

# concrete wave

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Vol.3 No.5 Spring 2005



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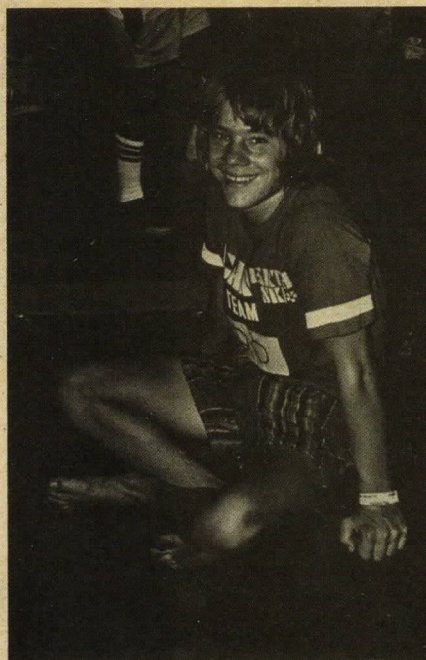
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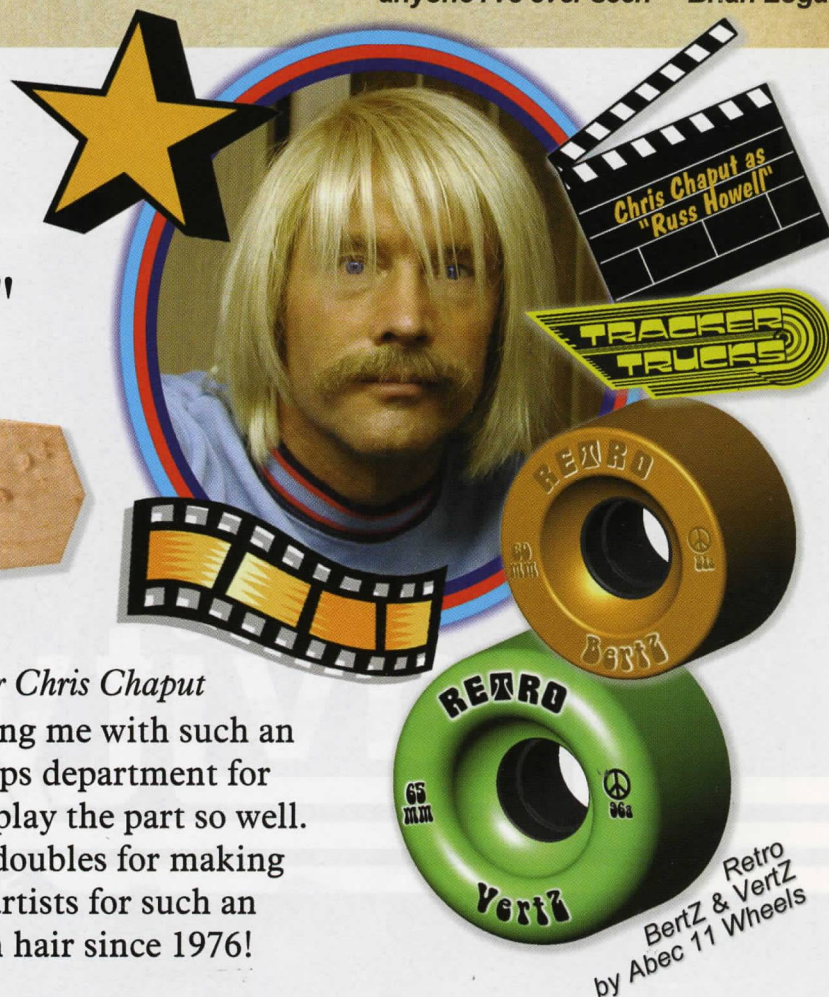
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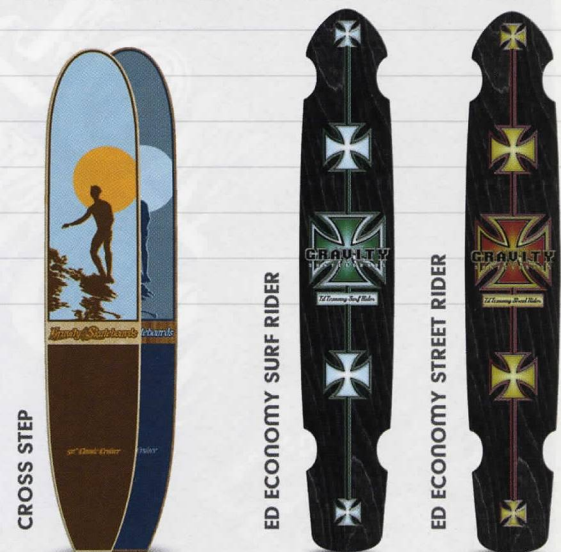






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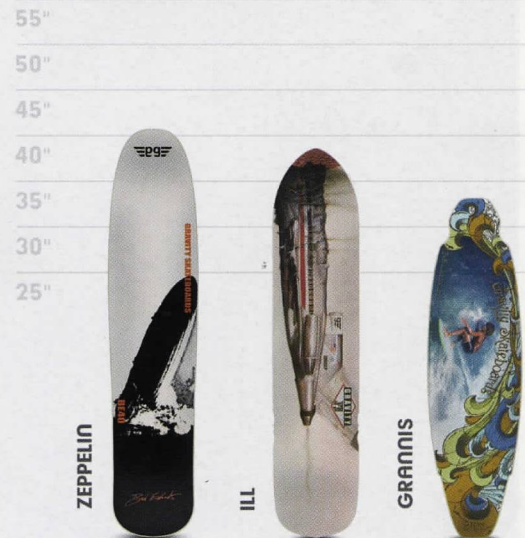
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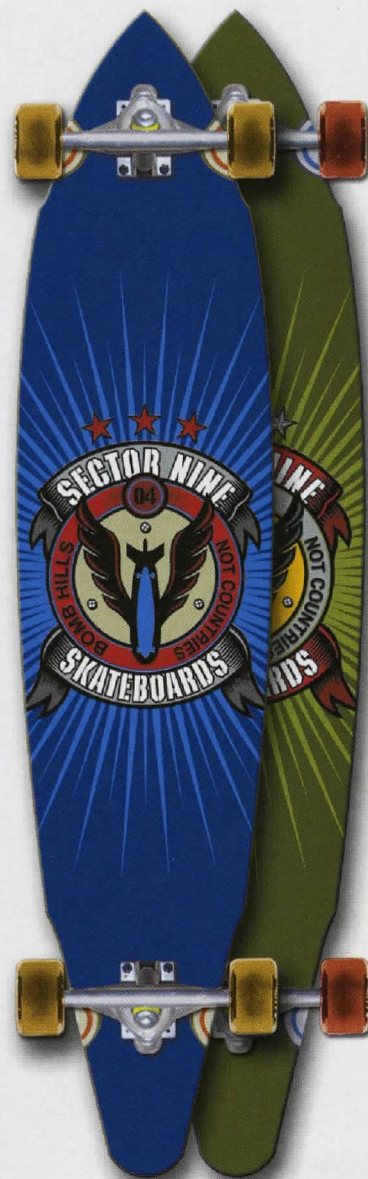
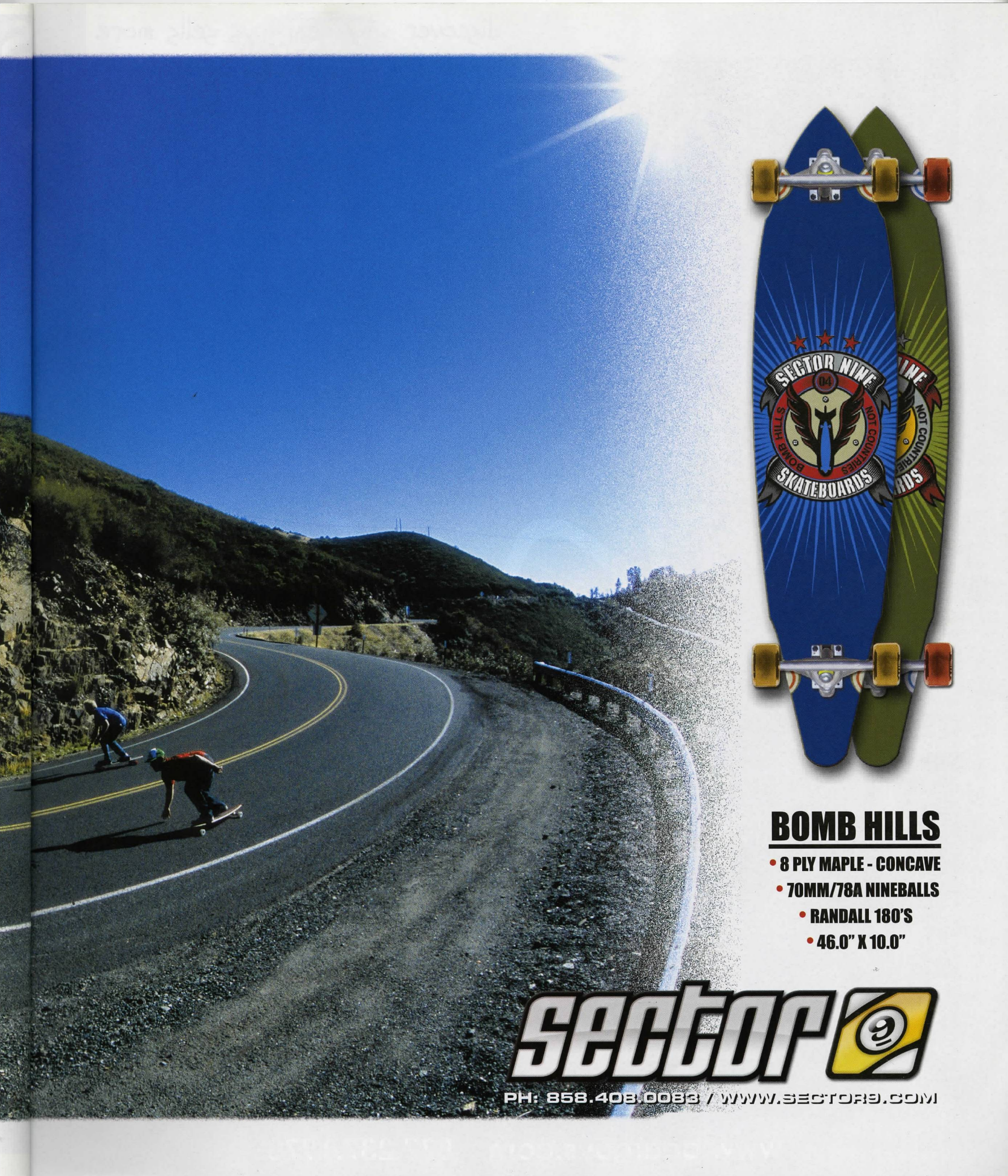


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Please contact the publisher directly at mbrooke@interlog.com before you submit anything. We are looking for a variety of stories and images as long as they are skate related.

**COVER:** Eric Dressen. Photo: Steve Martinez © Copyright 2005.

**OPENING SPREAD:** Pee Wee. Photo: Scott Star.

**WELCOME TO THE FINE PRINT.** I was searching for some brilliant quote to explain why those people in positions of power (P.P.P.) within skateboarding might be in for a few surprises over the next year or two. I was trying to think of some way to make them realize that the world of niche skateboarding might have a greater impact than they presently think.

When I say P.P.P. I mean owners/managers of skate shops and skate distributors. Other P.P.P. include heads of skate companies. Adding to the mix would be those who edit and publish skate magazines and run action sports television programs or networks. Let's not forget the P.P.P. who run the financial backbone of skateboarding – those people who run skate shoe and clothing companies. It's a pretty powerful group and they have a lot to think about. They also have a huge stake in the future of skateboarding. Their very livelihoods (along with their employees) depend on ensuring that their companies remain successful.

While many in the skate industry continue to focus strictly on one type of consumer (males, under the age of 18) and one type of skater (street), I thought it would be very illuminating to share some other ideas with the P.P.P. With this in mind, I thought I could make my case by presenting some statistics about the staggering rates of growth that many of the companies who advertise in this magazine are experiencing. I was going to discuss the ramifications about the new film Lords of Dogtown and its impact on skateboarding. Heck, I was even going to go into a long-winded discourse of the value of small, medium and large companies. I was going to write about the need for retailers to recognize the fact the most important thing a business can create is a customer. Finally, I was going to discuss the fact that there are so many things going on in the world of skateboarding that should be covered in the other media, but sadly get very little attention.

I had a number of brilliant strategic points to talk about. It was going to be quite the Fine Print, let me tell you. I figured with all my analysis, it was going to be the talk of the skateworld. Then, it hit me. Actually, it hit me while I was searching for a quote about Bill Gates and his theory about memory. You know the one, "640K oughta be enough memory for every computer." I was going to use this quote to explain that the premise of one type of board or customer ought to be enough for everyone – and how terribly misguided that statement is, relative to what's really happening out there in the skateworld. But as I researched things a little further, I learned that Gates denies he ever said this quote. So, I realized that I couldn't base my entire Fine Print on something that may or may not be attributable. Talk about a weak foundation for a point of view.

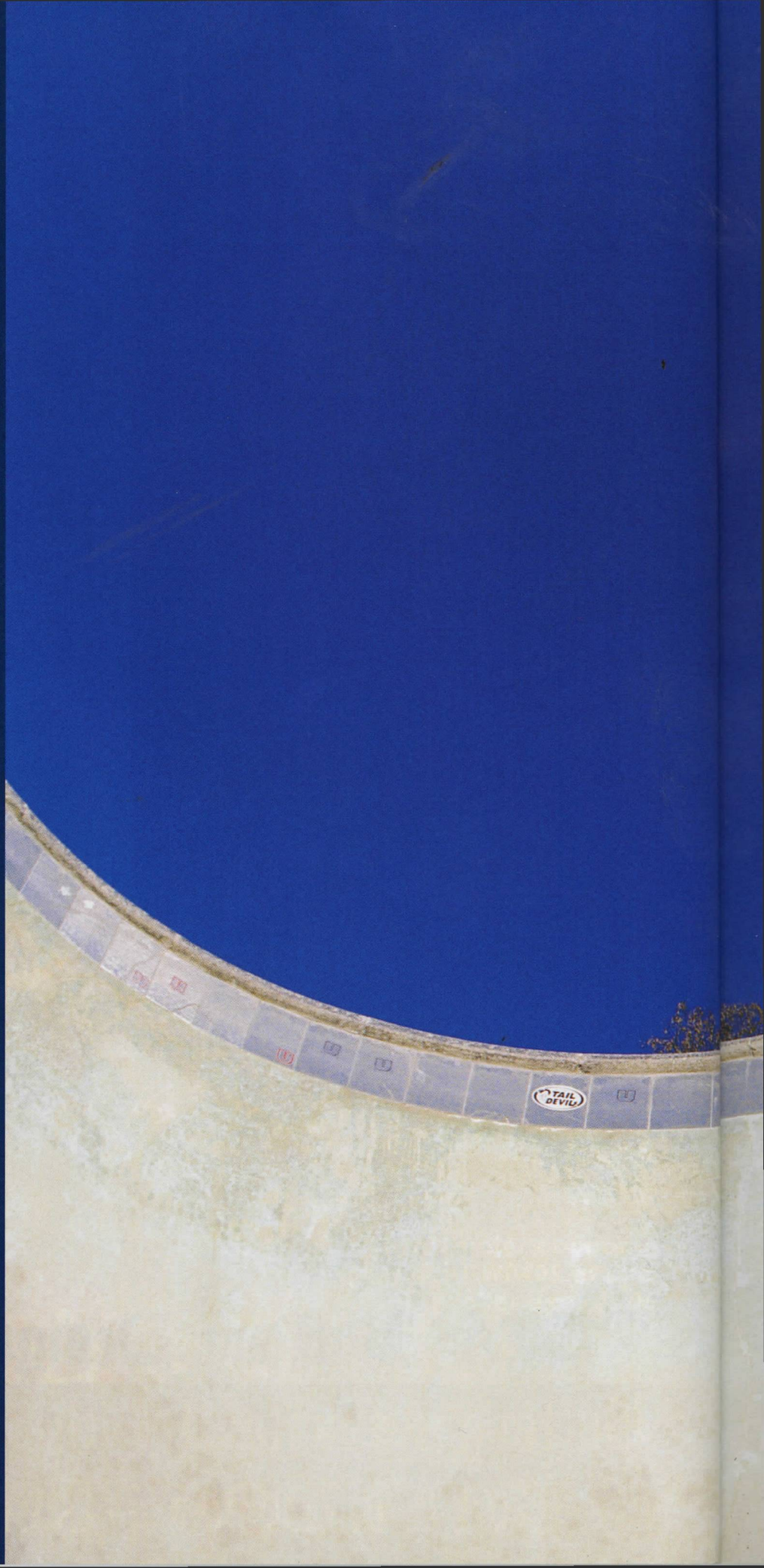
But as chance would have it, I found a different quote. One that neatly sums up what I think is at the heart of this quiet revolution within skateboarding. It's from a guy called Jon Kabat-Zinn. He says, "you can't stop the waves, but you can learn to surf."

Since 1990 or so, it has been a hell of a great ride for many in the skate industry. Sure, there have been some lean years, but by and large, it's been constant growth. The situation right now however, is a little different. I would suggest we are entering some uncharted waters and the stakes for some companies are at an all time high. I would like to ask those P.P.P. reading this Fine Print to think about a complete view of skateboarding – not just male street skaters under the age of 18. Instead of trying to stop the waves, perhaps you might profit from learning to surf.

**THE FINER PRINT.** You know I couldn't just end at one quote. I found another one by Walt Disney that neatly sums up what I am trying to do here at Concrete Wave. "You're dead if you are only for kids. Adults are only kids grown up, anyway." It's not about new or old. It's about 100% skateboarding.

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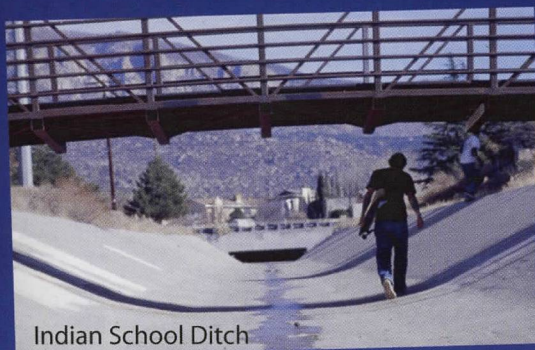
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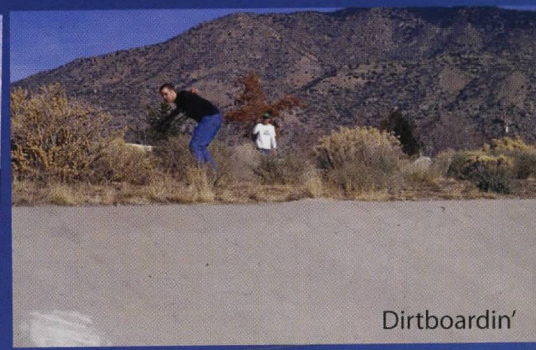
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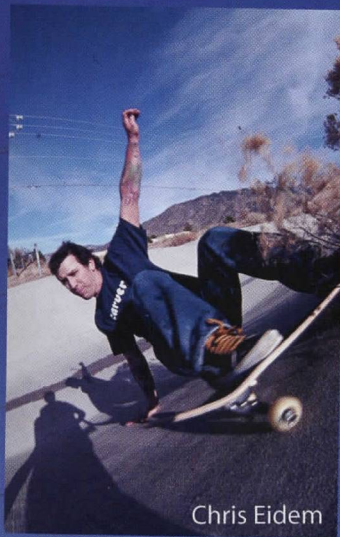
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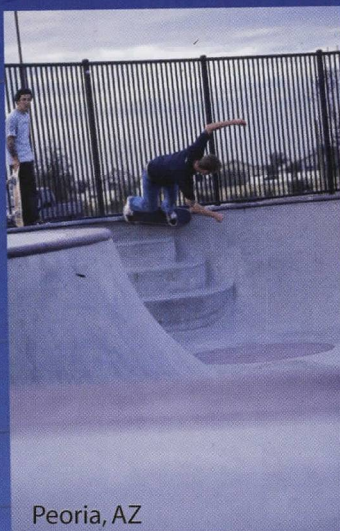
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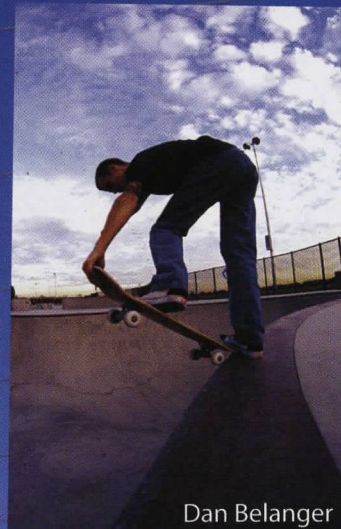
Dirtboardin'



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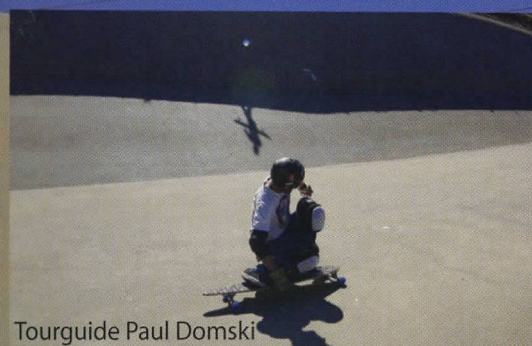
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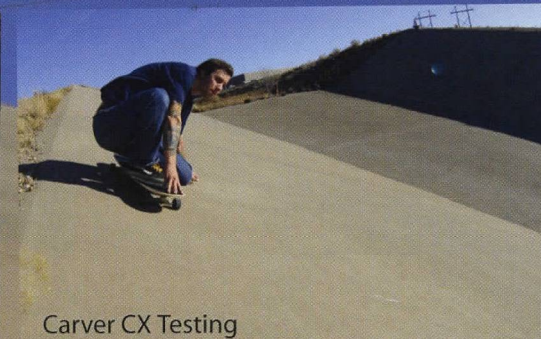
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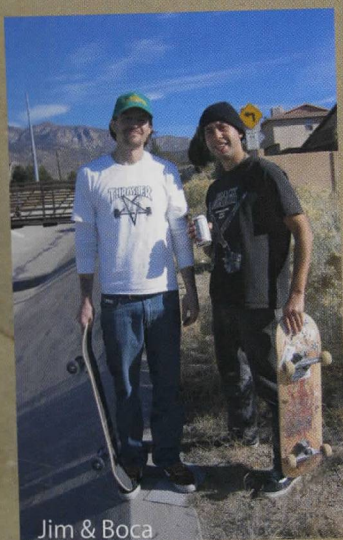
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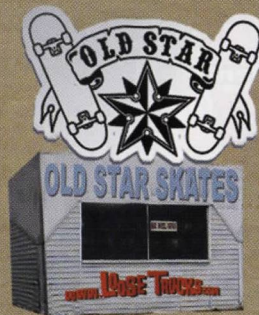
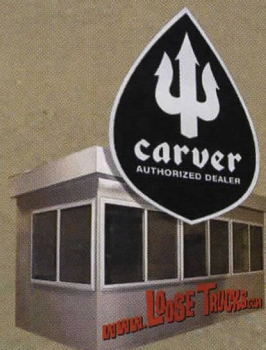


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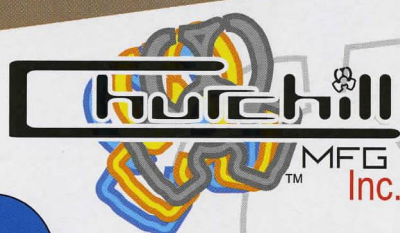
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A full-page background photograph of skateboarder Eric Dressen. He is wearing a black t-shirt with a graphic, blue jeans, a flat cap, and has visible tattoos on his arms. He is performing a trick on a wooden ramp, with his skateboard tilted upwards. The skateboard has a white deck with 'SANTA CRUZ' and 'SPITFIRE' logos, and 'Eric Dressen' written in script. The background shows a wooden structure and a brick wall.

# Eric Dressen



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Rider Carly "Midget" Richardson  
Photo: Michael Perreten



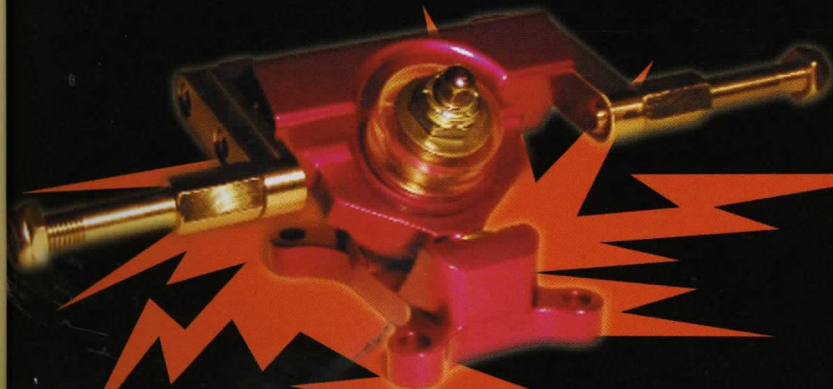
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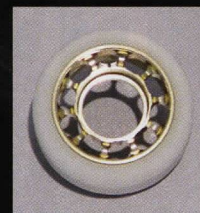


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The OUST Bushing Washer is designed to retain the bushing under the washer at all times which eliminates bulging and guarantees optimum performance.



#### OUST SS AXLE:

The OUST SS Axle was designed and manufactured for strength, has been lightened by 15% with an increase in strength of approximately 50% and is totally corrosive resistant.

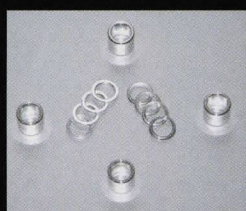
#### OUST METALIC OIL:

Met-ol is a blend of high and low molecular weight carbon molecules that retain there boundary lubricant properties at high temperatures and extreme tort ional loads. Met-ol should be used weekly at PRO level.



#### OUST BEARING SPACERS:

The OUST Bearing Spacers are machined to specifically fit all OUST Designed products with tolerances of less then .001 of an inch. The washers are also beveled at a specific angle to insure that the washer only contacts the the inner race of the OUST Bearings



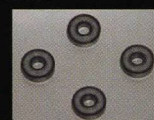
#### OUST SS KING PIN:

The OUST SS King Pin is made of a corrosive resistant Stainless Steel and heat treated to a specific hardness that makes it 5 times stronger then a standard king pin and 35% lighter because of it's design.



#### OUST BEARINGS:

OUST SS bearings are built with the same spec as the MOC 9 AIR except it has the new high impact retainer installed with the oil hole. This bearing is almost indestructible



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Owen Neider.  
Photo: Joe Runkle

## TAPPING INTO THE TALE...

Hard to believe the world's first skate mag is now 40. Yep, it's true. The first issue of the Quarterly Skateboarder (as it was then called) hit the stands in 1964. John Severson, publisher and editor of the Quarterly Skateboarder had a unique perspective on where he felt skateboarding might go. Here are a few choice quotes from the first editorial: "we predict a real future for the sport — a future that could go as far as the Olympics....There is no history in skateboarding — it's being made now — by you" "Already there are storm clouds on the horizon with opponents of the sport talking about ban and restriction. Skateboarding is not a sport of speed; it's a sport of skill. It's not a sport of destruction."

While only publishing four issues in the 60's, SkateBoarder was resurrected in 1975 and it became the bible of skateboarding for a generation. So, you could say that SkateBoarder is also celebrating its 30th anniversary. SkateBoarder published the first pool sessions (1965!) and introduced the world to giant desert pipes and the first generation of skateparks. Its impact on skateboarding cannot be denied. In the new film, Lords of Dogtown, it's the articles in SkateBoarder that put Z-Boys on the worldwide map. As many of you know, Warren Boslter was the editor of SkateBoarder Magazine from 1975 to 78. We recently published a book of his skate photography. We also took the decision to make Warren Editor Emeritus of Concrete Wave. We did this to honor his vision of skateboarding — which was all about showcasing variety.

High Speed Productions, the publisher of the Thrasher Magazine is about to hit its 25th anniversary next year. In the book "Built to Grind" (published by High Speed) Curtis Hesslegrave, an associate editor who worked with Warren at SkateBoarder is quoted as saying "when Warren Bolster ran the magazine, he was showing all aspects of skateboarding, and we enjoyed across-the-spectrum participation."

In the April issue of Transworld Skateboarding (celebrating its 25th anniversary in 2008), the editors seem to have tuned into the need for variety. This is from their editorial — "boards of days past are being re-released, former pros are rediscovering the magic, old companies are finding new life, legitimate skateboarding books are being released by the dozens and new companies are sprouting with the do-it-yourself manner — the result of more people skateboarding more than ever. As one new kid learns how to ollie, one dad remembers what it's like to navigate transition. What all this great news means is that they're a whole lot of people, places, and facets of skateboarding for us to cover on our monthly agenda..."

Ah, the power of print!

Enjoy the issue  
**Michael Brooke,**  
Publisher



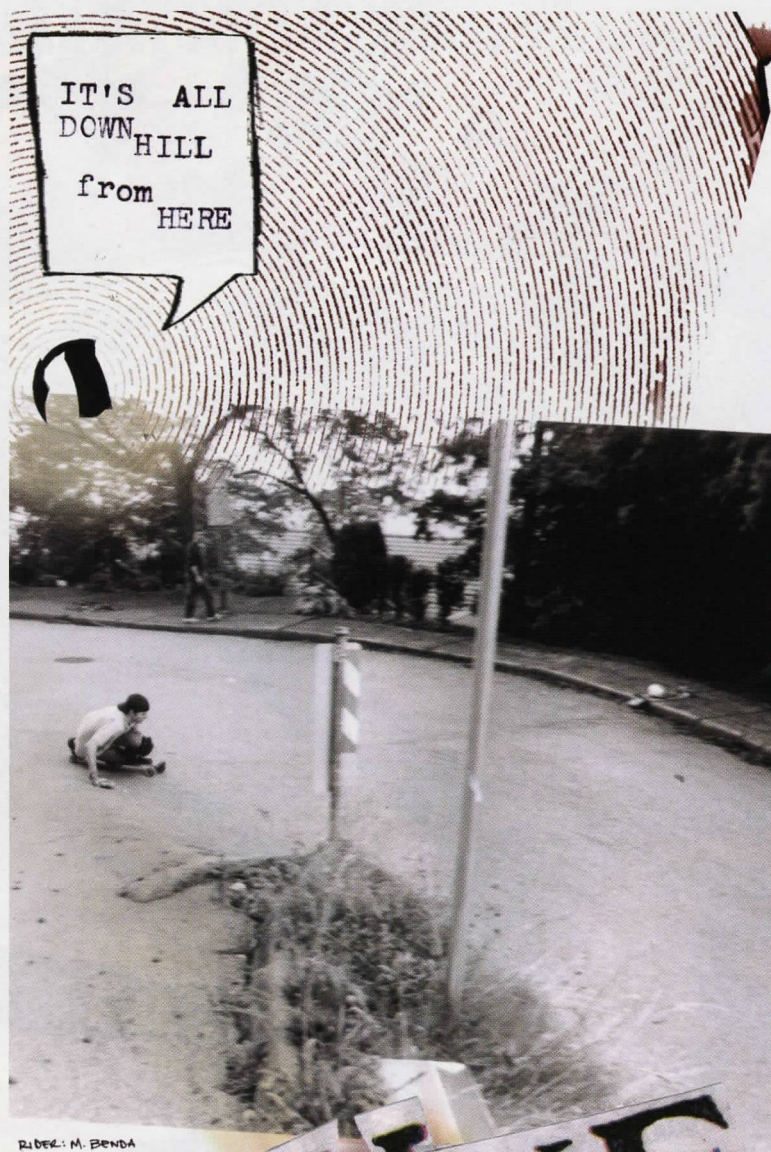


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# NOTEWORTHY

## PRODUCTS, PEOPLE, EVENTS

### SK8NUTS HARDWARE

Two years of research went into the design of Sk8nuts. The company has developed a unique way to attach your trucks to the deck. You don't need to worry about socket wrenches anymore! Available with Philips or Allen head. Sk8nuts.com or 512-619-8749



### SANTA CRUZ & KRUX

The folks over at NHS who market Santa Cruz and Krux Trucks have been very busy these days. Besides the Veterans Division, they have just released a line-up of OJ's, Bullets and Road Rider wheels. They even started screening a ton of retro shirts. Meanwhile, Krux is moving into the longboard market with their "The Man" truck. It's wide... about the same size as an Indy 215 and available only in silver. Scskate.com and kruxtrucks.com



### POOLSIDE

Poolside Skateboards is pleased to announce the release of its new SW Ditch Desperado deck. The board features a deep concave and double kicked nose and tail. The shape and graphics were designed to pay tribute to the southwestern ditch riding skate scene. In addition Poolside Skateboards will offer a portion of the sales to aid in the development of Santa Fe area skateparks. PoolsideSkateboards.com or (503) 680-1466.



### ACTIONSPO RTSRADIO.COM

Mark Williams took his interest in Actions Sports, and his love of video and combined them to create pacificwebcasting.com. Building on the success of this website, Mark has now launched an internet radio program called actionsportsradio.com. It airs every Monday at 3pm (pacific coast time). His goal is to provide an outlet for people involved in skateboarding and surfing to tell their stories and get the word out about events. Mark is always looking for

fresh stories. Contact 714-891-9888 or e-mail him at mark@sunset.win.net. Tune in every Monday at 3 pm. Actionsportsradio.com

### MIGHTY MAMA SKATE-O-RAMA

The annual Mighty Mama Skate-O-Rama on Mother's Day, Sunday May 8 at Laguna Niguel skatepark in Orange County. Last year's event was their first ever. Nineteen moms came out to skate (including an 80 year old). Now there are 270 members worldwide. The event starts at 10 am. skateboardmom.com

### LITTLEPAW

Skaters who like to feel where their feet positioning is at all times will enjoy the deep concaves of LittlePaw® decks. LittlePaw® will continue to thrive by embracing the talents of young vert skaters nationally and internationally. Eastern Skate Supply carries "Pissed Off Monkey, Psycho Monkey and Cool Monkey decks. Perverted Monkey will be available in summer. The theme is titled "year of the monkey" littlepawskateboards.com



### TSG

TSG has introduced two new products. The Force III Kneepads and Force II Elbowpads follow the design of the successful Force line but come with some new features. Designed for big ramp and pool riding the pads offer superior protection without restricting any movements. TSG improved the complete mold of the inner foam by reducing the size and adapting it to the shape of the human knee, while at the same time extending the side foam to offer optimal side impact protection. ridetsg.com



### SOMETHING WICKED

The "Something Wicked This Way Comes" contest was won by Nicolas from Quebec, Canada. Here is his

submission on why he likes to longboard:

*"I like to longboard for the feeling of riding the landscape otherwise so boring and polluted. I am 32 years old and boarding keeps me in contact with a life long youth and energy. When I ride I don't feel angry anymore. The bad vibes I communicate feeling alienated by my disrespectful neighbors or the bad air I breath each day are replaced by a joyful high that lingers for hours long. And it puts a smile on my face. And it brings me back to the oneness of it all. Like a good hallucinogenic trip. That's why I like to longboard."*

### SKATERS FOR PUBLIC SKATEPARKS

SPS is the offshoot of a local group, Skaters for Portland Skateparks. This new group is an international non-profit advocacy group for free public skateparks. Kent Dahlgren is the Executive Director and has long time connections to the Burnside crew and subsequently Dreamland Skateparks (although he is no longer officially affiliated with Dreamland). The SPS website is designed to provide individuals with information regarding all aspects of public skateparks. From community involvement process to site selection and development, SPS supplies all the answers in one easily accessible location. skatersforpublicskateparks.org

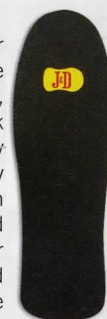
### POOL KINGS

Michael Stefaun's roots are in street skating. Therefore, it's only natural that his pool shape closely resembles the traditional, double-end, twin tip shape that so many street decks incorporate. As well as being somewhat of an "untraditional" pool shape, the deck is constructed using polymer composites and 5 plys of hard rock maple veneers. These composite decks are generally 8 ounces lighter than standard 7 ply wood decks of the same size and shape and seem to retain their "pop" or stiffness for a longer time as well. Also just released is the Pool Pirate Board, aka a "performance pig". This deck has deep concave, long, up-scooped nose and more of a "popsicle" overall look. It is large enough to handle the deepest of pools with plenty of comfort and stability. Poolkings.com



### JD SKATEBOARDS

If you're searching for pool/vert boards that are right for kids under 70 lbs, you might want to check out JD Skateboards. They are constructed of a 9 ply Baltic birch bonded with polyurethane. The flex and strength are just right for kids. The front of board has a nice spoon shape concave and a single kick. They also make longboards. Jdskateboards.com



### LIZARD LONGBOARDS

Paul Taylor and Tom Greenway, web designers and programmers by trade wanted a change in career to take them away from staring at their monitors day in, day out and combining their hobbies of longboarding. Lizard Longboards UK was born and the website has just been launched with a set of 5 Lizard boards ranging from the 42" Gecko to the 58" Komodo Dragon.



Longboarding is a growing sport in the UK offering many riding styles such as downhill, slalom, carving, sliding, tricks and just plain cruising round town. Lizardlongboards.com

### LADERA

Ladera Longboards have just released the 46" Bonnie Bomber board. Featuring artwork by Jimbo Phillips laderalongboards.com



### DVD's

Three new great DVD's hit our mailbox recently. They are Sacrifice Skateboard's "In Through the Out Door," Sector 9's "Bomb Hill's Not Countries" and World Cup of Skateboarding's "Planes Trains and Skateboards." Ask for these DVD's at your local shop or contact the companies directly.



### GRINGO

Texas based Gringo Skate Boards



have once again launched a new summer series of decks aptly named the 'Knuckle Head' series.

The series is composed of its pro line up of Jon Comer, masters Ken Fillion, Troy Chason and Henry Gutierrez. Under the 'U.S. Made' 7-ply Good Wood® program, Gringo Skateboard's efforts are focused on maintaining the highest manufacturing industry standards. gringoskateboards.com



### BOOK NEWS FROM CONCRETE WAVE EDITIONS

*Disposable*, by Sean Cliver sold out of its initial print run in less than 8 weeks. A new edition was just printed featuring 16 more pages and thicker paper. Visit [disposablethebook.com](http://disposablethebook.com) for more info. In June, Wes Humpston will release a book showcasing his artwork from the past three decades. Go to [bulldogskates.com](http://bulldogskates.com). Finally, *Behind the Scenes Lords of Dogtown* is going to press as we speak. This book, published by Concrete Wave Editions in conjunction with Tri Star Pictures, gives readers unprecedented access to the making of this film. To order copies, visit [tailpat.com](http://tailpat.com).

### THE 2005 KEBBEK HAIRPIN

The 2005 Kebbek Hairpin features a new concave that follows the shape of the deck's contours. As you turn your foot from drift position to tuck position and back, the concave narrows and widens to grip your foot like a binding. If that wasn't hard enough to engineer, they also added a bolder camber so the board can be pressed with eight plies and still be stiff. The new graphic incorporates the inspiration for this board's design by highlighting the Kebbek team's favorite Montréal runs in the Westmount neighbourhood. Included in these runs is none other than the world famous Devil's Toy Corners, where to buy beer and a few points of speedboarding history in Montréal. [kebbek.com](http://kebbek.com)



### BROKEN BONES

If you're bored of seeing all the same boards in the local shop, then check these guys out. Started in 2001 with the goal of creating boards that will stand out from the rest, Broken Bones believes in breaking down walls and skating anything and everything. It's about all combining all aspects of skateboarding and keeping the Canadian skate scene rad. [brokenbones\\_canada@hotmail.com](mailto:brokenbones_canada@hotmail.com)



### PANCHO LONGBOARD

Pancho Longboard Company has just released their newest series. Called the East West series, these tailed maple composite boards focus on the interesting dynamic of the East and West similarities and differences. [pancho-longboards.com](http://pancho-longboards.com)



### SKATER-TRADER

Skater-Trader #5 is at the Skate Lab in Simi Valley on Saturday, May 7th, [Skater-Trader.com](http://Skater-Trader.com) or call David at 619-504-3160



### TIMESHIP RACING

Time Ship racing released its full schedule and it is jammed with lots of great slalom and downhill events. For more details for these events and more on the Contest Calendar visit [ncdsa.com](http://ncdsa.com):

**May 7** — The 5th Gathering, Seneca Creek State Park, Gaithersburg, MD,

**May 28** — Albuquerque Outlaw Invitational, Albuquerque, NM

**June 11** — Colorado Cup, Golden & Boulder, CO

**June 25** — Maryhill High Speed Racing, Historic Loops Road, Goldendale, WA,

**July 1** — Fat City Racing Throwdown Northstar, Lake Tahoe, CA

**July 1** — 2nd Annual Dovercourt Open Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

**August 19, 20, 21** — US Championships Vail / Breckenridge, CO

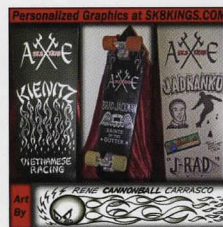
**September 3** — Top Challenge, Montreal, Quebec, Canada

**September 12** — Slalom Week World Championships, Morro Bay

**September 24** — Sandia All Around Challenge, Albuquerque, NM

### SK8KINGS

SK8KINGS has taken their innovative AXE Slalom Deck a step further with "you call it" graphics. The AXE Art Model is the debut deck to be offered with a graphic custom-designed with your personality in mind and hand drawn by the legendary Rene' "Canonball" Carrasco. This cool option is also available for all decks in the SK8KINGS line-up. Own a one-of-a-kind piece of functional art specially created just for you. Order online at: [SK8KINGS.COM](http://SK8KINGS.COM)



### DOWNHILL BILLIES

Story and photo by Lenny Poage  
Like many, Marion Karr (North Carolina Longboarder) skated several years ago. Then, for some reason or another, skateboarding fell by the wayside and other things took center stage. Also like many, the love of skateboarding would not stay dormant and, several months ago, Marion picked up a longboard and started bombing and carving the hills of Statesville, NC. Through a series of mutual friends, Marion founded a budding longboard community right there in Statesville.

They often skated together and things first started to build. After a while, Marion started looking online to see if there were others who shared his love for longboarding and found several other longboard (and slalom)

skaters only a few hours drive from one another. As a result of several conversations and online bulletin board postings, the name Downhill Billies seemed to fit this budding collection of skaters and an open invite went out.

The knowledge that many of the Downhill Billies lived relatively close to one another started the wheels turning in Marion's head. Why not get all these isolated cells of skaters together? After some figuring, it became apparent that, luckily enough, Statesville was, more or less, the central point between all these isolated cells. And, as luck would have it, there is a new housing development with two great inclines and pristine asphalt that is perfect for longboard and slalom skaters. Things were falling into place. The next step was getting everyone together.

After several phone calls and emails back and forth with several of the newly dubbed Downhill Billies, the crew decided that January 15, 2005 would be the Downhill Billies Inaugural Jam. Skaters from North Carolina, South Carolina, West Virginia and Ohio descended upon the hill to check out the action. Over 30 skaters showed up to be a part of the January Jam. As each person arrived, they were greeted by a crew of skaters saying "Welcome to the Downhill Billies. You're one of us! Enjoy!"

South Carolina's Wes Tucker set a slalom course on one hill while those who wanted to carve and bomb attacked the other hill with a passion. Many longboarders who had never been on a slalom board tried slalom for the first time and were instantly stoked—everybody had a huge grin by the end of the day. Marion summed up the mood of the day when he proclaimed, "My cheeks are sore from smiling so much! It was obvious this was just the beginning of something big!"

With the momentum that the Downhill Billies have, it doesn't look like the crew will be slowing down anytime soon. [www.downhillbillies.org](http://www.downhillbillies.org)







Rachael Jarvie  
Photo: Rick Smith

## BEHEMOTHS

I love the magazine and have to thank you for reinvigorating the old feeling of waiting for Skateboarder Magazine to hit our local 7-11 after a session at the "Superbowl" a little ditch off the side of the freeway! I wrote to you awhile back about being "propelled" back into the sport - you may remember that letter! I have recently built a 9' vert ramp in my "office". (really a warehouse/office leased with a ramp in mind) So the "Daily Grind" takes on a whole new meaning now. Anyway, just wanted to thank you and your staff for all you do - I realize you are up against the behemoths of the skate magazine world and it may seem like a tough battle, but as you said, it seems to be turning around! I believe the truth will prevail and the full force and depth of skating will soon show its face!

Dave E, California

## LOCAL CHAOS - letter of the month

I recently picked up a copy of your book "Concrete Wave." In the back of that book is a listing of "skate 'zines" from back in the day. I was surprised to see my old 'zine "Local Chaos" listed! A couple of years ago I took all my old photos, stories, flyers and whatever and created a website for 80s' music and skate culture. Most of it is centered around out scene here in Ann Arbor, Michigan. But we all took trips to skate with others, so there are photos to reflect that. Some of the people we skated with back then went on to become "big names" in the skate industry.

Check out my website if you want. There is a lot there and you could spend hours looking at all the pix in the gallery. I think we are at over 600 pictures at this point. I still have more pictures and stuff to add as friends keep "finding" more and more kulture from back then. It's been a very fun project for me and it has put me back in touch with many of my old bros. Some who I lost contact with back in the 80s. I still skate today and along with skating our ramp I try and hit up the local parks as often as my body will let me.

Wes  
<http://localCHAOS.org>

## LETTER OF THE MONTH RECEIVES A PRIZE PACK FROM **SECTOR nine**

### OLD DOGS & NEW TRICKS

I recently returned to skateboarding after 15 years. Concrete Wave helped put a spark in my grind. For that, I say "thank you." After reading your publication for about a year, I found myself a little disappointed with the content with many returning and new skaters around I would have thought you might have included a "how to" section every issue. Since learning or relearning skills boost confidence and inspires people, I think Concrete Wave should do everything in its power to help people learn via photos and words. Please help the old dogs learn new tricks.

Thanks  
John K, Richmond BC

### THE BUG

Great article on Jim Korten. Of course myself, Don Hamilton, and David Z, have known for years that James "the Bug" Korten was faster then everyone back in 1978. It's great to see him come back and kill it so well today. Don Hamilton knows why he's called "the bug." He had this sick side step stance and would do these amazing airs off the vert spine after hitting the speed run at the Boogie Bowl skatepark in Glendale CA. He rode on the Boogie Bowl skatepark team 1977-1979. He's a living legend here in Glendale. With a little practice "the Bug" will dominate. Hope you can get a hold of him.

Best regards,  
Skateboarder-DVD Producer  
Richard W

### AMPED

Your magazine is AWESOME. I've been skating for 30+ years now. If possible, I would LOVE to be a part of it. I'll gladly promote your product in ANY way, and can actually skate pretty good after all these years!

SKATE HARD FOR LIFE!  
Robert B, Oklahoma

Dear Robert,  
A t-shirt is on its way. Wear it proudly!  
Thanks,  
Ed

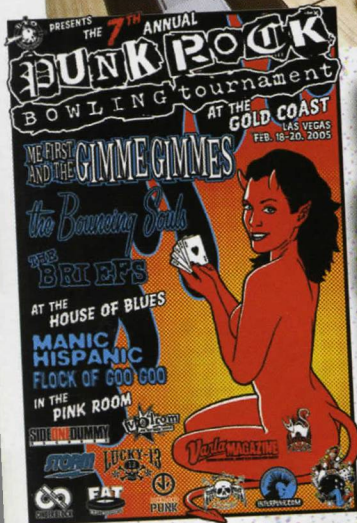




Ray "Bones" Rodriguez circa 1978 riding the original Powell Logo deck which inspired the reissue.







it is that time of the year for us to head to vegas for the annual punk rock bowling tournament. the drill is that punks from the bands, record labels and connected entities enjoy a vegas weekend hanging out together and goofing off. prs skaters, kevin staab, the milkman and chris graham along with one of our bros, bond bowled for the tiki bowl team. a 140 teams participated with only 70 that would advance to the final, we werent one of them. a few gigs took place that were part of the weekend, agent orange, dr. know, bad samaritans, gimme gimmes, manic hispanic and others. on sunday after partying till 5am we made a trip over to the wagon wheel for a session. kevin ended up blasting this huge air just barely missing the death box on his re-entry --it was nuts.



concretedisciples.com  
sanctioned event



Dave Hackett

Trace Little

**Team Goon**  
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action review  
to see these and other events in  
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Pat Ngocho



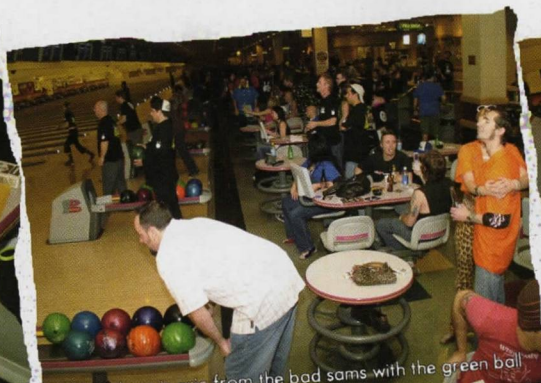
Sean Maz

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lunch time



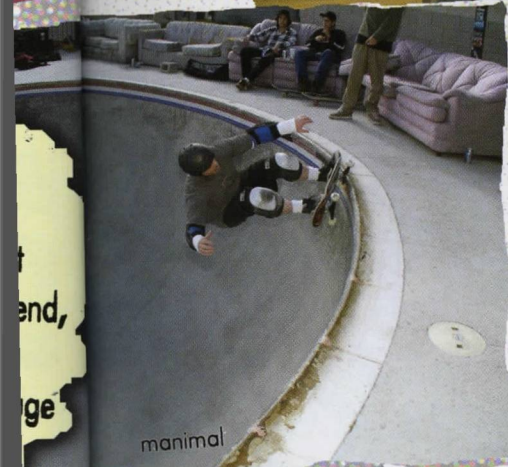
hey, there is eric from the bad sams with the green ball



the varla girls team



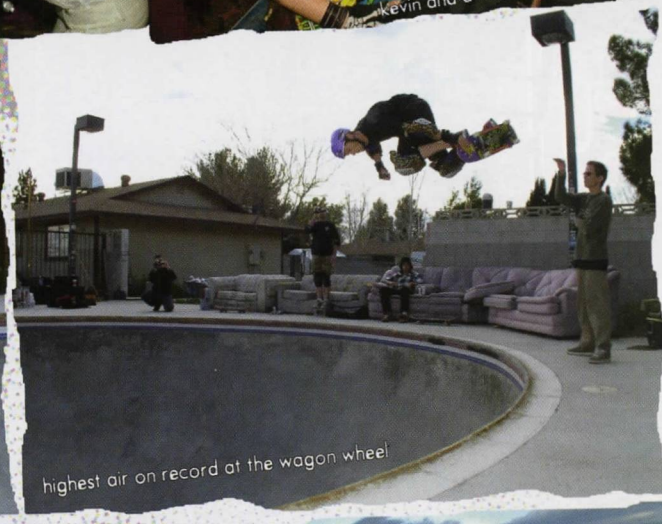
kevin and a fan who loves pirates



animal



howard



highest air on record at the wagon wheel



Jake Piasecki



Andrew Mercado



Mike Smith

### Results

#### Pro

1. Benji Galloway
2. Jeff Grosso
3. Jimmy the Greek
4. Jesse Parker
5. Dave Hackett
6. Sean Mazza
7. Chicken
8. David Allred

#### Ladies

1. Kim Peterson
2. Heidi Kreis
3. Heidi Fitzgerald
4. Caylen Dakin
5. Lynn Kramer

#### Am

1. Andrew Mercado
2. Tyler Mumma
3. Stewart Graham
4. Jim Callans
5. John Lyttle

Concrete Disciples threw their 2nd annual Bomb Drop out at the Palm Springs skatepark. The weather for the event was looking pretty bleak initially and after drying the park out, the event was under way as the course was prepared. First up was the pro division. The main event was set up as a Death Race where it is a park slalom course with banks and cones all over that need to be maneuvered around. Intermittent rain halted the event a few times and after a brief dry out the racing was back on. The best pro time from Benji Galloway came in at 24.14, Andrew Mercado in the Ams came in at 25.13, Kim Peterson in the Ladies division came in at 30.13. For those that were not participating in the Death Race could be found shredding the kidney bowl all day. After the event everyone retired over to a local watering hole to see the Black Label movie "Who Cares".



# RESIST CONTROL

BY AKI KRINDER



HERE ARE WINNING ENTRIES IN  
THE SKULL SKATES "RESIST CONTROL" CONTEST.  
EACH OF WINNERS WILL BE RECEIVING THE DVD "RESIST CONTROL"  
AVAILABLE AT SKULLSKATES.COM

*As skateboarders we strive for control or our skateboards, while simultaneously resisting control of sometimes over zealous enforcement reserves, charged by a mentally constrained society. It seems as though all the freedom skateboarding offers is just a bit too much for some people and they feel that they must respond by trying to stop it. Skirmishes run the gamut from heavy-handed abuse of assumed power to comical and absurd situations as well as even the occasional understanding compromise.*

*The following stories, which are shown in the order that they were received, give us a glimpse into some of these situations and how they have played themselves out. The theme of controllers and resisters is well established in the world of skateboarding and countless stories, such as these, shall remain untold... viva skateboarding, resist control!*

The year: 1987. Age 14. There I was in class before the teacher arrived. I grabbed my board and started cruising between desks. The teacher caught me in mid boneless. He grabbed the board and a tug-o-war began. I went with my gut and just let go and the guy hit the floor! I grabbed my stick and bolted. I think I was down the street by the time he got up. School was a little too hot, so I decided to spend the rest of the day skating Kickwillie Ditch. It wound up being a great day!

— **Ty Stranglehold**

Walking into The Pentagon last year, the Officer looks over my ID. You skate? He says, noticing my Vans lanyard. Yup! I said. He smiled and waved me on. There are ramps inside for maintenance vehicles. They spiral from floor to floor. Everyday I say, "Is today the day I finally bomb that hill?"

Yesterday was That Day! BOMBS AWAY...Or so I thought. A police officer runs over to me and asks what's going on. It was the same guy I saw last year, he smirked and said "one run and you're done!!"

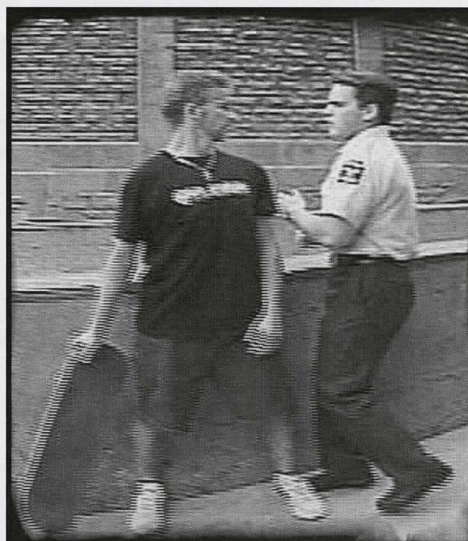
Then he left. Victory was mine!

— **Justin Clohesy**

Small town. No place to skate. Empty warehouse. Unlocked. Smooth concrete. One

ramp. Backside boneless. Two ramps. Ollie transfer. Good times. Weeks pass. Knock at door. Nowhere to hide. Cop. Takes name. Takes birth dates. Over 18. Break and Enter. Jail time. Criminal record. Threatened. Puts book away. Small town. No place to skate. Gives one hour. Gets back in cruiser. Drives away. Clear out. Next week. Six guys. VW Bug. Bad driving. Cop. Pulled over. Same cop. It's the skateboard gang. Turns around. Gets back in cruiser. Drives away. Good cops. Resist. Too.

— **Jon Bath**



I was in Singapore about 5 years ago and I hooked up with the country's best street skaters. We skated this kick ass spot in the city for a few hours in the afternoon. The heat was too much for me so I went back home because I had a headache. I received a call from one of the skaters later that night and this is what happened 10 minutes after I left the spot: The cops knew the skaters were there and planned

an 'attack'. They cornered all the usual escape routed and caught about 25 skaters The cops made them all kneel down with their hands behind their head for a few ours in the sun in public!! This is in a busy business area downtown!! All I can say is "ouchy knees and blistering heads"!!

— **Witter**

My most memorable memory of resisting control was when my friends and I would skate the fountain at Princeton University. They would drain it at the end of November and it wouldn't be long before we would be skating it and having fun. We would usually go at night because that was when we had the least chance of getting caught by the campus security. The fountain was so much fun to skate there would be as many as 20 skaters sometimes. It was wild.

I was never caught by the campus security but they did come close to getting my friends and I. One night it seemed like a SWAT Team of security officers came out of nowhere. We just started running like bats out of hell-even ran past some officers in a car. It was crazy. We ran through people's yards and finally hid in some bushes and waited for them to give up looking for us. I've been resisting control since the 1st day I stepped on a skateboard and I will continue to do so.

— **Kevin Bird**

Also thought I would share a couple personal resist control experiences...

A rare dark rainy morning in Los Angeles, midday dryness, black overhead, a well known Hollywood Hills bust pool, ten minutes skating, commotion, dogs barking, and old guy running at us with a shotgun, "your ass is grass junior", detained for two hours by sheriffs, giggling in the back of the car, got a tail tap and a frontside to shallow, I will never forget.

... Late afternoon rush hour, Chinatown Vancouver, trolley bus bumper ride uphill, crazy honking motorists behind, flipped them off, under covers, super pissed, cover blown, board seized, went to the property office everyday for a week, they finally turned it in on the eighth day. My board was joyriding in the trunk of a cop car. — **A.K CW**



LINE 2004



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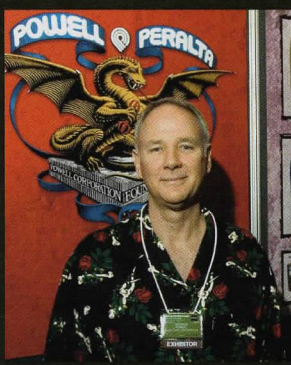


Z-FLEX  
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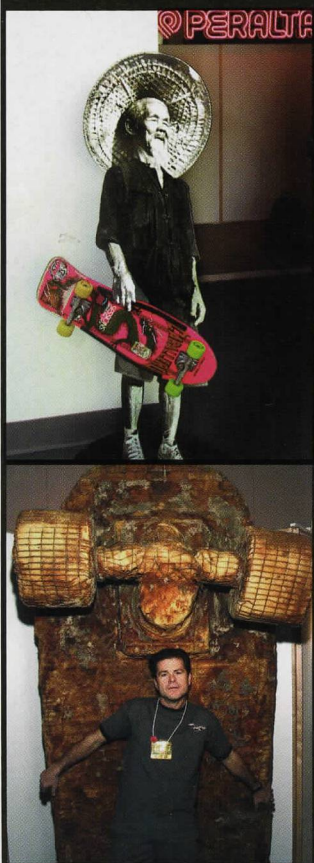
Z-boys  
GEN. IV, 2005  
Wrex Cook

Z-boys  
GEN. II, 1979  
Polar Bear





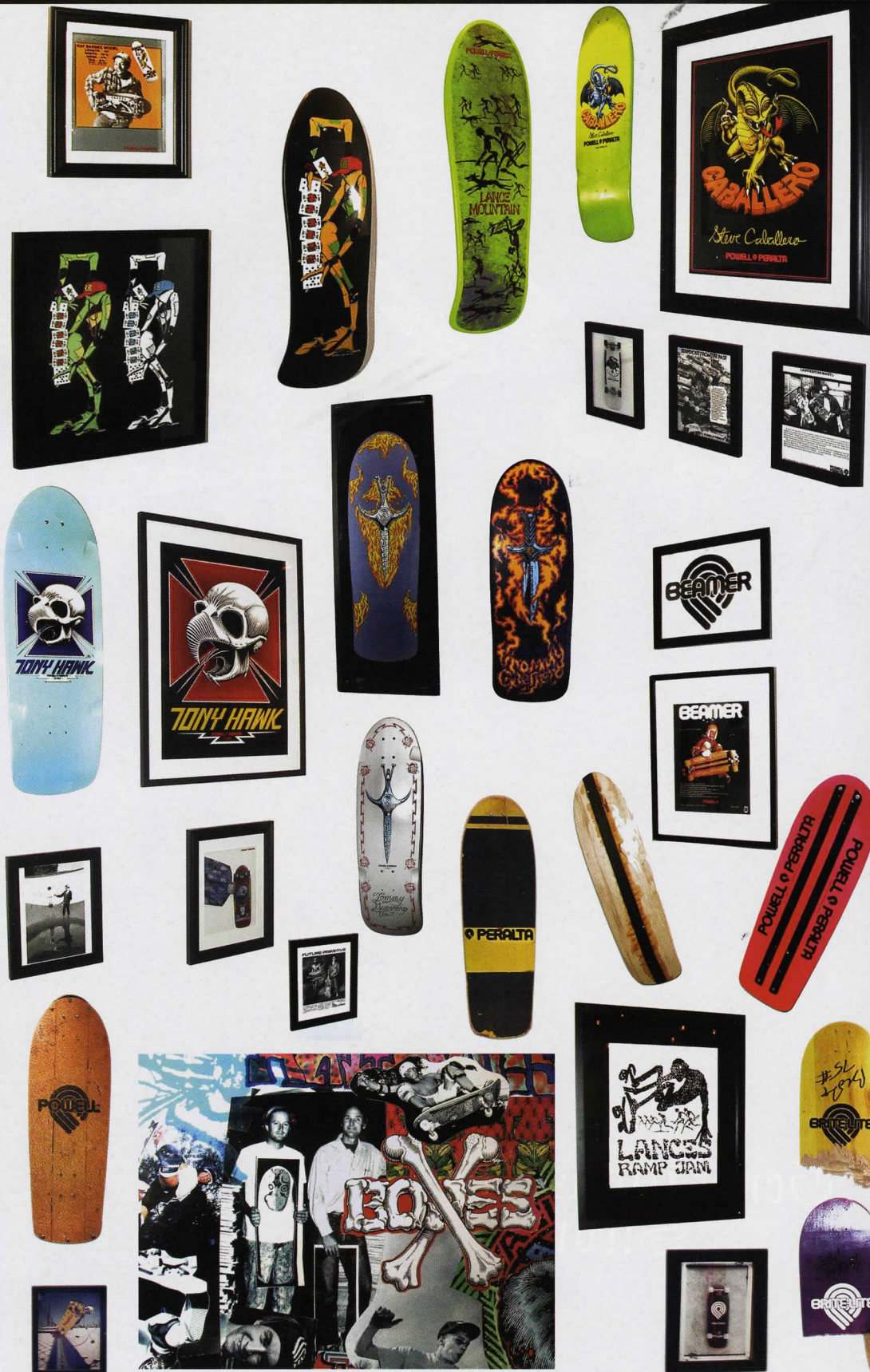
The Powell Peralta museum at ASR turned out even better than we expected. From the comments we received in our guest book, it was worth the incredible effort it took to put that museum quality exhibit together. I'm just saddened that more skaters didn't get to see it in person, because the nature of the artwork and exhibited items can't be recreated in video or photos, you have to have seen it in person to recognize its emotional impact. Skaters were very moved.



## POWELL PERALTA MUSEUM

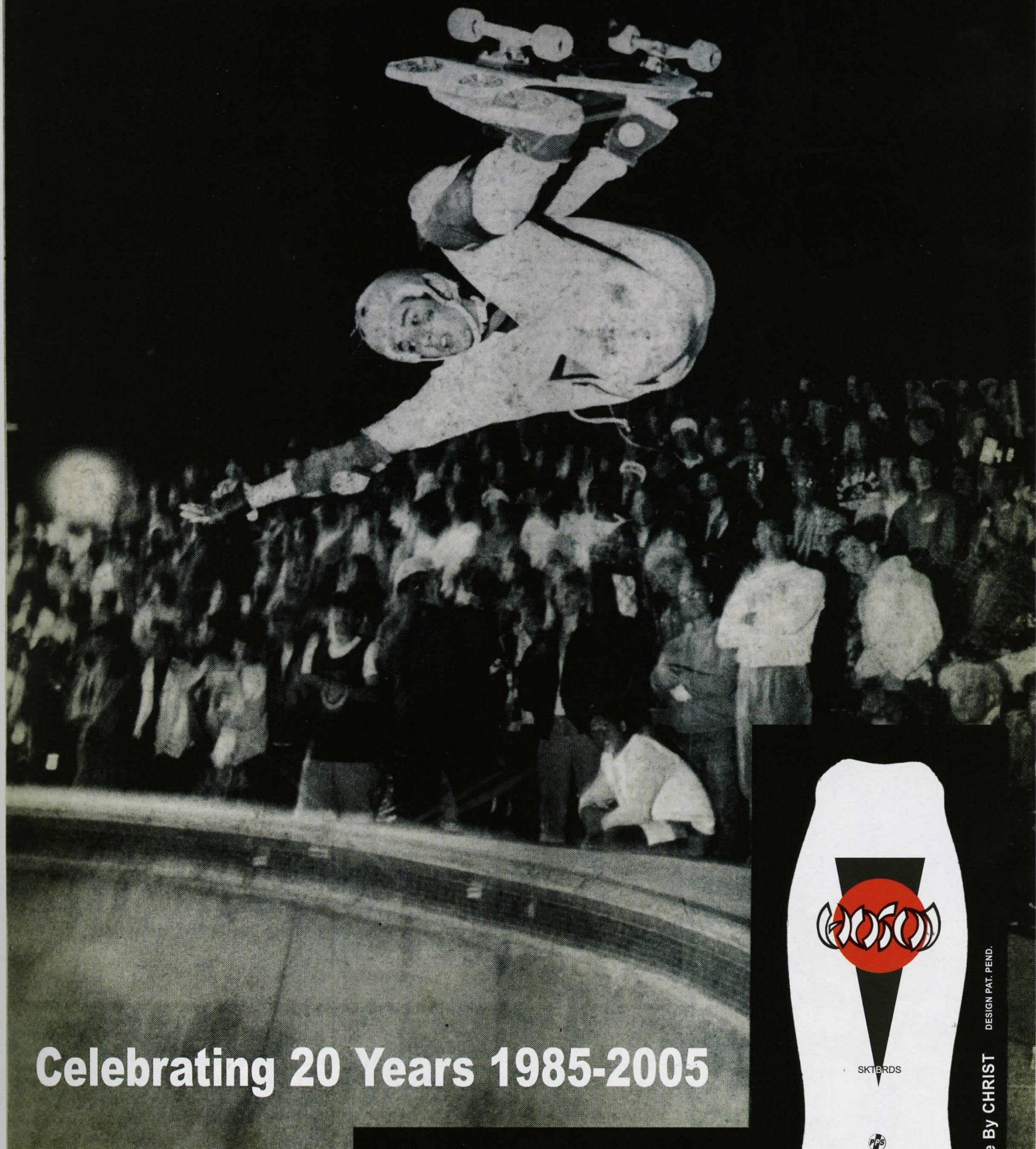
BY GEORGE POWELL

PHOTOS: RAY ZIMMERMAN





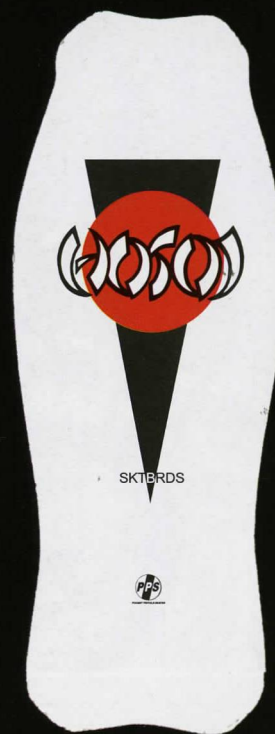
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PENSINGER



# MELBOURNE OLD SCHOOL SESSIONS

## OLD SCHOOL SKATE JAM 2005

BY DAVID PANG



The tour crew at Ryle Bowls (Cradle):  
Wedge Francis, Danny Van, Shane Dearing, Jamie Fletcher, Jimmy, Homer, Joel, Tone Gates, Dave Pang, Dale Halpin, Paul Fletcher, etc etc



Adrian Jones, styling frontside air at Coburg

With MOSS having a large contingent of members involved within skateboard industry, the annual Globe World Cup event seemed like the opportune time to call a gathering of the elders.

With indications that people were travelling from Sydney, Canberra, Adelaide and Queensland a full weekends itinerary was prepared by one; Sir Reginald 'Wedge' Francis. The schedule being: Friday morning, hit the awesome 'Rye' bowl the only bowl in Australia with a cradle, where locals Joel Darlison and Homer tore each and every inch of it apart. A lunchtime roll in the pool like 'Coburg' kidney bowl, (tiles are a bit dodgy but still it rules), Tony Hallam, Cam Wells and Adrian Jones put down their stamp of authority. Finishing with an evening a warm down roll in the indoor Levels (ROF) skatepark, here Marty Kent showed the coping blocks no mercy, Mohawk Mal carved with style and Tone Gates got his few hours of sweet rollin'.

Saturday saw us all sitting in VIP seating at the Globe World Cup, witnessing all sorts of skate madness. Sunday was our big event, the MOSS OSSJ05 at the new 'Point Cook' bowl, a medium height capsule type bowl with a small bowl at one end and a larger over vert bowl at the other.

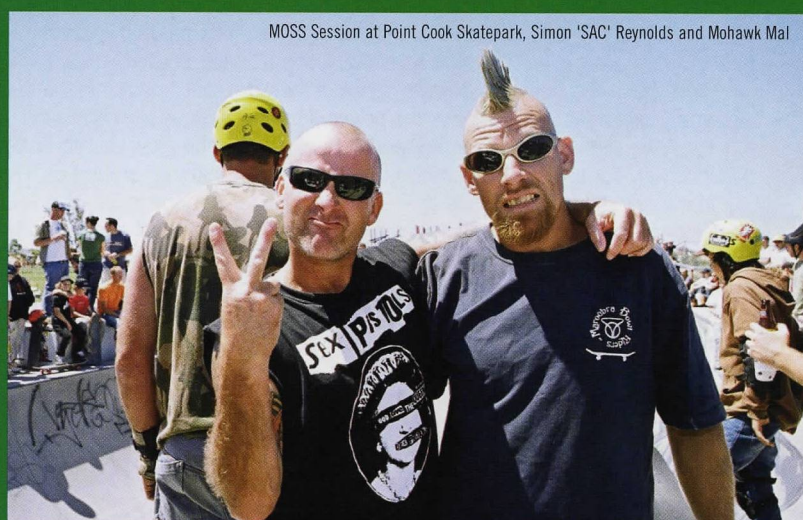
As well as the standard age group sessions, MOSS also introduced the 'Fossil and Grommets' event. A parent and child teams event, this went down awesomely well, with the points calculation being somewhat unique that encouraged less experienced skaters to participate. One highlight was mum Leah Marshall teaming up in this event. Other notable moments included Wedge Francis hitting some burly double truck carves and frontside airs, Johnny 'Primate' McGrath laying down the smoothest, trick infested run of the day, Simon 'SAC' Reynolds tearing every piece of coping apart, Lester kneeboarding better than many can standing, new returnee to skating Richard stopping proceeding with the gnarliest bail (broken leg), and the endless snaking and double runs in the 30-35yr session. Shout outs to Globe, charliedontskate, and Independent for the prizes.

As you can see from the pics, Old School fever has hit Australia, so if you are travelling down Australia way, pack your board and pads and look us up, easiest way being via [www.charliedontskate.com](http://www.charliedontskate.com) or [www.skateboard.com.au](http://www.skateboard.com.au). **CW**

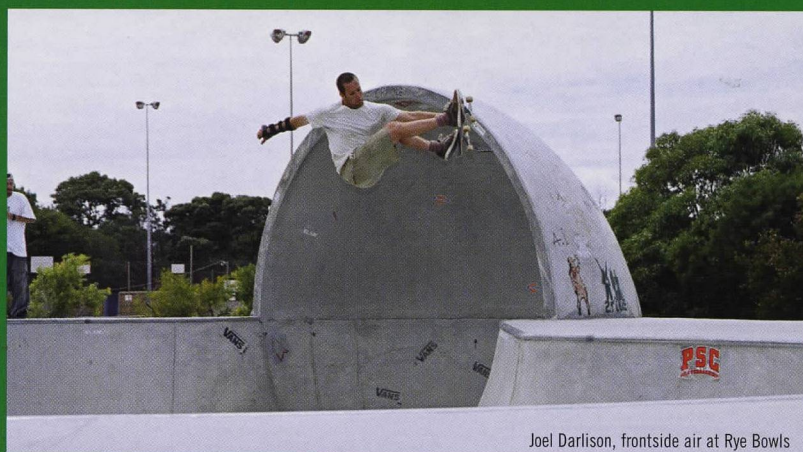




Tony Hallam handplant at Coburg



MOSS Session at Point Cook Skatepark, Simon 'SAC' Reynolds and Mohawk Mal



Joel Darlison, frontside air at Rye Bowls



Marty Kent slashing grind at the Ring of Fire (Levels Skatepark, Melbourne)



Matty "Mavis-Bulky" Davis Sweeper at Point Cook MOSS Session



Freshpaved Note:

Portmann and I had the pleasure of working with Akoni Kama on this story from his home on the north shore of Oahu. During the visit, I got hung up on a blurb from a book that I re-read regularly. It was a chapter called, "How to Invoke Magic" from a book called *Shambhala – Sacred Path of the Warrior*. Not "magic" in the David Copperfield sense of the word, but "magic" in the sense of the power and magic of the world around us. The author, Chogyam Trungpa, points out that energy, or the power of the universe, is always around us, but it does not belong to us. The more we struggle to control our world, the more we become subject to the world. Trungpa uses the analogy, "either you are riding on a donkey, or the donkey is riding on you." Magic refers to balance with our universe and discovering "magic in everything" around us. Or something like that (this guy, Trungpa, is out there).

To me, the donkey analogy is an excellent lesson for balance in life, and Akoni is an excellent example. Akoni is a person living with balance and tapping into magic every day. Balance as a father and a professional athlete. Think about his charmed life. Akoni wakes up (on the North Shore), loads the truck with a wide assortment of boards, packs a cooler, puts on shades and flip-flops, and off he goes. He heads for the hills, or the waves, depending on nothing more than weather and mood — the good life.

By the end of the trip, I decided that Akoni probably wouldn't ride the donkey, so much as walk next to the donkey. Unfortunately, the poor donkey will be loaded down with four or five boards, and a cooler full of Red Bull.



## Riding the Magic Donkey with Akoni Kama

>> JEFF GAITES

PHOTOS: FRANCOIS PORTMANN

In Hawaii, wave-riding is an integral part of life, culture, and philosophy. The North Shore of Oahu is home to the beginning of the Koolau Mountain Range, and some of the world's best surf breaks; Pipeline and Waimea Bay to name a few of the biggies. Mountain meets wave in a rider's paradise.

As a native, Akoni is no exception to the Hawaiian riding culture. He surfs, skates, and mountainboards professionally — a rider's rider. Despite Akoni's extreme occupation and lifestyle, he is a surprisingly grounded person. Very relaxed with no attitude, no fronts — almost like an old friend from the first time you meet. Akoni lives his life with balance between family and work pointing out, "the biggest motivator to pursue mountainboarding, and make a

job of it, is my daughter...I had to figure out a way to make sports and work come together." You could argue that's why he's such a strong rider. Akoni has life sorted out, so he can focus on the ride. And focus he does.

When the surf is up, Akoni likes to ride a break called Log Cabins which sits about a quarter of a mile south of Pipeline. Seeing him surf puts everything into perspective. Akoni is powerful, relaxed, and balanced. Sick barrel rides, incredible lip blasts — working his craft. You're witnessing the source for all the moves he applies to the rest of his life.

One afternoon, Akoni's buddies, Darryl Freeman and Ethan Lau, drop by the house to chill before a little afternoon skate session. We take a short ride into the Waianae Mountain

Range along the western portion of the North Shore. Next thing you know, we are hiking up a steep, freshly paved service road into an area called Peacock Flats. Think: miles of sticky, black asphalt snaking through lush, green mountains. As a former X-Games gold medalist, Darryl likes to ride fast and pull insane, stand-up slides. Meanwhile, Ethan is ripping beautiful lay-backs on a big, old five-footer. Needless to say, Peacock Flats is an amazing place to ride with awesome views of the coast.

A few days later, we reconnect with Darryl and Ethan to try out some of their favorite runs around their hometown of Honolulu. We made the drive south from the North Shore in about an hour. Right away, you can see the excitement on their faces as we drive, zig-zag up









Tantalus Drive. To give an idea about the length of the run, it takes over ten minutes to skate back down at racing speed. Years earlier, Darryl had organized the "420 Races" down Tantalus until the authorities shut him down. Damn the man.

Stepping back through Akoni's riding evolution; it's easy to trace the mountainboarding path. We've all heard surfers say that they love to skate when the waves are flat. What happens when the surfer also happens to ride BMX and lives around mountains in a warm climate? Well, the heart wants what the heart wants. Akoni's heart wants to ride, wherever that may lead, and down whatever path — paved or not.

One of Akoni's favorite mountainboarding spots is Kahuku Motocross Track. Kahuku is

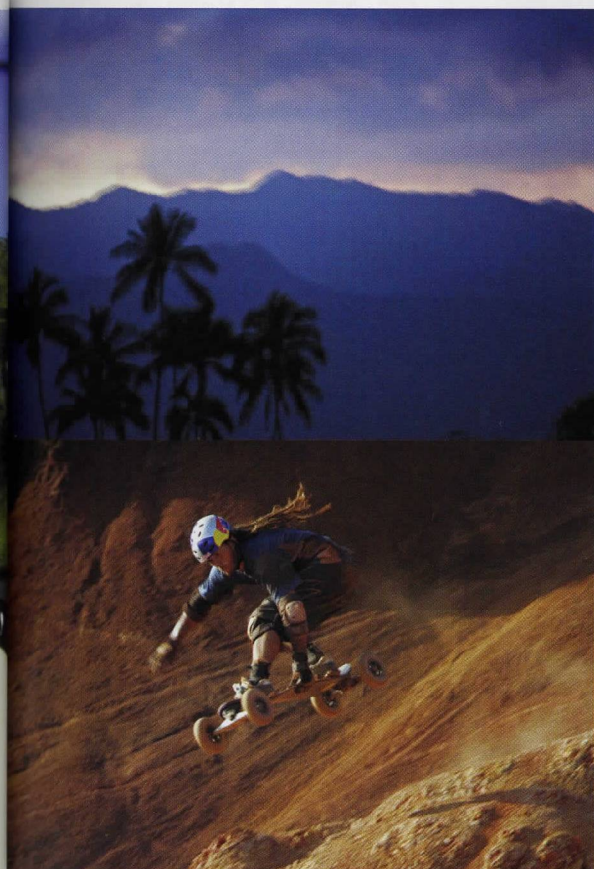
conveniently located on the North Shore in Velzyland, or "V-land" named after legendary surfer, Dale "The Hawk" Velzy. Kahuku is a sprawling maze of red, clay chutes and huge banks, or berms. During the week, Kahuku is closed to Motocross riders, so if you're lucky enough to be on vacation, or unfettered by the nine to five grind, you have the whole place to yourself. Early-adopters in any sport get the spoils of new found riches.

As we see in the history of sports like surfing, skateboarding, and snowboarding, there are always a few riders who push the envelope. Over the last ten years, Akoni has led the way as one of the pioneers for the sport of mountainboarding. If necessity is the mother of invention, then listen to Uncle Akoni about the early days, "me and my friends were making

our own mountainboards...using skateboard trucks — Indy 215s, XT wheels, and making our own decks...customizing them to suit our type of riding." Drawing from his surf and skate influences, Akoni was able to drive major, practical improvements in board, truck, and wheel design. Today, comparing an old mountainboard to a later model is like comparing a Snurfer to modern day snowboard. Akoni continues to push his ride and the sport of mountainboarding explaining, "I've always been open to trying out new products and ideas because I believe the only way to learn and get better is to try everything and see what works." Progress is good. **CW**

*Akoni has just recently signed with Ground Industries. Visit [groundindustries.com](http://groundindustries.com) for more info.*







# MY BLOODY VALENTINE

## WICKED WAHINE

## HITS

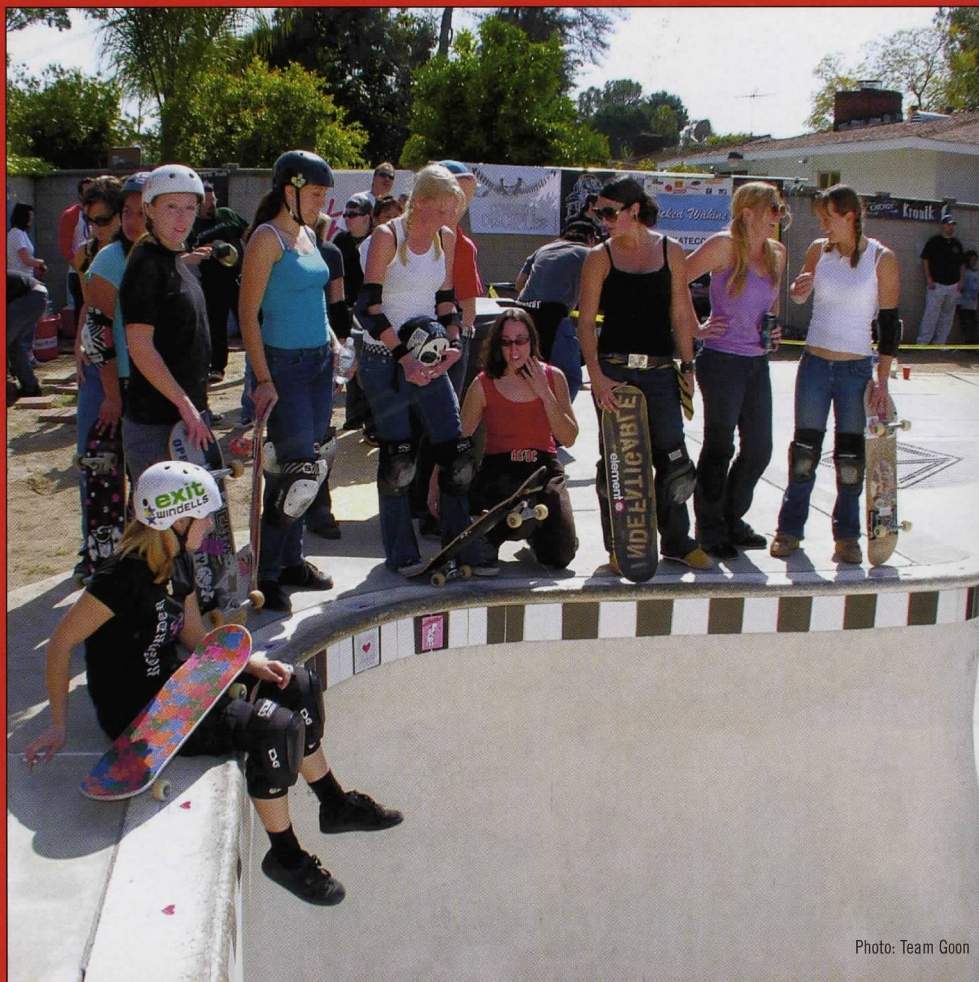
## BELMAR'S POOL

BY MARK KESSENICH  
PHOTOS: RAY ZIMMERMAN  
& TEAM GOON



The second event put on by Wicked Wahine was titled "My Bloody Valentine" at Kelly Belmar's private backyard pool and was originally scheduled to be held on February 19th, 2005. But due to the unusual onslaught of So Cal rainstorms, the contest was delayed until February 27th. It turned out to be well worth the wait because the weather more than cooperated with the skaters and the sun shined all day like it normally does in this part of the country. The format was the same as the previous event at the Glendale skatepark, except this went down with more of a jam vibe rather than a contest aesthetic. The rules were simple... you had to be female, a skater, and willing to roll into one of the most challenging pools ever built.

Practice runs started at around 10:00 am, with all of the girls getting in some nice runs. During the previous two weeks leading up to the event, the girls had access to practice learning the pool. At 12:30 pm, Tammy's sister, Tisha Cruz, blessed the pool with a repeat performance of ancient Oli (Hawaiian chanting),



as the girls all lined up around the coping. It was a very moving and silent ceremony. By this time, the backyard had filled up with skaters and spectators. Caesar brought his sound equipment and spun his usual great tunes throughout the day. Jimmy "The Greek" did bang up job emceeing on the microphone.

What has to be mentioned is the full-on, go for it skating that every girl displayed that day. Everyone charged the pool and gave it their all, which equated to a very memorable day in female skate history. Lots of coping was ground, airs were had and some stylish carves were made throughout the day. At the end of the event awards were handed out and this is how the judges broke it down: "Most Improved Skater" award went to Pamela Brodowski, which was based on the practice sessions leading up to the event. "Most Stylish Skater" award went to Nicole Zuck for the way she was ripping the pool and throwing up huge grinds everywhere. The "My Bloody Valentine" award was given to Juwels Bauer. Juwels tore her right thumb when trying to land an air over the

roll-in gap. For honorable mention, the award almost went to Nicole Zuck and Cara Beth Burnside. Cara Beth rolled into the pool on the right side wall as Nicole was speeding down the roll-in. They nearly collided but thankfully, nothing happened. "Longest Grind" went to Mimi Knoop. "Highest Air" went to Cara Beth Burnside. "Deathbox Challenge" went to Heidi Fitzgerald for grinding frontside and backside over the box. "Best Trick" went to Cara Beth Burnside for her Les Twist, roll-in and feeble to fakie. This event has very much stepped up the level that the girls were required to skate.

Props go to every girl that rolled into the pool. Event organizers, Tammy Tangalin and Liz Brandenburg have done an excellent job, once again, with the development of this series. They are quick to point out that none of this would be possible without the help of the many sponsors and volunteers that support the series. For more information on the Wicked Wahine Bowl Series, visit [www.wicked-wahine.com](http://www.wicked-wahine.com). The next event is currently being planned for June 2005. **CW**





Heidi Fitzgerald  
Photo: Ray Zimmerman



Felicity Corral  
Photo: Naka Photo



Juwels Bauer  
Photo: Ray Zimmerman



Apryl Woodcock  
Photo: Team Goon



Mimi Knoop  
Photo: Team Goon



Cara Beth Burnside  
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Most of the photos in Concrete Wave feature skaters riding 78 to 95 durometer wheels with loose trucks.





# THREE DECADES OF DRESSSEN

WORDS BY MICHAEL BROOKE  
ALL PHOTOS STEVE MARTINEZ  
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Eric Dressen celebrates a full 30 years as a skater this year. He's enjoyed skateboarding during through the big times and never left during the lean years. Very few pro skaters can match his longevity — he has over 28 years under his belt as either a sponsored or pro skater. This is truly an incredible achievement and a testament to his dedication to skateboarding. When I first approached Eric about this article, we discussed a number of ideas. What it finally boiled down to was the fact that 30 years after picking up a skateboard, Eric can still skate it all — pools, parks and of course the street. We'll let these current photos speak for themselves.



## RIDER PORTFOLIO

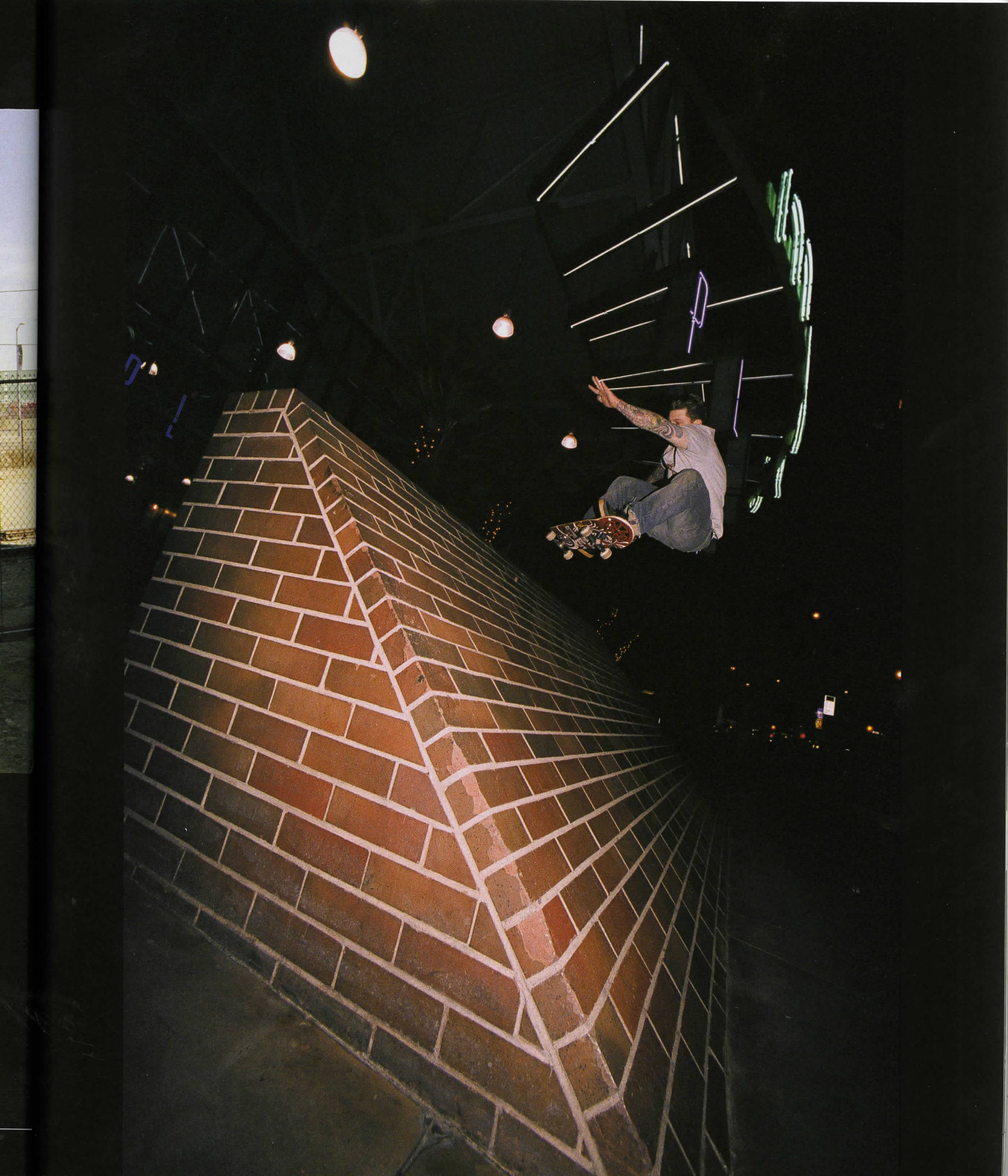


Born in 1967 in Hollywood, Eric began skating at age 8 in 1975. That same year he entered his first contest (Steve's South Bay). His raw talent and energy got him noticed. As Eric bluntly states, "since I was in the second grade my ambition was to be a pro skateboarder and it's all I know." By the time Eric was 10, he was featured in SkateBoarder Magazine's Who's Hot Section (September 1977). At the time, Eric was the youngest skater ever to be profiled in Who's Hot. He picked up a host of sponsors in the 1970's including Logan Earth Ski, Parkrider Wheels, X-Caliber and Power Flex Wheels. Eric also rode for the original Alva Skates Company. Curiously enough, he even wound up in a very well known commercial for McDonalds: "I was the skateboarding Hamburgular."

When skateboarding collapsed in the late seventies, Eric kept skating and became a pioneer in street skating. In fact, it was Eric who created the "Salad Grind." He rode for a number of skate companies including Santa Cruz, Dogtown and SMA. He eventually returned to Santa Cruz's Veterans Division.

Like many skaters, Eric has had a fair amount of injuries. "I broke my wrist twice when I was 10. I broke both bones in my forearm wear-













ing a Hobie wrist guard the following year and I blew out my knee ACL when I was 26." Adding, "there's far too many other injuries to mention."

Eric started touring at a fairly young age and was exposed a number of different cultures. "Demo's in England, France, Spain, Japan, Mexico, Argentina really stand out in my mind. Getting to go skate in East Germany before the wall came down was also very memorable," remarks Eric. Nowadays, Eric lives in Los Angeles and loves to skate the downtown area along with Glendale and San Pedro skateparks.

Eric credits Jason Jessee and visits to Amsterdam that first piqued his interest in tattoos. He was a featured skater in Bart Saric's "Skinned Alive" documentary. Currently, Eric works as a tattoo shop assistant at Routes Tattoo Shop in Little Tokyo.

Throughout the years, there are many fellow skaters that Eric has been inspired by.

"During my childhood, I studied photos in SkateBoarder Magazine for hours at a time. I'd look at the Logans, Jay Adams, Tony Alva, Stacy Peralta, Dave Hackett, Pineapple, The Alba Brothers, Shogo Kubo, Ray "Bones" Rodriguez, Duane Peters and Shreddie Repas." Eric says his



# RIDER PORTFOLIO



all-time favorite skater is Steve Olson. "I would try emulate their styles. Getting to see them skate gnarly sessions at skateparks really influenced and inspired my skateboarding" adds Eric.

Into the eighties and beyond, Eric says he was inspired by Tom Knox, Christian Hosoi, Lance Mountain and Julian Stranger.

Currently, Eric can be seen in the new Santa Cruz video *Guarte*. He is working on Steven Baldwin's DVD skate series "Livin It". "I also just got a guest board on Mark Gonzales's *Krooked Skateboards* and I am about to get my first signature wheel with Spitfire."

Although Eric is justifiably proud of his accomplishments within skateboarding, he comes across as remarkably humble. When I asked Eric about being a part of the Independent Truck's 25th Anniversary book he remarked "It is one of the greatest honors bestowed on me."

Back in 1989, Eric had an extensive interview in *Transworld Skateboarding*. Towards the end, Eric said something that captured the spirit of skateboarding for many readers (both young and old). "I still love skateboarding as much, even more now than I was a little kid, just for the pure joy of skateboarding." Here's to the next 30 years, Eric! **CW**



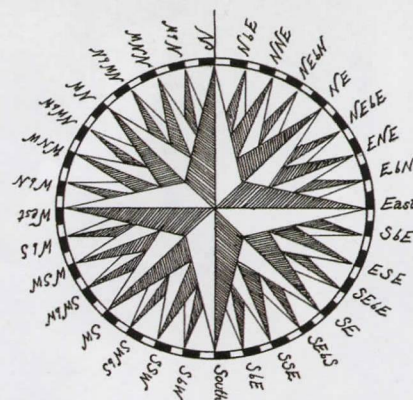






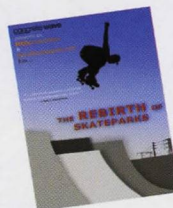
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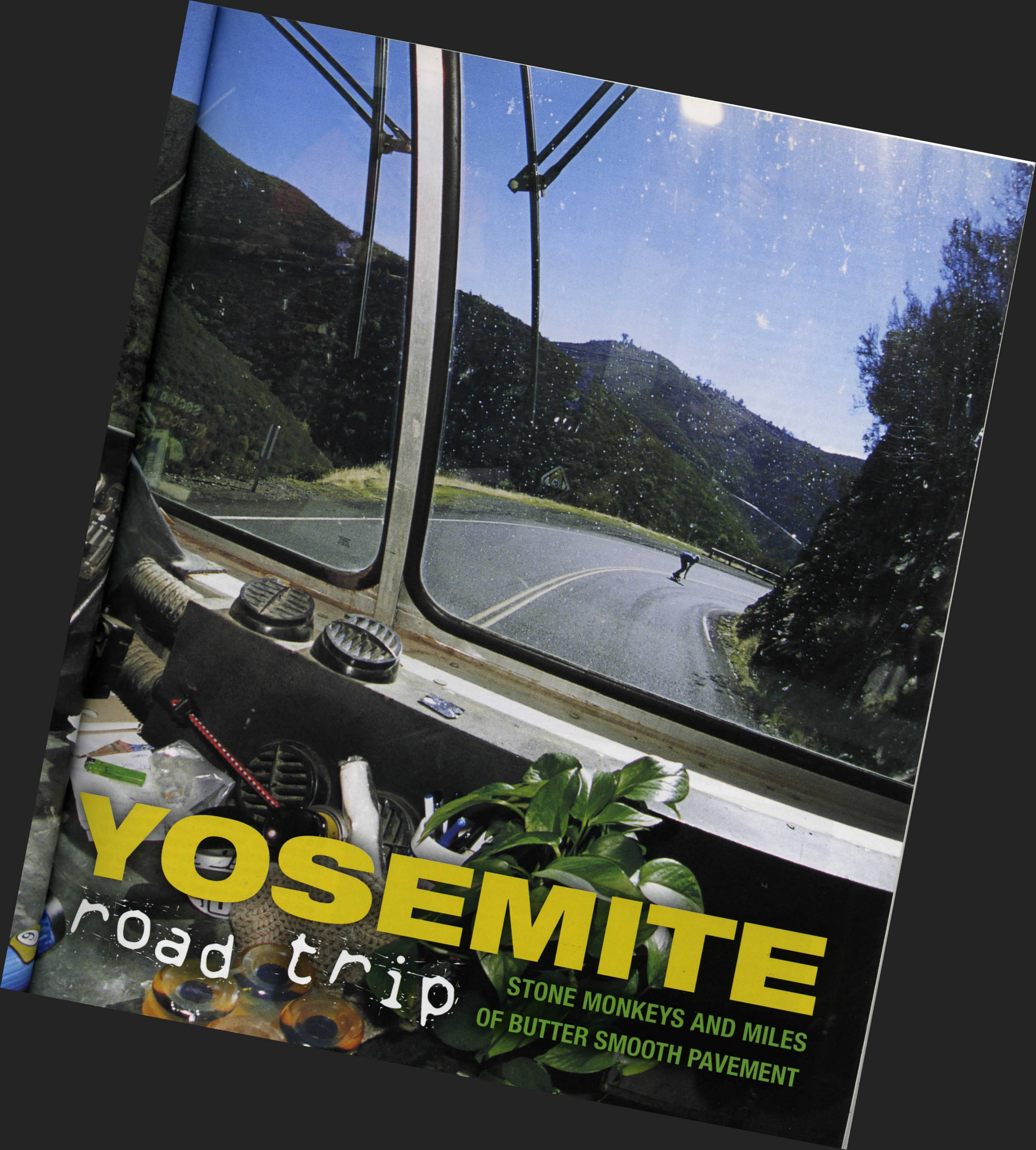
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# YOSEMITE

road trip

STONE MONKEYS AND MILES  
OF BUTTER SMOOTH PAVEMENT



**R**ob, here's some of the stuff I remember. I don't have all the details and sorry it took so long. I type very slowly, so it took me days to finish it. One thing I remember for sure is that we skated some really amazing hills...

The trip started with a phone call from you about a week before we were supposed to go. You grunted over the phone that I had to go and to just make it happen. Well, I got out of work and met you in Bakersfield and from there it was into the Sector 9 truck and off to Yosemite.

The whole time we were driving up the highway you'd point to some random shitty house, or shack, or even a shitty town name

We had to get good shots and get the job done. It was funny because you said, "I wonder if Andrew is going to be some Birkenstock wearing hippy?" Yep! He was. After a few phone calls, we ended up meeting up with our photog and new friend, Andrew. Soon as we picked him up we headed for Yosemite.

Andrew was an awesome guide through the area and got us where we needed to go. Neither of us had been to Yosemite in some time, so we were pretty amazed as we came into it. I remember Andrew being overly worried that we were going to get spotted by rangers and get in trouble for cruising around in a huge yellow bread truck, but it was totally mellow. He guided us into the canyon and we were both in awe

found a clearing under one of those huge, noisy metal power line support things (sketchy). We parked under it and for the rest of the night we sat mesmerized by the night sky. It was crazy because of all these planes, satellites, and airliners were moving through millions of stars. Actually it looked like every star in the sky was moving — of course I was about 10 beers deep so...

The next morning Andrew was up early barking, "Get up guys! C'mon we need to coffee up! C'mon the sun!" It was like 7:00 in the morning.

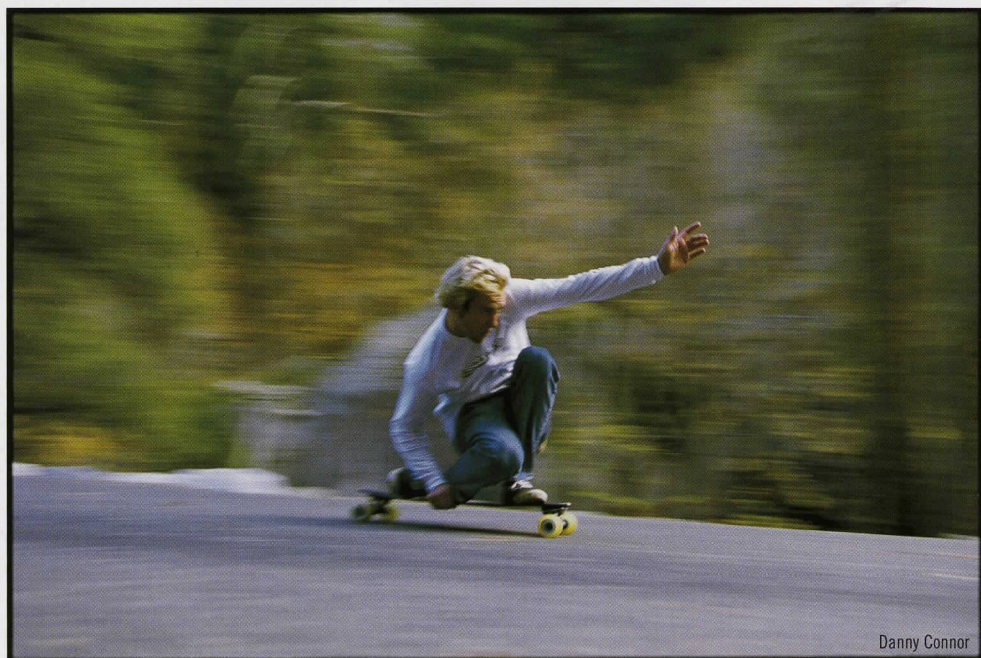
He did that every morning.

We all got extra juiced and headed back to the hill and skated it for like 5 hours. We'd skate, get a few shots and skate a little further until we found another good spot. It was amazing, like 6 miles of long banked turns and butter smooth pavement. After a while we went back to the top because Andrew, "Mr. concerned about everything except his own life", thought it would be neat to sit on top of his buddy's Suburban and shoot pics while it followed us down the twisty hill. You and I thought that wasn't the best idea but he insisted. We kept arguing with the guy but the only thing that stopped him was the run-in with the ranger at the top.

The Ranger pulled up and said, "You know, you get in trouble if I catch you going down the hill on those things." He then looked up to see Andrew on the roof and said in a very sarcastic voice, "And I know you're not even thinking about riding up there either!" He said he was getting calls from people who were saying that we were skating recklessly down the hill. We decided that was a good cue to jet and took a pretty roundabout way back to Yosemite so that guy wouldn't find us again.

We're on a mission to get the shot that we missed on the first day. So back to the spot with half-dome in the distance to try again. We got there but had to wait for traffic and right when we were about to shoot, a Ranger pulled up and shut us down. He wouldn't even take a picture with us in front of the nine ball truck and said he wasn't allowed to. The kid was like the same age as me but very nervous. After he left we got what we could and left that spot too. Andrew directed us back into the canyon and to our new campsite for the night. We went on a little nature walk to check shit out and Andrew vanished into the setting sun. One of the chick climbers had a campsite and let us stay for free. We learned later that night that this crew operates on the word "free".

Later we headed back over to the cafe and eat and meet more of the climbers who called themselves "The Stone Monkeys". After dinner we went to the bar and had a few rounds then went to the store to get a few more, and headed back to camp. On the way back we



and say, "That's where you live! Ha!" And then you would continue to laugh about it like it was the funniest shit ever. The awesome thing was I think you said it to me about 90 times throughout the whole trip and laughed every time!

We stopped to get gas in that crappy little town called Pixley—where all the locals stared. After I washed the windshield, we got the hell out of there! But not before we saw a pregnant chick leaving the gas station with a 40, and of course you didn't miss a beat because you made sure to tell me that I lived there as we left.

We kept driving North and the scenery kept getting better and better. Trees, rivers, animals—it was a lot better than those shitty smoggy farm towns we'd been driving through.

Our mission was to hook up with Andrew McGarry and skate some hills. We both shared that we didn't know the photographer, but had seen some of his work before. You told me we were there to get work done and not goof off.

— huge 3000 foot cliffs of granite on each side.

Andrew had an idea for a shot and directed us to a spot where we could see half-dome in the distance. I guess the sun wasn't right or something so we had to wait for that idea.

It started getting dark so we went to the cafeteria and lodge area that he called, "the center of the universe," and we were going to find out why. Inside the cafe we met some of Andrew's friends and they told stories about base jumpers dying and people who stay on the mountain too long and go crazy, which was rad!

We decided to leave the park so we could check the hill we planned to skate the next day. The 9ball truck took us to the top of the hill which was called New Priest road. We bombed it in the dark, sight unseen, with just the headlights from the truck to guide us through what seemed like 90 turns.

Andrew thought it would be a good time to "bivie" down so we went searching for a spot. We drove up this bumpy-ass dirt road and





went to find fire wood in some big dumpster but I thought Andrew was taking us in the woods to kill us. At camp we built a fire and listened to all these crazy monkey calls. These guys greeted and located each other in the dark by howling like monkeys. Pretty soon we were chilling with about a dozen of them. They were from all around the world and all different ages. We ended up having a few beers and the stone monkeys pretty much told us all about their world. First of all, you're only supposed to stay in Yosemite for few weeks at a time, but these guys lurk for months. They survive by sneaking around the rangers, who are also crazy, and picking up soda cans for money. They party super hard and climb up cliffs that take sometimes more than a week to conquer. They do drugs while climbing and basically don't give 2 shits about anything else but the climb. They're willing to drop anything, no matter how important for the perfect climb, on the perfect day. It was crazy. We told them stories about skating hills, racing, crashing and other fun stuff about ourselves. I thought it was funny because they thought we were crazy!

We got pretty drunk that night — that's the night we met Brian, the kid from Australia. Also, that same night, some silly raccoon kept trying to steal our brown grocery bag with beer in it. I had to shoe him off about 4 times. Oh yeah, and there were a few bears sniffing around that night. One bear even broke into a guy's truck, tore stuff up, ate what it could, and took a shit on the way out.

The next day Andrew got up super early again and demanded we get up too. I think we were on the same page because we said f#\*k it and went back to sleep for a couple more hours. The plan for that day was to go skate a bike trail with the Monkeys. We rounded up all the ones that wanted to come and piled into the Sector 9 truck. They were really stoked on it.

On the way to the bike path I remember thinking that if somehow we got in trouble the cops would just lock up the truck and tow us

to jail rather than having to deal with 15 smart asses.

We got to the trail and between you, me, and the promo boards, we were able to hook about everyone up who wanted to skate. The trail was cool. The riding part was about half a mile long with speeds reaching 30+. The monkeys were charging, actually they were hauling ass. It was classic because there were other people on the trail and here comes all these crazies bombing down with a f#\*k all attitude. We stayed and skated for a few hours and got some pictures. We all said our goodbyes to the Monkeys and you, Andrew, Brian and I headed for Kings Canyon.

On the way out of the park we stopped at that look out spot and got more shots. I rode with Brian and Andrew rode with you. I think Kings Canyon was about an hour and a half away. We listened to Australian rap, which may be the weirdest thing I've ever heard.

We drove up this gnarly hill that we planned to skate the next day and into Kings Canyon National Park. Before we actually got there it

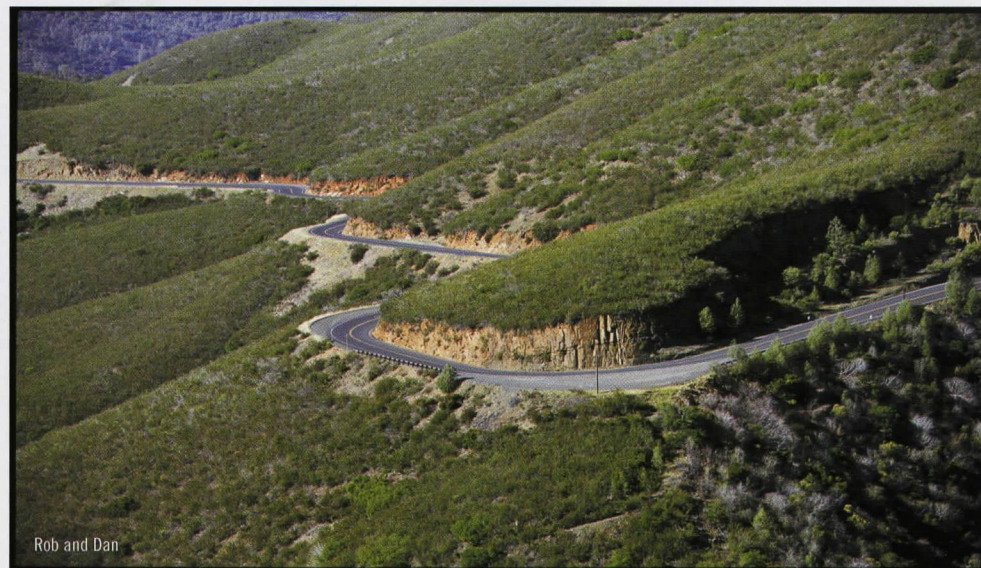
started to snow and the higher we climbed the more snow there was. Andrew was worried the park wasn't going to be open and insisted you stop, but the park was open and we got in fine.

The only thing was it was snowing and f#\*king cold. We found a camp spot, backed the truck in, and attempted to start a fire. We gathered up pinecones, beer boxes, packing paper, and what ever was dry, and tried to get that thing started for like 2 hours. I remember continually going back to the truck to find more stuff to burn and Andrew kept saying, "You're never going to get that thing lit — it's too wet. You might as well stop trying." I was like, 'dude, we're gonna' keep trying until we run out of stuff to burn. Rob is the boss and he wants a fire. Now I'm going back outside'. Well I finally gave up and as we sat in the cold truck drinking beers the fire came to life itself. We started talking so much shit to Andrew and Brian. See, Mr. Boy Scout, we skaters know how to get a fire started!

The next morning we awoke again to Andrew "C'mon guys lets go..." and so we went to the little diner in the camp. It was still super cold and snowy/rainy. We left there and all got into the truck to go look for some hopefully dry roads. The search wasn't too fruitful. We took a few shots in the wetness and while you were driving, Andrew kept telling you to put the truck in a lower gear; "I'm nervous about brake failure," he said.

We decided that the weather was probably going to stay that way and it would be best to just head out. Splitting up into separate vehicles again, we left the snow in Kings Canyon and went in search of anything dry. We headed down from the mountains and started cruising around the kind of hilly countryside. We actually ended up finding some little hills and took a few shots there.

You and I decided to head south, back through the shitty towns, back through the smog, and back through the, "You live there!" **CW**

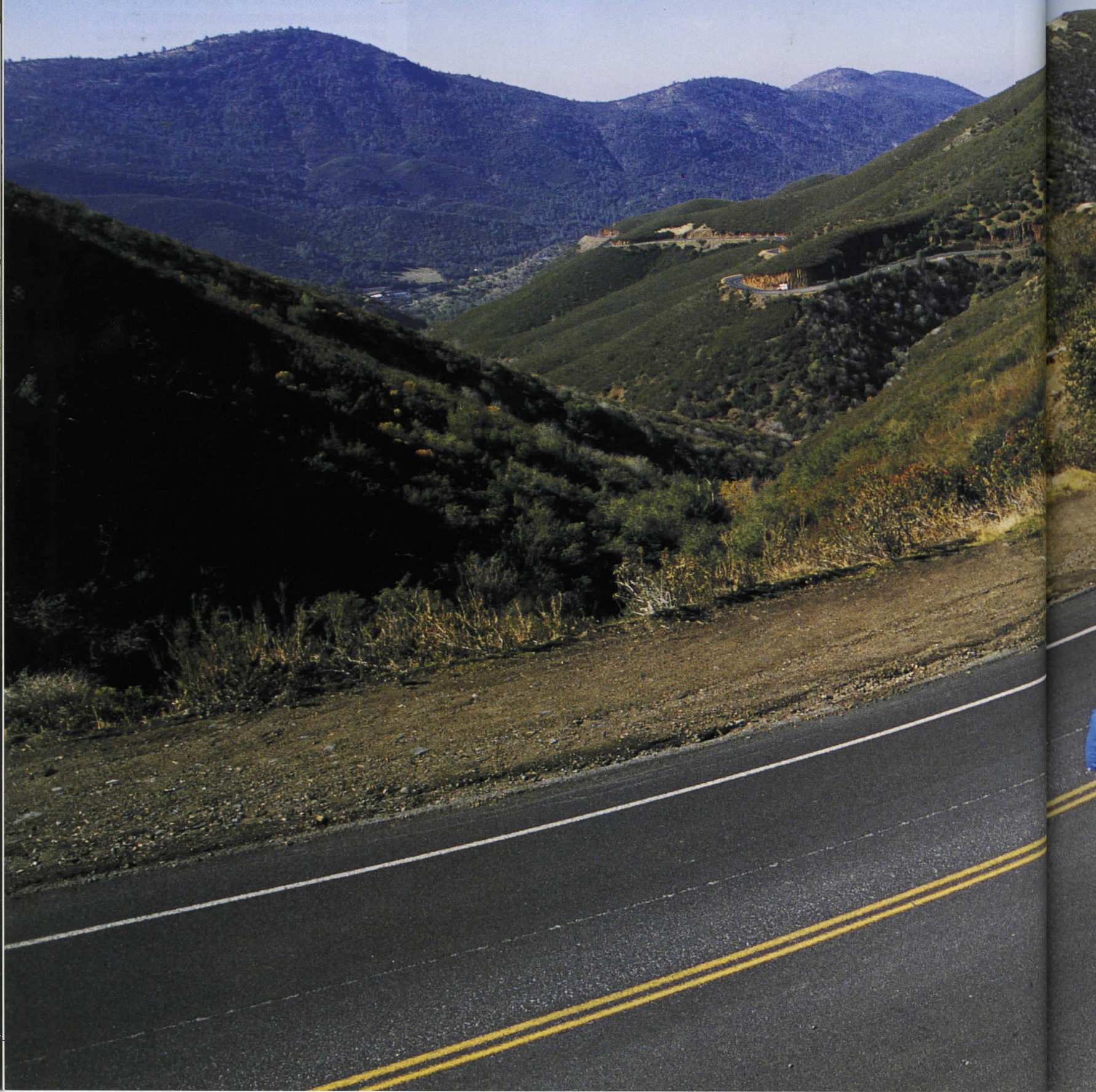




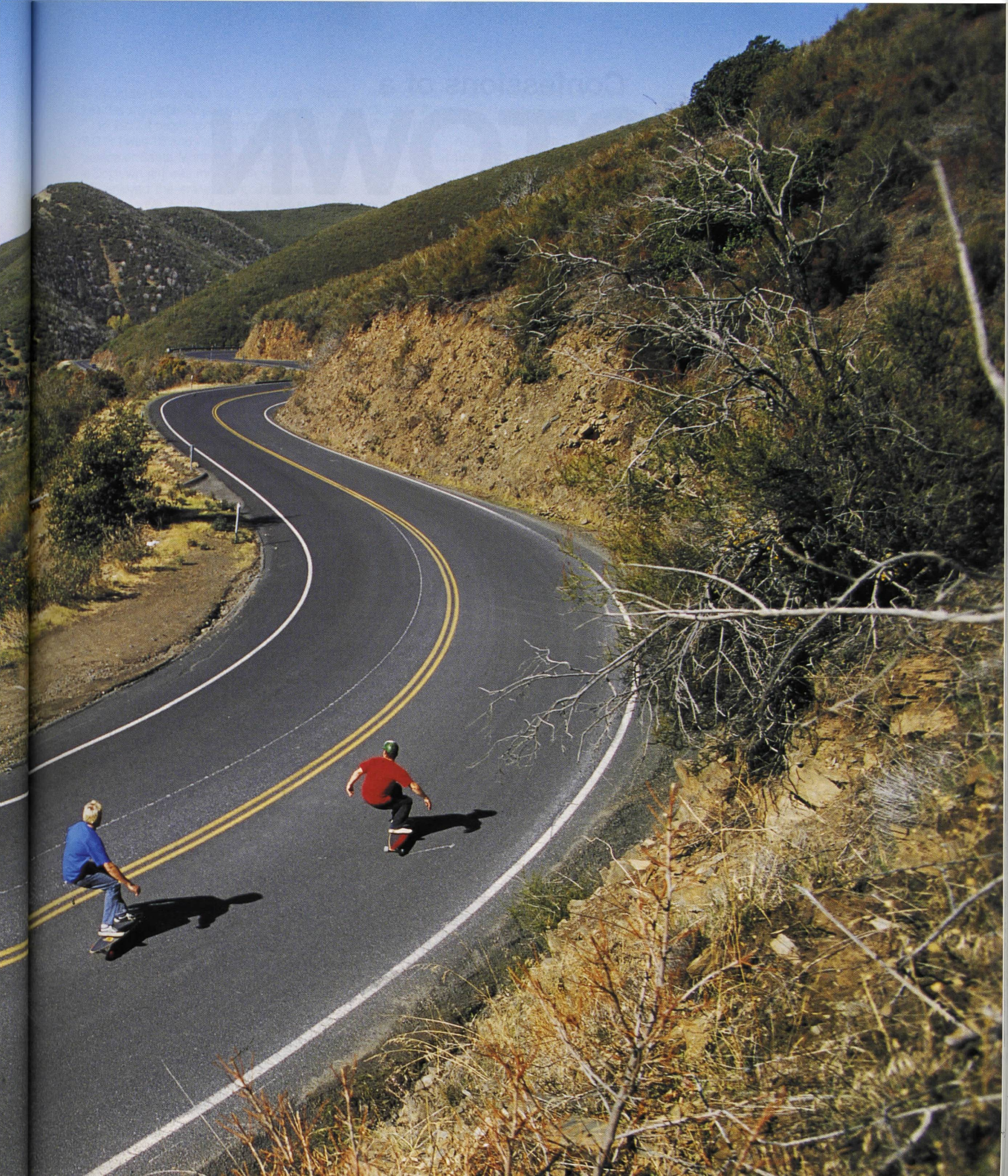
# yosemite

road trip

Rob Molt and Danny Connor









# Confessions of a DOGTOWN GIRL



Jacquie Maglic, Anita Romo, Debra Zenter, Karen Jenkins, Robin Meeker and Pam Tropin  
Photo by Roger Nelson

BY DEBRA ZENTER

**PARENTAL ADVISORY**

this story may not be appropriate for readers under the age 16.

Shortly after the release of the Dogtown and Z Boys documentary I came across an old friend and schoolmate, Jimmy Tavarez (a member of the Zephyr Surf Team in the '70s) on the internet. Jimmy and his brother Rick Tavarez along with their father Don Behrns had contributed their vintage footage for the movie. I was thrilled their films of the Pacific Ocean Park in Santa Monica, California were included in the documentary.

Jimmy told me that he would be developing a website (onionskin.com) exclusively for the old locals to reconnect with each other and he needed photographs. I was more than happy to oblige, because before then, I hadn't heard about the movie project. I also hadn't seen many of my beach friends for a many years, including Stacy Peralta. Imagine the many emotions I felt seeing them all on screen, as the early story was also a part of my life. The old locals were surprised when the movie went on to be a cult hit. It has been a bittersweet experience for most of us.

My fascination with Pacific Ocean Park began as a small child. My maternal grandmother Ida, (who sadly passed away in '84) was the source of wonderful stories about the Park. She recalled jumping off the end of the

Santa Monica pier with Johnny Weismuller (before his Tarzan fame) or jitterbugging with the zoot suiters and sailors at the Lick/Ocean Park pier in the Aragon Ballroom (pre-P.O.P.) during World War II.

Her home was my first, on 12th Street in Santa Monica, with my parents, Louis and Donita. I spent many hours there listening to her 78 rpm records of Billy Holliday, Nat King Cole, and the big bands. She would be my dance partner in the living room while watched American Bandstand. I would also beg my mom and dad to take me to P.O.P. My favorite times there were the firework shows on the Fourth of July. At an early age, I learned to appreciate our Native American/Mexican heritage, dancing, art, singing and love of the beach. My grandmother called me an "old soul".

The mood at my grandmothers would quickly change when my Uncle Arthur would come to say. He was a career gang member. It was an all too clear reminder that life wasn't to be all romance like I had always fantasized about. It was the beginning of witnessing the unsavory part of life. (Arthur was later murdered in 1999). Living in Dogtown was not easy and learning how to survive was crucial. I

witnessed a lot of violence. Unfortunately, it's the reality there. That's why it is puzzling to me that so many people from other places have infiltrated the area. Oakwood or "Ghost Town" has always been an unsafe place and continues to be (according to my relatives who still reside there). I lived there following the more recent Los Angeles riots (in the early 1990's) and it proved to be true. There were frequent, random fires and shootings at that time and drugs were rampant. We were burglarized, twice — once when I was at home and managed to put a stop to that attempt.

My parents always worked hard to make ends meet. Seven of us lived in a tiny space, and money was always scarce. Even so, I persuaded my dad to buy me my first Black Knight skateboard at seven years old. I remember the boys teasing me "girls don't skateboard!" — so I kept it up all the more. Later, it was to be a source of getting even more dates, because of how it impressed the boys that I could sidewalk surf barefoot with them on my Hobie or my Makaha. I was overjoyed when I could finally afford my favorite skateboard at that time, a flexible lavender colored Bahne with Cadillac wheels. Anyone who has skated on metal or clay wheels can relate. My favorite quiver now is a Tony Alva Leopard re-issue with Purple Haze wheels from Bulldog Skates. My friend, Aaron "Fingers" Murray of Koping Killer Skates just recently gave me a new neon pink Surf and Skate Torpedo which I can't wait to set up.

There were a bevy of local girls, many of who surfed (sometimes in morning surf class), or skated. Some girls dated members the Zephyr skate or surf teams or the other local guys. Among some of the regulars were Lisa Cooper, Cleo Foster (who helped run the Zephyr shop), Toni and Lisa Immella, Linda Benish, Gwen and Patti Bischoff, Pam Tropin, Bunni Sketres, Janet Tikker, Debbie Ingram, Carolyn Jensen, Peggy Oki, Merry & Margie McGrath, Cindy Leighton, Karen Jenkins, Cathy Kazuki, Robin Meeker, April Newman, Vickie and Emily Raquepo, Judy Swain, Angela Primo, Lori Vinolle, Maureen Gowins, GiGi Vesota, Mary Vega, Darlene Koffman, Kathy Truax, Jane Yamashita, Rosie Rosales, Diana and Gloria Morales, Nancy Conterno, Karen Dearana, my cousins Martha, Marlene



& Monica Cardenas, and so many others besides my sister Anita and I.

In 1972 I began to frequent Bay Street and P.O.P. I was 16 and most of us either attended Venice or Santa Monica High schools. Life as a Dogtown girl was mostly fun filled and free. We enjoyed the era of "sex, drugs and rock and roll". We could definitely hold our own with the boys. We spent hours exploring P.O.P. day and night with them. My sister Anita and I would climb the wall of holes in what used to be Neptunes Kingdom and get high there, regularly. We all used to tease the guys on purpose and scream in the "Fun House", while they tried groping us in the dark. It was such an expansive place and we were never bored because there were rides to climb into and catwalks to scale. Eventually, I had to stop going on top because the floors were being eaten away and were falling in from the fires and the elements. There was a lot of rough cement and twisted rubble. There were also derelicts, drug addicts and others squatting in various locations inside.

I loved the quiet times at P.O.P. too, wading around under the old pilings in the tide pools looking for sea treasures in the warm sun, or the lonely cold mornings after the pier had burned. It wasn't only the Zephyr Team that surfed and skated in Dogtown, either, and this was before it even had that name. My favorite times were when I'd watch the guys surf and hang around a group of tough and talented surfers that went by the name "The Mob". Some of them were featured surfing in the movie, Craig "Bummit" Crossland, Joe Fallon, Mike "The Beak" Riggins, Jay Blogett, Ernie Valdez, John "D" Pohmisano, Terry "Pugs" Welch, Kevin Gleed, Mike McGuire, Anton Maglic, Danny Sadler, Rocky Arthur, Adrian

Reif and many more. These guys are still our closest friends. Pat Sleeper and Kevin McComb ("Mr. P.O.P.") have most recently passed away. The girls enjoyed this core group the most, because they were wild and were the most fun to be with (actually they still are and attend all our reunions). As far as I know, none of the girls surfed at the Cove.

There were also the older and more experienced surfers that came before our generation who braved the waves at the "Cove" or "Ts." We had and still have, much respect for, such as Skip Engblom, Wayne Saunders, Jeff Ho, Mickey Dora and Craig Precon to name a few. When I look at the photographs and films of the old pier, it's sometimes hard to remember it looking so broken down and torn. We didn't always get away with trespassing there. Sometimes we would get chased away by security guards and some of my friends were arrested. Nothing could ever keep us away from there.

We partied constantly at our favorite spots, Tuna Canyon, the Beach House, Bay Street, Penmar Park, the Venice Canals, and Joslyn Park. At school, all I could think about in class was ditching and going to the beach and was always ready wearing my bikini under my clothes. I would daydream about the epic parties that I knew were coming up that weekend, with hot guys and garage bands, kegs and drugs. It was always worth all the time I spent in detention reading Surfer Magazine and sometimes making up some schoolwork. It was impossible for me to stay focused on my studies because the social life I was involved in was tremendously satisfying to me. Sometimes after school, we'd climb into a car and drive to Tuna Canyon for a hike in the Santa Monica Mountains. That's how it was every-day, always a new adventure. It was such a dif-



Ida  
courtesy Debra Zenter

ferent time because we seemed to have gotten away with so much more than anyone ever could now!

Parties at the Beach House (P.O.P.) were very lively filled with locals. It was a large Tudor style building with old-fashioned carriages stored in the basement. I remember it being dark and not very sturdy by that time, but we enjoyed dancing to live bands and spiking the sodas they sold with different kinds of alcohol we'd sneak in. We seemed to party longer than usual there undisturbed by the police more often than the usual back yard party. One of the bands that frequented the stage there allowed the girls to take turns and get to dance or play tambourine on stage, which was always a treat. There were times when we stayed around closer to home on week nights, so we would skate in the parking lot of Penmar Park or smoke pot sitting in the trees! It would be a clever, effective hiding place, as we'd seem to elude the police that way. We also frequented concerts at Santa Monica College on date nights until one event turned fatal.

Some of our favorite past times included skating fast and furiously down Bicknell hill and skating the banks of the various school-yards. We also attended many concerts and surf films at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium. The evenings were full of fun and we always ruled the upper level, with the best view of the screen and audience down below



"An eerie reminder..."  
courtesy Debra Zenter



us. It was a treat for us to scope out all the guys and gals from other beach cities. Every once it seemed, back then, was beautifully tanned and had long hair. On weeknights we'd hang out at Bay Street (with P.O.P. looming dark in the back ground), to drink beer and smoke pot, maybe have sex, listen to eight tracks of our favorite music in various cars or vans, sometimes skinny dip in the ocean, race cars back and forth in the parking lot or skate until the police would show up.

We'd hang out at the beach all day surfing and skating, working on our tans in our bikinis. A trick for the guys was to try to untie our tops until we started knotting them! We were always busy getting dates and planning our outfits for later in the evening. And we'd always looked forward to events at the Civic or the Beach House the most. We'd usually wear something colorful and our best turquoise and silver jewels. My sister and I started a trend in our group of wearing thrift shop clothes, because we simply didn't have money to purchase new ones and sometimes we'd swap articles of

clothing with our girlfriends for a different look. I would sometimes "borrow" jeans from my best friends brothers, if I had the chance. Every once and a great while my parents would treat us to some brand new Levis cords at the Surprise Surplus Store. I made sure I would buy an unusual color like powder blue.

Some of our favorite things to wear were second hand faded Levis with 50's era beaded sweaters or an old Hawaiian shirt tied up in a knot and zories, flip flops, (that outfit would cost us around \$2.50 back then!) men's work boots, cotton Mexican clothes with embroidery, flowing dresses from the 40's era with wooden Dr. Scholls sandals from the drug store. I made one of the first jean skirts and wore it to school with platform shoes, many of the girls at first made fun of me, but I later saw some of them making their own! We'd buy elaborate roach clips from the local head shop with soft leathers and feathers and wear it clipped to our hair. Many of the girls showed their artistic ability, by making their own bracelets and necklaces out of tooled leather,

beads, shells and whatever else they could find.

I was proud of our style, equal parts hippie and surfer girl. It was naturally beautiful. Our big influences at that time were Ann & Nancy Wilson (from the group Heart), Carly Simon, and Joni Mitchell. Even in our large group of friends, I made sure that I was a non-conformist — at least with the some of clothes I wore.

One night at the Civic auditorium, after watching one of the many surf movies, I spotted a very young Jay Adams skating with Tony Alva on the smooth, wide concrete out in front. Jay was doing "berts" (which was a new move) on his skateboard at the feet of many of us local girls, flipping us off and calling us the "B" word. We were at first puzzled, but secretly impressed by his good looks and talent. Of course we never took Jays antics seriously afterward, but we would definitely physically or verbally retaliate somehow. This is how we often handled the boys. We were strong willed girls and even fought amongst ourselves. I was



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involved in a feud early on that ended in severe injuries and court dates. But we were mostly a tight knit group who protected each other against outsiders. So tight in fact, that many of the girls ended up marrying the local guys. We could also be instigators sometimes, especially when we'd barge a party with our friends at the U.C.L.A. fraternity houses, Transcendental Club, Hermosa Beach or elsewhere.

In the later part of the 1970s, I, along with most of the gang (and yes, some of the guys) would roller skate for fun on the boardwalk between Santa Monica and Venice. We'd still skate, but I never heard the guys complain or make fun when we'd be roller-skating or riding our bikes in our short shorts or bikinis at the beach. I would put my skateboard wheels on my leather skates for a smooth ride. I also began hanging out at the Venice Breakwater and Pavilion (which was also demolished more recently) instead, because the crowd had changed at Bay Street and P.O.P. was sadly being torn down. Many of the Bay Street/P.O.P. locals had moved to that spot also, so it still felt somewhat comfortable for me. By this time a whole new bunch of younger girls began to hang out there besides us, which excited the guys.

There was certainly a pecking order and the younger ones hung out in the front of what we called "The Wall", while we (the older locals) dominated the left side, so we could keep an eye on who was coming and going around our turf. The Pavilion quickly became the new hangout, for inside were places to hide from the elements or the police. It had a stage and concrete walls, picnic tables, smoke stacks and cubbies, which was also a hideout for bums, and it always smelled of urine. Our friends would build rickety wooden ramps and we'd be trying out tricks there and getting our share of splinters. Back then, the murals that were painted by local children stayed pristine only for a short time. Our friends started defacing them with hipper artwork, which they were always known to do. In photographs and films, I noticed that it looked really bad by the 1980s, when I didn't hang out there any longer. And there were concerts until a terrible shooting took place in the late 70s. Many of the locals were there that day and will never forget it.

When I look back on how dangerous some of the locations we hung out and lived at, I'm surprised I managed to stay safe. It helped to be protected by my friends and family who were fearless. There were times when I was tested, and had to defend myself. At that time, it was mainly a sleepy beach town so when you'd walk, skate or ride your bike, you'd always see someone you knew. We'd see the same locals day in and day out for years. We would sometimes meet for breakfast at the local restaurants, after a surf or skate session, which would sometimes last a couple of hours. We'd duck into the local watering holes and



have a drink with friends later in the day and into the evenings. Some of us would frequent the Marina skatepark, where there was always a lot of activity. Back then, the tourists went home. I will always miss those days, even though there were some tough times.

Eventually, things evolved with the skating and music scenes into the punk era and there was a much younger and different crowd in Dogtown. It included my cousin Jesse Martinez, "Polar Bear" Agnew, Christian Hosoi, Tiffini Griffin, Jay Adams, my brother Louie and youngest sister Cindy, just to name a few. This particular group seemed to be even more aggressive, daring and violent. I was finding it difficult to relate and began to distance myself from it all. My sister Cindy was attacked by one of the local girls on a jealous rampage, which later turned out to be a case of mistaken identity. She still suffers from seizures because of that incident. I stopped living in Venice Beach when it all came about.

In 1982 my son Wade was a year old. I began to hang out with my husbands' friends, many of who knew my friends. It was the first time I stopped skating altogether and became dependant on different substances. Many of the girls had grown apart from each other. I spent the majority of my time in the local dance clubs such as Big Daddies Lounge, La Marina, Hinanos, Red Onion and The Sun Spot in the decadent 80's era. Much of it was a constant blur. That wild decade ended for me with drug rehab, having my daughter Sarah and becoming ill with what they called at the time, Epstein Barr Virus (or C.F.I.D.S.). She also became ill with the same disease at age 4 and I was totally devastated.

After a long and difficult struggle back to somewhat manageable health for myself, my

husband Mark and I started our business, Z Sports. We distribute skate and surf related goods for grass root, home grown companies, some of whom originate in Dogtown. The step up came from Wes Humpston and Rich Fosmire of Bulldog Skates. Without them, we would have had a tough time getting started. I strongly believe in giving back to the community. It's particularly important to support and encourage women and children in the sport of skating and surfing and donate to charities. For instance, we sponsor many events, some of which include the local Venice Surf-A-Thon (which the city is trying to shut down after a decade of success), the Venice Skatepark Association and the Wicked Wahine Contest.

I'm looking forward to the opening of the new Santa Monica skatepark this spring and hope to be helping with that, as well. We have also hosted many gatherings for friends old and new. The local girls of my era are doing well for themselves. Some were fortunate to attend college and most have great careers, families and good lives despite some of the obvious obstacles. Compared to the guys, very few have lost their lives to drug overdoses or other tragedies. We still have that camaraderie and continue to keep in touch and encourage and support one another. We are a group of women from many generations. Our daughters are proud of our roots and are keeping the legacy alive. We are certainly not spineless, empty-headed groupies as some would like to believe we are. We were around the Z-Boys before they became that, and they are still just the local boys to us. Even now, after all the fame, but we are nonetheless proud of them. It's interesting to get together now and reminisce. There is always a new story to remember and with it, a lot of laughs. We still have a great time together, even after all these years.

To me, Dogtown is not a movie, (even though I love watching Dogtown and Z Boys). It is and will always be my life, a place I've loved and grown in. It's a place full of wonderful and not so great memories and experiences, indelibly etched in my mind. It was a special era that was also shared by other young people at the same time in Anytown, USA. They can relate to our experiences because of it. I'm more than happy I was fortunate enough to be a part of it all. When I finally saw Stacy a few months after the movie was released, one of the things he said to me was "didn't we have fun?" All I could do was smile and nod, because we both knew that answer. "Hell yeah!" I will always feel that it was the best time in my life.

I'm so glad that many men have been instrumental in encouraging me to tell the story from a female point of view. This includes Pat and Kevin Kaiser, Wes Humpston and, Guy Okasak. There are so many others who I applaud for always supporting the women. It's important and we appreciate it. **CW**





Photo: Ian Comishin

sively nervous drivers.

Doug gave a tour of his operation, most intriguingly the experimentations he's concocted over the years. A stand out contraption is his aluminum chassis drop through speed board. He also pulled out the "cave-man" board, a seventy-inch long log with chiseled in concave. His last toy he wanted to torture us with was his mug-bogger. He drove us up to Kimble Park where the Washingtonian dog lovers let their mutts defecate on the side of a big wet grassy slope. The Migration Mud-bogger is equipped with toe clips or toe trips if I may say. It needs a pretty steep slope to not stop dead and chuck you face first into the smear your hoping is just soil, I unfortunately found a couple runs to be not that steep. We finally found a section of dirt through a narrow path of trees with what Doug referred to as "frozen enough ground". We rattled the fillings down this path at mach speed until Texan Seth Levy came to the rescue.

Friday morning, I went for a walk up 18th street. This is the main road of Washington's trendy restaurant and pub scene called Adam's Morgan, also the same road where Tony's studio-apartment front door opens. I sat in front of a Spanish omelette and reflected on my first day in DC. I contemplated doing the whole DC assignment on that one day alone

# From Anacostia to Adam's Morgan

## WASHINGTON DC'S

### DIVERSE SKATE SCENE

BY JON CAFTEN

**W**hen we finally got to D.C., there was the mandatory one-hour of standing around and pretending our luggage might have actually got on the same plane as us. Anthony Smallwood was there to take us into the city. The first time I met Tony was the year he and the rest of the DC Downhill Club (DC/DC) put on a race in the Washington Zoo. That was three days before planes started crashing into buildings.

Tony, an airline employee at the DC Reagan International airport was on the job when his city came under fire. He knew getting into a car would be ridiculous, so he decided to skate home. When he got to the water there was a cop blockade preventing people from entering the downtown core. Anthony persisted and he let him push through. "It was a totally surreal experience, I had the entire Memorial Bridge to myself which is normally packed with four lanes of cars. I carved down the middle of this abandoned major artery as

the Pentagon was burning in a big black cloud right behind me."

Tony took us to Dan Zeman's place, who was hosting the skatepark fundraiser on Saturday; just one of the many activities that inspired the trip in the first place. The building was a decrepit structure rank with moldy dust and a wall of bricks bulging in under the strain of tree pushing from the outside. In the corner sat transitions under tarps that were salvaged from the now defunct Vans skatepark in Potomac Mills, West Virginia.

Eventually we were dumped off at Doug Dupin's house. Doug is the owner of Migration Longboards. His home is surrounded by several decent runs. Doug let me try out one of his aluminum and maple drop-through rides while our boards probably sat on some cargo train at the Philadelphia airport. Even though there was sun in our faces, the sides of the road were lined with snow and my eyes watered as we dodged salt piles and exces-

but figured Brooke [Concrete Wave editor] would find it a little too Jack Kerouac for his publication.

Breathing as lightly as possible to not inhale cat dander or the scent of their urine soaked gravel box, I climbed to the third floor of Tony's studio to gather tools to work on my weekend quiver. The two cats snarled at me as I looked through Tony's stuff. He's got 27 decks, countless sets of trucks, wheels, bearings and other miscellaneous hard-goods. In all of that he has absolutely no tools to work on them. Artists... they are pretty much the same everywhere.

Tony just got off work and decided to hire a cab for three hours so we could bomb as many hills as possible. His buddy Bigtime-Dave owned a taxi and gave us a great rate. Dave already had two completes of his own in the trunk and we filled it to the top with all our gear.

We drove to the south-east burbs of DC to an abandoned housing project. In the center of three huge block buildings was an empty



rectangular swimming pool. The deep end was over eight feet down with about four feet of vert. The transitions were sharp but consistent. We pumped around the walls narrowly dodging piles of snow and soggy wood debris ineffectively used to cover holes in the cement bottom. Tony claims he found the pool over two years ago but couldn't convince anyone to come out and help him clean it up. By chance, a construction company began the revitalization of the housing project and that included cleaning out the pool. The DC crew has permission to skate the pool at least until May, but chances are that it will be available all summer before they get 'officially' kicked out.

After climbing through the mud surrounding the pool we all piled back into Dave's cab and headed to his mother's apartment in Anticostia. Right out of the apartment complex front door is a sweeper of a tuck run with some hairy stop signs. A cop car that was waiting to pull onto our road witnessed us blow by in our full-face helmets. Tony said the officer's jaw dropped and he just shook his head as we blocked his window to enter the traffic.

Dave kept driving us up hill after hill all in Anticostia. This community has been labeled "the most treacherous city in America". The DC area is 85% populated by black people but they are heavily gentrified to the southeast communities. The murder rate and crime rate exceeds that of many cities in even developing countries. The funny thing is, I felt more comfortable in Anticostia than I did in Adam's Morgan, a predominately white neighborhood. Anticostia seemed cleaner and newer, all the hills we ran were fast and smooth, super tight corners and long steep sections. The neighborhood kids were freaking out by the spectacle of skateboards hauling down their roads.

On one corner, I decided to climb into a tree to get a photo angle of Tony charging a hard backside corner. As soon as he got up in the branches a big man walking down the sidewalk approached me. He told me to get out of the tree and he was pissed off. "Y'all on private property, that's my tree and you're getting down now!" I pleaded with him but he was not having it. There was no way he was letting some white kid sit up in his tree. We still hung out on the corner and ran it a bunch of times each. There were a couple of locals about ten or eleven years old that stood with us and cheered us on. They kicked gravel off the corner for us and were just plain stoked. White people just don't go to Anticostia — at least not to just hang out and enjoy themselves.

We wrapped up the session with Big-Time Dave, who enlightened me of the fact that young black boys are not encouraged to skateboard. He got into it on his own, but most of his childhood buddies were given basketballs or bikes, not skateboards. Dave took us to the Lincoln monument so we could shoot the "gimmick" photo.

We went back to Zeman's place to see how the warehouse was shaping up for the Saturday party. A group of about seven or eight of the Green Skate Lab crew was there applying paint to the falling bricks and building ramps. We helped shovel about five hundred pounds of plaster that had fallen off the walls into a pile outside the building. A couple of the guys were constructing a bowled corner out of wood. I've been to dozens if not hundreds of ghetto-style skate set-ups but I've never seen anyone put the energy into building such an advanced transition with on the fly engineering. The Green Skate Lab was born from the ECRW (pronounced E-crew) which stands for the East Coast Round Wall crew. They need to incorporate the feel of a pool no matter what the set-up confines may be. Tony took us back to the Migration man's home so Doug could

sky was gray but things were dry. As we neared the site we got a call from Anthony Flis, one of the West Virginia Nova Bombers. His report was that nobody had yet to arrive. We showed up at the Fountainhead state park and started gearing down the quivers. There was a small crew but nowhere near the 35 claimers who posted on Silverfish Longboarding they'd be in attendance.

The Fountainhead park has really nice asphalt and it is closed to cars during the winter months right up until April. The two downhill runs were part of a loop road that leads to the water. Even in the corners the tar-seal is not much wider than the width of a car. On the left route the road is a consistent long right hand sweeper with a parking lot about 3/4 of the way down on the left side. The road branches into the lot so you can blast into it



What skaters do when fountains are closed...  
Photo: Bryan Harvey

perform scientific experiments on our kidneys.

Saturday morning I woke up to see a demon in the mirror. My eyes were so bloodshot it looked like I'd been swimming breaststroke in the Tabasco Sea. I waddled up to my Adam's Morgan diner of which I was already being treated like a regular and ordered a side of food to go with my caffeine. Tony was awake much earlier than his standard as we needed to fetch his son deep in the West Virginia burbs.

We finally got to Tony's 15 year old son Alex's suburban home where his inquisitive mom was waiting at the door to make sure Tony had other plans than to just let Alex run freely in the city. We'd pretty much dodged a weather bullet as all signs and news agencies pointed towards a day of snow and rain. The

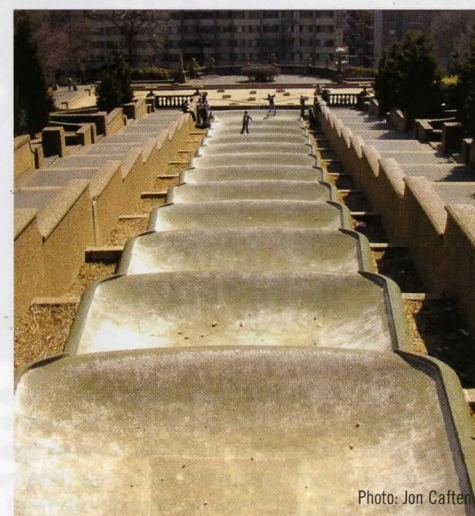


Photo: Jon Caffen





It's never too cold to bomb some hills...  
Photo: Ian Comishin



... or run some cones.  
Photo: Ian Comishin



Photo: Ian Comishin



Photo: Ian Comishin



Photo: Ian Comishin

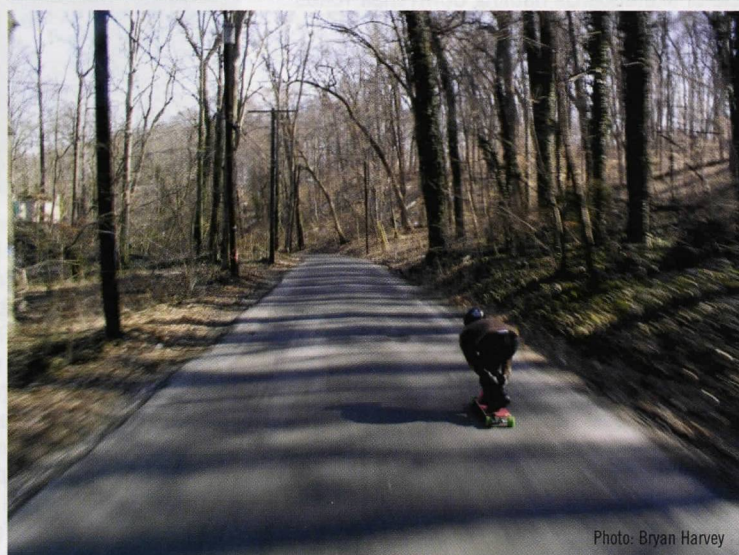


Photo: Bryan Harvey

and make as wide a turn as you feel like, up to thirty feet across, and then you have to navigate back to the narrow exit way leading back to the road. On one run I chased Smallwood into the lot and the two of us took totally different lines in the wide open, when we started to head for the exit we were charging at angles that weren't going to be very co-operative. Tony didn't really see me until he was about eight inches to my toe-side edge, which is only about 2 inches less than he actually left me to pass through. I felt my pant legs brush against a parking block at about 40mph but we got back to the roadway clean and ran it out to the bottom neck and neck.



The right side of the park is a whole other beast that is steep and sharp. It is a mellow "S" bend that leads into hard fast left and the asphalt goes off camber like a NASCAR track with the corners banked the wrong way. The outside of the corner is lined with a guard rail and about a fifty foot drop to the lake. You'd probably get to fly to the water if you jumped the rail but you'd most likely clip a tree or two



speed-check doglegs that led into a 15-cone stinger at the bottom. Nobody there could run the course clean more than 3 times in a row, very challenging. Mike High was charging with his face relaxed but his body totally flexed. WesE has an amazing style in the tight cones with a perfected technique and Parsons gets huge thumbs up for downhill on his slalom set-up. One guy who's name I won't mention, knocked cones off the road but wouldn't pick them up because they would get his shoes dirty; a big thumbs down. It's a shame that the majority of the DC slalomers bailed on the sight of clouds because the skill in the ten or so guys who showed up to barge the course was inspiring. Doug Dupin and Alex Smallwood wanted to do a draft run so we went to another park not far away with a name that sounded like a planet on Star Trek, Oquakon or something to that nature. Nobody was leathered up and an uphill breeze made it a pretty sloth like experience. We bailed after

that never hung with the pool skater etc. Here they all were under one roof working towards the betterment of skateboarding in the Washington area.

Ben Ashworth was the GSL chosen spokesman for this Concrete Wave piece so he was taken to task on all the regular questions of who the founding members and principle players are. He listed off about a hundred names and made no effort to have neither himself nor anyone else stand out among the crowd. I much prefer doing stories on humble people but it is a lot harder to get them to talk about their accomplishments. Ben was very clear about the movement though. The Green Skate Lab formed itself as a non-profit entity with the goal to incorporate the construction of skateboard parks with environmentally conscience applied knowledge, art and engineering.

The current project that the GSL is working would have already been a behemoth goal, never mind being t-boned at a financial inter-



The Green Skate Lab begins work on another project.  
Photos: Ian Comishin

and tumble down the forest floor before maybe piling up on the rocks in ankle deep water. Fortunately nobody did. The asphalt has such good traction but is so smooth. We didn't start running in packs until everyone had the corner figured out, but once we did, we had some death defying heats in a very serene environment. I don't know if Anthony Flis is planning to join the race circuits but he is young and talented and he's surely going to move up the ranks if he digs that kind of skateboarding.

A bunch of the slalomers slowly started to filter out of the woods. Brian Parsons and Wes Eslington set up a course closer to the cars than the downhill section of the road. They ran about 50 or 60 cones through a reasonably steep "S" bend. There were a couple of

one run.

That night was the fundraiser at Zemen's warehouse. The paint on the walls was still tack but the place was ready to charge and lots of people were skating from the point we got there to the time we left. Ben Ashworth and Craig Ogata were destroying the course among many others like Blaise McDonald and Jaime Stapula. They managed to get the airborne moldy dust in check and the ramps all fit into place. Thanks to a beer sponsorship from the G.Biersch Brewery everyone's jaw joints were well lubricated. The great thing about the cause of the Green Skate Lab (GSL) is that they have managed to create some cohesion amongst the many factions of skateboarding in the DC area. It never used to be that the downhillers hung with the slalomers



section by a corrupt school. The GSL designed this cloverleaf bowl with 4-6-8 feet sections out of recycled tires. The entire structure is made up of garbage that the GSL cleaned from municipally ignored neighborhoods such





Photo: Bryan Harvey

as Anticostia. The crew gathered almost 2000 tires that were littering the parks, streets and abandoned properties - a hot bed for the breeding of mosquitoes destined to maybe deliver us all a little West Nile virus.

The Tony Hawk Foundation was so impressed by the GSL concept that it kicked down \$14,000 to help pay for the cement, as well as another \$6,500 from the Project Learning Tree. Cement is one thing that even a completely recycled skatepark must have to pay for. The Coolidge High school took the money and then kicked the GSL off their land. All efforts to reclaim the funds have been met with idiocy and the outright admission that the school doesn't even know what they spent the money on. A third party audit from the DC Public Schools Office of Compliance made demands upon the principal of Coolidge to give the \$20,000 back but for some unknown reason the school will not.

While most people would have thrown in the towel, the GSL just hammered harder. They found a new location with the DC Dept of Parks and Rec. and set to task. They have been holding impromptu fundraisers and have been drawing donations from the various generous of DC; the use of a Bobcat mini-loader and several rolls of fencing to name just a couple. One person that Ben couldn't stop mentioning was Jaime Stapula, which is a hard man to forget considering he was out charging the course in Zemen's warehouse on a 1970's skateboard that was no more than a crappy banana-board toy when it was released never mind 3 decades after the fact.

The common message is that guys like Ben, Jaime, Terri and Chris Nostrand, Andy Neal, and Luke Jouppi (and many others), had was that they had enough of seeing low quality wooden modular skateparks getting built all over the city by companies in the playground industry. These companies were clearly cashing in with their overpriced garbage that's boring and won't last more than two years. The GSL is using free garbage and building skateparks that will be good to skate twenty years from now.

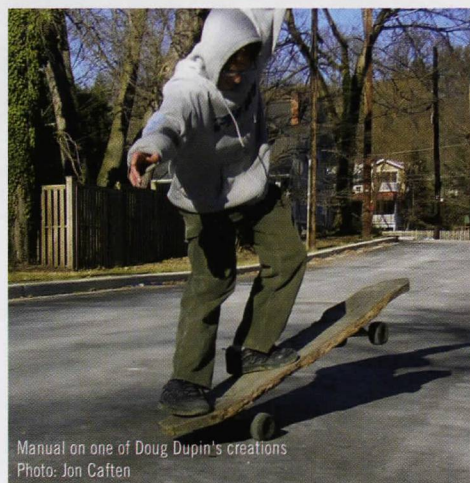
The party was a great success by means of attendance and donations. There were notable

members of Washington outside the skateboard scene baring witness to the dedication and perseverance of the loose coalition of all facets of the DC skateboarders. It was great for me to see what is normally the clique-like culture of skateboarding transcending superficial rifts created by the confusion of the mainstream's entry into our lifestyles. The different crews of DC have banded together and put a great project in motion. The GSL may never get the money back that Tony Hawk and Learning Tree granted them, but if they ever do, they hope by then they will be able to just

no need to wait-there were more bowls than energy in the morning-after crew. The empty fountain looks like it was made with skateboarding in mind as each level flowed into the next-three walls of transition, two of which had grindable coping. It didn't take long for Ben to step up and start transferring out of the really sharp tranny and into the bowls below. By the end of the session he was linking backside to frontside transfers down five or six bowls, then transferring back up the shoulder height gap to everyone's astonishment. A man of Ben's talent need not be humble, but he certainly is.



Photo: Bryan Harvey



Manual on one of Doug Dupin's creations  
Photo: Jon Caffen

give it back-or even better, use it for their next project. This isn't the first bowl the GSL has undertaken and pulled off, and it most certainly is not the last. The next one may very well be made out of crushed cars.

Sunday, under blue skies, we skated over to the Malcolm-X Park to skate an empty fountain. There were about a dozen of us but with

We tried to get him to come downhill with us, which I know he really wanted to do, but the rest of the crew was keen on getting back to the bowl and doing some work.

We eventually ended up in Kalorama Heights and continued bombing there for two more days. It is some of the crazier lines DC has to offer. This neck of the woods is called Embassy Row because virtually every country on the planet owns a piece of property in that area. Doug chased me down towards Frank McKenna's house, the Canadian ambassador. I got to blow through his circular driveway at about 35 and frontside drift back onto the main road before carrying on into two more steeply banked corners. Seth Levy pulled out his speedboard and chased us along the seven bridges road as well. It looks like another pool skater has gotten the speedboard bug. Hopefully we'll see him racing at the next DC/DC race in Washington on the weekend of September 10.

We did a run called Rummy's-appropriately named as the starting point is at Donald Rumsfeld's house. Tony recounted to me one instance when they were skating there while a



group of protesters were doing a nude pyramid in front of Rummy's driveway while there was a group of protestors on the other side of the road protesting the nude protestors-Doug and Tony just tucked right through the middle of them with all the Secret-Service, security and cops standing around. We ran another road that blows by Dick Cheney's house as well. It's really weird being in such an area with black cars constantly rolling around at a snail's pace. They showed me a hidden camera they discovered that was mounted inside a fallen log in the middle of the forest that was aimed towards the road-catching our runs as we flew by.

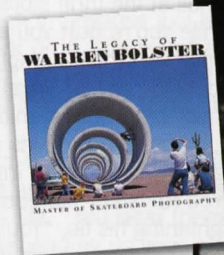
DC was so hospitable to us; the scene is one that should be the envy of many other major centers. It almost seems that because the city of DC is so uptight in all other aspects that the skaters are especially relaxed-lazy, however, is not in their vocabulary.

There's no doubt the GSL got royally screwed. As far as I'm concerned, they could have gone a different direction about the whole ordeal, yet they've taken the moral highroad. If you were thinking about going out to the pub tonight, do these guys a favor and take one night off. Take that 25 bucks you were going to blow and send it to their PayPal account at [donate@greenskatelab.org](mailto:donate@greenskatelab.org). There's a very good chance they'll be rolling into your town to pick up your garbage and build you a bowl. **CW**



Photo: Bryan Harvey

## “Masterpiece” — Dave Swift, *The Skateboard Mag*, December 2004



Tony Alva tears the Fruit Bowl apart  
Summer 1976

This photo was taken by legendary photographer and former SkateBoarder Magazine Editor, Warren Bolster. This new book celebrates Warren's genius behind the lens. The exploits of both Dogtowners like Alva and Down Southerners (and all the other groups in between) are documented with both photos and detailed captions. Hurry - supplies are limited.



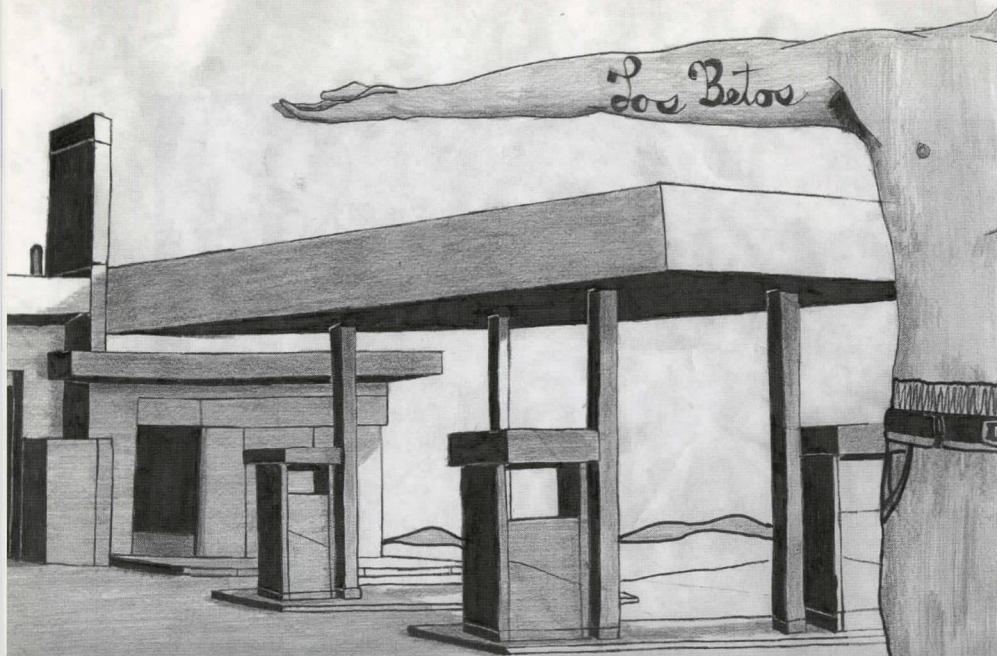
The **Legacy of Warren Bolster** is available only as a limited edition hardcover. Over 100 classic photos. This book inspires not only older skaters, but the new crop yearning for images and information about the roots of skateboarding.

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Contact [tailtap.com](http://tailtap.com) or call 760.672.7368 to get your copy of this masterpiece.

EDITIONS





“There is a wisdom that is woe; but there is a woe that is madness. And there is a Catskill eagle in some souls that can alike dive down into the blackest gorges, and soar out of them again and become invisible in the sunny spaces.”

— Herman Melville,  
*Moby Dick*

# WHALING

BY JUSTIN HOCKING

**T**he situation you find yourself in: late twenties, low-paying job at the local skateshop, six years into a community-college education, no career prospects, and the only thing you feel you can do with any competence or enthusiasm is roll around on a piece of wood with wheels.

They say you've learned a foreign language when you dream in that language. You dream in skateboarding. In your dreams, you roll through indoor shopping malls and ollie entire escalators.

When you aren't skating you pretend your fingers are two little legs—you fingerskate on everything, you do finger Smith-grinds on the edge of the dinner table at the expensive Italian place your girlfriend likes. You complain that you can't afford the food there, although you always seem to scrounge up enough money for new skate shoes every month or two.

On the ride home your girlfriend wants to discuss the future of your relationship. It's raining as you drive; trees are dumping their leaves in messy piles. She says the problem is you both see different versions of the future. She wants marriage and kids; she's not sure what it is you want. You realize that as she's been talking you've been looking out the window for skate spots, even though the streets are all washed up with rainwater. You look for banks, slick marble ledges, handrails, old

motels that might have empty pools. You notice yourself doing this and it isn't that you don't care about the person sitting next to you. She looks out the window and sees houses, yards, families, stasis. You're looking for something entirely different: the possibility of motion.

You hang out with a seventeen-year-old kid nicknamed Bronco because he used to ride junior rodeo. One day during your shift at the skateshop he writes the word “scrotum” on the TV screen with a black magic marker. His favorite game is to thump you in the crotch when you're not looking. You put up with these minor annoyances and the fact that he's ten years younger because he's one of the few people you know who's still down to skate at a moment's notice. He ditches high school whenever you call.

You and Bronco skate through the streets at night. You pay particular attention to the different textures of the streets and sidewalks as you roll: the cracks, rows of brick, tile, asphalt, each with its own vibrational frequency. Sometimes if you skate enough, your mind becomes less like a grease fire and more like a candle flame. Focused.

One day you and Bronco skate an empty pool called Satan's Armpit. You take a bone-crunching slam and your hip turns purple and black with yellow marbling, like a murky mud-puddle with a gasoline rainbow. You can't

afford a visit to the doctor, where you know you'll pay \$200 to have some square tell you to ice it. All you can do is buy a pair of used crutches at the thrift store.

While you're hurt you sit around the house reading Thrasher, complaining to your girlfriend and having imaginary conversations with an amorphous middle-aged businessman, a guy with two kids and a mortgage and a high paying career in investment banking.

“You're still skateboarding?” he says, straightening his tie, “You're almost thirty. Why don't you do something with your life?”

“Let me ask you something,” you say.

“Shoot,” he says.

“Do you own a car?”

“Of course. An Explorer and a BMW.”

“If you think about it,” you say, “both cars and skateboards have four wheels and two axles. Both roll forward and backwards. They're both modes of transportation invented in America. Except that your mode of transportation has a combustion engine that spews thousands of pounds of pollutants into the air, which makes the whole planet hotter and dirtier. And the fact that everyone drives your chosen mode of transportation is the reason a bunch of assholes from Texas struck it rich and bought their way into the white house so they can colonize the Middle East and secure our oil interests. So yeah,” you say, “I still skateboard.”



He looks at you for a moment, clearly unimpressed. "Let me get this straight," he says, "you don't own a car?"

You say "no" though it's a bald-faced lie; you've owned plenty of cars, including your current pickup that gets bad gas mileage, has no emission sticker and needs five hundred dollars in muffler and brake work. And you've actually had this thought while skateboarding on balmy days in the dead of a Colorado winter: Maybe global warming isn't so bad after all.

You and your girlfriend of five years break up. It starts in the furniture store, where she wants to purchase an expensive sofa. After half a decade this is what puts you over the edge: a nineteen-hundred-dollar neo-Victorian couch. You can't deny that skateboarding has something to do with it. Expensive furniture and a wife and kids don't compute in your head; skateboarding is the only equation you've ever been able to decipher.

Your girlfriend packs up and moves out, takes all the silverware but leaves the empty tray. For some reason this image sticks in your mind: an empty container, the outlines of knives and spoons and forks. You are the shape of your old self, stripped of all silver. You hang black and white skate photos and an old Consolidated deck with Neil Blender graphics on the wall in your bedroom; you do this the very night she leaves. You hang up a strand of Christmas lights and this is all you have to keep you going: images of your friends skateboarding and a few tiny points of light.

The friends you used to skateboard with every day now have to make babysitting arrangements a week in advance just to meet you at the skatepark on a Sunday afternoon. You decide to skate by yourself, but it starts snowing on the way to the park and it doesn't stop for a week.

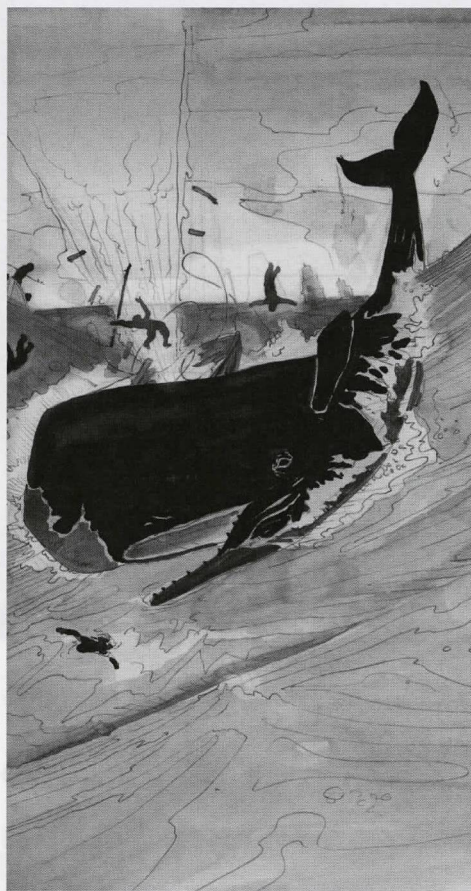
You own a T-shirt that says "skateboarding saved my life" and another that says "skateboarding ruined my life." You wear them both on different days, depending on your mood.

In the middle of a bleak January, Bronco finds you passed out drunk on your bathroom floor. He says a trip down south is what you need. Two days later you find yourself driving through a blizzard, snow swirling on the road like ashes. It warms up by the time you hit New Mexico and you skate a few dinky parks filled with prepubescent kids on Rollerblades who keep asking Bronco "Are you sponsored? Are you sponsored?" You feel ridiculous, an adult hanging out with a bunch of kids. You decide not to skate—you sit in the car and try to relax, try not to think about how immature it was to let go of a beautiful, intelligent girl for this.

When Bronco drives, you read an old dog-eared copy of *Moby Dick*, the story of an old man who held on to something so long that his whole ship sank.

Then: you drive over a mountain pass. At

the top there's a sign that says "Elevation 9,000 feet." Bronco tells you to pull over. He gets out of the car—you're not sure what he's doing. He grabs his skateboard and bombs the hill, like it's the most natural thing in the world. You watch as he leans into a sharp corner and almost gets hit by an oncoming truck. You drive a half-mile down and pick him up. His elbows are dripping blood; he is breathing fast and smiling. He gets back in and the whole truck fills up with energy, like invisible steam. You hope that maybe he is alive enough for the both of you.



In Phoenix you sleep on your friend Brian's living room floor. Tall oleander bushes, palm trees, and sandstone hills surround his house. The evening sky is bold blue. You sit on the porch drinking your post break-up cocktails: Arizona Iced Tea "Stress Blend" mixed with vodka. You hope you can drink enough to fall asleep and not wake up in the middle of the night gripped with regret.

You stop for gas on the way to the Paradise Valley skatepark in North Phoenix. Bronco jumps out and runs in the convenience store the minute you stop. You fill up the tank and then follow him in to pay for your gas. You open the restroom door and catch him standing over the toilet, his pants down around his knees.

You speed across white Phoenix freeways listening to Hot Snakes, Minor Threat, Modest

Mouse. You zip past twenty-foot Saguaro cacti and green glass skyscrapers reflecting hazy sunlight. You hang your arm out the window and feel warmth on your hand; you are almost to Paradise Valley, you have that loose buzzing feeling you only get when you're on the way to skate something good with your friends.

You eat lunch after skating every day at a hole in the wall Mexican joint in Phoenix called "Los Betos." You and Bronco like the bean and cheese burritos so much you consider getting "Los Betos" tattooed on the inside of your biceps.

Bronco has no money and when you offer to buy him dinner at a sit-down restaurant he orders deep-fried ice cream. You explain that deep-fried ice cream is not an entree but he eats it anyway.

On your last day in Phoenix you and Bronco sneak down an alley lined with one-story ranch houses, past a couple of Mexican kids jumping on a trampoline. At first you think the backyard trees are filled with big golden Christmas lights, until you realize they're lemons. You crawl over a cinder block wall and find a bone-dry swimming pool behind an abandoned HUD house. The pool is the shape of a whale, the shallow end like a tail.

You carve over the pool light, your wheels singing across sea-green plaster. For a while there is nothing in your mind but rolling. You are sweating hard for the first time in months. You decide a frontside air is the thing. You try it about six times, feet slapping on the cement as you run out. "Bring it home!" Bronco shouts. You do. But you sketch out on the landing and flop like a dead fish to the cement flat bottom, slamming directly on your bad hip.

Here is your current situation: you are twenty-eight years old. You are lying in a dirty hole in the ground, eight feet below the surface of the earth. You cannot move your right leg. Your palms feel like they've been stung by a whole hive of pissed-off wasps, and the Arizona sun feels hot enough to burn a hole through your black T-shirt. You are praying you won't have to go to the hospital because you have fifty bucks to your name, and now that you're living alone you have no idea how to pay next month's rent. According to the imaginary bureaucrats in your head, you're way too old to be skateboarding, but you're still thinking maybe you can get up and try the frontside air one more time before the pain really sets in. But your already arthritic hip hurts so bad that you want to just die right there in the deep end, to be sucked down the drain and swallowed into the sandy ground.

Then Bronco slides down and kneels beside you. "Come on," he says, grinning, "let's get your ass up out of here." **CW**

*This is an excerpted story from the book *Life & Limb* — published by Soft Skull Press ISBN 1-932360-28-X*



# PHIL ESBENSHADE

## The Skateboard Lawyer



**"YOU LOOK LIKE AN IDIOT ON THAT THING,"  
MY NEIGHBOR YELLED TO ME AS I SKATED  
DOWN MY DRIVEWAY. I WAS TRYING TO  
NEGOTIATE THE SHARP, HAIRPIN CURVE FROM  
THE DRIVE ONTO THE SIDEWALK. THE "THING"  
TO WHICH HE REFERRED WAS MY FIRST  
SKATEBOARD. IT WAS A LOPSIDED, HAND CUT,  
PIECE OF CRACKED MAPLE WITH HARDWARE  
STORE GRIPTAPE, CROOKED TRUCK HOLES,  
AND MISSING WHEEL BEARINGS. I LOVED THAT  
BOARD. THIS MUST HAVE BEEN AROUND 1975;  
I WAS 10 YEARS OLD.**

**M**y first board barely lasted a season. My father's jigsaw was well used, as I continued to make my own decks and skate them all over my little neighborhood. After starting junior high school, I cut a few more decks from various woods, taking full advantage of my wood shop class. After snapping one too many homemade sticks jumping off loading docks near my house, I took a bus to a sports shop. There I bought a fiberglass board with precision bearings and precisely drilled truck holes. By this time, I was living in the "valley" area of Los Angeles, California, where I was to start the 10<sup>th</sup> grade in this mecca of skateboard culture.

As I raced my newly purchased deck throughout the suburban streets, my Father was inside mapping out my walking route to the new high school. The map was presented to me with the usual lecture: go straight to school. My Father's rather detailed handwritten map, however, did not include what would soon become my greatest distraction: The Reseda Skatercross skateboard park.

Early the next morning, I set out towards Reseda High, making sure to allow plenty of time to find my way around the new environment. As I rounded the corner just a block from my destination, I saw an enormous curved bowl peeking out above a Taco Bell sign. It was Skatercross, and an amazing sight. The huge yellow and orange "Skatercross...the Sport of the Future" sign hung high above the bowls and banks. I neared closer, where I spotted two swimming pools adjacent to the track area. Shaking from nervous excitement, I literally ran to pull open the front door to the pro shop, but it was locked; a sign on the door stated that the park didn't open until later in the day.

Needless to say, I did not attend high school that day. Instead, I snuck home and retrieved my skateboard, riding it as fast as I could back to the skatepark. I was dismayed to find that the park required a parent's signature before one was allowed to carve about in the pools and bowls. Returning home again, I somehow managed to talk my father into blindly signing the release form that afternoon, and enjoyed my first session a few hours before sundown. When I was nearing the end of my 2-hour session, a lanky figure emerged from the rear door of the pro shop. He tossed on a helmet and rolled into the biggest bowl in the park, a pool about 12' deep with brown



coping, and a dangerously slick surface. He skated with style and control: Invert, frontside air, frontside grind, and up and out of the bowl. I was amazed at what I saw. I had seen a few magazines here and there, but had never, ever seen someone pull an invert, or an air, in a swimming pool. From that moment, I was hooked.

While watching in awe, I noticed a "Variflex" logo on the bottom of the skater's deck; I approached him and asked his name. "Eric," he said, "Eric Grisham." "Do you work here?" I asked. "Yea", he stated, "Come on in the shop."

Eric was the nicest guy, and took the time to explain how, if I added some wider trucks, it would provide more stability in the bowls. He continued on, speaking of various skateboard-related matters. I sat silently, hanging on every word, as he spoke of huge skatepark contests in San Diego, and big underground pipes in Upland. I bought a Skateboarder magazine from him, and watched him skate some more. I took the magazine home, and literally read it from cover to cover: I became even more hooked, and there was no turning back.

I bought a Variflex Steve Hirsch Model and rode Skatercross five to seven days per week. My mother gave me some money before she and my dad divorced, and I spent every cent of it on sessions at the skatepark. Two months later, I had learned frontside grinds, rock and rolls, and fakie ollies. I also managed to rack up 31 documented unexcused school absences that academic year. I would repeat the tenth grade. It was skating vs. school, and school never stood a chance.

My father continually berated me about my new lifestyle. "You'll never amount to anything riding a skateboard" and "Put yer goddam toy away already and grow up." Nine years and three Pro Models later, I would be flying across the country to contests, and using royalties to help buy my first home while he labored away vacuuming carpets, selling appliances, and renting U-haul trucks.

You see, the skateboarding lifestyle is something that I refused to compromise. It wasn't that I discounted the value of a good education; I just wasn't ready to accept it just then. School was rather boring. Skating was exciting. I could learn a trick or two, and feel a tremendous sense of accomplishment. That feeling never materialized in the classroom.

During my high school tenure, my grades continued to plummet well below acceptable levels. My dad locked my skateboard in his trunk. I systematically picked the trunk's lock with a corkscrew, removed the board, and was rolling around a local ditch by the next morning. He even attempted grounding me, but that only caused me to run away from home, and live with some drug dealers.



Back in the day...



Despite my living situation, I was still happy, so long as I got to skate.

My skating, and absences continued. Due to my lackluster school performance, and the pressures at home, I moved in with my mother and new dad, and somehow managed to scrape a 2.0 GPA to get a high school diploma. Incidents still abounded along the way, however: In the 12th grade, my brand new father was summoned to the Dean's office where he was shown an essay that I had written. In this essay, I jokingly claimed that I aspired to be a skateboarding thief when I was all grown up. The Dean then showed my new dad a school transcript, with the fledgling grades slowly climbing to marginally acceptable levels. The dean coined me a "loser" in my presence. I was also told that I was a 'social outcast' by a teacher, and further told that riding a skateboard was not a productive way to go through life. In short, I was informed that skateboarding was a waste of time.

I finished high school the mid-eighties. At the time, I was still living with my very supportive mother and new dad in San Diego, California. I frequented the Del Mar Skate ranch upwards of three times per week, and skated every ditch, bank, and curb in sight. I started entering amateur contests on a regular basis, spending countless hours on the road driving to contests: Street, Bowl, and Ramp. Anywhere they were held, I was there.

Around 1987, I was skating in a 'streetstyle' contest in Northern San Diego. The sky was getting dark, and it was decided that they would run three skaters per run on the course to save time. Slightly irritated by this decision, I grabbed an acoustic guitar and played it as I skated in my run. Near the end of the 2 minutes, I smashed the guitar to bits on the street course. It was then that Gullwing Team Manager John Hogan approached me: "Your sponsored," he said. "Call me Monday." I was in absolute shock. I had never intended, nor even desired to become sponsored. I took the deal, and began riding for Gullwing right away. I continued entering contests, and got a few photos in the magazines. I ended up riding for Skull Skates, Gullwing, and Santa Cruz Speed Wheels. I started showed up in more magazines, and a few skate videos. Out of boredom, I grew my hair out to a ratty mop, and dyed it jet-black. I also got many strange tattoos: light switch on the ankle, chicken on the leg. I wore all black clothing exclusively, and never wore shorts. Quite a few of the cleaner-cut skaters (and their parents) thought me quite eccentric, and a bit offbeat.

I kept appearing in magazines for some reason, and Skull Skates offered me a Pro Model. Overwhelmed, I accepted. I started happily traveling all over the U.S., making some waves along the way by getting into a few feuds and scuffles with some other skaters. I continued skating hard, and Skull



Skates released my deck. The first "E" pro model had a menacing skull on it. A few of my sponsors were intrigued by my strange persona. Overnight, it seemed, I began appearing in strange, dark ads for trucks, boards, and wheels. Somehow, my scraggly, rough appearance, and offbeat attitude always seemed to get noticed. Henry Hester, at one point, called me "The Ultimate Weirdo Bad Boy." Beneath this seemingly rough exterior, however, I had a deep, dark, hidden secret: I was going to college.

By the time I entered my first pro contest, I had already completed a rigorous computer programmer's school with honors. I was, at the same time, attending a community college in order to transfer to a University. I was on scholarship there, and made the Dean's list each semester. Because of my perceived "image", I kept my academic pursuits quiet. To my surprise, I enjoyed school this time around. I chose to attend, and things were on my terms.

I graduated from community college with high honors, majoring in Criminal Justice. I went on to a University on yet another scholarship, garnering entry in the "Who's Who In American Colleges & Universities" publication. While still at the University, I was offered a scholarship to Law School in the Los Angeles area. I had always been fascinated with the law, and thought, "Why Not." As before, I told few people in the skateboard world.

Law School was a trying experience. Many late nights hurling high speed slappys on the red curbs outside the law library helped break

the tension. Skating was always prevalent, and my board was always nearby. Strangely, and perhaps, ironically, I did not tell any of my fellow law students about my skateboard past. Perhaps I still felt like an outcast, but in a different arena. Perhaps I even felt that they would dismiss me as a 'loser' as had been done so many times before.

I graduated in 2003, earning the degree of Juris Doctor. By graduation, I had been placed on the law review, received two academic awards for the highest grade in a given course, and been elected as an officer of the law fraternity. I even finished in the top ten of my graduating class, and lectured at conferences to seasoned lawyers and academic types on legal topics. After graduation, I started getting scholarly articles published, and calls to speak at various events internationally. I sometimes asked myself, what the hell happened here?

I took and passed the California Bar Exam on the first try in February 2004. Shortly thereafter, I opened up my own law firm with a big oak desk, and a padded leather swivel chair where I sit as I write this very article. My office is on the top floor of fairly prestigious building, looking down on the local police station below. Though I own several acceptable suits, I often amble into the office in an old T-shirt, ratty Vans, and baggy shorts. I skate to the courthouse to file papers, suit and all. I have felt my skate wrench digging into my leg as I sat in court waiting to argue before a judge. Waiting clients may choose to read one of the many skate magazines fanned out in the reception area. These clients often confusingly gaze at the skateboard memorabilia hanging on the wall in my office. I still skate every day. In fact, I've been detained by the police for skating the curbs in my very own office parking lot after hours.

Other "professionals" sometimes seem confused, and often intimidated, by my skating and unconventional attitude. Many times I feel sorry for them, as they fail to see that success is not becoming what others want nor expect you to be, it's reaching personal goals without compromising who you are, and where you've been. It's been said before: Skateboarding is not a sport, it's way of life: almost a religion. Skating is something that truly engrains itself deep into the soul of skater. Just beneath the socially acceptable appearance and persona of many 'grown up' adults, is the skater that never left: Scratch a lawyer, find a skater. Scratch a doctor, find a skater. Scratch a Business Owner, Father, Mother, Grandmother, you might find a skater. Scratch a president?, Well...maybe someday.

A few weeks ago, I took my two-year-old son to see the Soul Bowl contest in Huntington Beach, California. As we sat on the bleachers in the warm sunshine, Eric Grisham dropped in for his run. Twenty years later, I was hooked....again. **CW**



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# GSD

GARRY

SCOTT

DAVIS

## Continued From Last Issue

**1987**—The first annual Surf Ohio contest in Dayton went down, and I made the cover of the February 25 issue of the Kettering-Oakwood Times, flailing a method air off a launch ramp in the event. This trip was the first time I visited my parents in Cincinnati since I moved away to California in 1982. I also tracked down Mark Mounts and traded him a GSD deck for a deer skull (which, along with a glass of water and a knife, became the subject of a series of still life drawings and paintings I made over the next several years). That visit was the only time I saw Mark in 21 years, until a recent volley of emails reunited us.

Finally burning out on the 'zine scene (which had exploded in popularity over the past several years), I published the last monthly issue of Skate Fate and decided to turn it into an annual instead. Del Mar Skate Ranch finally fell under the blade of the bulldozer, closing a long chapter in many local skaters' (and campers') lives. I decided to simply buy a camper shell for my Toyota pickup to sleep in.



Tracker came out with Lester Kasai, Dan Wilkes and GSD fingerboards—an item I wasn't overly stoked on. These toys, invented by Lance Mountain nearly a decade earlier, were yet another innocent, homemade skate art form that got whored out to the mass-produced market. I was even forced to pose for a Tracker fingerboard ad with Lester and Dan, and hid my face in embarrassment behind duct tape and a cardboard box.

Near the end of the year, I moved into a two-bedroom house in Oceanside with Buddy Carr and Czech transplant Peter Kiss. In the December issue of TransWorld, I put together a feature article on skate artists called "From Hands That Bite", featuring a brief bio, a skate photo and the artwork of Natas Kaupas, Mike Laird, Phread Conrad, Tod Swank, Terrance Yoshizawa, Rodger Bridges, Lance Mountain, Chris Miller, John Dettman and John Lucero. "From Hands That Bite" was the first article (that I know of) to feature non-comic fine art produced by skaters.

**1988**—The second (and, I believe, last) Surf Ohio contest happened in Dayton. No Kettering-Oakwood Times cover this year. Damn it! Why can nothing ever happen the exact same way twice? David Carson left TransWorld Skateboarding in April, crowning me as the new Art Director, a position that I enjoyed immensely over the next five years—especially when I started using Quark XPress in 1991.

this  
is (not)  
my life

Since fish-shaped decks were becoming all the rage, I completely re-designed the GSD model into a fish shape in 1988

with a really pointy nose and pointy tail corners, to boot.

You have to remember that back in the '80s, it was really important for each pro model shape to be distinct from the others. My new graphics were inspired by the drawings inside an airplane safety pamphlet, since I flew to a lot of contests at the time.

As my hair had gradually been thinning over the past several years, I finally got Swank to chop it all off down to the skin, in front of a lens, even. Maybe it was no coincidence that he put me on the cover of his new 'zine, Dick's

Book? I also made the cover of Edger, a 'zine out of the East Coast, around the same time. The first annual issue of Skate Fate, Issue Number 73, featured pages folded in different angles and directions. One spread even opened up to resemble a kite—complete with a cloth tail stapled in. In November, Buddy Carr and I moved with Mike Hill into the infamous Chestnut Complex apartments in Carlsbad, a veritable boarding house for skate types from all over the place.

A hokey murder mystery film, which included skateboarding, called Gleaming The Cube was released. The only redeeming quality of this movie was some rad Bones Brigade footage shot by Stacy Peralta. I didn't have anything to do with Gleaming The Cube other than the title, which was borrowed from a random bit of text in a 1983 Thrasher interview I did with Neil Blender. I, speaking in gibberish to make

him laugh, asked Neil, "Have you ever gleamed inside a cube?" I made the phrase up on the spot—it doesn't mean anything. Someone involved with the movie read the interview and slightly reworded the phrase to be the film's title.

I attended the first-ever mini-ramp contest, called the Vancouver Mini-Ramp Challenge, at Kevin Harris' Richmond Skate Ranch, an indoor wooden park. Christian Hosoi won. The only other thing I recall about this event is that I got severe leg cramps and couldn't even skate. In an article I wrote about the contest in TransWorld, I predicted that it would eventually be "looked upon as a turning point in skateboarding's evolution." What a laugh. The mini-ramp contest format didn't exactly catch on like wildfire, as I don't think there ever were very many more such events held after this one.

Tons of sessions went down throughout the year at legendary California spots like the Bridge Ramp in Solana Beach, El Cortez pool in San Diego, the Mt. Baldy Pipeline, the Nude Bowl out in the desert, McGill's Skatepark in Carlsbad, Sarge's ramp in Oceanside, and Swank's mini-ramp (which he lived underneath the trannies of) in Del Mar.

**1989**—This year brought one last graphic change on the fish-shaped GSD deck—a rough line drawing of, appropriately, a fish spanning the entire bottom of the board. The Tracker GSD pro model deck then suddenly fizzled away without much fanfare.

I spent April and May taking the train around Europe, checking out every skate spot and art museum I could find. I hung with Swank the first couple of weeks, schralping spots in London and Scotland, then headed out on my own for six weeks through France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, Switzerland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden and Norway. I experienced more skate spots, art, famous sights and random flotsam than you could ever shake anything at, and documented it all in a lengthy, in-depth journal printed in an oversized annual issue of Skate Fate, Issue Number 74.

In August, I helped the Blockhead crew build their mega mini-ramp compound in Bonsall (inland from Oceanside), and wrote some crazy liner notes for their Splendid Eye Torture video box. I got a six-page interview in the December issue of Powderedge magazine, thanks to my good buddy from the 'zine days, Rodger Bridges. Since I was known primarily as a street skater, we decided to run only vert photos in the article, kind of as a joke, and to see if anyone would notice.

I had been getting flowed wheels from Speed Wheels Santa Cruz for a year or two and somehow got a part in their Speed Freaks Video, which featured numerous top skaters of the time. Unfortunately, my entire part was shot in, literally, an hour, and it turned out to be a huge embarrassment. To kick things off, I held up a cardboard sign bearing the



1985

1986-87

1988

1989



words "Lunar Power / Moon Tan / Moon Burn / Helen Keller", then proceeded to jump a fence to ride a ditch near the TransWorld offices. After clearing some dirt away with my board, I managed a frontside grind, backside carve, a crappy no comply, and a hot backside grind wall ride.

For the street section, I did a couple of lame 180 slides, an awful curb layback, a wall ride, an okay 180 ollie blunt on a parking block, a lame no comply over another parking block and a backside bank-to-wall ride. If I could've edited this "part" myself, I would've ended up using half of those tricks. I remember the guy who filmed me was looking at me like I sucked. I'm sure I did. If I would have been given more time to film and allowed to help edit my own part, however, I'm sure something much better would have resulted.

**1990-1991**—I don't know how, but after the Speed Freaks Video debacle, I somehow made it into the next Speed Wheels video, Risk It—Gambling With Gravity. This time, the stars were in a much more favorable alignment, and my skating was much more solid (although some of the street tricks weren't exactly at top speed). My part opened with some street skating, actually, including a backside 50/50 on a tranny to ledge, a

frontside slappy 50/50 on a curb and a frontside slappy nosegrind revert. A few tricks at the excellent Oceanside Ditch came next, with a backside bert, a backside axle stall to fakie and a rad frontside no comply (finally). My part finished up at Sarge's mini-ramp with

pencil portrait of Ron Cameron. In 1991, after ten years of publishing Skate Fate, I finally decided to throw in the smoldering towel. I was just plain burned out on the labor, and also felt that 'zines weren't necessarily a necessary evil anymore. Issue Number 76 was the grand finale, featuring an overview of the last ten years, along with short profiles and previously



GSD T-Shirt, 1985  
Skeleton Pants, 1986



Winford Thomas Jacket, 1983



Sano-Land Jacket, 1983



Scurbs Skate Gang Jacket, 1984



Skeleton Shirt, 1986

a frontside 50/50, a backside tailslide, an Indy nosepick, a sweeper, a backside front truck pivot to rail and a nice frontside lip-slide. Needless to say, in retrospect, I'm much more psyched on my Risk It part.

Around the same time, I got a sequence doing the same axle stall to fakie at the Oceanside Ditch in Swank's one-off Hot Rod 'zine. Speaking of 'zines, 1990's annual issue of Skate Fate, Issue Number 75, featured a pre-crumbled-up cover and a brief profile /

unpublished photos of the usual spots and suspects.

Also in 1991, we finally started using Quark XPress and Photoshop at TransWorld—relegating art boards, Rubylith and X-Acto knives to the dustbin of history. Using Quark is so much more fun, as you can make the design look exactly how you want beforehand with no guesswork involved—not to mention that it's much easier and faster than the manual paste-up technique of yore. In the October issue, I put together a second feature article on skate artists called "From Hands That

Layback | Shell Bowl | Oceanside, California | 1985 | Grant Brittain







Rock | Del Mar Keyhole | Del Mar, California | 1987 | Sin

Chew", featuring a brief bio, a skate photo and the artwork of Thomas Campbell, Ron Cameron, Sean Cliver, Dan Estabrook, Chris Johanson, Mike Hill and Nisi.

In Spring, I started a three-piece rock band called Custom Floor with Miki Vuckovich on drums, Phil Esben-shade on bass and myself on guitar and vocals. Swank released our first 7" on his Goldenrod label, and we played our first shaky show at the Casbah in San Diego in November. Custom Floor quickly improved, and we played three or four shows a month throughout 1992.

One morning in June, I walked out of the Chestnut Complex to get in my truck and go to work, but couldn't find it anywhere. I rode a crappy old borrowed bicycle to work for a month while waiting to see if the cops could get my truck back. I finally gave up and bought a brand-new charcoal grey 1991 Nissan pickup. Weirdly enough, by pure chance, Swank and Phil E. both bought identical trucks (the same color, even) around the same time. A couple of months later, the cops called and said they found the frame of my truck completely stripped at the bottom of a canyon.

In October, I moved out of the Chestnut Complex and into a condo in Oceanside owned by Miki Vuckovich's mom. I ended up living there for almost two years with Ron Cameron and Miki himself—along with numerous others.

**1992**—I contributed a couple of drawings to an art show called Minimal Trix, An Exhibition of Skateboard Art curated by Aaron Rose at his Alleged Gallery in New York City. In hindsight, this event was an early, seminal showcase for skate art—featuring the work of Thomas Campbell, Mark Gonzales and Ed Templeton, who have received some pretty major props and recognition from the mainstream gallery art world in recent years. Minimal Trix also showed work from other creative skate artists like Craig Stecyk, Glen E. Friedman, Miki Vuckovich, Andy Jenkins, Spike Jonze, Sean Cliver and others.

World Industries head Steve Rocco tried to lure me away from TransWorld to be the Art Director for his new Big Brother mag. He offered me twice as much money, but I decided against it, as I was dedicated to TransWorld, didn't want to move to LA, and skeptical whether Big Brother would survive. That was the end of that—or so I thought.

Funnily enough, an anonymous Big Brother staffer called me up out of the blue a few months later and asked me a bunch of random questions about skate-

boarding. I thought that kind of odd. Sure enough, the conversation showed up as a short interview in the mag—complete with a photo of a GSD imposter. Basically, Big Brother was trying to make me and TransWorld look out of touch with skateboarding. Reading the article again now, though, I feel that I held my own, foiling some of the more ridiculous questions with a battery of non-sequiturs.

Skate-wise, I was riding a lot of curbs during these years, doing tricks like long slappy nose slides at Kmart curb in Oceanside and Carlsbad Curb (across the street from XYZ skate shop), plus long feebles and ollie lipslides at Biblical Burgers in Encinitas.

**1993**—After ten years of working at TransWorld, I was finally starting to get burned out. I wasn't arriving at work on time and didn't see eye-to-eye with my fellow staff members on certain details of graphic design. One day in early May, exactly ten years after I was hired, I got called into a meeting with Editor Dave Swift and Photo Editor Grant Brittain. They said they couldn't work with me anymore, so I agreed to leave.

I wanted to stay a couple of weeks to get my stuff in order and train the next Art Director, but management told me to have all of my belongings cleared out of my office by the end of the day. That was the only part of the whole deal I was really bummed at. Is that really the kind of treatment I deserved after ten years of dedication? I guess companies are afraid you're going to try to sabotage them. Even after that, I never had any hard feelings toward anyone personally at TransWorld.

In August, I moved out of the Oceanside condo and rented a room at a nice little house near the beach in Encinitas. Having money saved from working at TransWorld, I stopped working completely for a year-and-a-half and focused on recording a Custom Floor album with Rocket From The Crypt's drummer, Adam Willard, at the end of the year.

**1994-1996**—I took a much-needed break from the skateboarding industry during these years. I was mostly focusing on music with Custom Floor, and in May-June 1994, we went on a tour across the U.S. (read a detailed journal at skatepunk.net). As far as skating goes, I was still rolling around, riding curbs once in a while, maybe a mini-ramp once every blue moon. I thumbed through skate mags fairly often at the grocery store, and could also be found hanging out at the occasional ASR trade show to catch up with old friends.

To pay the rent through these years, I delivered pizzas (1994-1995), worked at an ad agency (1995-2000) and started producing a monthly newsletter for Lou's Records in Encinitas (1995-1998). In February 1996, I met two good friends around the same time—Matt Crane, a drummer who began playing with me in Custom Floor (aiming the band into a more improvisational direction), and Rich Jacobs, a fellow skate, art and music fan.

**1997**—Longtime skater, artist and world traveler Thomas Campbell called me up out of the blue at Lou's Records and informed me that Skateboarder was coming back as an annual. So, I dragged my footlocker full of skate 'zines up to Ed Templeton's house, scanned in a bunch of the best covers and wrote an article on skate 'zine history called "Toilet Paper Times" for the Summer 1997 issue of Skateboarder. Ed and I

designed the article and I helped with design on other bits of the issue, as well.

Alleged Gallery's Aaron Rose also contacted me at Lou's to ask me to contribute an intro and some artwork for a big skate art book he was putting together called Dysfunctional. I busted out my vintage skate sticker collection and collaged bits of them together (with no words showing) into a couple of semi-abstract faces. I

ended up getting the intro, one of the sticker collages and some Skate Fate covers published in the book, which was full of random, amazing skate photos, art, graphics, mags and 'zines from all eras.

By chance, I heard that TransWorld was reprinting an article I had originally written a decade before in June 1987 called "Soul Power" (but with contemporary photos), and sure enough, it ran in the July 1997 issue. I was stoked they thought enough of "Soul Power" to re-run it. Since I wasn't exactly Bill Gates at the time, though, I asked if I could get paid again, and actually got a check in the mail. Custom Floor recorded its second

full-length, a CD called From A Body with Matt Crane on drums and notorious San Diego musician Chris Squire on bass.

**1998-1999**—*SkateBoarder* decided to produce another annual, but this one just wasn't as fun to work on. I wrote a feature article about skating natural objects (trees, dirt, etc.) called "Organically Grown" but, for some reason, I didn't get to design it. Snowboarder's Art Director did, and the article ended up resembling a hideous, vibrating cretin. Likewise, Thomas Campbell turned into a totalitarian dictator as we layed out his Vietnam feature, and wouldn't let me use my skills, so, design-wise, it ended up looking like a big heap of generic flotsam, as well. At least my little

"Where Are They Now?" piece on Tom "Wally" Inouye came through relatively unscathed.

After getting my foot in the door via the *SkateBoarder* gig, I quit Lou's and designed Powder skiing magazine

for a season, from Summer 1998 to Spring 1999. After

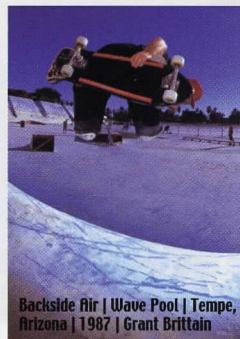
that, I got super random and helped remodel a house in La Jolla for the rest of the year. Custom Floor played a few sporadic shows during this time, with various temporary band members and a very spontaneous approach to making music.

**2000**—I decided against starting off the new decade (and millennium) with a footplant this time around, as I was too busy huddling in mortal fear of the Y2K bug. As my savings account was dwindling, I began temping for a couple of months. Through that, I got a job at Outreach Marketing, a Christian printing company full of really nice people—except one. Needless to say, the one mean person there just had to be my own personal overlord.

After seven years as a tenant, I had to move out of the Encinitas house in August, because the owner needed my room. I rented another from some cranky elderly couple for a month until they bitched me out once too often. I decided to start sleeping in my truck again—just like back in the late '80s.

**2001**—In late July, I got fired from Outreach Marketing for using the internet—after hours, even (I was selling vintage skate stuff on eBay). I visited my brother in Reading, Pennsylvania and my friend Rich Jacobs in New York City in late August.

My old friend from the late 1980s and early '90s, Mark Waters, quit the TV industry where he had worked for several years, got a job at skate shoe com-



Backside Air | Wave Pool | Tempe, Arizona | 1987 | Grant Brittain





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Drop-In | Lloyd's Bank | Santa Ana, California | 1986 | Miki Uckovich

pany Sole Technology and moved into a house in Orange. In early September, I visited him for the first time in a couple of years. I also began selling old skate mags and other junk on eBay for Mark for a living, all while pestering him relentlessly to get me a real job at Sole Technology, makers of etnies, éS and Emerica skateboarding footwear and ThirtyTwo snowboarding boots.

In Fall, I wrote a second article on the history of skate 'zines called "Turds In Yer Face" for one of Swank's many side ventures, skateboard.com. He conveniently lost the article, however, which never did actually make it up onto the site. One time during a visit to Tod's nice, swanky house overlooking Mission Valley in San Diego, we were in his garage looking through a stack of old decks when, all of a sudden and without warning, he whipped out my original, one-and-only Kent Watson deck from 1984. Needless to say, I was totally surprised, yet psyched to see it. Since it has so much sentimental value to me, I asked Tod if I could have it back, but of course he just laughed and said no.

**2002**—Mark Waters and I started off the new year with a skate tour of Arizona. We piled our skateboards and ourselves into a rented RV with a bunch of neighborhood kids and headed out on the highway for several days to visit numerous skateparks all around the Phoenix area. Endless driving, rowdy behavior and skate sessions at all times of the day and night in rad, free skateparks made for a very fun and memorable excursion.



Wall Ride | Parking Garage | Del Mar, California | 1987 | Brittain

On January 21, my many months of hounding Mark finally paid off, as I got hired at Sole Technology. I'm the Editor and Writer, responsible for all of the text content of our four brands' websites, catalogs, ads, press releases, our Sole Power employee newsletter and a ton of other stuff. I really enjoy my job here, and I'm stoked to be working for such nice guys as Pierre André and Don Brown.

On February 28, I launched a memorial website for Apple Skatepark (as a branch of Mark Waters' skatepunk.net), the great indoor park that existed in Columbus, Ohio for a brief two years, from 1979-1981. The site is chock-full of galleries of photos showing all areas of the park; interviews with all of the locals and others who skated there; items like brochures, flyers, ID cards, keychains, membership forms, newsletters, published citations, signage, stationery, stickers and T-shirts; a Where Are They Now? page and much more.

The Apple Skatepark website has been very well-received by everyone who has visited it, especially Apple locals and visitors—many of them old friends who have reunited for the first time in over twenty years because of the site. All of the praise and stories of happy reunions I continue to receive definitely make all of the long hours of labor I put into the site totally worth it.

**2003**—The TransWorld Skateboarding crew approached me to write a retrospective article on Tony Hawk for a special all-Hawk issue they were working on. I spent all of my spare time for a month mining old issues of TransWorld (especially the first



Flyaway | Tower Records | Sacramento, California | 1986 | Mark Waters

retro I had written on him in the August 1989 issue) and Tony's own autobiography, *Occupation: Skateboarder*, for material to distill down into a cogent timeline of the most famous and influential skateboarder ever.

My piece ended up as the flagship article for the entire issue, which was filled with various stories covering every aspect of Hawk's insanely busy life. One such section was called "Influenced", containing interviews with well-known pros on how they were influenced by Tony. I got a little interview in there, along with a large photo of myself back in 1984, flailing a



hazard in a mellow, banked reservoir, inexplicably wearing full pads and a helmet.

I spent the month of May going through my footlocker full of skate 'zines again to photocopy the best covers and interiors for a big skate art show called Skate Culture, organized by my good friend Rich Jacobs. Held at the Contemporary Art Center of Virginia, the show traced the evolution of the skate art world from the Dogtown days in the 1970s, on through the skate 'zine and skate rock scene of the '80s, ending up with the spotlight on a current group of successful artists who sprouted up out of that milieu, like Chris Johanson,

Barry McGee (Twist), Ed Templeton and many more.

A clothing company called RVCA produced a Skate Culture show catalog, which was also put together by Rich. A photo of me skating the D.O. banks in 1980, taken by my brother Jim Davis, made the cover. I got two full pages inside, as well—one featuring a piece of my artwork inspired by an air conditioning vent (which was, unfortunately, situated sideways on the page with no explanation) and the other a photo of myself wearing a thrift store jacket covered with skate graffiti taken in 1983 by former Thrasher photographer, Morizen Foché (Mofo).

In June, I had a piece (portraits of old friends Ron Cameron and Gabrielle Holley) in another Rich Jacobs art show called Lead Poisoning at a small gallery in Los Angeles called New Image Art. The show also featured several other well-known skaters like Neil Blender, Mark Gonzales, Stacy Peralta, Ed Templeton, Randy "Biscuit" Turner (Big Boys), Tobin Yelland and many others. Biscuit actually flew out from Texas for the show, and it was a pleasure getting to meet him for the first time and hang out. I've never met another 55-year-old man who is as open-minded, kind-hearted, creative and colorful as Biscuit.

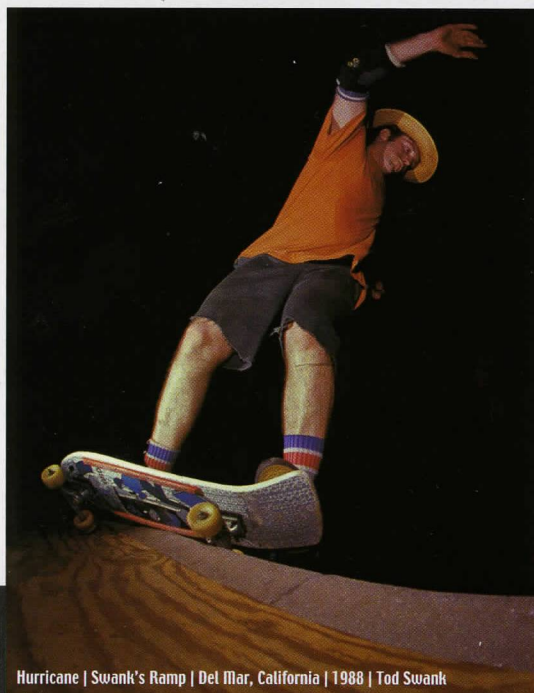
Also in June was the premiere for a movie called Stoked, which traced the rise and fall of '80s vert pro Mark "Gator" Rogowski, whose rise to fame, excessive lifestyle and eventual mental instability led him to commit murder in 1991. Much to my chagrin, a cou-

ple of different photos of myself sporting the devil lock hairstyle in 1985 appear in a section of the movie to illustrate how pros back then had to create an image to sell skateboards. The only problem is that I never wore a devil lock to create an image to sell skateboards. I liked the Misfits and Samhain a lot at the time and was just trying to have fun with that. I actually switched-up my looks drastically from year to year back in those days—from really long hair to a buzz head to semi-long hair to a devil lock to fat hair to no hair. So much for me cultivating a certain "image".

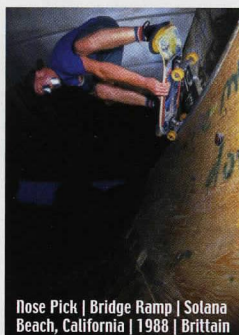
I combed through my filing cabinet in Summer to assemble scrapbooks on various topics. One of them was a GSD scrapbook, full of old slides, prints, and clippings of my skating from the late '70s to the '90s. Upon finishing it, I decided to go through my 'zine collection (yet again), then all of my Thrasher and TransWorld Skateboarding mags, to include all of my coverage, as well. At the same time, I scanned in the best images for a miniature GSD photo booklet to give to friends, then decided to include a brief timeline, which, of course, evolved into the mon-

strosity you now hold in your hands. I also recorded a couple of new Custom Floor albums with Matt Crane in Mark Waters' garage.

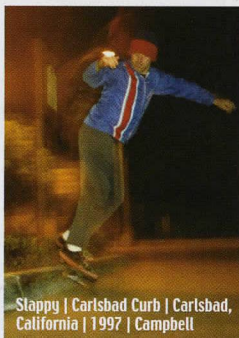
In December, a large concrete skatepark (featuring a huge plaza, street course, flow course and two bowls) called the etnies Skatepark of Lake Forest opened right next door to Sole Technology. As etnies is the title sponsor of the park, several of my fellow



Hurricane | Swank's Ramp | Del Mar, California | 1988 | Tod Swank



Nose Pick | Bridge Ramp | Solana Beach, California | 1988 | Brittain



Slappy | Carlsbad Curb | Carlsbad, California | 1997 | Campbell

Tailslide | El Cortez Pool | San Diego, California | 1987 | Rodger Bridges





employees, including Mark Waters, were involved with the design, which turned out to be one of the best in California—or anywhere, for that matter.

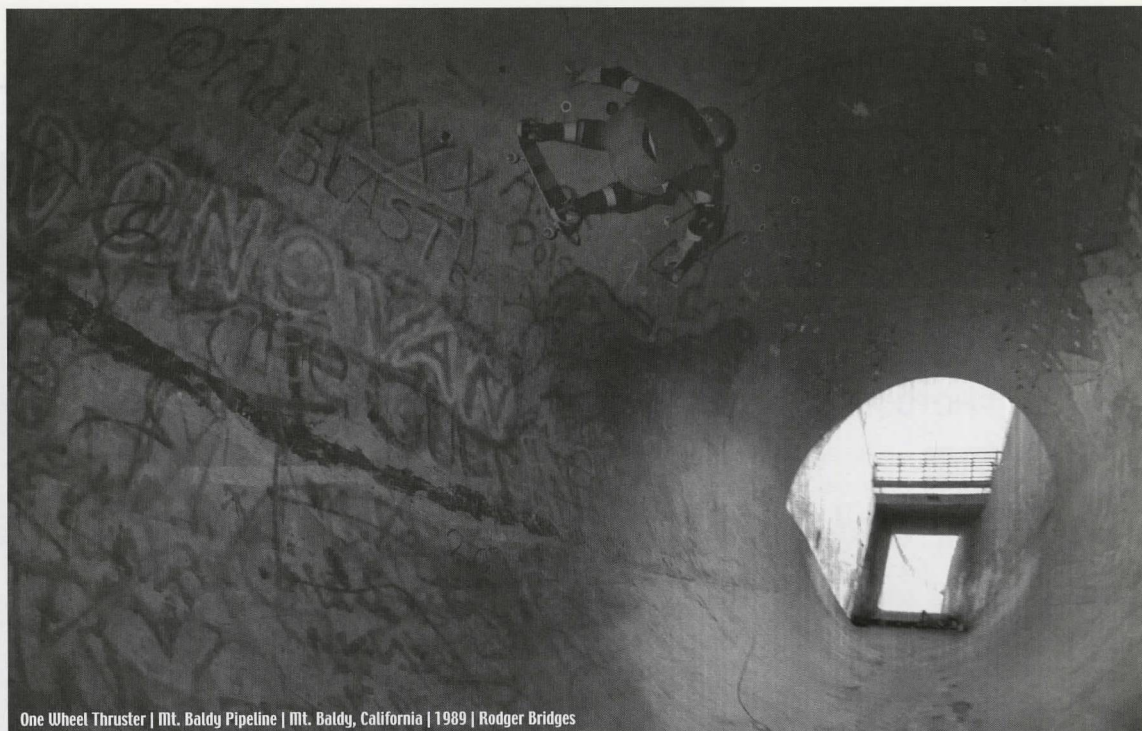
I gave some opinions (most of which were not used) on how I thought the keyhole pool should be designed, but there were just too many cooks in the kitchen. I would have preferred a perfect circle-shaped deep end with sixteen feet of flat bottom, but the pool ended up with a weird spoon-shaped deep end and only twelve feet of flat. The park is—despite the prison-like atmosphere with fences, guards and pad rules—overall a really fun place to skate by anyone's standards.

After receiving an email from former Powell artist Sean Cliver regarding a book on skateboard deck graphics he was putting together, I started thinking about my Kent Watson deck again. The fire to get it back was re-kindled and I soon found myself driving back down to Swank's house for a surprise visit. To make an already long story a little shorter, Tod gave me hell for having the gall to ask for the deck again, but finally gave up the ghost. I was super stoked that the Kent Watson model finally made it back home where it belongs.

**2004**—At the January ASR trade show in San Diego, I met Michael Brooke, the Editor of the mag you now hold in your hands. I casually mentioned I was busy writing my life story in skateboarding, and he graciously offered me these twelve pages. Voila! My second-ever major magazine article, after the December 1989 issue of *Poweredge*, has made its way into reality.

Not long after, I received an email from Buddy Carr at Tracker saying he wanted to reissue the first Tracker GSD deck from 1985, with the eyeball graphics. Of course, I agreed, and production of an edition of 50 is now underway. Over the years, many guys I don't even know have told me they bought several GSD eyeball decks, that they were really psyched on the graphics and that it had the best tail for ollies, etc. These days, that deck usually fetches around \$200 on eBay and the airplane safety graphics deck maybe half that amount. The pterodactyl and fish graphics don't show-up nearly as often. Anyway, it'll be nice to have a reasonably priced reissue around for those who may have lost their original and would like another.

In April, I visited my parents, my older brothers Jim and Pedro



One Wheel Thruster | Mt. Baldy Pipeline | Mt. Baldy, California | 1989 | Rodger Bridges

and nephew Jonathan in Cincinnati. It had been ten years since I was there, and it was so good to see everyone again. I still had a bunch of my old Sun Skates and GSD decks—plus a ton of '80s skate T-shirts, magazines, mail and other random stuff—chilling in a closet at my parents' house, so I spent a few days packing it all up and shipping it out to California. Mark Mounts happened to be in town from West Virginia, where he is now a river rafting guide, and we

had a good time throwing out a few slides during a little reunion at the D.O. Banks. In the past 22 years, I had only seen Mark once briefly, in 1987.

Well, I guess that pretty much wraps it up. I feel very fortunate to have experienced firsthand the "Golden Age" of skateboarding (1975-'85), when all of the basic forms, styles and tricks were invented, and it was something new and exciting in the world. Watching it all unfold and getting to play a small part in skateboarding's evolution was an amazing experience for which I'll always be thankful. Seems that things have come full circle, or square, or at least isosceles triangle—bringing us up to the present moment. It's been a very long, twisted path, and I'd like to thank everyone mentioned in this timeline for helping me get to where I am today.

All things are connected.

"In high school, a lot of kids were Deadheads, but I was sort of a GSDhead."

—Chris Johanson, 2004

#### **Favorite Skaters:**

Neil Blender, Mark Gonzales

**Favorite Skate Spots:** Apple Skatepark\*, Burdines\*, The Bricks, Colton\*, The Concourse, Del Mar\*, El Cortez Pool\*, D.O. Banks, Lemon Grove Ditch\*, Lloyd's Bank\*, Montague\*, Mt. Baldy Pipeline, The Nude Bowl\*, Sargepark\*, Shell Bowl\*, Whittier Skate City\* (\*R.I.P.)

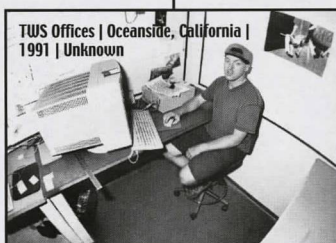
**Favorite Skate 'Zines:** Bend, Powerhouse, Skate Scene, Swank

**Favorite Deck Art:** It's hard to remember without seeing them. Some of my favorites are by Neil Blender, like Alex diving off the skyscraper (his second graphic), rocking horse, coffee break and faces (all G&S). There are many more by other people, but I can't think of them right now.

**Favorite Video Part:** Gonz, Blind—Video Days

**Friendliest:** Ray Barbee, Tim Brauch (R.I.P.)

Special thanks to Michael Brooke for letting me tell my story in *Concrete Wave*.



TWS Offices | Oceanside, California | 1991 | Unknown



Carve | Kidney | Paradise Valley, Arizona | January 2002 | Mark Waters



A Few GSD-Related Items, 1976-2003



# PATRICK RYAN

AGE 7

WORDS BY SEAN RYAN

PHOTO: HUEY HUYNH

**P**atrick Ryan is a high fly'in seven-year-old skateboarder from Fullerton CA. He has only been skating for 16 months, rides six days a week at Vans (Orange, CA) and spends 80 percent of his time in the combi bowl and half pipes.

When watching Patrick skate a few things are obvious. Speed, aggressiveness and style. Although Patrick skates street and does well, it is clear he is a throwback to the 70's and 80's. Patrick's first introduction to skateboarding was watching "Dogtown and Z-Boys". He has now watched 75 times! He quickly took a liking to fast, stylish skating and has created a fluid style of his own. Patrick's aggressive attitude toward skateboarding is propelling him forward. He is driven by the rush of learning a difficult trick and actually landing it! He constantly pushes himself to new heights, all the while truly enjoying the sport.

Most of all Patrick Ryan skates because of the love of skating and that is what is making him excel. Two skateboard professionals that skate at Van's on occasion, have taken notice of Patrick and both have commented that Patrick has "the look in his eyes" and that "he is staying right here with skateboarding".

**Favorite Skaters:** Tony Trujillo, Christian Hosoi, Omar Hassan, David Loy, Ryan Sheckler, Chris Schmeke and Apryl Woodcock.

**Favorite Place to Skate:** Van's in Orange, Ethnies, Fontana.

**Recent Competitions:**

- San Clemente — 1st. place Street, 7 and under
- Ethnies Street, Orange — 1st. place Street 7 and under
- CASL, Simi Valley — 3rd place Street 8 and under
- CASL, Woodward West, — 1st. place Street Northern Cal 8 and under
- CASL Woodward West — 1st. place Street Southern Cal 8 and under





# SAM SCHOONDERWOERD

AGE 8

WORDS BY RICK SCHOONDERWOERD

PHOTO: ECKERT

**S**am started skating about two years ago with his twin brother Max, and his dad at their home in Carlsbad, California. He moved on to the Carlsbad skatepark and then onto the Encinitas YMCA skatepark. Anyone that knows Sam, knows that he is passionate about his skating. His passion and pure heart have helped him master a number of tricks.

Every Thursday, as long as his homework is done, Sam is at the "Y" with his friends and dad hitting the coping the kid-neq pool. His weekends are spent either skating, surfing, mountain biking or just getting dirty and having fun.

When asked about his skating, Sam replies, "it's my life."





# MICHAEL MOROCH

AGE 11

WORDS AND PHOTOS  
GENO CHOU

**I**n late fall of 2002, Michael Moroch of Bayonne, NJ was placed on LittlePaw Skateboards. Before that, Michael knew how to pump up the vert ramp without stressing out and looking graceful at the same time. He was a natural on the transition, working each wall smoothly, effortlessly and going higher on airs each weekend that he skated. By summer 2003, he rolled in on the Titanic ramp catching at least a 5-foot backside air.

Michael has skated twice with professional skateboarder Andy MacDonald on the vert as a vert doubles routine. Michael has been invited over the summer by professional skateboarder Sanford Lopez to join in as an amateur skater for demos in Baltimore, Maryland. He has won the vert competition this past summer at Woodward Camp as well as local competitions in Elizabeth, NJ.





# JARROD GRAMMEL

AGE 12

WORDS AND PHOTOS  
GENO CHOU

**I**n winter 2003, Jarrod Grammel was seen skating and spinning a 540 McTwist at a Delaware skatepark. His ability to try difficult tricks at a young age was unmatched. In spring 2004, he was placed on the team as 2nd vert rider for LittlePaw Skateboards. He has won several vert ramp competitions against much older skaters at his hometown skatepark. Now, he continues to skate regularly at the ESPN Skatepark in Philly with guidance from skaters such as Sanford Lopez, Tom Boyle and Jay Stevenson.





# ANDREW MERCADO

AGE 19

WORDS BY MARK KESSENICH  
PHOTOS: TEAM GOON

**I**n the mid nineties, Andrew started skating at age nine during an era when street was the main emphasis of skateboarding. After a few years, and his skating improved he got a job at the Lake Elsinore skatepark. It was here that he met up with Brad and David from Team Goon, who were visiting the skatepark for a session. They formed a skate relationship that's still going strong today, with Andrew riding for Red Alert Skateboards.

The first pool Andrew skated was the Combi at Vans/Orange, California. From that point on, he's become a very talented pool skater, being able to quickly adapt to any backyard. In March of 2003, there was a triple threat skate contest in Andrew's hometown of Lake Elsinore. It consisted of slalom, street, and halfpipe ramps. Andrew had never been on a slalom board. He got a few tips from some pros the day before the event. He placed sixth place overall. Not bad! Since then, he's been going to as many slalom races that he can and doing quite well by placing in the top ten. He's become a part of the slalom community and Richy Carrasco has mentored him along the way. Andrew is a well seasoned all around skater. He's got a great attitude and he's just great to hangout with.





# LOUIE LOPEZ

**AGE 10**

**WORDS BY LOUIS LOPEZ SNR.**

**PHOTOS: LANCE LEMOND**

**I**t's a typical Saturday morning in the Lopez household. Louie eagerly wakes his dad up for their ritual father and son road trip, hitting as many skate parks and skate spots as time allows. It's amazing to say that at age ten Louie has been skating for more than half his life. Determination and fearlessness have helped to make him the "all around" skater he is today.

Since he picked up his first skateboard at age four, Louie has conquered the art of skating rails, banks, ramps, and pools. It is common to see Louie trying new and challenging stunts to add to his already overflowing bag of tricks. Some of his tricks include hard flip, three sixty flip, kick flip indy, tail slide revert, and boneless to alley-oop. His latest trick achievements are comprised of board sliding on to a twelve-stair rail at Woodward West last month and then coming home to land a kick-flip to fifty-fifty on a rail at the local skate park. Louie can be seen appearing on an Airheads Candy commercial which is currently airing, landing a huge front side air at his most favorite pool skating spot, Glendale.

Louie's skateboarding ability has consistently been recognized in the industry. He has taken second place for two consecutive years in the California Amateur Skateboarding League's State Championships for his division. He also took

the gold medal for street skating at the 2004 California State Games held in San Diego. Louie enjoys a competition and has competed in over sixty skateboarding events. He currently holds 22 trophies and 19 medals. His most memorable prize thus far was winning a week's stay at Woodward West Camp when he was just eight years old.

Competing is just a small portion of what makes this an exciting sport for this child. What he enjoys most about skateboarding is "getting together with other skater friends and pumping each other up to do harder tricks." Because Louie's personality is humble yet eager, it allows him to take the hard falls skateboarding offers and still truly have fun! Which is the most important factor.

Though skateboarding is Louie's first love, he makes sure to have time for his other interests which include motocross riding, snowboarding, basketball and most recently playing the guitar. He's looking to include surfing as another hobby. When asked, what do you see yourself doing in the future, Louie always replies, "Being a pro-skater."

Louie's sponsors include Madrid Skateboards, PEP Wheels, Rocket Bearings, Viking Helmets, Fly Paper Grip Tape and Momentum Surf and Skate Shop.

