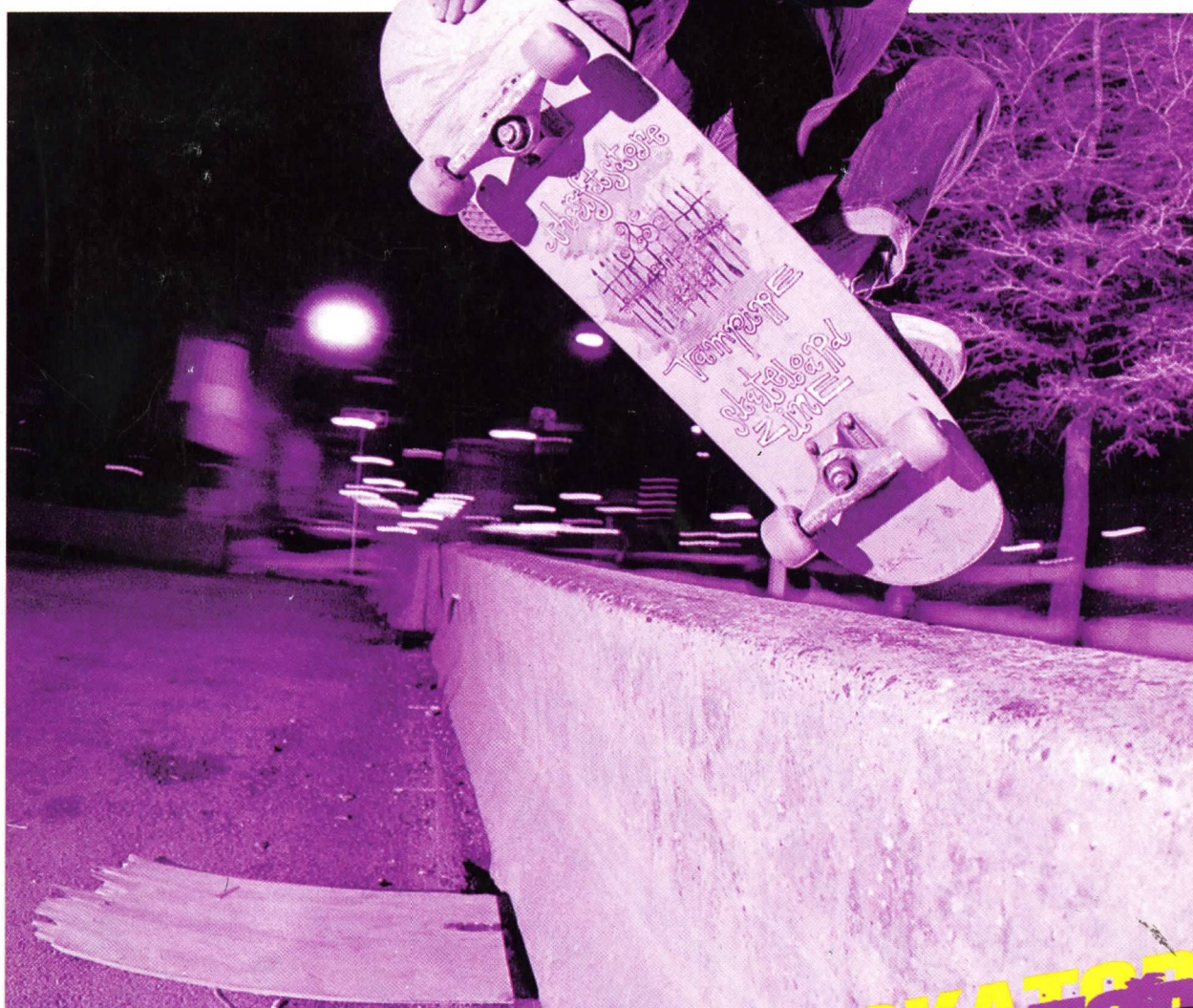


# CONCUSSION

Magazine

Number Twenty Six

HOLE IN THE HEAD



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Concussion Issue 26  
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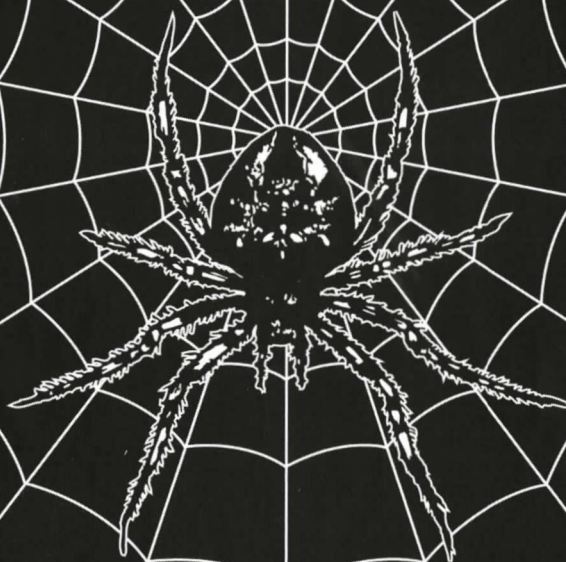
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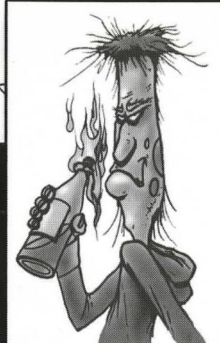


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brendan leung ...wooden krooks

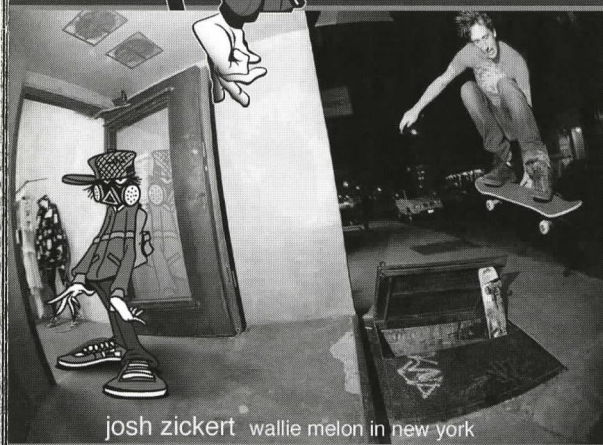
3A better ingredients than your average corporate brands 4



i wasn't sure which angle was better, so i chose both  
in the 1st, the rail looks longer, but the trick, not as stylee...  
in the second, the rail looks shorter, but brendan has it locked w/ style



# NATURAL KONCEPT



josh zickert wallie melon in new york



in the first flick, the trick looked bigger, but you couldn't really see the whole set up...  
in the 2nd flick, it was clear what was going on, but it was a butt shot and it's not as stylee...  
so i chose bothz





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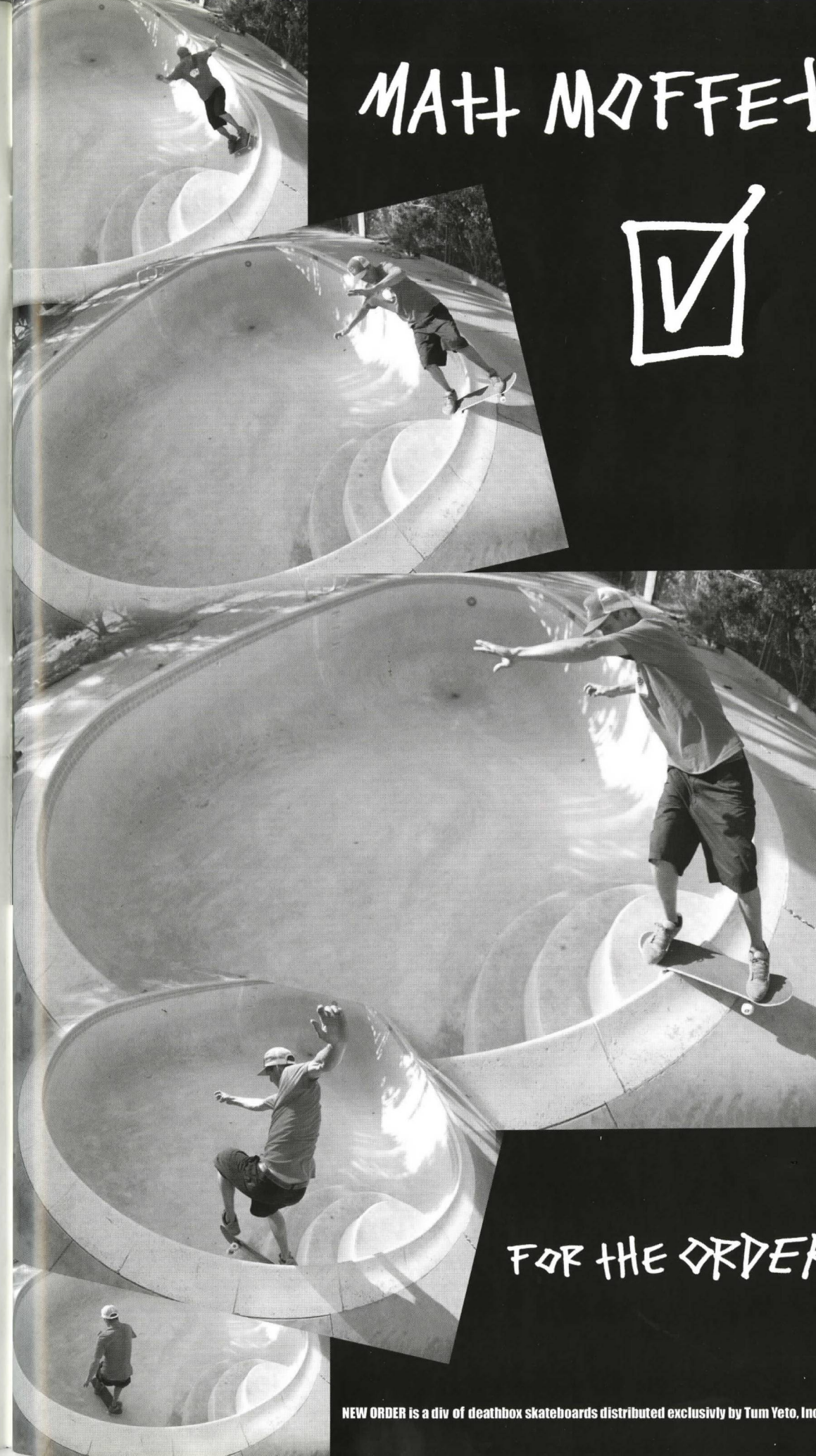
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# CONCUSSION CLASS OF *Head To Head* ISSUE 26

Top row: Emmanuel Guzman, p. 53, Twenty Crails, p. 45, Ohio and Back, p. 39, Chicks with Sticks, p. 36  
Ramps Before Tramps, p. 34, Japanese Demolition, p. 61, Spanish Concrete, p. 64  
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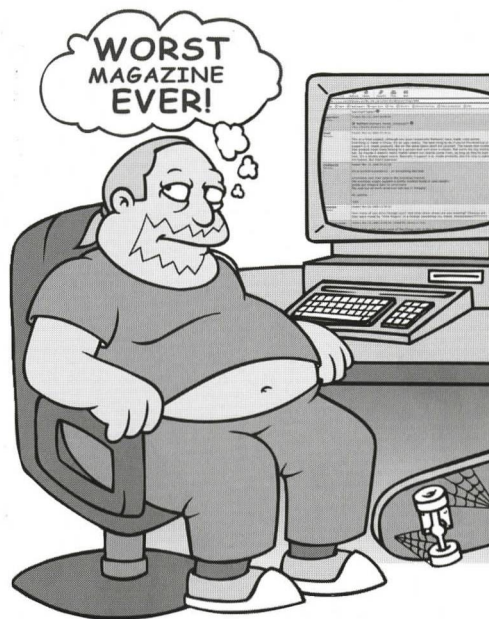


Internet skateboard chat rooms are so hot right now. Second only to bidding upwards of five grand for skateboard relics on eBay, chat rooms are just such a great voice for the skateboard community. Like the other day I was on the interweb asking which bearings are like the raddest, and chat room heavy sKateHard replied with "Eat a fat dildo wiener head." Great point sKateHard, maybe I should just eat a dildo. It's all about tough love in the chat room, that's for sure. Take a couple of weeks ago, I was wasting my work day away on Concrete Disciples webness and I came across this thread for Pads vs. No Pads. Boy oh boy, some of you guys had some really good points about our "holier than thou" attitude and our "high school" like approach to the issue. At first it seemed a little trivial in comparison to tsunamis and the proliferation of nuclear arms in the world, but then I came to my senses. We were really hurt by you guys. The thing that hurts the most is that you guys are the opinion leaders, you know, everybody comes to the message board for your guidance. Not to mention, like everybody is on the internet these days, so who knows how many of millions of skateboarders saw that. How embarrassing! Knowing full well that everybody is hanging on your every typed word is a responsibility that you take for granted when you slander little old us. We only act this way because really we're scared to be ourselves, and it's so much easier to put up a wall of hate than it is to open up and show our true feelings.

The days since we found the thread we really started to take the proper steps to make sure we can turn this thing around. Our first thought was that maybe we should just shit-can the magazine altogether and just do a web-zine where you guys make the content. We thought since you bros had so many good ideas about how we should operate that you should make the magazine yourself. That way we can't keep fuckin' up—it's all you. But then we realized that you internet warriors probably wouldn't have any time, with all the potential chat rooms that need to be under your watchful eye, so we decided to keep doing the magazine, but with some serious changes. Hopefully in this issue you guys will see the changes we've made for the future. This issue you'll find: no harsh vibes, no shit talking, no bad words, no pad discrimination, no lame opinions and most important, just an all around

killer feeling like the one you get when you almost reach the coping. In a way it's a lot more like Concrete Wave.

But really, what's the deal with you guys? I mean seriously, do you guys get paid to be on your chat room soapboxes or what? Maybe a more appropriate question would be, do you think anybody but you and the other twelve soggy old guys in your chat room give two shits about what you think? Get over it.



Mike Hamerla

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# PRODUCT reviews

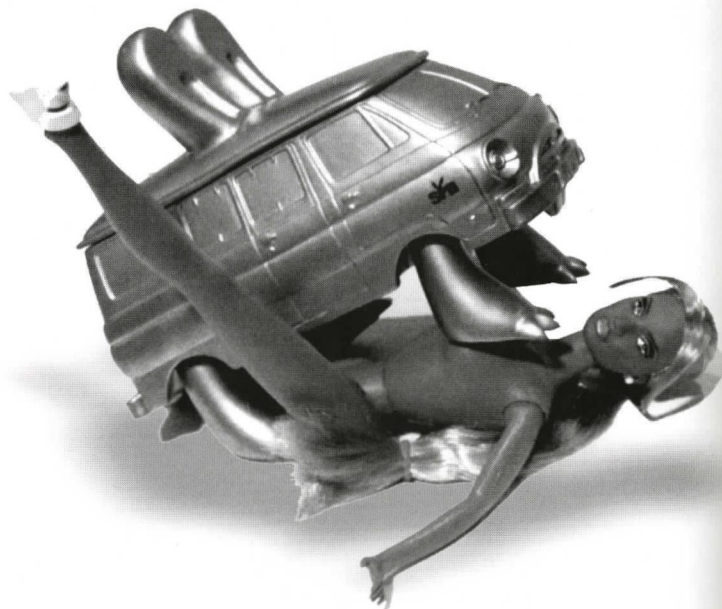


**Conspiracy Skateboards**  
[www.conspiracy.com](http://www.conspiracy.com)

Dude we've been trying to get a Pushead interview for like, forever, and he won't give Lee the time of day. Yet at the same time he is cranking out all these decks for Conspiracy, which makes Lee even more bitter because he just wants to be all over Pushead's jock and it's not happening. So he was extra bummed out when he saw these boards because it just reminded him of how much Pushead wants to have nothing to do with us. Maybe he's loyal to Thrasher or something, I dunno. Whatever the case, Conspiracy makes solid decks and Pushead's got some sick looking art on these fuckers. Their decks come in a variety of sizes, from skinny street dog to extra wide old man board, so there's something for everyone. I especially like the claw print graphic, but that board is way too wide for me to ride so it's going into my collection which will be sold on eBay for way too much money in twenty years. Hopefully at least. These beauties come in their own black plastic bag with a cool logo screened on the outside, for extra collectability or whatever. So go get your own, but don't let me catch you underselling my ass on eBay.

**Jeremy Fish "Dude" Toy**  
[sillypinkbunnies.com](http://sillypinkbunnies.com)

How rad is this thing? Super rad, that's how rad. It's probably not as cool for you guys because you haven't seen Jeremy's real van which is pretty much the same exact van, minus the ears, legs and bunny teeth. It sucks you can't open up the toy van and see the plush blue interior and sweet wood work on the inside. When I told Jeremy we were going to put his toy in a "compromising position," he instantly assumed that his toy would be "receiving." I assured him that his toy would not be receiving and even better, would be having hot porno action with Janay from the Urban Style toy collection. I don't know what my problem is that every time I have a couple of toys in my vicinity I just want to put them in the hump position. Oh yeah, because humping is funny...unless you get a disease, or accidentally make a baby, then it's not that funny.



**Five Points Custom Skateboard**  
[fivepointsskates.com](http://fivepointsskates.com)



Five Points Skateboards is a small custom skateboard company out of Columbus, Ohio. Why has it taken so long for the availability of custom skateboards to make it into the lives of every skater? Who wouldn't want a board to meet their exact specifications? That's where Five Points Skateboards enters the scenario. Get any dimension, any concave (including their patented Hellcave), any special quirky flare for nostalgia's sake or just for fun (shovel nose, coffin, hammerhead, er, camel toe), with a good selection of graphics (Johnny Cash, Dracula, Three Fingered Sloth, etc.). My deck was hand-crafted by Tim, and it's a perfect 8.25" x 32.5" "punk point," with a square tail, medium concave, black with red graphics, with wood that doesn't crack or delaminate easily, but isn't too heavy. If I were one of those nerds who can't shut up about how I can never find the perfect 14 5/8" wheelbase (and that 14 1/2" does not cut it), I could get that going too. This is the best board I've ever ridden, because it's exactly what I asked for, and exactly what I got. These custom decks are no more expensive (\$40 + s/h) than you'd pay for a deck anywhere else, so why wouldn't you get one of these? I'm sure you've got some stupid fucking reason. Otherwise step it up, go to their website and get started.



**Reynolds 3**  
Available at Finer Skate Shops





# PRODUCT reviews

## Justin Gold X-mas Card justingold.com

All of our readers out there are familiar with Justin Gold, you must be. His mug has graced these pages "more than anybody," well at least that's what he told me once. If you aren't familiar with Gold, he's the team manager at Sessions and a certified facial hair technician. You'll never guess my excitement when I was hanging out with Wilson (Colorado Diamondback) and stumbled upon this little beauty. Ladies and Gents, I present, Gold's Mr. Fancy Christmas card. Note his dapper new look, like he didn't change his clothes or anything but, how sophisticated he looks, maybe it's the glass of wine. Tanya looks nice too, but she's a girl and girls tend to usually look nice. I think Gold is just changing his whole deal for 2005, that's killer. I'll be like "Hey Gold, pass me a Pinot Noir," and he'll be like "2002 was a superb vintage." Way to go Gold. See ya next issue...oh ya, and I hope Consolidated is giving him some sort of serious photo incentive, I mean his Christmas card, sheesh, imagine the print run on something like that.



## AfroMan Skateboard afroman.com

I must admit that I wasn't sure what to think of my AfroMan skateboard when it showed up. They're from San Jose or the south bay, but I'd never heard of them. The graphics were slightly weird but I don't really care as long as it's my size, somewhere between an 8" and 8.25". So whatever, I set it up, gave the other to my friend Jason, who also set it up. Jason had no problems with his and loved it, rode it for I dunno, three months. I think he still may be riding it, actually. My board I set up around the same time, rode it for a few days and then it hit a wall or landed on its nose and got a pretty bad delam. I was bummed. I hate that when brand new boards delam. But I just smashed it in, continued to ride it and it was fine. I rode it for two more months and it was as solid and stiff as when it was new for the most part. That is it was until the day we tried to have a "carve around the water in the pool" contest and I started trying to get fancy, making bottom turns and attempting to go over the side steps. Then the board sunk in the water and that was it. Actually I rode it for another week or two, the water actually didn't hurt it too much. So there you go, AfroMan Skateboards, take a lickin' and keep on ticking. Get one wherever they are sold.

## Judge Snowboard Boot DC Footwear

These DC Judge boots are the single most luxurious high tech commodity that I own. Coming from a guy who drives a piece of shit truck, has about negative 6 bucks in his bank account the day before pay day, and doesn't even own an iPod, this may not mean much to you, anxious consumer, but I'm telling you these boots are the fucking bomb. When the snow finally fell, it was off to the mountains for a test drive. What joyous bliss! Slip them on, tighten the velcro strap around the shin, and pull and secure the toggle ropes for support. Then comes the highlight of the Judge: turn the Boa system wire-tightening wheel until the boot is snug. Forget those stone-age laces that drag on the ground and come untied unless you double knot them. Forget about having to re-tie your laces after a long, rugged run. When you get off the chairlift and strap in, just turn the knob a few turns and you're good to go. If nothing else, it gives you the confidence boost so you can stick your next cliff drop or crank a harder gouge through the powder. I think the epitome of the snowboard boot has been reached, the DC Judge. Get a pair for yourself. They'll last longer than you.





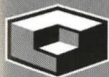


"Nose Slide" photo: Ken Gotto

# BEHOLD

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# PRODUCT reviews



## Deathbox New Order decks deathbox.com

If you didn't know, Sam Hitz rides for Deathbox now. He's got his own side deal with Hackett called New Order, which is like a slightly sub-offshoot or something. And they've got different graphics that appeal slightly more to the scumbag bladerhater than to the older pool fool. Or whatever. They have a bunch of graphics too, Sam keeps sending me different, newer graphics, which is cool because I just get more 8.25" decks, and I can't really complain about that because I just stock up on them like doomsday is coming. The boards are solid, not overly concaved out or too stiff, and seem to ride maybe similar to a Deluxe deck if that means anything to you. The Hesh Life graphic is my favorite because it's a play on the Miller High Life label, which is the first beer I ever drank and so I'm rather fond of it even if it does taste like piss. It's still better than Coors unless you're talking to Dave Carnie. Anyway they got this pimpin' eagle deck too, which is the new new shit, and that's the photo you're seeing. So yeah, go check it out, bro. Deathbox New Order is a go.

## Temporary Tribal Tattoos faketribaltattoos.com

Do you ever just want to jock out? Like fuckin' jump behind the wheel of your jacked up Toyota 4-Runner and go out and beat up some gay guys while having homosexual fantasies about your frat friends? Yeah, me too. That's why you have to have one these little beauties. No jock is complete unless he's got a bad-ass tribal band around the arm or ankle. All of your big dumb jock friends are gonna laugh your ass right out of the party if you don't come correct, but chances are you're a big pussy and don't want to get a real tattoo, so these things are perfect for you. No pain, totally radical, and tons of shitty designs to choose from. Hop on it dipshits, this is the best thing to happen to you since the Dave Matthews Band.



## Tail Devils www.taildevil.com

I'm sort of at a loss as to what to write about these things. They're like mini Tail-Bones™ with flint built into them, total Steve Bacon shit. I don't know why he's not riding for them, but they've got Frankie Hill. I guess he'll ride for anybody these days. Anyway initially the idea was to get some gasoline and tail skid through it to cause explosions shit, and it seemed that it would be the greatest god damn thing ever. In the end there was no gas, it started raining, and Davoud got speared by Jonathan's out of control skateboard. So, it was about 5% as cool as it could have been. Anybody got some cheese to go with my whine? Whatever, my suggestion to anybody out there is to get completely shitfaced and get yourself some of these crackers and some gasoline. After somebody gets horribly burned or the cops come, give me a call and let me know how awesome it was.





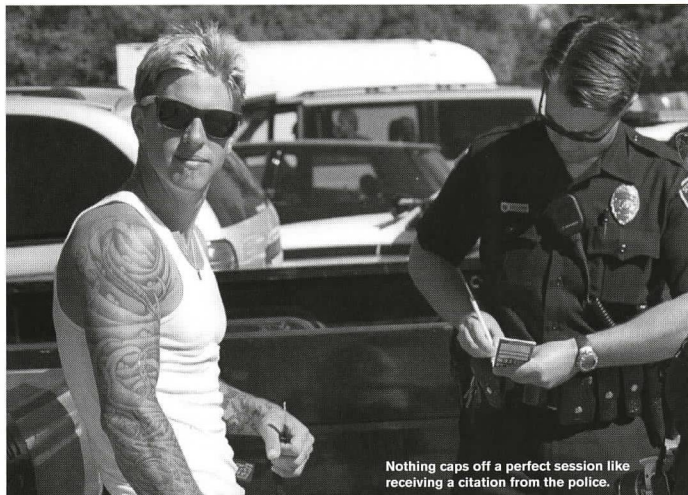
Billy is 360 flipping in  
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the Marks 2



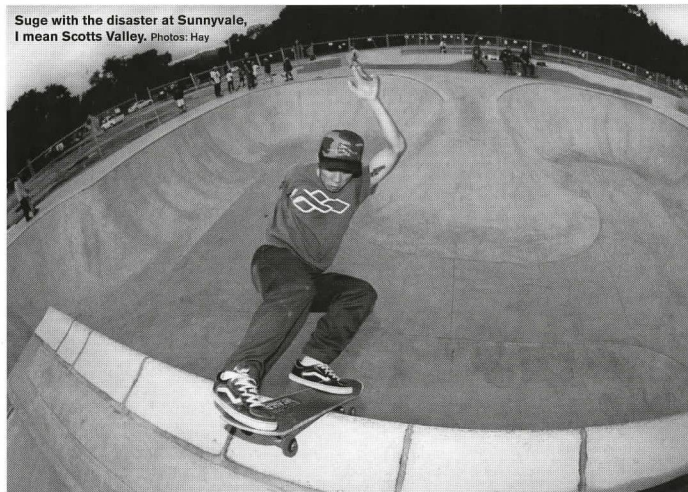
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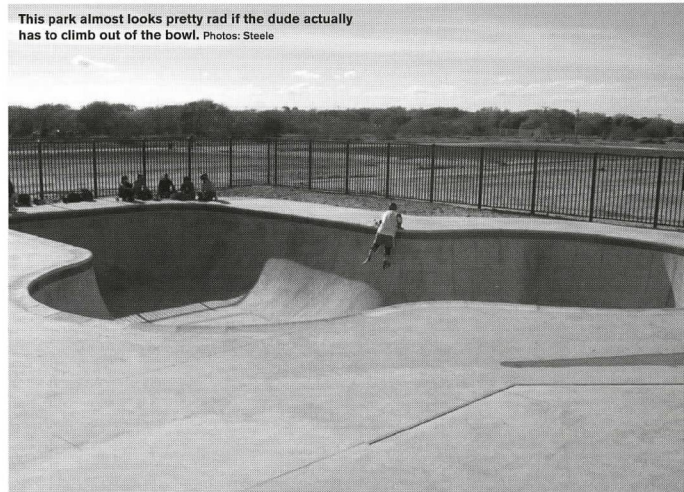




Nothing caps off a perfect session like receiving a citation from the police.



Suge with the disaster at Sunnyvale, I mean Scotts Valley. Photos: Hay



This park almost looks pretty rad if the dude actually has to climb out of the bowl. Photos: Steele

## Tim Brauch Memorial Skatepark Scotts Valley, CA

The opening of a new Wormhoudt skatepark is always an anticipated event in my eyes. Will he have finally listened to criticism and attempt to build a better park, or will it be more of the Same Old Shit, cut and pasted from AutoCad file to AutoCad file? Word on the street was that this park was "sick" and "super rad" but I've heard that sort of thing enough times to know not to get your hopes up until you see the park for yourself. The quality of this park had extra pressure put on it since it was the Tim Brauch Memorial park and Sessions and whoever else pitched in a bunch of money to make it good so that the park would not be a symbol of disrespect to the deceased Tim Brauch.

Anyway, whatever, let's get to the details. Is this park any good? It's not bad. Is it "sick" and "super rad"? That might be a little over the top. It does have a vert section with pool coping, and it is bigger and deeper than your average Wormhoudt park, but deep down it is still the same old shit. There's the bowl section where the coping disappears into the malignant pump bump thing that you can't really get too much speed off of (see Sunnyvale, Greenfield, Truckee, etc.) as well as the square and round bowls (see Folsom, Grass Valley, etc.) of varying usefulness, and the lines that almost connect correctly. And let's not forget about the big wall, which has vert and is bigger by three to four feet than anything else in the park (see Sunnyvale, Redwood City) and hence is difficult to get speed to hit because it is so big. But nice try nonetheless. It almost looks like he made an effort this time. All the walls are bigger than usual and the coping isn't all sunken in stainless steel. But the lines that almost work but in the end don't still remain, and this park is still generic Wormhoudt crap. Don't get me wrong, if I lived in Scotts Valley or Santa Cruz I'd surely be riding this park all the time, it's challenging and fun enough that it wouldn't get boring right away, but this is definitely not a destination park and anyone that lives over forty five minutes away isn't advised to get their friends together for a weekend skate day to Scotts Valley unless they've got some other things lined up to hit as well. —Davoud

## Ingleside Skatepark Ingleside, TX

So I am home for Christmas visiting family in Corpus Christi when I asked the local groms what's new? This kid tells me there is a new park going up in the town of Ingleside. I play it off and think nothing more of it, as if some sick new skate park would really go up in this area.

The day after Christmas I surfed some amazing 3 foot waves with no one out because it had just snowed. After the first snow in 100 years finally melted, I set out to the new park in Ingleside, a small town outside of Corpus Christi. Eighteen miles later I arrive a little paranoid, as weed would have you, awaiting to see another poor attempt at America's favorite subculture pastime. But boy was I wrong! "This is Ingleside? Little small Texas town Ingleside?" I asked myself. I found the park without a problem, as it is one of the largest structures in town. This park was hella fun.

The "bowl section" was nice with plenty of fun to be had. It took me about 45 minutes to even start to find my lines. The cradle wasn't over vert but it worked just the same. The pool was sessioned and was praised highly with Budweisers in the parking lot. Dr. Dave and his Houston crew drove over 4 hours to session this place, so that says a lot about it's construction, or perhaps the lack of good parks in the Lone Star State.

There were cops all around and park monitors making sure "no Cokes" were brought into the park. But the good thing is they are only concerned about helmets being worn. No other pads are required, and the park is free! Unfortunately, the street course is weak. Corpus Christi is supposed to get a skate park here soon, but I wouldn't count on it, as I have been told that since I first started fighting for parks in Texas 12 years ago. After finding Ingleside's park, and enjoying such good waves at home, I really wanted to stay another week to find more lines in the bowl section. This is a great find in a great little town. —Jon Steele



skaterbuilt

sean mazza

pad-nanny  
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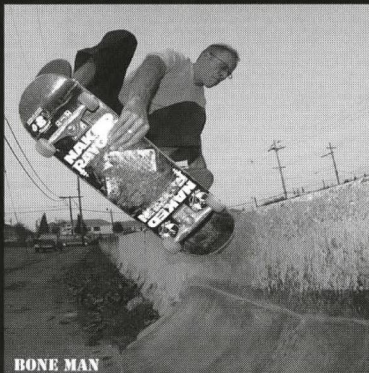
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BONE MAN



GROVER



# Sick of shitty local skateparks?

## Read this and get involved.

by Nick Krest

Have you ever checked out the "Skatepark Reviews" section of Concussion? There's a lot of junk there, huh? Cities and towns and Parks and Rec departments are spending a lot of money, and building a lot of parks. And most of them turn out badly. It doesn't have to turn out that way, and you can make the difference between a waste of money and a killer spot.

Skateparks have been around for about 30 years. The first ones popped up in the spring of '76, and pretty soon they were worldwide. Hundreds of them, if not thousands. These were almost universally pay-to-play commercial deals, more often than not built by some older business guys determined to make a buck off of skateboarding. These guys knew nothing about skating. They weren't skaters, and they either made up their designs as they went along, or they bought some "plans" and had some low-bid contractor quickie-pour some concrete for them. Voila, instant skatepark, right?

Not so fast. As early as the summer of '77, skaters were rebelling against this kook terrain. Tom Inouye, a top skater of the day, had this to say in a SkateBoarder interview: "Most people who are putting up parks are trying to do a good job, but some are hurting things by making bad designs and poor surfaces." He goes on with a laundry list of parks and what's wrong with them, such as, "Carlsbad...too small; Anaheim...non-functional design; Reseda...no coping, bad design; Upland...bad concrete work; El Cajon...poor transition. It's no problem for a pro to readjust and reset on a bad course, but a beginner can't. A park should be really functional for beginners. A beginner is safer in a bigger bowl than in a small one, since there is more room to set up and react in." The bottom line was: there are a lot of ways to get a park wrong. The right way to do a park is involve experienced skaters deeply in the process, and take their advice.

Inouye was right on the money, and his interview predicted the rapid decline of skateparks in '79-'80. Every sub-par park went under, some very quickly; only a very few of the best parks made it through skating's doldrums in the early 80's.

What killed the 70's parks? Bad designs, poor concrete work, high insurance premiums, you name it, but every park that was deemed to be "good enough" at the time, ultimately wasn't, and failed.

The 80's saw the rise of backyard ramps, but all of us that had ramps knew that they were a maintenance nightmare. The construction costs of ramps were only the beginning of the cost to own: resurfacing and modifying them to keep the noise down and the neighbors happy has meant that ramps are primarily used for temporary events and installations.

So, it turns out this public skatepark thing is actually a pretty recent phenomenon. It was only about ten years ago that some concerned parents of skaters, and skaters themselves, lobbied the government types to classify skateboarding as a "hazardous activity", and therefore left cities off the hook when it came to lawsuits stemming from skating injuries. This let cities build public skateparks as part of their parks and recreation programs without the attendant fear of exorbitant lawsuits. Obviously, this has been a good

thing for us skaters, as there has been an explosion of parks in the past few years. Estimates are that three new public parks open every week in the US alone. Which rules, right?

Except for the fact that at least 90% of these parks suck.

Echoing back to the "get-rich-quick" attitudes of the 70's, parks and rec departments are wanting to build parks to serve their local populations. The problem is, they don't know where to begin. They're not blatantly wanting to build bad parks, they just suffer from a lack of information.

The playground companies that they've been buying their swing sets from have given them an easy option: Prefab little kickers, rails, funboxes, quarters, spines, etc., that any city manager can pick out of a catalog, have delivered and dropped onto a tennis or basketball court, and, bang, skatepark dilemma solved. Except that the only thing easy about prefab is that it's easy to order. First of all, it's just a series of ramps and

idea of what they're doing.

The good news is that you, as a skater, can have power over the skatepark process. Chances are that your town, or one nearby, has plans for a skatepark. If they don't, agitate! Raise awareness in your community. Let the city council and the local citizens know that there are more than 12 million skaters in the US – almost 5% of the country skates. As weird as it seems, go to the cops. You'll find that they are probably on your side. They would rather have you skate someplace legal, than to chase you out of spots you've barged.

Going back to some of the points we've seen before, your experience as a skater puts you in a position of power. The city parks people don't necessarily know anything about skating. It's up to you to educate them. So do your homework. Do some research. Get on the Interweb and start digging around. There's a lot of information out there. Meet with the city and parks people, and let them know that the park is something that you want, and that you want to help. You can be a voice of authority when it comes to your skatepark.

You'll still have to find a site, spend a ton of time meeting with people to get them to do what you want them to do, come up with a designer and builder, and manage the construction process.

It's not necessarily an easy thing to do. You're going to have to raise community awareness, convince the city it's worth their while, jump through all sorts of hoops, deal with people who don't want a skatepark at all, deal

with city people who want to do what they deem "good enough." And you've only got one chance to do it. Unlike buying new police cars, the city is not going to want to spend money on its park a second time – which makes it all the more critical that you do your homework, and keep on top of the process.

This may seem pretty intimidating. But now you've got help.

A bunch of us ordinary skaters started Skaters for Public Skateparks last year, because we had all been through this process, sometimes more than once. We had found ourselves advocating for skateparks individually, and decided to band together to take advantage of each other's experience. We now have 18 members in the US, Canada, and the UK, and our mission is to get the best public parks built to serve skaters. We want to help you get your park built properly. We are 100% skateboarding – like the skateparks we advocate for.

We're not builders – though many of us have built parks. We're not affiliated with any commercial entity within the skatepark or skateboard industry.

Since every skatepark is the result of a successfully executed process, we've documented the process – and we offer the results of our experiences to you free of charge.

Why? Because we're skaters. We like great, free public skateparks. Do we need another reason?

*Nick Krest is a Southwestern USA Director for Skaters for Public Skateparks.*

<http://www.skatersforpublicskateparks.org>

**Don't settle for "good enough."  
That's money, time, and effort wasted  
that could have been better spent on  
building it right the first time.**

obstacles, so it's not unique to the site, or designed with any flow in mind. Second, whether they're made of wood, steel, plastics, composites, or any combination of these, they're still ramps. As we've all seen from the demise of the 80's ramp revolution, ramps are, at best, temporary structures. They begin to deteriorate immediately from skating, the weather, vandalism, etc. Third, they're expensive. The prefab companies like to say that they can provide x amount of skating surface for the price that they quote, but they're taking into account the ground that they're setting these things on. Calculate that a 4' high, 4' wide quarter easily costs \$4000, and you begin to get a sense of the economics of a prefab park. Prefab has its place, but it's as temporary structures until something permanent can be built. There's a reason that Concussion doesn't rate prefab skateparks; they don't even rate.

And that "something" permanent is concrete. Concrete's maintenance cost is virtually zero; it can be molded and shaped into virtually any form; it's solid, and it's quiet. Properly done, concrete definitely offers the best return on investment of any skatepark.

Make no mistake; there are plenty of pitfalls with concrete. The park can be designed poorly; it can be improperly sited or constructed; it can have bad finish work. The fact that a concrete park can go badly is evidenced in every single issue of this magazine. Much like the prefab scenario, dozens of landscape companies are getting into the skatepark act, figuring that pouring a sidewalk and pouring a park are pretty much the same thing. Except for one fact: most of them don't skate. They have no idea what works and what doesn't. And just because some of these companies have built a lot of parks, doesn't mean they have any



Z-boyz  
GEN. IV, 2005  
Wrex Cook

Z-boyz  
GEN. II, 1979  
Polar Bear

Generations  
Strong

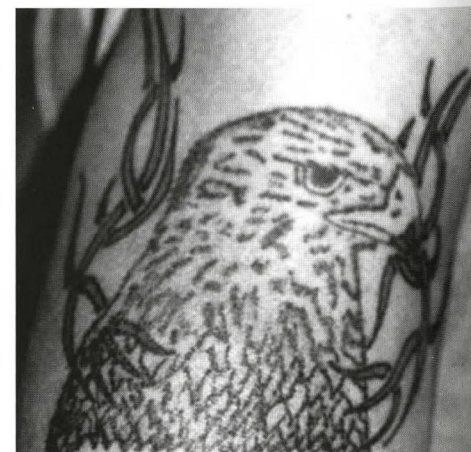
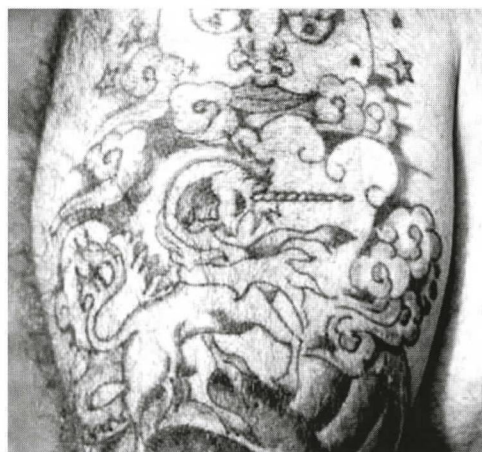
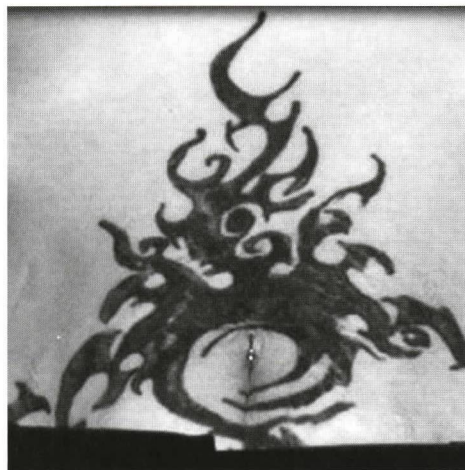
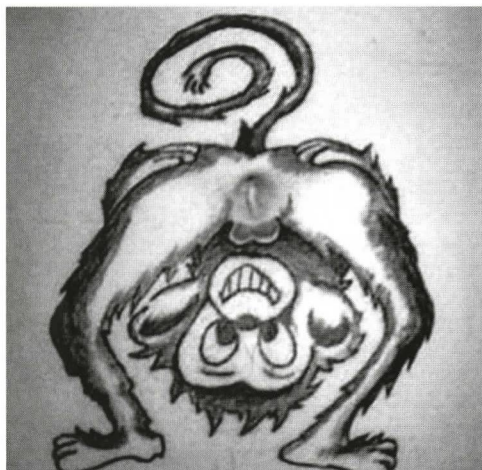


# BAD TATTOOS

**Everyone has regrets...even concussion staffers.**

Here we are again folks, the Bad Tats page, everybody's favorite. We were hard pressed to even find anybody that even had any of these things and at the last minute we decided to just shoot over to the interweb and grab a couple to share with you. So, this page is "courtesy" of badtattoos.com. It seems like we're just trying to play catch up after our first two installments of Bad Tattoos. Grime and Henry had some shit, and it's pretty hard to top the chick that had the dick squirting on her cleavage isn't it...anyway, enjoy.

ps - Know anybody with a bad tattoo? Perhaps your little brother, drunken step-dad, or even yourself? Send us or email us a high quality photo of the ink, and if we run it we'll send you a Concussion t-shirt.





# BACON

SKATEBOARDS



BACON  
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PHOTO: TEAM GOON



# GET RICH!!

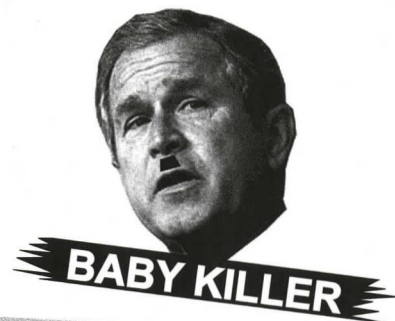
## How to make and sell political propaganda

By: Don Freedom Frier

The election in 2004 sealed it. The next four years are going to be ripe for getting into the political propaganda game. There is money to be made here readers and since here at Concussion we're up to our elbows in cold hard cash we thought we'd give you all the sure-fire tips to ensure that you can make enough dead presidents to buy Washington DC and burn it to the ground. Don't believe it? Read on dear reader and if you're not totally convinced by the end of this article we guarantee that you're a total asshole.

### 1. Easy is as easy does.

If there's one guy that people love to hate it's Bush. You can pretty much bet your ass that if you use this guys mug you've got yourself a slam dunk. But, hold on there Shaquille, you have to dress him up before he goes out on his big date. Throw a Hitler 'stashe on him, BAM! The thing just jumped up to a 10. Now for the capper, the best way to seal the deal is to add some words to it and as you are new to the political game keep it simple. Try something that really tugs at the heart strings, who cares if it's true or not, a classic would be "BABY KILLER". Take this beauty to the next Anti-War rally and watch the loot cakes tumble in.



### 2. Stay ahead of the game.

Once you get into the political scene it won't be hard to see the potential hot new products you could be making. If you hear that the U.S. might be invading a new country, chances are, we will be soon, so get on it. Go for the classic, "US out of ..." insert country name here, good ones for right now would be Iran, Syria, North Korea or China. This is a touchy one though don't fall victim to psychic premonitions or else you be stuck with a warehouse full of "US out of Canada" t-shirts that aren't going anywhere....for at least 2 or 3 years.

**U.S. OUT OF IRAN**  
**U.S. OUT OF SYRIA**  
**U.S. OUT OF NORTH KOREA**

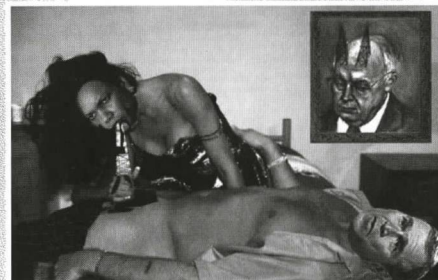
### 3. Be subversive

No need to create your own propaganda symbols to score a financial home run. The religious right is a veritable shit box of mass marketed images to use to your advantage. The hottest one of late would be the ribbon stickers that appear on nearly every soccer moms SUV's from coast to coast. Take one of these little beauties and slap on your own message. Again, keep it simple, try something like "Kill" or "Why". Sounds basic but you can bet your ass when they're flying off the shelves you won't be second guessing our brilliance. Jerk.



### 4. Use Google Image search

If you can't draw too good and you still want to make a profound statement hop on the internet and get your Google image search on. You're gonna need some Photoshop skills here but there is no end to the amazing images you can create. Use keywords like, "Bush" or "Condoleeza Rice" or "Oil tower" and voila you have the beginning pieces to get this thing going. Now, for the best part, you're gonna need to review some porn to "pull it" all together. Put them all together and BLAM! Political genius. Mantra: If being filthy rich is wrong I don't want to be right.



### 5. Make no sense.

There is a contingent of the political scene that just wants to be in on the new shit. Whether it's gay marriage or saving the Manatees, these people want their friends to know that they are committed to saving the world where it matters, no matter how miniscule their cause might be. Hit them with something like a rainbow flag with a swastika in it and the words, "Freedom Now". If you can't dazzle them brilliance, baffle them with bullshit. You'll have these kids eating out of your hands, then you can go home in your purple Lamborghini and swim in hundred dollar bills.

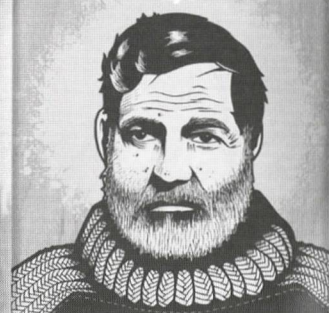




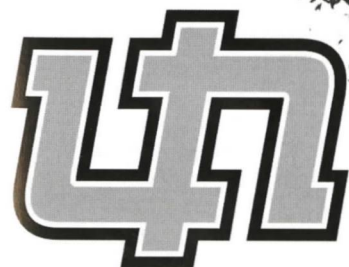
# the unbelievers

skateboard philosophy

*You  
are alone  
at the time  
and the time  
now is always.  
Always was a  
word you used  
in promises.  
It is valueless.  
-Hemingway*

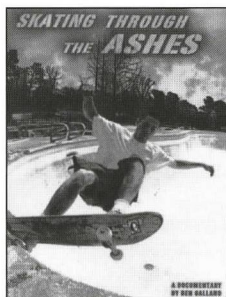
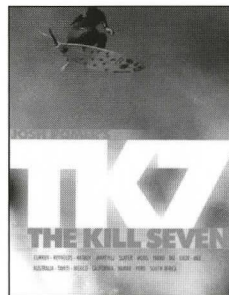
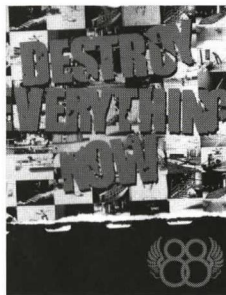
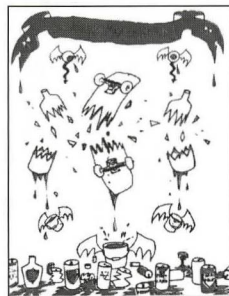
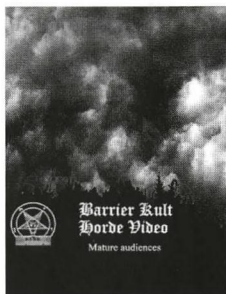


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scott bowne*



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## Barrier Cult Horde Video

This video is hilarious, it's so rad. Ultra, over the top Satanic Canadians who only skate Jersey barriers in all black (and often wearing hoods) and other tight, kinked, bank-like things. Wait no, they only skate barriers. The back cover says "Militant Barrier Sk8brding," apparently Satan is not fond of vowels. There's probably 85% more Satanic movie scenes than there is skateboarding, but it's only after the clips of the dudes holding seances or praying in front of their skatespot that you begin to think they're serious. But it's still funny. I guess. The tricks (and the spots) start to repeat themselves pretty quickly, and the Satanic footage (including Satanic orgy footage) really makes the whole thing worthwhile. This would be a great movie if you saw it with no sound at a bar, but the soundtrack is pretty rad as well. Good luck finding this one.

## Consolidated Skateboards Behold

Consolidated has always come to the table with original ideas and great skating. This video is just more of the same great shit you have come to expect from these dudes. Sometimes I think it would be funny if Birdo were my dad, cause then I'd be a little baby and he'd come in my room with a mangled bloody arm screaming and shit. Blood would be squirting everywhere, and after I was properly scared he'd laugh and say "Just kidding," and then we'd have a beer. That would be great. Anyway, back to the video, serious shredding is had by all. Karma rules, AP rules and gets broken off with one of the best slams in recent history, Bailey gets gnar gnar, but maybe the biggest highlight for me was the Tim Garner footage because that guy is too fucking ripping. This video is great start to finish, and one thing that I really liked is that after the video is over, the music continues to play for a while after that so you and your friends can talk about how much you suck.

## This Axe Was Made to Grind

If you like pool skating and gnarly terrain, then this is the best video to come out in years, but like the Barrier Cult Horde Video, good luck finding it. Produced by Sam Hitz and Steve Roche, this limited edition release is like the One Fifty One video that never came out, 1/3 of the '01 '84 video, plus a ton of other super rad footage, mainly pools, parks and pipes. Lots of really, really good footage of Naves, Hitz, Heddings, Chet and Danger, as well as Hesh Crew lurkage and the usual gang of scum fucks, shitbags, and even street fucks. This DVD is like an hour long, and it's all good, edited as well as any Thrasher video. The kicker? They only made 100 copies, so unless somebody starts bootlegging this or puts it on the internet then you're shit out of luck, son.

## Destroy Everything Now 88 Footwear

There's been a lot of hype about this video, but it's really about the two minutes of Peter Hewitt footage than anything else. The rest is just your average street skating video for the most part. Sure Justin Strubing's part is actually pretty rad considering that guy's on the go so much that nobody can ever get any footage of him, and JT Aultz's part is rad, but other than that it's pretty standard death lens street skating. Neil Blender's part is kind of rad, he's still got the laziest style ever, and Corey Duffell is out of the Johnny Thunders phase and into the Clockwork Orange phase, but manages to rip anyways. The best (and worst) thing about DVDs is that you can skip straight to the part you want to see, no bullshit fast forwarding or whatever. I should've watched Svatak's part in the beginning but I just skipped straight to Hewitt's part—every time.

## TK7 - The Kill 7 A Surf video by Josh Palmer

From the maker of *Punk and Disorderly* and *The Kill* (1-6) comes the latest in contemporary surfing from locations across the globe. The footage is undeniably sick. Josh obviously had to sit out many epic sessions—one of the hardest and most frustrating aspects of filming surfing. The dichotomy lies in the fact that the only time it's worth filming is when the waves are the best, which is the reason why you want to surf. The situation sucks, so I commend him on his dedication to sit it out for the cause. *TK7* features everyone's favorite surfers Tom Curren, Kelly Slater, Cory Lopez, Taj Burrows and Ratboy, schralping waves from Santa Cruz to Tahiti, Peru to Australia, and So Cal to Hawaii. *TK7* has a wide variety of waves, styles and locations, making it one of the best high performance surf flicks in the last few years. Bad things: the distracting TK7 logo being displayed like it's FOX or 411, and most of the soundtrack being utterly painful. Do yourself a favor and turn off the sound on your TV and put on your iTunes party mix. Good stuff: Tom Curren ruling up and down the California coast, suicidal Teahou footage, dredging tubes at the Santa Cruz harbor and Santa Barbara's Sand Spit, and a brutal wipeout section. I think this is a surf video that even skaters would not think was lame, as long as you lose the soundtrack.

## Roll Forever Real Skateboards

This is the latest flick from REAL, they gave it away for free which is cool, especially considering that it's got the quality of a legitimate release and not just a promo video. Except there's no Gonz part — oh wait, Gonz has his own deal now. Anyway in case you missed it, Dennis Busenitz is the best thing to happen to Deluxe since Tony Trujillo. Dude fuckin rips everything — street, tranny, whatever. The rest of their street dudes are solid too, Darrel Stanton, JT Aultz, Ramondeta, you get the deal. Max has a great sleeper part, most of the people who watch this won't appreciate it, and the extras section has this guy Dompiere slamming like 30 times in a row on the same trick, as well as a rad clip of Thiebaud slamming and some other goodies. Good stuff from Deluxe as usual, that it's free makes it even better.

## Skating Through the Ashes A Documentary by Ben Galland

I'm going to go right out there and say that I'm pretty over skateboard documentaries. After *Fruit of the Vine* and the other handful of excellent productions that Rick and Buddy put out, there isn't much left to be said about skateboarding, especially pool skating. Been there, done that. That being said, this is the long awaited Oakland Hills fire video that's been in the works for, like, forever. Many people are surprised that it's finally happening, but it's a go. I got a rough cut in the mail recently and the guys that did it (Ben Galland and Bill Hanley) wanted me to hype it up, so here it goes. This flick is good but it's not really what I thought it would be. They don't really talk a lot about and catalog the different pools that were going on after the fire. The interviews are generally very good and contribute to the film, but I am biased because I know most of the guys interviewed. The footage is pretty good as well, although there's not a ton of pool footage in there (although Royce's fs tailgrab in the Black Bottom is insane), which I have been told will change in the final edit. Also this flick tends to work better as a tribute to Ruben, Neely and Curtis than it does as a pool fire documentary, because a lot of the footage of those guys is very good, but is not from Oakland Hills pools. The interviews about Rube, Neely and Curtis are very compelling and melancholy, especially when Royce talks about Neely being depressed about his mom's death and how maybe he killed himself because he was so down, and he almost starts to cry on screen, it made me real sad inside. Serious. It's gnarly that they almost had the footage of Curtis dropping dead on the ramp too, pretty creepy. Extra props for actually saying how Neely died, it's nice to be straight up about things. Get this when it comes out.



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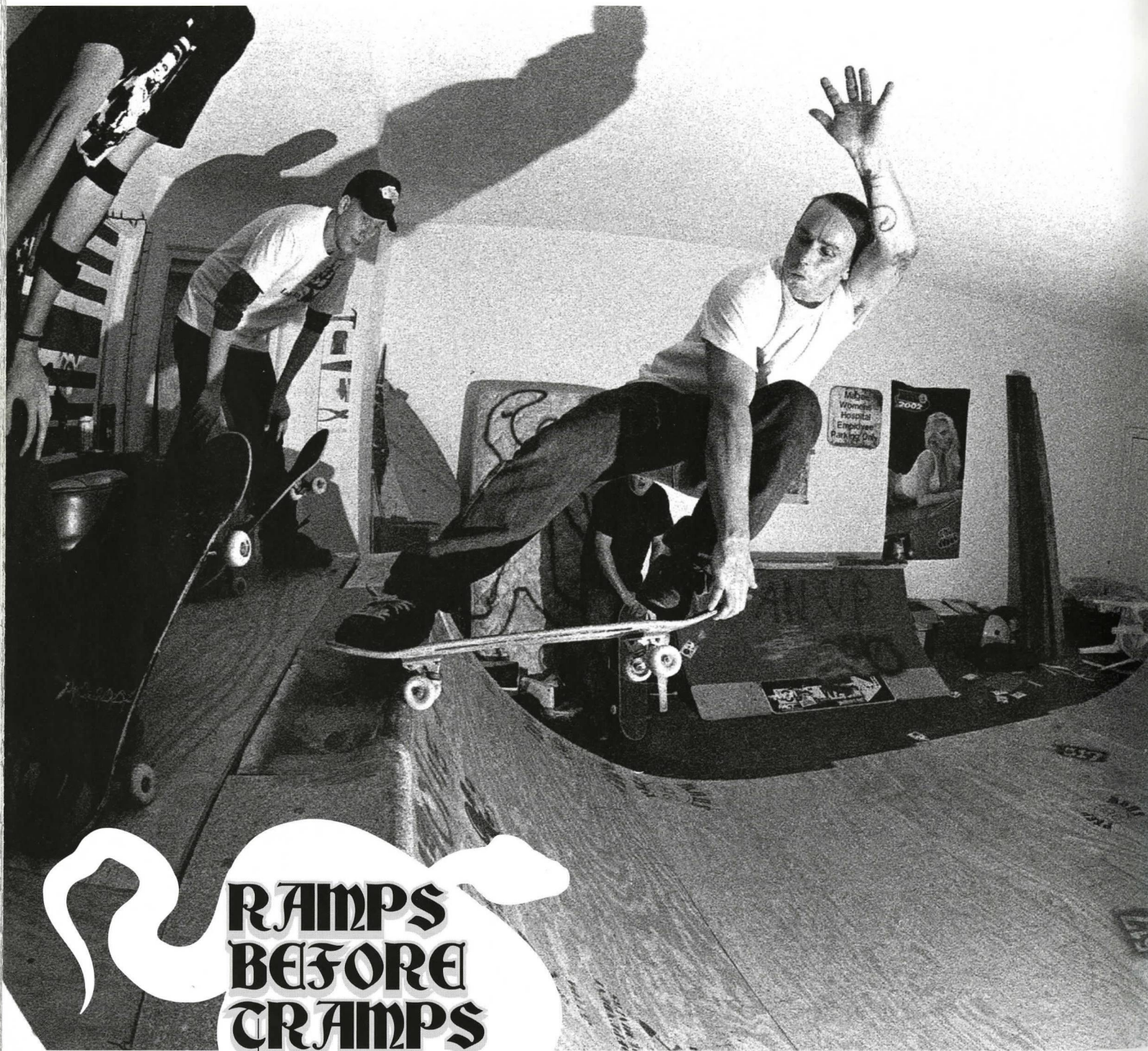
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desiree







# RAMPS BEFORE CRAMPS

## The 517 house

Words by: Matt Yula

Photos by: Phil Jackson

Above: Nick Tag says "Welcome to the crail issue." Right, top to bottom: Mike Mahoney can't do inverts with his hand on the coping, but maybe after he reads this he will. Joey Puleckis (Balance Zine) frontside rocking with his dog Wasatch on watch. Overview of a ramp in your living room.





A homemade ramp is a sanctuary, your own sacred place, a refuge to protect you from the outside both figuratively and literally. In this town we have about three months of the year during which outdoor skateboarding is not possible. Every year that I have lived here people start preparing for the cold with the first falling leaves. This year some good friends and I decided to try and get a jump start on the coming Winter by renting a huge place in a nasty area where it seemed that we could get away with having a ramp inside the building.

We moved in on June first and began gathering scraps from dumpsters-like squirrels gathering nuts, only used nuts with rusty nails jutting out of them. By September we were arguing cutting templates and had decided to have the "first phase" of the ramp finished for Joey P's birthday on October 12th and mine on the 13th. Everyone worked, the ramp was done and our birthday party went off.

After the party, sessions began happening more nights than not. Overnight our house went from mild-mannered gentrification project to a full on gang clubhouse, complete with VIP room. A week passed, two weeks, three, with no complaints. It seemed our neighbors did not mind having things fall off shelves while the entire place shook like an earthquake. Upon lurking them out I discovered the building we're attached two has two doors. Half of the building is a halfway

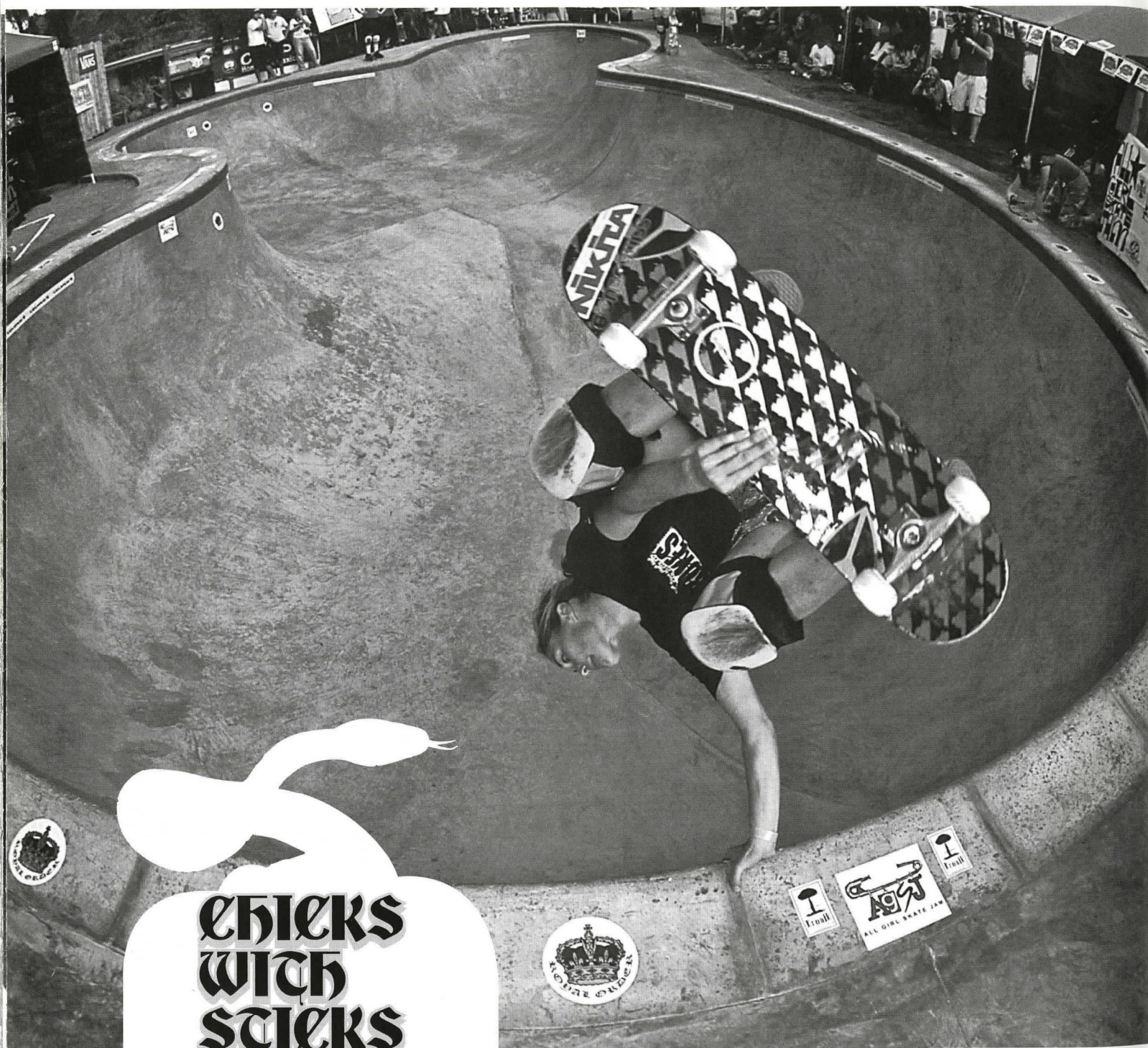
house and the other half is inhabited by possible illegal aliens. Perfect.

Thanks to Andrew, eventually we had matching hoodies and too many stickers like some cheesy hardcore kids straight outta the early nineties. Yeah, real cheesy but real fun too. To describe skating that went down on a 42 inch tall ramp would be ridiculous, but SOTY for all of Philly is Mike Mahoney! Anyone who wants to contest that (other than Mike) can take it up with Tod.

Then, out of nowhere the landlord was calling me and we were getting threatening letters in the mail. It seems our ramp is not going to save us through rough times. The 517 ramp may meet the fate that many a house ramp has had: being torn down due to insurance liability. God bless America.

The ramp was supposed to be down yesterday and I don't want to be the asshole, but I'm about to go upstairs and unscrew the top layer. By the time you read this it will be the middle of winter and we haven't skated outside for months. The snow has lost its appeal and like everyone else we have no place to go skate. If you're a skater in a cold place maybe you can feel for us and we can feel for you too. That is unless after the insurance inspector came we took the pool coping out of the closet, pulled the templates out from under the bed and put the ramp back together! Get off your ass, your bedroom could be a skate sanctuary! You're dead to me!





# CHICKS WITH STICKS

## All girl skate jam in Hawaii

Words and photos: Jason Murray





Jason Murray wrote something for this but we decided not to run it because it read like a press release. It is not often that photographers can shoot good photos and write well, nor is it often that talented writers can operate a camera proficiently. Sorry Jason. Anyway I will be taking this article over, and it should be known that I did not attend this event. But I was in Hawaii recently, if that counts for anything.

There's this All Girl Skate Jam contest series that is going around, it's sometimes held as it's own deal and sometimes it's lumped in with other contests. Anyway it's pretty rad but they're starting to be sort of like vert contests in the 80's, where the same ten dudes show up to every contest. But now that I think about it it's still that same way with vert. Anyway whatever, these girls and women rip and don't be surprised if they're better than

you are. Seriously. So this particular contest was held at a privately owned custom Dreamland clover in Hawaii. Doesn't really get any better than that now does it? I went to Kauai for eight days and didn't skate shit. But then again this bowl isn't on Kauai. So from the photos Jason sent, it is apparent that Mimi Knoop, Amber Cangilose, young Apryl Woodcock, and a bunch of others were ripping. Apryl Woodcock is pretty badass, I saw her and most of these girls/women skate at the Strawberry contest and she was one of the best out there and most of the other women were at least twice her age. So watch out.

The results were a little weird, and it was sort of like everybody was a winner or some shit ("best grind, best carve, best invert, etc."), which sort of defeats the purpose of a contest, but whatever. Contests are stupid anyway,

and if your contest is a jam session with a bunch of your friends then who's to argue with that? Poot! Girls kick ass! - Davoud

ps - Check out that fucking bowl!

**Captions Left:** Mimi Knoop throws up an invert in the deep end. This page: Young Apryl Woodcock, backside five-o, if this were the *old* Concussion we'd make some crack about how she should lose the pads and then it would be a go. Whatever, she rips either way. Amber Cangilose, h-o-t frontside carve. Skate hard, slam hard. Not sure who that is but she's taking some lumps.





*In Loving Memory*

*Matthew Escamilla*

*Evan Kuhn*

*Andrew Tibbitts*

*Tammy Uresti*



*dedicated to the memory of a BIG HIT!!!*  
**CHRISTOPHER MICHAEL FERRIS**  
*November 29, 1968 - January 23, 2005*

*...you are much LOVED and FOREVER MISSED...*

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# OHIO AND BACK

**In 31 hours...**

**Story by: Josh Marcinizyn**

**Photos by: Phil Jackson**

**This October, Skatopia celebrated ten years of skateboarding chaos and freedom with the Tenth Annual Fall Harvest Bowl Jam. Brewce Martin and the CIA crew called in some big name sponsors to have a contest to commemorate the occasion. The people at Volcom, and Vision, among others, all kicked down cash and product for the winners of the five separate categories. With previous parties under my belt and complete confidence in the good times, skateboarding, and mayhem, how could I pass this up?**



My ride out fell through and I suddenly had no way to make the 600 or so mile ride from Delaware. I called everyone I could think of with a car or a free day or any faith that it would be completely worth giving up what they were doing to go there. The party started Friday night and I still had no ride as of Friday afternoon, so I went to FDR Park in Philly to see if I could persuade somebody into driving out there. No luck. The only chance I had was my friend Phil, who said he would drive if his car was finished getting a new alternator and radiator put in. That was the only chance I had. I skated FDR that night and went back to Delaware, missing the first night of the party and having only a slight hope of making it for the rest.

Phil called me later that night saying his car was finished and he could drive, and my slightly delayed trip was back on. When he picked me up Saturday all I had to get through the 1,200 miles we'd travel was about \$30 and a bag lunch that a cute girl had made me. Phil had about the same. At times I had my doubts that we would make it there in his 1986 four-barrel V8 Monte Carlo. I thought the water pump might go, or the transmission, or at the very least we'd run out of gas money and get stranded in West Virginia. I didn't tell any of that to Phil. The whole trip out seemed like a blur of red and orange leaves. Eight hours in the car and I don't remember much of anything besides us yelling "Skatopia!" and making Zack Morris hand gestures every twenty minutes. The roads went from interstates to county roads to back roads to gravel roads, and we only got more anxious.

When we arrived we stepped out of the car, shook off the carthritis, and jumped right in to the action. I saw my friend Grant right away and he gave us the low down on what we had missed. So far they had the highest frontside carve in the cradle contest and the highest sticker in the fullpipe contest. This kid Packy from Virginia won, getting all kinds of upside down. Oh yeah, and it had rained before and they didn't bother to drain the puddle that sits in the bottom. Holy shit. The highest sticker contest was a battle between Grant and this kid Dale Busta. I wish I saw this one, cause Dale's got this "I can rip anything" kind of style, and goes fast and smooth. And Grant, my fellow Delawarian, holds his own anywhere; has red hair that goes past his shoulders and stands at least six foot four, making him look like some sort of skateboard Viking. I heard it was neck and neck, each subsequent sticker going slightly higher, but in the end Grant came out the winner.

Me and Phil continued running into people we knew while we were checking out the rest of the farm. We skated the recently installed Lula Bowl, named after one of the more notorious Skatopia dogs who recently died. The concrete was poured around a school bus and has a cradle, steel and pool coping, and a roll in from the bus door. They also built the concrete around the bus lights so that they both light up the bowl. It was getting dark and things were calming down, so we headed down the hill to warm up before the session indoors got going.

I took a couple runs and then headed outside since nobody was skating the bowl yet. Some local types and Maryland skaters were skating the six foot mini bowl since it was lit. Our friend Neil and our

new friend Skip had a full heckle crew assembled, drinking beer and letting no one escape the wrath of their shit talking capabilities.

Now, Phil had never really been to a backyard underground setting like this, and I imagine the whole experience must have been pretty mind blowing. I probably should have warned him about hecklers. But I didn't. Neil and Skip were giving everybody shit about every little thing, their shirt, their grinds, falling too much, whatever. Phil, in his assertive little mind, decided he would call them out for drinking and not skating at all. Apparently he wasn't aware that the first rule of thumb with hecklers is that you heckle back and have a good time or just ignore it. They are just drunk dudes anyway. But if they know you don't like it, you'll get it ten times worse. Phil learned that the hard way, and couldn't hit more than three walls for the rest of the session cause they messed with him so bad. But in the end we all had a good time and everybody was friends, even Skip and Phil.

Everybody on the farm moved into the barn to skate and lurk and hate and inebriate. That bowl is a thing of beauty. Did you ever think about what makes people build stuff like this? Seriously, think about it. All those ribs and pieces had to be hand cut. Would you build a bowl 13 feet deep, three feet of vert and no flat? Or a six foot shallow end and four feet of flat before a seven foot waterfall? Probably not.

Those who know the bowl, touched every inch of it with their wheels or trucks or face, are hard pressed to find something as fast and scary and fun. The session got going and the coping got punished. They had a stand up frontside 5-0 contest in a jam format. That lasted for a little while, but I think all the contestants soon gave up and just wanted to skate and party. I could give you a grocery list of gnarly things that went down, but I'll spare you the details, since they just wouldn't translate into words well anyway. I gotta mention this guy from Pittsburgh (Andy?, sorry I forgot your name) came over the hip into a grind, and fell all 13 feet from coping onto his shoulder. He walked away luckily and quit for the evening.

A bunch of guys spent like half an hour putting up the wall for the highest wall ride contest, cause they didn't have screws or something. Once it was in place the show began. Guys were fighting so hard to get all the speed they could to go higher and higher. This isn't some ping pong vert ramp. You gotta get a good line and go down the waterfall and all the way back up and down and hope you don't die going back up the waterfall. Dale Busta was doing airs out. Grant was getting way up there. But no one came close to Brewce Martin. If you've ever read anything about him, it probably said something about him going fast. And this is no exception. He'll take a run twice as long as yours and hit five times as many walls, if he didn't fly out into the wall. Nobody skates this bowl like him, and nobody goes as fast. He had no problem doing frontside thrusters face high on the wall. A lot of people say good things about him and a lot of people don't like him. I don't know him, so I won't say either. But you cannot ignore the fact that he rips, loves skateboarding, and has built a skateboarding compound unlike anything else.

Brewce got on the mike and announced all the winners after the session ended in the bowl. Packy had the highest f/s carve in the cradle, with Dale Busta coming in second. Grant Helfman had the highest sticker, and Dale came in second. They gave up on the stand up grind contest cause it was too close. Brewce Martin made somebody else announce that he won the wall ride contest, and then took the mike and announced Dale Busta as















best overall. Everybody got some cash, and the stage was littered with new Indys and wheels and decks and all kinds of stuff that I wanted, but just didn't deserve. The whole time Brewce was announcing the winners, this chick kept talking into the mike and saying all sorts of naughty little things. It was pretty funny at first, but she was trashed and just would not shut up. Some how this guy (who will go unnamed, he was in a band if you wanna figure it out) was trying to get her to flash everyone, and offered to take one for the team and said she could piss on him if she flashed everyone. I guess she was cool with it. So she kept talking into the mike the whole time. Brewce said "you better piss on my head judge, or I'm gonna stick this microphone up your ass." So as the grand finale, he laid down and everybody moved in close to see if she actually would piss on this guy. I felt bad for her, cause you could see it in her face that she was scared and didn't really want to.

Brewce made her get off the stage and everyone booed. He told everyone to go up the hill and they would burn cars. I went to the car to find my sweatshirt cause it was getting cold. I couldn't find it cause I'm an idiot and left it in Delaware. I put on like 4 t-shirts and sat down trying to warm up for a minute but just ended up passing out freezing, and it was only like 1 o'clock.

The next day I woke up very disappointed in myself. Me and Phil walked to the top of the hill, and were greeted by the remnants of last night's good time. Three or four cars stacked and crashed next to each other, still smoldering. We got a couple of last runs in the barn-the driveway had been blocked by bulldozer, so we weren't going anywhere. It moved and we packed away our boards and left with the warning that the cops were waiting for party goes right off of the property.

Those cops stopped us as soon as we got on the road. They checked us out and came up with nothing. Haha, suckers. Phil took his warning, and we headed back east dirty, sore, and hungry. His car made it the whole way without breaking down or anything. Thanks to Brewce Martin and CIA for throwing this party and all the sponsors who helped make it happen.

OHIO STATE HIGHWAY PATROL  
TRAFFIC SAFETY REMINDER

V	Location			Rev. Code		
S	PARKED TO ROADWAY			4511.06		
C	2.8	Route	M.P.	Date	Time	Unit
1	33	CRO	10-304	1008	1508	
W	tar	Make	Type	License	State	
8	56	C16		5504	PA	

You have considered the consequences of your actions. We ask you to wear your seat belt and please don't drink and drive.



More than 100,000 lives have been saved by wearing your seat belt. Wearing a seat belt with your seat belt, you can save your life. Thank you.





# Wee Man

Hella Sick 5-0

foto: [www.lancedalgart.com](http://www.lancedalgart.com)



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7.6"

7.8"

8.5"





BRUCE KAWIGITS

# TWENTY CRAILS with Tony Farmer

1. Crail tap, Busted Nut in Hillsborough.  
Nice Oasis shirt, buddy.

So you may be wondering, "Twenty crails, what is this shit?" Everybody's got their go-to trick, you know the trick that they can bust out almost anywhere, even in difficult situations. Farmer's is the crail (or the lien tailslide, but anyway), he can snap a frontside crail slide or a crail tap in all but the most kinked pits. Well the idea was originally conceived so that I would have a good excuse for Farmer to take me to a bunch of pools, and the end result would be twenty photos of crails in pools you've never skated. Sorta cool right? Well, getting twenty new photos of crails in never before skated pools is easier said than done, especially in the winter when it's raining all the time and Farmer's out of town every other week. And he wasn't entirely convinced that my idea was the raddest. So we were forced to dig into the archives for a couple, one or two aren't even in pools, and we had to double up a couple frontside and backside ones in the same pool. Whatever, this shit is still sick and you'd be hard pressed to find someone else who can snap a mean crail on command like Tony Farmer can, or find another magazine retarded enough to print five pages of the same trick. At least this is better than our idea to do a whole issue of nothing but frontside airs, right?





2. Hillsborough square beatdown. 3. Helmeted crail at Ray's permission pit. 4. River's Inn, Klamath Falls. 5. Santa's Village Bladerhater special. 6. This article wouldn't have been complete without a crail from the Vagabond, even if it is on the slightly blurry side. 7. Yeah you might've seen this shot before, whatever. East bay amoeba. 8. Crail through the pocket at the Afro Bowl during a brief stop on the way to Tahoe. 9. This one's a classic, check out the facial hair. Sanctuary, circa '95 or so. 10. Sidewall crack at the Guitar Pick.





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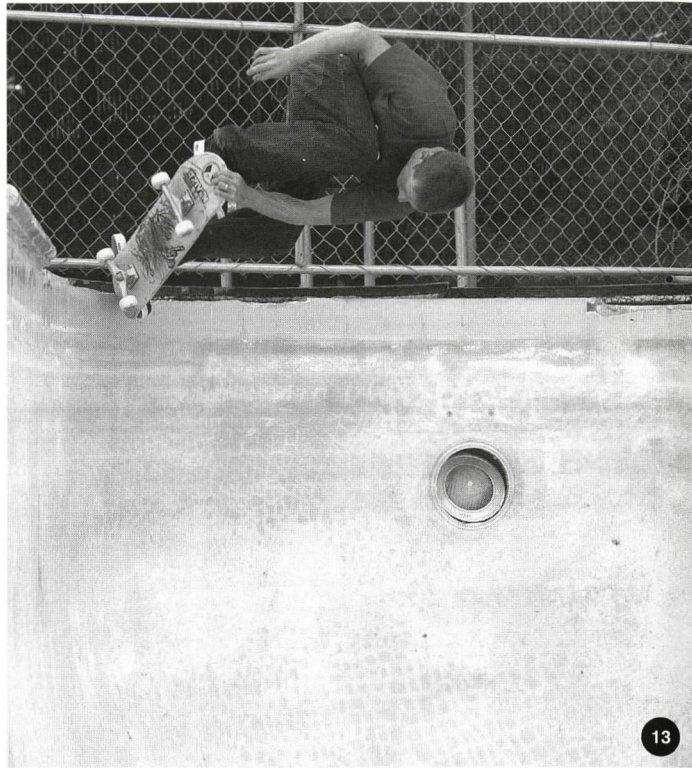


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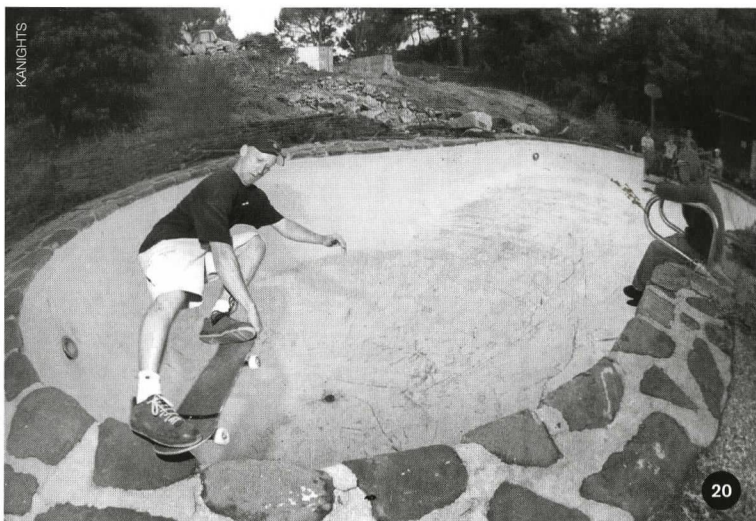
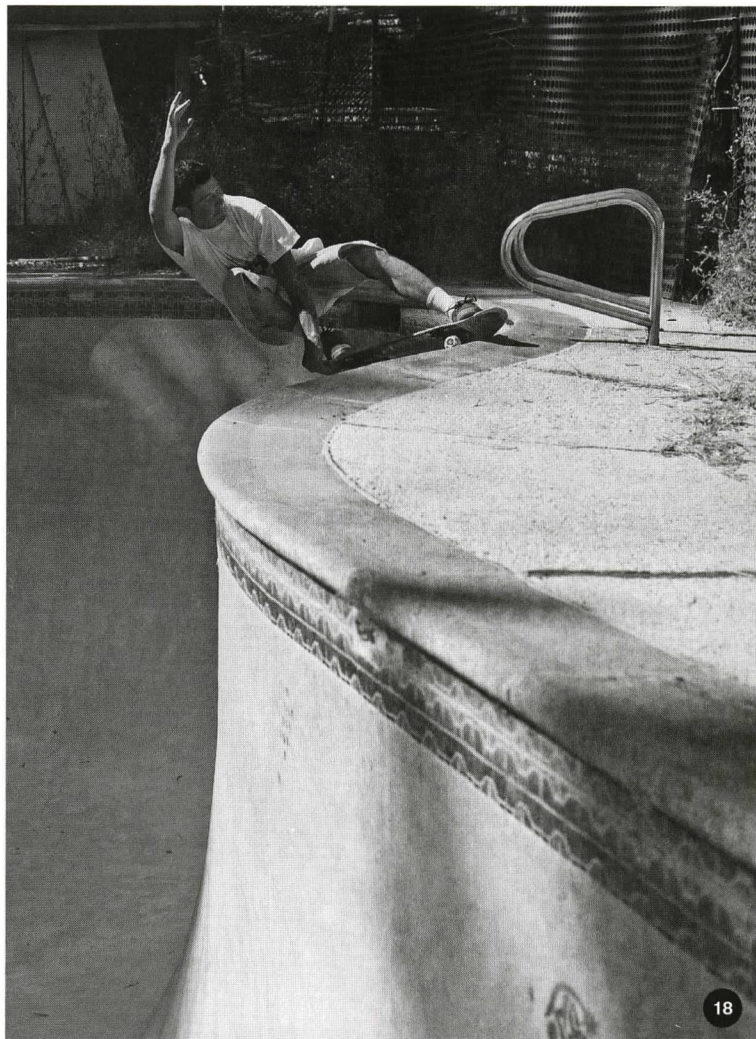


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11. Crail in AZ, early '05. 13. Crail tap in the deep end pocket, Guitar Pick. 14. Fully padded Denver park crail on a trip with Bryce and Salba. 15. Farmer kills Crocker, we never got the sequence of the crail over the fun box at the top, so we'll have to settle for deep end crail action. 16. Walnut Creek Amoeba deathbox crail. 17. Santa's Village crail tap, again on the Bladerhater deck. Kill! 18. Side steps crail, somewhere in the central valley. 19. Same early '05 AZ trip, this time no shoes. Check the front toe action. 20. Hey we didn't say this would be 20 Crails of Tony Farmer, just with Tony Farmer. And there he is, lurking on the side steps, watching Royce get down with it. Farmer says if he would have had an MCL that day, that woulda been him. Uncredited photos by Davoud





Junior backside ollie over the door at Whiting. Photo: David Mason





We finally got off our asses long enough to get a new shirt screened.  
Get yourself one from the merch page in the back of the magazine or  
online at [concussion.org](http://concussion.org).

NEVER FORGET I H4U STAY AWAY DUDE. 04 DONE XXX05 IN BH, SB, UNWRITTEN-

PAGES OF TRASH

CUTYERSEIF

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THE

# "HAKSAW"

AND YOUR REALITY IS TWAKED FROM TWAK BUT NO ONE LIKES A QUITE OF COURSE DON'T BECK MY

BIADYERBEATER@HOT-MAIL.COM

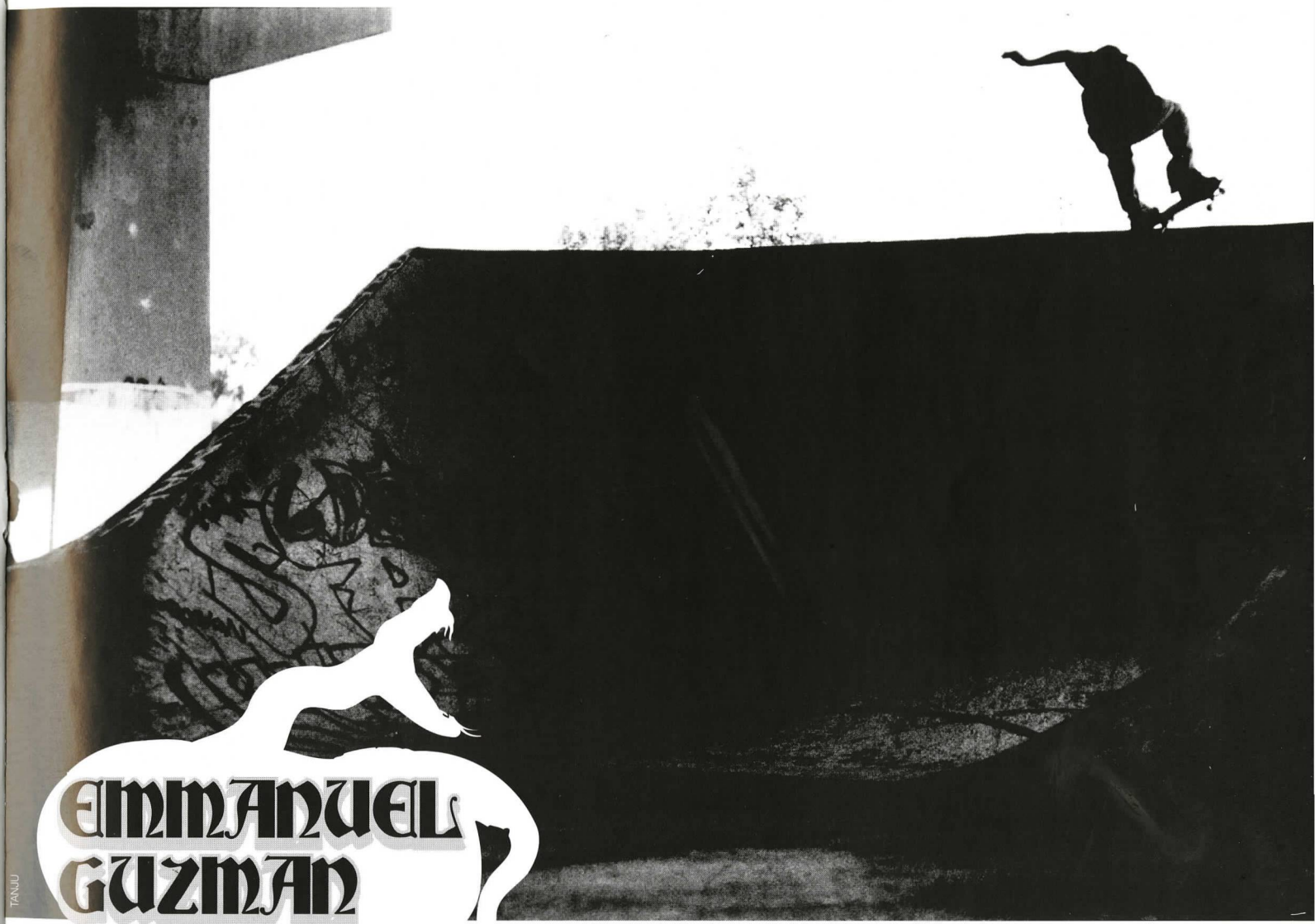
KILL AND SMASH DEAD SHIT & DRINK TO A REGRET EVERYWHERE CAUSE THIS ARE WAS MADE TO BE

PARTY BRO THATS RIGHT MOTHER FOKER FU.M.F. UH8US ALWAYS

NEVER FORGET I H4U STAY AWAY DUDE. 04 DONE XXX05 IN BH, SB, UNWRITTEN-

PAGES OF TRASH





EMMANUEL  
GUZMAN

## "la familia holmes"

I've been waiting for this. Where to begin?

There's this song done by a Sly and Family Stonish group that he played for me one time. It's all about mama. It's a pretty awesome song, he'll sing it for you. You'll think about your mama. When I was thinking about mine I was also thinking about how down Manny is for his family. I'm down for him. He's a good lad.

Manny happens to be mostly insane, in a good way. I don't know if he's hyper active or something-no, I do-he is, he's got endless energy. You know those guys who are always freestyling in your face, always up and ready to go anywhere and hang out with anyone at any given time? Well he's one of those guys. I'm pretty much an old loaf so sometimes I can't keep up with his enthusiasm, but it's fun to try. I gravitate towards insanity and his is the best kind. He's insane from

love. Love for all his family, his friends, and skateboarding. Love for each moment of every day.

E-man has been known to feed on delirium, and take it to the next level. While someone else might lurk out and get introspective when they're haggard (me), he'll keep going until he's asleep. Singing country, rapping, whatever. He's had this "Rambling Man" rendition on his voicemail for days and he doesn't just sing one line, it's the whole damn song. I like that he never answers his phone though. Life is his priority. You gotta live it, you gotta want it. Manwell does. I am very proud of this young man. One time we discussed sacrificing a goat and drinking it's blood for a good skate session.

Thank you for inspiring me to ride my skateboard, Emmanuel.  
Forever. -Ronald Whaley





**C: So, this is it Manny, your first full-length Concussion interview, what's you're big opening statement?**

Eman: I've been having these visions of moving to Africa and living with the Zulu nation and learning their beliefs, morals and all about the spiritual world. I think once I explore this realm of inner fucking peace and shit I will come back and not want people stealing my soul.

**C: How do you feel about people stealing your soul?**

Eman: I don't like it, I don't like it one bit.

**C: How do you think skateboarding has changed your life?**

Eman: Well, it's definitely fucked everything up. It's broken my home, it's lost the love of my life, it's caused me to revolt against many systems and do very bad things.

**C: Have you ever gotten with Jessica Krause?**

Eman: I have not, but I just want to say, what's up Jessica, you know I've thought about it.

**C: Tell me about your new cooking show.**

Eman: Well, it features Savage Sally Strugglekicks. She's uh...I mean he's, uh, a very deprived chef from the delves of Oaxaca. He was very abused as a young man.

**C: What's cookin'?**

Eman: Everything from 10 inch tarantulas to easy bake buns and stuff.

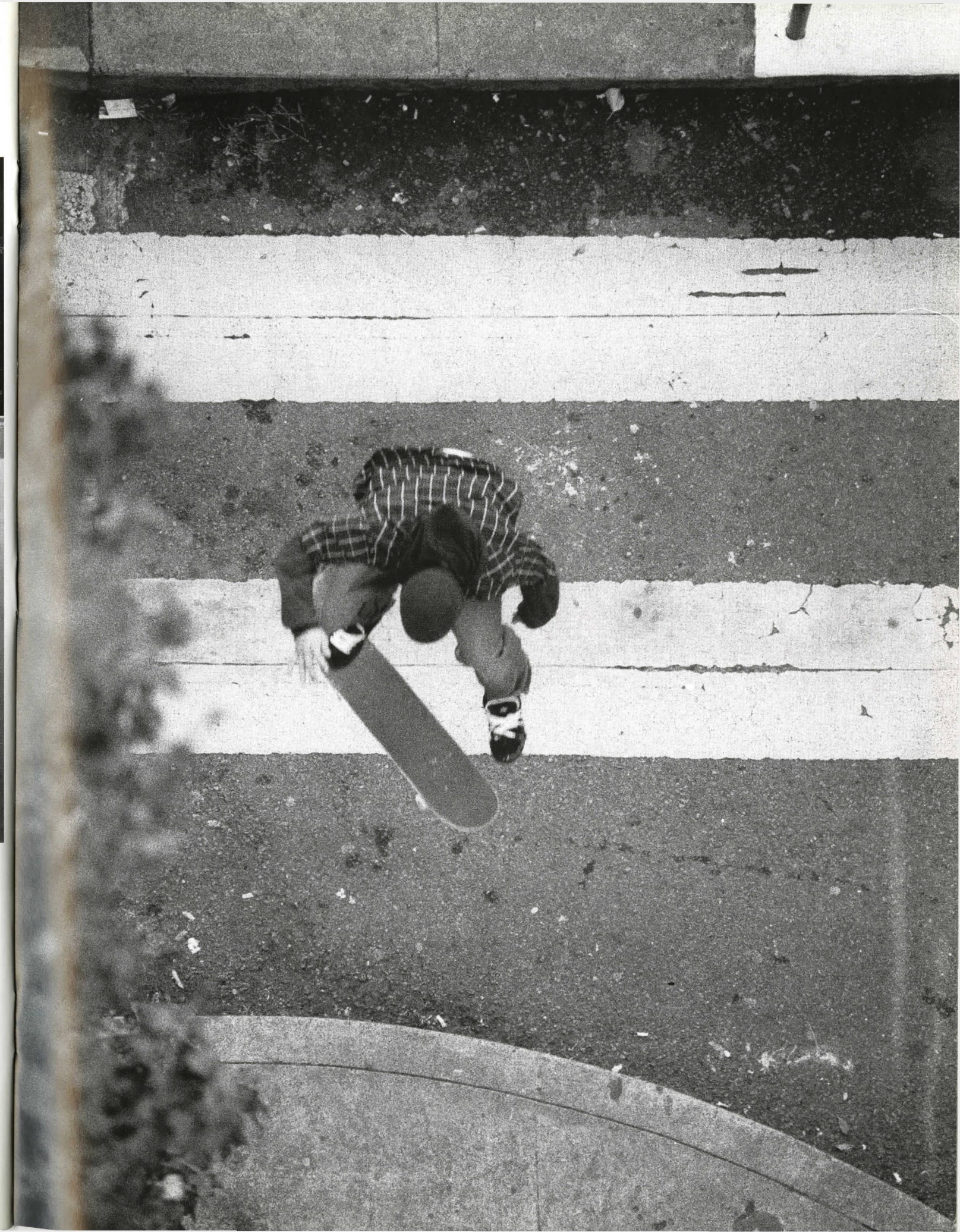
**C: How was it growing up in Santa Cruz?**

Eman: Fuckin' awesome.

**C: We want the whole story.**

Eman: OK, quick run down, I was born on this place called The Land, a little hippy ranch, after my family moved up here from Mexico. I was the only one of my family born in Santa Cruz. We moved over to this place called The Via San Carlos, it was low income housing and fairly ghetto. I grew up fast in that environment but wasn't introduced to skating until my older brother Isaiah went to high school and got into hanging out with surfers and skaters on the east side and from around our neighborhood and shit. I eventually picked it up and some other kids in the neighborhood picked it up. This kid Tony Maneras from The Via, me and him were pretty much in it together and not many kids in my school were into it. So it pretty much just grew like that. I started surfing and hanging around The Point and got to meet all my Point homies and East side brethren









and around junior high days, that's when shit broke loose.

**C: Is that why they call you "The Beach Vato?"**

Eman: Could have something to do with it. I've definitely been known to get my pants sandy. So anyways, Santa Cruz has this stereotype, but I think the best thing about being here is that none of us were afraid to grow up and not be pussies and push each other because that's what good friends do if you want bad ass friends. That pretty much took care of that and the rest of my life.

**C: How did you go from surfing to skating?**

Eman: I skated before I surfed. I pretty much fell into skating randomly and fell into surfing through skating and shit. I even fucked around with rollerblades once upon a time.

**C: That takes some shit to admit you strapped on some blades.**

Eman: Yah, when we were little kids we used to put on rollerblades and get towed by cars. Then this one kid got towed by a car and fell and got his hand ran over and it got all mangled and then no one rollerbladed anymore.

**C: Rollerblading is dangerous.**

Eman: And gay. So I only surfed for a little bit and skating became everything and I moved away from the surf crowd. It was a turning point for me, and I was trying to get out because you get this crazy anxiety after living in the same place your whole



life. So, I broke out and was blessed enough to have the opportunity through skating to go places I have only dreamt about, which was pretty much anywhere but here.

**C: Why did you move to San Jose?**

Eman: I had the opportunity to go and rip with some of the guys I grew up watching skate. Guys I looked up to and shit, they rip...they fucking rip. Yeah, that's why, I mean I got the opportunity to live with them, party with them, and break out of my hectic lifestyle for a minute, so I jumped on it.

**C: Who are the unsponsored rippers in San Jose?**

Eman: Oh shit, Jerry Won holler, Warren G what the fuck's up, Mad Mike, fucking Crazy Eddie, what's up you crazy bastard, Wes Smokey fuck you, you jerk.

**C: Since you're from Santa Cruz I know you hate trannies, but tranny or street?**

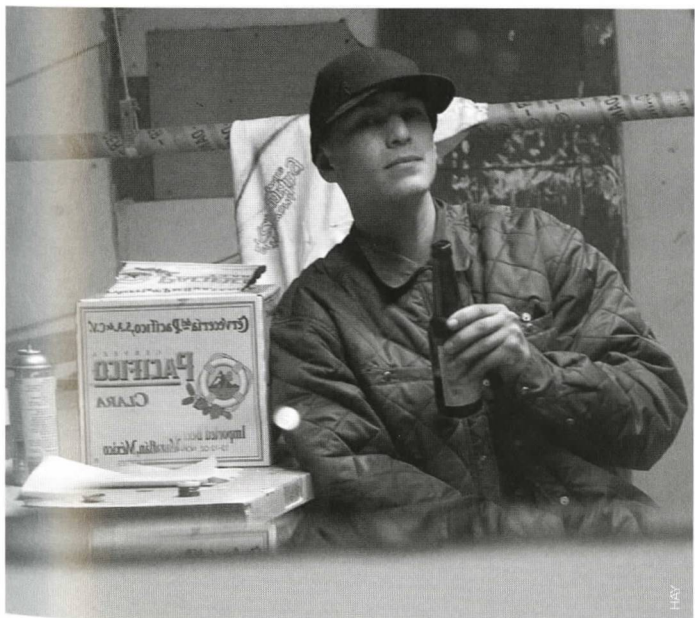
Eman: Skate everything you fucking morons.

**C: Being from Santa Cruz you must be pretty good with the hacky sack.**

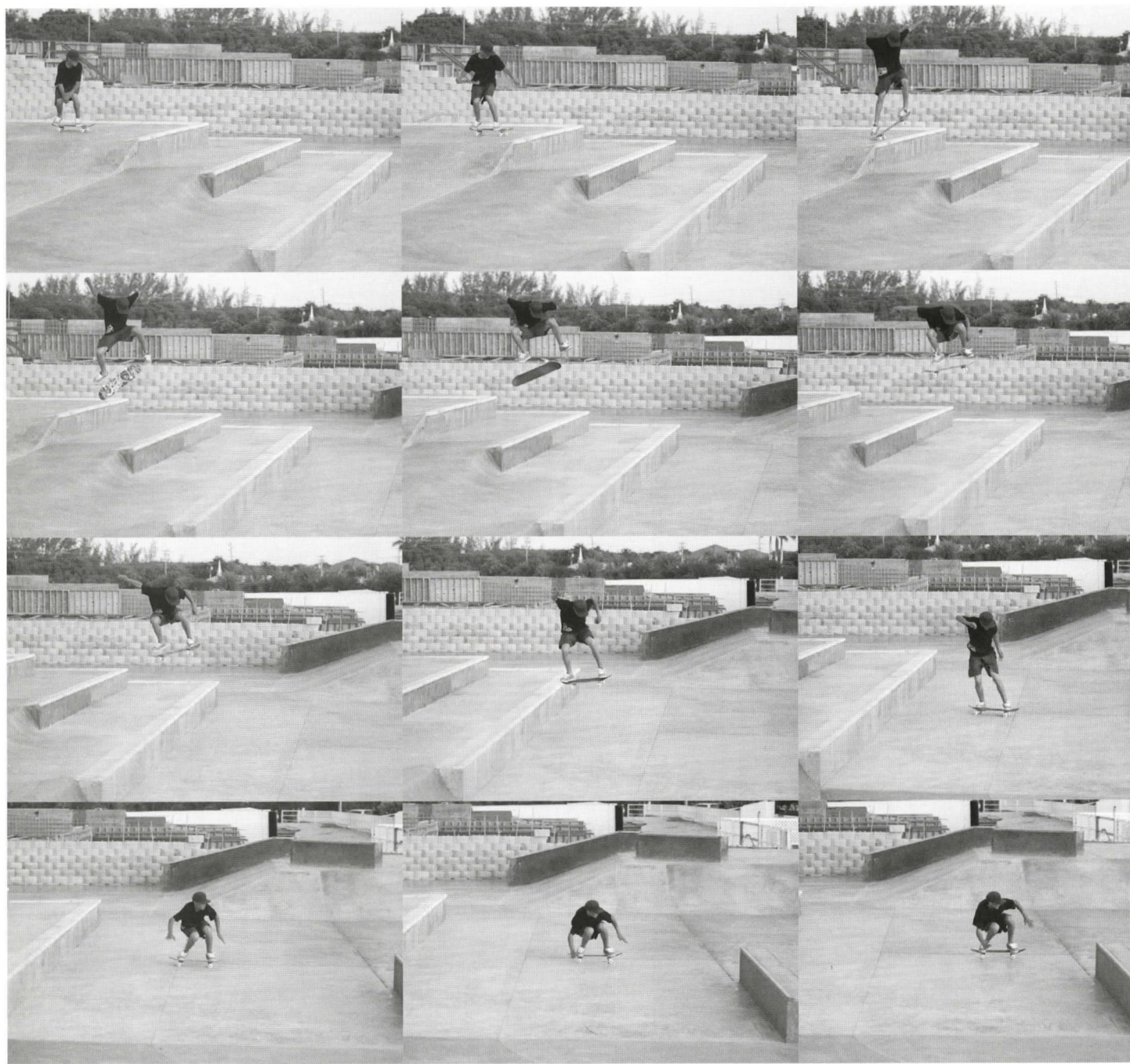
Eman: Fuck yeah. I remember when I was a kid I got a bag of like 30 of them from the Goodwill. They were super generic and I used to try and break them and eat the stuff inside.

**C: You know, come to think of it, seems like you've been dissecting Santa Cruz skate spots since you were a little kid. Like, as you've progressed the shit that was too big or whatever before, you've come back to.**









Eman: Fuck yeah, of course, I've got spots in Santa Cruz that I never have to touch because I've done shit that will never be done again.

**C: Have you ever had a Concussion?**

Eman: I don't remember.

**C: Alright, this thing is long enough. It's thank you time.**

Eman: Fuck, Ok. I'd like to thank the blood of the deer for purifying my soul in this time of triumph and struggle. And happy birthday to my brother Danny Guzman, this one's for you. Hanna B, what's up girl. When you're old enough to understand this, I hope you enjoy it.





PHOTO

TANJU

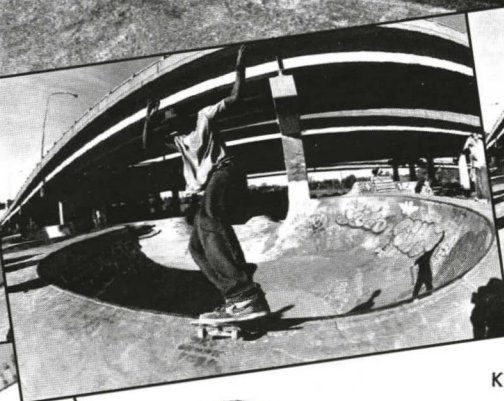
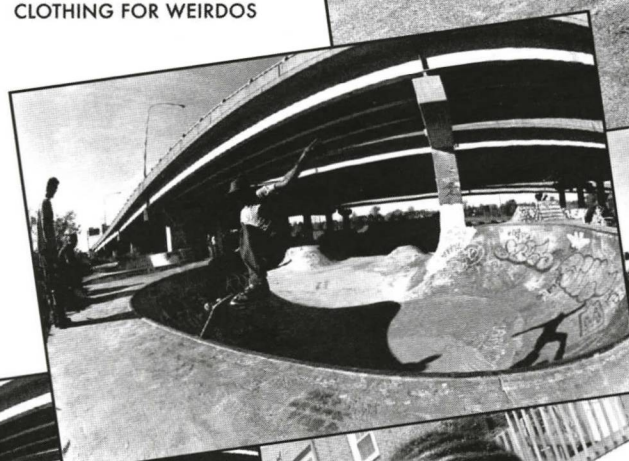




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# JAPANESE DEMOLITION

**Out with the old...**

**Story and photos by: Tsuyoshi Nishiyama**

Remember when Thrasher printed photos of this place and wouldn't say where it was? Tatsuya, grab and grind at Mikasa, Hokkaido. Who's gonna travel to Japan to blow it out? It's on.





Wataru, invert. Mikasa.

Today in Japan, old parks are vanishing and new parks are rapidly emerging. In other words, Japan is getting rid of the long-standing and honored to simply replace them with the new. Those who are fond of novelties may welcome this situation, but I find it regrettable. Indeed, parks are being newly constructed all over the country, but can we celebrate this trend as progress?

There were parks in Japan such as Mikasa, Yurohama, ETC that we could proudly introduce to the world. Those parks today, however, allow no skateboarding. As I am writing this article, more and more decent and solid parks are becoming un-skateable and disappearing. If you are interested in taking a skate trip to this strange place, Japan, I urge you to come and skate before the remaining parks are gone.

Maybe it is a time for us to remember that money can buy new stuff, but money can never create and recreate old stuff.





Suge, ollie at the Chevy Bowl, Hiroshima.

今の、日本のスケートボードパーク事情は、古いパークは無くなり、  
どんどん新しいパブリックパークができています。  
ただ、違う言い方をすれば、今の日本は、古い物を簡単にこの世から無くして  
新しいものただ作っているようにしか考えられない。  
新しいものが好きな人たちはいいが、おれたちは我慢の限界が来ている。  
現に今、新しいパークが日本各地に出てはいるが、  
はたして、それを素直に喜んでいいのだろうか？  
日本にも世界的に通用するパーク（三笠、湯の浜ランド、その他...）  
などがあったが、ことごとくスケート禁止になっている。  
今回、この記事の話が来ても日本の中で自慢の出来るパークはほとんどもう滑れる状態に無い。  
もし、この文を読んで、日本という未知の場所にスケートトリップに行って  
滑りたいと思っている人は今すぐにも日本に行って  
今、存在しているパークを滑っておいた方がいいと思います。  
新しい物は、お金を払えば作れるけど、古い物は、お金では作れないと言うことを  
今一度、考える時ではないだろうか？





# SPANISH CONCRETE

**finding nachos in Spain**

Story and photos by: Gerd Rieger



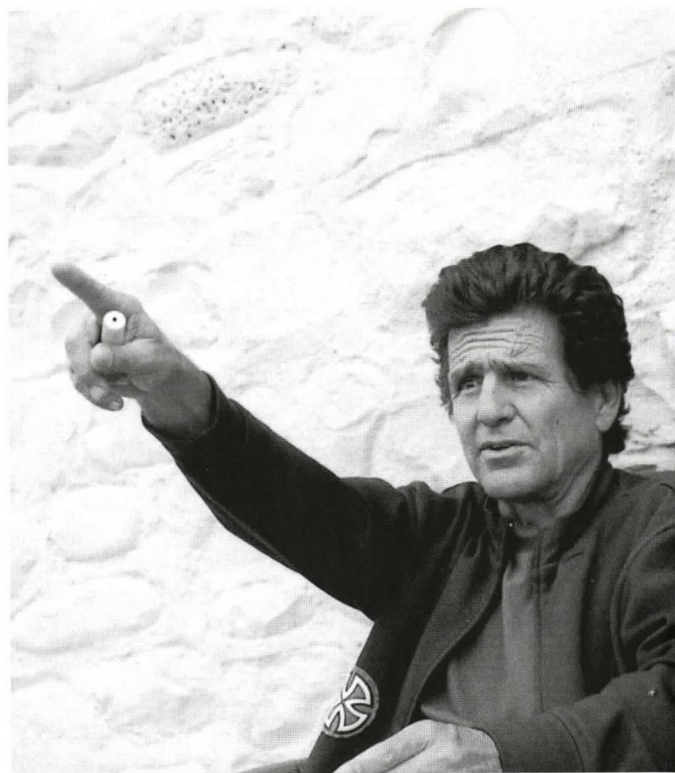


We just had to get out of the miserable German Fall weather and go south to enjoy some concrete and Spanish sun.

After a flight to Bilbao in northern Spain we picked up a rental car and were on our mission. Since we arrived pretty early, we had the whole day to skate the first spot, La Kantera Skatepark in Algorta just outside of Bilbao. After a nice session in the perfect kidney we talked to local Nacho who's one of the oldest skaters in Spain and lives in a small brick house next to the beach. He told us about a new park not far away in a small town called Bermeo. Bermeo has capsule bowl with a big extension and is connected to a smaller section. We checked it out but liked La Kantera better so we returned there rather quickly.

Fall had again caught up with us and the weather didn't turn out to be as good as we had hoped it would be, so we decided to head to Madrid that night and just camp out somewhere on the way.









We weren't disappointed because sunny weather and more concrete was waiting. The first stop was Alcobendas a suburb in northern Madrid. It features a big round pool, a capsule, and some smaller trannies. Anders was ripping with big frontside airs in the round, and he did ollie blunts on some really tight trannies. Holes here and there were sketchy but that didn't stop anybody.

Next stop: Park Syndical in Madrid. It's an old 70's park with some really deep and gnarly bowls. Matt did acid drops in the capsule, grinds, and a lien to tail, and Anders slaped some fast rocks. The capsule is deep, has no flat, and the concrete is rough, so even basic tricks were a challenge.

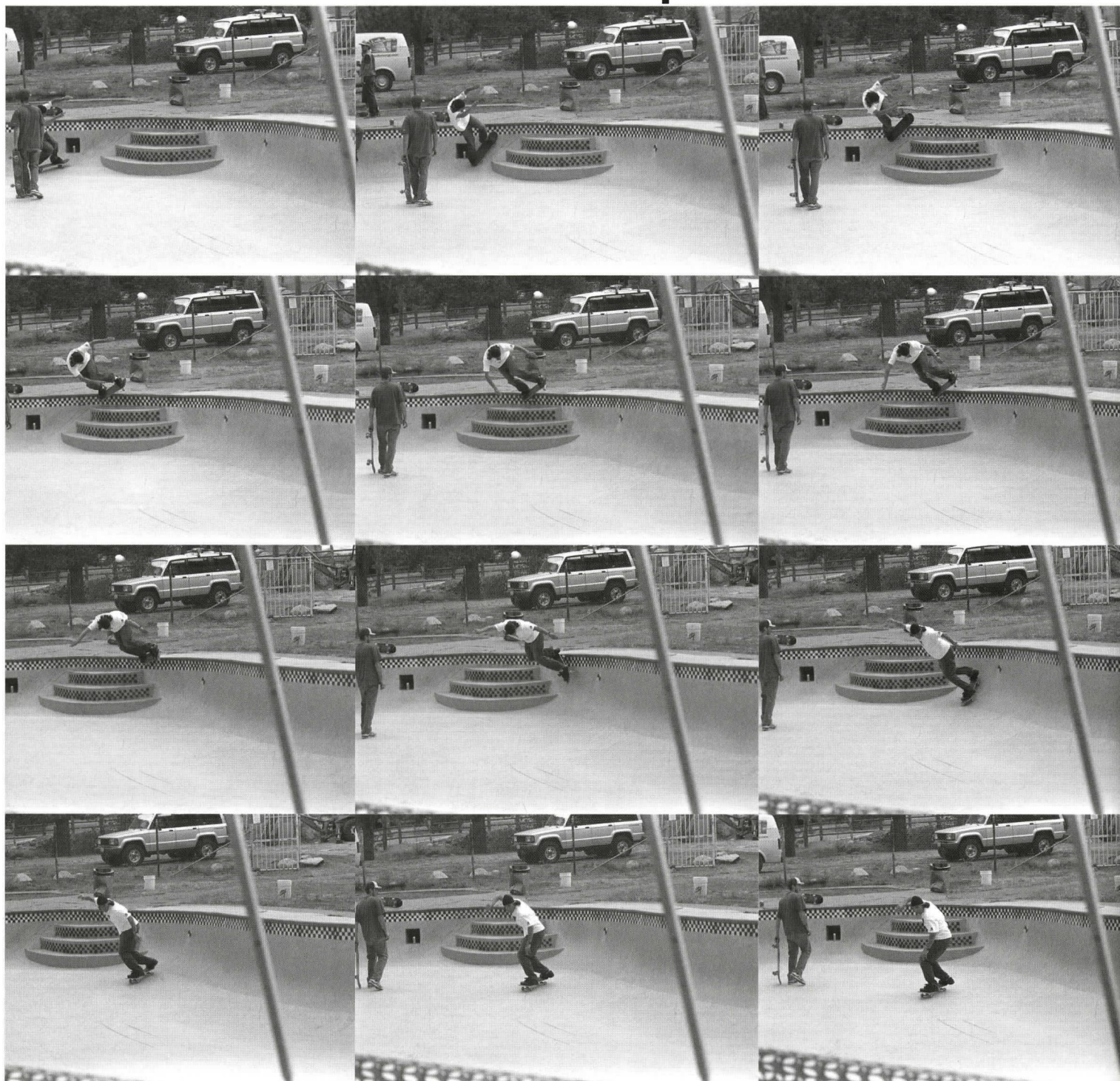
We spent the night in some cheap motel and in the morning were ready to check out a new park in Mostoles, south Madrid. It's located in a sports center which has lights 'til 10:00pm and features a perfect kidney pool with pool coping and tiles, and also has some smaller trannies with hips, corners, spines, etc. We stayed for a few days and also checked out San Fernando Henares, an older park with a tight, small square and a capsule. Phil Shao did an ollie to pivot on the fence there, check out Thrasher's *Insane Terrain* for the sequence. Unbelievable!! Time was flying and we had to drive back to Bilbao where we had two more days before we had to catch our flight back home. Overall our favorites were La Kantera and Mostoles.

Oh you wanted some captions? Anders did the invert and the fs air, that's Matt with the roll in and the tailblock, and Andre did the ollie to fakie and the back tail. That one dude pointing is Nacho. There you go.



# SIDE SHOW

The random skate spreads



Above: Aaron Astorga 5-0 over the steps at Strawberry the hard way. Photos Rodzilla.  
 Right: Outtake from the Barrier Kult Horde Video. Or not, Charlie Wilkins. Photo: Rhino



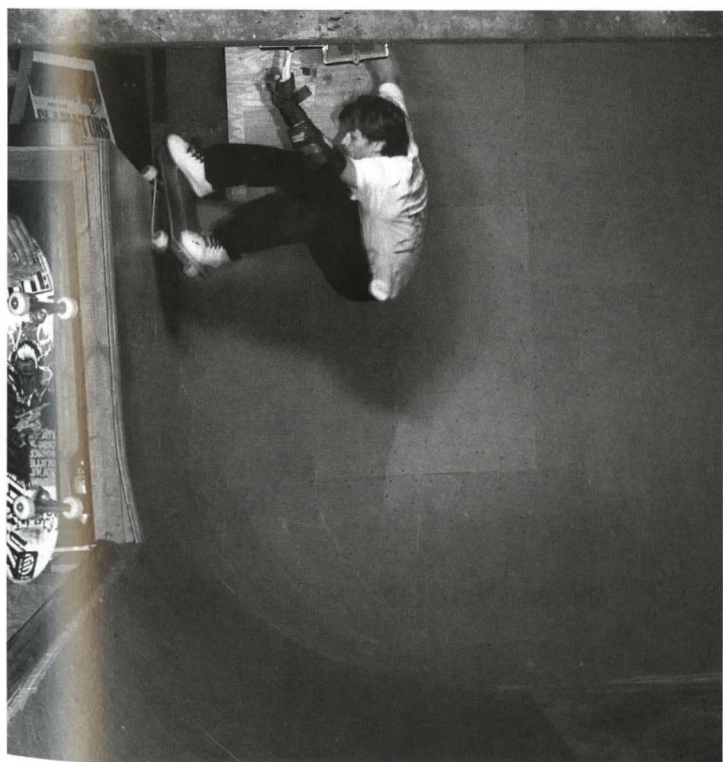






Above: Chet getting his wallride method on. Photo: Rhino  
Right top to bottom: Brian McKinley ollie, SF. Photo: Lord  
Eric Costello slashes one in the pocket of his garage. Photo: Hay  
Brian Sandlin, back tail into the shallow end. Photo: Fritz

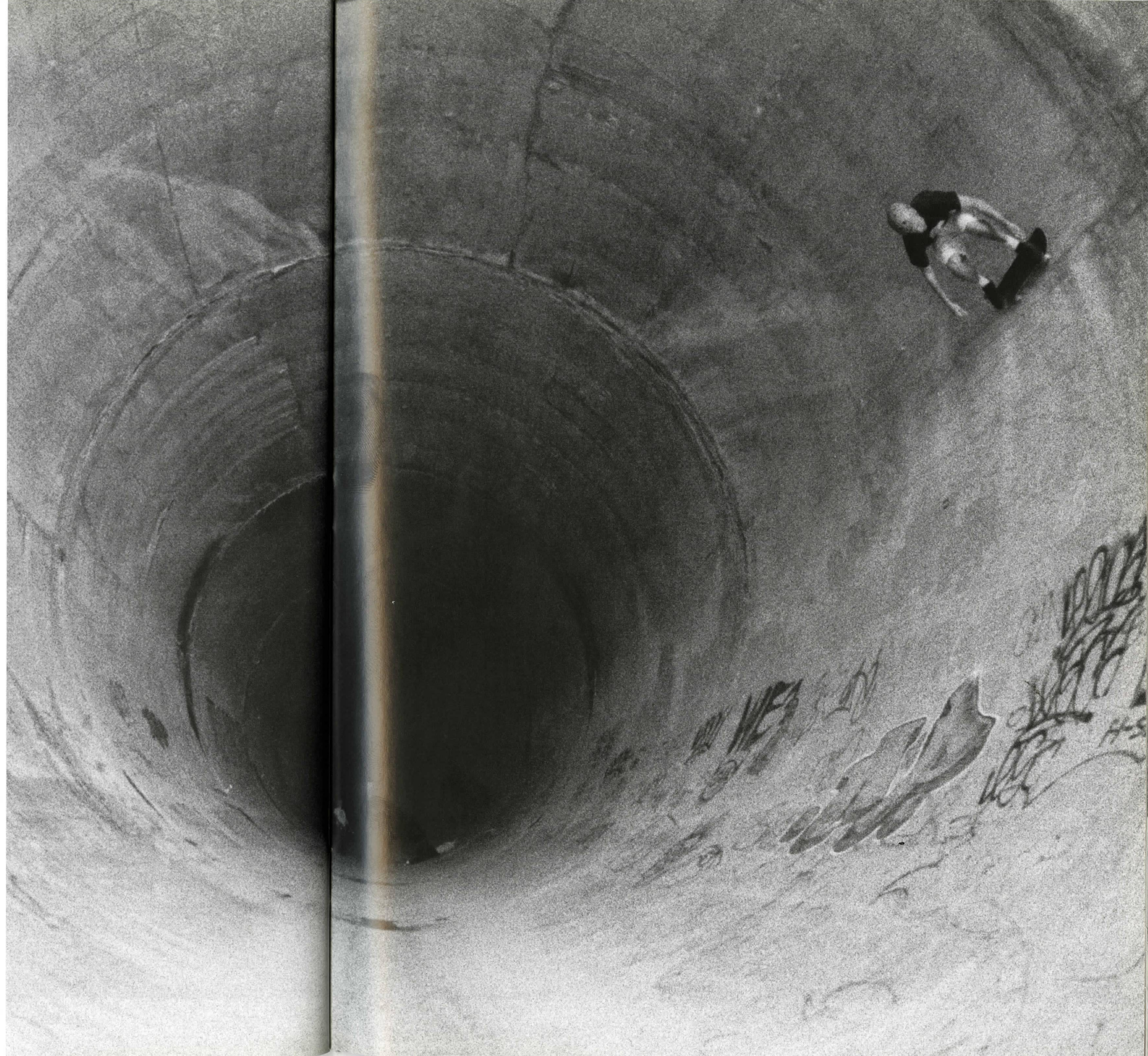








Above: Hillsborough eye candy  
 Right: Royce getting up there at the Glory Hole  
 Photos: Davoud











That melon is simply obscene, Brian McKinley. Photo: Lord



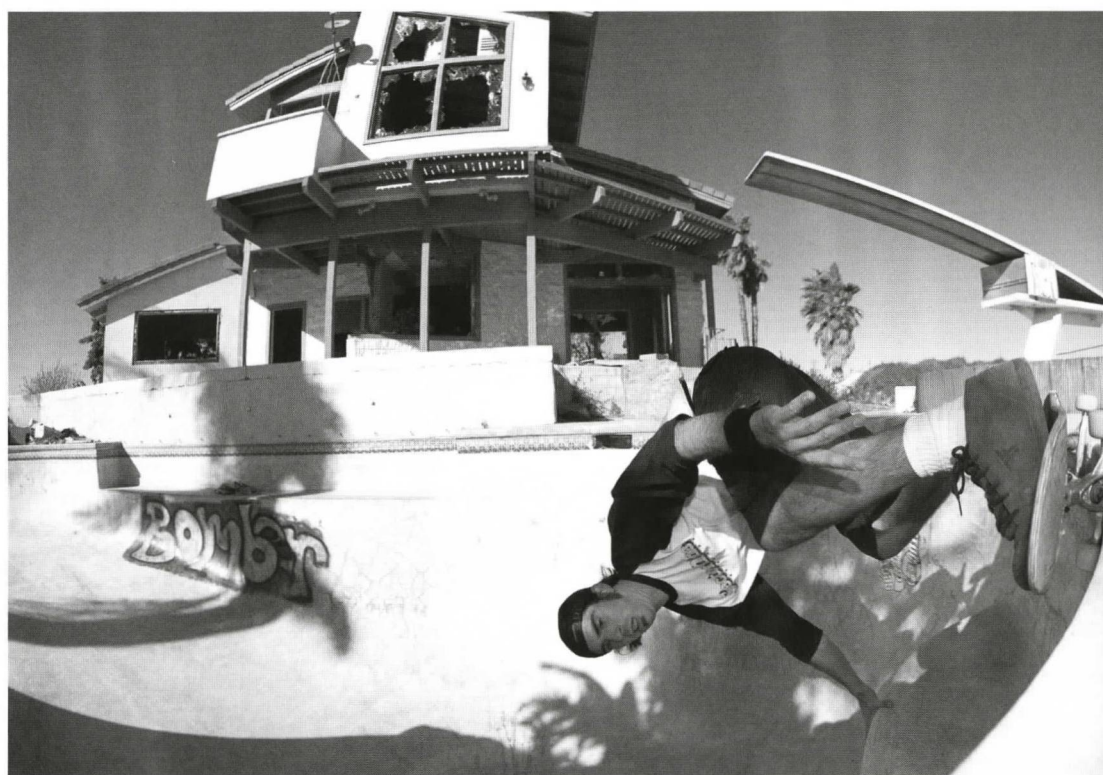
Philthy Phil getting all dog pisser to fakie on some home made crete. Photo: Zack Deluca





Above: Last time we saw Sean Stockton, he was gapping the fun box at the Berkeley Demo the hard way. Photos: Patterson

Right: Usually we only run photos of kickstands if it's Pete the Ox, but we'll make an exception for Billy Green. Photo: Dolberg







Nave, backside air. Photo: Klein





# JAWS

## 60 foot pits of death

Story and photos by: Jason Murray

On December 15<sup>th</sup>, 2004, Jaws, one of the worlds' gnarliest waves, came alive with a vengeance. Under blue skies and light offshore winds, the biggest swell of the winter unleashed its fury on the Hawaiian islands. With over 15 tow teams in the line-up and over 50 boats and skis in the channel lurking, it was a day of madness both in and on the water. While three thousand people watched the chaos from the rocky cliffs above, team after team towed into the biggest waves I have ever seen. Laird Hamilton was the obvious stand out of the day but there were many others who sacked up for the thrill of their lives. At the end of the day, no one died but there were some definite casualties with a few people being taken away in a helicopter and about \$40 grand worth of jet skis either being smashed on the rocks or sitting at the bottom of the drink. If you ever get the chance to see Jaws break, check it out. It is a true wonder of this universe.

Dude these waves are so fucking big I don't even know what to say. It sort of makes the Glory Hole look like pussy shit.  
Above: Laird Hamilton  
Right: Archie Kalepa







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# FALCO

BALTYS

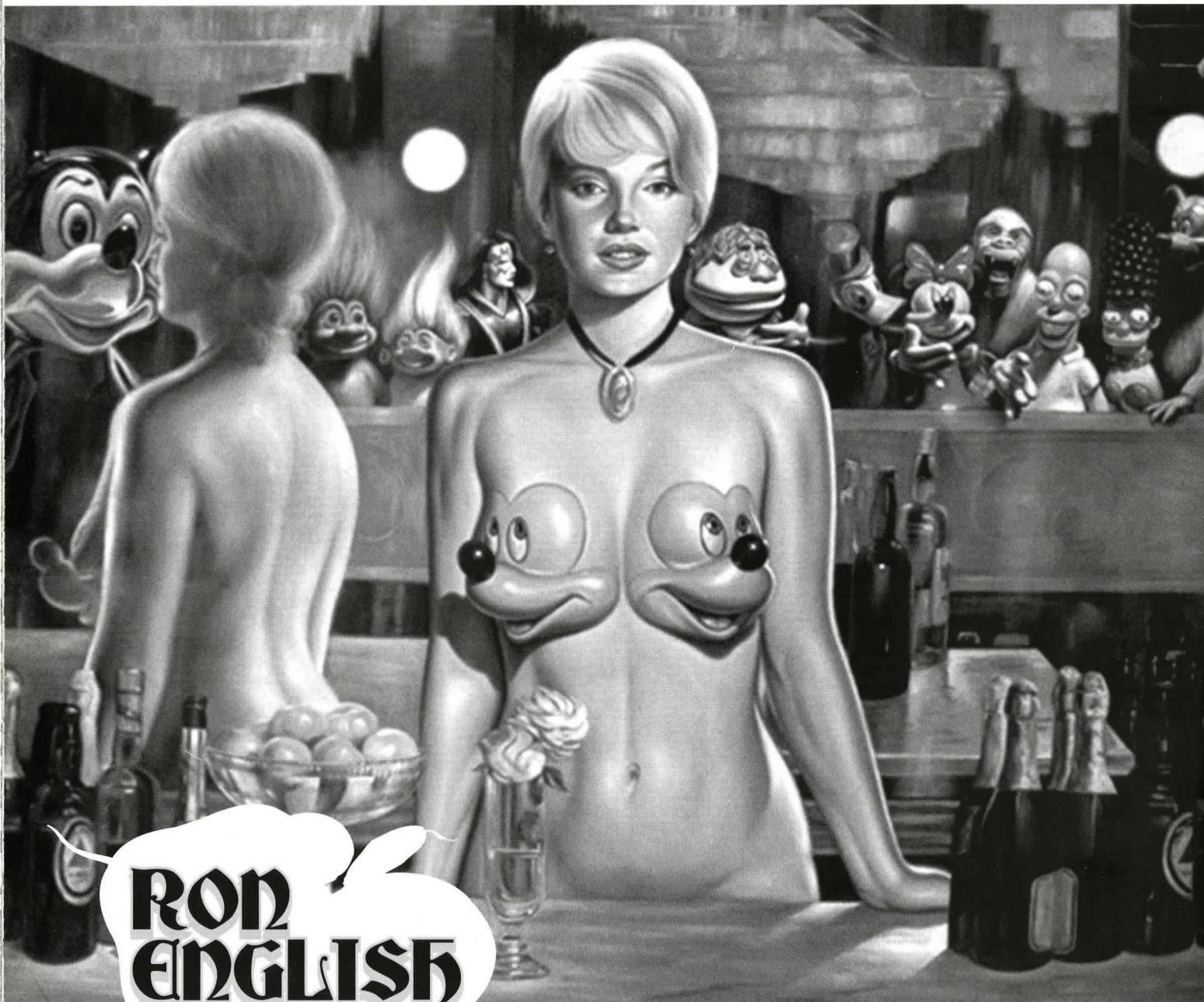
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KAREN COGZ







**RON  
ENGLISH**

## let's get drunk and kill god

Story by: Don Juan Francais

Ron English is what I would consider a modern day master of art. That's no easy task these days when the spectrum of what is considered "art" is so broad. Currently, many artists find their niche and stick to it; it's a good idea in terms of sellability. Some asshole out there is drawing TV's on dirty diapers and that's it, and I tell you what folks, that guy is gonna be huge somewhere. Ron English doesn't fall victim to the new guidelines for the modern artist and does pretty much everything, oils to billboards, he rocks it all with a master's hand. I read this quote by Steve Martin that said, "Writing about art is like dancing about architecture," and with that said Concussion does the running man in front of the Eiffel tower to introduce to you one Mr. Ron English.

Full name and any nicknames and/or aliases you go by:

Ron English

Location:

NYC.

In your opinion, what's the most impactful pop image to date and why?

The Statue of Liberty. It's still standing.

I've noticed that you're a really well rounded artist and whereas some artists stick to one thing and run with it, you do it all. What's your philosophy on mediums? Do you think a lot of artists are missing out on the bigger picture?

I usually allow the concept of the piece to dictate the style I use in executing it. I do understand it's a good strategy to create a distinctive gimmick and stick to it. It makes everybody's life easier, collectors, dealers, critics etc. People like to know what to expect from you. You don't go to McDonald's expecting

Filet Mignon but if you want a Big Mac, McDonald's will never disappoint.

Have collectors/galleries ever tried to wrangle you into being McDonalds?

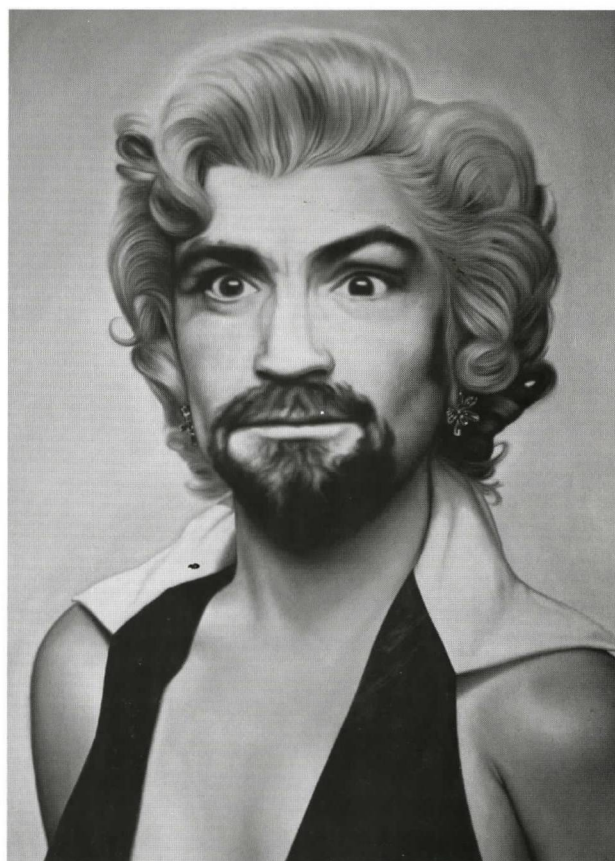
Of course. Sometimes I even capitulate. About as often as I eat at McDonald's.

Many of your large painted pieces are, for lack of better word, psychedelic. Are you a fan of psychedelica or warrior of the psychedelic frontier? Do you paint under the influence because I can't imagine working oils while I'm out of my gourd.

I guess because I have long hair and incorporate some psychedelic techniques people assume I must be consuming some drug, but I don't even smoke marijuana. I'm not into drugs. I'm not into barbers either.

Your billboards are some of the funniest most thought provoking pieces of propaganda I've ever seen. What's













**you approach to starting one of these?**

Usually by the end of every day I've had ideas for about 10 billboards. My wife usually picks the ones I end up doing. If she really loves it, I do it. If she really hates it, I'll do it. Anything in the middle, forget about it.

**How big of a crew do you take to make one of these happen?**

I like to bring two people although when I invite two people if often ends up being twenty.

**Ever have a run in with the law?**

Unfortunately, yes.

**What's the most memorable interaction you've had with the police?**

My wife, Tarssa and I took the kids to see the Christo banners in Central Park last week. I was running ahead of Tarssa holding the kids up so they could slap the banners as we ran beneath them when we passed a pair of cops. Tarssa, who was a few yards behind us, heard the female cop ask the male cop,

"Who was that?" and the male cop answered, "That was Ron English." That made me a little nervous.

**Who do you look to for artistic inspiration?**

My contemporaries.

**Have you always seen the tobacco industry for what it is or are you a reformed smoker?**

90 is a good age to start.

**Would you say that your end goal is to make people evaluate their lifestyle, or ultimately do you just want to piss them off?**

I actually don't want to piss people off, except people who want to be pissed off, and believe me, there's plenty of those. I would say making people think is a good result for an artist. Making them laugh might be even better. I never smoked. I always figured I'd take it up when I'm older, when I'm like 90 or so.

**What are you working on these days?**

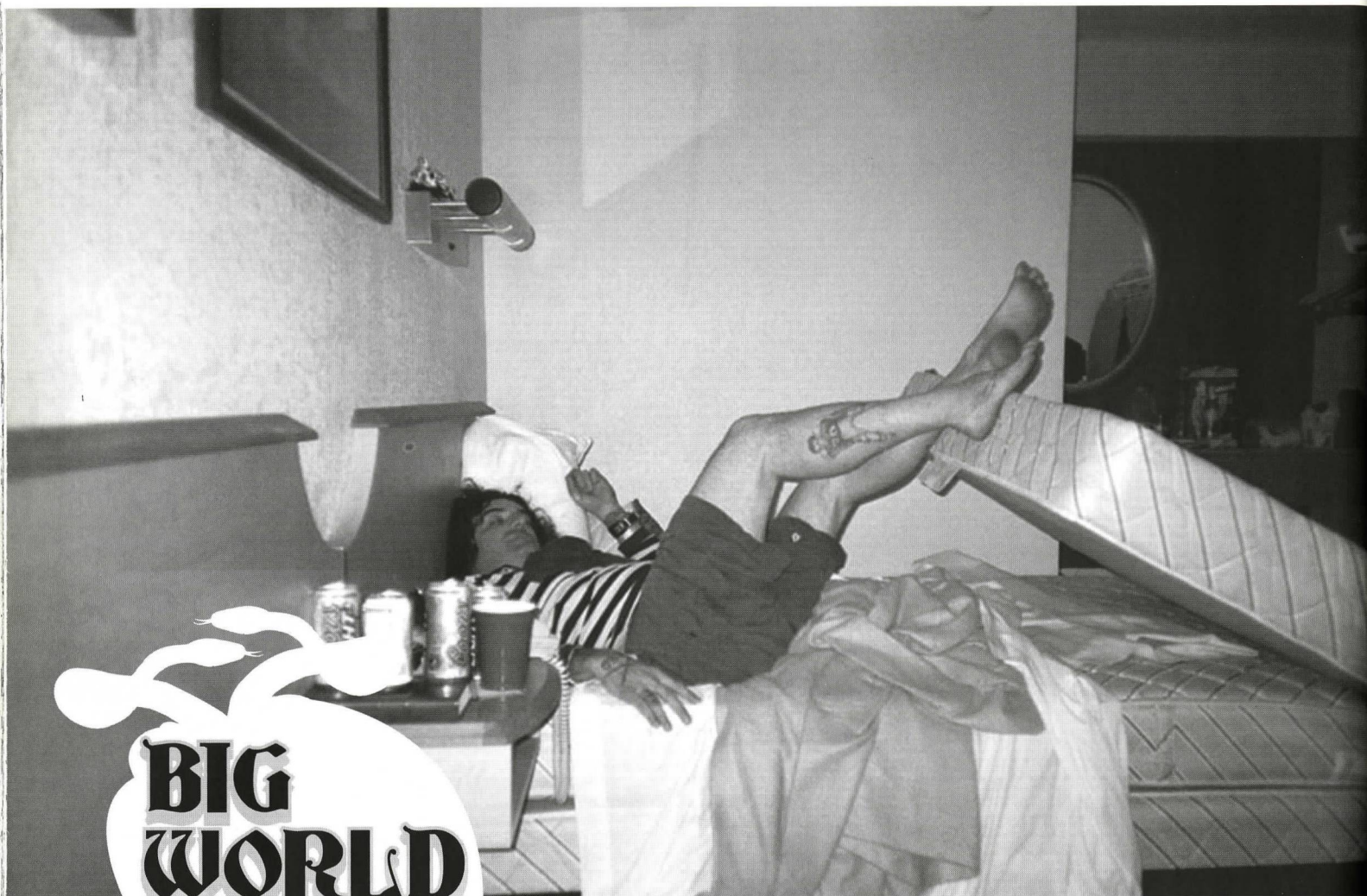
I have shows in two galleries in Amsterdam this March along

with a show at Varnish in San Francisco in May and something with Daniel Johnston in Austin. That would be March. I have a show in Cincinnati in March also. I'm not sure where. We're taking the feature documentary *The Art and Crimes of Ron English* to festivals in seven cities this season. I'll try to get some billboards up while I'm in the various cities. I also have a new toy coming out. It's the fat Ronald McDonald from the movie *Supersize Me*, McSupersized.

**What's the worst head injury you ever had?**

I've been knocked out a couple times. The weird thing is you come to and you don't know anything, who you are, where you are, what you are, what life is. Then everything starts coming back to you a piece at a time. It's a really odd experience, best avoided.





# BIG WORLD

## The whole package

Story by: Holly Anderson

Photos by: Chris Gorman/Holly Anderson

Big World is almost through their last set at LuLu's Bait Shack in Orlando, FL when front man Sid "The Package" Abruzzi stands on a planter above the crowd. He attempts to crowd surf, but nobody catches him. He's flat on his face on a floor of fish & chip remains, and beer. He stands up, covered with blood, seemingly unscathed, and finishes the loudest, most pumping punk rock set of the night.

LuLu's, a prefab Disney-esque restaurant chain, is a far cry from the days when Big World penetrated the New England rock scene with the likes of Johnny Thunders, Iggy Pop, Joan Jett, and Mission of Burma. But that was 20 years ago, and Big World is in a period of reintegration back onto the scene, so LuLu's will do.

It's a new crowd here, graced with surf/skate industry hoodlums, getting their first injection of Jimmy Silk's punk metal guitar riffs and "The Package's" mad stage antics. Most of the LuLu's crowd wasn't born when Big World played their first gigs in the early 80's. But it doesn't matter to them, they still eat up every rock and roll minute of it. Big World is timeless.

"We try to have catchy hooks in our songs so people remember them," explains original band member, guitarist Jimmy Silk. "You don't have to hear the CD 20 times before you learn the song. That's why people have so much fun at our shows and don't get bored after two songs."

Life was a little different for this Rhode Island based ensemble back in the eighties. Picture prime time rock and roll.

"Johnny Thunders was as bad as he could be when we played with him. This was back in the early 80s." Sid remembers of the NYC rock icon.

"A typical Johnny Thunders show would be where they arrive without equipment.

That was basically how we got a lot of gigs with them, because we were the only ones crazy enough to let them use our equipment. They'd show up with only guitars on their back. They'd get paid by the club owner in advance before they even hit a chord and just went crazy, downstairs bootin' up or whatever they're doin'. Then they'd play their set for a half an hour and then they'd try to sneak off with your guitar straps. Second or third time we played with them everything got tighter at the end of the night watching those guys, you know what I mean?"

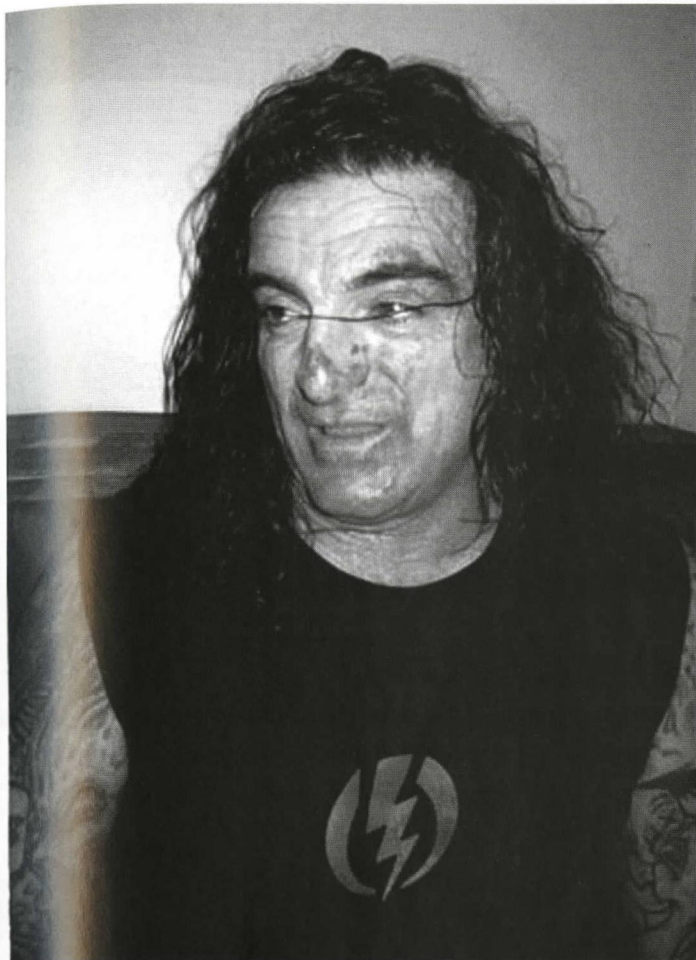
Along with Sid "The Package" and Jimmy Silk, Big World consists of Sid's brother, Victor World on guitar, Iggy Talls on Bass, and Marty Gra on drums. For a band whose average age member is in their forties, Big World turns it on more than most youngsters.

You might have bumped into Big World, and The Package with his signature orange pants, on the Warped Tour or Thrasher King of The Road. Their new album has been out for eight months now. The track, Pray for Me, a song about Jason Jessee, is rumored to be used as the title track in an up and coming documentary about the Jessee. To date, Jason has a section of his Automodown shop devoted to The Package.

"My brother just wrote Pray For Me," explains Sid. "My whole cellar has skateboard decks on the ceiling, about 100-200 decks, and right where under my brother played all the time was the Jason Jessee's Pray for Me deck. So he wrote the song, it was something that's always on your mind."

A story about The Package wouldn't be complete without mentioning his alter ego as legendary Rhode Island skate shop owner of Water Brothers.





In 1971 he founded the store, bringing skate and surf to the resort town of Newport, RI. He also founded Skater Island (RIP), which in it's heyday was New England's largest indoor skate park. Abruzzi is also known for legalizing Newport, RI's premier surf spot, Ruggles, back in the '70s.

Since the last two shop locations have been conveniently located near the YMCA or low income housing, Sid has no shortage of visitors to the shop.

"We're a big lost sole collector, huge, and we have names for them too," Sid explains. "We can actually look at somebody and name them on the spot: Cabby, Corky, Store Detective. They are usually shelter people or street people that definitely have good hearts in 'em, but might be a little crazy. Somehow they end up on our lap all the time."

"We treat 'em just like normal people, we talk to them, hang with them, ask if they need anything. A lot of people won't look at them twice, and we'll bring 'em to a gig or give 'em a job. I even get shit from my friends for bringin' them around sometimes."

Big World closes the set at LuLu's with the song "Plug It In", appropriate for a party sponsored by Electric Eyewear. The band pulls out a giant electrical plug and socket and two girls wave around each respective end in the crowd. Sid, still covered with blood beckons the crowd, "We want you to..." the crowd bellows "Plug it in, Plug it in."





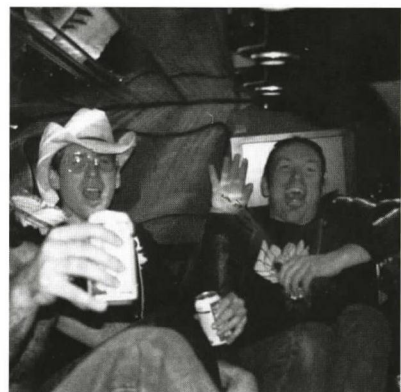
**Story by: Don Frenchdip**

Perhaps you haven't heard of The Naysayers, perhaps you haven't evolved past the stone age and still wipe your ass with rocks. The Naysayers are a high voltage four-piece, regarded by some of the most influential mega rockstars as the "the next coming of Christ". They were back in San Francisco recently and Concussion got the scoop of the century getting the opportunity to interview these guys. When I got in the limo there they were, Mike

C: Man, sometimes when I see you dudes rockin' I think this has to be fake, this is some record industry scam, what do you say to allegations that you are a rock juggernaut created by the record industry?

Mike D: They were playing together already. Played some shows, wrote some songs, I had known Jason for a while and started playing on a couple of songs live to add some spice. You could call me D-Spice. Then eventually things started working good with me in the





mix and they asked me to join them full time. We started writing songs together and we are having fun doing that. Jason: He's actually played every show. In the beginning just on a couple songs live...

Mike D: Really?

Jason: Yes, Mike D has been living on the outskirts of Nay for quite some time.

Mike D: I was a Nay observer/adviser.

**C: Speaking of the Nay, can anyone here enlighten me about the Nay finger?**

Jason: The Nay finger is on your hand exactly opposite of the pudding finger.

**C: How are you guys dealing with all the money coming in?**

Jason: Very well, I would say...it paid for this interview.

Mike D: I'll just say I have a very big sock.

Jason: That we fill with quarters and beat the drummer with when he's out of time.

**C: Mike Hunter, How does it feel to get beaten?**

Mike Hunter: Sometimes the sock breaks and I get to keep the quarters.

Jason: It's like a reverse piñata, it beats you til it breaks.

**C: Rumor has it you guys have a rock stylist...**

Mike D: Actually, the only one who had the stylist was Frankles the Franko. We're not very stylish guys but Frankles had this stylist named, uh, Ross Zane Headley, he was a British stylist, he did uh, Hugh Grant, Richard Gere and Hugh Jackman. We didn't actually need a stylist but...you shoulda seen Frankles.

**C: Tell me about your last world tour.**

Jason: Well, it's a small world...after all. Couple of bridges, lots of buildings, highs, lows, wide open holes...

**C: Jason, what's you're driving motivation to rock when you get on stage in front of a crowd of 100,000 people?**

Jason: I'm just tryin' to be as wet as I can possibly be.

**C: There's something to be said for wetness.**

Jason: Oh ya, the wetter the better.

**C: If you could sum up the Naysayers in a short but elaborate sentence, what would it be?**

Jason: All is well in the land of Nay. You got something to say Franko?

(The elusive Franko speaks.)

Frankles: All is land.

**C: Amazing.**

With that said, I was booted from the limo, in the Tenderloin. Now that's a class act. For more info on the Naysayers, go to [thenaysayers.com](http://thenaysayers.com), that's right, not .org or .net, straight up .com.





# MELTED MEN

## You so crazy

Story and photos by: Robert M. Krautheim

Coming straight out of Georgia the Melted Men are a chaotic band of brothers melding analog glurps, broken big beats, go-go bells and chicken fat to concoct a sound that is equal parts noise, funk, karaoke and altogether, tremendously entertaining. I attempted to catch up with the main melt Lobster Lung after a recent show in NYC. He declined, stating he felt as if he was just dropped from a helicopter and forced to play an entire rugby match. After seeing what these guys go through to do what they do live, this explanation was more than reasonable. Needless to say, we opted for a back and forth over ye olde spiderweb. Here's how it went down...

**Concussion:** It seems like you guys choose to perform mainly in Europe and rarely make it around the U.S.A. Why is this?

Melted Men: In our case, we have found European audiences to be more adventurous and open-minded than American audiences. Also, in our case, European audiences appreciate being witness and subject to other types of live presentation. On tour in Europe, at least we are treated like orangutans. Americans seem more interested in impatiently filling their iPods with as many MP3s as possible before their cell phone rings, and then their attention span short-circuits, and something else comes along, better more better more more more more.

**Where do you see the Melted Men 5 years from now?**

In the year 2010.

**C:** Every time I've seen you guys perform live, there is always a ton of musical equipment on stage that you constantly tweak and pound. What type of instruments do you use on tour?

Laptops and acoustic guitars.

**Have you ever had a concussion or severe head injury? Please explain.**

No, thankfully, we've not had any concussions. We have had a broken knee [in Rome Italy], broken Ribs, an eye almost poked out, etc., but no head injuries.

**In this day and age of ones and zeros, why do you continue to put out most of your albums exclusively on vinyl?**

Because we are in a day and age of ones and zeros.

**For those unfortunate souls that can't make it to a performance, are there any videos or DVDs that capture the Melted Men experience?**

No video or DVD can capture any experience.

**How did you hook up with Tristan Bechet and his Pink Socks label for your new release "Smoke Alarm Limbo"?**

This occurred because Tristan is involved in sticking live rats with a instrument created by Pompeii. You duck tape a steak knife to a broom handle and stick a live animal. The instrument is named "Pointy". If Tristan falls asleep with his mouth open, we will make a mold of his teeth and tongue using chiseled porcupine hide.

**It is well known that you fellows hail from Athens, Georgia. How's the music scene down there and how do the Melted Men fit into it?**

Melted Men have no particular attachment to Athens. It is simply where our hideout was dug, due to past circumstances. Athens has an extremely conservative music scene, and this has been the case for many years. The people of Athens are not interested in adventurous music. Americana "new country" is very respected in Athens, as is baseball-hat rock music. The less creative something is, the more popular it is in Athens, Georgia. Athens was not always such a conservative place; there were adventurous bands here many years ago- [i.e. Limbo District, Damage Report, Peach of Immortality, etc.] but that spirit has been replaced with a huge quantity of bands. Hopefully this will change.

**Do you guys have jobs outside of this project? If so, what exactly do you do?**

Neuro-Ouscou is the despicable day job of creating thick clouds of foam, which bubble and gurgle in a puddle on the floor. He is required to

add the catalyst, which is an antelope spine laid into the center of the liquid. At this point, a cloud swirls and swings into the air, and gains velocity as it goes. This cloud vacuums up confused human beings, and keeps them in its whirlwind thousands of feet above.

Werti-Werti's day job involves 2 live parrots, which he must observe and protect during dusk and dawn hours. He works only in heavy fog. The parrots live in an open area frequently visited by fanged predators. Werti is paid in bread, and is given a haystack to sleep under.



Panteen sprays the inside of human wigs with a disinfectant and anti-lice control substance. The wigs are assigned to members of the US government. These wigs are generally styled with the "Moe" cut, and cause profuse sweating in the butt cracks of these officials. This is a feature that was requested by the U.S. government, as it allows them to make such important decisions over the lives of planet earth.

My day job is not so glamorous. Every morning, I enter a glass enclosure, where I breathe blue smoke into a tube. This tube is connected to a group of palm trees and motorized ducks swimming in a large oak barrel that collapses every 15 seconds, and flattens into a large hole in the ground. At the bottom of the hole is an ice sculpture of Ernest Borgnine that is kept cold by this tedious process. I am paid minimum wage and I have no insurance.

Check out [www.meltedmen.com](http://www.meltedmen.com) for more information, assorted madness and most importantly, upcoming tour dates.



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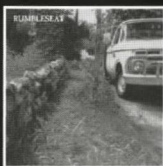
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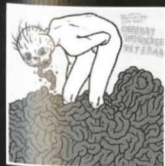
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# RECORD reviews

## Antiseen

Here to Ruin your Groove  
TKO Records

It's usually a love or hate thing with this band. I like them a lot. Not as much as their ilk. Bands such as Cocknoose, Hellstomper, and Limecell have screwed with my head a bit more on a constant. I like individual songs of Antiseen. I liked most of The Boys from Brutalsville and now I hear this album. It's a fourth generation re-issue. It's my first time hearing it, right now. I read the insert and got enlightened to the mood of this album. It's definitely more of a roller coaster ride than anything they've done before. It has 19 tracks with little interludes in between most songs. It's commentary by The Dean of Sods with music being played behind him. He introduces a few songs with the passion of a rock god. Cool shit. Two covers, "Sick Things" by Alice Cooper Group and "Needle and the Spoon" by Lynrd Skynyrd. So my conclusion is: this is the first Antiseen album I've liked from beginning to end. I endorse this album and the label it has been newly released on. Hardass Motherfuckyou Rock Smash, here to ruin your groove!! - SB

## BARS

Introducing  
Equal Vision

Norm Macdonald used to do a great impression of Larry King on "Saturday Night Live." Norm's Larry would look at the camera and make all sorts of silly claims. "There isn't a better chef in the world of food than Chef Boyardee." "My wish for the new millennium is that we see a lot more of John Larroquette." "There isn't a better singer in the world than Boz Scaggs!" "One of the great figures of the twentieth century has to be James Brolin." "Of all the laws of nature, the most important one just might be - gravity!" Shit like that. The press kit that comes with this record includes the following statement: "No other band puts the rock n' roll back in the scene better than the BARS." Now, this record is okay, but come on. Really? Not a single other band? Norm/Larry, what do you think? "The more I read about Albert Einstein, the more I realize this guy was a true genius!" - MS

## Beck

Hell Yes EP  
Interscope Records

Beck is back on the scene like a wrecking machine with an informal release of remixes from his upcoming album Guero. In the wake of the somber tone of the Sea Change album, as well as the complete dissolve of his backing band, it was really anyone's guess as to what his next effort would sound like. Using the age-old adage "sometimes you have to take two steps backwards to move forward", Beck reverts to his homeboy persona and grabs the mic for another karaoke meeting at the suicide shack. I liken the structure of these songs to the Odelay album with its precise arrangement, Dadaist riddle-speak verses and clockwork samples ruling the groove. DJ's 8-bit and Paza remix Guero songs into lo-fi Nintendo anthems like "Gettochip Malfunction", "Gameboy/Homeboy" and "Bad Cartridge" using a plethora of old school video game bleeps and throwback beats. I know for a fact that I can hear The Legend of Zelda in the mix, very cool. The 4 song EP is just a small taste and it definitely whets the appetite for what's to come. However, those who grew to favor his more matured sound on albums such as Mutations and Sea Change will just have to wait until depression rears its head and the cycle of Beck completes itself. The Hell Yes EP is available exclusively in two formats: 12" vinyl and iTunes download. -RMK

## Black Cross

Widows Bloody Widows  
Initial Records

It took me several listens to get comfortable with this band. The reason being that I heard too many influences all crammed together. In the end I did enjoy half the album. I think Deadguy

does this style of Hard Rock a bit better. I would definitely put these guys in the Hardcore slot. Speeddealer would probably have these guys open for them. The artwork is all very cool. Their band logo rules. It's a skull with wings and has a black widow on its forehead. 12 tracks on here. Talented musicianship. I'm still too hung up on Scissorfight and Ironboss to make a strict ruling on this CD. I think it's a great

CD, it's just too familiar for me. The bands that run through my head when I listen to this are: Black Flag, Poison Idea, Speeddealer, Deadguy, Negative Approach, Ironboss, Zen Guerrilla, et cetera. So don't be like me and pick the band to pieces, just listen to it and rock out. Great effort by Black Cross. - SB

## Blow Back

Lies  
Collateral Damage

The cover photo for this album was a prelude to what the lyric content was going to be: faces of the majority of political people who have FUCKED us over as a "Free" Democracy: Bush(s); Condoleza Rice; Ben Franklin, etc. You get the picture. All the songs are highly politically driven with an 80's hardcore music sound. And that is the way it should be. It might make you want to get away from your PS2 and get out there into the world and fight back against this mechanical system that will lead us into the next Roman Empire. - Casper

## The Briefs

Sex Objects  
BYO Records

I am a big fan of The Briefs. I beat up a wannabe rapist at their first show here in Reno. I threw him through a window. You don't tell women you're going to rape them. If you do, you'll have someone like me after you. Or at least in my idealistic world that'd be the way. Back to The Briefs. This new album is almost perfect punk through and through. I say "almost" because their politics are getting more evident and they give perfectly with the status quo. Can't be a rebel if you're standing in line... now can ya? Other than the ringing of politics, the song "Destroy the USA" is my favorite song on the album. 14 tracks on here and they are all solid. In the tradition of all the great bouncy, fun, obnoxious bands of '77 and '78 Punk. I personally like these guys a great deal. They deserve all the attention they get. - SB

## Deadline/ Brassknuckle Boys LP

Can't Be Beaten!  
Haunted Town Records

I was very excited to hear this album. Thank you Haunted Town Records. Keep it up, please. So I was interested in this band, Deadline. As an Oi Boy I love to hear the new direction of Oi Music. This band also has Oi Boys that have been slugging it out for years and years. The band is comprised of members of Gundog, Argy Bargy, and The Warriors. The lady lead singer Liz is the perfect Cherry Bomb to top this Oi powder keg. Very much like the bands aforementioned with a Lady leading the charge. Look for them to get a lot bigger in the Oi scene. In their native UK and Europe they have already got a foothold. 6 tracks from Deadline and one cover of On File's song "Another Day In Paradise". On File are a badass Oi band from Scotland, check 'em out. Deadline are upstart sluggers. Then, there's the Brassknuckle Boys. Shit, there's so much to be said about these guys; and I'm going to try to say it all. BKB are one of the best bands from the Midwest. Mark Dacey the lead singer has done stints in the clinic. He writes from that experience and the world he sees after suffering it. I connect with a lot of what he sings to and about. BKB have 7 tracks on here with a cover of Tom Petty's "American Girl", which is one of my favorite Petty songs. The Brassknuckle Boys can cover most bands' songs and make them their own. If you like Oi or Punk 'n' Roll then give these guys a chance to kick your ass. Another winner from Haunted Town Records. - SB

## Del Rio

Borrowed Covers and Stolen Originals  
Self Produced

I'm calling this the pick of the litter. This is a ROCK band that will do great shit in the near future, if all goes well with them. I shit you not; this is one of the best releases of 2004. I was hooked on it for a couple days. Which means I listened to it, at least 30 times. I fuckin' like the crap outta this release. OK, so I guess I should talk about the CD. It's true to the title of the disc. It is borrowed covers and stolen (badass) originals. You've got 10 tracks on here. Four covers by: Black Sabbath (Rat Salad), ZZ Top (Tush) and (Brown Sugar), lastly, AC/DC (Walk All Over You). First of all, if you are going to pull your dick out around this crowd, you'd better have some girth and length. I can say these guys pull their cocks out and rock. No there's no dick pictures you fuckwad, I'm saying that these cats

are pure reckless abandon. They have killer artwork on the linear notes. Anybody that puts a Jackalope on their cover rules. I saw the original Jackalope when I was 9 years old. It is still on display at Jiggs, NV. Check it out some time, suckers. Fuck everything I've said up 'til now. Let me lay this on you. These guys do way better on their own songs. No, I mean these guys are fucking ruling on songs like "Road Rat", "Blackbird", and "Dancer". I suggest this to anyone who likes ROCK 'N' ROLL. It is a bit hard. Similar to Scissorfight, Hellstomper, Drunk Horse, and Ironboss. Great company to be in. I suggest you pursue this release. I shit you not, one of the best of the year, period. - SB

## Die Hunns 7"

Time Has Come Today/ Did You No Wrong  
Disaster Records

The cover is worth the price alone. I think Corey Parks is a beautiful Amazon woman from Hell. To see her hunched over a sink, peeing, half naked, with a smoke hangin' from her lip is classic. The A side has "Time has come Today" a Chamber Brothers cover. I like and I dislike this version. I like the swagger of the singing I just don't like the chaos of it. You've got Corey and Duane switching off vocals, which if done well it makes the song killer. Unfortunately, this song didn't pull it off. I can only count a few songs by the Bombs or The Hunns that aren't good. These are cover songs on this release, so I won't count this one. On the B-side we've got a Sex Pistols song. A rare one at that. Who better to sing a Pistols song? Duane is the embodiment of that snide, brash, punked out attitude. This is a perfect cover. The band even knows how to play. Sex Pistols had their moment. The Bombs and Hunns have a legacy. I still don't know if I like Corey Parks in the Hunns. I need another release to review to be sure. This bad boy is on purple see-through vinyl. It is not essential musically, but the cover art is too cool. Worth my time. - SB

## Die Hunns / Radio One

Split 7"  
Disaster Records

I really liked Subhumans style of vocal attack when I was young. When Dick Lucas would belt out, "Here we are in a new age, I wish I were dead" it would give me a rush of rebellious adrenalin. Duane Peters has that style. When he sings political songs he puts his guts into it. Marshal Law is the Die Hunns song on here. It's a song about the Patriot Act, which is a very scary bill that is working it's way through our great free nation. Clinton tried like hell to get it passed, (i.e. Oklahoma federal building bombing, Waco Ranch Siege, Ruby Ridge Massacre, et cetera) but to no avail. Unfortunately, after we were attacked by foreign religious zealots, it was passed unanimously. So now when you scratch the surface of America, you see Communism rearing its ugly despicable head. So Duane has made it his mission to bring light to some of these horrible realities. He never tells you that this is the way and there is no other. He just tells you what he sees. Marshal Law is a perfect current day political punk song, sung by a man that hates politics probably as much as me. This is on green see-through vinyl. Radio One makes their mark as well. I just missed their set when I went to see The Crowd a couple years ago. Now I wish I would of seen these guys. Their song "Molotov Roots" is raw Rock 'n' Roll. Great swagger in the vocal style. A very talented three-man band with a solid mix of styles. You'll hear The Briefs, U.S. Bombs, E.F., and Sloppy Seconds all in a mish mash. This is a great release by two ruling ass bands. Go gitter now. - SB

## The Distraction LP

More Trouble at the V  
TKO Records

This record cover is in 3-D. The album comes with 3-D glasses to boot. The music on here is definitely from the 3-D era. Tastes of The Stitches, glimmer of early Damned, and twists of Buzzcocks throughout. I like The Briefs for this sound, but these guys are still in the running. This album only has one side of music. The other side is blank, kind of like way back when they used to just record one side of the tape and ask you to put whatever you want on the other side. I don't have a vinyl groover, so I guess I'll just eat something on it. Three songs on here: Bitches Beach, Just Give Up Alright, and More Trouble at the V. I like all of the things I've heard from these guys. I just have a deeper affinity for The Briefs and The Stitches. Well worth the cash. Seek it out, suckers. - SB

## Fang

Picture disc 7"  
Malt Soda Recordings

What can I say about this band that hasn't been said? How about "Sammytown where the fuck are you?" We were doing an interview and you disappeared. Get a hold of me. You didn't see that coming, huh. Four songs on this slab o' wax. Fuck side starts with a true Fang song with dirty low-end production. Perfect for Sammytown's vocal styling. I've heard many bands try to find this sound in recording, but none have pulled it off like Fang. This song is "Stand and Fight". It would fit perfectly on the Landshark LP. The second song on Fuck Side is Fangs version of Spiderman. Not too different than what you've heard before. Similar to The Ramones version just a bit dirtier. Fuck Side has the Infamous Fang logo.



You Side has a picture of Sammytown toasting a drink in his Ex-Con glory. You Side's songs are Lynch Mob and Banana Split. The first one is back to original Fang style: true Street Punk Hardcore. Now I've never heard Fang do anything like this "Banana Split" song. It's a punky ska'd out reggae tune. I believe the reason this song was done, was to show Sammytown's love for marijuana. It's a good song just very different from anything they've done before. Seek it out. - SB

## Frontside Five

No Pegs

Self-Released

The promo picture for this disc looks like the band is doing a Vision Street Wear commercial. The cover art is a throw back to eighties skate graffiti. These guys happen to be sponsored by Vision Street Wear hence the ad photo. Equilibrium and Super Screen Print are their other sponsors, a hell of a start for a band to already have so much support. As far as Skate Punk clout goes, Vision Street Wear has failed. They put sexy chicks in their booths at conventions and events. Thanks for the eye candy, but do you have anyone who knows what they are talking about? The music contained on this disc is exactly what I thought it would be, which in this review is good news. I hear JFA, Aggression, and a little early Suicidal Tendencies. I like every song on this and it will definitely find a home in my Skate Punk section. They thank Monster Trux in the liner notes. Monster Trux are too fuckin' cool. So what you've got here are five musicians making damn near perfect Skate Punk. There's an attractive lady bass player to boot. There are 15 tracks on this release. My favorite tracks are "Gator", "Frontside Five", and "No Pegs". The latter is a song to those damn BMXers in the skate parks. Their pegs chunk the concrete, coping, and lip. It's a fucking Skate Park! The Gator song is sadly funny. Too bad for him, oh well he deserves it. See where religion gets you. They do one cover song, "Skate and Destroy" by The Faction, the best skate anthem hands down. If you like the punk rocka and the skater boarda then you'll love Frontside Five. Coming at you from the mountains of Denver, Colorado. Skate or Buy. - SB

## Gargantula

Infinitasm

Southern Lord

From the decimation of Spaceboy and B'last emerges Gargantula. Headed by Clifford on growls and Bill ringing the neck of the Flying-V, Gargantula creates a thick metal wall of heavy insane chaos. Perhaps more palatable than prior Spaceboy releases, *Infinitasm* doesn't blast off to outer space, but rather pounds down and whips up uncontrollable fury here on Earth. With lyrics that read more like epic stories, the anthem-like soundtrack reinforces the vivid tales, and likewise the words embellish the musical fete. Gargantula not only take over your ears, but take over your mind, transporting you into the darkest depths and up above the earth, only to watch it burn. With the recent addition of drummer extraordinaire Chris Gonzales, you can be assured Gargantula remain in good hands for eons to come.

## Go like Hell

Hell bent Rock n Roll

Buttermilk Records

The title says it all folks, southern style punk rock fried up by a female vocalist who says, "Fuck Yer Love". I would not want to fuck with this chick because by the looks of her I could say that I would be afraid that if I pissed her off she would knock me out and then take my manhood. If you like "The Distillers" and want to step it up on the rawness level, then you might want to check this band out. - Casper

## Greenlawn Abbey

S/T

Diaphragm

Neither I nor iTunes/CDDB had ever heard of these guys. I put the disc in and all I got was "Track 1, Track 2" et cetera. That's pretty underground as far as 2005 goes. Not that it's weird that I don't recognize a band, but that iTunes/CDDB doesn't. I don't know that much about current rock any more. I listen mostly to the classical station and space out while I'm driving around. I can't listen to the classic rock station anymore. Thanks for making me get sick of AC/DC, guys. I never thought that would happen but it did. So it's the classical station for me now. It's kind of funny, though, that the classical station has some of the same repetition that the classic rock station does. Shostakovich is like AC/DC on the classical station. He gets a lot of airplay. Different pieces, though, not like with AC/DC. It would be like if the classic rock station played not only "Highway to Hell" but also "If You Want Blood" or "Ain't No Fun (Waiting Round to be a Millionaire)". Not just the hits. Have you ever heard "Up to My Neck in You" on the radio? I haven't, but I have heard "Hell's Bells" a few times. I digress...iTunes and CDDB, yes. I've put burned bootleg CDs on and sometimes the track names come up, but nothing here. Pretty good record though. Some nice pop hooks and only one song clocking in at over three minutes. Brevity, the soul of wit and savior of opening and unknown bands. - MS

## Hatework

Thrash 'N' Roll

Beer City Records

Fuckin' A right! I fuckin' remember Thrash at its best. What? Slayer, Exodus, Hixx, D.R.I., Accused, et cetera. These guys from Italy are the new Old Thrash. I was kickin' it with puff the magic dragon and listening' to this as I am right now. When something hit me, I fuckin' love this shit. I mean early Metallica and Slayer, that shit was the fuckiest. This band rules so huge that I'm going to turn all my friends on to it. I would describe these guys to be somewhere back and forth between Slayer, Motorhead, and The Accused. I dig the shit out of it. I want to go skate to it. - SB

## High On Fire

Blessed Black Wings

Relapse

Amidst all the complete crap slapped within the "metal" genre these days - you know, the really bad rap-metal-Nickelback-lower back tattoo shit, or the 35 year old German virgin who dresses in black vinyl, wears eyeliner and makes electronic death noise on his fucking laptop, whilst simultaneously jerking off to Everquest kinda shit, lay the current warlords of the darkside and purveyors of metals new wave - High on Fire. This is HOF's third album. I am pretty sure Cliff Burton would give this album two thumbs up. Randy Rhoads too, if he wasn't so busy working on his pilots license. Ozzy would love it too. He'd knock off the retarded, "Act like I've got Parkinson's old man hobbling around with shit in my droors routine on MTV" and bow down before the future metal messiahs. High on Fire has always been a mix of old meets new, chaotic melding with the melodic, and a sludgy sprawling low end so ferocious it might actually shrink the size of Lemmy's facial boil. All hail the almighty power of the riff. Cometh down from the mountain dear Hessians and drink from the chalice. - BO

## The Holy Ghost

Welcome to Ignore US

Clearly

When I used to live in LA I would sometimes listen to this radio show called "Morning Becomes Eclectic" on KCRW. Nic Harcourt, the show's host, sounded just like what I remember Richard Blade sounding like. Older readers may remember Richard Blade as the commentator with the accent of unidentifiable British Empire origin who covered skating when it was shown sporadically on TV in the late 1980s. Most "Morning Becomes Eclectic" fare was as coyly bland as the show's title: Radiohead, Flaming Lips, Beck, Portishead, that sort of thing. I imagine nowadays they always play Interpol and Franz Ferdinand and all that other stuff that sounds like Joy Division or Wire. The Holy Ghost sounds like what I would imagine the best song on "Morning Becomes Eclectic" today (16 February 2005) sounded like. I mean that as a compliment. - MS

## Ironboss vs. Electric Frankenstein

Split 7"

Bootleg Booze Records

This wonderful little piece of splendor starts out with E.F. doing two songs. The first is an original, "Tear it Down". Typical kick your ass Rock n Roll from a band of die hard rockers. Their second song is a Circle Jerks cover. E.F. can cover anybody's songs and make them their own or embellish the strong points of the original. Still one of the reigning champs of Punk Rock n Roll. The second side has a band that I've been talking about for the last year. Ironboss are very heavy, badass, and talented. Their song on here is "Unconventional Love". This is no departure from their other songs, there's just a bit more showmanship on this song. I guess it's because you have E.F. on the other side. Go get some Ironboss. I say the winner of this round is me. I own the fuckin' record so I win. Punk Rock n Roll at its finest. - SB

## Kaada / Patton

Romances

Ipecac Recordings

Rarely is it the case, but the cover art for this release truly captures the mood of the music that lies within. Ghostly jellyfish forms suspended weightless in water buoyantly ascend to the surface in a seeming tranquil sea. Such is the symphony that Romances tenderly unfolds, revealing tentacle after tendril of subtle sounds delivered with elegance and grace. Arguably one of the most prolific artists to grace the modern age, Michael Patton adds this lovely piece to the ever-expanding Ipecac catalogue. A fond welcome is due to the return of his sweet vocal posture that instantly reminds one just how beautiful his voice can be when applied like this, a notion that is sometimes lost in his other more experimental projects. The lyrics are straightforwardly sincere and sung with a passion long absent from modern day music. Yet, this release would not be possible if not for the limitless talents of one John Erik Kaada. The rich arrangements that line the bed of the album contain signature tones performed with a haunting cadence that is unmistakably under Kaada's influence. It is also a pleasure to see the inclusion of Kadda's colleagues from Cloroform contributing to the mix of

creative synergism. The entire album ebbs and flows with a texture rife in advanced sound craft and varies uniquely in its utilization of extraordinary instrumentation. Romances is far more than just a record, it is a lush score for the deepest regions as complex and compelling as love itself. - RMK

## The Little Killers

s/t

Crypt.

I'm not into much reality television but I do watch "The Apprentice". One of the funniest things to me is all the talk about the need to "think outside the box". Out of all the inane management clichés these aspiring apprentices toss out, this one is by far the worst. Thinking outside the box is what people say you have to do when they in fact don't have the slightest idea how to do things the right way, which is to say, they don't know how to think inside the box. Running before you can walk, or thinking outside of the box with incomplete knowledge or ignorance of the thinking going on inside the box, thinking that has a proven track record of actually working, makes you do dumb things. It would lead you, as it did Magna's Project Manager Todd, a college graduate, to spend valuable time trying to come up with catchy new slogans for Burger King's new Triple Cheeseburger instead of actually training people to work the register. Todd was too focused on thinking outside the box, and that was a bad move. He did not have enough team members who actually knew how to operate a cash register, which is one of the first things someone thinking inside the box would have done. With so many people thinking outside of the box, thinking inside the box is, I suggest to you, the new thinking outside the box. The Little Killers know that, and they should be commended for it. One guitar, one bass, one set of drums. No keyboards, no turntables, no samples. Rock, roll. You're hired. - MS

## The M's

S/T

Brilliant

I listened to this record twice today. I'll listen to it again at some point this week, maybe even over a beer. I will be so bold as to confess that I will even keep this record. The sad few of you who have ever written a record review yourself recognize this as praise of the highest order. Were I willing to put this disc into the sell pile and walk it up to the record store, this record would get for me roughly one pint of beer and jukebox plays of "Rip This Joint", "Astro Zombies", and "Moby Dick" at my local bar on the way home. I always put "Moby Dick" on when bars have Led Zeppelin II. That's the funniest shit really late at night. About thirty seconds into the drum solo people kind of look up and wonder what's going on. They seem kind of disoriented. I love when that happens. Plus that opening riff just rules. And this record could be my ticket to that experience, an experience I love, an experience I have had many times and one that, The Most High willing, I will have many more times in the days to come. But it will have to be at the hands of a different record, as this one is worth more than that. So yeah, really good record. Sounds kind of like older Mercury Rev and 70s Bowie and some 90s Britpop. - MS

## Mean Reds

Some Sort of Adventure Through History

Record Collection

The Mean Reds are 5 rebellious cum-filled youths from the arid mecca of aging white folks - Tucson, Arizona. Think Iggy Pop on speed playing music inspired by Nintendo and you're not too far off the bat of where this eclectic and inspirational musical mayhem lies. They like to sing about rocket powered skateboards, people with one eye brows and the live performance is not to be missed. They flail around like a pack of volverines, cut themselves open with wild abandon, let the blood flow like Christ on the cross, and smother it onto each other in a homoerotic display that would give Dick Cheney a raging boner. Punk Rock points include getting kicked off last summers Warped Tour for pissing on the crowd, themselves, inciting a riot, self inflicted mutilation, and just generally talking shit about any and everyone. Did I mention how much this shit fucking rawks? Kudost! - BO

## Millions of Dead Cops

Now More Than Ever

Beer City Records

So what we have here is a collection of MDC's releases through their entire career. 31 tracks. Even new stuff like "More Squawk", "My Dog has No Girlfriend", and a Submissives (Dave Dictor's other band) song that was unreleased "I was an Infant". MDC is one of the bands that caused a bunch of bands to form. Although most of the bands that started from their sound became better bands than MDC. I have always liked the Millions of Damn Christians album. My Great uncle was John Wayne a.k.a. Marion Morrison. So it's great that he is still remembered in the number 'John Wayne was a Nazi'. For all you people out there who don't know who MDC are, I suggest you get this release. I'm not telling you to like it or hate it. I just want you "Punks" out there to educate yourself on the history of punk rock and the idiots that wandered through. I was pretty sure that Dave Dictor was a Communist faggot. Then I asked one of my highly educated in music bro's. He said, "What do you mean, You're



pretty sure...that's exactly what he is." MDC are to the eighties as Anti-Flag and NOFX are to the new millennium: people that want everybody to think the same. This is truly Punk Rock.....Oh wait, no it's not! Develop your own opinions, educate yourself, go against the grain, and listen to Punk. This is a good retrospective. I have personal feelings about this band. You don't, so give it a whirl. It's on Beer City who is trying to put out a lot of good old Punk. - SB

## Nag Chaumpa

Spare Mutts Mini Disc  
Self-Produced

This is a mini disc with flat sides. So I shove it into my iMac to review it and it got stuck. Since there is only a slot on iMacs I couldn't figure out how to get it out. I called the local Mac store and asked what I could do. They said it would cost me 65 bucks for them to get it out. So I'm sitting there thinking, "I was doing this band a favor by reviewing their CD, now I have to pay \$65 bucks to get it out of my computer. These guys are going to get the worst review ever." So, I asked my helpful neighbor about it. He got online and found a site that shows you how to dismantle your iMac, so we commenced to following the instructions and pulled the iMac apart. Within 15 minutes we had the disc out. Fuckin' A! Anyways, I have to say that this is one of the best things I've ever reviewed. I don't believe that the actual CD has this much to offer. On this mini disc you've got skate videos, live gig videos, funny shit, and music. I really like these people and I don't even know them. The band is comprised of a lady and two guys and all three Skate and Surf. They remind me of MCM and The Monster, early Beastie Boys, and JFA. - SB

## Officer Roseland

Sunglasses  
Code3 Records

For their second release, Sunglasses, Officer Roseland has chosen to streamline their genre blending sound in favor of a more straightforward approach. Luckily, their execution skills remain razor sharp and they prove themselves quite adept in the art of writing songs that flow with punch and effectiveness. The overall production is top notch and extremely well done thanks largely to the chops of Brian Jones who recorded, mixed, produced and played on the album. For the most part, the tones are all huge and everything sounds tight and in the pocket. However, in the process of boiling down their sound, they seemed to have abandoned an experimental edge that I personally enjoyed from the previous album. Gone are the electronic interludes as well as the over the top sense of humor that fueled the first release. In its stead are stripped down rock songs that pulse with a vibrant energy all their own. Yes, the changes are more predictable than before, but the hooks really grow on you. From the Primus-esque stomp of "Surface Failure" to the unbridled energy of "Body on Tap", these songs ultimately deliver the goods. Although, in all honesty, folks hailing from the outskirts of Filthy-delphia, PA have little or no room to call another state a "fucking dump", no matter how catchy the song's hook may be. Perhaps that's just me though... Either way, you cannot stop Officer Roseland! - RMK

## Planes Mistaken for Stars

Up in Them Guts  
No Idea Records

I believe I first heard of these guys via an electronic letter that said if we reviewed his friend's CD, they would buy him a bottle of whiskey. I agreed and the CD showed up a few weeks later, so onto the review. Hardcore indy rock on a dark emo tip, with one shrieking bipolar guitar dueling the opposing riffy choppy chordings of the other, congruently overlaid with screamed viscous vocals. PMFS deliver songs about emotional pain, shame, deception and fear. Up in Them Guts is a serious album, about very sad things. It appears that living in Denver can have negative impacts on one's life, at least that is what I have perceived from the perspective of these seemingly depressed fellows. "The sheets are soaked in whiskey, your bags are packed, I still can't stop this shaking, my bottles empty again. The lines get blurred when there's bills to pay, babes to bury, and babes to feed. You bought forever with a better man. Did you remember, forever never ends" PMFS opened for High on Fire for several months, so need I say more? - JH

## Reverend Horton Heat

Revival  
Yep Roc Records

O.K. if you don't know whom The Reverend Horton Heat is, you suck. Don't claim to know anything about Rock, because you don't. My favorite songs on this are "Octopus Mode" and "Rumble Strip". All the rest are just as good. Of course you should go buy this. - SB

## Sauna Kings

Waiting for the Sun  
Pinksock Records

Bottom line, this album is great. 16 tracks of fuzz soaked bass guitar, grossly distorted beats and vocals that are as tweaked-out sonically as they are in content. With equal parts industrial, electronic, and good old Rock and Roll, this duo breaks through the

trappings of each individual genre to produce a sound that is fresh and completely unique. This is not your average 50-yard dash of jacked off beats and laptop chicanery generally found in this type of experimental music. There is an unbridled passion fueling each track that supersedes their contemporaries by far. The pairing of Tristan Bechet with the German DJ/Producer, Fabian Stall (Electro Atomu) proves to be a powerful force which actually doubles in strength when they perform together live. Put it this way, they really know how to throw down. I can wholeheartedly recommend this release to anyone interested in music that defies convention, blurs the lines of typical classification and is ultimately, very fun to listen to. Standout songs "Simply Impossible" and "Snow and Fire" contain hard sharp edges laced with smooth quirky melodies that punch you in the face and then try to kiss you goodnight. -RMK

## The Setup / Schematic of a Waking Life

Split EP  
The Electric Human Project

I'm a blader. I'm 16. I'm normal size but I wear pants with a 44 inch waist. I have a spiked belt to keep my pants from falling down all the way. But I like it when the girls can see my boxers. My mom gets mad at me. "Pull your pants up!" She's always yelling that at me. I just got some new blades. Cow print! I was going to get leopard print but my friend Jimmy got them first. I like cow print better anyway. Another guy at my school has zebra print blades. They're kind of cool but I like my cow print ones better. I think I might get some cow print seat covers for my Civic. That would be cool. I love it when they play this record at the skatepark. It makes me skate so hard. - MS

## Sk8 or Die

Not In My Skate Park  
Hill Billy Stew Records

I first met Rev. Brandon (guitar and vocals) when I was skatin' down in San Diego. He gave me their first 7" to review. Which I did with pleasure. I really like raw fucked up Skate Punk and that's what this is. Great song titles like, "Friends don't let Friends Rollerblade", "This song is like Fucking a Corpse", and "Skateboard Revolution". They even rework Pennywise's most re-recorded song "Bro Hymn" to "Sk8 Hymn". The artwork on the cover is of a Skater bashing a rollerbladers brains out with his board. 13 tracks on this slab o' plastic. Killer to skate to, party to, and laugh to. These guys are doing this shit outta love. Show them respect and kill a rollerblader. Buy, Steal, Acquire. -SB

## Slumlords

Self-Titled  
Dirty Socks Music

Really good Hardcore, similar to Murphy's Law, Agnostic Front, Reagan Youth or Sick of It All. Actually, if you took these bands and blended them together, you'd have the Slumlords sound. They sing to the Punks and the Skins. These guys are from Baltimore, Maryland, so the East Coast Hardcore style is for real. 16 hard fast tracks. My favorites are: "Time to Drink", "Trust Fund Oi Boy", and "Follow your Leader". These guys should be making a stir in the Hardcore scene soon. If they haven't already. So all you HARDCORE kids should seek to own this gem. - SB

## Smut Peddlers

Coming Out  
TKO Records

This is the fifth full length by these Southern California Hardcore Skate Punks. I have always enjoyed these guys and gal. I love the brutal truth they share with the listener. They've been called offensive and brash. That was just called punk rock when I was a kid. Smut Peddlers have a new home. I love how plainly John Ransom spits spite all over the place. This release is in the same vein as the last. I know a lot of people see Smogtown as the new crown princes of Beach/Surf/Skate Punk. I like Smogtown a shitload, but Smut Peddlers are truly a notch above them. I like to think of Smut Peddlers as the current embodiment of Circle Jerks, The Crowd, Angry Samoans, and Adolescents. If they were around back in the 80's they would've been king shit on the So Cal streets. One of the best Skate Punk bands ever. Seek to worship. - SB

## The Spades

Learnin' The Hard Way Not To Fuck With  
Go-Kart Records

When I heard these guys and looked at them I couldn't believe it. You got five big, tattooed, black guys on the cover. They are called The Spades, so I went with it. After listening to this disc several times I went looking for more information on these rockin' ass black dudes from Norway. Well, I found out that the black guys on the cover aren't the band. The band, I saw, were white boys. They looked more like Glucifer or Hellcopters. Their sound is very similar. Badass hard rockin', fuck you Up, Punk 'N' Roll. On here are thirteen album tracks and four bonus tracks. Every damn one of them is worth the time. It looks like Jack Endino has had his hand on lots of bands knobs. He produced the bonus tracks on here and several other worthy Rock bands currently out there. Jack Endino is

a great producer. Stoked to have him in the Rock community. This album rules to no end. Not reinventing the wheel, but shoving a knife in the fucker. - SB

## Stiff Little Fingers

Guitar and Drum  
Kung Fu Records

The excitement fizzled when I heard the first song. I've been a fan of SLF for years. I, of course, prefer the first two releases, "Inflammable Materials" and "Nobody's Heroes". These two albums are still top notch with me. This album looks and feels like SLF, but it doesn't sound like SLF. That's not totally true. It sounds like a third rate cover band of Stiff Little Fingers. They pay ode to the Magnificent Joe Strummer on the second track entitled "Strummerville". The songs on this release are sub par for me. 14 tracks in all. If you can't re-ignite the flame to the same passion as its beginning, well then I'd say call it a day. For diehard fans of SLF you should own this. For new ears to these guys go back to the beginning where you can't help but to dance and sing. - SB

## Teenage Harlets/ The Juvinals Split 7"

The Sounds of Surf, Garage, Punk Rock.  
Dead Girl Records

I had to bust out my little yellow 45rpm plastic adaptor to play this beauty. The Teenage Harlets are from San Francisco and rock like a drunken luau in my garage. Two wild cats make up the Reno Rockers. They are Mark and Tim. Mark plays the guitar and sings. Tim plays drums, keyboards, and shouts. Occasionally, you got Josh there to play bass. All of these players were in at least a few bands before this one, as they've become fixtures in the Reno scene. The Juvinal's half of the seven inch has three songs on it. Every one of them is a fuzzed over garage rocker drunk in the graveyard. Intense energy. This is how rock n roll began and luckily still exists. This is truly a great release. I hope to hear more in the near future. - SB

## Tom Waits

Real Gone  
Anti

Is it just me, or has each one of Tom Waits' recent albums been somehow better than the last? It sounds like the self-proclaimed rain dog has finally achieved exactly what he has been chasing after all of these years; the cemented delivery of hardened experience coming from an old salt. With no label constraints, no need for a radio single and no one to answer to, Waits is free to express himself exactly as he wants. With the aptly titled Real Gone, we are treated to his many sides and personas that have been artfully hewn and crafted throughout many years in the business we call show. From the demented storyteller unwinding his tale of intrigue on tracks like "Circus", to the tender fellow speaking his mind from the front lines on "The Day After Tomorrow", it's all classic Waits. Joined by such familiar cohorts as Marc Ribot, Les Claypool, Brain, and even Waits's son Casey, the overall feel of the album is comforting and warm, even though most of the tracks are a bit jagged and rough around the edges. At one point, I even had to check the turntable to make sure it was OK due to the erratic pitch shifts and detuned notes of "Shake it". All in all this entire album is loaded with real music, that is indeed, far gone. - RMK

## V/A: The Dirty Inch

A Compilation of Seattle Underground  
Beer Metal Records

Very D.I.Y. packaging. Who ever put these together took the time to draw Beer Metal on the spine of the CD. Points for caring about your product. This is a compilation of Seattle Underground. It claims to be "Crafted to perfection by Whiskey and PBR". 8 Bands on here. Everybody does two songs except The Hollow Points. They just get one. The Bands are: Kill the Precedent, Anti-Everything, Silas J. Cool and The Bridge Jumpers, North Pole Society of Not Evil Adventurers, Last1out, We're All Gonna DIE, The Greedies\$, and the aforementioned, Hollow Points. I've listened to this several times. I like it over all, but there are stand out tracks. We're All Gonna DIE are the closest thing I've heard to old Operation Ivy since Rancid's first album. Truly a great band here. All the bands on here are going in the right direction. I can't say I disliked any of them. Even The Hollow Points one song was good. Try to find this, you won't be let down. Beer Metal = Punk Rock. SB

## Reviewer Key:

Jonathan Hay - JH  
Robert M. Krauthiem - RMK  
Brad Oates - BO  
Mickey Stamm - MS  
Chris Tobias - Casper  
Sick Boy - SB

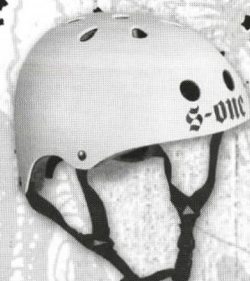


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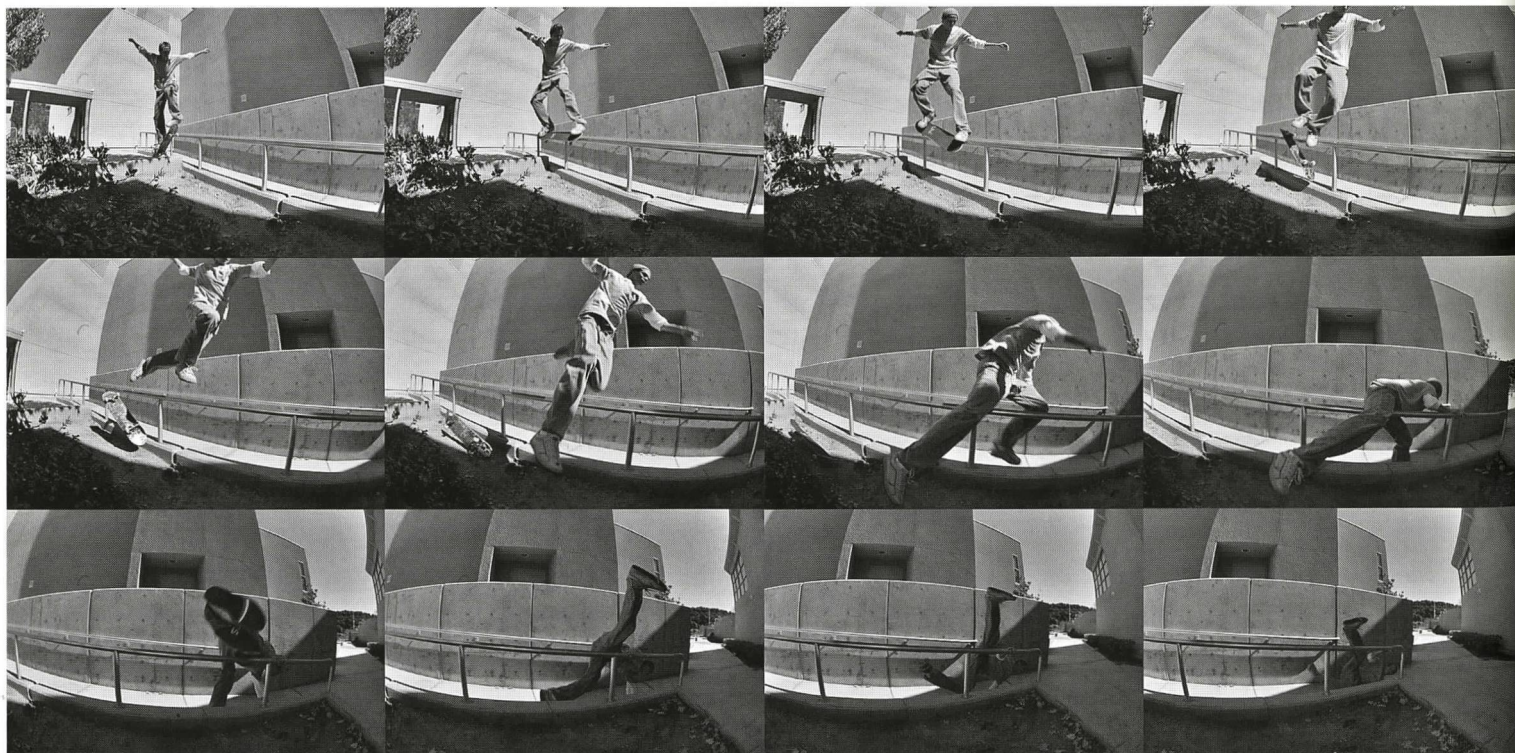
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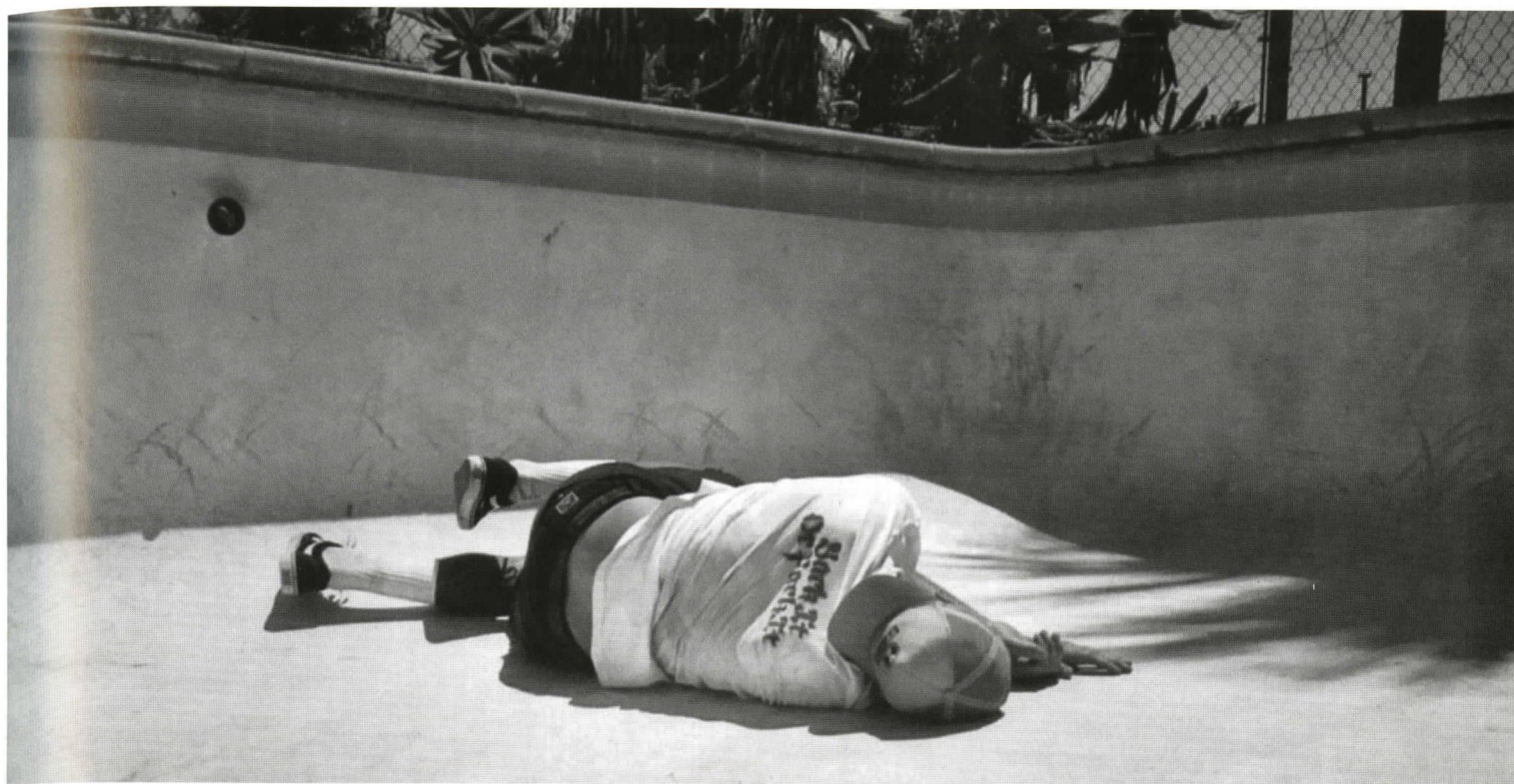


Clockwise from above: Best case: Heel bruise. Worst case: Knocked out, or knee, hip, elbow trifecta. Chris says "Oh shit." Photo: Matson. Adam Morgan lays down for a nap in a So Cal pool. Photo: Reed. Nobody likes pins in their hand, not even JC. Photo: Klein. Tony Farmer caught in the act trying to get fresh with Drehoobi and Kevin's ramp. Photo: Hay. Suge flew out from Japan to skate and broke his leg at Ripon on the third day of his trip. Sweet. Photo: Tsuyoshi. Geoff slips out of an attempted crooks, hits his nuts, and gets tossed for good measure. Good times. Photos: Klein.

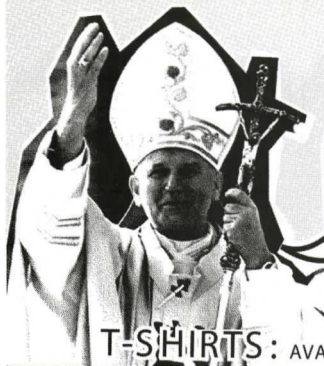
# SLAMS









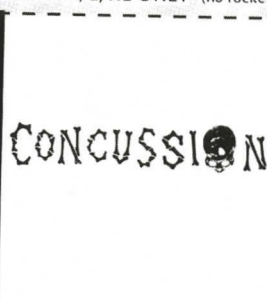


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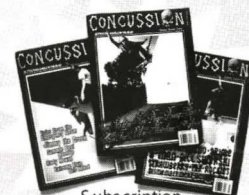
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