town to me, but maybe that because I didn't stray far from the skatepark.

Captions, left to right:

Is that helicopter going to crash into the ferris wheel? Hell if I know, but it sure kind of looks like it. Lincoln Uyeda floating a slob air or an indy to fakie or some shit, I don't know. Czech is a very gothic place, hence the skulls. Photos by Dave Amell.

Big photo: In the absence of most U.S. pros and the media goon frenzy, John Ponts skys a lien over the hip at Marseille.

Like Burnside, the Marseille Skatepark is legendary and any rating of the park is irrelevant at this point. Having made that disclaimer, I'll resign myself to irrelevancy and rate the park anyway. Three and a half skulls, at best. Almost all the Oregon parks are better than it, especially the new ones. But as Red said, Marseille is pretty damn good for being built ten years ago. It does have a lot of lines, but you kind of have to be a bad-ass to do them. In fact, I wouldn't have even thought that some of those transfer lines could be done, except that I lucked out, and showed up the weekend of the annual Bowl Rider Contest.

The Contest:

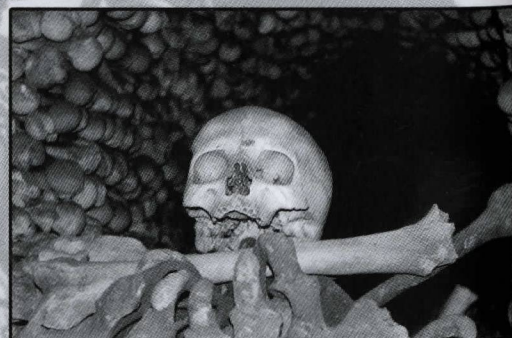
The big Marseille contest was not so big this year, due to industry bullshit. Apparently the French companies got all uppity and didn't want the American companies to totally takeover the event. The American companies put the French in their place by pulling all sponsorship of the event, meaning no American pros showed. Although I would like to see Wade and Cardiel skate that place, for the most part the American boycott suited me fine. No bullshit credentials to film were required, and I could skate throughout the weekend. It was a two-day contest, first day was the qualifying round, which was unnecessary because almost every contestant made it to the finals, which was held on the second day.

The skaters sort of split into three distinct groups: the dirtbag Americans, the ever-so-fresh French, and the English, who were just odd. The Americans were represented by Red, Sage and the rest of the Dreamland crew. They were building a park in Austria, and drove down to France for the weekend to skate. They didn't

give a damn for the contest, but they drove all that way, so they entered just to be able to skate. The only other American to enter was Dogtown rider John Ponts, who was traveling across Europe with photographer Blair Alley. The Vans Europe Team also showed up, consisting mostly of pasty white English dudes that vaguely resembled Geoff Rowley. The rest of the entrants were French. Initially, I couldn't really distinguish one French skater from the next, because they all dressed the same; puffy shoes sans socks, track pants hiked up, and a gold chain with no shirt.

The skating that went down that weekend was so insane, the American pros couldn't have upped the level even if they had showed. Every trick was pulled and every transfer was made. People were learning tricks in their runs. Guys who in practice were barely holding on to frontside grabs were pulling kickflip grabs during the heats. One guy even pulled the Chalmers gap. But the skater who blew everyone away was French skater Alex Jirad. Alex had placed top five in the contest the last two years when all the American pros entered, which speaks loads. He skated everything, and managed to do all the hard transfers in the deep end in one line. Then he topped it off by doing a backside 180 melon out of the far bowl, over a fence, and into the micro-course - about a 12 foot gap. He was so high when he pulled it, that he literally flew over some clueless person who accidentally walked under him.

After the contest, Ponts decided to stick around Marseille, largely because he thought he had a chance with some girl, who would give him a place to stay for a few days. Having no such prospects, Blair and I decided to head to the town of Annecy.





MARSEILLE
SKATEPARK



©COLOR13



Annecy

Annecy is a French town in the Alps. It's a small town on a lake, similar to Tahoe, only nicer. It also has one of the best skateparks in Europe, built by the same people who built Marseille. The locals were super cool too - not only did they put us up, they even threw a BBQ at the skatepark, and we all got drunk and skated. Actually, I was the only one who got drunk and skated, all the locals either got drunk or skated. Chalk it up to "cultural differences."

Grenoble

Blair lined up a place for us to stay with a local named Jean-Albert in Grenoble, a college town about an hour south from Annecy. We ended up staying with him for five days. Jean-Albert is one of the coolest people I've met in a long time, and Blair and I owe him. He took us to skate spots, bars, wherever, generally showing us a good time. The only catch was that he was trying to hook up with some girl named Caroline. So every night we had to hang out with Caroline and her friends, who were all really annoying. Most of them spoke English, but the first night we hung out with them one girl said to me, "You are in France - you must speak French if you want to talk with us." Whatever, I just didn't talk to them. A week after we left Grenoble, Jean-Albert sent me an email telling me that he had finally gotten with Caroline, but by that time he was so sick of her annoying antics that he had to kick her to the curb...

Jean-Albert kept telling us that Grenoble is a chill scene, but it seemed pretty crazy. In one night we witnessed two gnarly fights. The first fight was at some apartment complex party. Apparently it started when this wise guy asked an ex-con if he had been someone's bitch while in jail. The comment must have hit too close to home, because the ex-con pummeled the wise guy. In tears, pummeled wise guy went back to his car, pulled out a gun and started firing into the air. Crying French men with guns are no joke, so we split the party and headed to a bar. However, we didn't even manage to get a drink before another fight broke out in front of us. This time one of the assholes had, of all things, a scalpel. Two seconds into the fight and the bouncer had a faucet of blood pouring out of his arm. His vein had been cut and it looked like he was going to die right there.

Prague

When we boarded the train the conductor spoke slightly comprehensible French; eight hours later he spoke incomprehensible, yet identifiable German, and eight hours after that he was speaking a totally incomprehensible and unidentifiable language. Welcome to Prague, in the Czech Republic.

Prague produced Kafka, and for a reason. The

city's gothic architecture, creepy statues and twisting streets are surreal. It's even more surreal when you're loaded and lost on those twisting streets at 3:00am. But that's a story best left out of print. In contrast, a good story for print are the happenings surrounding the Mystic Cup Pro skate contest which happened my first week in the city.

After stashing our stuff in my room, we headed straight to the skatepark that hosted the contest. The course wasn't done yet, probably because everyone that was supposed to be working on it was drinking at the bar. So we headed to Stalin Square instead. Named after the giant statue that used to stand there (until the 1989 revolution), Stalin Square is a marble plaza with steps, benches, ledges, and everything else, all overlooking the city. The illiterate idiots at Thrasher recently called it Stalmen Square, but that is what you get by hiring dudes based on their tattoos. Anyway, Stalin Square is widely considered to be one of the best street spots in Europe, and I guess that is true if you can nollie flip out of a crooked grind. I can't do anything like that shit, but it was still a fun spot. The flip trick pros really seemed to like it and they were all trying to film lines. Well, not all of them. I ran into 411 videographer Trevor Prescott who had been sent to Europe to film the World Industries pro team. I thought World Industries just made cartoon boards for little kids, so I was surprised to learn that they had pro skaters. But it turned out that I was right, they don't have pro skaters, they have pro chillers. While the World team was willing to help Trevor in his 411 assignment by giving him lots of chilling footage, they refused to skateboard, so Trevor was forced to film amateurs like Dayne Brummet for actual skateboarding footage.

The Contest:

The next day we headed over to the contest course, which was finally done. The skatepark that hosts the contest is really good; not only do they have a sick vert ramp, mini-ramp and street course, they have the cheapest beer in town - something like 40 cents for a 20 ounce glass of fine Pilsner Urquell. Try to recall the last skatepark in the states where you got a deal on beer like that. In fact, try to remember the last skatepark in the states where you bought beer. Naturally, a skatepark with a fully stocked bar lends well to drunken fun and every night the contest site was transformed into a big party scene, with the beer flowing and everyone smoking the "souvenirs" they had bought in Amsterdam. This leads to another noted cultural difference. 9 out of 10 Europeans cut their hash with tobacco. 9 out of 10 Americans see this as a grave sin. This conflict in tastes almost had serious consequences, as the Europeans kept trying to sneak tobacco into the joints that were being passed around. The Americans would yell at them, and the Europeans would pretend they didn't understand. Fortunately, violence was avoided as everyone was really too wasted to care.

Since I stayed in Prague for two months after the contest, I skated the street course almost every day. It flowed and was really fast, even for my sorry skating. So how come 90% of the pros couldn't put together a line in their contest run? The typical contest run went - something like this - drop into a flat bank ramp, try and maybe pull a trick on a rail in the middle of the course, and up to the next flat bank ramp to start all over again. It was like they needed tow ropes or something to get them to the top of the ramps. The exception to this rule were Omar and Childress and also the Brazilian skaters, especially Milton Nibetts. During his runs he skated to Samba music, and just flowed through the course, pulling tricks on whatever obstacle happened to be there. He'd do a super hard line in practice, and then he'd be over it and wouldn't even try to pull it again in his run, preferring to make up a new line instead. Regardless of the obstacle, Milton had the best trick of the week on it. On the bank to vert wall he did a frontside bluntslide. Then he won best trick with a frontside tailslide, frontside 360 out, on the tallest ledge in the place. No one else even did a normal tailslide on that thing.

After the contest was over, the circus that is the pro tour left town. Ponds and Blair also moved on, continuing their constant quest for foreign women with sexy accents. I stayed in Prague for another two months, skating by day, drinking by night, and occasionally going to class or off to a nearby country for some sightseeing. It was probably some of the best months of my life, but I don't really remember it. Finally, after three months away, I returned to California. Davoud picked me up from the airport and we headed straight to Oregon, to ride all the new skateparks up there. Traveling and skating - that's what it's about. - Dave Amell

Captions, top to bottom:

Some fucking French guy hitting a big lien at the park in Annecy.

John Ponds busting the mad double set, yo!

In 1929 Vladimir Lenin, the visionary first leader of the Soviet Republic, died. The man who succeeded him was born with the name Joseph Djughashvili, but later changed his name to Stalin, which means "man of steel." Stalin has been rightly declared cruel, hysterical, power-hungry, and a despot who was responsible for the death of millions. Under Stalin's rule, the Soviet Union set up puppet governments in many neighboring countries, including what is now the Czech Republic. In each of these countries, Stalin erected massive statues of himself. In Prague, the biggest statue of Stalin sat in a large square overlooking the city, where Stacey Lowrey does this 5-0 revert. Of course, the statue of Stalin is long gone, but this spot is still called Stalin, not Stahlman Square. (This history lesson is provided for the benefit of our friends at Thrasher.) Sequence by Amell.

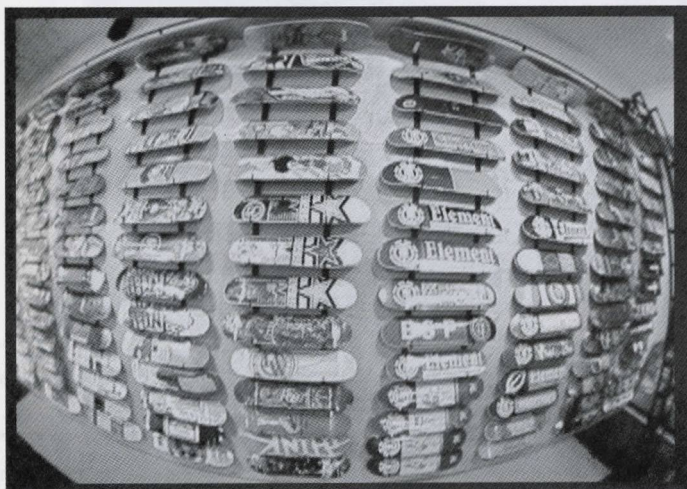


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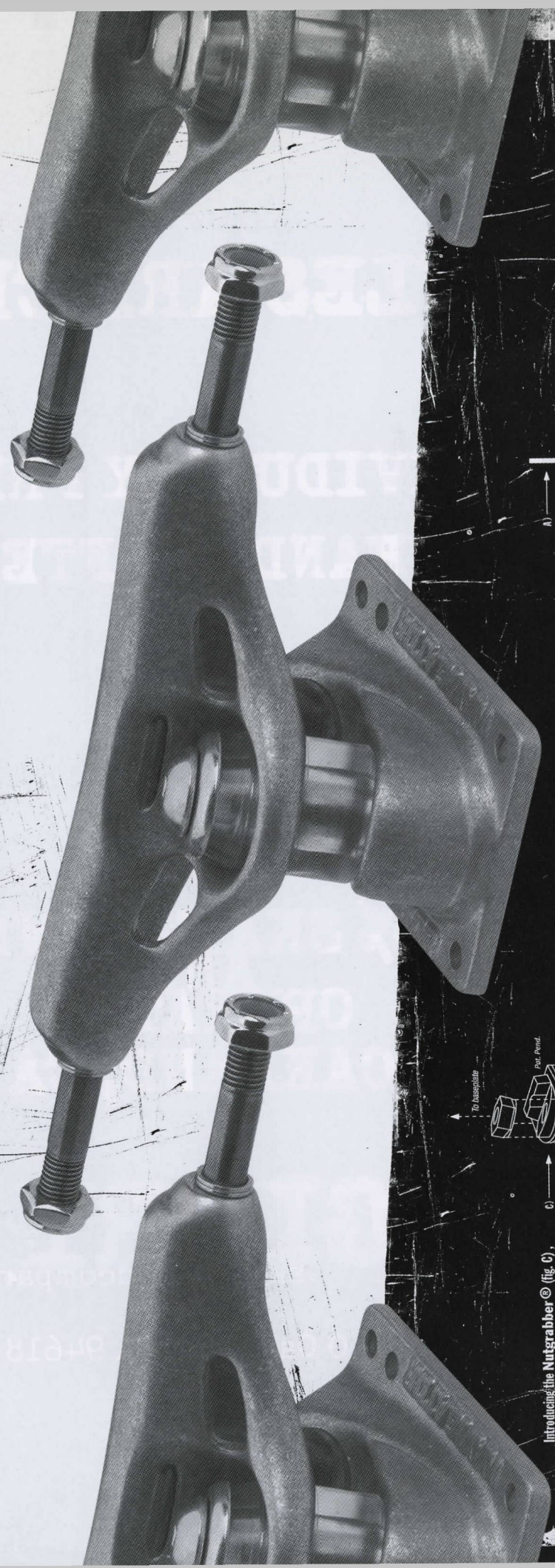
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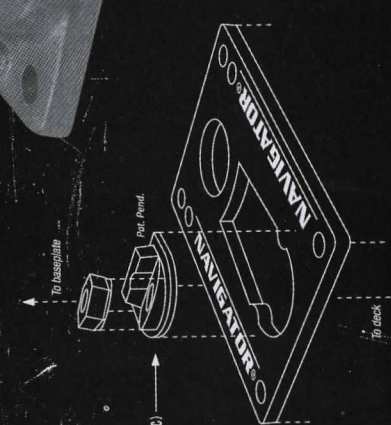
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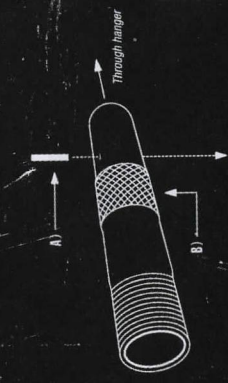
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The Concussion Dreamland Skatepark 2001 Tour

words and
most photos
by davoud



Newport

Unless you have been living in the woods or shooting up in a closet for the past several years you have probably heard about all of the sick skateparks they have been building up in Oregon. We have, but the unfortunate thing is we usually drive up and get stuck in Southern Oregon, which is relatively close to California and has 4 or 5 good parks. But we were sick of that trap, and wanted to start a trip further up north and hit a lot (or all) of the parks that Red, Mark Hubbard, and the rest of the Dreamland crew built. We have heard from multiple reliable sources that their parks are the best in the world. Guess what, it's all true.

So on a Monday morning in August, Concussion videographer Dave Amell and myself packed up the car and set on a week-long journey up the Oregon coast to hit as many parks as possible. While stop-

ping on the 101 in Willits ("Gateway to the Redwoods") for beer and other supplies, we spotted a few pools right off the side of the road. One was in the now closed Skunk Motel, and was a piece of shit square with virtually unridable trannies. The other one however, was much more generous in its transition, but was in a motel which was still in business, and much more of a bust. Not a bad start to the trip though.

Monday night we found ourselves in the Northern California town of Arcata. After skating the local piece of shit skatepark (just to remind ourselves of how bad it can be, and how much better it would get), we headed out to Clam Beach for the big-ass fire and camping on the beach which has now become standard on all Oregon trips. Clam Beach is generally known as the local spot for hicks to bring with their

4x4's and get drunk and tear up the dunes, as well as the spot for the local stinking hippy population to camp out without being hassled by the man. I guess dirty skaters fall somewhere in between those two categories. After waking up in a fog bank, we lugged our gear and our damp asses back into the car and rallied up the coast. The drive up the 101 is a nice one, but the beautiful coast and associated scenery is a trade off since the drive is relatively slow, and is only recommended for those who have plenty of time. If you don't want to fuck around, just barge up Hwy. 5, ten hours to Portland, and probably eight to Aumsville.

Newport

By Tuesday afternoon we had arrived at our first destination, the beach town of Newport. The first Dreamland skatepark

Lincoln City



of our trip, Newport was a pleasant surprise, and would generally blow doors off most any skatepark in California, although it was rather mediocre by Dreamland standards. Still, the park had vert, plenty of lines, no dead ends, fun boxes or stairs, and was a good warm-up for what was yet to come.

Lincoln City

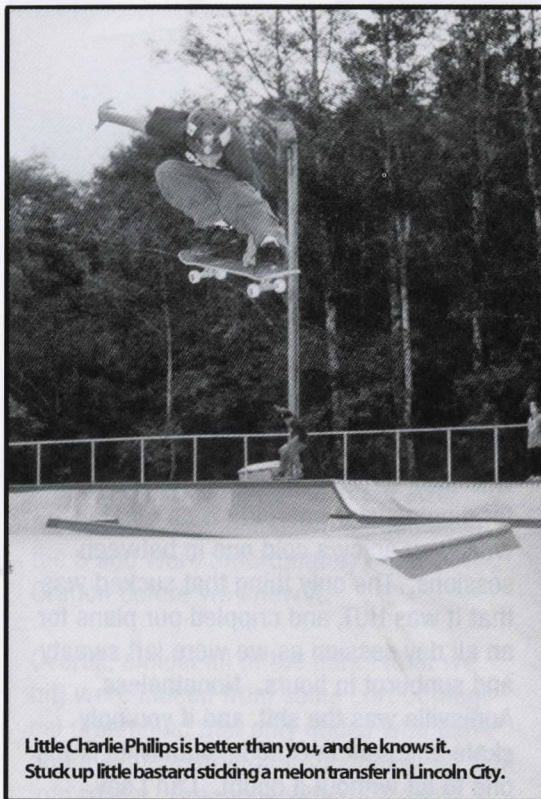
After a short session we continued up the coast a half-hour to Lincoln City, where we were pleasantly surprised with the park we found there. Having heard about, but never skated, Lincoln City is a sick pit with a big-ass vert bowl filled with extensions, hips, spines, and pretty much everything one could ask for in a skatepark. We could've spent a week there just figuring all the lines out in Lincoln City alone.

As is the case when one builds a world-class skatepark, the kids took to it quickly and many of the little shits were ripping harder than we were. But it just goes to show that you don't have to build a bunch of fun boxes and flat bars to keep the kids happy, and those who know what's up will take to the park without any problems. This was also the case at Newberg and Donald, but let's not get too ahead of ourselves. So Lincoln City was sick, I don't know if I'd call it the "gnarliest skatepark in America" as Thrasher did, but it certainly was plenty gnarly, and I was glad that I didn't splat my head all over the concrete like some people have been known to do.

Newberg

The next morning we dragged our tired and stiff asses back to the Lincoln City park for another session because that place was so good, but hit the road by

11am to get to the fabled Newberg park. Newberg is everything we had heard about, the place is huge! So big in fact, that I was at a loss for what lines to take and what to do. The 13' wall is gigantic, and you can get so much speed off it that it is out of hand. There is also a nice cement vert ramp section which ends up in a sick capsule, giving you enough speed to whip through it, hit the big vert wall,



Little Charlie Phillips is better than you, and he knows it. Stuck up little bastard sticking a melon transfer in Lincoln City.

and fly into the rest of the course. Unfortunately, the place is also overrun with kids, and it was collision central. Not unlike Lincoln City though, many of the kids had the place dialed and were hitting the bowl transfers and various lines which we were too inexperienced to notice. Frustrated with the amount of groms in our way, we headed to Donald to skate their pool.

Donald

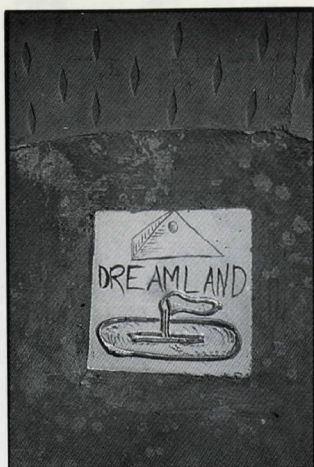
Donald is a little shit town in the middle of nowhere with a population of 800, yet it's park is better than 90% of the ones in California. Why? Because Red and those guys built a real fucking pool to skate. Supposedly it is a replica of the infamous Nude Bowl, and while I wouldn't necessarily agree with that, it is a sick left hand kidney with one of the best shallow ends I've ever skated. We pull up and two local kids were ripping the place apart, hitting deep end grinds and going over the shallow end steps no problem. They had only been riding the bowl for a month, and already had it dialed, those little fuckers. There is also a cement mini ramp deal with a pump bump in the middle, which was rather fun and a nice change for those who didn't want to ride the bowl the whole time. There needs to be more skateparks like Donald, without a doubt.

Burnside

From Donald we headed to our destination for the night, Portland. We pulled up to Burnside for an evening session, and found that the locals were having a full on gnarly session, as is usually the case with the after work, beer in hand crew. After skating places like Newberg and Donald, Burnside feels noticeably rougher, but the place is so fun and the vibe is so good that it doesn't matter. Dog Boy was dominating the session, hitting lien to tails over the vert pillar and into the bowled off corner, and doing high-speed ollies to late tail smack on everything. But pretty much everyone was ruling it and it was nice to be back in Portland where dirtbags rule and kooks, bikers and bladers are unwelcome.

Newberg





Aumsville

The next morning after a heavy caffeine infusion we went back to Burnside for a decidedly mellower session than the previous evening, but it was only a warm up for Aumsville, which reportedly was one of the best parks in the state. Everything we had heard about Aumsville was right on. This place is fucking sick! Speed lines everywhere, hips, a tight capsule, a curved spine, bowled corners to pump through, everywhere you look has another line to slingshot you into another part of the park. Ranging from a mellow 4' section to a rather burly bowled off 10'-ish vert half-pipe, there is something for everyone except for the handrail/ledge jockeys who can't deal, which is just the way it should be. Dave, who was fresh off the plane from Europe, was claiming this place blew



doors off Marseille, and I would not doubt that for a second. Definitely my favorite park of the trip, this place was flawless. Super smooth 'crete made it as fast as you wanna go, and I had a blast locking into high speed grinds around some of the corners. It was like a roller coaster ride. I would love to see Wade Speyer, Bailey, or the Burnside crew skate this place. There was even a nice little river across the park for dipping your hot and sweaty feet in while you enjoy a cold one in between sessions. The only thing that sucked was that it was HOT, and crippled our plans for an all day session as we were left sweaty and sunburnt in hours. Nonetheless, Aumsville was the shit, and if you only skate one park in Oregon, Aumsville is the one to hit without a doubt. Can't say enough good things about this place.

The last Dreamland park on our itinerary was out in Redmond, which is near Bend, but we were running out of time, and the trip would have added a couple days that we didn't have. But from the photos and what we've heard, this is also a must-skate if you can make it out there, as there is even a cement replica of the supergnarly Charleston Hangar bowl, among other delights.

Southern Oregon

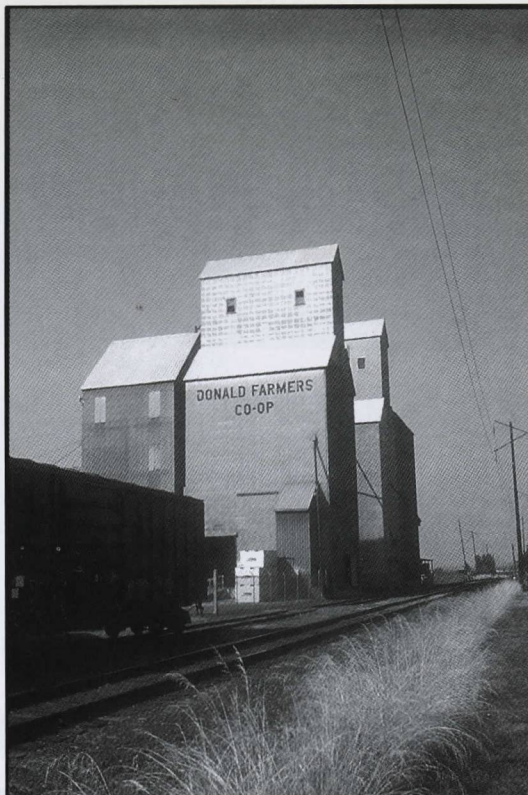
After Aumsville the rest of the trip was somewhat of a let down, and as we headed into Southern Oregon, we were running out of time to hit more parks. Still, we managed to hit the somewhat new Grant's Pass park, but after skating Dreamland cement, Dawkin's work just doesn't compare. There was a combi-style bowl which



Oregon Skatepark Rating Summary:

Newport	👤👤👤👤
Lincoln City	👤👤👤👤👤
Newberg	👤👤👤👤
Donald	👤👤👤👤👤
Aumsville	👤👤👤👤👤
Grant's Pass	👤👤👤

probably would have looked good a year ago, but all I could do was be a picky bastard and point out the flaws and lumps. Nothing against Dawkins and his crew, they do a kick-ass job and if any of his parks were in California they would dominate, but it is easy to see the difference in the cement work and the thought which is put into Dreamland parks. One of the best things about Red's parks is that they do not bother with fun boxes and shit like that, you either deal or get the fuck out, which is how it should be. Street skating was meant for the streets, not for skateparks. After a half hour session at Grant's Pass we stopped in Medford for a little session in the big bowl, which was still burly as ever, but the whole place looked smaller than I remembered it, and nobody likes to wear helmets in 90 degree weather. I guess after seeing Newberg,



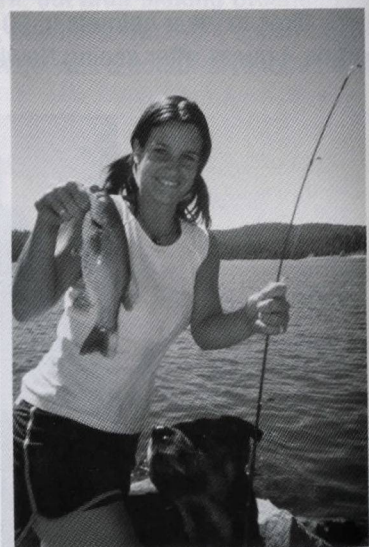
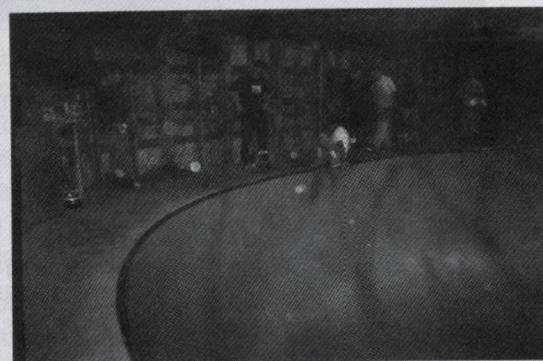
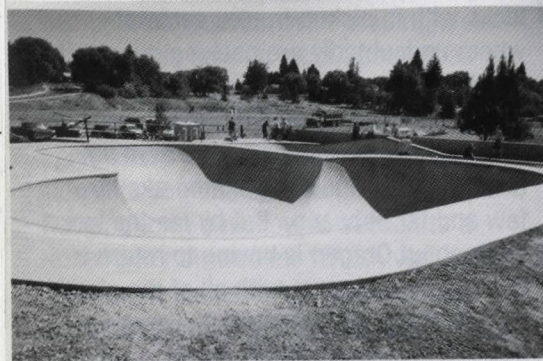
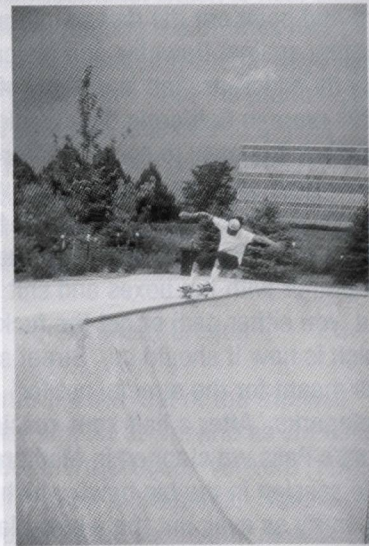
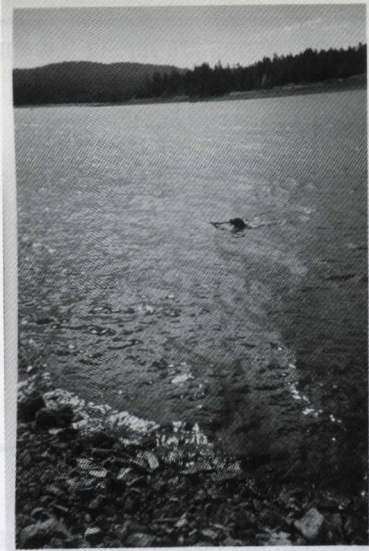
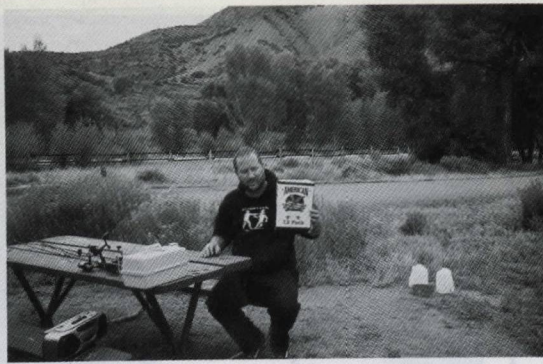
nothing quite compares in sheer size. After a stop in Ashland, we barged down the 5 and were unfortunately out of Oregon before we knew it.

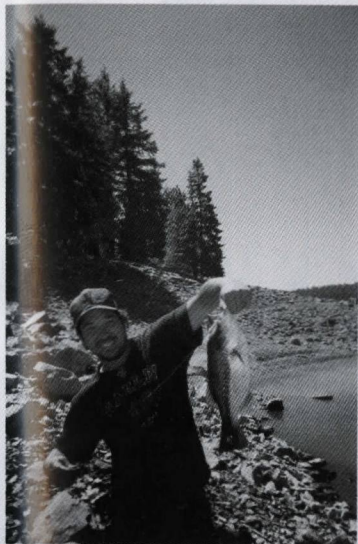
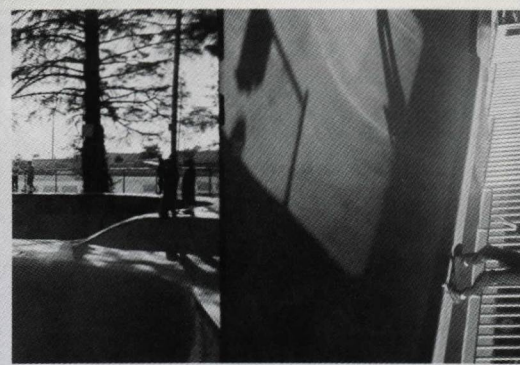
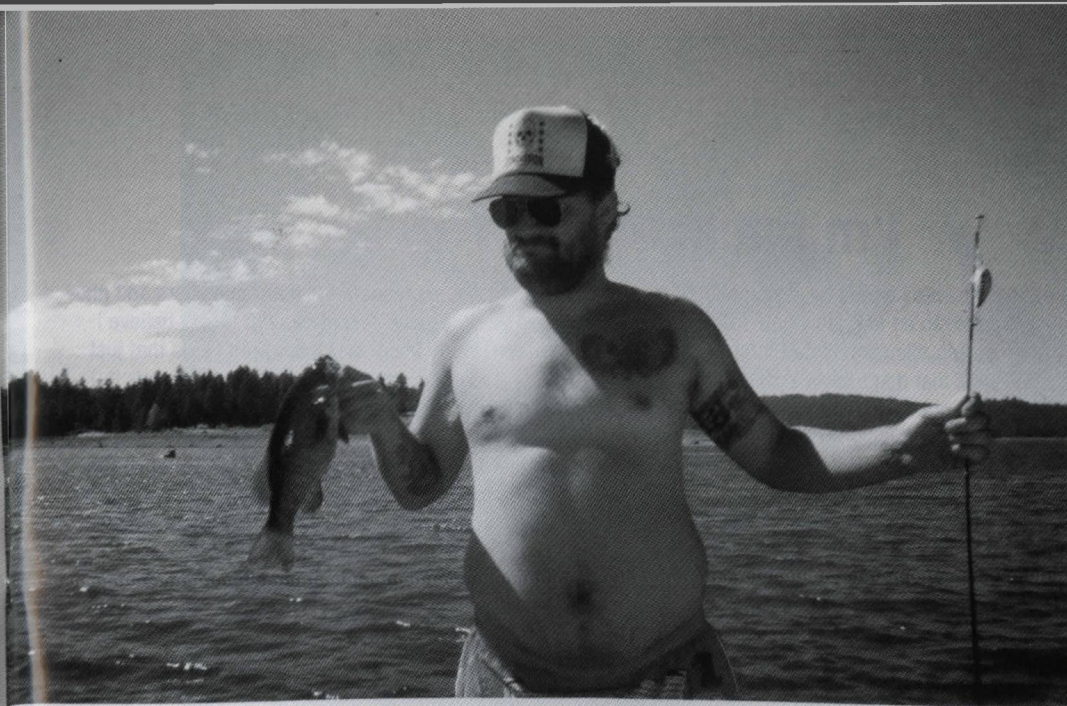
Overall, almost all of the parks (that we hit) were indeed from some sort of magical dreamland that only dudes who think about skateboarding far too much can turn into reality. Oregon is without a doubt a skateboarder's paradise, although it does have some downsides. The most promi-

nent of which is that the state is filled to the brim with scary white people, many of whom are on the conservative slash Republican side of the spectrum. Driving from Lincoln City into the suburbs, we saw many anti-abortion billboards and even more churches peppered throughout the hillsides. There was also a fair share of hicks with in pickup trucks, some of whom undoubtedly are packing guns and into the white pride scene. The other downside to Oregon is that unless you live in Portland, decent jobs (aside from doing construction or building skateparks) are few and far between. But by far, the worst thing about Oregon is having to return to California and put up with all of the piece of shit parks here, which is truly depressing.

Aumsville, our favorite park.







If going to Oregon for a week sounded like fun, going to Colorado AND Oregon for a whole month must sound that much better, which is exactly what Kevin, Chris, Leslie and Lemmy got to do late this summer. Kevin took along a couple of disposable cameras, and these are some of their better photos. I don't think it gets much more ex-stream than this.

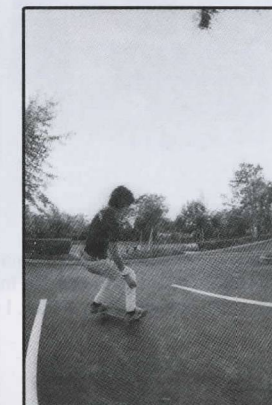
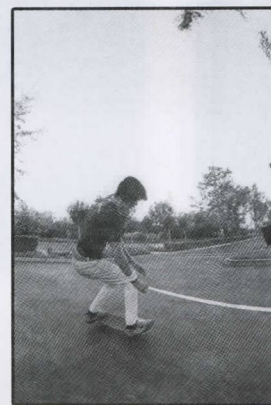
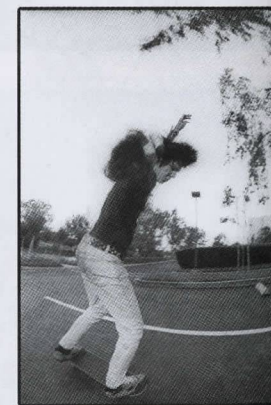
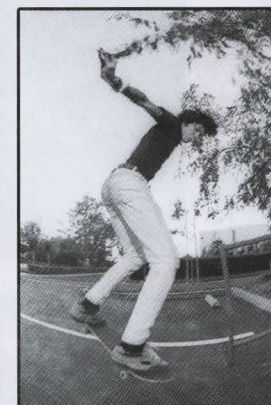
SCRAPS *with Bruce Rodela*

I'm back

In the last scraps I talked a lot of shit that I didn't mean - man was I wrong by saying I hated this wonderful industry, skateboarders, team managers and photographers. What was I thinking? The amount of calls I received to let me know how top notch the skateboard world is, was overwhelming! I can't believe I was so misled in my thinking that there were a lot of people into this (skateboard industry) for the wrong reason. I now know that there aren't kids that just skate to be sponsored and popular. There definitely aren't kids that don't know their history of skateboarding - every one knows their past and respects it. I now know that 6 kids sitting around a block trying a flip in flip out is progression, and going two hundred miles an hour around Ripon and doing a huge air is old school and definitely not cool! I now know that companys are actually very very easy to deal with, especially when it comes to getting paid. I also learned that photo editors are super cool and will put anyone in the mag - not just friends and known pros- if it's a killer trick they will put it in, for sure! And on the subject of photographers, they aren't all washed up and fat- they are "retired" and "living well". So I would like to apologize to anyone whose feelings I hurt, really I do. I would also like to announce to all you loyal Concussion readers that I am back with a new attitude and am going to continue this photo thing not only for you, but for this awesome industry. I have realized my ways and vow to make myself a better person.

On a side note - I will no longer be calling my little column here "Scraps" - I am giving Concussion first choice photos from now on, not leftovers. They deserve it! So I am thinking maybe something like, "Fuck Your Ass" or maybe "I Really Do Hate You, the Above Was a Joke" or perhaps "If You Really Take a Look at Yourself You Would Realize How Lame You are and Shoot Yourself in the Neck". I don't know, maybe you can help me figure it out and e-mail Concussion your ideas. The best idea will win a Think skateboard and Lucky bearings. So put your thinking caps on assholes, and start mailing.

Thank you and god bless. - Bruce



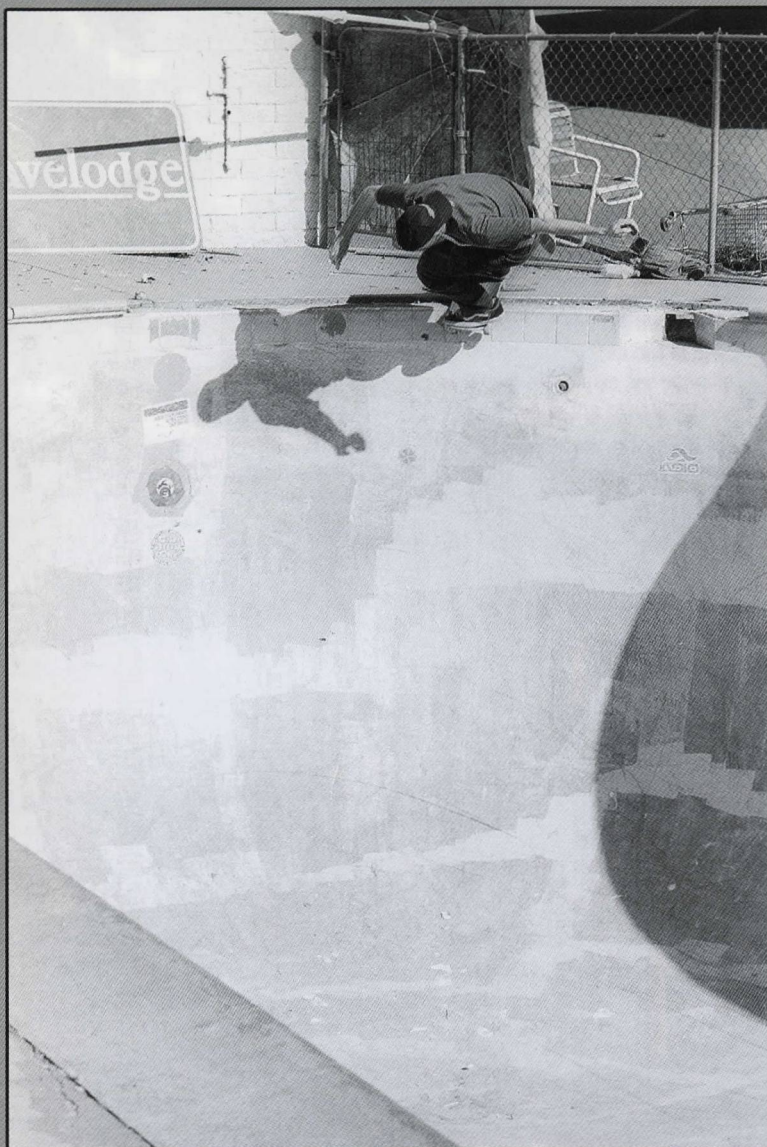
Corey Duffel - The most hated man in skateboarding serves up a f/side bluntslide to fakie while being chased by Stevie's soldiers. Corey thinks you're gay!

Brett Margaritis - This school in Alamo has a sick ledge, a roof gap and this long ass gnar gnar bar. A ton of shit has been thrown down on the ledge, a few things on the roof gap, but Brett had to be flown in from Australia to grind the whole bar - Aussies smell like shit but they sure can ride a skateboard!



SCRAPS

with Bruce
Robola



Jake Nunn - Switch ollie. Not only does Ashland have a wonderful park but if you open your eyes you can find a few cool street spots, as is the case with Jake Nunn and his booming switch ollie. Word up to hot skates for the tip.

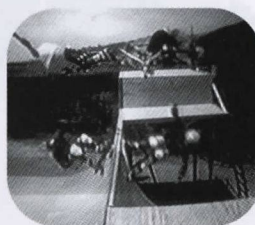
John Dumovich - Do you know john? He is one of those typical guys who have been skating forever, is better than you, and is completely unknown. Take this bad ass pool in Klamath Falls for instance, while everyone else was floundering around finding carve lines, Dumo was the first and only one to rock and roll and then make everyone else feel like girls with this perfect backside D. Keep in mind this was on over 3 feet of vert and within 15 minutes of his first run - Sick action dude!



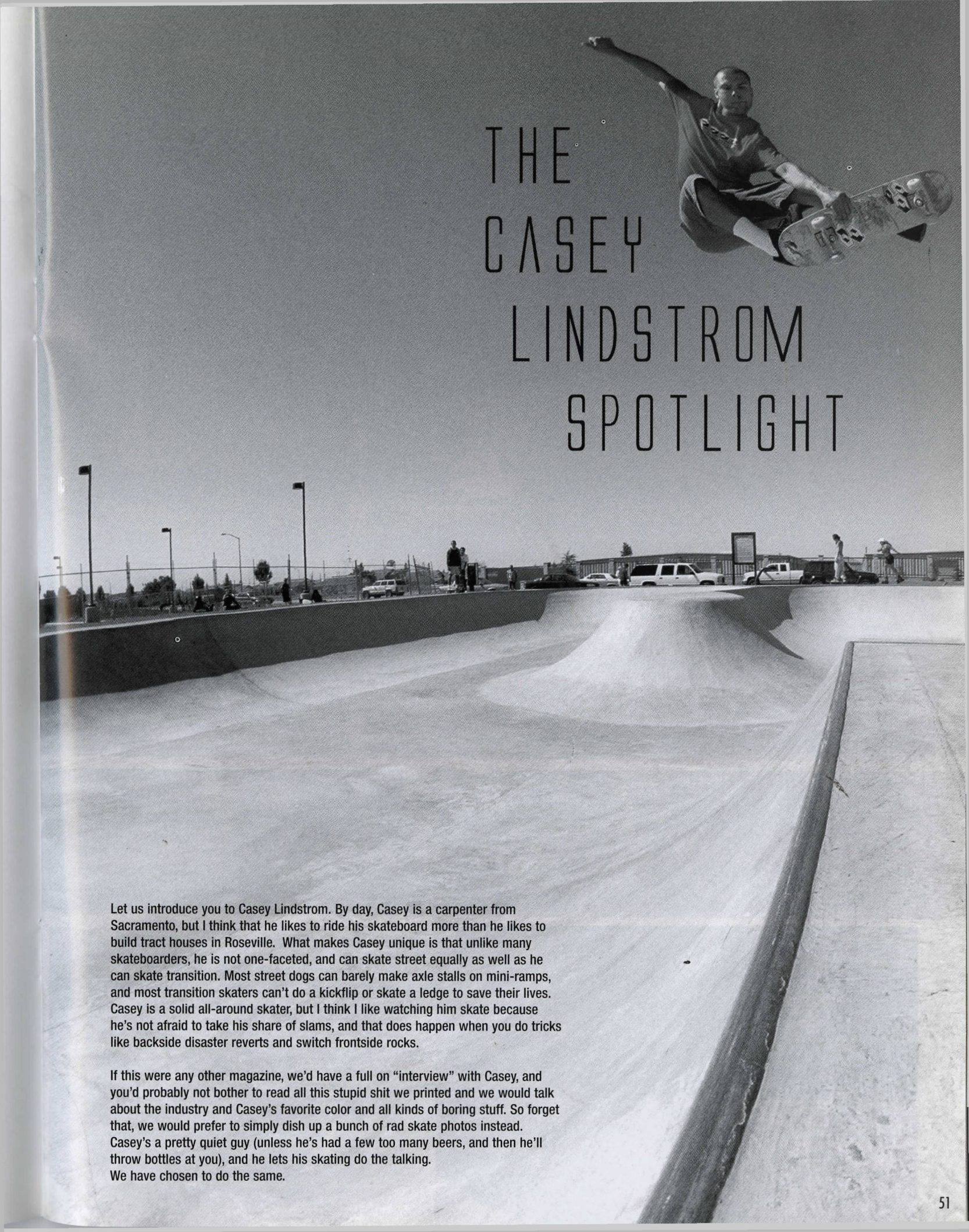
SCRAPS *with Bruce Rodela*



A black and white portrait of an elderly man with a long white beard, wearing a dark robe, seated against a large, circular, woven backdrop. The man is looking slightly to the right. The backdrop has a complex, woven pattern. The image is framed by a thick black border.

[illegible]

Powell Skateboards 30 S. La Patera Lane, Santa Barbara, CA 93117 www.powellskateboards.com



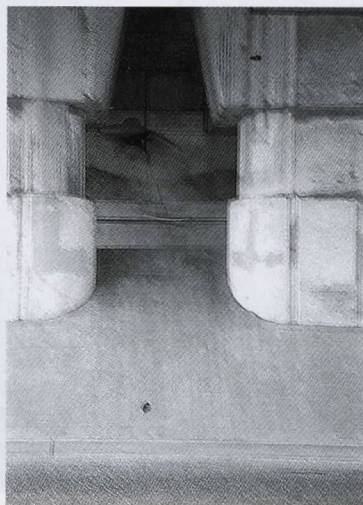
THE CASEY LINDSTROM SPOTLIGHT

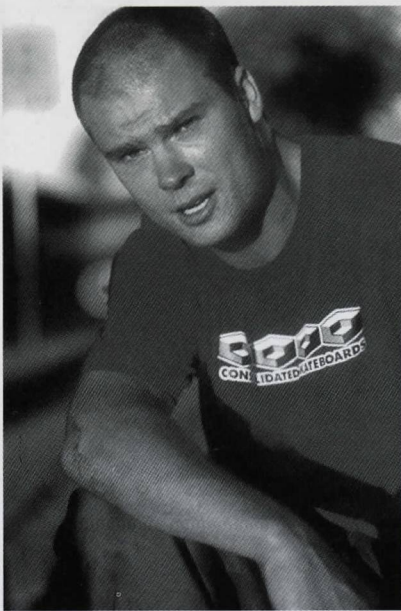
Let us introduce you to Casey Lindstrom. By day, Casey is a carpenter from Sacramento, but I think that he likes to ride his skateboard more than he likes to build tract houses in Roseville. What makes Casey unique is that unlike many skateboarders, he is not one-faceted, and can skate street equally as well as he can skate transition. Most street dogs can barely make axle stalls on mini-ramps, and most transition skaters can't do a kickflip or skate a ledge to save their lives. Casey is a solid all-around skater, but I think I like watching him skate because he's not afraid to take his share of slams, and that does happen when you do tricks like backside disaster reverts and switch frontside rocks.

If this were any other magazine, we'd have a full on "interview" with Casey, and you'd probably not bother to read all this stupid shit we printed and we would talk about the industry and Casey's favorite color and all kinds of boring stuff. So forget that, we would prefer to simply dish up a bunch of rad skate photos instead. Casey's a pretty quiet guy (unless he's had a few too many beers, and then he'll throw bottles at you), and he lets his skating do the talking. We have chosen to do the same.



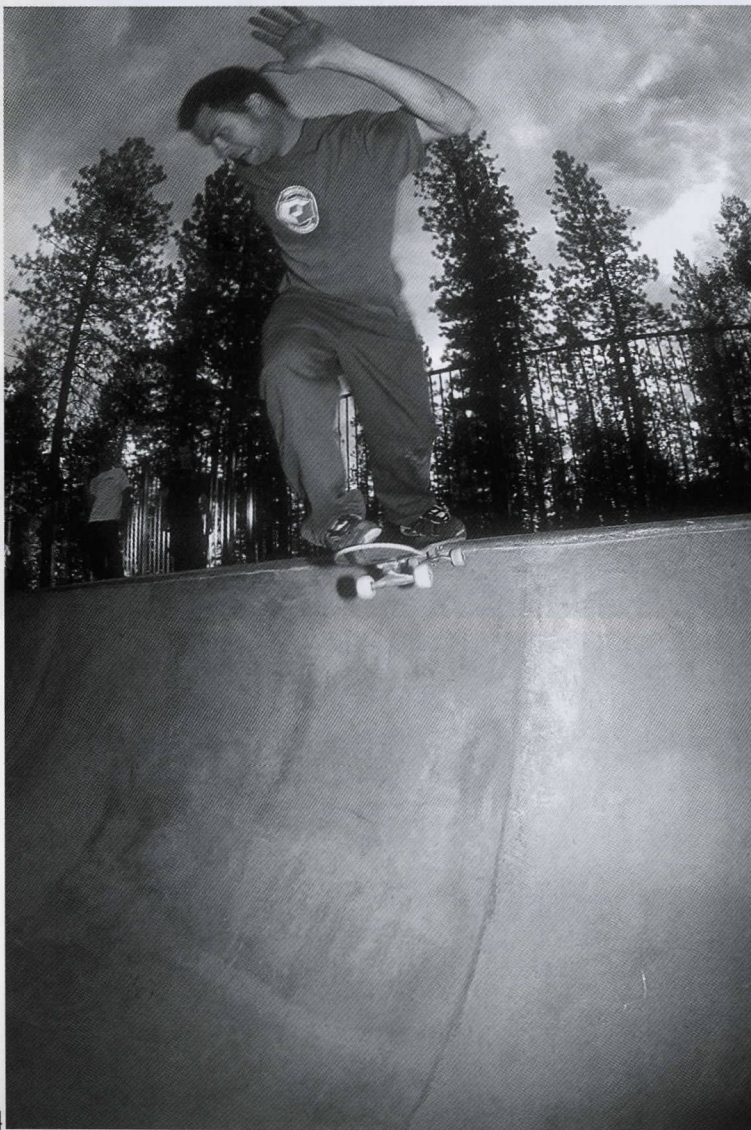
Counterclockwise from left: Big-ass tweaked mute over the hip at Truckee. Sequence: Casey can do backside 50-50 to 270 reverts on mini ramps no problem, but it was rad to see him take it to a pool. Axle stall to 270 revert out for "best trick" at the Heckler Bowl Bash contest. Let's see you even think about it. Skinny ledge to frontside 50-50 grab and grind, moments before getting kicked out by the rent a cops. One time I was skating this same pool in Modesto with Sean O'Loughlin, and I went backside over the steps into the deep end, and I totally thought I had made it, but my back wheels hung up on the top step and I went straight to the drain on my elbow and hip. That sure hurt. Casey, on the other hand, had no problem doing crailslides in it. Photo by Chris Carnel. Backside Smiths were just warm up tricks for the frontside to backside 50-50 transfer grind down the bank and into oncoming traffic. This Smith grind is worth hell a style points, and the photo is in focus, bonus!





ph: camel

Grass Valley is the kind of place where Casey's tranny skills come out. The bowls on the right hand side of the park sort of make sense, but the street section on the left hand side is generally a hunk of shit. Casey bridges the gap with a high speed low to high transfer out of the bowl. Sick line. Below: Haul-ass backside tailslide in the bowl.







Top to bottom, this side: It sucks when the lady at the bank tells you she's just called the cops, and you're in Placerville. Gap to feeble. High speed frontside blunside sequence at the South Lake park on a hung-over Sunday morning. Super tripped out, non-Photoshopped lien to tail sequence at this super fun 7' ramp in Truckee. Definitely one of our favorite photos of the issue. Sedway gets a gold star, nice photo.





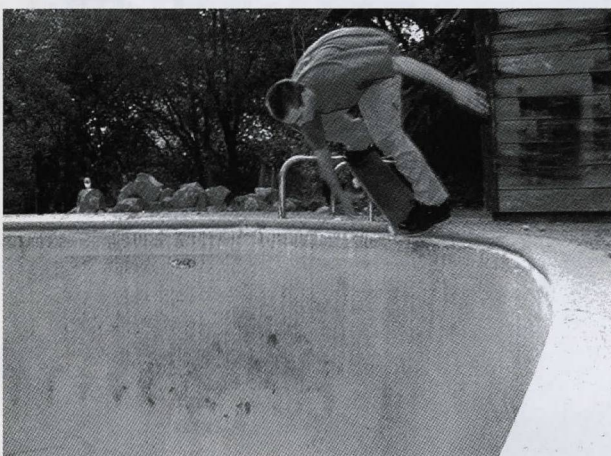
Indy-footplant on the ubiquitous cube in someone's garage in South Lake. Photo by Sedway. Frontside boardslide on a rail at a school in Casey's home town, Livermore, Ca.

All uncredited photos by Davoud
Video sequences by Dave Amell



Adam Morgan, burly 13' ditch drop-in.
Photos by J. Hay

ADAM MORGAN



ADAM IS ONE OF THE MOST RIPPING SKATERS FROM SANTA CRUZ. HE BUSTS HUGE AIRS, BARGES THROUGH HIGH SPEED NOSE BLUNT SLIDES, PERFORMS NOSE PICKS AND CORNER AIRS IN SNARLY POOLS, RIPS MINI RAMPS, SKATES VERT, AND CAN EVEN SKATE RAILS AND DO THE OCCASIONAL FLIP TRICK. HE HAS A KILLER DOG NAMED PUA AND A HOT GIRLFRIEND NAMED AMBER, WHICH POOR ADAM HAS TO DEAL WITH GUYS OGGLING OVER. ADAM CAN USUALLY BE FOUND SKATING WITH CHARLIE, SCOTT OR TATTOO BRIAN AT DERBY, SCREWING AROUND IN A DITCH, TRYING TO HOOK UP A POOL TO SKATE, OR TAKING A TRIP TO RIPON OR ONE OF THE MANY CALIFORNIA OR OREGON CEMENT PARKS. HE SKATES FOR PACIFIC WAVE AND DAF, AND IT IS SURPRISING THAT HE DOESN'T GET MORE RECOGNITION FOR HIS ABILITIES. ADAM IS VERY HUMBLE ABOUT HIS SKATING, BUT GET IN HIS WAY WHILE HE'S FLYING AROUND THE CEMENT PARK AND HE'LL KNOCK YOU ON YOUR SORRY ASS, ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE A BLADER OR BMX KOOK.

PHOTOS BY JONATHAN HAU EXCEPT FOR POOL SHOT BY JAKE GARDNER AND RIPON AIR BY SCOTT WILLIAMS.



HAUNTED POOL

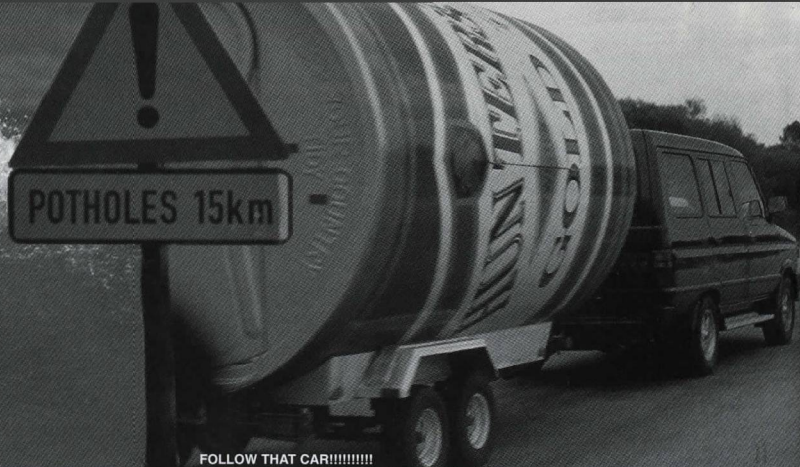
It's getting harder and harder to find good pools in southern California as the suffocation of development and over-population continue to strangle what was once a deserted coastline. There are a lot of pools inland or far away, but none as entrenched in the urban sprawl as the Blair Bitch. Finding pools in OC is next to impossible, so when my friend told me that there is a pool within pissing distance from my office, I had to investigate. Amidst tract housing as far as the eye can see, IKEAs, Wal-Marts and other assorted suburban filth, is an oasis of delight and pain. This desolate and deserted house has become the playground for those lucky enough to find it. Jimmy the Greek was one of those people. If the place is haunted, as they say, it's because of the way he skates the place, like a possessed demon. He has the pool wired as well as everywhere else that he skates for that matter. Good luck in your search for the Blair Bitch but be careful, remember what happened to those kids in the movie.

Words and photos by Jason Murray





SIMON LAYS IT DOWN AT
BRUCE'S BEAUTIES.



FOLLOW THAT CAR!!!!!!!!!!!!

It had been 56 hours, 14 beers, 4 lay-overs, 2 connections and 5 shitty airline meals since my plane took off from LAX. I was sober, drunk and sober again by the time I reached Durban. At least the beers are free on international flights. If that isn't enough to motivate you to travel, I don't know what is? I was so tired and dirty that even my bathing in deodorant wasn't enough to hide the stench emanating from my smelly pores. Needless to say it was a long journey, and it was only the beginning.

South Africa is a beautiful, dangerous, rugged and raw country that could turn even the toughest of men into crying babies. It is a wonderful land. It is a scary land. The scars of years of Apartheid are apparent everywhere you look. Economic sanc-

tions, declining investment and a corrupt government have all led to the conditions that would make most people run for the hills. The level of poverty, sickness and disease are overwhelming. It has the highest per capita level of AIDS in the world. Every house is double gated, the cities are full of sketchy neighborhoods, and travel at night, or anytime for that matter, isn't safe.

So why go? It doesn't sound like your typical club med destination filled with relaxing days by the pool bar? I went in search of perfect surf. I went to surf the waves of Cape St. Francis that I had seen in Endless Summer as a kid. I went to draw lines on the perfect and many canvases of J-Bay. I wanted to see the power of the mighty



PERFECT LINES WRAP INTO THE BAY
WAITING TO BE SLICED AND DICED. SEEING
SETS LIKE THIS MADE IT ALL SWORTH
WHILE.



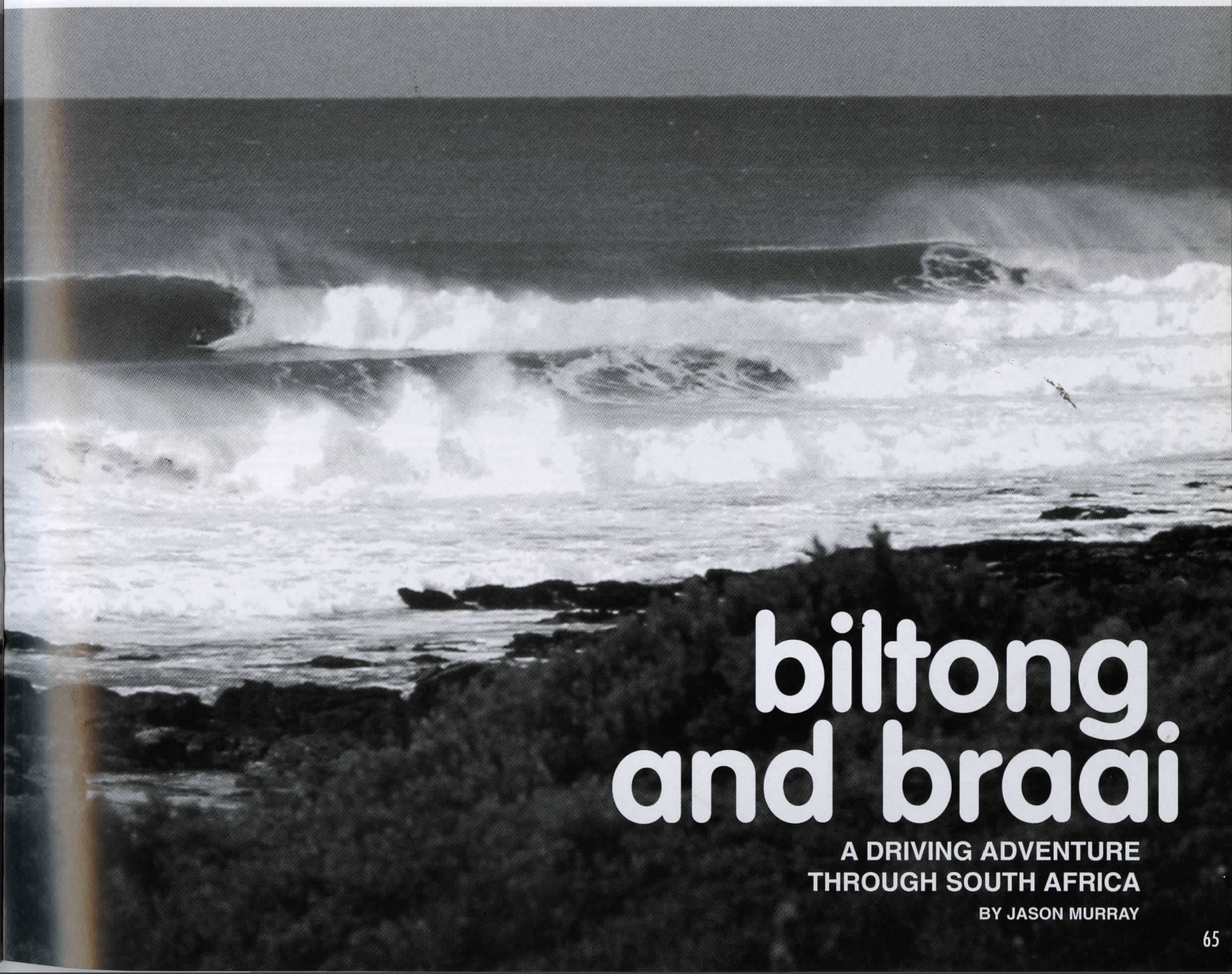
IT'S NOT POLITE TO PICK YOUR NOSE BUT
WHAT ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE'S?

TAYLOR DUCKS FOR COVER EN ROUTE TO
A SECOND PLACE FINISH

Arctic Ocean as it unleashed its' fury on the wild coast. If those were the only reasons for going, the trip would turn out to be one of the best ever. Much to my delight, I found all those things and much more. The waves were perfect, the crowds were minimal, I learned a lot about a foreign land, there were no run-ins with the men in white and I made it home in one piece, physically that is.

The most important thing to know about South Africa before going are the four "B's": Biltong, Beer, Braai's and Bud. Although the government tries to keep it quiet, they're four things that have kept SA afloat amidst a sea of turbulence. Yeah, the Dutch did a lot for the country and Nelson Mandela did his share to keep things moving for-

ward but it was the four "B's" that really kept South Africa from falling off the map. Biltong, plain and simple, is dried beef. Unlike its' American counter-part, Biltong is still moo-ing when you take your first bite. It's very fatty, greasy and most of all - delicious. It's the snack food of choice amongst the South African people. We all know what Beer is so no explanation needed there but the quantity of consumption is what baffled me. We had beers for breakfast, lunch, dinner, before bed, after bed, the middle of the night.....you get the picture. It flowed like water. Now a Braai is a little more difficult to explain. Basically, it's like a normal BBQ that many of you have every weekend. Break out the PBR, in this case, Hunter's Gold, light the grill, insert meat of your choice and



biltong and braai

A DRIVING ADVENTURE
THROUGH SOUTH AFRICA

BY JASON MURRAY



Your very own bottle neck in four easy steps:

AS DEMONSTRATED BY OUR HOST SHANE.



1.

Find an enormous amount of weed, so much so that you need to devise alternative ways of consuming it to avoid the monotony of rolling joints.



2.

Cut weed into small pieces, remove stems and seeds (you don't want to go sterile now, do you?). Break large glass bottle just below the neck without cutting yourself. Make paper filter which goes into mouth of bottle. Fill the larger broken end with herbs. Pack tightly to ensure continuous lighting and optimum smoking pleasure.



3.

Wrap mouth of bottle with cloth so as to avoid unwanted intake of ambers, not good on the throat. Light the fine blend and relax. Congratulations, you are smoking your first bottleneck.



4.

Go surf or skate or do whatever it is that you do.

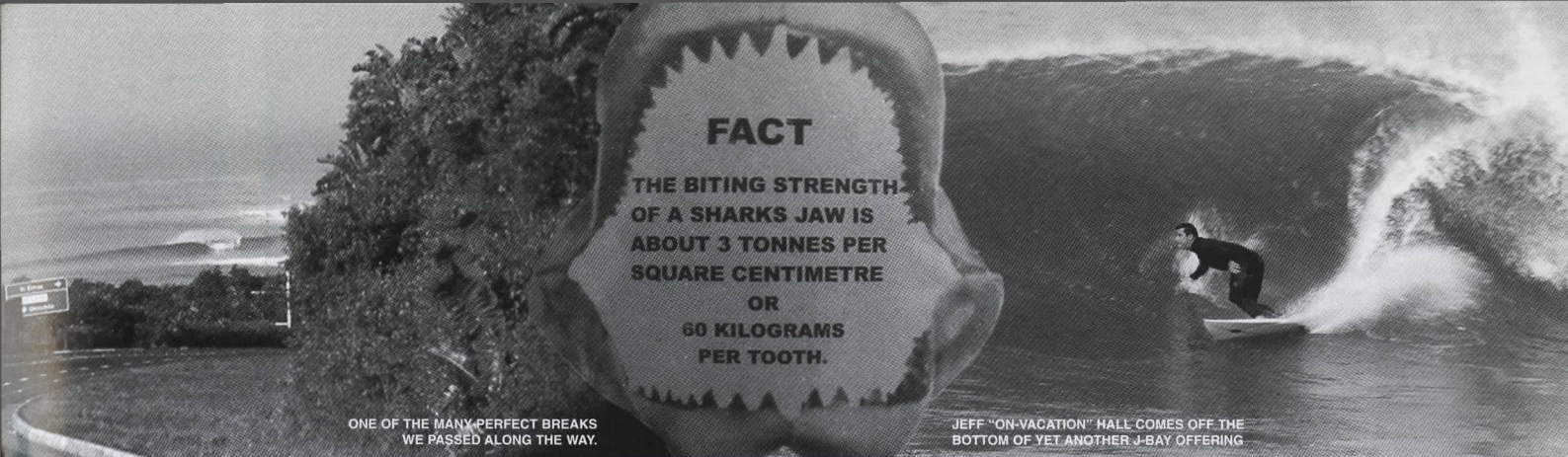
WARNING: BOTTLENECKS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO CAUSE HARM TO PREGNANT MOTHERS, PEOPLE WHO SUFFER FROM SEVERE ASTHMA AND THOSE WHO CANNOT CONTROL GLASS OBJECTS. USE WITH DISCRETION.



away you go. The biggest differences are the frequency with which they occur and the range of carnage which is served. I'd like to think that I'm pretty open when it comes to eating, but the amount of meat that gets consumed on a daily basis in South Africa is astounding. They don't need an excuse to eat lamb, pork, sausage, beef, and other mystery meats all in one sitting. It would have made Ted Nugent sing for seconds! For breakfast, we were eating meat pies. Imagine a nice dessert pie, just like the ones that Grandma used to bake but instead of a nice warm cherry filling, it was filled with gravy and flesh. Who knows what was in them but as they say: when in Rome, eat like the Romans. It was truly amazing- a vegetarians purgatory!!!! The last "B" is even more obvious than than the beer "B" but in case I lost you, buds. It's a weed, literally. It's everywhere, and cheap to boot. A trash bag full will run you about \$20. Rastafarians originally came from Africa - enough said.

CORY FLOATS THE LIP ABOVE THE PERILOUS INSIDE SECTION.





FACT

THE BITING STRENGTH
OF A SHARKS JAW IS
ABOUT 3 TONNES PER
SQUARE CENTIMETRE
OR
60 KILOGRAMS
PER TOOTH.

ONE OF THE MANY PERFECT BREAKS
WE PASSED ALONG THE WAY.

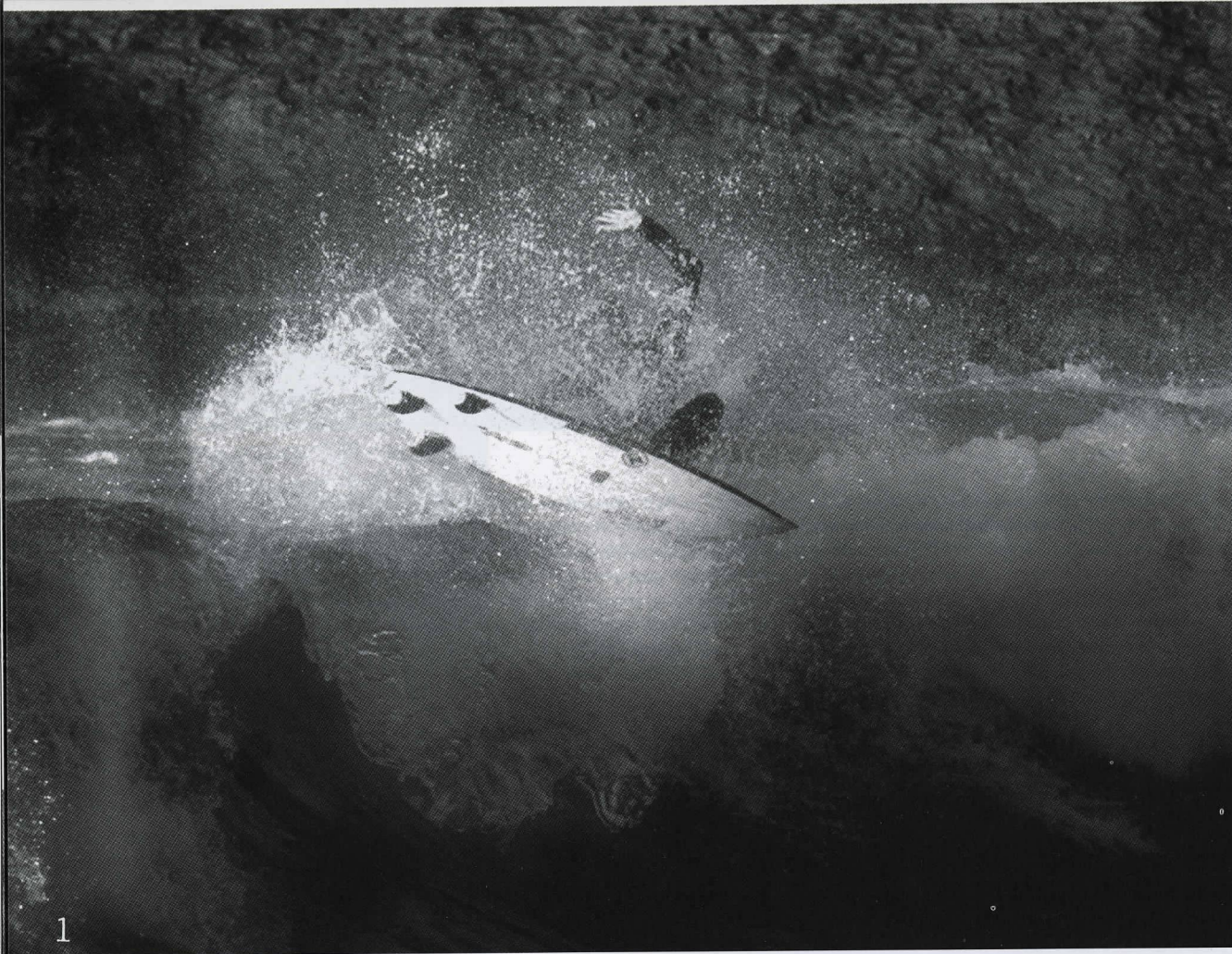
JEFF "ON-VACATION" HALL COMES OFF THE
BOTTOM OF YET ANOTHER J-BAY OFFERING

The many surprises I would find along the way would be just as satisfying and incredible as the waves I had traveled so far to surf. I had no idea of the many things we would see in our drive from Durban to Cape Town. I had no idea how much weed an individual could consume in a three week period. Having lived in Santa Cruz for 6 years, I thought that I'd seen every possible way to smoke weed (see sidebar). South Africans make everyone else who considers themselves to be heavy partiers look like members of a mormon study group. They like to drink, eat, smoke and surf. I'm not saying that all South Africans fall into this category but the ones we met knew how to have a pretty good time and they weren't at all scared to show us.

All in all, we drove about 2000 miles in about three weeks, surfed the best waves along the way, experienced perfect J-Bay (a must for any regular footer), saw more wildlife than anywhere else I have ever been and had one hell of a good time. Traveling by car is the best way to learn about a place. You meet a lot of friendly and very helpful people. You get to see a lot of territory and you can take a piss whenever you like. So next time you are in South Africa, rent a car, get in and drive. Don't let all the negative press get you down. Look below the surface of what you think you see or hear, and you'll find some pleasant surprises along the way, and those are the best kind.

HOBGOOD TAKES A LITTLE OFF THE TOP.







1. **Bud Freitas** showing he's not a fetus, with power to spare.

2. **Jonny Craft**, displaying his surfing is far from cheesy, unlike these captions.

3. We love it when groms take it back to the old school. **Jimmy Herrick** throwin out a big ol' layback slip n slide.

4. Yoda could beat Mr. Miagi's ass! If you don't think so, talk to **Scotty Gudahl**.

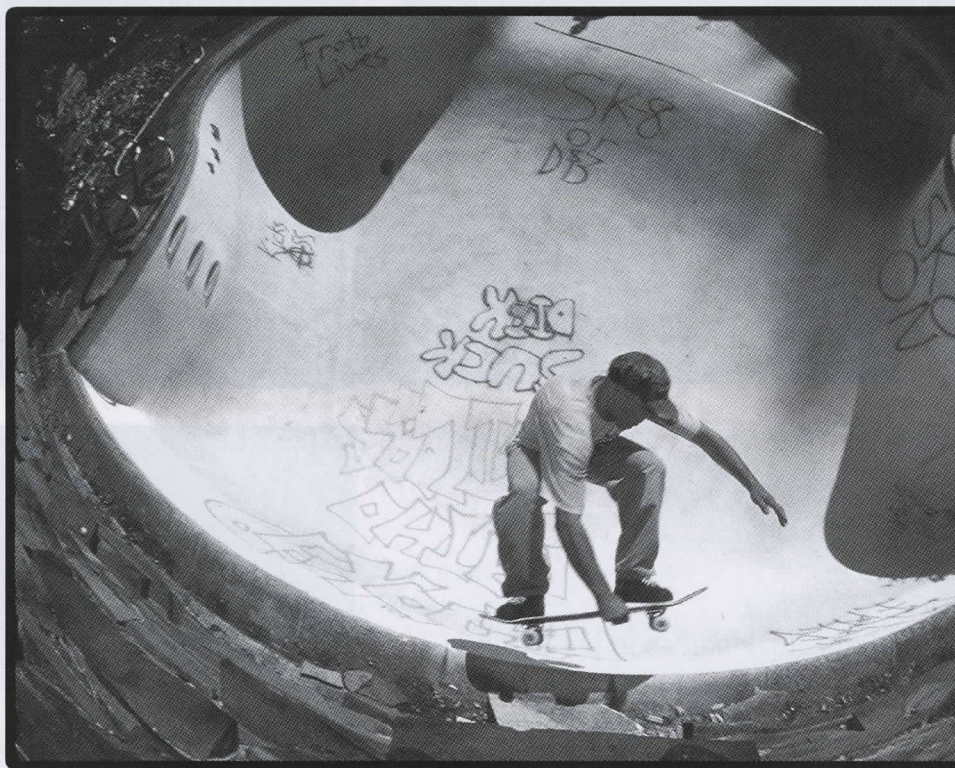
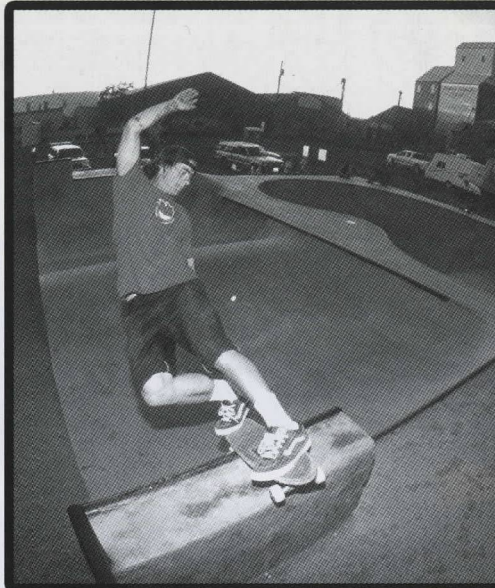
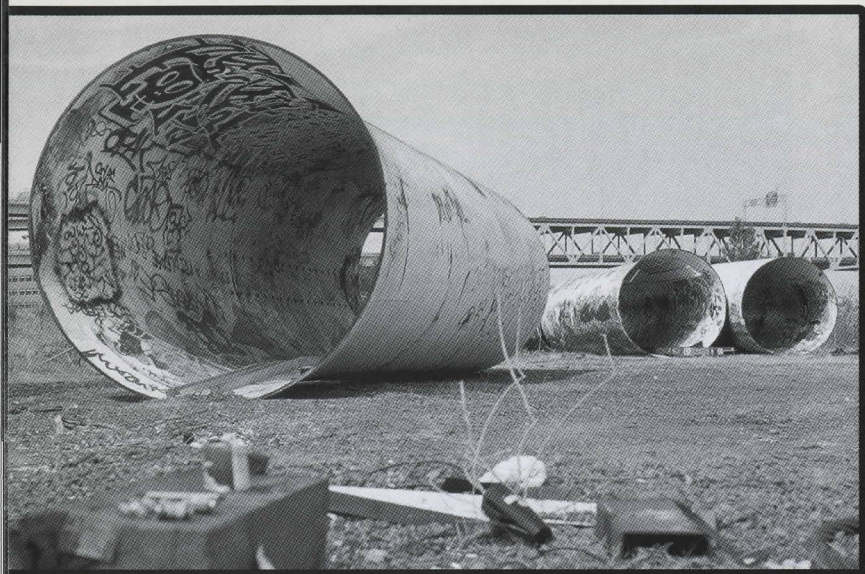
5. Suicide **Scribner** putting his sights on the last tower.

6. **Conaire** used to ducking, this is really a seven foot barrel.

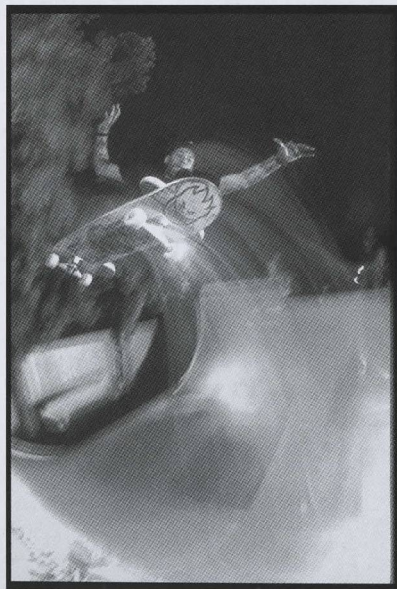
ALL PHOTOS BY NATE LAWRENCE.

CAPTIONS BY JASON MILLER

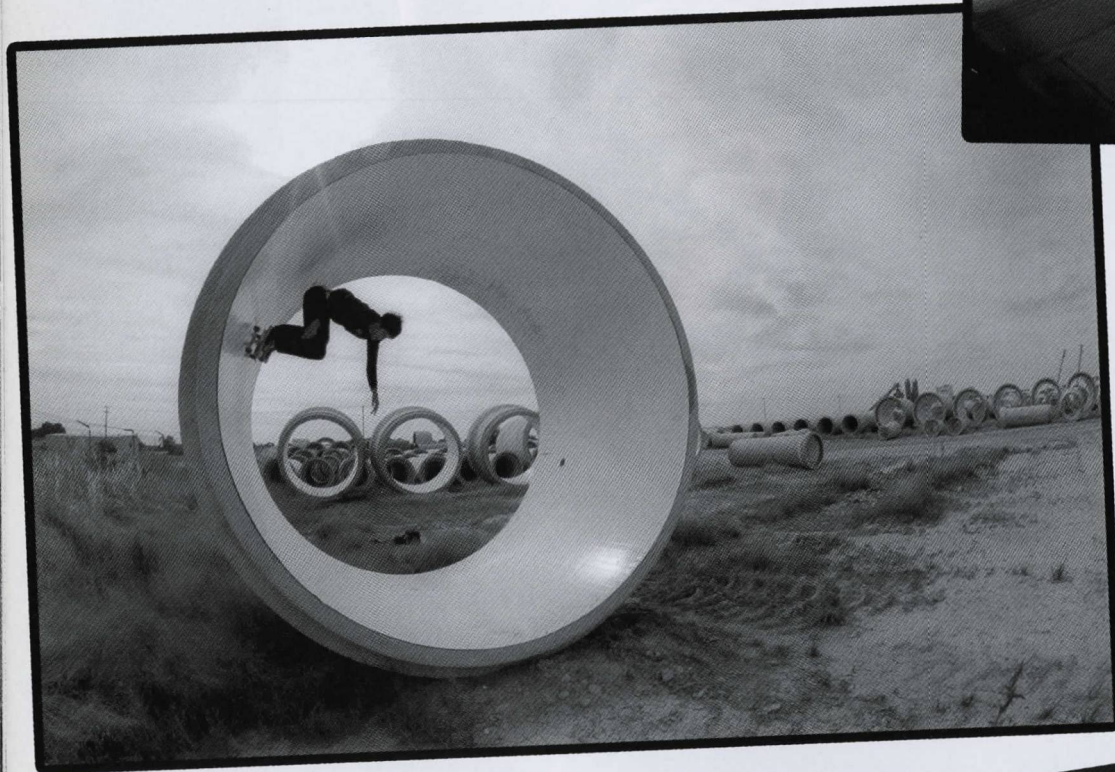
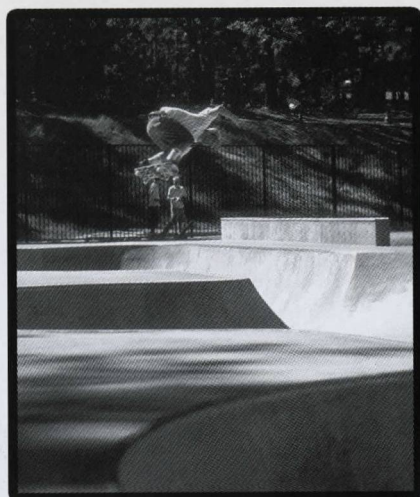




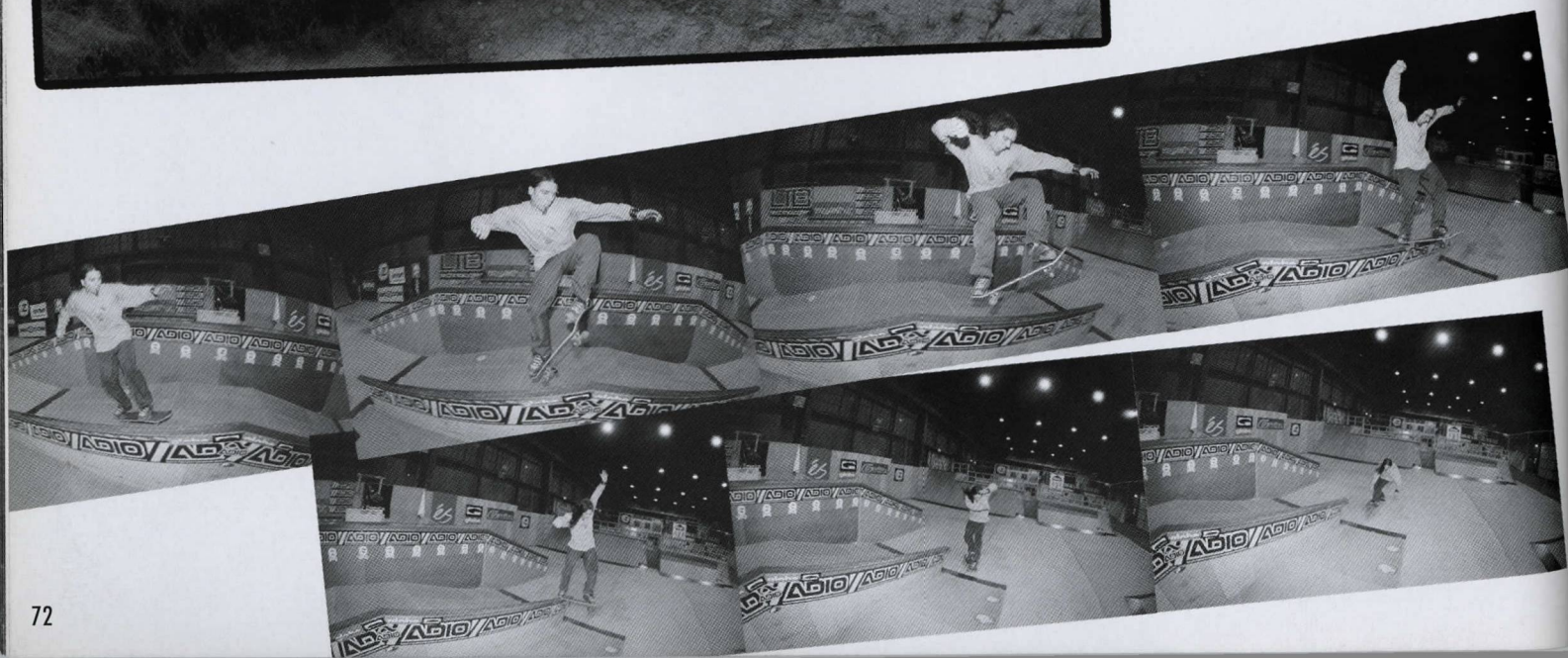
Clockwise from above: I'll bet you'd like to know where these pipes are. Matt Dyck, frontside rock on the mini-extension, Donald. Photos by Joey V. Even though this photo of Al P. is a full-on scrap from the Ecuador Thrasher article, it is still a sick photo. Blunt in Quito, photo by Rhino. We couldn't figure out which one of these photos of Neil Heddings we liked best, so we just ran all three of em. Photos by Charlie Middleton. Pools in Seattle are an extremely rare find. Tom Peha with a frontside in just such a score. Photo by Joey V.







Clockwise from top left: Steve Forstner, frontside tailslide during a night session. Cardiel skys an indy grab over one of the hips at Grass Valley. Photo Davoud. Lee was soooo stoked that he got a good street photo, we just had to print it. Some kid Nestor, backside lip in Santa Cruz. Just because Jud Hertzler got the boot from Foundation doesn't mean shit - he still rips just as hard as he did the week before, which is harder than you ever will. Burly ollie off the vert quarter pipe deck into the tight tranny of the Rodeo at the Strawberry Canyon Skatecamp in Berkeley. Photo by Davoud. Dirty Al sticks a super clean frontside bluntslide to revert at the Rain City skatepark up in Seattle. Sequence by Joey Veneziani. I bet you'd like to know where these full pipes are. Jacob Tillman knows where that are. If it's any consolation, they probably look more fun to ride then they actually were. Photo by Davoud







Shmitty in a shitty little barrel. Henlopen Jetty, Rehoboth Beach, Delaware.

EAST COASTIN'

As American Airlines red-eye flight #1134 landed in FDR Airport at 7:30 AM Thursday morning, my first trip to the East Coast was officially underway. My friend and Concussion writer Eric Bigler, had flown me out to PA to be his wedding photographer. The deal was, I shoot the photos, he pays for the plane ticket & takes me on a mini skate tour of the East Coast (PA, Delaware, and Maryland), as well as bringing me to some beach towns for some doubtful summertime surf. Not a bad deal. I brought one small backpack, my skate, a helmet, and my camera gear. If I needed a surfboard, I'd rent or borrow one. The funny thing was, the X-Games trials were going on when I arrived, so everyone thought I was one of the contestants, with my helmet and skateboard at the airport. Boy, were they wrong! As my luck would have it, I arrived in Pennsylvania on the hottest & most humid day since 1880. They have this thing on the East Coast where they combine the humidity with the heat and come up with a heat index, which is like the opposite of the wind chill factor. The heat index when I arrived was 118 degrees – as hot and muggy as hell itself.

After changing out of my “travel clothes”, Eric took me right to the heart of East Coast skating – FDR Park. FDR is gnarly. It's a mix between Burnside and Derby Park. On my second run (at 8 in the morning) I became acquainted with the many nooks, crannies, and straight up holes that make FDR so hardcore. Pushing full speed towards the main curved corner wall, my wheel went right into a hole and sent me slamming hard into the cement before I even knew what happened. “Welcome to FDR!” I heard the locals say without uttering a word. Luckily, most of the hardcore guys don't get up until the afternoon, so it was just a

handful of skaters & a pack of BMXers. After a few near collisions, and bails on the kinked vert walls and numerous cracks, I was a sweaty, dirty mess. That place is the dirtiest place I've ever skated. It's covered with dusty crusted gravelly dirt, that changes to mud when it mixes with back sweat. Slimy dirty grit. After I was covered in mud and hurting (around 9 am), it was time to say goodbye to FDR. Unfortunately, I didn't take any photos because it was too early in the morning for anyone to be ripping too hard. We planned to come back, but it never happened.

For the first few days, I kicked it at Eric and Dana's new East Coast home, stressed about screwing up the wedding photos, and partied and played pool at some cool underground bar in Philly. Except for the panic created by some crazy lightning and thunderstorms the day before (and up until a half hour before the wedding) Eric and Dana were happily married. We hung out in Media, PA that night, with a huge posse that had gathered from Chicago, Santa Cruz, Grass Valley, and all over the East Coast. The second I finished my last “official” wedding photo, I started hitting the beer and wine and champagne and mixed drinks that were offered. I don't think I was alone, because by 9:00 at night, everyone was wasted at the hotel bar, gearing up to go out on the town.

How did you guess that the world's premier AC/DC cover band, “Highway to Hell”, were playing across the street at the hippest club in town. About 20 of us straggled our way over to the show, eventually having to leave after I pissed off a bunch of mullets by getting a little too rowdy rocking out to classic AC/DC tunes like, “Dirty Deeds” and “Shook Me all Night Long”. I guess the





bouncer even wanted to kick my ass for running into him or something. Typical. We continued on through the night, almost getting into several fights with the rowdy, proud, tough East Coasters that we ran into, but luckily we managed to avoid any serious violent confrontations. The last thing I remember was wandering the streets looking for places to eat, but there were none.

The next morning, the hung-overs crawled out of their hotel rooms towards the breakfast/coffee room. I went to pay for my food and realized my wallet was empty (whoops). I must have spent it all the night before at the bar. I was pretty much bumming money and being a mooch the whole time, but what can I say? I didn't exactly save up any money for the trip, and had it not been for Eric paying my way, I wouldn't have been able to go. I didn't pay for a single place to stay the whole time, and barely spent any money on food, somehow. Alcohol was my main expense, and honesty is my only excuse.

After breakfast, family and friends went home to their respective cities, leaving a core group of friends to complete the rest of the journey. Sean the Camera Breaker's grandfather had a beach house about a block from the Ocean (and even a surf break) in Rehoboth Beach, Delaware, and that's exactly where we were heading. The thunderstorms continued while we drove towards the coast. Sean and I went to the first surf shop we found, and rented a piece of shit 4" thick epoxy board for \$20 a day. The store owner was a total kook and made us rent it for 2 days even though we were technically only using it for 24 hours. Anyway, Sean and I went and took turns on the board at this crappy jetty. The water was a thick brown sludge and the beach was pretty disgusting too. Hotel pens, glass, styrofoam and nails were some of the items I noticed in the tide line. Sean warned me about the crabs and I laughed, considering a crab is hardly a threat compared to a shark, or a hypodermic needle that may have washed down from Jersey in the storm runoff. But strangely enough, the one time I had to put my foot down, a crab instantly wrapped her pinchers around my toe. It scared the shit out of me! The waves sucked and were barely surfable, but it was good to get in the water after the 4 days of humidity and rain.



A clearing in the storm. Rehoboth Beach Boardwalk.

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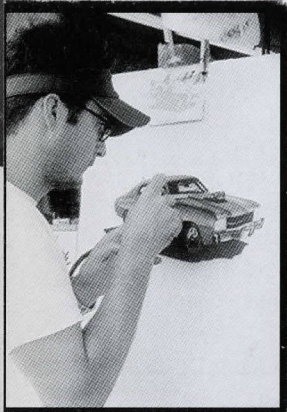
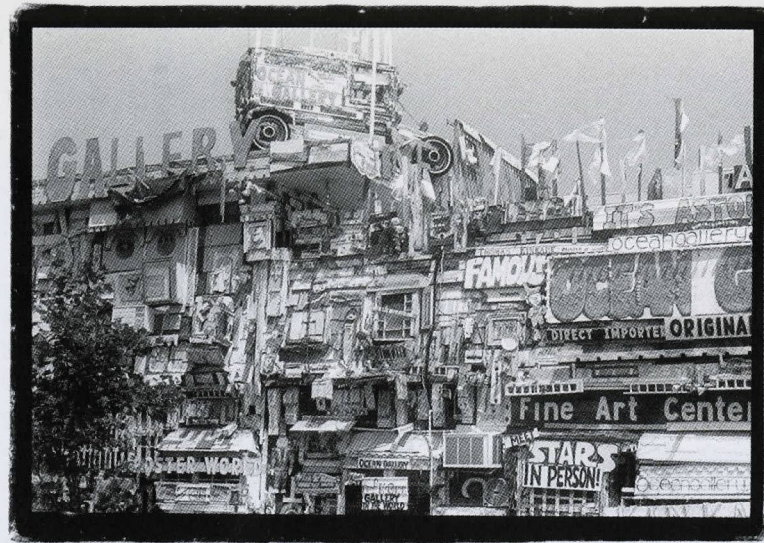
KODAK 5063 TX



The surf photos in this article were taken later on in the summer, during the one good hurricane, Hurricane Erin. I surfed that one spot with the jetty, but it was only about 1 1/2 feet, and I was trying to take off in front of the jetty when the wave washed me over it and I had to literally throw the 5'10 surfboard in the air as I hit the rocks. So, the surf photos in this article are pretty much as good as it gets in Delaware during the summer, at least that's what I'm told.

Seacrets, donning a pirate flag and giving out the whole Caribbean/Club Med feel without even having to leave the States. The place was so cheesy, but we got to check out some scantily clad waitresses cruising around serving drinks to the dorks on the inflatable rafts. After a drink, we bailed and headed to Ocean Bowl. Ocean Bowl has a fairly rough but fun 9 foot pool, as well as a big wide open street course with escalators, quarter pipes, mini bowls, and a gnarly metal vert ramp, and a metal mini ramp that this one dude, Chris Higgins, was transferring out of to a nose slide on a ledge (see tiny photo). The place was packed with roller bladers and groms of all types, but it was fun. 3 skulls. That night we chilled for the first

Ocean Gallery, Ocean City Boardwalk, Maryland.



Rehoboth Beach and that whole strip of coastline from Jersey to Maryland reminded me of some cheesy Palm Springs/Ft. Lauderdale spring break destination. I dubbed Rehoboth Beach "Jail Bait City", only to take it

back when we later came to Ocean City,



Ocean Bowl, Maryland.

MD. For that matter, let's jump there. Eric, Jon (Eric's new brother in law) and I headed down to to meet Jason Dyer and homey Keith in Ocean City, where they own a skate park/skate shop known as Exodus. On our way out of town we stopped to skate Rehoboths' Pipe Dreams skate park. The park was alright, a 5 foot mini with a 6 foot extension, a 3 foot spine ramp with a pump bump, and the biggest piece of shit street course EVER invented. After an hour drive or so we arrived in Ocean City,

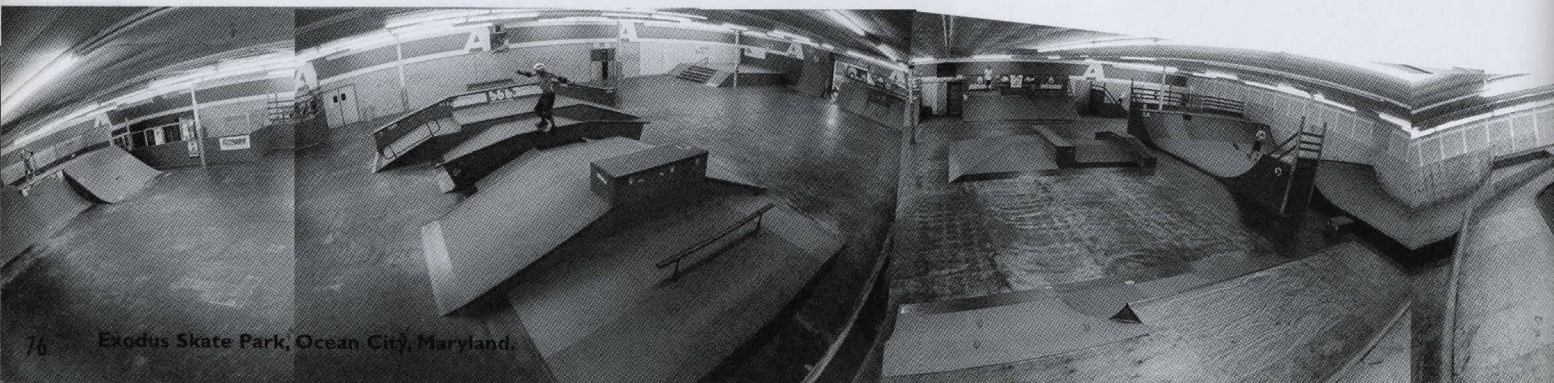
We stopped in at this place called

Dyer's houses (which they conveniently own next door to each other). The next morning, we went out to Exodus, shot some photos, videoed and skated. That place is a blast, especially the wooden bowl. Dyer was ripping the park like he owned it, even with a sprained ankle.

Ocean City is crazy. It is riddled with beach front hotels. There are 120 blocks of hotels, and a 3-mile long boardwalk, which brings in the best mullets, white trash, and young jail bait slutty girls. It has all the arcades, airbrush artists, fill the clowns mouth up with water until the balloon

pops rip-off games, and cotton candy. On my last night we met up with some of the OPD crew (old punk and drunk – East Coast skate crew, that you gotta be 30 to get into) of which Eric is the newest member. We proceeded to get drunk and talk to the lovely local ladies at one of the many beach boardwalk bars. We chilled at this bar on the boardwalk until late night, and then I bailed everyone, to go to an "after party" of sorts on the 20th floor of one of the beachfront hotels. The next morning, at 7 am, I went surfing at some crappy beach break after practically no sleep. This girl Kathy I went surfing with lost her car keys from her board shorts, and I almost got stranded 46 blocks away from my ride to the airpor and didn't make my flight, but everything ended up working out. I said farewell to my new friends, Eric drove me back to Philly, I crawled on the plane and they flew my sorry ass home, back to the West Coast, where humidity doesn't exist. The East Coast is fun. I hated the weather, but some of the people are cool, the water was warm, and the Exodus bowl was worth making the trip out there alone. Thanks for the plane ticket and everyone I mooched off of to make this trip possible.

- Photos and words by Jonathan Hay.
Surf photos by Sean Wood
with a disposable camera



Exodus Skate Park, Ocean City, Maryland.

THE ART OF SLACKING

BY ERIC BIGLER

Let's face it, most skaters are slackers. I'm not saying we're all slackers, but in general it's a safe bet. Take for instance the magazine you are currently enjoying...**BINGO!** Produced by slackers. Yes the job gets done, but that does not mean collecting ads, artwork, CD reviews and articles goes according to plan. As a matter of fact, most of the content for each issue does not even arrive in the editors' hands until after 'deadline'. If you lag too hard, your stuff may get cut all together.

However, there can be rewards to slacking. Take for instance my review of Exodus skatepark located just outside of Ocean City MD. I've been trying to write an article about this exciting new place for the last two issues of Concussion, but to no avail. You may ask, "Why have I failed?" and the answer is simple, because I'm such a slow poke and a slacker. Sure it doesn't help that I completely suck at photography and screwed up every shot on 2 rolls of film for issue #13. Sorry Graybill. But then again, sucking at photography is a direct result of being a slacker. I simply don't try hard enough to get any better at taking skate photos.

Now allow me elaborate on the rewards of slacking. Only a few months ago my review of Exodus would have read something like this: "A few of my closest friends finished building Exodus and opened the park in January 2001. It is a 23,000 sq. foot indoor facility with a 6 ft. bowl, spined mini-ramp and a large street course. The bowl is excellent and the street course has plenty of lines for skaters of all ability levels. If you are ever near Ocean City, be sure to stop by for a visit. The locals rule the park and are always willing to show you a good time at the Tavern after the park closes."

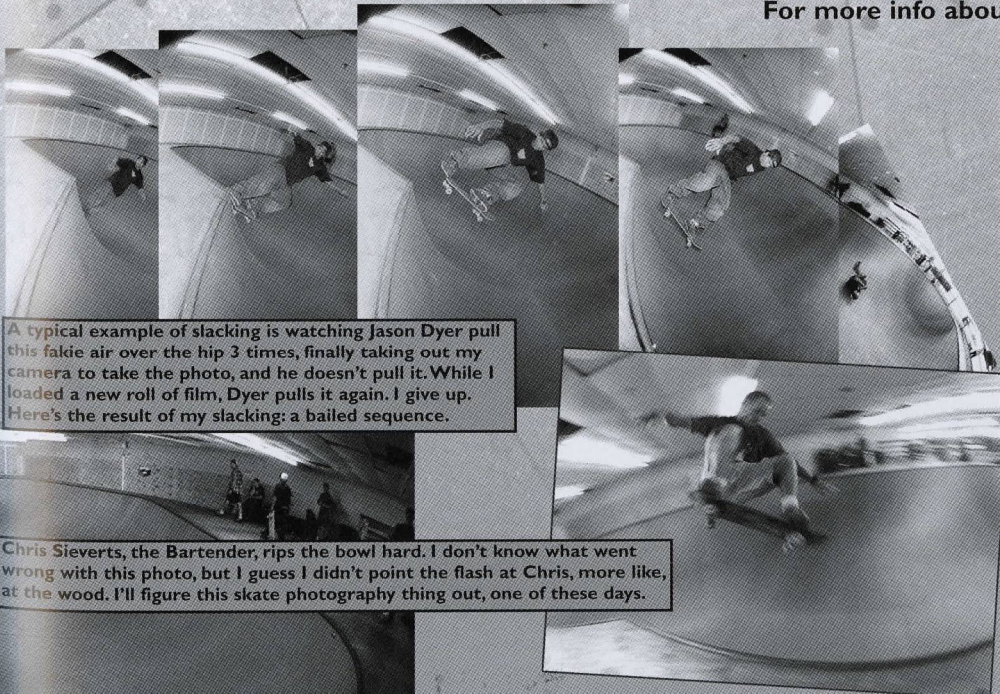
This guy is an organic farmer named Lawrence McDonald. I asked him to do another backside air over the hip as he was leaving, so he put his knee pads back on, and pulled it first try.

However now thanks to the 'art of slacking', I am able to embellish my review with several occurrences that otherwise would not have happened yet. Plus, the extra time allowed me the opportunity to take Mr. Hay (fellow slacker and photo editor of concussion) to the park for a photo shoot. As an indirect result of my sluggishness, what would have been a fairly dull park review with blurry dark snap shots, now includes the following exciting tidbits and photos.

Exodus has already made it's video debut in Pat Smith's section of the Black Label video. In May the park hosted Beast of the East, which resulted in a huge turn out of east coast amateurs battling it out for top honors. The owners have hosted several skate jams with live music to benefit causes such as funding for the ECRW bowl. Recently the DVS team put on a demo at the park and heavy hitters such as Kerry Getz & Keith Hufnagel quickly destroyed the place. Other worthy appearances at the park include guys such as Brian Seber, Chad Krammer, Kyle Berard, Gary Smith, Tre Winslow and various east coast underground legends.

Finally, be sure to get your hands on the new Interstate video (#2) and check out the park section on Exodus. I wanted to review the video for this issue, but it will probably have to wait. You guessed it, I lagged.

For more info about Exodus call 410-629-0800.



A typical example of slacking is watching Jason Dyer pull this falde air over the hip 3 times, finally taking out my camera to take the photo, and he doesn't pull it. While I loaded a new roll of film, Dyer pulls it again. I give up. Here's the result of my slacking: a bailed sequence.

Chris Sieverts, the Bartender, rips the bowl hard. I don't know what went wrong with this photo, but I guess I didn't point the flash at Chris, more like, at the wood. I'll figure this skate photography thing out, one of these days.



Catching
up with

The Loud One

Fred Smith
exposed

Words & Photos
by Holly Anderson

Fred Smith was Alva's "Loud One" back in the late 80's. In case your head was under a rock then, or if mom was still changing your diapers in 1987, Fred was one of the sickest, most insane pool and vert skaters to hit the land. He was Alva's blonde dread-locked East Coast kid doing the fattest lien airs and nose picks. In the late 80s, he had one of Alva's best selling pro-models EVER, the Fred Smith Mini-Pro. Nowadays, Fred's living the good life in Newport, RI where he owns his own tattoo shop, Fred Smith American Tattoo.

After riding pro for Alva between 1986 and 1991, he moved to Texas. He met his wife, Cindy, in California and they were married after a week of knowing each other. He continued tattooing and skating in Texas and eventually moved back to New England. He settled in Rhode Island, had two kids, daughter, Syn Simon, 2 and little Freddie, 7. After doing time tattooing across the nation and working for other people, he finally opened up his own tattoo shop in 1999. Concussion got a chance to have a few words with him.

How long have you been tattooing?

Since 1986. I was getting tattoos and this was just the next step. I always drew. We

Way before
I was
Excerpted

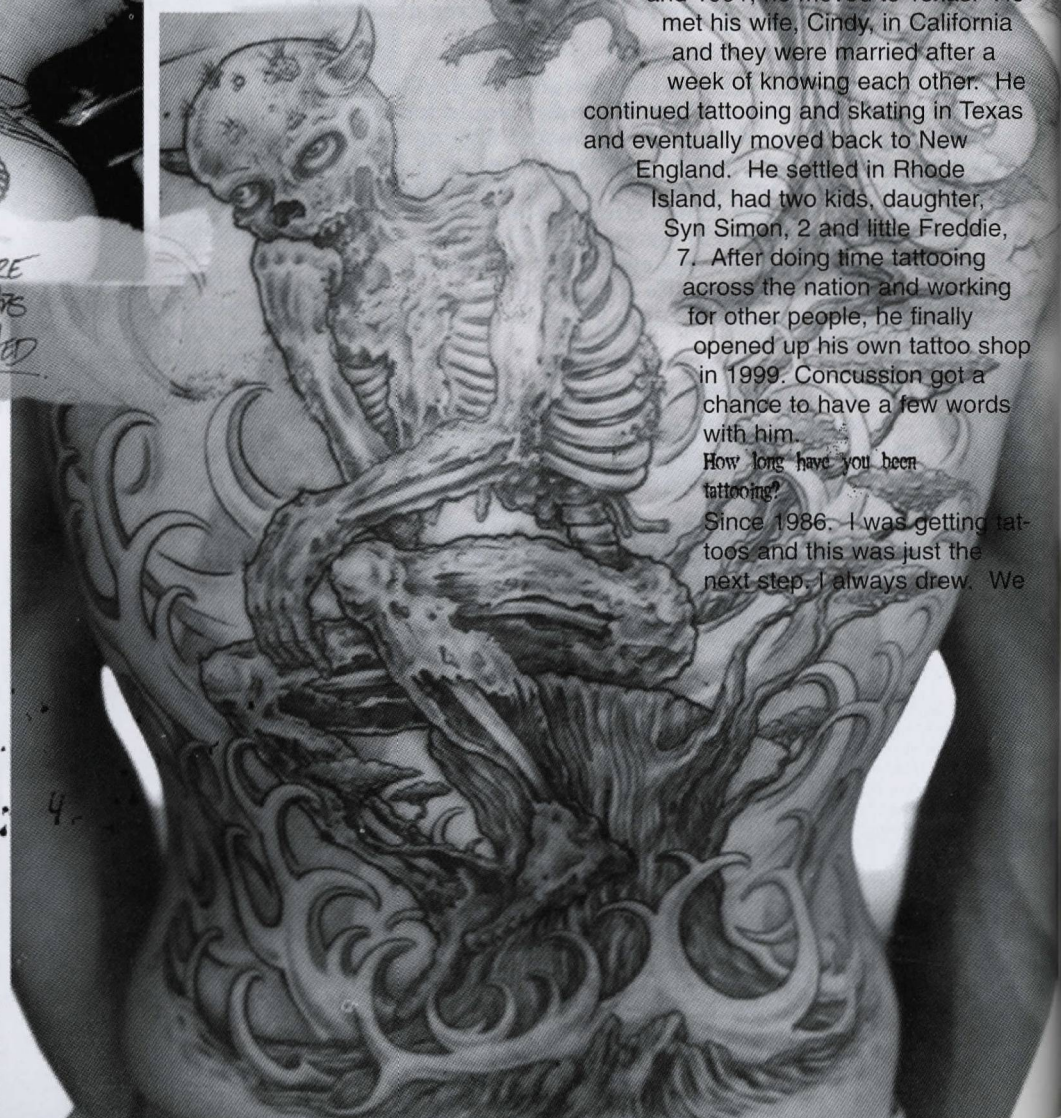




Photo: Sedway, LA Circa '89



had been traveling around skating, and we ended up getting rained out at Cedar Crest, that was before they had the roof. We were staying in this abandon apartment. It was totally empty with a big pile of trash in the room. It was a mess, rubbish everywhere. There was an answering machine there and we took it apart and made a jailhouse tattoo gun out of it with some India ink. I sharpened the needle on my skateboard grip tape. That's pretty fucking brutal! The first tattoo I did was a skull on this girls little toe. Any girl that stepped up to that plate is cool by me.

What is the most turned on you have been when you were doing a Tattoo?

It was when I was tattooing

my wife, Cindy. She looked at me like she wanted to punch me in the face.

Have you ever refused to do a tattoo?

Not really? If some idiot wants to get a stupid tattoo, that is their own thing, as long as it's done well. The only time I would refuse to do a tattoo is if a friend of mine wanted to get chick's name or something. I would at least try to talk him out of it.

Does your 7 year old, little Freddie, have any tattoos, or has he given any tattoos?

Freddie doesn't have any tattoos yet, but he did do a tattoo on Sid Abruzzi (who used to own Water Brothers, but that's a long story). He did a little skull. I guess we both did the same first tattoo, a skull. Freddie likes drawing a lot so hopefully he will be into it too. I am ready to get one from him, he is getting good at drawing lines.

Why did you decide to be a tattoo-ist instead of pursuing the skateboarding industry?

It just happened. It was a natural transition. My body was getting more fragile as I got older. I just wanted to make the right decision for the future. I still skate and have fun. We have a ramp in our yard that we got from the X-Games.

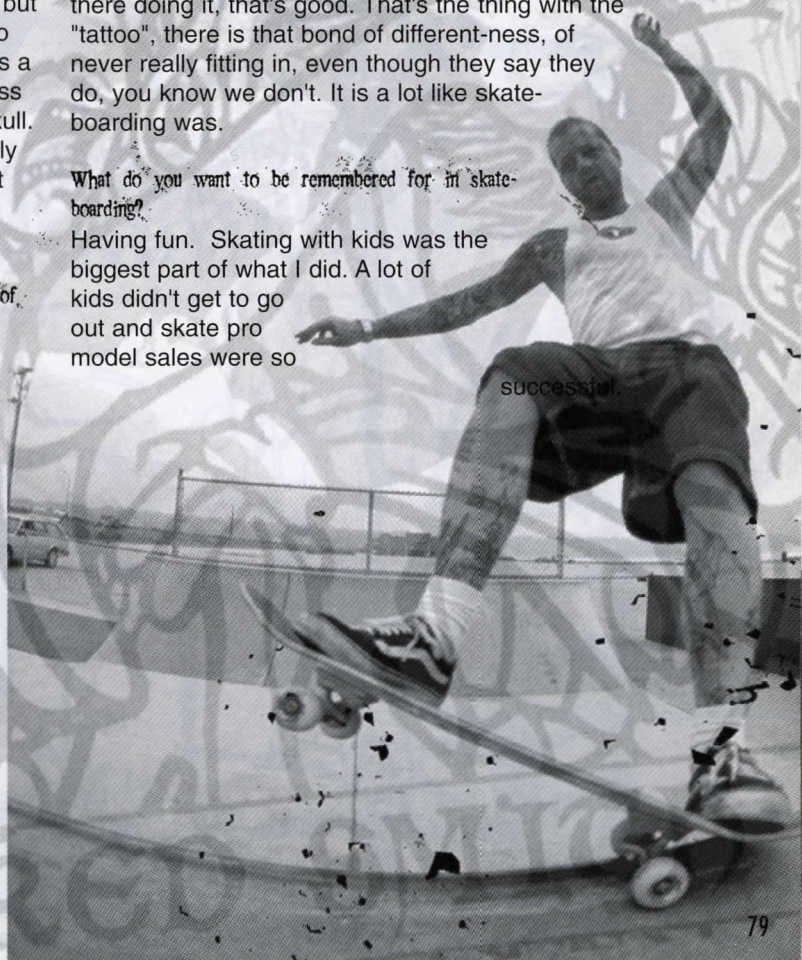
What is most of your clientele?

No one really in particular. People come from all over to get tats. Its weird, there is no real age, creed, or color. It's just that ink connection, an art thing going on. It a lot like skating, it doesn't matter where you were from, as long as you were there doing it, that's good. That's the thing with the "tattoo", there is that bond of different-ness, of never really fitting in, even though they say they do, you know we don't. It is a lot like skateboarding was.

What do you want to be remembered for in skateboarding?

Having fun. Skating with kids was the biggest part of what I did. A lot of kids didn't get to go out and skate pro model sales were so

successful



PATRICK JILBERT

dark visions and blood tunnels

Todd from Consolidated called me up one day and said I had to check out this kids site on the internet. What I found was haunting and intriguing. Hundreds of paintings and drawings that seemed, I don't know, PSYCHO. Don't get me wrong, after some communication with Patrick, I don't think he's psycho at all. He's actually really cool but I still can't get over some of the fucked shit this kid does. We had a chance to talk to him, to see if maybe we could figure just what his problem is.

What's your full name?

- patrick lewis jilbert

Where are you from?

- louisville, ky, but i'm hopefully moving to new jersey soon. philly area.

Are you alright?

- yeah, i'd like to think so

Do you need a hug?

- no. and i can't stand those hug slut girls at school that ask that.

Did you just call me a hug slut?

- yeah, if you're going around giving hugs like nobody's business

Was there some tragic event in your life or something, because your art has that deranged psycho serial killer feel?

- there wasn't anything really tragic like my parents dying or seeing something that would mess me up, but having a stepfamily that i hate/hated and a 2 and a half year long distance relationship definitely help(ed) me draw what i do. things like that,

although they have been pretty

frustrating, definitely inspired me to draw a lot.

Who would you say influences you most in art?

- nobody really has. i just kind of do my own thing and try to enjoy it.

there are artists like Kollwitz and Breen who i like a lot, but i don't

think they really influence me.

How old are you?

- i just turned 18 october 1st

What kind of reaction do you get from people that see your art for the first time?

- they usually say 'hey, you draw fucked up shit' and/or 'what's wrong with you'. i take them as compliments though. i'm just glad it made them think a little bit when they looked at it.

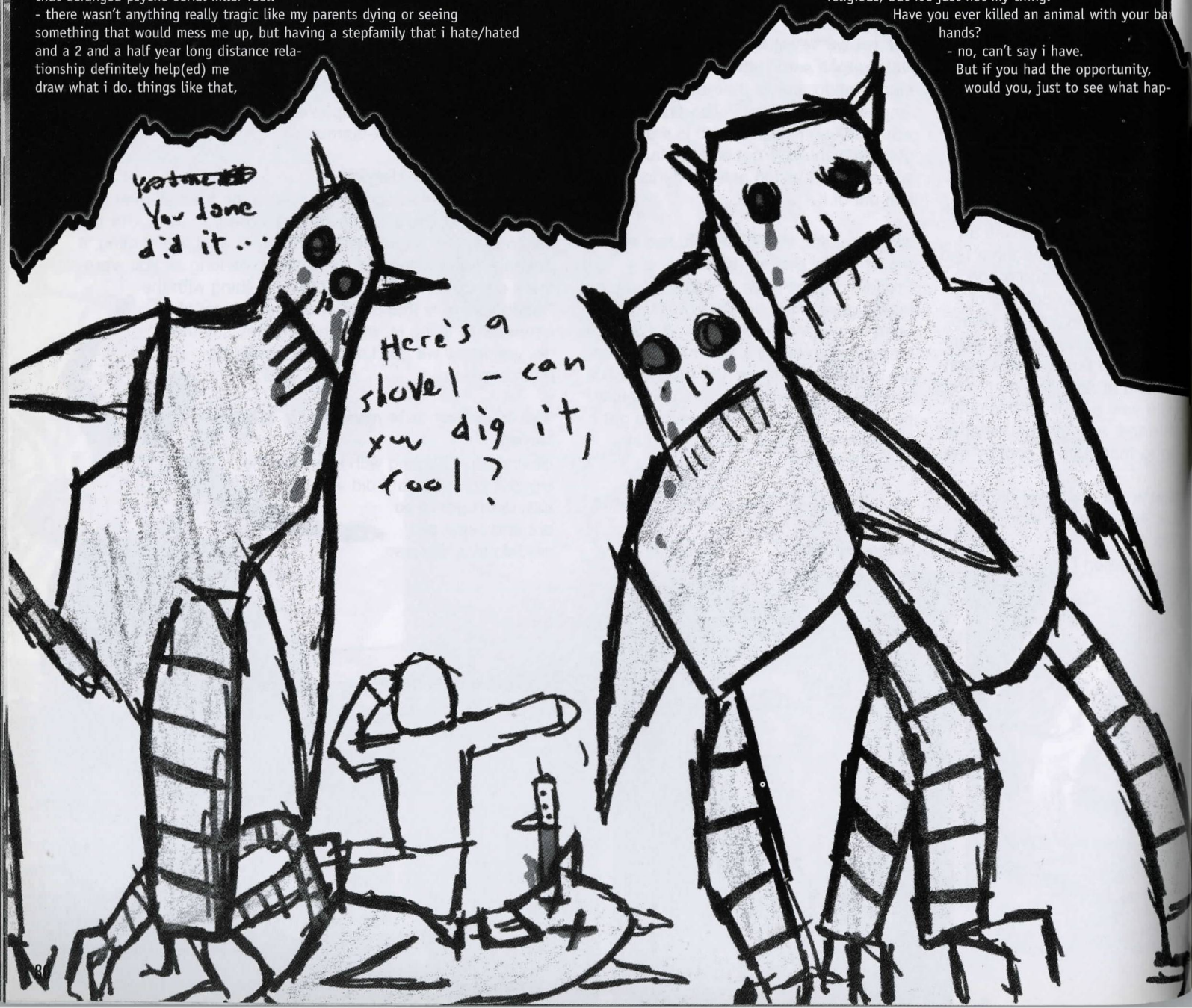
What's your view on organized religion?

- believe it or not i tried to get more into christianity about a year ago. it just wasn't for me. a lot of what i saw seemed more like mind control than religion - stuff you'd expect nazis to use. so that pretty much opened my eyes to not believing. i don't have anything against anyone that's religious, but it's just not my thing.

Have you ever killed an animal with your bare hands?

- no, can't say i have.

But if you had the opportunity, would you, just to see what hap-





pens?

- i'd probably be more likely to want to go after a person than an animal.

What's better for you, a frontal lobotomy or a bottle in front of the face?

- what? a frontal lobotomy i guess.

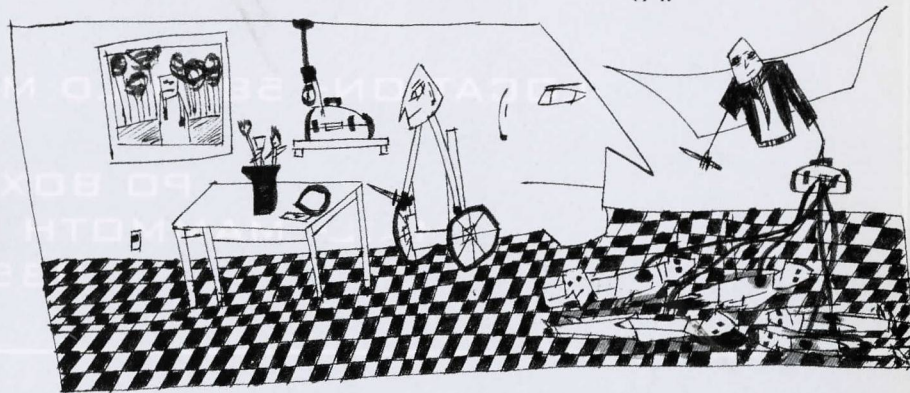
Ever ride a skateboard?

- yeah, i've been skating for about 6 years. i'm not good, but it's fun to just skate flatground and try pressure flips and things like that. i definitely look up to rodney mullen.

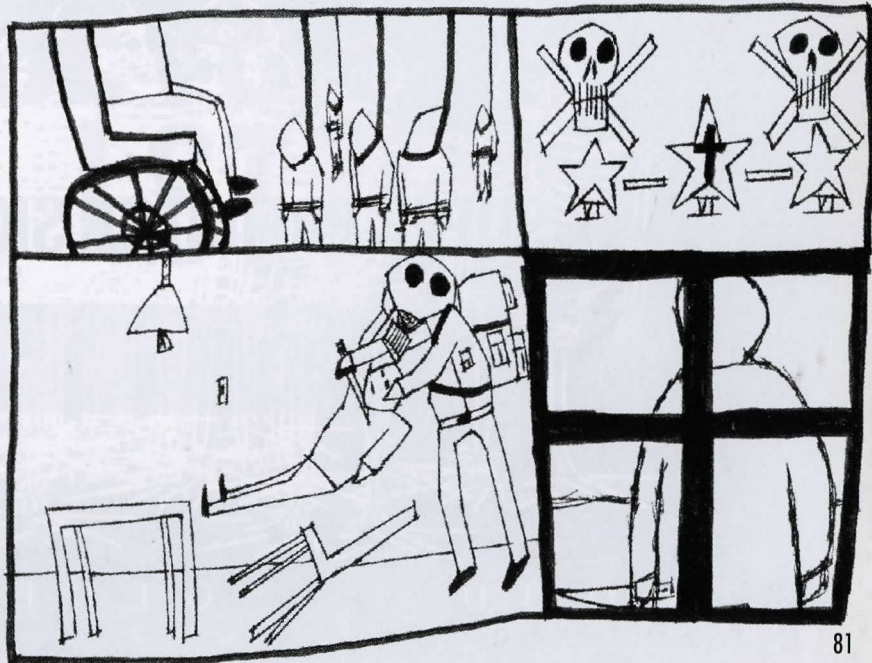
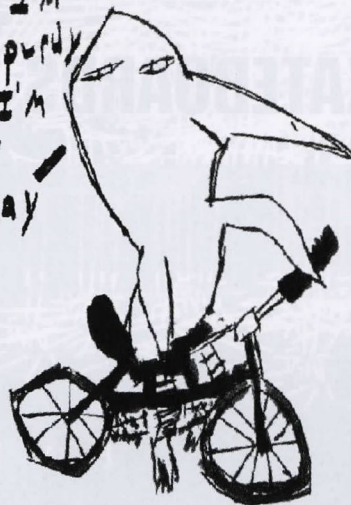
What's your worst injury ever?

- i fractured my left ring finger playing basketball once, but that's about it.

Thanks Patrick.



I tell you what, i'm
gonna take my purdy
bi-cycle an i'm
gonna rile this
mufvcker all day



11,053ft



HEADQUARTERS SKATEBOARD SHOP

PHONE- (760) 924-8984

LOCATION- 588 OLD MAMMOTH RD.

PO BOX# 2118

MAIL- MAMMOTH LAKES, CA.

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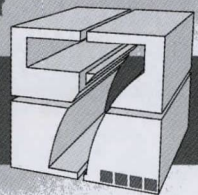
W O O D

G L U E

P A I N T



THE SEVENTH LETTER



A quick introduction to The 7th Letter through Eklips, Push, and Mystic.
by: S Jessup

THE 7TH LETTER

Generals - Casey Eklips Pusher One Steve Mukai Mystic

Soldiers - Krush Sever Saber Revok Skol Gkae Tyke 2 Tone Bles Venem Arek Hense Zeser Coax Grime Young Traver Chunk
and the rest of crew...



What is The 7th Letter?

EKLIPS - To put it simple, The 7th letter is AWR/MSK in a corporate form. everything we do that we feel could benefit us we attached The 7th letter to it.

PUSH - The Seventh Letter is a family before a company, so support is a main part, then everything else such as creativity and production fit into place. We are each a army in our own, so we bring it all to the table.

What's the story behind The 7th Letter as a whole and the story behind the name?

EKLIPS - Well, The 7th letter came about when I was looking for for a name for a website I wanted to do, everything around me consist of "7" or the letter "g". but as we started to build the elements it turned into a mag, then quickly into a clothing company, and then into a graphics firm, now it's every-thing we do. The name is really up to the individual, for me it represents everything around me... god, graffiti, graphic design, the 7 original members of AWR and whole lot of other stuff that's way to deep or the public to know about me..

PUSH - The Seventh Letter is a project we've been working on for some time now, so there is a lot of thought behind it. It makes sense to me why we all work together. We all have so many ideas that need to be seen.



001 The SEVENTH LETTER

Vandals
ALL CITY

THE SEVENTH LETTER

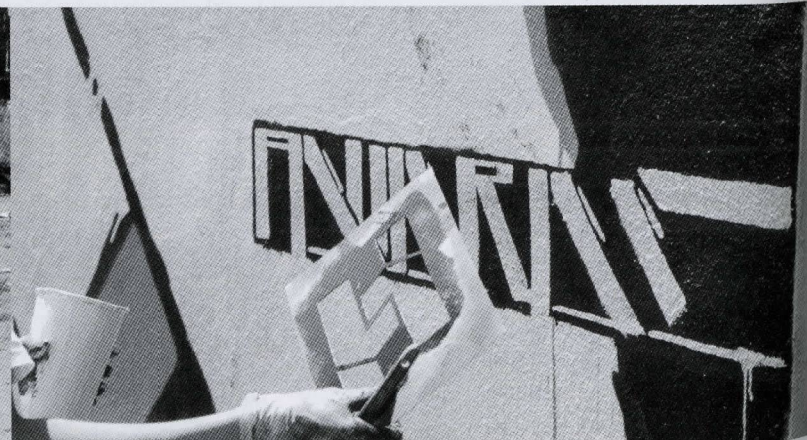


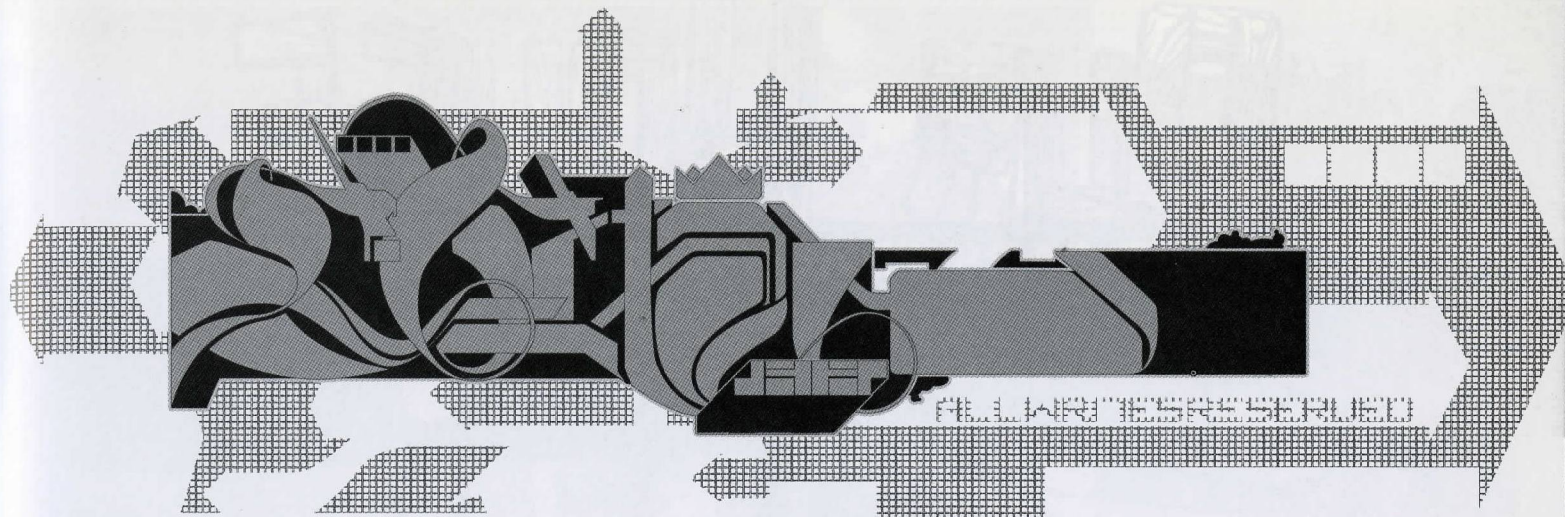
The Seventh Letter





THE SENTENCE LETTER





What's the inspiration behind what each of you do for The 7th Letter?

EKLIPS - Graffiti, wanting to build a future for my crew members and me...and to be a real graffiti company, not a company that pays writers peanuts for there lives, too many are eating off our plate..

PUSH - It's not about the graffiti or the clothes, it's what we love.

MYSTIC - Graffiti...From marketing to creativity it all crosses over.

How did the initial LA - Atlanta connection start and did it make it hard to communicate and work as a crew with such distance?

EKLIPS - LA - ATL was formed by Revok, there's crew all over the world, LA, ATL, SF, Tennessee, Chicago, Minnesota, Mexico, Germany, France, Thailand and who knows where else but AWR/MSK will always be a Los Angeles crew cause that's where it started. We all communicate daily via phone or email or whatever, it's really no that hard. We're all on the same track just at different stops. We all know our duties & commitments to this family..

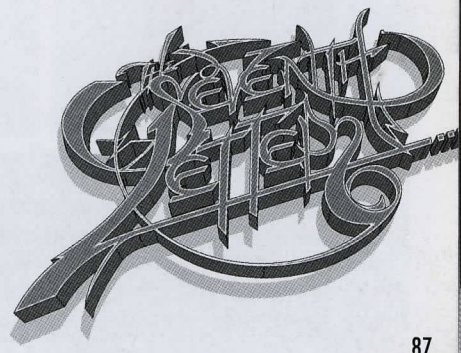
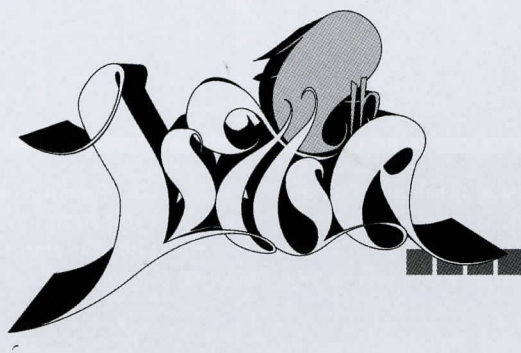
PUSH - We have a big family, so communication can get loose, but as long as we're on the same page or chapter, it works out.

Since you guys as a crew, and as individuals, have been kind of on the front lines of graffiti for a while now, how do you feel about the changes it's gone through in the last few years?

PUSH - Graffiti wise, we roll with the changes and make some changes.

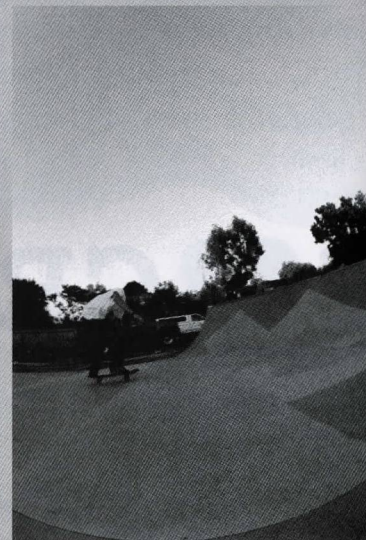
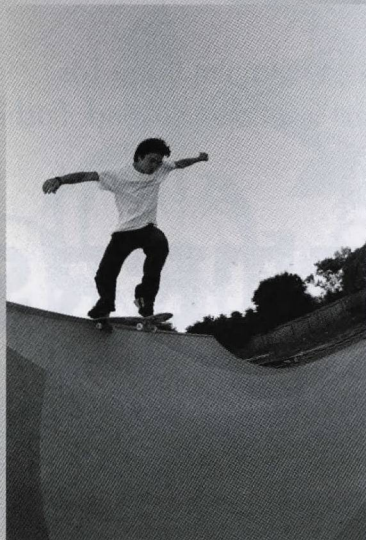
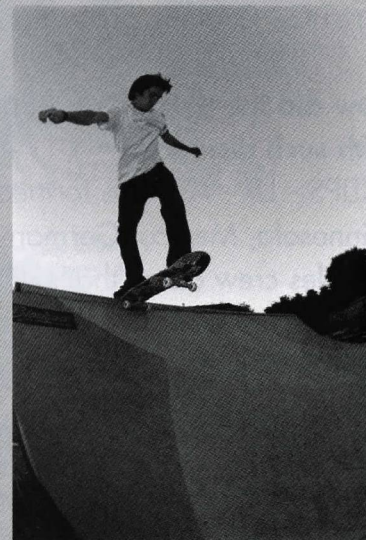
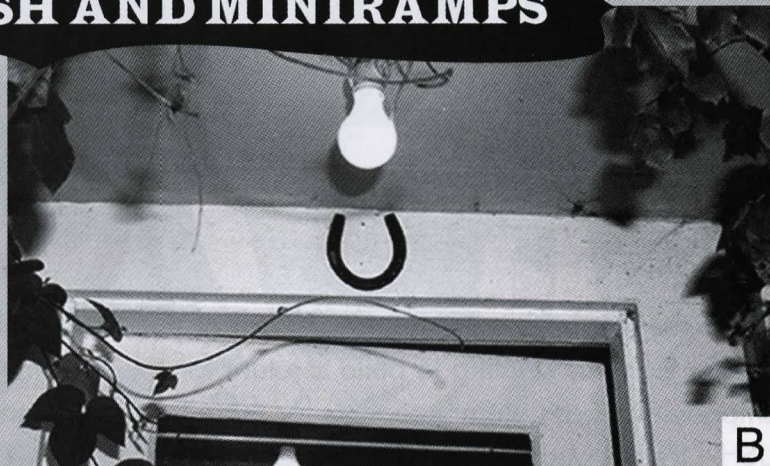
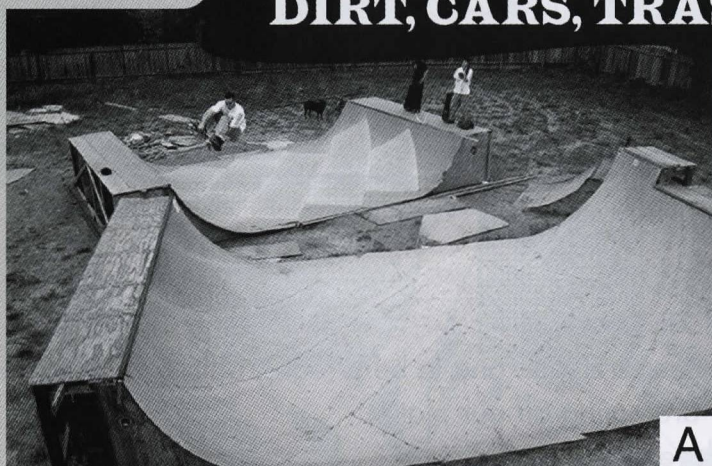
MYSTIC - The changes in graffiti are very interesting to say the least. Especially in the city that I'm from- Los Angeles. The styles, and more important the strategy, have really been taken to the next level and beyond. Pushing the limit.

I ♥ GRAFFITI WRITERS



OUR HOUSE

DIRT, CARS, TRASH AND MINIRAMPS



A. Overview, Adam gets busy with a frontside transfer B. Good Luck C. John Rockafellow driving the ladies crazy, backside tail. Get better John and we'll see you soon. Photo: Terry Roland D. Richard Mulder frontside rocks on the extension and if you look real close you might see Jai saying "Hi, kiddies". E. "Oh cool, yah, thanks for coming by, oh, and thanks for all the trash, we definitely needed some more trash, ya fucks." F. Ronaldo Whalebone low to high backside tail slider Photo: Terry Roland G. Tanner was throwing up huge alley-oops, see. Photo: Haybail



D



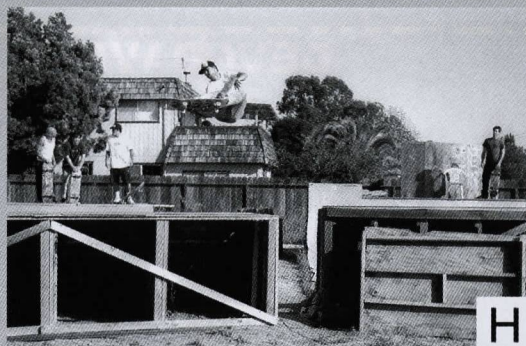
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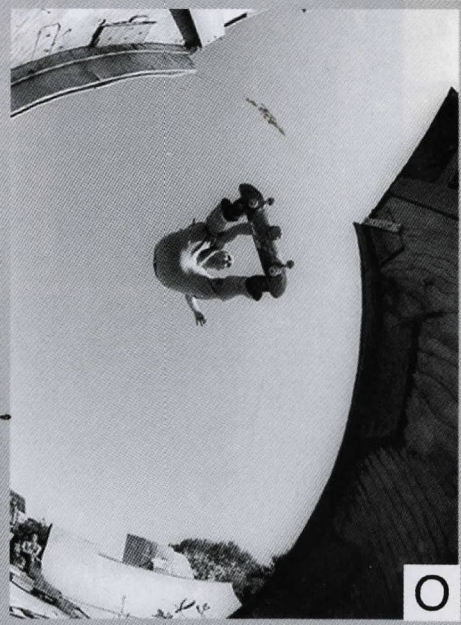
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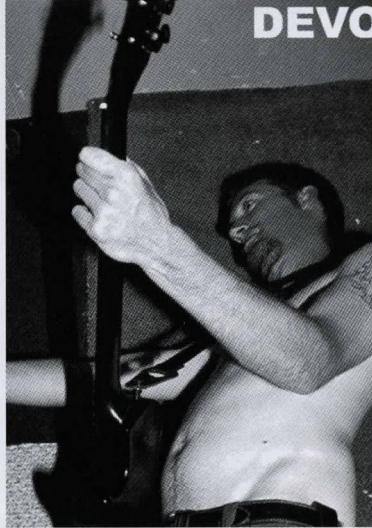
H. If you look at the second story of the apartments in the background you might see Casey Lindstrom doing huge liens, and then again you might not, Photo: Daboob I. Jai Tanju frontside-no copin'-pivot on the extension. J. Comere our cat, Rest In Peace, you are missed alot. K. Need some bullshit scrap wood, come by. L. Zach Richesen boned out frontside transfer. Photo: Haywire M. That's right straight up heat, bitches. N. Lowery, Attardo and Frazier rollin' bones, y'all. O. If there was a fish at our house, this is what he might see. Adam Morgan big ole frontsider. Photo: Hay

the STRANGE

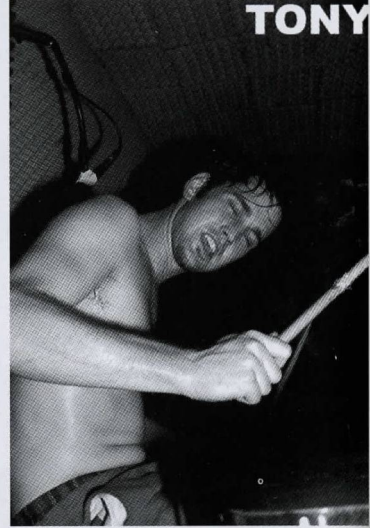
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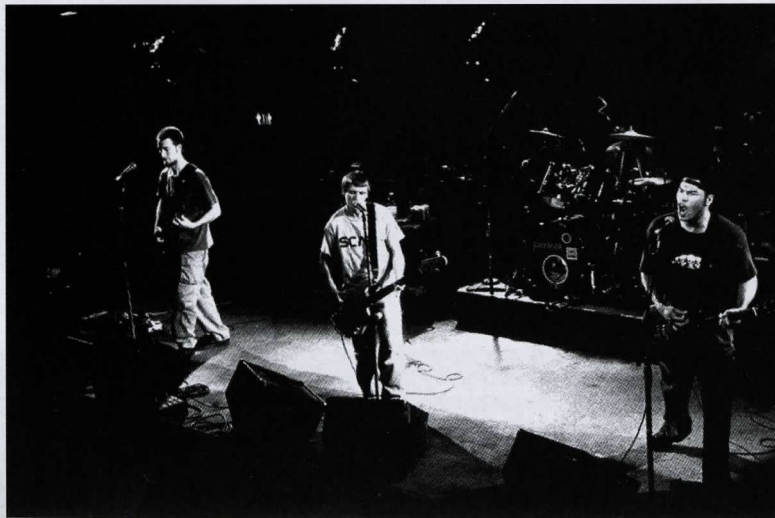


TONY



Fuck, I guess it's been probably 2 years or so that The Strange has been together. It doesn't feel like 2 years but maybe that's because they are always writing new songs and their sound never gets stale to me. I thank God that there are new bands like The Strange that aren't succumbing to the bullshit that rock'n'roll has become. If you don't know what I'm saying, then please put this magazine down and kill yourself, because you are part of the problem. I couldn't really define The Strange with a category, oh wait, yah I could, I would say they are "a trance-jungle-emo-rap-rock-boy band". I'm just kidding, oh lordy, The Strange is gonna kick my ass. Seriously though, I mean they have a metal song but I wouldn't say they are strictly a metal band. They have a punk song but they aren't a punk band. They have a new wave type of song but...you get my point. The Strange is Tony, the drummer/vocalist, Scott, the bassist/harmonica/vocalist, Devo, the guitarist/vocalist (he makes his geetar sound like evil church bells) and Dave, guitarist/vocalist (I'm convinced that Dave has some sort of demon inside of him). These guys are all super talented musicians and each song reflects the diversity that each member brings to the band. Bottom line, if they come to your town, you'd be some kind of asshole if you didn't check them out. - LC

I would also like to add a disclaimer that if this write-up sucks, it's because I'm half retarded and it shouldn't reflect the band in any way, shape, or form.



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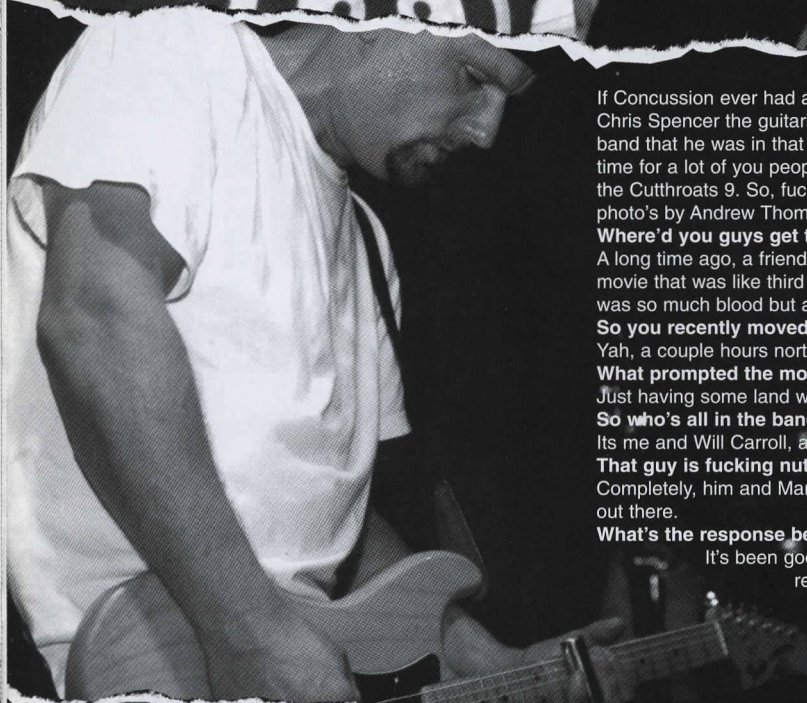
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CUTTHROATS



If Concussion ever had a soundtrack, the Cutthroats 9 would definitely be on it. We had a chance to talk with Chris Spencer the guitarist/vocalist for the Cutthroats. Some of you may remember Mr. Spencer from that other band that he was in that started with the letter "U". Well, there will be no talk of the "U" band in this article. It's time for a lot of you people to move on, it's not all about the "U" band. This is strictly about the blood bath that is the Cutthroats 9. So, fuckin' pull up your undies, kiddies, cause these guys will blow your head wide open. All photo's by Andrew Thompson.

Where'd you guys get the name Cutthroats 9?

A long time ago, a friend of mine in New York had all these crazy gore videos and stuff and I saw a copy of this movie that was like third generation, it was just so bloody sometimes the screen would just go red because there was so much blood but anyways that was what it was called. So, along time ago I wanted to name a band that.

So you recently moved out to the west coast?

Yah, a couple hours north of San Francisco.

What prompted the move?

Just having some land with my brother and a place to work, you know.

So who's all in the band?

Its me and Will Carroll, a friend of mine from San Francisco who was in a band called Old Grandad.

That guy is fucking nuts.

Completely, him and Mark Larami, a friend from New York, that played in a band called Missing Foundation from out there.

What's the response been so far?

It's been good, I mean, we've been touring a lot. We play live most every night. It's been all around real good.

When I saw you guys play at Kimo's it seemed like a lot of people didn't even know who you guys were, which sucked. Do you think you get a better reception on the east coast?

Actually, now on the road it seems like we are doing better than we were in San Francisco. We didn't even play in San Francisco when we first started, because we wanted to play a lot and a lot of clubs we're closing down in the city. So we just went on tour, just got in a van and took off.

Do you write most of the lyrics for Cutthroats?

Yah, pretty much, I mean, Will and Mark we write riffs together but as for lyrics and stuff, yah, it's me mostly.

Where do find the raw carnage for your lyrics?

Uh, I don't know.

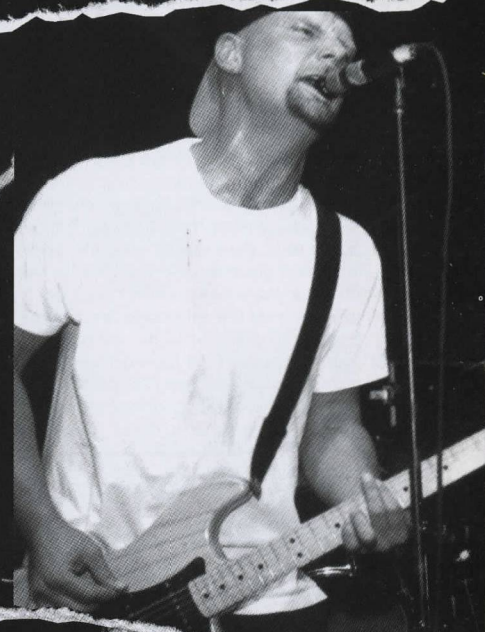
The song "You should be dead" thats on your new EP Anger Management, I heard that song is about some crazy shit that happened to you in Spain or something?

No, that was in Vienna, Austria, yah I was in a hospital bed and I was in ICU for a while.

THE
CUTTHROATS 9



OATS 9



Could you give the readers a little more detail about what happened.

I came out of this bar, apparently I talked to a doctor later who said I was mistaken for a Marine, wearin' a Yankees cap and fatigues, anyways I'm comin out of this bar as it's closing and some guy goes "Hey" and as I turned somebody came up from behind me hit on the back of the neck and part of my head and as I'm going down I see like 4 guys come out of the bushes and basically got kicked in the head and body for an extended period of time. I woke up in the hospital getting a cat scan and all this other shit happened. They cut me open took out part of my small intestine checked out all my internal organs, put them all back in and stapled me shut, gave me a big drainage tube and a tube that fed me pain killers. Pretty much, I sat in a bed for like 4 days, I couldn't move at all. I was just trying to get to a window to jump.

Now that you are on the west coast, are you having any trouble deciding "Am I Yankees fan or am I a Giants fan now? Yankees? Giants? Yankees? Giants?"

No I have no problem with that at all, I grew up in Rochester, New York. So, yah, I have no problem with that at all, I've loved that Yankees since I was a kid.

Do you see a huge difference between the scene in New York and the one in San Francisco?

Yah (laughing) you could say that. There's just a sort of difference in the rock that people make, you know. I mean in New York there's a billion bands, but the scene that I was involved in was real aggressive and noisy, but out here, there's been a lot of... stoner rock, out here.

Don't like the stoner rock huh?

No, I got nothing against stoners, there are some really great bands from San Francisco, like High on Fire or Drunk Horse. I can't put down anyone in that scene to tell you the truth, most of the bands I've seen have been pretty good, it just becomes overkill after awhile.

Your first release was on Man's Ruin Records, what's the plan now that they are out of business?

We just had an EP come out on Reptilian Records, that we were doing even while we were on Man's Ruin, that just came out a few weeks ago. I don't know, we're gonna look around a little.

Alright, Chris any other serious injuries you want to tell us about, I mean that's what we are all about.

One time I was in a car that rammed into a wall at 50 mph and the engine blew up in my face, I broke the steering wheel with a bone in my eye, you know that bone that's on the side of your eye.

Yah, Yah (I'm all giddy) Did that render you unconscious?

Oh yah.

Would you say you had a.....Concussion?

Oh yah. My pupils were huge, you know moon eyes and blood soaked through my underwear.

Nice, What's next for the Cutthroats?

Well, we are gonna go back on tour in week and a half, and after that we are just gonna sit around and write a bunch of new songs and tour like hell after that.

Thanks Chris.

No, problem.



THE CUTTHROATS

THE CUTTHROATS

VIDEO REVIEWS

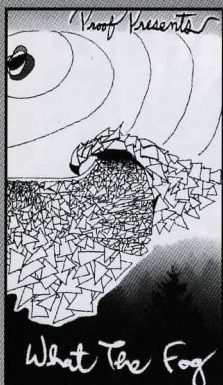
1984 Clothing
Let It Bleed

What is a clothing company, really? A logo, a marketing slogan, an image? How do you get people to buy your clothes, with a witty catch-phrase or big budget marketing campaigns? Sometimes perhaps, but when it comes to skateboarding clothing companies, the best way to sell your clothes is have a good team and an excellent video. This is how Volcom did it, and it worked for them. 1984 takes the same basic premise, but they upped it a notch because they pretty much have one of the best teams in skateboarding.



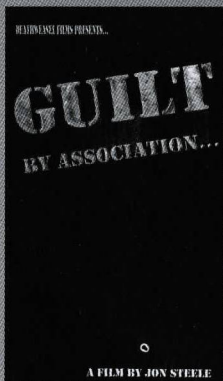
Featuring top-notch scumbags such as Neil Heddings, Sam Hitz, Chet Childress, Jason Adams, Crazy Eddie, John Ponto, Tony Trujillo, Chris Swanson, and a slam-taking Tony Loco, Let It Bleed is full of gnarly rippers skating gnarly spots. At least 75% of this video is footage from their summer 2001 Oregon road trip, which was super rad. They skated all of the same parks we hit, but those dudes can skate them a hell of a lot better. However, I was stoked to see footage of someone doing the frontside to backside 50-50 transfer over the spine and around the corner at Aumsville though, which is actually one trick I can do there. John Ponto has some rad street footage, as did a handful of other So Cal street dudes who I did not really know, but do now. While Tony Trujillo did not have a ton of footage, his stuff is definitely not scraps from the Anti-Hero archives, and he continues to rip harder and harder, that little punk.

This video also has a fair amount of backyard pool footage, as well as some good lines from Sam Hitz at the Butter Bowl and elsewhere. If I had one complaint about this video it would be that there is a little too much footage from Vans parks, but at least the footage they included was really good. Let It Bleed is like an Anti-Hero video without the Anti-Hero team. It's about road trips, gnarly cement parks, drunken scumbag lurkers, and getting raw. Plenty of slams and a good soundtrack to boot, this is easily the best video I have seen since Fruit of the Vine. - dk



What the Fog
Proof Productions

"What the fuck" comes to mind upon viewing this video. A surf, skate, snow experience produced by Proof, featuring hardcore, homegrown talent out of the Marin area. The soundtrack is even 50% original local stuff. This video captures some of the best surf going on North of Santa Cruz through Marin. These gus are getting sick tubes at OB on some macking days. The surfing is as good as the conditions permit, which is pretty foggin' gnarly. Mix in some ripping skating, snowboarding and random funny shit and you get an idea of What the Fog is all about. - Jeff Ault



Guilty by Association...
Death Weasel Films

Burning bleeding skulls, evil death metal, garage ramps, cement parks and tubing Pipeline give you the feeling right from the start that this video is pretty hardcore. The video is a compilation of trips Jon Steele and friends have gone on. The skate coverage includes cement and wood parks all across Oregon, and California and across other parts of the country, a few backyard pools, a few too many street courses and demos across the country and skating at the Death Weasel Compound: a small make shift garage ramp with a wobbly 7 foot extension. Frankie Hill has the biggest section on the video, and the footage is decent, but a little boring. There are also sections with Tony Trujillo skating cement parks and punking out on some rails and stairs, Frank Atwater killing some pools, and every little boys' favorite skater, Tony Hawk skating, vert and Ventura's Skate Street.

The surf footage covers heavy Pipe, small Fiji, the pros trying tricks in shitty mushy Santa Cruz footage, and a few good waves in Australia and Mexico. There's a ton of random footage with snowboarding & moto-x, a ton of good slams, a few too many obnoxious drunk fools, fun fireworks, and stoney stop motion filming of driving around the city and stoney animals. Overall, I would have liked to see less demos, crappy street courses, and small waves, but Guilt by Association is definitely amusing and worth a watch. I will be stoked to see the next release from Death Weasel. - JH (Check out www.deathweaselselfilms.com if you want)

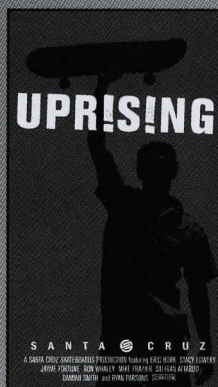


Transworld
Sight Unseen

I used to really like Transworld back in the day. Grant Brittain and Miki Vukovich's photos were amazing, the magazine had a cool artsy vibe, and they printed on better paper than Thrasher. Something sure happened to those guys in the nineties though, and now Transworld is an ad catalog the size of Vogue or Elle with a readability somewhere near that of Cosmopolitan. At least the trick tips in Cosmo are useful, if you know what I mean.

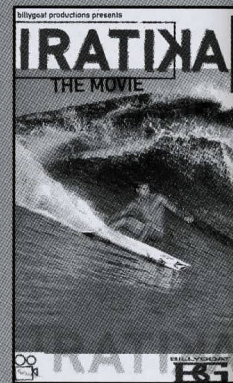
I'd never seen one of their videos and wasn't expecting much, so this was a pleasant surprise, especially John Cardiel's section. I don't know what else to say about his part other than that it looks to me like what skating ought to look like. The lines at Ripon are amazing, and he mixes it up with some street skating that puts most street-only pros to shame. Not a plastic picnic bench in sight in this section. Four skulls, two thumbs, and a horned hand up for this part. Lance Mountain has some good footage from the Pink Motel, the vert stuff isn't bad, and Heath Kirchart takes a hilarious and heavy pounding to get his rail tricks in. Decent soundtrack, nice abstract interludes.

I do have two beefs with this video: it recycles stuff that was in the mag months ago, and there's just too many damn rail tricks. So much of what's here just looks like a newer version of barrel jumping, jump ramps, or street plants. One trick and you're out, roll away slow and go to the back of the line to try it again. And the thing is, I don't think most of this is the skater's fault. These guys are going for it in a big way and doing a lot of crazy, balls-out stuff, but for some reason the corporate mags and the shoe companies just give you the rails, month in and month out. You know the other dudes in this video can kill a park or a pool, why not show it? There's hints in the video that the rail jocks herein can do a little more, but we don't get much. A line or two at a park between a generator-lit rail stunt. I don't know, this video was shot really well and looks great, but it just seems a little limp most of the time. If you liked the Es video, you'll probably like this one, otherwise download the Cardiel part off Morpheus and spend the cash you just saved on a subscription to Concussion, punk. - Mickey



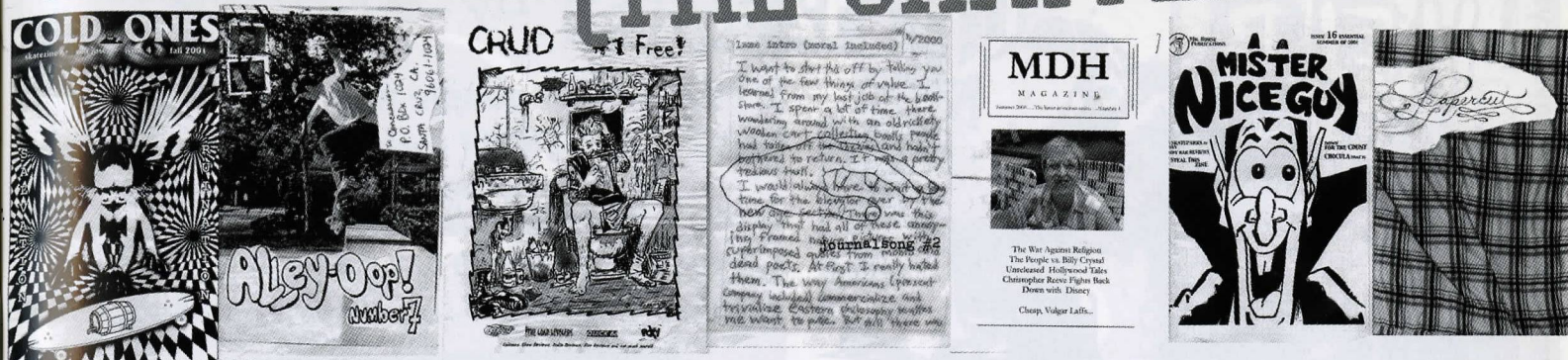
Uprising
Santa Cruz Skateboards

This is the newest, well, not so new video from Santa Cruz Skateboards. This is the first release since their last video "Pack Media" which came out in '96, damn so that's like 5 years or something since the last video. Well, the team has changed quite a bit since then (except Ron Whaley who will never leave) but this video is pretty good. My friend Eric made it and he was pretty insistent that either I review this video or he would break my legs. Well, over the course of last couple of days I've realized I like my legs, so here's the review. This is a real good video, the skating is above average and the editing is exceptional (there you go Eric). Highlights include Mike Frazier's vert annihilation, Stacy Lowery's mad pop and as always Ron Whaley, just being Ron, killing it. This video is good so get it. - LC



Iratika is the latest installment from reliable video source Billygoat Productions. The Australian slaughter sessions start off with all the veterans killing it at Bells. Slates seems to be going twice as fast as anyone else as usual. Finally we can see footage of the super heavy right barrel VD Land that was in the mags recently. The footage is unbelievable, just not long enough to quench my thirst. My favorite segment is at the Box. All the dudes pulling off sick backdoor barrels but then Koby Abberton gets shot out and busts a lofty alley-oop over the shoulder section. The video continues with nice Kirra, Indo, and Tahiti segments. Mingled in with all the hot surfing is what I thought to be too much filler. I guess maybe if I paid more attention to the chick being interviewed, I might have learned what Iratika means. It is a cool change to have a video of all travel destinations outside the US. Get your tickets to Oz and watch Iratika because your friends probably already have. - Lars

ZINES TAKE (THE CRAPPER TEST)



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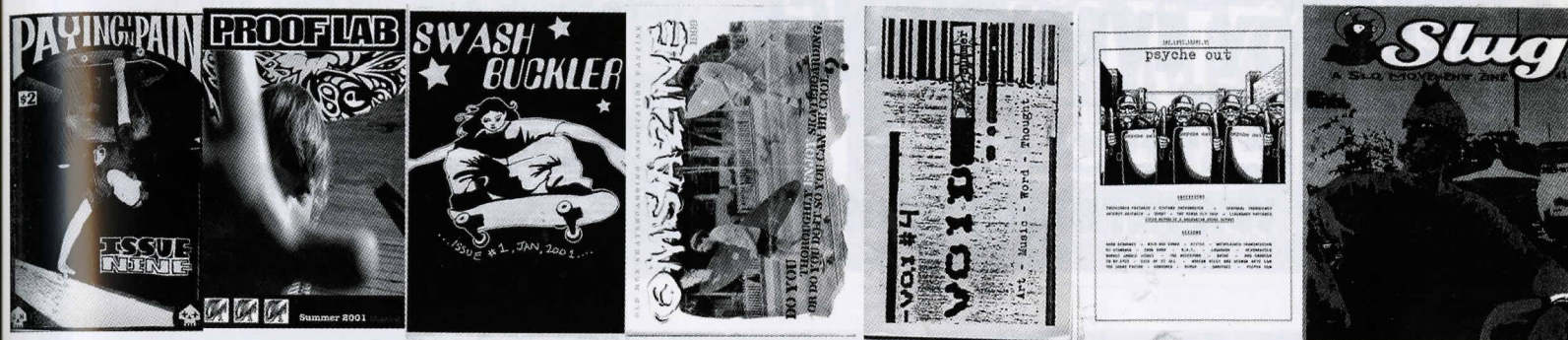
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Because toilet humour never gets old.

1. Cold Ones - Issue 4

What a delight it was to take crap while reading the new Cold Ones from San Jose. This zine is on the small side though and could be read quickly, so, it's goes best with a speedy poo. Highlights included Crib Ramp Party article and the very informational expose on rollerblader persecution throughout history by lil' chubbs. This issue threatens to be the last but lord, I hope not. Get yer own.... somewhere. 4 turds out of 5

2. Alley Oop - Issue 7

This zine is from Florida, it's got a lot of skating and some music stuff. You could potentially be on the pot for along time with this magazine. It's got lots of pictures and if you like readin' there was a great story by Yuji Oniki about all types of interesting stuff. Wipe, Stand, Flush and write: 234 Bush ct. Green Cove Springs, FL 32043 Four outta five turds

3. Crud - Issue 1

To be quite honest this zine did not make for a pleasant defecation. It had nothing to do with the content of the magazine, it was just well, Jonathan's cat (Ozlan) peed all over the thing. So here I am trying to, you know, relax, and all I can smell is cat pee. It does have a great bathroom drawing for the cover, go get it, cat pee free. Crud: PO Box 4314 Seattle, Wa 98104-0134 Three out of five turds.

4. Journal Song - Issue 2

OK, it there are those of you out there who like reading while making brownies, Journal Song is for you. 'Steve' makes it, it's really well put together, I feel bad for even mentioning poo in this review, it's far too classy for that. That's it, I'm not gonna mention poo anymore. I swear.

Find it...read it, 5272 NE 8th Portland, Or 97211 Four outta five turds...aw shit.

5. MDH - Issue 1

Lord help me, I got to laughing so hard, I got snot coming outta my face and I'm crapping, this is crazy. MDH is short for Matthew D Hifferth, who I guess is the smart-ass that spawned this pure piece of genius. I believe that all intelligent humans should have a little Matthew D. Hifferth in there bathroom, it makes going to the jon a freaking treat. Jump on soldiers. Contact: mdhmag@bigfoot.com Five for five turds, perfect score, bonus poo

6. Mister Nice Guy - Issue 16

Gotta drop the kids off at the pool? Take Mr. Nice Guy, he's a hoot and a half. This is a really good magazine from Oaktown. Good skating, Count Chocula and candy bar reviews. There was a lot of articles about chocolate, which is pretty much like feces. Except for the taste. You gotta get dis y'all. 461 43rd st. Oakland, Ca. 94609 Five out of five turds, you aced the crapper. Well done.

7. Paper cut - Issue 3

This is an art zine by a kid named "Jason" out of Philly. Art zines are perfect for laying cable cause different types of pictures make you feel different ways, it makes for an interesting time. Unfortunately, I was plagued with the dreaded, wild violent shits while I was reading this magazine, so, it was a roller coaster to say the least. It was good, get yer shit together, get it, 904 S. Denen st. Philadelphia, Pa 19147 Four out of five turds

8. Paying in Pain - Issue 9

Concussion Magazine honors Paying in Pain with the prestigious "King of the Crapper award".

This magazine is a solid 4 or 5 shits before you even finish the whole thing. Lots of Skating... what am I saying? All skating, even the stories are about skating. Street shit, pool shit, park shit, this magazine is what it's all about. I like this magazine so much, I want to sport a Paying in Pain t-shirt. If you guys read this, you wanna trade some stuff? Go get it, PO Box 4128 Visalia, Ca 93278 Five outta five turds and the title as "King of the Crapper"

9. Proof Lab - Summer 2001

This is not a zine it's a "mag-a-log". That's a magazine and a catalog in one. Now, that we got that straight, This is a tiny magalog, I couldn't even get through a whole crap with the thing, but there was good skating, snowboarding and surfing. You should get this just to have more zines by the pot. Contact. zeech26@hotmail.com Three out of Five turds

10. Swashbuckler - Issues One-Three

This is a girl skate zine from the East Bay. I felt really relaxed while reading this zine and snappin' a dokie. I couldn't pin point why, maybe it was the way the sun shown through the bathroom window, I don't know. It's pretty obvious to me that these girls hate Rob Dyrdek. I guess he's some sort of woman-hating pig. Anyways these girls have their shit together. Get one where you can find one. Four out of Five turds

11. Omsazine- 1999

I guess this magazine is old but fuck it, the porcelain god calls. This magazine is from Germany, it pays homage to skateboardings olden days. Lots of vintage photos and boasts an extensive amazing team lists (Tony Alva, Eric Dessen and Assie Liedke) This great magazine for the "vintage shit" -that's when you haven't shit

in like three days and when you do it's like aged and stuff. Go get one, Omsazine Platanenstr. 15 40233 Dusseldorf, Germany. Four out of five turds

12. Void - Issue 4

This a super artsy zine from Maine. It has poems and stuff. Why Concussion is reviewing it? I don't know. Here I am dropping bombs and reading poems, this probably the weirdest thing I've ever done. It's not all poems though, there's also a lot of anti-authority type sentiment too. It's good, but poop and poems don't mix. PO Box 21 Milford, Maine 04461 Three out of five turds

13. Psyche Out - The last issue

This zine is from Italy, it's strictly a music zine. It's all in english, so, no sweat trying to read italian. There's all kinds of interesting music interviews, also Czech and Hungarian scene reports. One time I was in Italy at some campsite and I had to do a number 2. I go to the bathroom and what do I find? A shower type stall, a whole in the ground and some foot holsters. What the fuck is that? Anyways, get this magazine. Psyche Out. Petrone, via Gallesi 20/32 16163 San Quirico, Genova Italy Three out of five turds

14. Slug - Issue 1

This magazine is by "Vas" straight outta San Luis Obispo. There's lots of skating and art by Orr Menard. Orr's art has graced the pages of Concussion before, as well as Thrasher. As far as the whole crapper test, man, I'm fucking over it, this is the 14th review I've done. Shit this and poo that, thats no way for a man to live. Enough whining out of me. This is a cool zine, get yourself a copy, write. 2741 McMillan Ave #A2 San Luis Obispo, CA 93401 Four out of five turds



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"boring and un inventive."
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"you would have to pay me to even listen to this You guys suck!"
— Skimbo Jack - dgq

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— CRH

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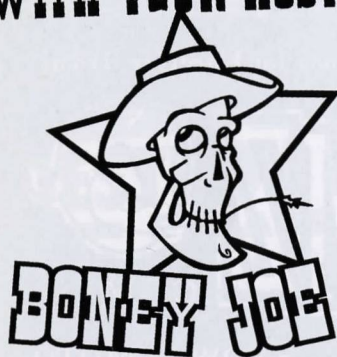


!! WARNING THIS PAGE IS NOT FOR WUSSIES !!



HOW TO SLAUGHTER SHEEP

WITH YOUR HOST



BONEY JOE



STEP ONE-
First thing y'all out to know is sheep are the devil's messengers. Most folk think "ah, how cute that sheep is" well, thats until they eat yer baby or even worse, eat you. So, step one is find a sheep, one thats good and evil.



STEP TWO-
Once, you find one of these little bastards he won't be happy. He'll probably be spittin' fire or telling you that he is not a sheep at all. Don't believe him. The sheep will lie to save himself. Step two is give that piece of shit the "vulcan death grip"

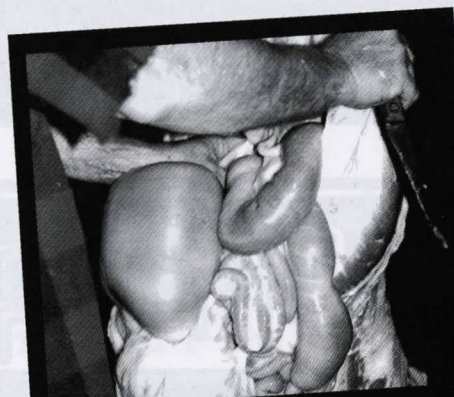
All photos by Holly Anderson



STEP THREE-
Yeehaa, next thing y'all want to do is drain all the pure evil out of him. So hang'em upside down and squeeze'em. Evil sheep juice is also a great hand moisturizer.



STEP FOUR-
For your own safety, step four is muy importante. Make sure you scrap off the sheep's face. This way the police won't be able to trace the sheep back to you. Cops and sheep are like me and my sister, always getting drunk and screwin'.



STEP FIVE-
Next you wanna skin that freakin' baby killin' sheep and take out his guts. Be real thorough when you do this cuz you might find good stuff in there like rings and/or malt liquor. Boney Joe loves his malt liquor.



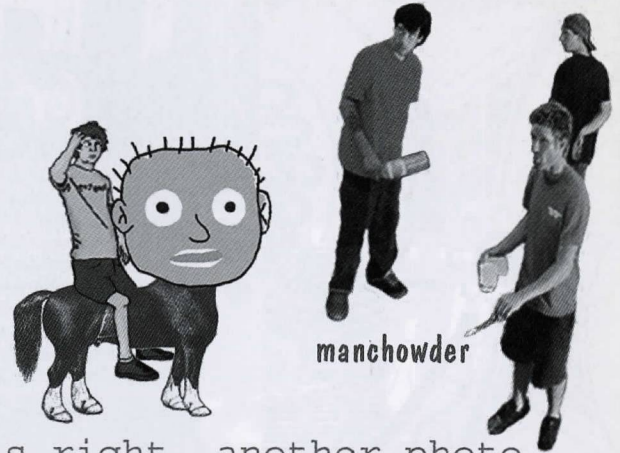
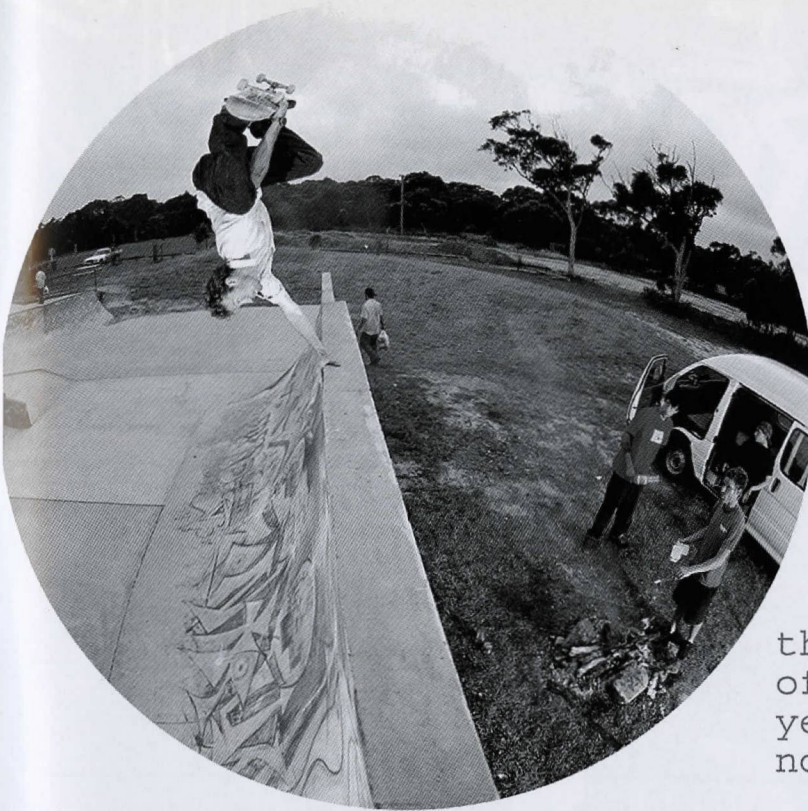
STEP SIX-
This step is optional but is alot of fun. Step six, is to bring over a friend or girlfriend and just to brag, like, "yeah baby, I killed this thing with my bare hands, wanna get drunk and screw."



STEP SEVEN-
The last and final step is to take the fruits of yer labor i.e. the guts and give them out as tokens of love. Everybody loves sheep guts. Except for cops on accounts of them screwin' an all.



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that's right, another photo
of me. invert in oz almost a
year ago, six in the morning,
no sleep with jake reminding
me i suck, fuck it.

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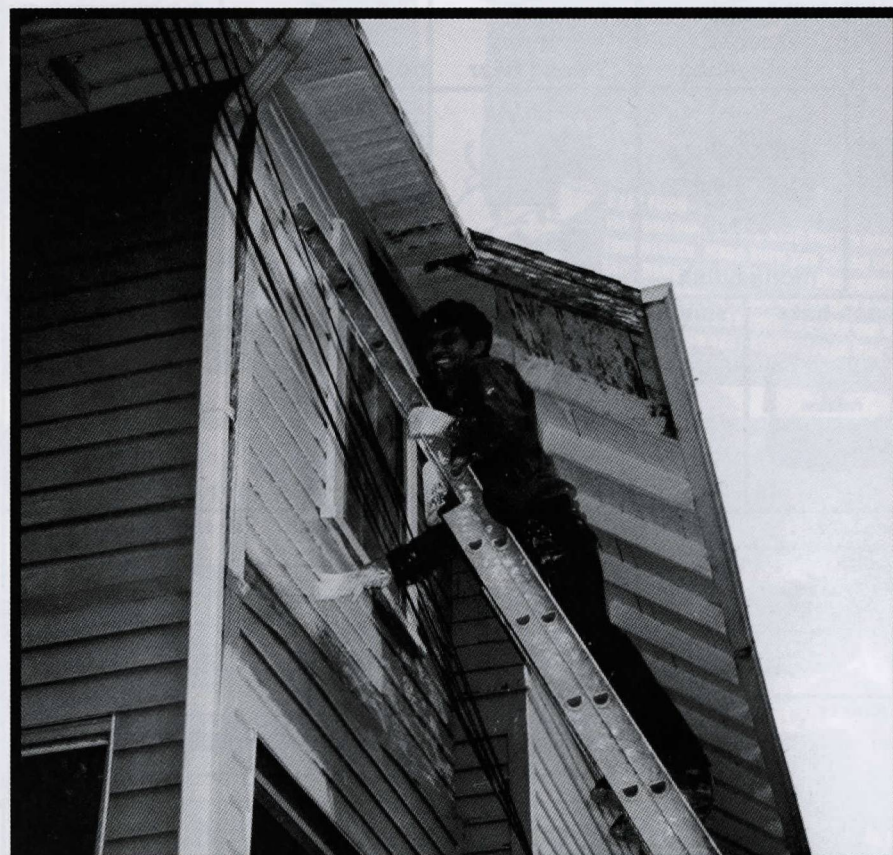
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THE THRONES

(or the throne)

clifford came by my house and said there was this show up on mission st. he said "dude, it's the thrones." i said "who?" he said "dude, the thrones! they are rad". who am i to argue with clifford, he's a spaceboy. so, i get it together and go to this random house on mission st., completely oblivious to what i would find there. the thrones? i'm outside, being hip and setting trends when someone said that the music was starting. i go in the house and there's only one guy with a guitar, like 20 fucking pedals and a drum machine i guess. mmm, okay. i felt like maybe everyone was playing a big joke on me, where was everybody else in the band. but that was it, that was the thrones. this guy rocked my ass off. i couldn't hear for like two days afterwards. scott said he used to be in the melvins. he played the guitar with his neck. - lc



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What: Stereolab

Where: Detroit Bar, Costa Mesa

When: October 19, 2001

Costa Mesa? Why in the hell would they kick off a US tour in Orange County? Costa Misery of all places? It baffled me too but upon further inspection of the venue, all in attendance were pleasantly surprised at the chic swanky styling of the Detroit Bar. Having seen Stereolab play many times before in much bigger venues, this was a special opportunity. There were only about 250 people there and the sound was much tighter in the smaller, more intimate club setting. The band was in their usual stoic form but just as entertaining as I remember. Highlights included some personal favorites off of their Mars Audiac Quintet (1994) album. If you don't own this CD, you should go out and buy it. There were a few new songs that I didn't know of and they were equally as impressive. If you can put up with the college Indy radio wannabe hipster art crowd, you should definitely go check out their current tour.

- Jason Murray



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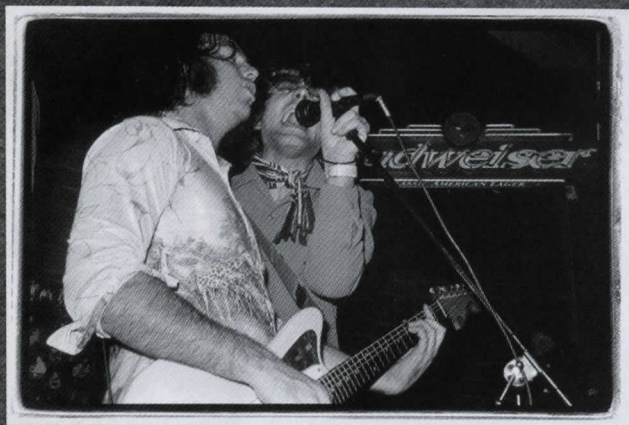
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COMETS ON FIRE

photographs Brooke Lober
text Graham McGrew.



Comets On Fire isn't just dirtier than Raw Power, louder than Sister Ray; it's more generous in its layers; your listen shuttles, like the blue xania which turns its face to two suns, between detail and landscape. Go down in the tide of mud, through the guitar tone a Flaming Lips quaver, clouds tendriling in the brushed light of an autumn sky, buzzles in erratic flight, though sheets of noise the guitar draws trees of lightning. Leaves humming like Japanese psychedelia around the monoliths of the riff which hurtle from a green sky, to slam home in their foundations. Past the oak spitting syllables that bend as they pass through the mist of the falls. Take in your hands six white glowing veins which diverge at the horizon, boulders tumbling end over end.

A fishscale glint in the murk of the mix, like the light you can steer by within the frost of Ethan's tubes: It's the Echoplex. Generating its own noise and selectively processing Ethan's vocals, on each track the Echoplex thickens texture; on the spare and filthy Rimbaud Blues, the instrument opens a sonic vista for its solo.

A drunk chainsaw, is how the guitar on Ghost Of The Cosmos grinds.

Ethan might like that; the poster he's got at eye level when you walk in is Texas Chainsaw Massacre. (Leatherface is silhouetted above a lens flare bigger than he is. (One of those hexagons of light from shooting into the sun without a matte box — flying the freak flag of 70s amateur filmmaking.) (Amateur: one who acts out of love.)

Or he might drawl from between the muttonchops, from behind the shades (it's 1:30 a.m., in a bar; the darkest dark), his face screwed up in the grin/scowl, "Fuck you McGrew." He's trailing his hair into his gin and tonic. The grease floats on top.

Or you might ask him how he plays this one part and he laughs and says "I could show you, it's pretty simple. You're sposed to be able to play that shit without a whammy bar, you're all technique and shit, but I never learned to play in the proper fashion, I just learned some tricks. I'm fakin it." Smoke curls from his hand, his mouth. It's blue where it cuts through a shaft of sun. "What we need now is not virtuosity. What we need now is creativity and imagination." (At their first show, during last year's Big Bang, the show at the Saturn — possibly in response to the girl who complained "You're too loud!" (they were fucking loud), he said "It doesn't take imagination to play this music, just to listen to it." Then he started screaming WE CAME TO KILL YOU WE CAME TO KILL YOU)

His fake job on Days of Vapors makes you weep, if you care for that kind of thing. The rest of the record makes you want to fuck shit up.

The drums were recorded with two mikes, one through a distortion pedal, partly that's why Chris G. sounds like a Neanderthal beating on the walls of a paper cave.

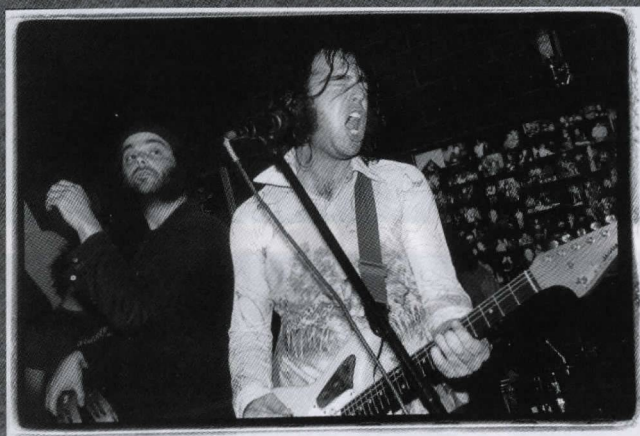
This is the royal road, Ben's bass paving with the celebration of the hunt drums, black with Ethan's solar leads.

The stories are true, there's only one guitar track. It's just so hot copies of Kick Out The Jams left by the speakers warp.

If there's ever a clearing in Ethan's rhythm/lead attack the bass is instantaneously yet without haste present — leopard elegant — to yoke those rhythm guitar-like slabs to the vertebrae of the drums, as the lead peels the sky away.

The songs gestated from riffs Ethan and Ben wrote on guitar and bass, which helps decrypt the bass' dual function as rhythm guitar. The bass is also through a distortion pedal, which Ben thinks might be why there's both low and high tones — intensifying the rhythm guitar "illusion." Check out the coda of Ghost Of The Cosmos, which, if you're stoned, or hearing it for the first time, or both, might make you exclaim "AC/DC!", but, upon further study, is similar only in the soaring in your chest when you listen, and is in fact that thing of faded hue at the tapestry's fringed edge, spoken of by the old ones: original rock n roll. It doesn't sound like something, it is something. ("It gives you that classic rock feeling, but it's different because it's so distorted and fucked up." — Brooke Lober.)

One night Ethan and Noel get into a frank debate, does Here Come The Warm Jets stand alone or do you need Taking Tiger Mountain to seal the trip? Elders who forget the savor of locusts, like me (what about Another Green World?) and Oliver, who instigated the ruckus by putting on Discreet Music, were as mimes,



floating hands against the glass of their Bushmill's and Bud-fueled bathyscape. bathyscape. bathyscape. bathyscape.

I asked Oliver if the Comets On Fire songs had melodies.

"Probably, if we could hear em." Later under pressure he amended his answer: "They do in Ethan's head."

"It was just a project. Me and Ben were digging the Japanese blown out stuff and we thought we'd make a tape for High Rise. Chris was sitting in. We just had some riffs. I wrote some choruses for the riffs we had, just so we'd have something to record . . . We wrote the songs right there." Ethan wrote the lyrics later. Those two sessions — guitar, bass, drums; vocals, Echoplex — are the album, recorded to 4-track at the practice space in two days. "Sweaty, leaning against the wall, Ethan says "When we recorded the vocals I was singing the lyrics for the first time." He's hard to read behind the aviators. "I don't know if we could get back to that."

Comets On Fire have just played the first show of their second tour, with Drunk Horse at San Francisco's cred heavy post office box of a venue Bottom Of The Hill. I missed their set.

"The first day of a tour is not the best. It's always kind of a name place where you'd like to impress people. You always wish it would happen on like the fourth day. I couldn't get into my trance. I couldn't get here — or I was here, I couldn't get to somewhere else. By the third show it's pretty bad ass. By the fourth show you feel like there's never been anything else. Like you could never forget it if you fell asleep for a thousand years."

He mentions the audience just stood there.

"If they're quiet," I tell him, "that doesn't mean they're not into it."

"Right, I learned that last tour."

"They're in a trance."

The artist enters a trance to lead us into a trance. In ancient times we tore apart a beast and devoured it. A man.

Tim heads over and Ethan gives some direction for the Black Woman-inspired intro with horns for next week's show at Kimo's: "Listen to Sonny Sharrock, key of A. Listen to the rhythm and listen to the fucking . . . ethereal beauty."

"The next day instead of a hangover you've got some . . . residual beauty." Noel after the show at Al's Bar in L.A. (oldest continually operating punk rock venue on the West Coast). There was time for one question as I walked him to the van (past some Mad Max black leather nomad dude with ZZ Top mustache, hat and beard, intoning like a carnival barker "Good night everybody. We'll see you in 1974").

"What do you wanna know?"

"[exhales] How do you feel when you play the Echoplex?"

"[in the same cadences as Iggy Pop's rhapsodic invocation of punk on an early 70s Dick Cavett show] Uh, the Echoplex is a, is a complete — is a completely confusing mindfuck that reacts upon me and everything that I give it and uh . . . it's not something that I control as much as it controls me, and no one — no one knows — especially, well — no one knows anyway what's going to happen with it, but even myself the controller of the Echoplex has no prediction or no, no . . . no perception of



what will happen each and every night especially club to club and especially you know, you know, PA to PA, it's just kind of a . . . it's just kind of a crapshoot every night, and sometimes we sound like a rock band and sometimes we sound like a fucking earbleeding, wanna destroy you kind of you know something offensive kinda band and — I think that's great, like it happens here and there and uh . . . tonight I wanted to make people's ears bleed; last night . . . I did too I guess actually come to think of it but uh, not always you know it's . . . I — it's — it's kind of I've, I've kind've got the main knob on the whole band like laid out right before me of like how . . . how offensive and aggressive and absolutely psychotic I want the whole thing to sound and I usually keep it kind of tame but sometimes I don't know any better . . .

It wasn't until one night at the Jury Room, Drunk Horse and the Cranky Mountain Men were on the bill, the poster had the Mau Mau uprising silhouetted black and red, that Comets on Fire's wall of noise, big-as-bison mosquitobuzzing, impossible, as the atom once was, to split into its constituent parts . . . Buddha said each and every thing is of a composite nature, but he may have kept from his disciples knowledge of the Comets, the esoteric teachings . . . — abruptly resolved, like somebody spun the dial on the radio, into a band, Chris swinging the huge beat, laying down an atavistic, furious groove the blood knew; a circle round the one whose feet speak with ground, whose face ocher painted whose eyes round whose dance quicks as in his body he is no longer alone.

Oliver's edict: "Greatest rock and roll band since" — here the mind does donuts in the the parking lot of history. How far back is he gonna take this rhetorical trope? Since the Clash? The Stones? — "the telegraph."

Compared to the live show, where you sometimes have to contend with two saxophones blearing like inside out sheep, the album's vocals are cast of glass. Except for ' . . . tall black skinny girl' and 'we came to kill you we came to kill you' you're still as indecipherable as the handwriting on the lyric sheet. Like Lennon said of Dylan, you don't need to hear what he's saying, just the sneer in his voice. What you hear in this one is your watch; it comes, like blues voices, out of the earth.

The full text of this article and more photographs by Brooke Lober can be found at kingturtle.com

Read Comets on Fire news at: Hogtied@aol.com. To buy limited edition LP (which has a silk screened cover) write to: Comets on Fire, 819 Riverside Ave, Santa Cruz, CA 95060 or buy online @ www.eclipse-records.com

* A first set of instrumental takes was thrown out when Ethan and Ben got new guitars and amps. Only Rimbaud Blues, which closes side one and might be "the nastiest, rawest rock song ever" that McCartney summoned with Helter Skelter, adds vocals and Echoplex to the original take, an apotheosis.



RECORD REVIEWS

Angelic Upstarts
Live From the Justice League
TKO Records

I'd never heard of the Angelic Upstarts (they're from England) but I guess they've been around a long time cuz these guys look pretty old. TKO has released a series of live disks, and this is one of them. The recording is excellent and this band is pretty goddamn good too. Old school British punk, I'll bet Sick Boy would love this shit, as would Mike Beer City and a bunch of other dudes. TKO has been one of the only labels lately to consistently kick out (and send us) releases that don't suck, and I'm happy to say that the Angelic Upstarts live continues that tradition. I'm also glad to say that every TKO release I've seen has good liner notes and cover layouts, as you can indeed judge a CD by its cover. Keep it up, guys. - DK

Bombs Away
Self/Titled 12"



How appropriate is the name and lyrics of Bombs Away, a band formed in Portland, OR over a year ago. The inside lyric sheet even has an ironic image of a US war plane bombing

Coca Cola bottles, just like the Americans dropping food and bombs in Afghanistan. Oh wait, now everyone's patriotic and this sort of anti-American crap won't fly. You're not for bombing innocent people, then you're an enemy of the USA, a terrorist, and maybe you could be arrested. How long before Bush makes this sort of music illegal; Fahrenheit 451-big brother-secret police type stuff. I fear the worst. Bombs Away destroy the place with lightning fast hardcore with metal and punk roots and political anti-war and anti-government take over lyrics. The music is powerful and rocking, and the singing and drums get your feet stomping the ground and ready to revolt in no time. Solid drums fills, guitar solos and intelligent lyrics separate these guys from the rest. Some of the more timely lyrics include: "The ants on the ground have nowhere to hide, you're an angel of death with god and technology on your side," and "Beneath the glaze of patriots eyes, a choice to serve, a forfeit life, systems trade in souls and blood, donated by fools, raise your arms to the heavens, your dreams have turned to dust." Each album cover is hand screened on a different old LP cover. Mine was on a Hungarian Fantasia Piano Concerto No. 1. - JH

Buffalo Automatic
Head Detonator
Lo-Fi Records

100% cranium-crushing, sample-delic, garage dub techno punk. I wish I could take credit for that description but I can't, because it's printed across the bottom of this CD. My biggest complaint about Automatic Head Detonator is that I want MORE, MORE, MORE. First off, I want MORE info about these guys. Lo-Fi Records is truly Lo-Fi with no contact info, no lyrics sheet and no band info. I am surprised the disk wasn't a CDR burned on somebody's computer. I also want MORE tracks, because four songs was just not enough! MORE fuzzed out guitar riffs. MORE

crazy samples. MORE audio loops and MORE vocal effects. The one element not missing is musical skills and originality. Track 3 (M.F.) is brilliant! I would tell you to go buy this CD if I had any idea where you could find it. Please send us MORE of your stuff as soon as you release a full length CD. - EB

Butthole Surfers
Weird Revolution
Hollywood Records

First off, I'm pissed! I found out that there are 2 releases of this album, one contains explicit lyrics and one does not. Since my CD doesn't have the notorious advisory sticker on the front, I can only assume I've purchased the PG-13 version. I think the 'clean' versions of CDs need a sticker with a warning something like, "Wouldn't you prefer to buy the uncensored version of this CD?"

The 'interactive' aspect of this album was another let down. I was expecting some sort of game or video feature to be included ON the disc, but putting the disc into your computer only provides a direct link to the www.weirdrevolution.com website. The site itself is worth a visit, but to claim the CD is interactive is a stretch.

With a much mellower and radio worthy sound than many of their previous releases, 'Weird Revolution' is not my favorite Butthole Surfers album. However with that being said, let me also reassure you that this album still kicks ass when compared to many other bands. As always Gibby Haynes spews out his poetically demented lyrics, which are reason enough to buy this CD. The opening track made me think of Zappa's Thing-Fish, and for a moment I hoped that Weird Revolution was a rock opera. However the second track seemed somewhat familiar with hypnotic and monotone lyrics reminiscent of the song 'Pepper' from 'Electric Larryland'. 'Dracula from Houston' assured me that a rock opera was not what the Butthole Surfers had in mind for this album. In fact I'm guessing this track will see quite a bit of radio play, much like the song 'They Came In' off of the Mission Impossible 2 soundtrack (which is also the last track on this album). - EB

Canyon Creep
Hijack the World
Self-Produced

If Man's Ruin were still around (RIP), I'd bet these guys would be on their label. Canyon Creep sounds like a good premise, as I would always rather listen to generator/stoner rock than shitty pop-punk any day. Unfortunately, this is rather generic stoner rock and not very interesting. I listened to this disk a couple times, but it has not made it back into my CD player since, which is not a very good sign. This stuff is heavy, but not heavy enough. Tuned down, but not low enough. The singer is tough, but needs to be tougher, and the guitar player needs to take a few more hits of acid. Not bad, but not memorable either. - DK

THE CONCUSSION PICK OF THE LITTER

Fantomas
Directors Cut
Ipecac Records

I've always had mixed feelings about Mike Patton's post-Faith No More work. Some of it really clicks, and there's some great moments recalling the controlled chaos of noise folks like John Zorn, Caspar Brotzmann, or Charles Gayle. Mostly, though, it comes across to me as grating and sort of pointless; a lot of meandering virtuosity with no real center to hold it together. That said, "The Directors Cut" is easily the best thing I've heard out of him. This collection of interpretations of film scores brings together the claustrophobia and weirdness of Mr. Bungle or Fantomas' past work, but it possesses a coherence that that older stuff was sorely lacking. Perhaps the rearranging of



existing material kept Patton (and bandmates Buzz Osborne, Dave Lombardo and Trevor Dunn) in line and away from the unfinished excesses of his other work. Maybe it was just the sheer fun of taking some already great pieces (the theme from "The Godfather" or "Rosemary's Baby") and wringing something even better and weirder out of them. Who knows? They finally got it right either way. Great album. - MS

Crash Palace
Trauma Records

This sounds a little polished, but like very listenable "grunge" music. (Is that what I'm supposed to label it these days?) I like Sound Garden alright, and Crash Palace musically has some elements of them and maybe even some Helmet, but not as exiting. Oh no, I've been deceived. This sandwich tasted swell until I bit into the middle. This CD is another case of boring radio-esque drivel hidden between alright songs. Yuck, I said I didn't want onions on this thing. Good luck with the hits, fellas. Gosh, maybe I'm too harsh. I know this girl Brea who would totally like this band. - ORR

Converge
Jane Doe
Equal Vision

Holy Fuck! This new Converge is brutally intense hardcore with a very produced but full sound. The CD comes with a 28 page booklet with tweaked art and hard to read lyrics, but they're still easier to read than to hear. The booklet alone is really cool for you artsy types out there, and the music is just pure mayhem. Out of control guitar work spindling up and down the neck, heavy drumming that could only be concocted with double bass drums and a mad man reigning them, and screams that make god sweat blood. Converge would make a perfect ending soundtrack to the Apocalypse as millions are obliterated in the power of nuclear assault. If that's the type of music you think you'd like, you better go out and pick this one up before it's too late. Converge leaves me with visions of oppressed peoples marching towards the horizon of the setting sun when a flash in the sky appears and instantly everyone is peeled of their skin as it crisps off leaving only bony skeletons silently screaming as they fall to the ground and crumble. The flash takes over the land, obliterating all forms of mass. - JH

Crispus Attucks
Red Black Blood Attack
Soda Jerk Records

Fast brutal hardcore madness. I'm not sure if I'm gnarly enough for this record. I think I am... I mean, I wish I were, but I know enough to say these guys are not posers going along with the trend; they mean

what they play and what they say. Typical hardcore lyrics about not being sucked into the corporate paradigm, "Start a war on the youth, media blitz distorts the truth, ideas of beauty advertised, corporate-Amerexia pride." Samples of apocalyptic fore-shadow-



ings and corporate take over mix in between songs before the rantings recommence. Good shit. Get it if you like mental hardcore. - JH

Croatian
Curse of the Red Queen
Man's Ruin

I don't know where this came from or how old it is, but they were on Man's Ruin (who are now out of business). This is the last CD I'm reviewing this issue, and it rocks. It's stoner rock, but with a chick singer.



In fact, there are only 2 people in the band, Jenny, on vocals and guitars, and Mark, the drummer. They get all slow and Melvins/High on Fire like, beating out the ends of the songs for minutes. This is the first time I've heard this CD, and for some reason, I knew it would be good. Maybe the evil cover of this old rotting man looking sinisterly over a young girl gave it away, but I'm glad I gave it a listen. Reminiscent of Kyuss, Melvins, old Soundgarden, and a few unidentified Man's Ruin style bands. If you're into that sound, Croatian is for you. - JH

Exploding Crustaceans
Dudes and Bros
Nofun Records

I actually went to college with a bunch of these guys, and remember when they started this band. They used to just get shitfaced and play acoustic at the college coffee shop talent night - it was hilarious because Matt's songs were so funny and they all sucked so much, but they were so drunk they didn't notice or didn't care. Some ten years later and while some things have changed, others have remained the same. The Exploding Crustaceans have learned to

play their instruments, quite well in fact, and though they don't really play any of the old songs that I used to like, Matt's ability to write funny songs is still as hilarious as it used to be. Mostly tongue in cheek death metal or obnoxious punk played with snotty lyrics that are really funny if you can understand what he's saying, but not in the same way that NOFX used to be funny. I don't really associate the Exploding Crustaceans and NOFX at all in fact. Anyway in the big picture, Dudes and Bros is just another step in the right direction for the world domination by the Exploding Crustaceans. - DK

The Foamers
Six Pints None The Wiser
Tent City Records

Hey, these guys are great. Decent punk rock for being from this decade, with cold filtered anthem sing along vocals that'll never bring you down. Yes, these Foamers share my passionate love for a frosty beer. They sound kind of English, but I'm pretty sure they are from here. Hmm, ska? Yup, those were definitely horns I just heard in the mix. Strangely enough, I don't seem to mind. - ORR

Fugazi
Corrections
Dischord

A mellower, more subdued, yet catchier Fugazi than the last few releases, Corrections definitely has my vote of approval. The first time I listened to it, I wasn't so sure, but I guess it's one of those albums that grows on you, because by now I'm really into it, after my fifth listen. The first song is a mellow instrumental that leads into "Cashout", a song about selling out, and kicking people off their land, not like Native Americans, rather the people living in communities that the government, or the people want removed to build a stadium, or BART or something. The songs on this CD have a degree of variation. The song "Epic Problem" sounds like something from Repeater, but with slightly annoying background ooh ahhs, while most of the songs are slow and mellow, and almost opium laced, although I'm sure Ian MacKaye is still "straight-edge". Despite a few songs sounding like old Fugazi classics, most of the album is nothing like Repeater or 13 Songs, but more in the vein of Modest Mouse, but not half as depressing and with a different, more mature and intricate style. Basically I like this album a lot, but I've been listening to Sebadoh, Pavement, Modest Mouse, and some other sappy depressed bands lately, so this was right up my alley. The last song, "The Argument" is a melodic masterpiece. It's the one that gets stuck in your head, and I'm sure that's why it's the last song on the album.....here comes the argument... - JH

Fugazi
Furniture
Dischord

This new EP from Fugazi comes on a super hip see-through CD which is bound to impress any music collectors who haven't already picked this one up. The first song on this 3 song EP, Furniture, sounds very similar to Waiting Room, with almost the exact same guitar riff; I think it must have been deliberate. The lyrics are clever, about the song being without words, as in no meaning: "...they just look at my mouth and say hey man, I know where you're coming from." The

second song, #5, really has no words and just rocks out in true Fugazi fashion for 3 whole minutes. Finally, Hello Morning is another standard and good Fugazi song. The lyrics are over my head, but I think it's about Apathy, waste, and living the life that you've created for yourself. The whole CD clocks in at just under 9 minutes. If you're a real Fugazi fan, you'd get this, or maybe you already have it. - JH

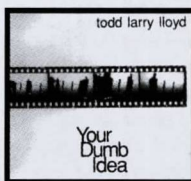
Garrison
Be A Criminal
Revelation Records

You shouldn't judge a book by it's cover or in this case a CD by it's label, but sometimes you just can't help yourself. Right? With previous releases by bands such as the Gorilla Biscuits, Good Riddance, Orange 9mm, CIV and Quicksand, I was excited to receive a new release from Revelation Records. Garrison is an energetic four-piece band worthy of your attention. Dark lyrics such as "I could point a finger, but I'd rather point a gun" set the mood of this album. With a sound similar to At the Drive-In, I could definitely see these guys getting popular with the college radio crowd. - EB

Hudson Falcons
For Those Whose Hearts and Souls Are True
GMM Records

These guys are from Jersey, and from all of the cheesy band collage photos on the liner notes, I thought they would be extremely mediocre. I was proven wrong however, this shit is angry and loud and fast. I guess I should've taken more stock in the photo of the muscle car (Chevelle) on the back. The first song, "Different Breed" was good. Second song was good, that's two in a row, holy shit! Third song is good too, although I'm not much one for patriotic songs. Working class anthems played at high speeds, "Scab" is about crossing the picket line, "Tire irons and baseball bats, try to break the line and we'll break your head". Ha ha. Although I skipped over a couple of songs, the whole disk is pretty much a winner. This shit is fast, which makes me happy.

Todd Larry Lloyd
Your Dumb Idea
Sweet Pickles Music



If it gives you any idea of what they sound like, Guy Picciotto from Fugazi gives Todd Larry Lloyd a rave review in the press release I actually bothered to read.

The music is made up of delicate guitar harmonizing and thicker more complex bass riffs leading the way. There are a few stoney instrumentals that don't really get you amped or feeling sad or emotional, but they sound pretty cool as mellow background chillin' music. The songs are all well written, original (except for sounding a little, you guessed, like Fugazi) and vary from slow contemplations about life, to guitar feedbacky bass heavy instrumentals. Located somewhere between Indy Rock and Emo, this release will satisfy all in search of something fairly rocking but mellow and sophisticated at the same time. - JH

Load Levelers
Got bills to pay
Ain't That A Rats Ass Records

The Load Levelers are a band that doesn't get the attention they deserve. I know there are a lot of bands out there like that. I just believe these guys are better than most of those other bands. They have a fuckin', Banjo in the band. I hate Banjo's, but not when these guys are playing it. This is what I've labeled 'em "a janitor on speed with a bat in a mirror store hooked on old Johnny Cash and AC/DC." These guys will tear the fuckin', club up. If you've seen them you know what I'm talking about. If the Supersuckers were harder and loads crazier they would almost be at The Load Levelers level. I just enjoy everything about them. They spring around like over-amped cartoon characters. Pounding out amazing Rebel fuckin', Rock. The new one is just as good as it's predecessor. I've got a couple of favorites already. The track "She's drunk" states "She only loves me when she's drunk, If I want to get near I have to get her beer, and the cover of Wall of Voodoo's "Mexican Radio". This band puts out their own records on their label. They are true Rebels support them. Love them. Get them drunk the next time you see 'em. They need money, give it to them. - SB

Lunachicks
Babysitters on Acid
Go Kart Records

I've always liked the Lunachicks. I see them as fun mid-eighties punk. A bit of a Detroit/Meatmen sound to it. This CD is pretty goofy and electric. Girls that play as hard as the boys, punk chicks will forever rule. Go buy it. - SB

MXPX
The Renaissance EP
Fat Wreck Chords

I try to abide by the rule "If you don't have something nice to say then don't say anything at all". So keeping that in mind, I like the skull that is printed on the disk and all over the cover. All of us here at Concussion love skulls. Plus, the photo of the band jumping into the air is pretty cool. I imagine that this album might work well at a high school dance or roller skating rink. Ok, I'd better stop there... - EB

Nothing Cool
Taking Advantage of Stupid People
Cheethah's Records

Taking Advantage of Stupid People is a collection of various recording that the band Nothing Cool has put out over the past 6 years, and it's a damn good anthology. For die-hard fans I guess this CD will be an easy way to listen to your favorite songs without shuffling through various 7 inches and compilation disks. They sound a bit like the Bouncing Souls and I got a good laugh from the punk cover of 'My Life' by Billy Joel. If you find that most of your early 90's punk CDs are still your favorites, then maybe you should add these 30 tracks to your collection. 30 tracks or a 30 pack, that's a tough call. - EB

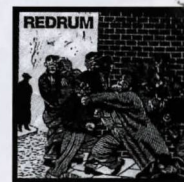
Oysterhead
The Grand Pecking Order

When I first heard that Les Claypool was forming a band with Stewart Copeland and Trey Anastasio, I was all too excited. How rare is it where we get to see actual "super-groups" form in our midst? I mean, Primus meets Police with Phish....C'mon, that's a no-brainer, right? Well, sort of... I'm all too let down by this album. It just doesn't feel like the team is trying so hard, ya know? Feels like the ride is on coast for most of the trip. The once fresh Claypool is content to stick to his old vocal trappings while Anastasio has found new ways to sound worse. It's kind of like they said, "Let's have a contest to see who can be the most annoying while singing". I read another review that said that Copeland hasn't touched his drums for something like 10 years. Yup, sounds like it. Those looking for a Primus fix can get a whiff from "Shadow of a Man". The rest smells rather Phishy to me. - Sgt. Scrapes.

The Real Mckenziez
Loch'd & Loaded
Honest Don's Records

I was excited to hear this new release. I popped it in and started to drive. What the fuck is this? Oh no, my fears had been realized. Fat/Honest Don's had put the production that they use for all their bands on The Mckenziez. The first song caught me off guard. I didn't like it. Too much pop in it. Then the next song came on. I was hooked from there on out, and even went back and listened to the first song. Not bad, still not as good as the rest. It has more punk elements than the previous album which is cool, but the force of that last album just left me breathless. A couple songs on here are fire under your ass. You have to sing along and dance and shout and smile. The album is great. I would suggest you buy it, but if you don't have "Clash of the Tartans," get that also. Celtic punk has come to thrill ya! - SB

Redrum/Negative Step
Split 7"
Satan's Pimp Records



The first of these two bands is a solid skate-core band. Meaning skaters that bash & trash & thrash, stomp & romp & bump through good hardcore. Buy

Redrum, eat Redrum, be Redrum. The second band is from Texas and they too, play to the skate punks of the world. There's nothing better than hammering out a bunch of tricks to blaring punk rock music. Both bands are true. - SB

Scurvy Bastards/Lack of Integrity
Split CD
Demo

Lack of Integrity start this out. They have three songs on here. I recently watched them practice and what I heard there was way better than what you have here. The production on the L.O.I. songs is not very good, and it makes the music feel lop-sided. Lack of Integrity has changed their name to Ghengis and the Cons since this release. As I said the latest stuff I've heard from these guys is good. Similar to Big Black

and early Helmet. Watch for them, they are dedicated. Now the Scurvy Bastards three songs are great. Both of these bands have a lot of the same musicians. I prefer the scurvy bastards of the two. I am a huge Pogues and Real Mckenzie's fan. I love the sound of traditional Celtic music. The Scurvy Bastards are also fans of the same bands. Instead of following any map they draw their own. It is pirate music, yahargg! This is ideal drinkin' music. The true pub rock, the unholy oi. This band is unique and entertaining. Their live show is not to be missed. So next time you are in Reno look for a show and enjoy a pirates swagger. - SB

Sidewalk Slam
Past Remains
Tooth & Nail Records

Terrible, terrible mall rock. I can imagine hearing this crap on Bluetorch / ESPN, if it isn't already. These dudes look and sound exactly as the "pop-punk trio" success formula dictates they should. If they wanted to get any cooler, change the name to "Slam 51" or some other random number. Sigh...(of disgust)...this is exactly what's wrong with so-called punk rock today. - ORR

Sloppy Meateaters
Forbidden Meat
Orange Peel Records

Weird looking CD. The music is very similar to NOFX, Guttermouth, Lagwagon, New Found Glory, etc. See there is just too much of the same thing. But whatever floats your boat. These guys are pretty damn good song-structure wise. They kept my interest for two songs, which is actually good for this style. I would rather suggest you buy old skate rock bands. As my

lady said in hearing this disc, "Turn it off!" - SB

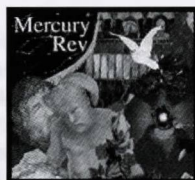
Sons of Otis
Songs for Worship
The Music Cartel

Heavy Stoner Sludge
@Rock, this is my favorite CD of the issue. It's similar to the two other Sons of Otis I've heard, but it's just more material to stoner-rock out too. The CD itself has a big green bud on a purple background. Woah bro. 420. I really can't describe Sons of Otis, except to say that they have found the tone that so many Kyuss wannabes just couldn't find, and they take it a notch deeper, fuzzier and slower. Bow down and Worship. - JH

Spiritualized
Let it Come Down
Arista

Mercury Rev
All is Dream
BMG

In the late 1980's, Spacemen 3 turned a long standing, unspoken musical creed into a full-blown aesthetic with its motto "taking drugs to make music to take drugs to". A bunch of stoners, junkies, and pill-poppers took the slogan to heart, formed bands, and ran generally sim-



ple folk and blues arrangements through lots of effects pedals in attempts to create some kind of headphone-enabled euphoria. A bunch of stoners, junkies, and pill-poppers forked over their cash for it. By the late 1990s, most of the bands still doing working this sub genre eventually seemed to me to focus a bit too much on the taking drugs part of the equation and not enough on the making music to take drugs to part, and we got a bunch of meandering, formless sonic turds like Stars of the Lid, Magnog, or most of Pete Kember's post-Spacemen work with Spectrum. When you're boring the stoners who like music made by stoners for stoners, you've got a problem. Jason Pierce, the other principal Spaceman, seemed to be thankfully avoiding that trap, and produced some of the most ambitious rock and roll of the last decade with Spiritualized. His luck has apparently run out. On "Let it Come Down," Pierce takes every redeeming element of his previous work, cranks it up a few notches, and beats you over the head with it for almost an hour. Gospel choirs, string sections, moog noises, and effects pedals - all elements in moderation of the standard Spiritualized sound - get thrown together into a wall of noise so massive there's no space for relaxation in front of it. There's more drug clichés in the lyrics than on a Supersuckers record, and I don't think Pierce is trying to be funny. Supposedly the live show is still something to behold, but this record is just kind of a bloated and overdone. If you're interested, spend the cash on "Pure Phase" instead.

Mercury Rev, on the other hand, shows that the original Spacemen 3 aesthetic still survives among a few believers. More of a heavy psychedelic band on its first couple records, Mercury Rev continues the evolutionary course sketched out on its last LP, "Deserter's Songs," and offers ten songs that sound like ten little

fucked up movies, one blending seamlessly into the next. Unlike Spiritualized, the strings and choirs and bells and whistles stay far enough back in the mix for the songs and listener to have some breathing room. Jonathan Donahue's vocals tend toward the falsetto and can be a bit of an acquired taste, but this album is pretty great either way. To paraphrase the great KFOX DJ Billy Vega, this is what they call headphone music, and it's good. - MS

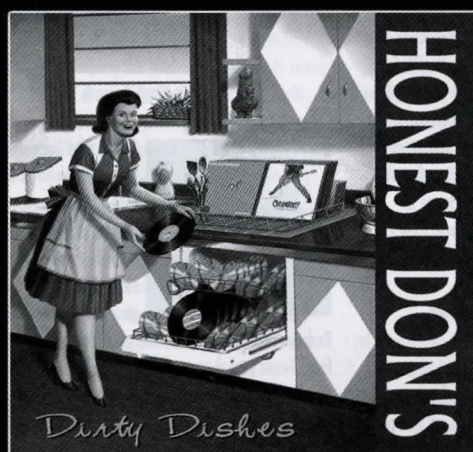
The Strokes
Is This It

With the amount of hype this band has generated in the media, it's a wonder if you haven't already made an opinion about them. Take one part Velvet Underground, mix with Iggy Pop, throw in some old Rolling Stone attitude and proceed to water down completely. Oh, also record very "lo-fi" and use the same vocal treatment for EVERY song. (This really annoys me). Honestly, these are NOT the guys who are going to save rock and roll anytime soon. What they will do is write catchy songs and invade the brain waves of the young and impressionable. Their "Don't give a Fuck" attitude has been cultured, packaged and is now ready for sale right along Britney, N-Sync, and whatever else is "HOT" now. Just as the pop artists have you humming a line or two whether you like it or not, so will The Strokes. The only known remedy to this is to do as the Dr. Flavor Flav prescribed, and "Don't Believe the Hype"...unless, of course, you want to. - Sgt. Scrapes

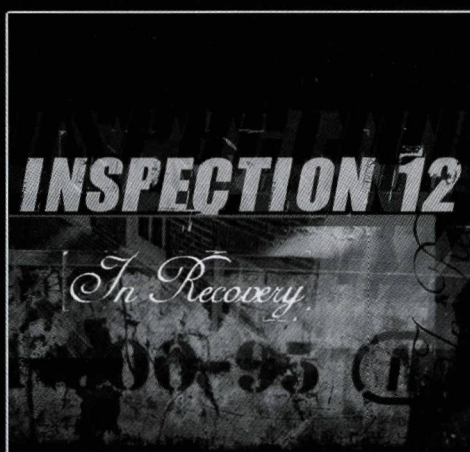
Templars
Horns of Hattin
GMM Records

I thought this was going to be some tweaked goth shit

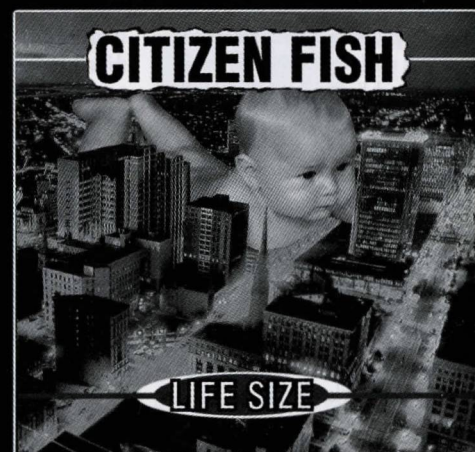
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from the first track, which had monks chanting and stuff. Thankfully, it's actually mid-tempo rock/punk and is thankfully not very offensive to my jaded ears. The music is pretty clean and sounds like Social D or the Jam at times, but the singer has a rough and gravely voice with an obvious Brit-punk influence. I could see these guys opening the US Bombs or something. I dunno, pretty good overall.

They Might Be Giants
Mink Car
Restless Records

Perhaps recently you've seen one of Chrysler's newest TV commercials with the catchy little song in the background with the lyrics, "Yeh, yeh!" If you know what I'm talking about, then you've already heard one of the songs off of Mink Car. You may also be familiar with They Might Be Giants music if you've ever heard the theme song to either the TV show 'Malcolm in the Middle' or the movie Austin Powers. Yep, that's TMBGs.

It could be the result of sipping beer early on a Friday afternoon or because I've been a huge fan since their self-titled release in 1986, but this album rules! I'm not going to get into details but TMBGs always do things right, and I'm not just talking about their music. The album cover design and crazy metallic blue ink are genius, their website (www.tmbg.com) rules and all of the music for Mink Car is played by the 'band of Daves'. YES, all of the musicians are named Dave. How cool is that?

It's refreshing to see that the band has returned to Restless Records for this release, after having several albums with Elektra. As always, TMBGs impress me

with their musical variety and whimsical lyrics, such as 'You're older than you've ever been - and now you're even older - and now you're even older'. Practically every song on the album is great. However, a few of my personal favorites are, 'I've Got a Fang', 'Yeh, Yeh' and 'Wicked Little Critta'. Finally, for everybody who is familiar with TMBGs, I am happy to report that dial a song is still going strong at 718-387-6962 and can also be accessed online at www.dialasong.com. If you enjoy previous music created by TMBGs, then you must buy this album. - EB

Thistle
Oxygen EP
Tiberious Records

Mr. Thistle, whoever you are, you sound gay. Not homosexual gay, I'm sure their singer is totally handsome to chicks and stuff in a coyly blowing the bangs out of his eyes sensitive sort of way, like any singer of a feelings band would. If I got a period, this stuff might make me even cry. No offense, Tiberious Records, I'm sure you have an extensive line of talented musicians, maybe, but what were you thinking by sending this sort of sap to a magazine with a skull on the cover? On the other hand, Thistle has a lot going towards them as far as mainstream radio stations. Unfortunately, Thistle is exactly what makes me want to "touch that dial". - ORR

Two Man Advantage
Don't Label Us
Go-Kart Records

Even though 'Don't Label Us' is the first track on this CD and the name of the album, it's hard not to label

Two Man Advantage as the world's biggest hockey fans. 17 tracks in 34 minutes and almost every song is about playing ice hockey, drinking and fighting (during hockey games). The speed and raw power of this album reminded me of Reo Speeddealer's (now Speeddealer) first album. Songs like 'Let's Drink' and 'Suck It Down' could easily become anthems for drunkards, skaters and hockey fans alike. Speedy angry music can be good for the soul. So if you are looking for music that might add some energy to a skate session, this may be the CD for you. - Eric Bigler



V/A
Reno: Where Dreams
Come to Die
Sedition Records

I've been a lot of places in my life and saw a lot of different scenes. I am a Reno local and despised it all through my youth. That is until I saw other scenes. As for the good scenes out there, they were created by people banding together to help create a better scene. Reno is a weird town. There are still cowboy wannabe's everywhere and more suburban white kids that act black than I can shake a stick at. It is run by money. It is what this town is based on. It is, also, a nonstop party that will tear you to pieces if you lose sight. I've observed bands come and go. The most powerful thing about this is that all of these bands are somehow involved in making this Reno scene better. That alone should be commended. This here is the new crop of skeeno punks and metalheads. It starts out with Redrum kickin' in your gut, as Headgrenade rumbles through your mind and ruptures an artery.

The Shookups do the dance of the dead on your chest, as the scurvy bastards pour rum down your throat and rob you blind. Vae Victis screams, shouts, and Skwelches. The livid step up and throw blows at your head. All opposed reach up from the street and attempt to drag you under. Then Redrum and Headgrenade come through and do it all again. Fuckin' great comp minus a few tracks. It starts and ends very well. Go buy it now! - SB

Veronica
Hope for A Brighter Future
The Militia Group

Veronica's music doesn't provide anything new or interesting to the pop punk genre, but who am I to criticize their music? I must confess that I have no real qualifications as a music critic, I'm not the biggest fan of 'Happycore' (or whatever you want to call it) and I can't even play an instrument. So this is my review, "Veronica makes better music than I do". I once heard Ozzy say on VH1, "It's not the critics that buy my music, it's the fans." Hopefully Veronica knows who Ozzy is. - EB

Reviewer Key:

EB - Eric Bigler
SB - Sick Boy
JH - Jonathan Hay
DK - Davoud
MS - Mickey Stamm
ORR - Orr Mernard

...and probably some other peeople we forgot. Oh well, screw it.

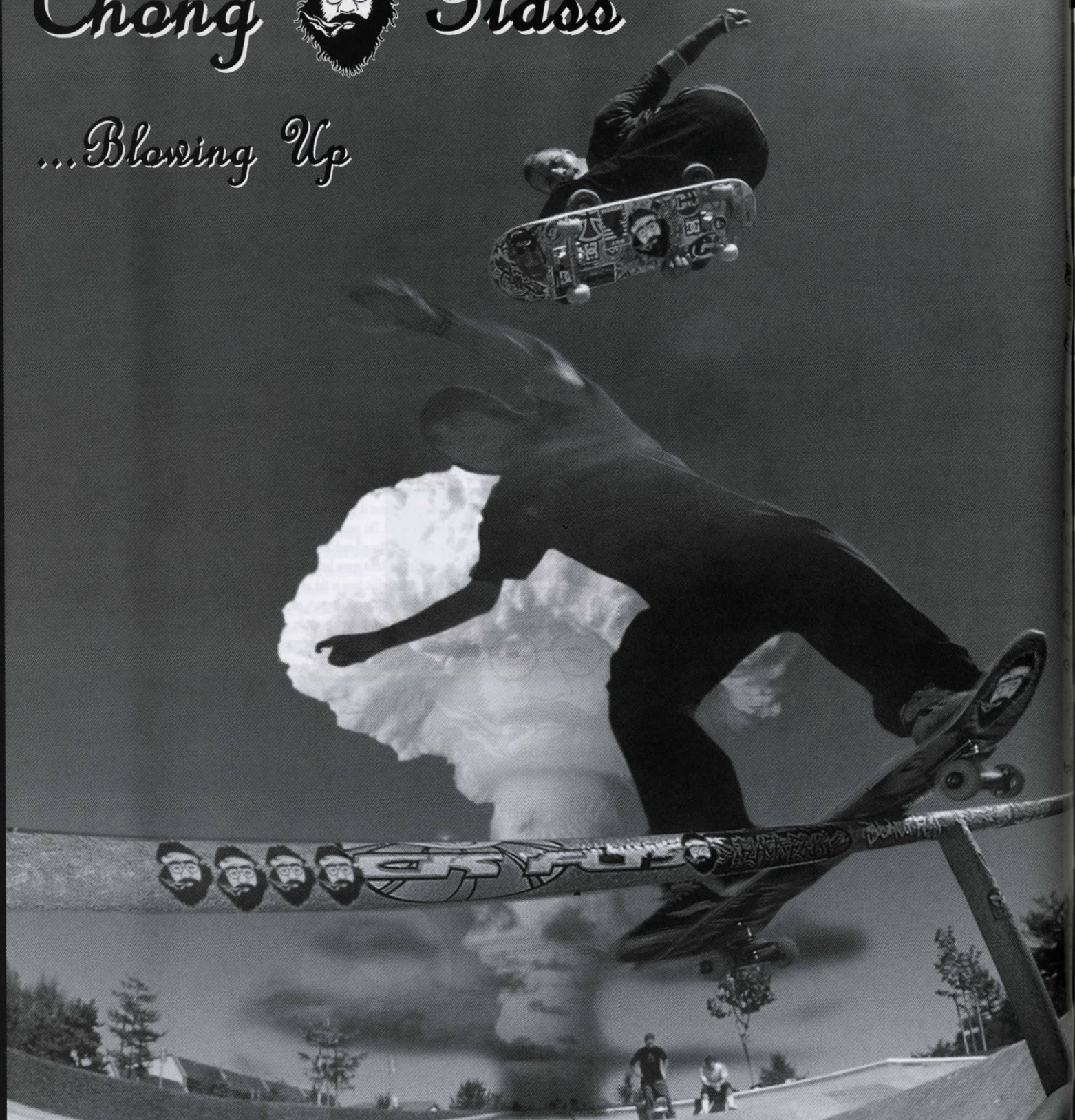
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A-1
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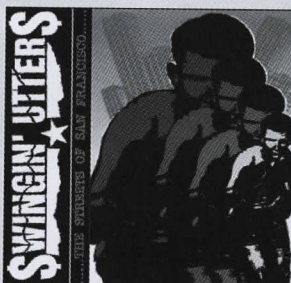
\$SWINGIN' UTTERS\$



Don't Miss the Train fat 635-2



'Incognito' fat 634-2



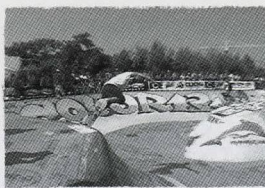
The Streets of San Francisco fat 638-2



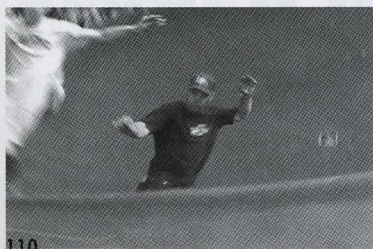
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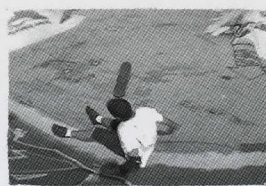


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Clockwise from above: Emilio the Spaniard showed up at Marseille with the Brits. During the finals jam, he tried this 540 Indy over and over again, slamming hard like this every time. Eventually he took himself out.. Sequence by Amell. This is like Will Power bailing an air attempt on a wave in Santa Cruz. Photo Hay. Bottom sequence: The Greek and this guy from Truckee get tangled up during the Strawberry Bowl contest. Check out the looks on their faces! John Weaver snapped his wrist and now he looks like an extra from Star Wars with all that shit in his hand. How many pins is that? Yuck. Photos Davoud. Eric J steps back into thin air on a 360 frontside blunt thingamigigger on the EPA extension. Broken surfboard is better than a broken back. Photos Hay. Check out the delight in Dave's face as Casey's video line comes to an end with a crooked grind across the gap gone awry. He's laughing, what an asshole! Ha! Ha! I probably was too! Photo Davoud.





"Slamming" by Joseph Peleckis

When Suede came to pick us up in St. Augustine, Florida (July 2001), we had a few beers in the hotel room. At this time he told us, "I know for a fact my friends like it better when I slam than when I make something." Pondering his statement brings me back to my first skate trip to Florida (January 1997). I packed in either the egg or the mickey mouse (at Stone Edge). Consequently, Drew Karkos exclaimed "Yeah Joey P. Way to throw a hip down for the team." His tone of voice was obviously humorous and good natured but, at the time, I thought it was kind of a strange thing to say. In a way, it's similar to when my friends say "make that you pussy" or something to that effect, which, more times than not, helps. Similar as these jokes or insults may be, there's something else going on here.

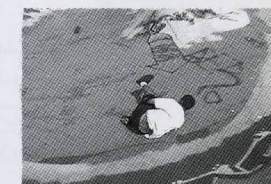
Perhaps there is luck and probability playing into Drew's comment and others like his. (Your should hear the IRS heckle each other, it's fuckin hilarious). When one skater goes down hard in a session, it's like the rest get a free pass, a get out of jail card before they even get caught. The skaters that witness a slam can re-focus or simply step out of the session. There are those unfortunate chain reactions of slams that sometimes occur but even with those, after 2 or 3 guys go down, the rest can breathe a sigh of relief. The toll has been paid. So why not thank your skate buddy as he or she winces, slamming is cause for congratulation.

Seeing a fella (or a gal) take a lump also means he's trying. He's going for something, for IT, instead of resting on old skill or just chillin'. That's another reason for people like Suede and Drew to hoot and holler. They're acknowledging some effort. Lord knows there's too many barneys crowding the park, doing the same old thing, or doing no thing whatsoever.

Slamming helps me appreciate good skating. Graceful, fluid motion, making it look easy, the snap or bonk of a perfect ollie, the frontside grind that's locked in and held for an extra block and then pulled in, that stuff is great. But that stuff is even better when you see someone eat shit a couple times in the midst of it all, when you see (or better yet feel) the pain required to make it happen. In that respect, skateboarding is and always will be gnarlier than ballet, even though the end result can be just as beautiful.

This may be the reason why skaters can be so pretentious, isolating ourselves from the non-skating world. We achieve our sense of self-worth by destroying ourselves. I'm not a tough guy. I've lost every fight I've ever been in, walked away from some I should have fought. For as long as I can remember though, I've gotten some sick sense of accomplishment out of enduring physical pain.

People like Suede and Drew remind me to laugh at how silly we are, as skateboarders. At our age! Look at us. Don't we know our own limits? That's where the big joke comes in. We've got to laugh at the pain or it will laugh at us. Skateboarding is a perfect way to avoid taking things seriously. I'm serious. So the next time you see your buddy pile, big time spaghetti, if he doesn't need an ambulance, feign a nice loud laugh and tell him what a nice dismount it was. Chances are, he'll turn his grimace into a grin.





Duane Peters

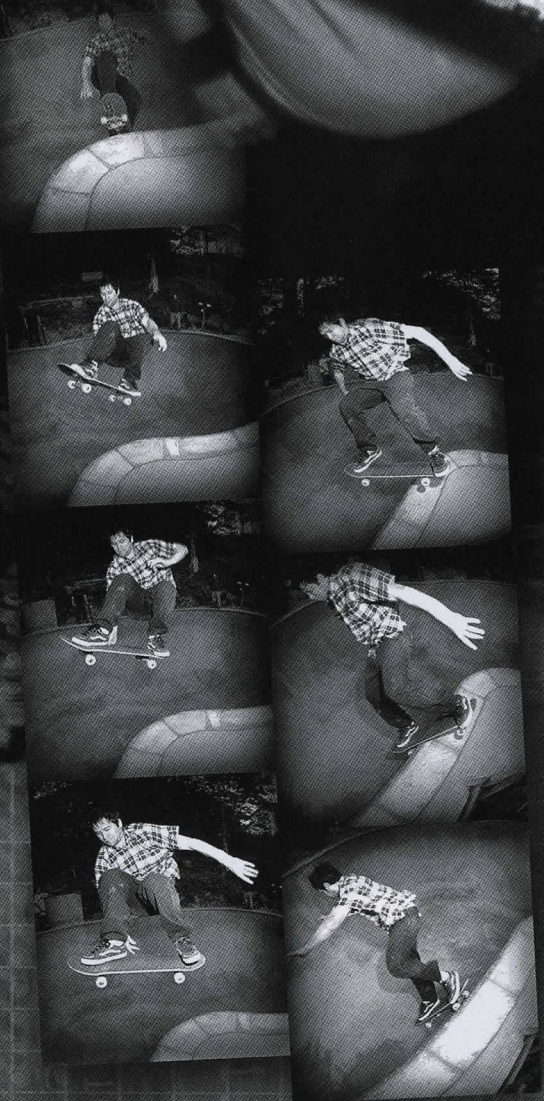
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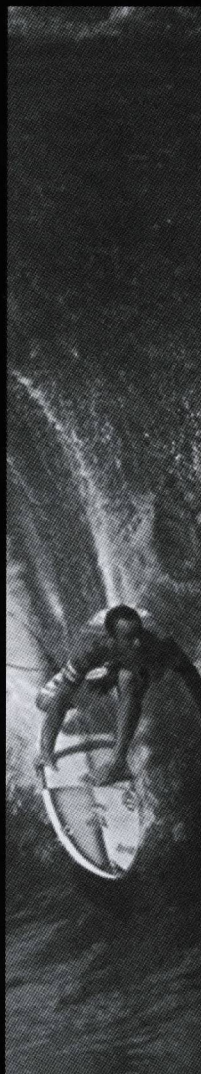
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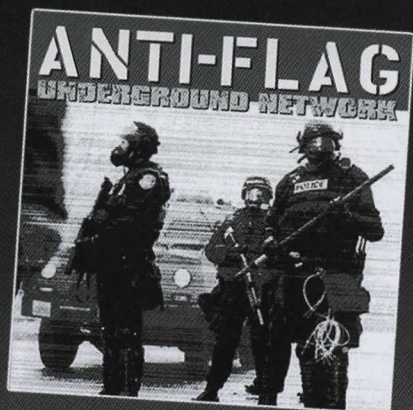
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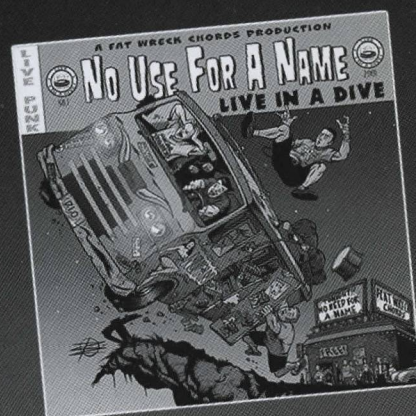
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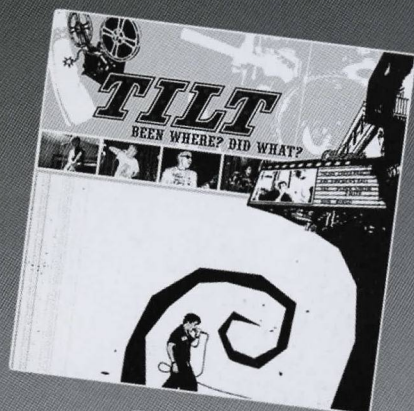
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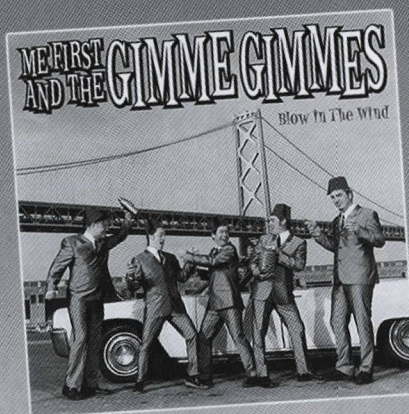
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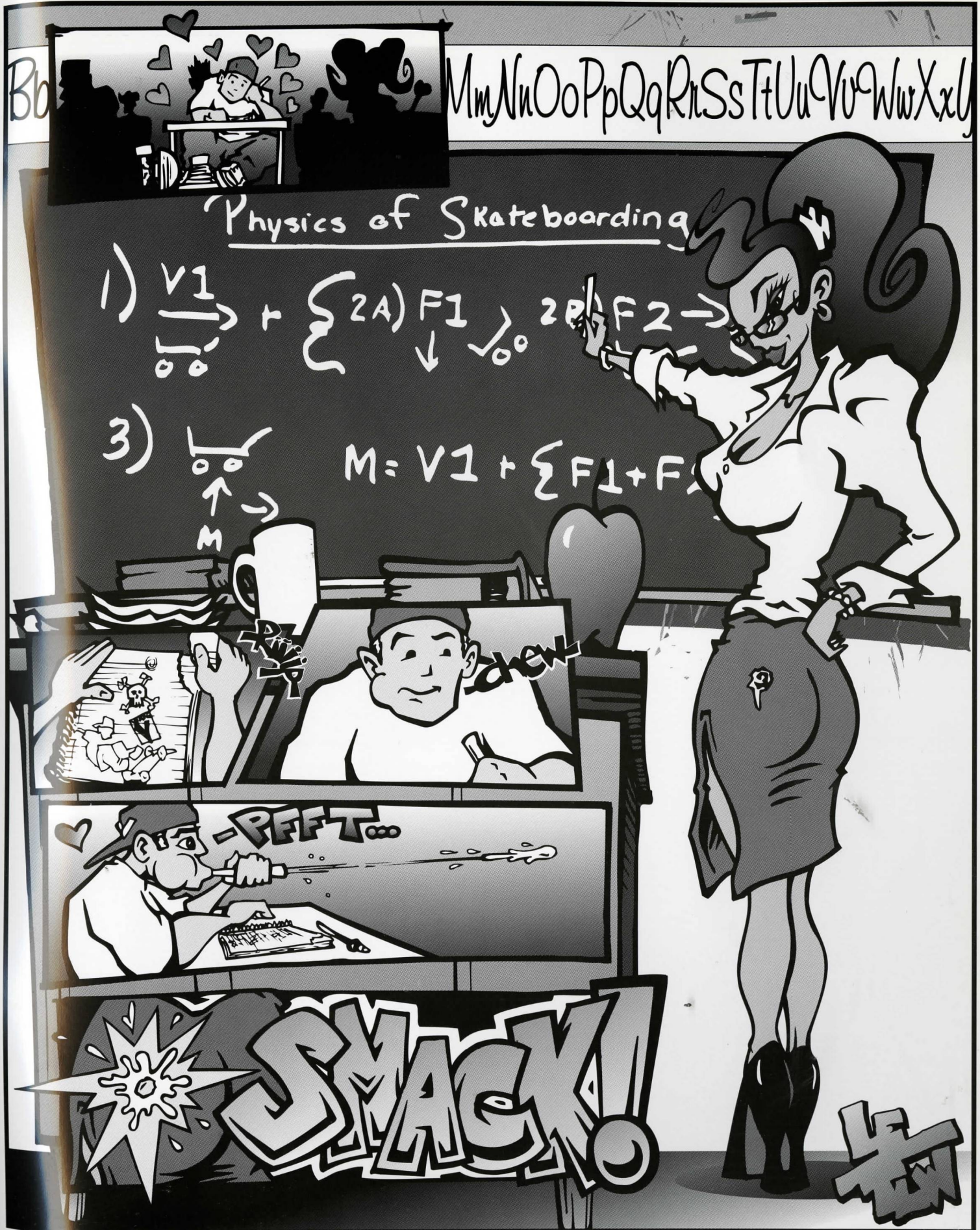
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