

oklahoma bs contest • flatland fugitives
(not chase goun)

ride BMX

December 1994
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roadtrip issue



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matt hoffman

AIRWALK



Table of Contents

Road Trip

Oklahoma

Flatland
Fugitives

Brennen Brown



On the cover: Rob Sigaty sharpens up a mean framestand toothpick. This page: Flatland Fugitive Day Smith is "The nicest guy in Compton," according to Matt Hoffman. Both photos by Brad McDonald

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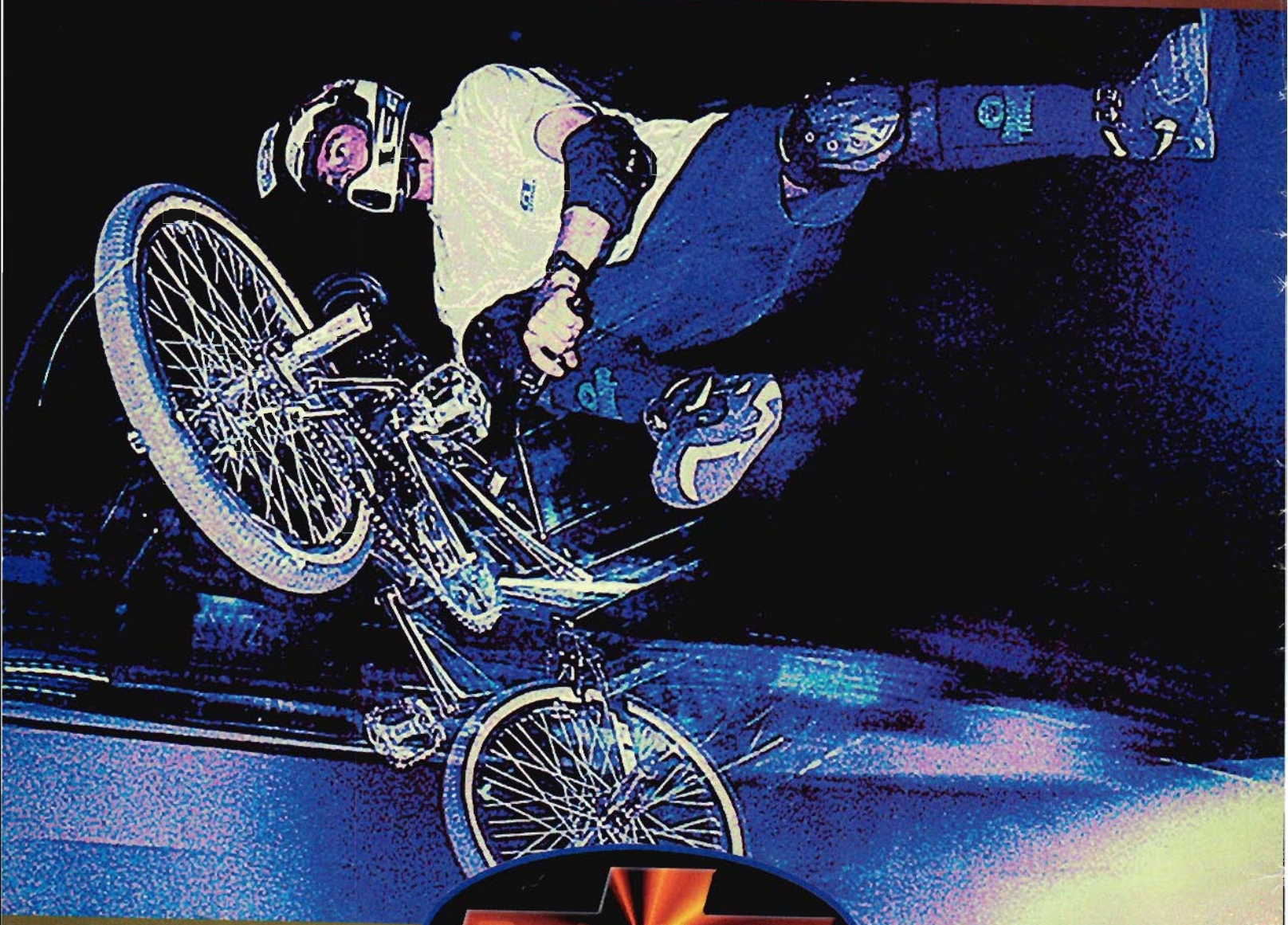


photo: Brad McDonald

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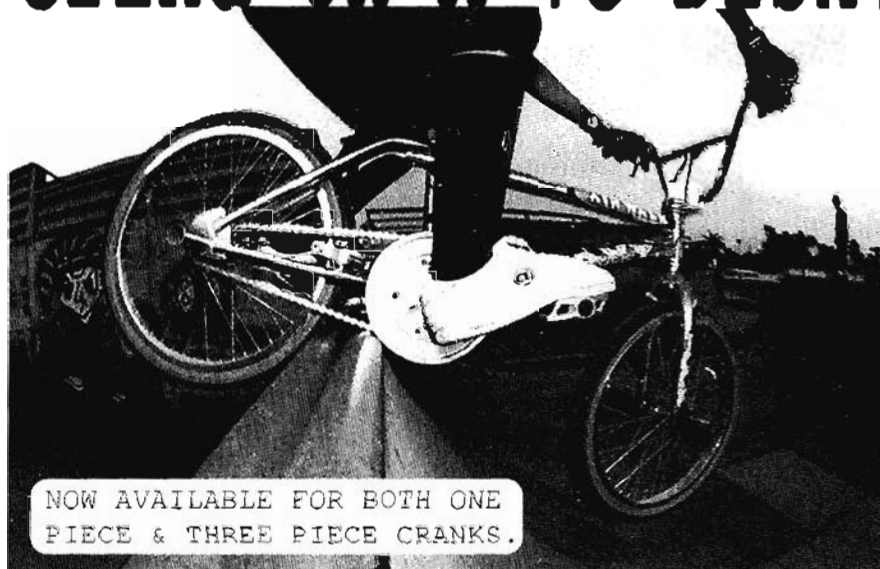
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Letters

This month's guest editor, Taj Mihelich, is simply too nice to answer letters properly, so we enlisted Harold "McGoo" McGruther to respond to this month's mail. McGoo's quick wit and sharp tongue will bring even the strongest men to tears, so don't feel too bad if you're one of the poor fools whose letter got shredded this month. If any of you feel lucky and want to butt heads with McGoo, send in a letter and take your best shot. Depending on the response we get, McGoo may or may not be answering mail next issue. Send in a letter today and help decide.

'Zine Kid

Brad,

I'm just writing to see if I can get some ads, stories, pictures, artwork, et cetera for my 'zine Perversion Diversion. I'll take whatever you've got. I guess boredom forced me into reading your masthead, and I noticed you need an art director. First of all, what does that involve, and how badly do you need one? Please write back. I need material badly.

N8
Groton, VT

Speaking for the moment on behalf of every freestyler's friend, Brad McDonald, this isn't how it works, Nate (for the purpose of this reply, I'll assume your real name—not your cleverly conceived 'zine nom de plume—is Nate). 'Zines for the most part are the collaborative effort of their creators and friends—not scrapbooks of editorial outtakes from important, internationally distributed periodicals like this one. If you're so bored, why don't you stop reading our masthead and start writing your own stories and taking your own pictures. If you don't have a camera and a typewriter, work at Taco Bell for two shifts, cash your 68-dollar paycheck, go to Goodwill, and buy them —McGoo

Smart Reader—NOT!

Hey ride,

First of all, your mag really kicks some ass. That's all I've been reading sitting on my ass only because I broke my GT one-piece crank jump-ling stairs and got four stitches but it's okay. NOT! Because of my crank

breaking I called GT and they were supposed to send me a new crank but they never sent so I called again and they said that it got lost what a bunch of bull shit. Now it's ben (sic) 3 weeks and it still hasn't (sic) got here and I have no money to buy one so I am pissed off. I am only 14 so I can't get a job. But ride you just keep printing a kick ass mag.

Philip Tanak
Glenwood Springs, CO

When your old man goes on an all-night bender and drops his bottle of Thunderbird from the back porch of your double-wide, he doesn't call Earnest & Julio Gallo and ask for a new one, does he? When mom cuts her finger opening the box of Tuna Helper, she doesn't sue General Mills, right? Then why, Phil, do you and every other 14-year old kid in America expect GT Bicycles, Inc., to send you a new part every time you sail off a curb? Read the fine print in your warranty, or the written warranty from any other bike company bigger than Rick Moliterno's ego—it clearly says "NO STUNT RIDING". One-piece cranks cost 16 dollars—that's 640 returnable aluminum cans at two-and-a-half cents per can. If you don't like it, try skateboarding. A new deck costs 2,400 cans. You do the math —McGoo



And the Oscar for Best Director of a Cheesy Bike Video goes to...

Dear ride,

I recently attended the NBL Grands jump comp in Columbus, OH, where I encountered a problem with Steve Buddendeck. I, like many other people, make videos. I asked Steve's permission to film the contest from the infield, and access was denied. If he would

have been cool about it or given me some type of explanation, everything would have been fine. But instead, he gave me some shitty-ass reply. So I stood along the side with the rest of the spectators, which was fine. As the contest progressed, however, the more pissed off I got. People were all over that fucking infield. This gave me the impression that you had to be special in the eyes of Steve Buddendeck. Maybe I was treated this way because I don't work for Props or race AA pro, or maybe it's because I don't kiss his ass. Whatever the case, be fare (sic). If you are going to make a rule, enforce it without prejudice (sic)

Kip Williamson
Fat House Player
Fl. Wayne, IN

I recently drove 84 mph in a 55-mph zone on the 91 freeway near Corona, CA, where I encountered CHP officer and former BMX superstar Stu Thomsen. I, like many other people, drive at least 25 mph over the speed limit everywhere I go. When Stu recognized me, we reminisced about the good old days of BMX in the early '80s, exchanged business cards, and went our separate ways. No ticket, no warning, nothing. Five miles down the road I saw Stompin' Stu cuffing and stuffing some greasy kid in a lowrider for rolling a stop sign. When Steve Buddendeck was partners with Hal Brindley at 2B, he used to give me free T-shirts. Now he's the editor of Brad's new all-BMX magazine, SNAP. I've got some news for you, Kip—one video camera doesn't make you Spike Jonze. You're barking up the wrong tree.—McGoo

Life's a Bitch

Dear ride,

A while back a buddy of mine Brian Baldis wrote in about how he thinks that bike companies should sponsor riders even though they may not be as rad as Hoffman, Mirra, or Miron. You dissed him on the idea in a little article after the letter saying that there was "no money in BMX." Well, he wasn't just talking about getting free stuff, just help. When I was out of a job I broke my frame in half and stem. Needles (sic) to say, I couldn't afford to ride for a while, and it sucked. I could have used some help. Hoffman had plenty of money, and could afford to ride all the time on his own ramp, even if he broke a frame, he could get

another one without much wait

Chris Fry
Arlington Heights, IL

PS. Baldi is now proudly sponsored by Team Welfare (Amperсанд), thanks to that letter.

And now your letter's in print on the pages of *Ride*. Since you seem to know so much about the Condor's finances, does this mean Hoffman Bikes has to sponsor you? Don't hold your breath, Christopher. Matt Hoffman, Jay Miron, Steve Swope, Chuck D, Kris Gack, and everyone else at the Hoffman compound got their wheels the old-fashioned way—they earned them. You need help, all right—help with spelling, punctuation, and sentence structure. If your powerfully written missive hasn't landed you a new sponsor by now, perhaps Phil from Glenwood Springs will give you some of his hard-earned cans. A new Big Daddy frame and fork will cost you a measly 10,000 12-oz. Budweiser containiers. Start collecting.—McGoo

Lively Up Yourself

Dear Mom Holton,

In response to your letter about my use of Bob Marley associating him to KETCH bikes I would like to say on the record that I feel that Bob Marley is an icon. His legend extends further than the music industry and far exceeds any kind of drug use that he might have participated in during his life. His music reaches all who listen and his words are poetically just. My intention of identifying him with KETCH bike products was not an effort to condone the use of drugs, but rather an attempt to invision (sic) my bike as the icon of the riding industry much in the same way Bob Marley was an icon to the music industry. Thus Mom chill, take a pill, and "every little thing will be alright (sic)."

Mike Stotsky
Owner
KETCH Bike Products
Chicago, IL

"...an attempt to invision (sic) my bike as the icon of the riding industry..."? Hand over that blunt and get off your high horse, Mike. Bob Marley was a hirsute pot smoker with a heart murmur and an aversion to proper scalp hygiene—no

more, no less. Your business would probably enjoy the same success in the "underground BMX market",—which is to say, relatively little—if your next ad featured the face and lyrics of Kurt Cobain, the suicidal, self-loathing martyr of every 15 year-old girl and boy with kneesocks and a pair of Airwalks in America. Just make products that jobless, illiterate BMXers want to

ride, Mr. Stotsky, and everything else will fall into place.—McGoo

Send your hate or fan mail to:

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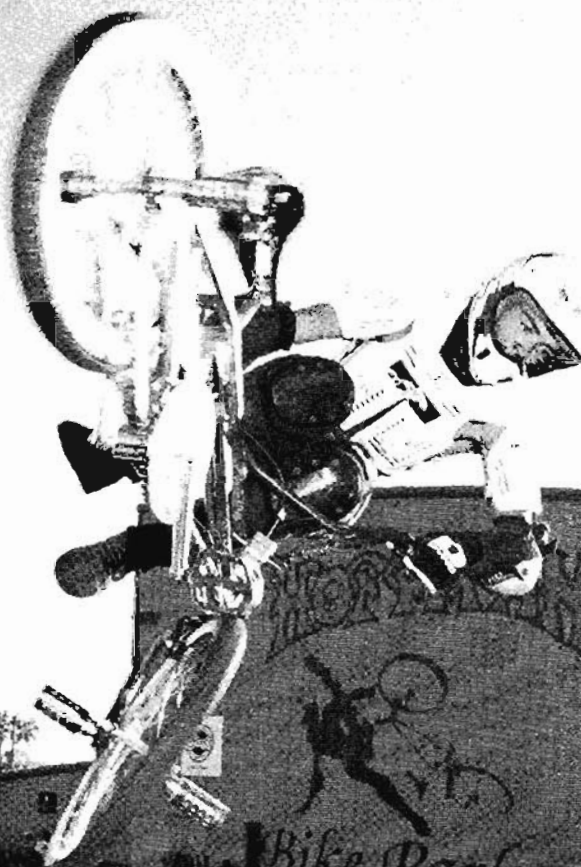
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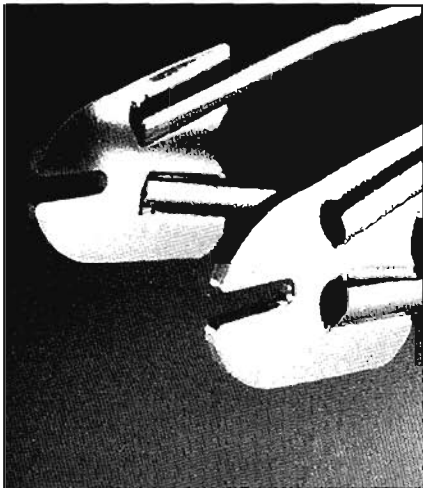
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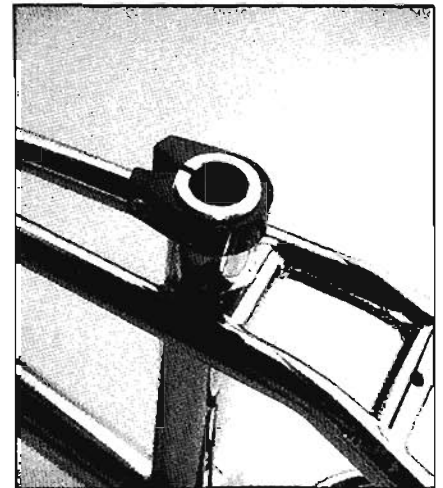
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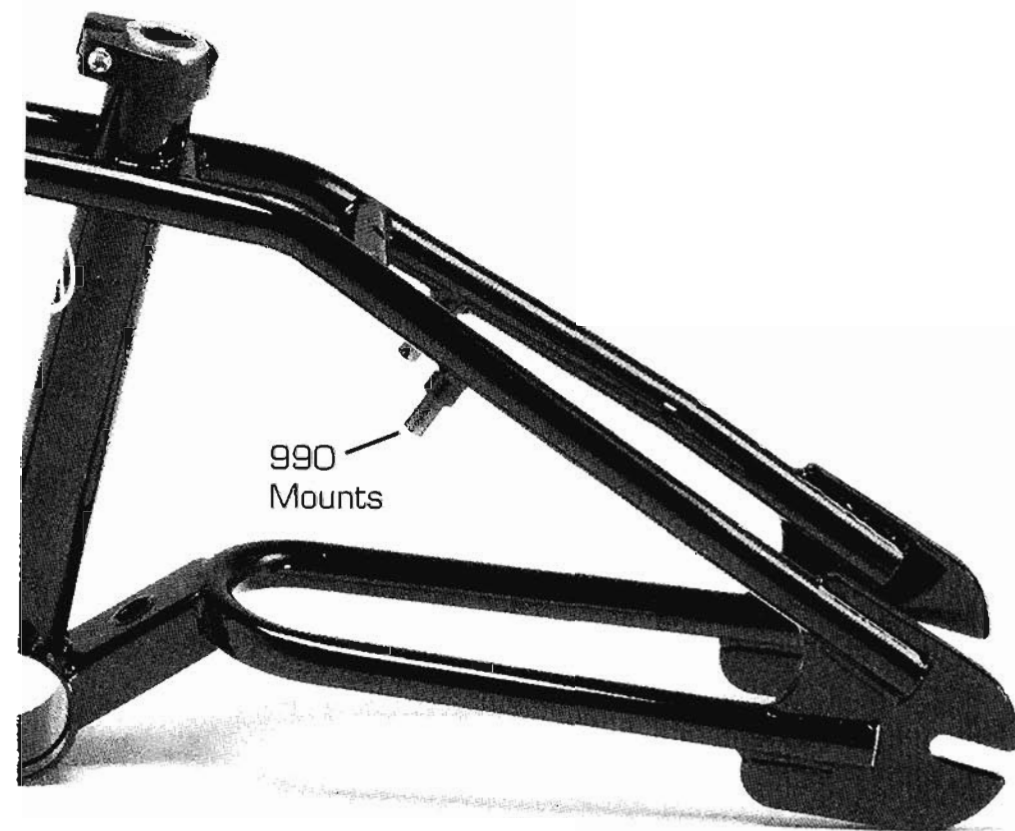


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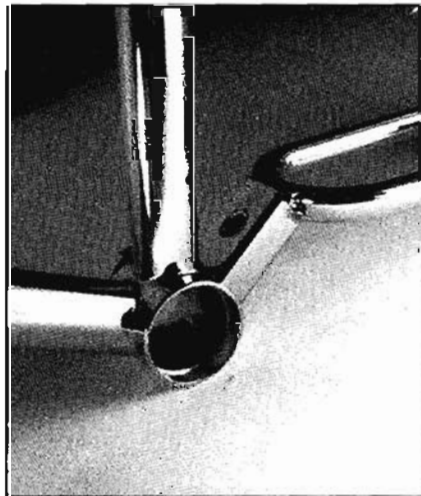
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SEND: YOUR NAME & ADDRESS FOR FREE INFO, \$2 FOR STICKERS, \$10 FOR T-SHIRT, OR \$12 FOR A HAT.

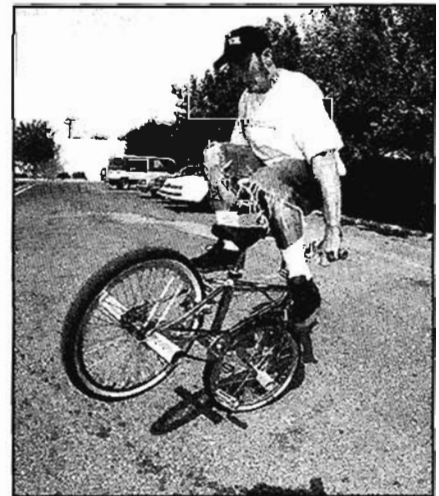
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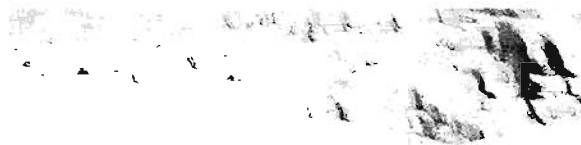
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editorial

If you've already flipped through this issue before reading this, you may have noticed that all the stories were written by Taj Mihelich. While sitting around desperately trying to brainstorm ideas for this issue, I had the perfect solution – pass it off onto someone else. The only problem was finding some poor sucker who'd want to endure the misery that goes with putting together a magazine. Enter Taj. He eagerly accepted the offer and was psyched about the challenge. After four weeks of writing and faxing stories, trying to identify riders in crappy faxed pictures, attempting to figure out flatland tricks, and having to live at Kinko's, Taj had received his full initiation into magazine editorship. Thanks for all your work, Taj. I hope you had fun.

Brad.



Taj walking through sand dunes somewhere in Oregon.

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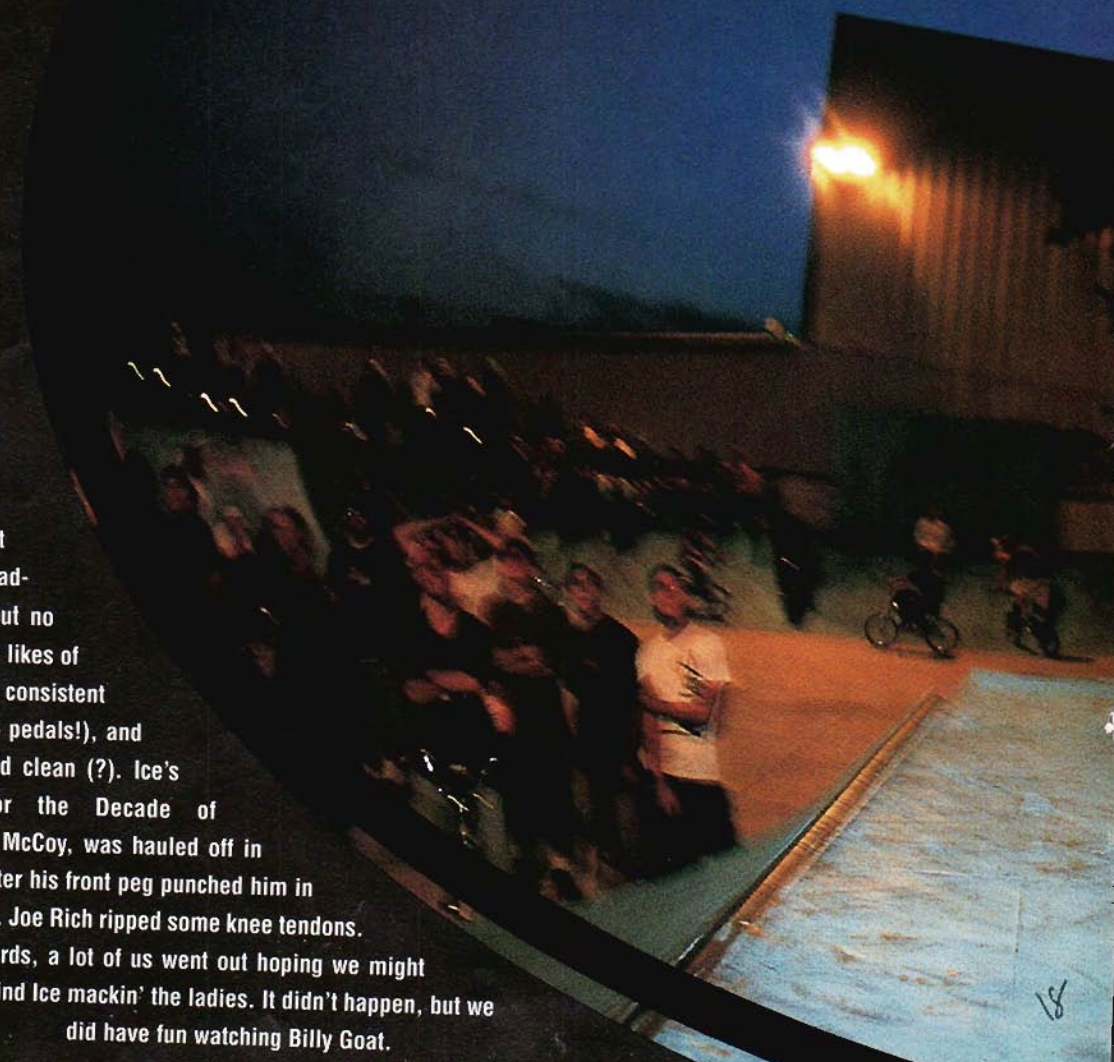
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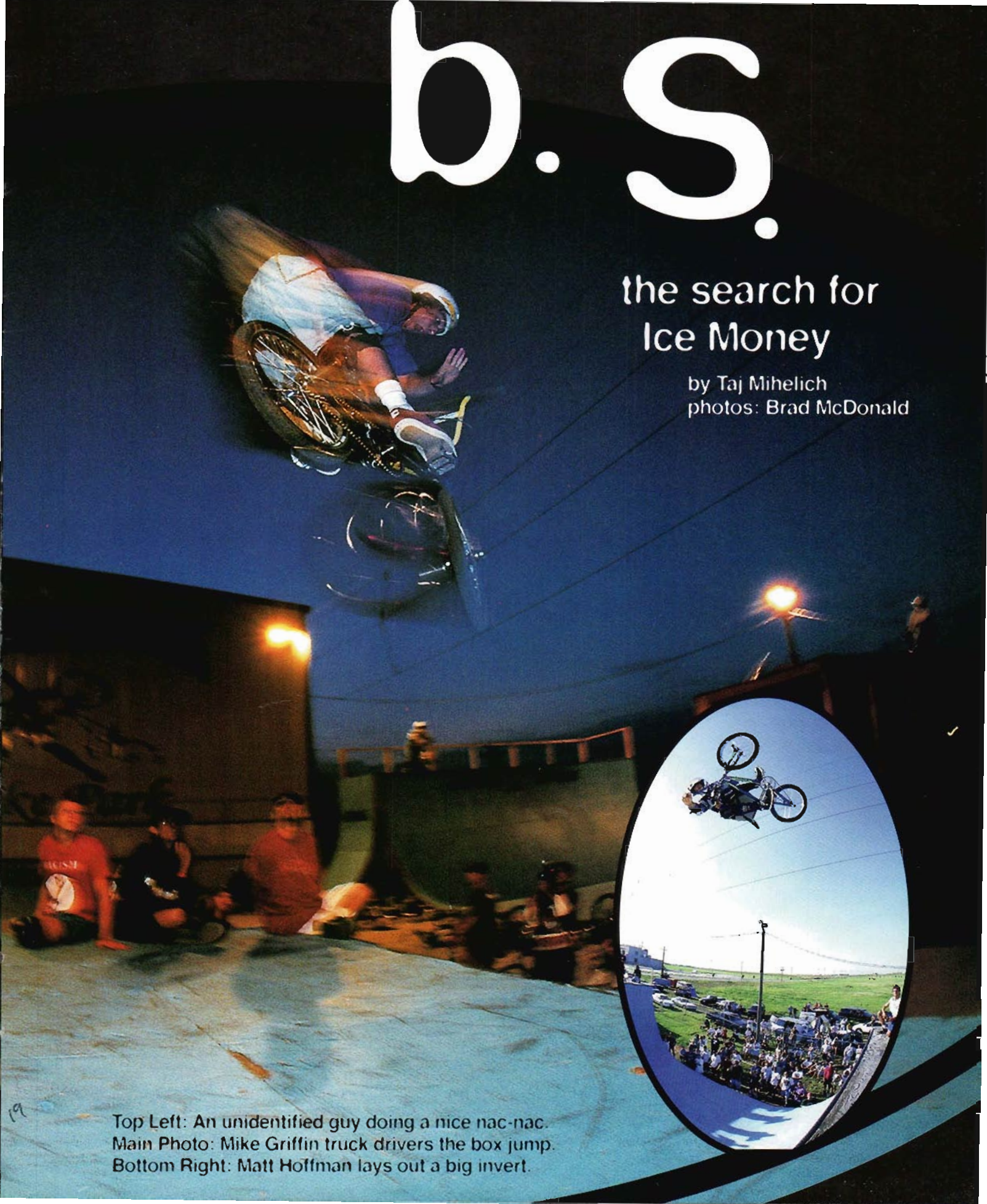
My mom warned me not to let my hopes get too high, but sometimes you just can't help but count on things. One of those things was Ice Money showing up at the Oklahoma B.S. comp, but when I arrived at the Hoffman Bikes warehouse the first thing I was asked was if I'd heard about the phone call: Ice wasn't showin'. I held onto hope though, and could only guess that Ice was just following his kooky agents advice to build some more publicity (it's not like he needs practice anyway), and that he would show, and that the contest would be saved. It was an anxious Friday night practice watching every pair of headlights for Ice's long, black limo, but no luck. I did, however, get to see the likes of Rob Nolli going off with way too consistent 720's, no-foot to tailwhips (to pedals!), and 540's over the spine pulled clean (?). Ice's main competition for the Decade of Domination, Dennis McCoy, was hauled off in an ambulance after his front peg punched him in the stomach. Joe Rich ripped some knee tendons. Afterwards, a lot of us went out hoping we might find Ice mackin' the ladies. It didn't happen, but we did have fun watching Billy Goat.



b.S.

the search for Ice Money

by Taj Mihelich
photos: Brad McDonald



Top Left: An unidentified guy doing a nice nac-nac.
Main Photo: Mike Griffin truck drivers the box jump.
Bottom Right: Matt Hoffman lays out a big invert.

Saturday morning brought flatland qualifiers. I watched every single run trying to gain some understanding of what the hell today's flatlanders are doing. It didn't really help, and I still felt stupid (it must be the racer in me). To me, pro flat qualifiers were all Steve Roy... but then again, Ice wasn't there.

After Flatland qualifiers came street/mini. You couldn't hardly call it a street contest since there wasn't anything but ramps in every direction, and there isn't anything "mini" about Matt's ramps. The Ams qualified in the afternoon under a threatening overcast sky, but the wind wasn't bad, and my sunburn wasn't complaining. Soon To Be and Need To Be classes were pretty fun to watch. My personal applause to Mark Losey for riding well, and I need to mention Dam Mach, from Canada, for a huge front flip attempt which sent him clearing the box's landing on his ass. There will definitely be some new Stuntboys in Chicago. Stuntboy was packed full of great riders, and qualifying was intense. Mike Griffin rode like he had something to prove. With high no-foot to barspin jumps, a barspin off the wall ride and aggressive style, I thought he proved it, but the judges still didn't transfer him.

Colin Winkleman has gotten really good, but a big flip crash kept him out of the finals. The finals saw guys like Paul Murray, the Hoffman Bikes welder carving lines through the park for 9th place. Mel Cody picked up his riding pace and mixed both jumping and mini ramps tricks well for 8th place. Eben K. rode consistent mini ramp with the thickest dropouts ever for 7th. George Smoot smiled a little after pulling tailwhips and a slow scary one and a half barspin for 6th. Chuck D. rode inspired, blending mini and big jump boxing well. Especially good one handed supermans earned the nicest red head you'll ever meet 5th. In all honesty, the Boy was part of the reason I turned pro, he's getting so good so fast it scares me. Man sized no-handers and X-ups to barspins put him at an extremely respectable 4th. Pat Miller rode with burly vert style and went really high. He was jumping the elbow ramp so huge that when he ended his run with a goofy front flip dismount, I laughed. 3rd place to my favorite GT rider. Luc-E had an immobilized foot during his runs but still had some of the best lines and transfers of the contest. No-handed barspins, double barspin, and no-handed flip crash put one of Steve Swope's favorite riders in 2nd place. Stuart King, a cute little English kid managed to beat everyone. Big jumps like rocket barspin to no-foot, truck drivers, 720, a tailwhip over a hip, and good street lines earned him the respect that being immortalized as "the no-hander lander kid" last year didn't. 1st place to Stu who's staying at my house right now and is a cool cat.

Pro street was about to start so I climbed up on top of the vert ramp. The wind was dying down, the sun was setting dramatically, the crowd was hungry for more action, and there was adrenaline in the air. If Ice money was

going to make a surprise appearance this seemed like the time to do it. I scanned the crowd, and alas, no mohawk (Ice's new hair cut). I found my helmet and got ready to ride.

I had Joe Rich commentate into a tape recorder during Pro street so I could concentrate on riding, so this part is based on what he said (thanks Joe).

Jay Miron, 9th place. *"Rad hyper speed G-turn over box. One-hand one-foot to no foot 360. BIG flip, and double barspin crash over spine. Hard crash, HUGE 360 tabletop to hard crash, wrecked his back wheel- borrowed Chuck D's bike and huge flip to one-foot invert over hip-opposite."*

Jay rode big like always, and had his home park down like nobody else, but a severe knee injury kept him from finishing the contest.

Leigh Ramsdell, 8th. *"Fat no-hander over spine and hard backflip crash. Pretty much big on everything and pulled bloody booger nose pick to fakie."*

Another victim of injury. Leigh held back a little.

Steve Swope, 7th. *"Just went balls out. Huge transfer, hip into spine. Burly 540."*

Swope Dog also did a 360 where his tire blew out in the air and told me later that he crashed 15-21 times, but didn't get hurt because he's been working out.

Kevin Robinson, 6th. *"Big 360 and big no-foot 360 on box."*

Mr. Robinson also jumped up onto the roof and jumped back off a few times.

Taj Mihelich, 5th. *"One-hand no-foot to tailwhip into a rock n' roll line."*

I also tried a few double tailwhips which were actually pretty close. A lack of concentration kept me crashing and losing my flow.

Rick Thorne, 4th. *"Pulled backflip to fakie on vert wall and pulled it clean. Rick's engaged to be married next June, and he wants to win \$100 so he can buy a tattoo of a wedding ring."*

Rick won \$100.

Rob Noll, 3rd. *"360 over spine to tailwhip to 540. Big fat flip, 540 over spine to fakie. Big flip over box to flip twist on quarter after. Lip tricks dialed as usual. 720 over spine to tailwhip on wall after."*

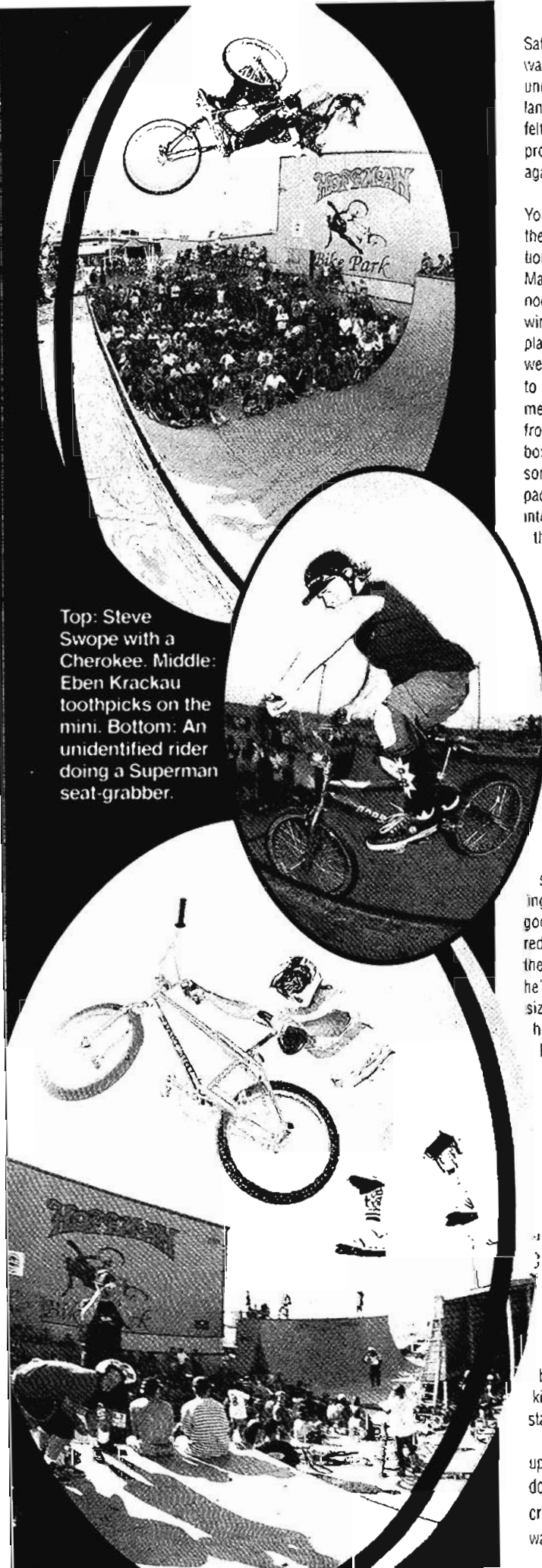
Jeez, whatever Rob. You're the man (or as Mark Losey screamed into my tape recorder, you're his man: he owns you?).

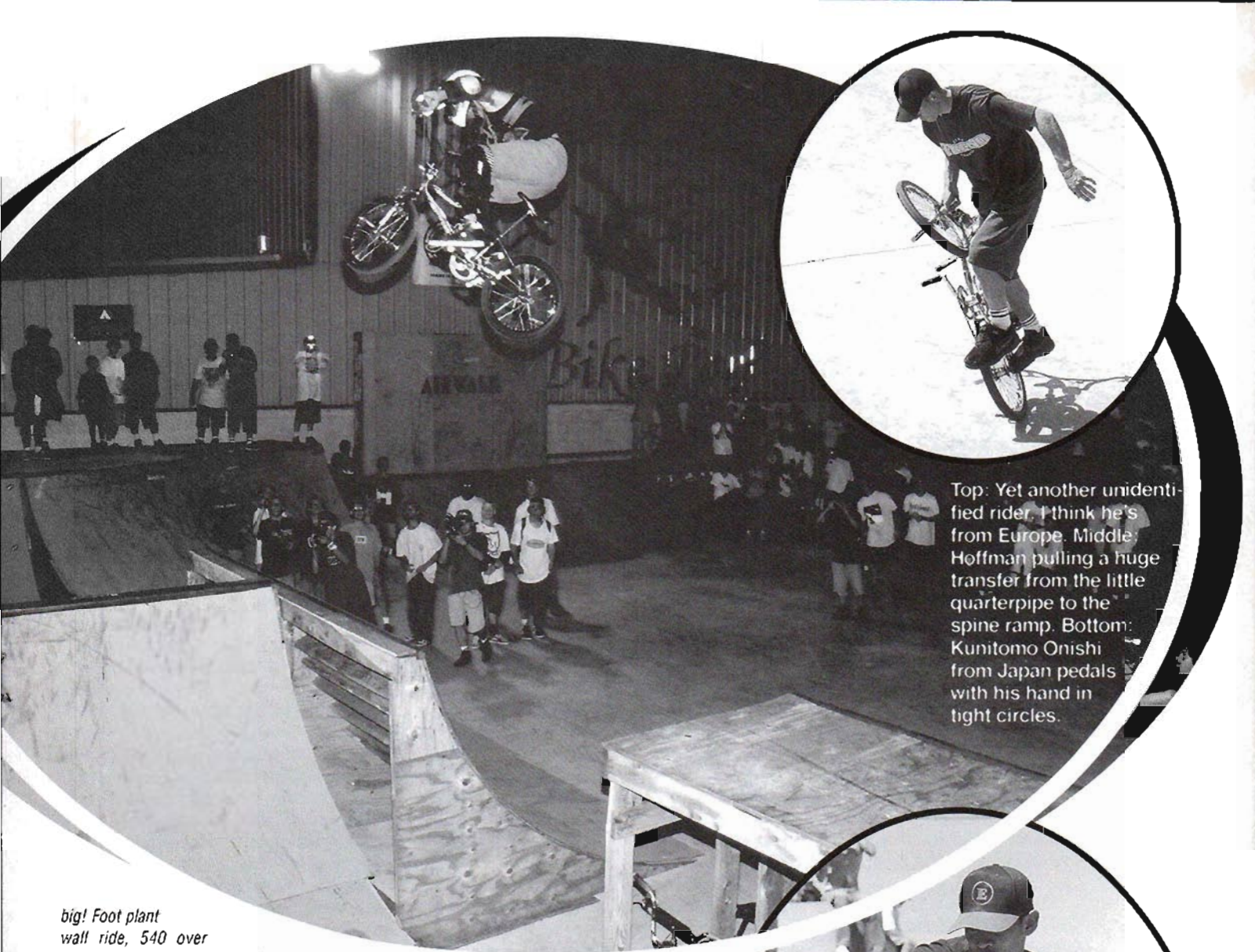
Dennis McCoy, 2nd. *"Peg stalled wall, to truckdriver over box to 900 tailtap. Two all or nothing tries at 180 flip over box (flake?), very close. Can-can back flip over box, double truck driver, and no-foot flip to photographer slam (Dennis always hits someone, you know)."*

You couldn't even tell that Dennis' intestines were bruised from last night's crash. He was also sent to the hospital again today for some stitches after a 180 flip crash.

Matthew Hoffman, 1st. *"Did everything so*

Top: Steve Swope with a Cherokee. Middle: Eben Krackau toothpicks on the mini. Bottom: An unidentified rider doing a Superman seat-grabber.





Top: Yet another unidentified rider. I think he's from Europe. Middle: Hoffman pulling a huge transfer from the little quarterpipe to the spine ramp. Bottom: Kunitomo Onishi from Japan pedals with his hand in tight circles.

big! Foot plant wall ride, 540 over canyon, and the biggest transfer of the weekend into the spine ramp."

Matt owns the park, and it shows. He had lines and went bigger than anyone. I don't know about the others, but I went home with sweet dreams of Matt's huge transfer.

The next morning there was still no word about Ice. Matt held the contest up just a little hoping he would arrive, but again no show. Anyway, the contest got rolling a little hesitantly with Stuntboy flat finals. Sean McKinney took some time out of his warming up, and told my tape recorder what happened (thanks Sean).

Takeo Aizawa, 8th. "The Japanese have invaded the B.S. comp with the first stuntboy I've seen from Japan. With ninja style he can definitely flail. I can see him having a hard time bein' that most of the Japanese are shorter than their bikes. Boy, he sure can do perverted, let me tell ya', he is a style cat."

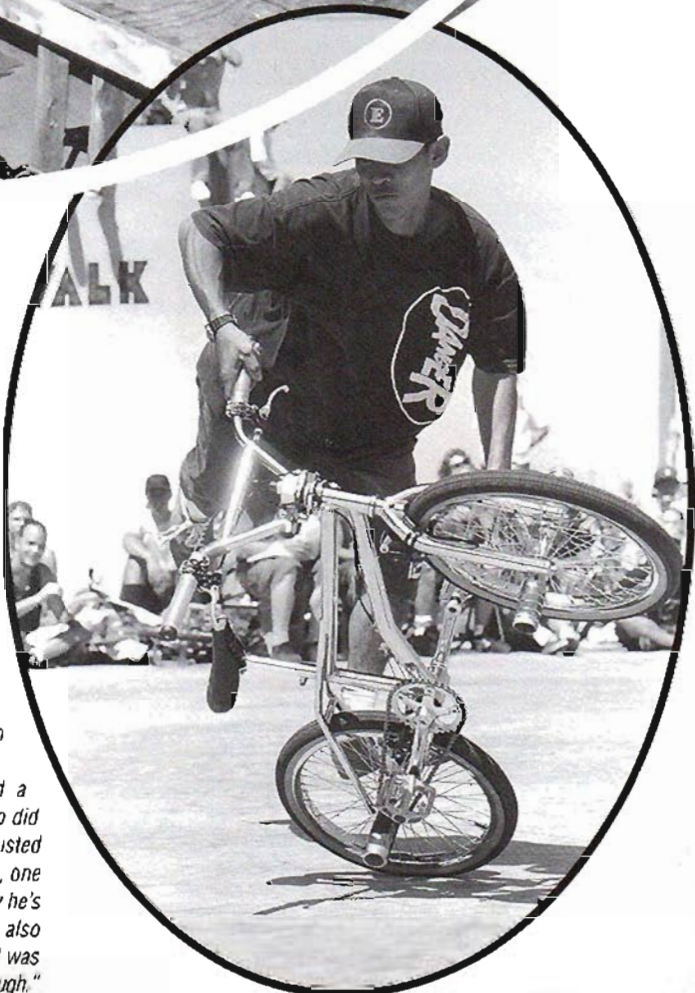
Leif Valin, 7th. [Leif qualified 4th, but an out of control coaster hub turned his bike into a direct drive flatland torture machine] "Circle K's with his foot on the pedal. Definitely a strength maneuver, and he's got the arms to do it. Leif had to fix his bike before his run, so that's definitely a disadvantage. Whiplash with handle-

bars backwards- pedals- his drive train's fucked. Leif busted, even though he was working with a handicap on his bike. Bummer."

Val Naso, 6th. "Val's sportin' his Betty Boop underwear and his sexy tan. Definitely one of the hardest little riders out of Pittsburgh, him and Paul can combo like no other. Young happy riders. God, I love America! I know he can pull everything, even though he pulled nothing, he did a fat undertaker, though."

Trey Leeper, 5th. "Trey just did a gliding tea kettle to lard yard- pulled it. Pretty fresh, even though he needs to brush his teeth sometime. From Pittsburgh, PA."

Paul Palmer, 4th. "Paul just did a megaspin to chicken hook switch. He also did a front wheel parapalegic combo. He busted out. Just did a time machine to butter slip, one of the more popular combos today. I know he's radder- contests don't mean nothing. He also did a switch bitch to Gerry (peg decade). I was really impressed by his parapalegic combo though."



Matt Gibson, 3rd. "Fire hydrant glided backwards to switch footed lardyard glide switched into stick bitch. Matt's not even riding his own bike, this kid's dope."

Kunitomo Onishi, 2nd. "This Japanese guy, Onishi, is definitely a little shredder. Just pulled front wheel steamroller to elephant glide to like... some swivel pullout to lard yard. Forward rope-a-roni to lard yard. Locomotive... Holy! Spun his bars out of it into a lard yard. Kinda' style, pulled a fat combo- the Japanese must love Jesse Puente 'cause he just did a plastic man to switch footed elephant glide. This guy is GOOD. I am surprised."

Nate Hanson, 1st. "Sandra Bernhard can't even announce Nate's name right. No-handed cyborg, size 15 foot chicken switches into crossfooted circle K. A chicken hook switch with bars backward. So far Nate's pretty much flawless with those size 15 feet. He just did a front wheel wheelchair into switch footed elephant glide, and a crack packer... still goin'. His size 15 feet are flailin'. Just now switched back into a one footed wheelchair into Gerry."

The bumpy, slick, and dusty flatland area was now ready to challenge the pros. To make things worse, the wind was picking up, but with a \$1600.05 pro purse everyone was ready to ride (except Ice Money who, even if he had shown, obviously doesn't need cash, and Scott Powell, who had it all wrapped up anyway). Sean had to go ride so I had Leif Valin give the tape recorder play by play, and I added color commentary (thanks Leif).

Jay Miron, 8th. I guess Jay isn't really quite on the same technical level as the rest of the pros, but he did ride really good, and pretty darn consistent. OK Leif, what did he do? "Locomotive, cross-footed fire hydrant g-turn, gyrator- just linking, everything together."

Sean McKinney, 7th. Sean rode for his friends Edgar Plascencia and Rich Zabzdyr, and with how much energy and focus he put into his run they should be flattered. He told me he was going to do this back-packer thing, but the ground got wobbly right where he needed to finish and that he would fall. He did, but then did it again and pulled it in to some dark side rock n' roll thing. Leif? "Cross-footed locomotive back to backyard to crow's nest."

Andrew Arroyo, 6th. Andrew rode in a virtual tornado. He seemed to be pulling good stuff, but the wind seemed to cause a few touches. What'd he do Mr. Valin? "The most important trick he did was the G-turn around, that's all you need to know."

James White, 5th. Rode with the most thrashed bike, and fought the gusty wind to pull some cool new looking switches. Help, Leif? "He did the one trick in Dorkin' 5 that I haven't seen anyone else do, it's a E-squeak (? The tape was weird here) turn around pivot to half packer. And some rad front wheel pivot G-turn stuff. It's cool."

Albert Retey, 4th. The wind seriously knocked Albert down in front of me at one point, but he was having a really good time anyway. What did the German guy do Leif? "Switch footed Carl cruiser pivot to backwards hitchhiker attempt. Bar flip whiplash. And hanggliders" (Leif smiled a lot here, so I think that's supposed to be a joke).

Steve Roy, 3rd. Steve is one of my favorite riders, and I think its because his style is sort of how I like my ramp riders style. Lots of quick direction changes, fast riding, and flow. What does my flatlander think of Steve? "Linking. Fire hydrant to forward death truck spin. Pulled clean. Kick the pedal peg wheelie to double decade and some... let me see... cross-footed... ?? I don't know the names, he did good."

Day Smith, 2nd. Day was late as usual for his run, and had to be called in from the parking lot. He rode in wind so strong that it blew my hat off, and had some weird leg cramps hit him in his run. Not that I'd know, but he seems to ride with a pretty original style. Packed a lot of riding into his time. Leif says... "Crazy switches, and the finale being the candyman to switch bitch after the cramper hit."

Trevor Meyer, 1st. The flatlanders told me that Trevor hardly ever does original tricks, but does do the hardest stuff out. So your opinion of him depends on the importance you put on originality. He rode like I usually see him ride, just about to fall, but never quite does. My bald friend says... "If you've ever seen Chase ride, no offense against him, he did it real good- but he did Chase stuff. All kinds of fire flip tricks. New upside down bike variel. Did everything clean- Trevor style."

With the end of flatland came the rumor that Ice had been spotted at McDonald's, but it turned out to be a cruel joke. The wind ushered the saddened crowd toward the vert ramp, and Suntboy finals were underway. Pat Miller went a good 3 feet higher than everyone else, burlled through the wind and crashed a high tail-whip hard. Some serious knee damage (and upcoming surgery) and two unfinished runs put Pat at the wrong end of the placings, 8th. Jay Eggleston didn't seem to want to risk the wind and did good lip tricks instead, 7th. The Boy is starting to go higher on vert, and pulled a nice 6ft barspin. A lot of tech lip tricks put him into 6th. Mel Cody rides vert with a weird-wiggley butt style, but blended medium airs with hard coping tricks for 5th. Chuck D continued his weekend of inspired riding and rode his entire runs non-stop. The wind made him pay for his high airs with a lot of flat landings, but couldn't keep him out of 4th place. Pat Dehne pumped up his riding from qualifying and went higher. High and fast aggressive style and a high 540 earned him 3rd. Achim Kujawski is my favorite German of the weekend. He went really high when the wind let him and did all the hardest grind tricks really fast and stylish. A few extra crashes in his final run kept him in 2nd. Jimmy Walker carved the whole ramp big and smooth. Add a few 540's and a good 900 crash and he's got 1st place.

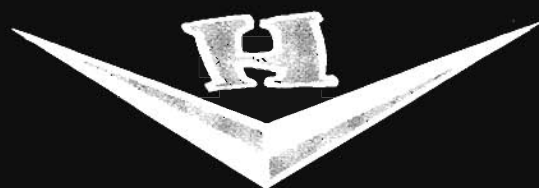
It was almost tragic that Ice wasn't here for pro vert, it would have been nice to see him redeem himself after that bad 270 drop in fall at the Worlds in Germany, but he was nowhere to be seen. The rest of the pro vert class was determined not to let me down, even though the wind was so strong it could turn a 10ft air into a head tube hang. Kevin Robinson, despite some frustrating bike problems, did some big 540's (some no footed) and a good 720 crash for 6th. Steve Swope put Blue Blockers on to protect himself from the hazy vision caused by UV light, but nothing could block the wind that turned his 540's into McTwists. Steve rode really good and high for 5th. Rick Thorne put together some good runs and got macho when he took off his chest protector to do a flip to fakie. No cigar, but close enough to not get hurt, get another \$100 for another wedding ring tattoo and 4th place. Dennis McCoy was back from the hospital again, and pulled a good 540 lookback into a 360 tailtap on the next wall. He also did one of the highest airs of the contest. 3rd place for the overall weekend winner. Matt Hoffman is into rhythm runs these days where each air is another variation and higher than the one before. It looked like a lot of work in the wind, but he pulled it off and added every new fangled coping trick I've seen. Matt had a few really high 900 attempts that probably kept him in 2nd. Jay Miron finally got things to go his way in vert. Big rhythm runs for him as well, and every ice pick grind ever at top speed. He also went extra high and pulled one of best, stalled out double barspins I've seen. For as hoopy as his Chicago cruiser looks (bars way forward, seat back) riding flat, it sure makes up for it on vert. 1st place.



Bottom left: Dennis McCoy tweaks a look-back 540. Top right: Some guy pulling a crazy barhop air. Main photo: Basic Bikes rider Steve Roy.



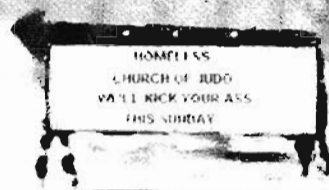
With the end of vert always comes the end of every contest, and even though it didn't seem right to end without once hearing Ice Money's name during the awards ceremony, things came to a close. I hung around Oklahoma for an extra day reminiscing with the Hoffman crew about Ice's legendary adventures in riding. We all agreed that even though this contest was definitely a great pro-caliber comp, the next B.S. contest, in Chicago, could only be made better by Ice's *Intelligent*, *Charming*, and *Exotic* talent.



homeless

bikes

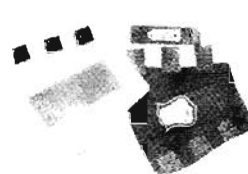


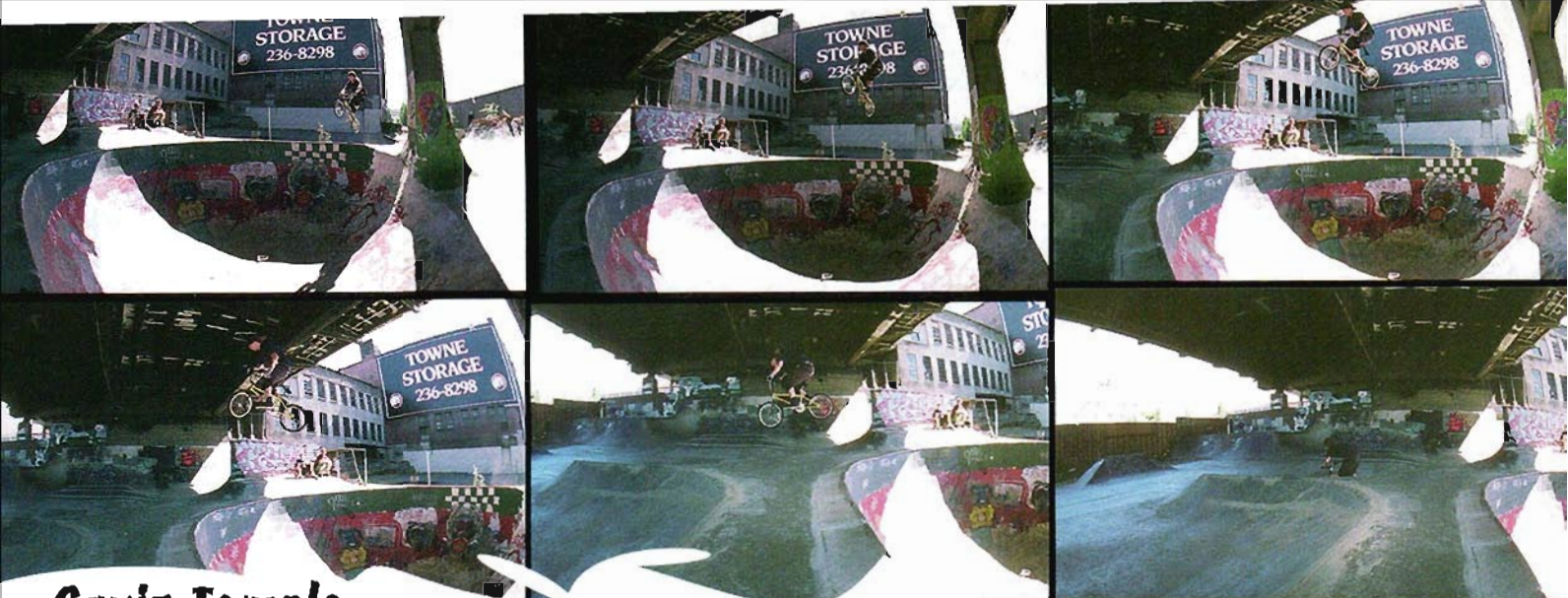


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H





Gavin Temple

Our local yocal Jake told us that the guy sitting on the beat-to-hell BMX bike with fenders and a woolly lamb fur seat was one of the originators of Burnside, so I decided to see if I could get some info on Burnside from someone who should know. OK, how'd Burnside get started? "Basically, it was just a bank over there where you can see we put the transitions up, and we'd just come and do wallrides to get out of the rain in the winter. And then somebody came down with a bag of concrete and made a transition, and then someone else came down with another and made a channel, and then the whole thing was transition. Then we built this bank out here by the street, and then, you know, we dug a pool, we started just building, and pretty soon whenever we'd get the consensus of everyone down here, and say, "Ah, hey, what da' we want here?" and everybody would consult each other and then we'd shape it and we get all the concrete donated from Ross Island concrete and people pitch in for donations and shit like that and then we get together and do it." That's cool, so skaters built this whole place with out any help? "Yeah, you know, some people crossover and ride bikes." So it's OK if bikes ride here? "Oh yeah." It seems like it's cool when it's empty, but when it gets crowded... "Well you know, if somebody's hot on anything we'll let em' have the whole park for their run, you know what I mean? (I laughed in acknowledgment, but nothing was funny) Everyone just stands back and likes to watch and, hell, anything on wheels is cool. It's not really a skatepark, it's just a park. Everyone gets a chance." Unfortunately, despite one of the park's originator's good intentions, Burnside is really just a skatepark. Most everyone there is really cool, but there are a few bad apples that you have to watch out for (or hunt down, depending on your macho level) that won't appreciate you on a bike. My advice is still to go early, because then there's room for all the big lines.



photos this page, clockwise from top: Taj with a huge jump over one of the bowls at Burnside. Curtis Easterbrook launches from the lip into a fat wallride. Our friend Jake next to the pool gap jump. A cool cruiser rider named Lee Burns. Opposite page: The Seattle crew at The Wall of Death.



ROAD TRIP

When Brad called me and asked if I wanted to do a road trip story the only question I asked was if we would go to Burnside. I've wanted to go to the Burnside Project in Portland, Oregon for years, and wasn't going to miss a chance. He answered yes, and I was decided. It didn't matter that I was probably going to lose my job for taking so much time off, or that I had no money, I was going to go.

So, Ride sent me a plane ticket and I was on my way to LA. The plan was for me to meet up with Brad and with the company of Mike Forney, Hal Brindley, and Keith Treanor head up the coast on a nice fun road trip. Of course, things like this never quite work the way they're planned, but that's half the fun. The other half is getting to meet a lot of cool people and ride a lot of cool places.

Tuesday, September 13

I flew into LA last night in classic coach style: Fat people on both side of me and a screaming baby in front. Today, Brad's tying up loose magazine ends and I'm waiting for the other guys to arrive. Hal, already in California, phones us to say that he and Forney won't be able to make it because Hal just remembered that he has a business to run back on the East coast and can't afford to be gone this long. Keith decided he would drive his own car and still come along, bringing his surrogate little brother, The Boy, and a German guy everyone called Nacho. At about 1:00 PM, Keith and crew arrive and our two car convoy watches the plush Ride corporate headquarters drift behind us as we head to the highway.

At our first gas stop, two bad things happen. One is that my change is \$6.66, and the other is that we notice that out of five people, and two cars Brad is the only licensed driver. Even so, we turn the cars towards San Francisco, our first objective, and drive on.

At about midnight, our little posse parks at the famous Embarcadero Center in downtown SF. We're really tired, but it's so refreshing to be out

of the car that we decide to ride. I still have to unpack and rebuild my bike from the my flight in, and it's got to be a good sign when a bike goes together this easily on a dark street corner. The Embarcadero has been closed down to skateboarders and the various cement platforms and stairs that once was the center of one of the greatest skate scenes in the world misses them. When I was here a few years ago, the place was buzzing with all kinds of smiling, baggy clothed street surfers, but now it's empty, and just not as fun. Brad took us on a little ride through the city to a wallride where he shot photos of Craig Grasso a long time ago. We all did a few wallrides over a door until someone got a flat. No one complained too much though, because we were all cold and tired. The only notable thing here is that Keith front peg bonked the door's handle.

At about 2 AM we were packed up and moving again. Sleep was very urgent, but we decided it wasn't worth staying in San Francisco. We made a pretty valiant effort to drive part of the way to Portland, but the power of sleep defeated us and we retreated to a Motel 6.

Wednesday September 14

The morning was particularly irritating for me because the corner of the hotel floor I was sleeping on flooded and I was soaked. To top it off, I left my favorite coat that I stole from my girl friend two years ago in the hotel when we checked out. The show must go on, however, and Brad and I lead Keith, The Boy, and Nacho north towards Portland. Several hours down the road, Brad and I are bored and decide it would make our trip better if we bought some tapes. We got ourselves pretty lost in the small town of Redding, California, and somehow lost Keith's group. We had stumbled upon a YMCA that Brad had once seen a vert ramp at and stopped to see if it was still there. It wasn't, but in between the "Y" and a Taco Bell three blocks later, we somehow got separated from Keith and his crew. We waited at an intersection where he had been behind us not two blocks before, and eventually retraced our steps, but no luck. Not to worry, Keith has Brad's mobile

phone number. We didn't know what else we could do, so we continued our quest for music. We found a goofy mall that didn't have a single music store, but did have two steroid kids on bikes doing curb endos. They told us about some jumps and Brad and I hunted them down for fun. When we found them we were pretty impressed, but not enough to spend the whole day in the car sweaty as a result of riding them. If you're ever stranded in Redding, California check them out. We found some music and the freeway, and with still no clue as to what happened to Keith, we resumed our long northbound drive to Portland.

During our day long drive I decide that sometimes it just doesn't get any better than a box of Nutter Butters and a pint of ice cold milk. I am happy as a bee watching the Northern California scenery drive by. With all the screwed up things that happen in California, it's easy to forget that it



does have some truly beautiful places. Other than the occasional hippie that never made it home, there's really nothing but tall, green pines and mountains for as far as the eye can see. As for the hippies, I don't really blame them, the views, the smells, and the genuine peacefulness make this area so comfortable.

Near midnight Brad and I still haven't heard from Keith's car, and we're hoping they'll meet up with us at Burnside in the morning. We stop just two hours south of Portland in Eugene, Oregon. We cruise through downtown looking for something to do, but for some reason everything is closed. We're confused by this since Eugene is a big college town, but oh well, we get a hotel and some sleep.

Thursday, September 15

It feels like Christmas this morning. In my stocking is a Taco Bell breakfast, and a two hour drive into downtown Portland. Under the tree (in the big box) is Burnside!

Started six or seven years ago under the Burside Bridge in Portland, Oregon this cement skatepark is absolutely incredible. Built entirely by skateboarders, this park has slowly evolved into a very complete well-rounded skatepark, and is currently booming with activity. Unfortunately, there are some new pressures from the city to try to close it down. Built entirely under the nose of the city without any legal right to exist, it's amazing it's made it this far.

Anyway, I've heard the locals aren't too hip on bikes being there and that it's a pretty big vibe, so we tried to arrive early. Initially, I was intimidated by even the few skaters that were there, but after a few runs they seemed to think it was pretty cool. It takes a while to get used to the slightly slick surfaces, but all the transitions are perfect and the million different lines make this place one of the funnest places I've ever ridden. Curtis Eastbrook met us here, and we met probably the only bike local, a cruiser riding guy named Lee Burns. Curtis did some high wallrides, and Lee carved the place with lots of big lines. At first we all got to ride a lot, but as it got later in the day, and more and more people showed up it became harder and harder to get in a run. When one of us did get a run, it seemed to really interrupt the flow of things, and it wasn't long before we felt enough bad vibes to call it a day. If you ever get a chance to ride there, I really recommend that you get there early because the best lines are the ones that use the whole park and it just gets too crowded later in the day. So, without ever meeting up with Keith (we later found out he stayed in Redding to go water skiing, or something weird), Brad and I packed up the bikes and



Toast

Toast (AKA: Mark Johnson) is one of those cool people you meet in life that is just fun to be around. When Brad and I stopped in Seattle, Toast took care of us and showed us around. He also took time to tell me a little about his scene (and I'm passing the info on to you).

So, what's the best thing about the grunge capital of the world? "I'll be leaving soon, heh, heh. No, I don't know... the best thing about Seattle?" Yes please... "There's nothing... Not a god damn thing!" Well, how about this whole Northwest scene? "Yeah, Seattle's OK 'cause everything's close, everything's like two or three hours. You can just go to Canada, and everyone in Canada's fuckin' really cool because you can just pick on 'em to their face and they love it! Um, I don't know, everything's close, I guess. Seattle sucks, but everything else is close. They got some OK handrails, so I guess that's the one thing you can do. So if you're trying to keep up with anyone that's like good in the moga-zine, at least we can keep up by doing handrails." Tell me about grunge rock. "I don't know anything about grunge rock!" Yes you do! "Well... the guy who invented it's dead. So I guess it's over. All you fuckers can go home now, he's dead! It's finished!" Don't say that, Toast. "No... well... Seattle's the biggest grunge... it's really good for chicks, there's like a million grunge chicks that are all P.C. that won't sleep with you. They'll sleep with famous rock stars, but they won't sleep with long, but it didn't work. You gotta like do Nirvana covers or something. I don't know. Sucks. Sucks, I wanna move to Texas with you."

OK, c'mon.



Left page: Jason Brown doing something that's probably pretty hard. This page, clockwise from top: Dom Mach (did he pull it?). Yoast and his tribal looking dreadlocks. Dom Mach again, this time with a one-footed toboggan. Graham Allport lays his cruiser over at one of the many bowls in Vancouver. Greg Rxford driving the bus. Some goofy kid named Brian. Center: Graham Allport again.



ROAD TRIP





Canada's West Coast Flatland Posse

Obviously, Canada's west coast isn't all that big, or at least not very populated. Nonetheless, the flatland riding is definitely very good. When I wanted to talk to the flatlanders they all wanted to ride, but they informed me that Greg

Axford, who had impressed me all day with his jumping, was also part of the flatland posse. So Greg talked for my recorder, while they rode for

Brad's camera. Although it was meant to be a sidebar on their flatland scene, I kind of turned it into a mini Greg Axford interview. Tell me about flatland up here.

"Um, it's a pretty small scene, there's like only about four or five riders that ride hardcore or whatever, and we all live by each other, so it's pretty cool." Jamie (McIntosh), Jason (Brown), and Eric (Stephano) are really good, are you that good? "Yeah. Oh, am I?!? No. Well, I don't know, I rode for six years, but then I started riding dirt jumping and stuff, and ramps. I still ride once in awhile." That wasn't you in Props was it? "No, flatland?" No, someone else, never mind. "Yeah, these guys are both

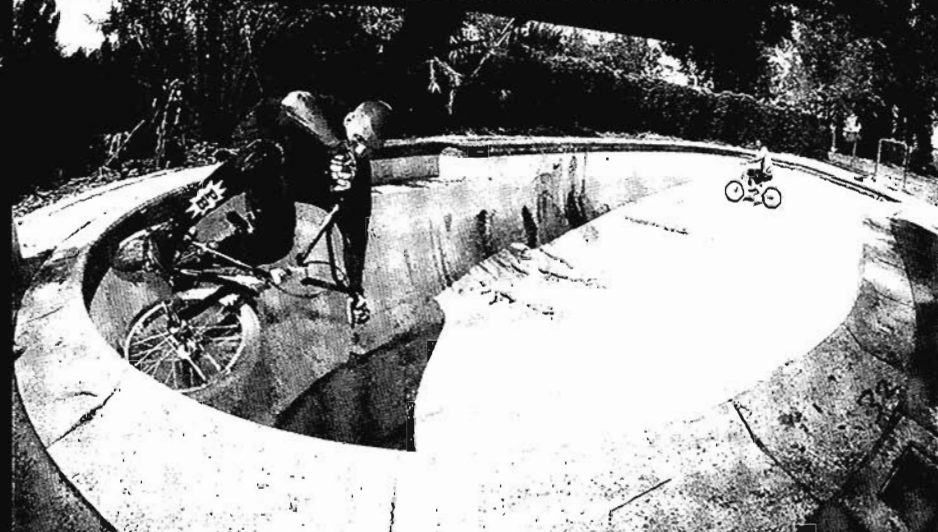
(Jamie and Jason) pretty good, like if they entered Stuntmen in a Hoffman contest, if they rode well, they'd probably place really good." [We both laugh at Brad who narrowly misses getting his camera broken by some explosive trick that Jason does way too fast.] So, how'd you get so good at jumping? "I don't know,

I've been jumping for like at two years, and I try as hard as I can every time, I guess. I don't know, it's really fun to do so... and I don't really mind getting hurt once in a while." You pulled a big 720 in OKC, huh?

"Um... No." Yeah you did, I saw you on Friday night... "No, I think that was my friend Dove." [I feel really stupid now, I've mistaken poor Greg's identity twice, so I'm going to leave him alone.]



From top, clockwise: Rob Sigaty swings a tailwhip inside a skater owned ramp warehouse. Kevin Radowitz launches. Hal Brindley didn't actually go on the trip, he had fun riding this pool in Riverside. Jamie McIntosh is a really good flatlander from Washington. Simon Barry can-can an X-up.



headed north again for the two hour drive to Seattle.

In Seattle, we met up with the world famous Toast, a true northwest legend. It was just about club time in Seattle, and Toast said he'd take us grunge rocking. I was stoked because with a weeks worth of chin scruff, and a day's worth of riding sweat caked on my body and in my dreads, I was about as grunge as I could get. Once in the club, that was really just a bar, I was amazed by how much Nirvana they played and how many flannels and long hairs there really were. I guess it wasn't a joke. Brad and I do actually fit in well with the grunge scene, and it was kind of fun.

Friday, September 16

Brad and I tried to catch up on some sleep today, we actually did get about ten hours, but we both could tell it wasn't enough. Today, however, was no day to slack, Brad had a very important appointment with a very important person. Brad had to switch from last night's grunge rocker to today's BMX guy so he could do a photo shoot with top pro BMX racer Gary Ellis for Snap, Ride's new racing magazine. So, down the highway to whatever the hell Gary's home track is called. Watching a Snap photo shoot was actually a very peaceful way to spend my morning. Gary wasn't doing gate starts, so no BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, CRASH!!!! Just the silence of a nice wooded park and Gary's tires making that cool motorcycle noise. I found a nice comfortable bleacher to sit down and write at, while Brad was working hard directing the shoot. Eventually I took a few laps around the track, nothing too spectacular, but I guess no BMX tracks are these days. Brad finished up the photo shoot without a hitch; Gary put on some neon, jumped some jumps, turned some turns and Brad pushed the button, what more can you do? I've met Gary before, but this meeting confirmed that he still is a really nice guy. The photo shoot definitely seemed pretty sterile, but it was efficient, so we were on our way back to Seattle in time for dinner.

Back at Toast's we meet Pat Joubert, Toast's main riding partner and the author of one of Ride's stupidest letters ever (the "old Matt Hoffman had a farm" one, remember?). We're also supposed to meet two Canadian guys, and while we wait Toast shows me some local video footage. Toaster Puff and Pat have been doing some good rails lately, and footage from a dirt jump jam shows flips, 360's, and barspins... the works.

A little late, but the Canadian guys show up a bit after night fall. They end up being Kevin Radowitz and Graham Allport. Toast leads us on a Seattle street riding expedition. Being a big, hilly and relatively safe city with lots of new architecture I expect Seattle to be a great street town. Toast took us to some fun ledges and rails. It's about this point that I realize that I'm really cold and miss my jacket. We had a good time exploring Seattle, but I never really found the great street riding I expected to. Later, Toast took us to Seattle's 24 hour public skatepark. This seemed to

be another place plagued by overcrowding, with what looked like a few too many skateboards to ride through. The park has mainly a lot of different sized steel quarters and a wedge ramp jump box. If your ever in Seattle, the skatepark is really close to the bottom of the famous Space Needle. Be sure to check it out, even though we went home and went to sleep.

Saturday, September 17

At four AM this morning I wake up on Toast's couch convinced that its my death bed. My head hurts so much it's tough to breath. I try unsuccessfully to fall back asleep. I put shoes on and tip toed through the sleepy BMXer covered floor. I'm hoping some fresh air will help. While walking through Toast's suburban neighborhood, I have to admit I feel pretty comfortable in this city. Aside from the mild temperature, there's a nice safe small-town feel to it. At a Texaco, I buy Grape-Cranberry juice (good to help clean out the urinary track), Skittles (high in vitamin C to prevent Rickets and help fight off my impending cold), and Tylenol (to hide the pain of my head). The walk is relaxing, and after taking my medicine I fall back asleep.

When I wake up the next time, with everyone else, I feel a lot better, although it is obvious that I wouldn't currently have the sniffles if I hadn't lost my coat. Today we're going to Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, about two more hours north, and with the accompaniment of a extremely friendly local named Trevor we leave. At the border crossing, I spot a lowrider mini-truck waiting in line with bikes in the back. Toast got out and walked through the stopped traffic to hand them a magazine and finds they're going to the same place we are. White Rock bowl, just across the border, is a glass smooth bowl that ranges from a five foot mini to a deep vert section. There's no really good way to describe it because it just kind of blobs around into its different parts. It's not very big though, and you can probably guess how crowded it was on a Saturday afternoon. We rode there for a little while, and the locals said there are a few other public bowls in town that would probably be even more crowded, so we headed to a dirt jump spot.

The dirt jump we went to was a single tabletop off to the side of a BMX track. I was a feeling a bit too under the weather to crash, so I rode the easy rhythm section on the BMX track and had a good time until someone told me a kid had just died on the second set. Oh well, I watched the locals jump. There is some serious jumping talent up this way, all kinds of different variations and style was being shown off. Standouts and people you'll be hearing about are Dom Mach, who has a different style than most with strange contortion jumps that look like they should be crashes; Greg Axford, who does flips and double barspins; and Simon

Barry, whose seat is so ruined that I don't understand how he does such good seat grab jumps. There's a lot of stylish riders here, too, that deserve recognition just for that, like Graham Allport, Kevin Radowitz, and our friend Trevor. All in all, there's currently not exactly the best jump here, but lots of really good jumpers and plans for better jumpsmake Vancouver's talented and friendly scene great. We said goodbye to all our new friends, thanked Toast for a place to stay and followed Hoffman rider Rob Sigaty to his secret ninja warehouse.

Where we really went is a big warehouse owned by three skateboarders. It's kind of a cool deal, they live in a mobile home that they moved inside and raised up to form a second floor. They have a skate shop to help pay bills, and a vert ramp to have fun on. Rob is the only bike rider allowed to ride the place, though, so they're not that cool. Anyway, we did a quick photo shoot with Rob (I say "we" because I held the flash while Brad took pictures). Rob did some high tail-whips to pedals and some cool ice pick grinds for the camera. Things were wrapped up quick and Brad and I stumbled back to the car preparing for the upcoming nine hour drive to our next goal, Coos Bay.

Sitting down in the car is some sort of solace at this point. We're so tired, it's nice to sit down



Ryan, the lowrider kid

How much did it cost to get this thing together? "Eight grand." How do you make it jump? "Hydraulic suspension." Oh yeah? Are there a lot of people in Vancouver with lowriders? "Ah, a few." Have you entered contests? "Couple, I just like rollin'. Rollin' and cruisin' for chicks." Cool. Any luck? Does it help? "Mmm, I don't know, maybe a little bit." Someone behind me yells, "Why do you have a Honda instead of a 5.0?" "I don't really like..." Mustangs aren't as good as Hondas? "Mmm, in my opinion they're not. It's whatever your into, whatever you like, y'know. Do you like Mustangs?" No, I fuckin' hate 'em.

The 30

I had planned to talk to Gabe Gamble, one of the 30's main caretakers, but he left before I finished riding. Dave Thom, a really good local, had volunteered to be miked and tell me a bit about their town's claim to fame. Dave, tell me about the 30. Tell me about the main guys who built it. "It's been here for about six or seven years, the main guys are Gabe Gamble, Eric Kelly, and Mike Whodosentrideanymore. I did a lot of work, but they've done most of it, so they get the credit." What's your local scene like here, seems like there's a lot of people here right now. "A lot of kids ride bikes, but I think here it's kind of an image thing. So, it's kind of like the skateboard thing, kind of fashion, but, uh, it's different. There is a lot of good riders, but they don't ride that much, you know, and I think they only ride because their friends push them." Coos Bay isn't a very big town to have this many people here. "No, it's like 14,000 people. Although, it's a suburb of North Bend which is like 20,000. And there's not much street stuff here and this property has been here so long, there's like a natural terrain going through it. We just keep digging on it, building it up and over the years things just keep getting bigger and bigger so that the bigger we get, the bigger the jumps get. It's kind of scary 'cause everything's so big, there's really nothing for little kids to jump." Are you guys tight with everyone from Seattle and that area and stuff? "Yeah, I travel a lot, I know all the street guys from Seattle, like Pat Joubert and Toast." Tell me the 30 Punk story. "OK. 30 Punk is a 'zine that I do and I also do a local video, and it's all derived from, well, of course it's the 30 and the original jump was called the Thirty Foot Dip because you dropped down thirty feet and then jumped out of a fifteen foot jump, but after a while it got shortened down to the 30. And Punks came about 'cause there was a crazy guy here that ran about named Jeff Looney. He would run around with a machete and try to get us, and he'd yell, 'you're a bunch of 30 punks!' He'd scream and chase us around and he beat up some kids... he's kinda' crazy. He'd be here right now except he's in jail for sodomizing some kid, kinda' sucks, but he used to run around and call us 30 punks and stuff, so I kinda took off with the name."



and not have to do anything. Brad probably wouldn't agree with that, though, because he's driving. In any case, I'm trying to tell myself I'm having fun, but the farther down the road we drive, the harder gets. Realizing that it's now midnight and we still have six or seven hours to go is depressing. We set a goal for ourselves to be south of Portland before we can sleep. At about 2 AM (slightly more than an hour away from sleep) Brad is guzzling coffee to stay awake, and I'm taking aspirin to alleviate my worsening cough, sore throat, and headache. At 3 AM we finally pass Portland and watch the endless exit signs for a hotel. Exhaustion has made our quest pretty desperate. With blurry vision, we struggle into a hotel parking lot to find the No Vacancy sign lit. Turning the car around and heading down the freeway is such a horrid thing at this point, all I can think about is how bad I want to get out of this car. The next exit finds some really expensive hotels, and some cheap ones with no rooms.

We're on the verge of shutting down, but luckily there's more hotels at the next exit. The first hotel tells Brad that there are no vacant rooms for a hundred miles. In my pathetic state of exhaustion, I'm convinced that I'm going to die. Luckily, the hotel across the street has vacancies. While I hide under the seat so as not to be seen by the hotel manager, Brad gets the room at a single occupancy rate. We lucked out here, because the room has two beds.

Sunday, September 18

Sleep was pretty much unnoticed since we were on the road again by 10 AM, but the shower, even though it was one of those crappy pee streams, was worth the cost of the hotel. I con-

vince Brad to take the scenic route to Coos Bay so that I can see the ocean. This seems only fair since this has basically been a (North) West coast tour and I've still never seen saltwater. We stopped off at some sand dunes on the coast and I got to see the ocean. We each did one really stupid thing: Brad opened his camera in the middle of a dune with the wind whipping, and I dove down a big sand hill and will apparently spend the rest of my life finding sand in my ears and nose.

A little bit later, but at about 3:30 we find Coos Bay and it seems just a little bit too redneck to possess this great "30 punks" scene we keep hearing about. With no small effort, we do find The 30. This jumping spot has been building a reputation for itself as a cool place comparable to any of the best jumping trails around. The 30 is made of what seems to be beach sand, but the jumps are rock hard and smooth as glass. This seems to be due to the loving care this spot is given by its caretakers. Supposedly, the jump's groomers are so meticulous that during the rainy season, when the dirt's good, they'll be there early in the morning patching every little hole in sight. I'd believe it because it was obvious that there hasn't been any rain recently and the jumps were still in great shape. The 30 is built through a really steep area with jumps carved into the hillsides in all directions. The jumps are mostly step-ups, which means there's not a lot of backside, and being that I don't like to land hard, and being sick makes that dislike even stronger, I didn't jump too much. That certainly didn't stop anyone else though, because all the locals were going off. Dave Thom led the way with big flips and no-footed 360's and the rest of the locals followed suit by trying just about any jump you can think of.

Brad and I are on a majorly tight schedule

now, and we leave a bit before dusk. Our next goal is to head back to San Francisco, and meet up with Ron Wilkerson. It's a healthy seven hour drive, so we put as much distance in tonight as we can before stopping for sleep.

Monday, September 19

In the morning, we're back in the car like always, and I realize we're going to pass the hotel we stayed in the first night. I am praying I can get my coat back. With fingers, toes, legs and eyes crossed, I watch Brad walk into the hotel. I may be sick, and completely tired, but my day is made when Brad returns with my beloved coat. Yea-freakin' ha! At this point we're less than an hour out of San Francisco and we're looking forward to being out of the car.

At Wilerson Airlines headquarters, we get to see the new 2-Hip bike. It looks pretty good and it seems that Ron is doing pretty well himself. Always stoked to ride, Ron leads us from his house down to the Embarcadero. He's very personable and friendly, and I decide it's strange hanging out on such a casual level with someone who, though a bit before my time, helped to create the freestyle world. Ron jumps the Gonz gap at the EMB until a crank arm breaks off and we take that as a sign to break for dinner. Ron takes us to a cool Mexican restaurant, and with full bellies, Brad and I must push off again. This time, though, for our final seven hour stretch back home to Brad's house.

The last bit of driving home is pretty uneventful, except for an all out war on sleep. With coffee and soda flowing, we fight back the dreaded sandman and roll in to Brad's at a cool four in the morning. I wear my coat to bed, and still have sand in my ears.



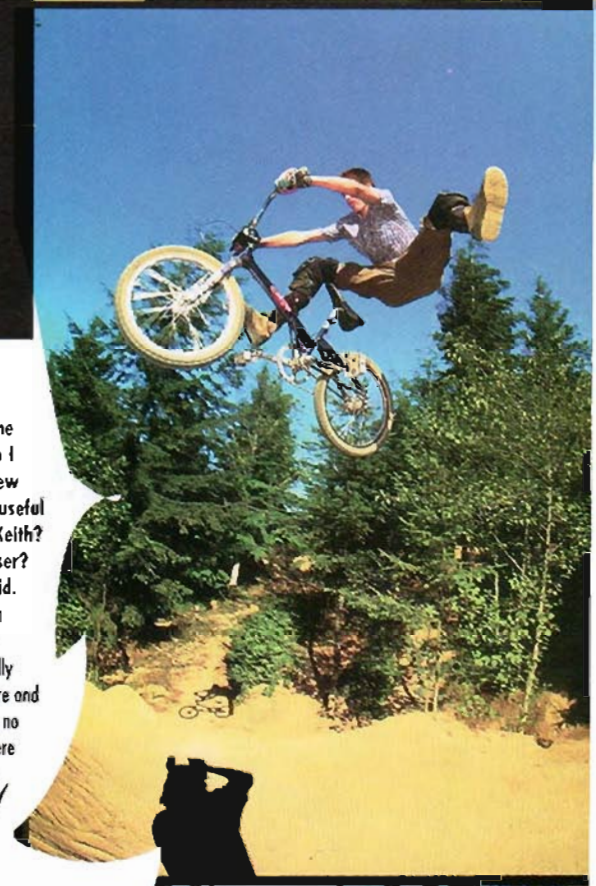
The Milk Carton Kids

M.I.A.

After our separation, we went our entire trip without ever again hearing any word from Keith Treanor's crew. In fact, even after we had been home for a week we still didn't know what happened, so I finally gave Keith a call, and with the help of my new spy kit (thanks to my good friend Ron Kimler for a useful birthday present) I secretly recorded the call. Hi... Keith? It's Taj. "Hey loser." Huh? Loser, what do you mean loser? "I mean thanks a lot for losing us." I didn't lose you, Brad did.

Anyway, what happened to you guys? "We went underneath that place where the ramp used to be, well there was ramps there." Na' uh (I don't know if you can quite spell what I said, but hopefully you got my drift). "We pulled up like a couple inches, we looked there and we're like fuck, we can probably ride these. And we were looking for no more than a minute! Turned around and Brad was gone. You guys were just so gone! So we looked at 'em, fuck, whatta' we gonna do. So we drove around the whole thing. Oh, by the way, we got off that exit / and you know how we went left, well to the right was the hugest mall with everything. So we're driving around there for like half an hour and we didn't see you guys and we looked for all kinds of shit and found nothing. So we went back by the freeway, right by the 5 north, there was no way you guys woulda drove by without seeing us, unless, you're dumb as an ox. So we stayed there for three hours." Three hours? "THREE HOURS! And nothing. Did you guys get right back on the freeway?" [I told Keith how Brad and I looked for him and then with no luck, went on without them. Keith is now telling me what The Boy, Nacho, and he did on their "alternative" road trip]. "Well, what we ended up doing was waiting a long time and then I was like fuck, I don't have the car phone number, I don't know where anything is once I get to Portland, so I was like either go for it and get lost, or just go home. So I was kinda bummed about that, so I was like fuck, and I thought, that Lake Shasta is only like ten minutes away. So I'm like... ah, let's go camping! And they're (The Boy and Nacho) like yeah, cool! Let's go camping. So we drive up to the lake, and the lake was the raddest thing ever. It was so beautiful. And I was like fuck, we can rent a boat! So I went to see how much it was to rent a boat; ninety bucks to rent a boat for like five hours, and water skis for like ten, and ah, no I.D., no nothing, they don't care, just as long as you pay the cash. And I said, "I've never drove a boat before, I've never... I don't know how to drive a boat." And they're all like, "no problem, you'll figure it out." They didn't care, they just wanted the money. But we couldn't get it until tomorrow, 'cause it's like seven o'clock already, so we're like, OK, cool and we went back to Redding. We got a real nice hotel, ate Olive Garden, got some good beer. Spent the night there, it was good. And then went up the next morning and went water skiing. It was the coolest thing in the world. Water skiing was so much fun. We were like fuck Brad! We don't care, fuck him. I got sunburned really bad though." Did Nacho (the German guy) have fun? "He loved it!" Had he ever been water skiing before? "Never." I didn't think so. "None of us had ever been water skiing. It was so rad driving a boat that we didn't have any idea how to drive. And then water skiing, we really didn't know what we were doing. By the end of the day we were jumping the wake and shit. "After that we just headed home. Made it in like ten hours as compared to the sixteen it took us to get there."

From top, clockwise: Dave Thom boosts a burly flip out of the 36 jump. Brian Walters with a perfect "Flying W". Eugene, OR local Dave Hempy floats and X-up one-footer. Another Eugene street rider, Justin Ferry twists a lookback. Wilkerson Airlines headquarters in San Fran.



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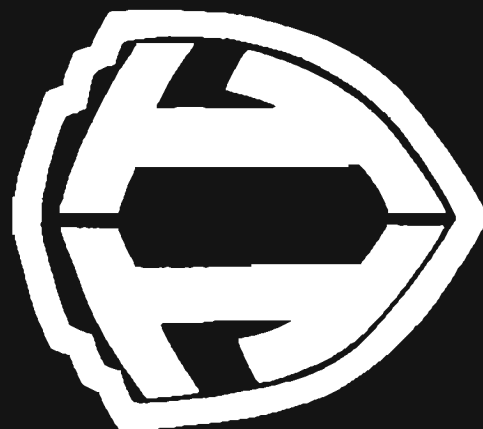
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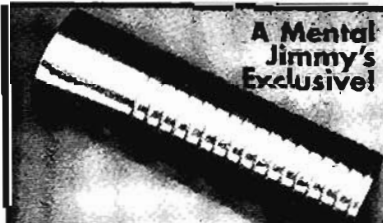
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good cheap pegs: \$15.00

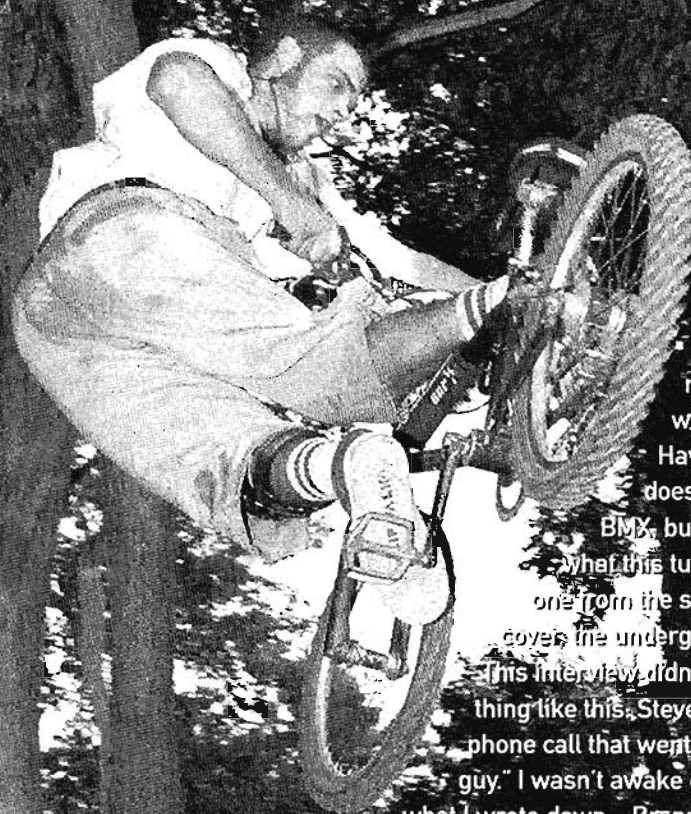
mental jimmy's

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Brennan's Dad is the President of MCA Nashville, and much to Steve Buttonnose's envy, Brennan knows Reba McEntyre. This has nothing to do with this big transfer at Push, although Steve did take this photo of Brennan in action.

Brennan Brown



What this ended up being is an interview with one of today's forgotten riders, Brennan Brown. Actually, it's not fair to say that Brennan is forgotten. In his own right he is far from that, but as far as getting coverage in both videos and magazines, Brennan Brown is not a name that's very familiar. Brennan is a rider, like so many, that is stuck somewhere in between freestyle and racing.

Having no pegs and no numberplate Brennan doesn't compete in freestyle contests or race BMX, but that doesn't mean that he isn't good. So what this turned out to be is an interview with someone from the side of bike riding that the magazines don't cover, the underground side (I know, I hate that word too). This interview didn't start off that cool. It started out something like this, Steve Buckelneck woke me up from bed with a phone call that went like this, "Brad wants you to interview this guy." I wasn't awake enough to remember anything other than what I wrote down... Brennan Brown... his phone number... and a

quote from Steve, "Billy Joel played the piano at his house." How in the hell was I supposed to interview someone that I didn't even know!? Well, aside from the fact that I had never interviewed anyone before, we did start talking and it turned out cool. So bear with me and learn a little about a rider's rider the same way that I did. Hi, Brennan? Yes. This is Taj... um, ah, I'm supposed to interview you for RIDE. Yeah, Steve told me. Okay... Ummm... Ahhh... I met you in Pittsburgh. I rode at Push with you and saw you again at the Worlds in Michigan. We were talking while you were riding rollers. I was just a guy on a Standard. The freestyle Standard or the racing Standard? The racing Standard, I had short hair and sideburns. Oh yeah (The sideburn part gave it away, now I have a face for the name. I remember Brennan riding at Push. He did BIG transfers, knew all of the best lines, and he was in control. I liked watching him ride because he was in control. That's fun to see). I got the generics out of Brennan: Age 22, been riding for twelve years, rides for UGP & Planet Cycles, and likes dirt BMX the best. Where are you from? I'm living in Orlando, but I'm originally from Colorado. I lived in Nashville for two years, too, but I really consider myself a Colorado local. (We talked about his injured knee, his bionic knee brace, his racer-like style and not really having raced, and his college career) I'm going to film making school and I'd like to get into that, be an editor or something like that. Have you done any bike videos? Ummm... just some local little ones for fun. I've never really had the facilities to do one right. Any plans for the future? To get out of school and hopefully make this video thing pay off and keep riding. I guess I want to focus on getting a really good video going. I'd like to take some road trips and film people in their own environment. It'd be more like that than going to a contest or having them come down, it'd show their real style. So I might call you and come to Texas. Okay, cool. What do you think about how the only way that people get coverage these days is to win a contest? I think that it's kinda lame. That's why I'd want to do that video. Like I want to go to Ohio and film guys like Matt Pohlkamp and people like that. I want to get guys that people really haven't heard of because there are so many super good riders that no one has ever heard of. It's like that Scott Fife guy (a super rad Colorado local). He's just really good. I guess that everyone has the misconception that all the good guys have sponsors, but there's a million rad guys out there struggling. Describe your style. Oh man, I guess I just try to make it look like I'm not struggling. What rider's styles do you like? Brian Taylor from Colorado, Robbie Morales is God, and Darrel Young, of course. All of the Standard guys are good, and I dig your style Taj... it's so big. Any advice? I'm a firm believer that everybody pretty much needs to develop style and then learn their bikes from there. Don't try to learn all of these tricks like double barspins when they can't do a dead cross-up.

The Biking Viking, Nate Hansen, glides through a Kurt Cobain Cruiser into a Danish Roll while wearing what appears to be a coal miner's light.

The Flatland Fugitives





Words by Taj Mihelich

Photos by Brad McDonald

The Flatland Fugitives

What in the hell can a dumb racer from Michigan tell you about the West Coast's Flatland Fugitives? Ummm... they're really good. The Flatland Fugitives are made up of some riders named Leo, Craiger, Edgar, Nate, Andrew, Ivan, Rich, Ron, Day, Jesse, Chris, and Sean, and all of them that I've met are all cool guys. I'm scared they'll kill me if I say the wrong thing because I've seen them throwing up gang signs which might mean that they're all gangsters. Gangsters or not, they're definitely good riders. The reason that they're all so good is that they're all so dedicated and care a lot about riding. I suppose, that's really not enough to fill the space between their pictures, and it's certainly not enough to establish the amount of respect they deserve. With this in mind I called my flatland coach Sean McKinney to fill me in on the West Coast scene.

The Flatland Fugitives are a decent size group of friends, maybe better thought of as a family, that are completely focused on ground riding. Based mainly in Los Angeles, the Fugitives can be compared to So Cal's other famous bike family - the POW's. The fugitives however aren't packed into one little house, although they do have an official headquarters at Sean McKinney and Ron McCoy's home. When they're not riding they spend their time at the house trying to organize their next barbecue party, which they've been holding regularly. It's stuff like this that makes me think that they're a pretty normal family (no weird beat freaks in the group or anything like that). There is however a legitimate reason behind the "fugitive" part of their name, but that story will remain untold.

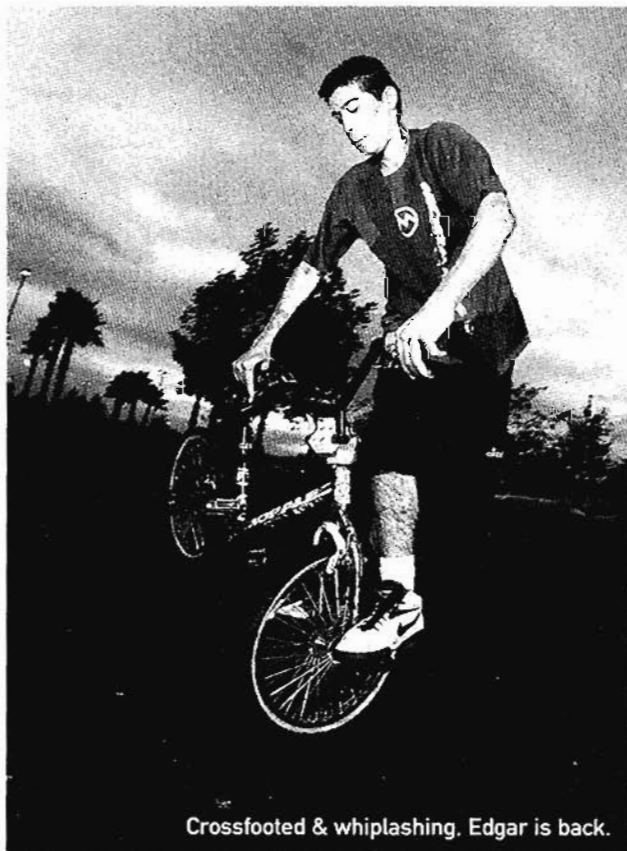
So the Flatland Fugitives aren't a gang, but all of the members have been ceremoniously knighted with a pair of Graveyard handlebars, and Fugitive law keeps them from getting married.

For the last three or four years they have all been getting together almost everyday to ride, and even though a lot of them have turned Pro, they still ride for the genuine love of riding. Riding is held as an art by the fugitives and they each, in a true artists' fashion, strive to push themselves for whatever reason it is that artists need to push. The Flatland Fugitive Family has definitely pushed itself into the forefront of today's unreinventingly progressive flatland.

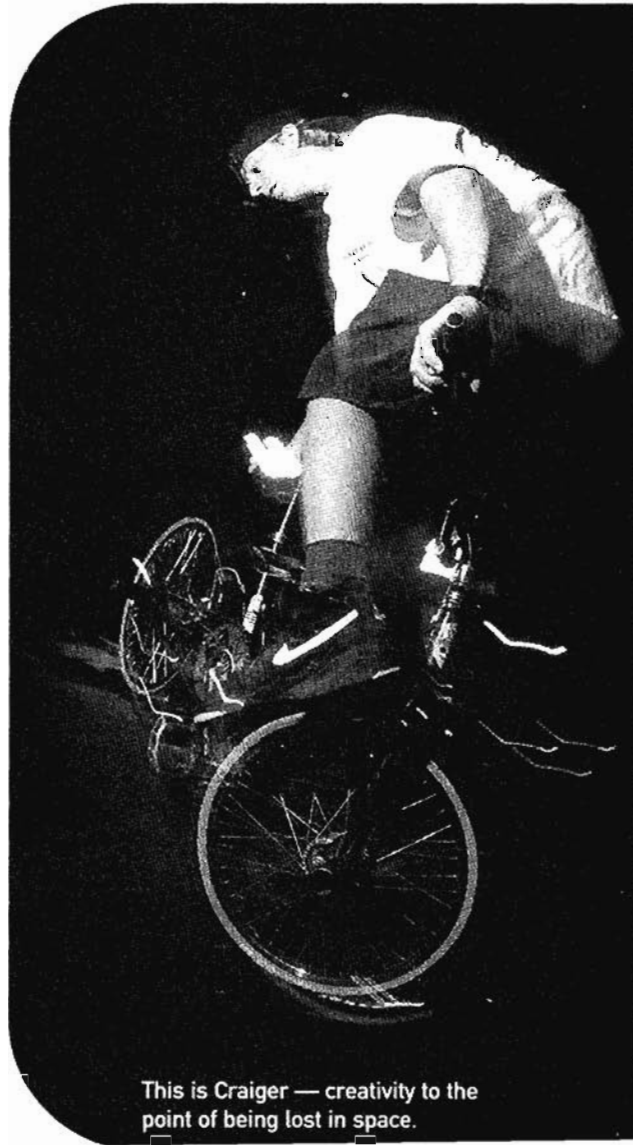
-Taj Mihelich



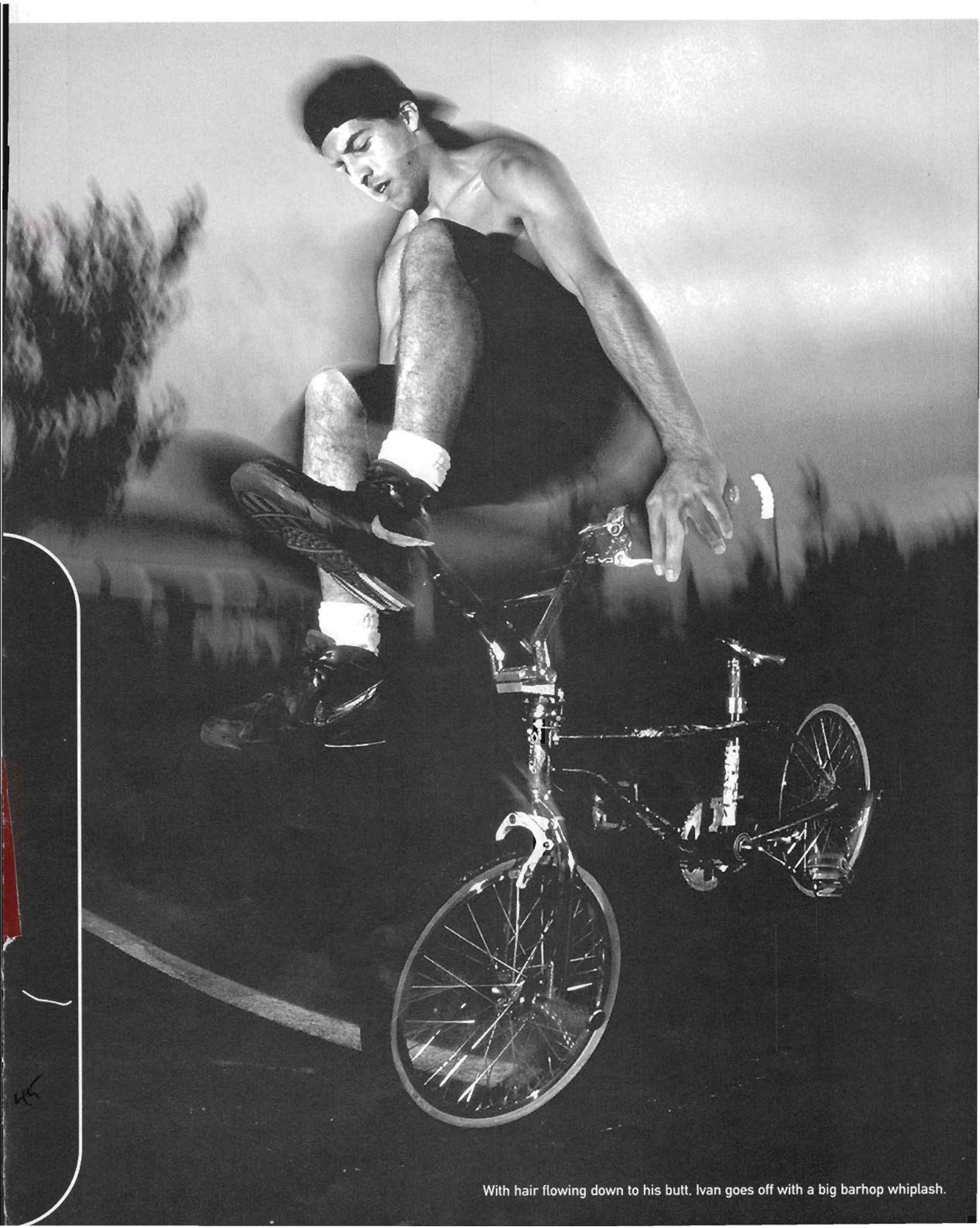
Pager, cellular phone, and a steamrolling variation —
Jesse is no sucker.



Crossfooted & whiplashing. Edgar is back.



This is Craiger — creativity to the point of being lost in space.

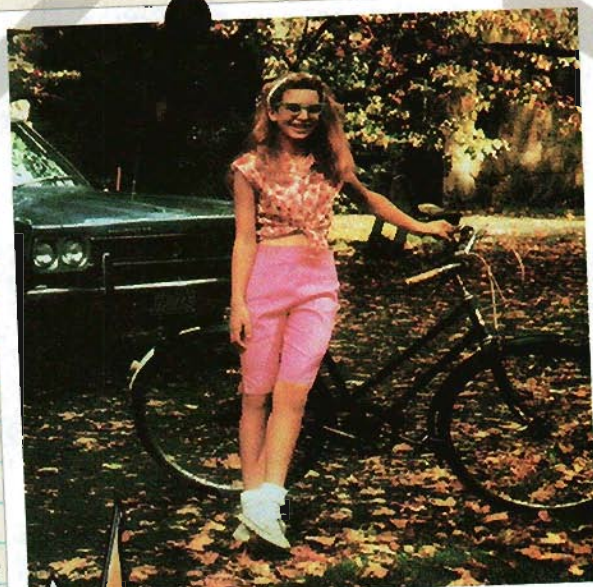


With hair flowing down to his butt, Ivan goes off with a big barhop whiplash.

Dear Ketch,

I was wondering when
I would be able to
get my hands on one of
your hot new bikes.

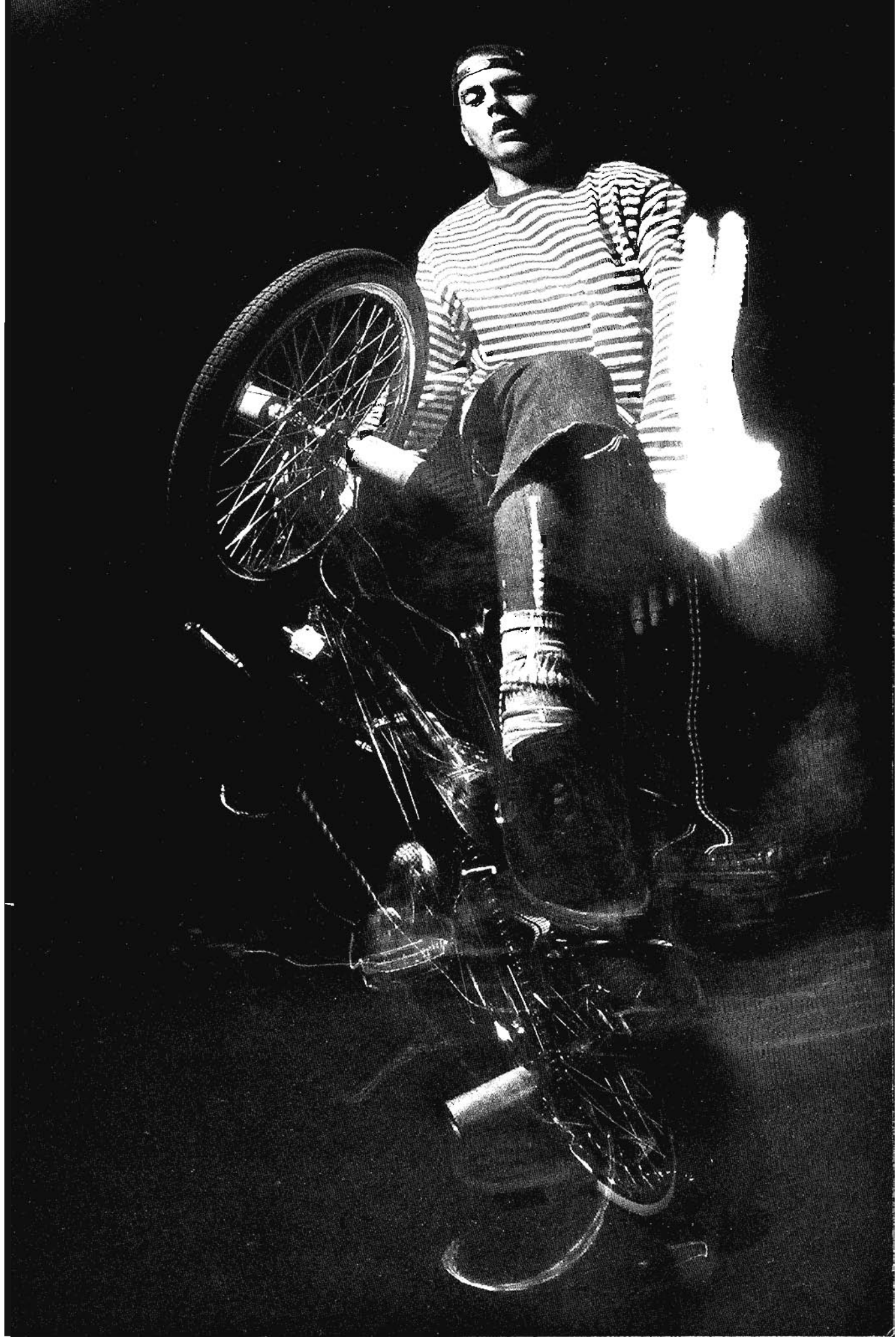
~Jenny Eagan



Ketch Bikes

1440 West North Shore #1W
Chicago IL 60626

Sean McKinney won't be too happy when he sees himself pictured doing another stick bitch. Don't be fooled. This isn't a caboose

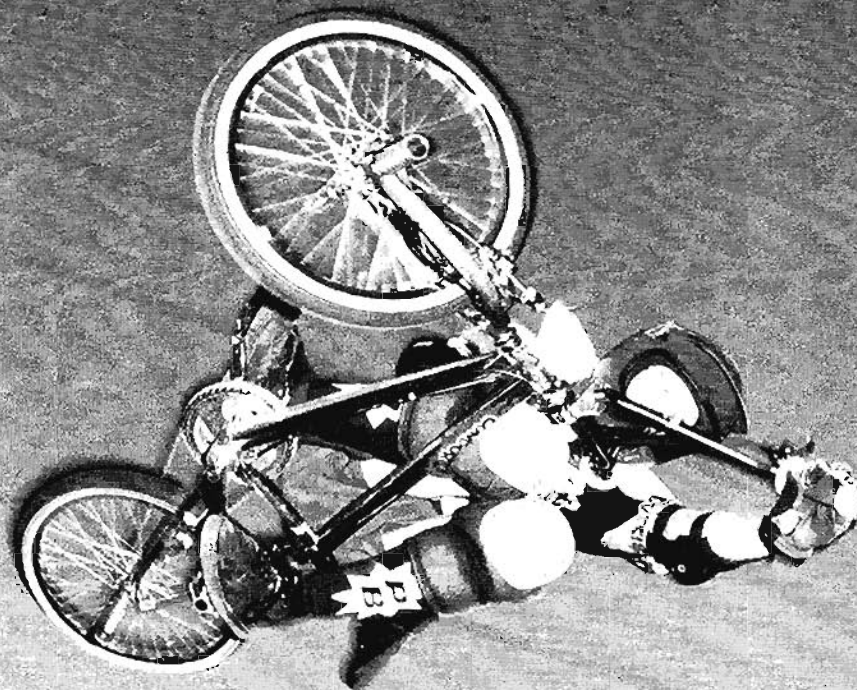




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deep seat

VIDEO GUIDE

Considering that Taj Mihelich is the guest Editor of this issue, it's only fitting that we let you know that he's now riding for Hoffman Bikes. Expect Taj to be working on a new jumping bike with the Hoffman boys sometime in the future.

Standard Bykes rider Mark Murphy recently received a sponsorship from Skee-Tek for jet-skiing. It seems that Mark is pretty rad on the water so Skee-Tek set him up with a boat and trailer to take on tour. Yes, Mark will be going on tour for jet skiing.

If you watch MTV's "The Real World" you may remember the time that they showed a phone number on the air? Well, that was Ron Wilkerson's number and now he's suing them. Ron received thousands of calls from people who saw the show and had to have his phone number changed. Ron was featured in several newspaper articles about the ordeal (will he be on Oprah?). In other WAT/2-Hip news, the new 2-Hip frameset is now available. Look for a test on it in the next issue.

Also from Nor-Cal, Boss has a new bike out that is called the Curb Dog. (You may remember that Boss sponsored Dave Vanderspek years ago). The bike features oversized tubing, cantilever brake mounts, an oversized seatpost, double thick dropouts, and an Aheadset fork/stem combo.

Besides making the Aheadset stem on the Boss Curb Dog, DK Products has released an Aheadset stem to the public. The stem fits any 1 1/8" fork (Standard, Fretter, etc...) and is available from your local bike shop. In other DK news they now sponsor Colin Winkleman. He is their freestyle team.

Good news if you're going to the B.S. Finals in Chicago—they've built some new ramps. While it'd be too confusing to describe them, Chris Banes from Props said, "They should be fun."

Mental Jimmy's have moved. According to John Paul they had to hire all of the P.O.W.'s and Eastern Van Lines to move all of the inventory.

The new Homeless Bikes are a reality. Built in Texas, the new Player & Mack frames will be ready by the time that you read this. The Homeless team consists of Lee Sultinier and John Yull.

Ring The Gack

I will never forget seeing my friend tear open the package and say, "I heard there's a five minute lesbian scene at the beginning of this" as he slammed it into his VCR. Well, he was a little disappointed because it was done somewhat artistically and (sigh) softcore. We didn't watch anything after that, but I hear the rest of it was all black and white footage of bike riding. Definitely Ells' best work yet in terms of editing. If you like watching flatland riders better than lesbians, fast forward to see Chase, Chris Young, Chad Degroot, Trevor Meyer, Jesse Puente, Paul Osicks, Richard Zabzydyr and Steve Roy. Or witness other types of heterosexual riding from Dave Freimuth, Rooftop, Dave Parrick and KRT Schmidt. Of course it contains mandatory comp footage, Rampage, Moreno Valley, and Chicago. That's what I heard anyway. Dealers call (602) 661-8481. Direct orders are not

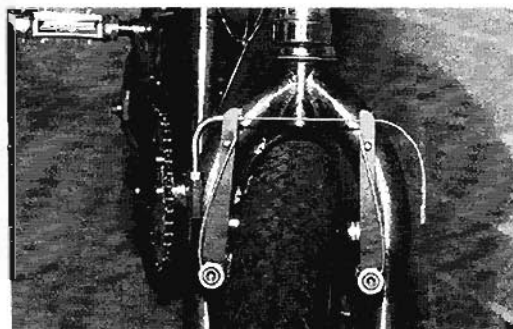
available.

The Legend of Zero

The coolest thing about this video had to be the fact that the cover was made out of a Froot Loop box. If that's not cool enough, the tape was spraypainted gold. But if you can take your eyes off it long enough to stick it in the VCR you will find some very hot Canadian riding. The maker of this video, Dom Mach, has a frequently mispronounced name and a VERY impressive riding section in this video. Other featured Canadians include Simon Barry, Rob Sigaty, Graham Allport, Sam McKinley (also shown skating), Greg Axford and Jason Brown. Beside lots of local dirt, mini, flat and park riding there is also contest coverage from Chicago and Kansas City. Good editing, music and video game samples.

NEW PRODUCTS

Right: This new brake combo is currently being tested by Soul Bikes. It features no-profile, machined aluminum arms and works with a pots mod. This is one of the only brakes of this type to work straight out of the box and is said to be stronger and smoother than cantilever and cam brakes. Flatland and XL Street/Dirt jumping framesets are currently being developed. Both the brake combo and Soul forks are available by year's end from Soul Bikes directly at (401) 461-9252 or from Chucks Bike Shop.



Left: Pictured here is the new "World Domination" tee by Kaos. This new tee comes in many different colors and all sizes, plus matches their latest numberplate which we featured in the last issue of AIDE. The cost is \$13.95, so if you want to get one or want a Kaos catalog, call 1-800-221-9297.



Right: Here are some new t-shirts by a new company called Child. Titled "Logo" and "The Kid," these new tees are available from Child for \$12. Write for more info: Child, 11113 Tahoka Ave., El Paso, TX 79936 or call (915) 590-3954 or (915) 592-5302.



Left: Here are 3 new products from Lick Me Designs. Lick Me is a rider owned company from Arlington, Texas which is run by a flatlander named Tex. Tex says that these are just a few of the many Lick Me designs and that they're all available from Trend.



CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Bicycle Stunts Finals
November 18, 19, 20 Chicago, IL
For more info, call (405) 755-1668

ABA King of Dirt
November 25 Oklahoma City, OK
For more info call (602) 961-1903

NBL Jumping for Dollars
December 28 Columbus, OH
For more info call (614) 777-1625

Mysterious Flatland Contest
January 14, Prattville, AL
For more info, call (205) 365-0309

Play Clothes Contest of Love
February 18, 19 Badlands Skatepark
For more info call (910) 922-3450

ON THE COVER:

The On the Cover interview is usually a pretty simple task. All that we had to do was give this month's cover boy Rob Sigaty a call. After three calls to Crusher Supply, two calls to Hoffman Bikes, and two calls to Rob Sigaty's parents house, I finally got Rob's home number. Luckily, I pawned the interview off on Hal Brindley and here's what he came up with...

Ring...

Kraft Food Service (*Young, female voice answers*)
What's this place?

Kraft Food Service?

Kraft Food Service, where are you?

We're in Phoenix, Arizona.

No way, I'm trying to call Rob Sigaty, a kid in Canada.

Well, you definitely have a wrong number.

Who's this?

This is... this is just an employee working at Kraft.

Is this area code 602?

Yes it is, that's Arizona's area code.

Steve: No, it's supposed to be 604.

No wonder, this is supposed to be 604, he wrote it down wrong.

Ohhh, bummer...

I'm supposed to be doing an interview for a magazine with this kid, but this could be a really interesting intro, do you want to tell us your name?

It all depends on what the interview is entailing?

Okay it's for a bike magazine called RIDE Magazine, this kid's a bike rider in Canada. I'm supposed to call to do an interview but my friend gave me the wrong number to call.

Ahhhhh, huh. I don't know what you could possibly interview me on. I have nothing to do with bicycling.

Have you ever seen bicycle freestyle riding before?

No.

You haven't?

Well, my little brother used to do that kind of stuff, but I never paid much attention to it.

Well, there's a lot of riders in Phoenix, you know.

There are?

I'm in North Carolina by the way.

Oh really?

There's a skatepark there in Phoenix called Thrasherland.

Oh yes, my brother used to go there and skateboard all the time.

What are you doing at work right now, isn't it kinda late to be working?

Yeah, this is a twenty-four hour business and I work the night shift.

What do you do there?

Ahhhh... clerical work.

Ohhhh... so you have to answer the phone twenty-four hours a day, huh?

Yeah, unfortunately that's my job, part of my job.

How old are you?

Ah, Ah ha ha... why???????

I'm just curious, you sound really young.

I am fairly young.

Are you 17?

No.

20?

No, I'm 50.

Yeah, you're 50, yeah I believe you! So you don't want to tell me you're name? 'Cause if you want, I can send you a copy of this magazine with your interview in it?

Ah ha ha, I don't think... there is nothing that you could interview me for, for a biker magazine.

It'll be funny,

Oh, no way.

I'll send you a copy if you want to see it. Go ahead and give me your address.

Why?

So I can send you a copy of the magazine!

You can send a copy to my work address.

Who should I make it attention to?

To...attention(really long pause)

You don't even want to give me your name, huh?

I know.

What do you think I'm going to do? I'm in North Carolina.

Ha ha ha... strange, this is kind of a strange phone conversation.

Well, it's late at night here and I'm kind of giddy. I want to go to bed, but I've been forced to do this.

You can have my first name only, that's it. Send it to Becky.

Okay, thanks for your time.

Sorry that I couldn't be more helpful.

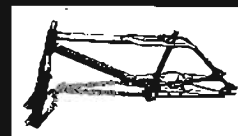
No, you were great, thanks.



Look for a Homeless bike test in the next issue.

Mike "Rooftop" Escamilla and Eben Krackan are currently working on a new bike company called "Halfway House." They got their prototype out in 2 weeks and things are rolling along smoothly.

In other Rooftop news, he and Mike Ochoa and Shawn Butler will be in a Spike Jonze directed Nintendo commercial. Look for them to be riding bikes as well as performing other ridiculous non bike stunts.



Pete Augustin's Stolen Bikes may actually be a reality soon. Look for pegs and grind disks real soon.

Keith Treanor's Menstrual Cycles may not be a reality soon.

If you're into BMX racing, then you know what Kovachi Wheels is all about. Rumor has it that Kovachi may be coming out with an all new high quality 48 spoke freestyle wheel.

Huntington Beach locals report that famed Pro snowboarder Damian Sanders and many of the Black Fly's snowboard gang have been riding BMX and building jumps lately. According to one insider, "They wear combat boots and bring girls with fake tits with them when they ride."

Chad Degroot caught onto the rollerblading trend and has been ripping it up on his backyard ramp.

Leigh Ramsdell quit his plumbing job and started a clothing company called Fearless. Leigh still does freelance plumbing, but is more inclined to ride his bike. Write Organic Toaster for info.

It may seem hard to believe, but ESPN is putting on a BMX jumping contest and freestyle vert 1/2 pipe contests during their Extreme Games next year. The event is set to go down next June in Rhode Island and will feature a \$3000 purse for dirt jumping and \$7000 purse for vert. In an attempt to make the level of competition top notch, the contest is invitation only.

Chris Hallman from Pennsylvania is now residing in Davenport, Iowa. Chris is the latest member of the ever growing Standard Team. Standard is now accepting applications for their new co-sponsorship program. Interested racers and freestylers write for details.

soundtrack

a modern man's guide to current noise pollution

edited by aidin vaziri

RANCID

The year was 1983. "Gabba gabba hey!" blared from my shitty little radio as I smeared thick black eyeliner around my bloodshot eyes, ratted hair the color of cherry Kool-Aid until it stood a foot above my head and zipped up pointy spike-heeled patent leather boots. Punk rock had transformed me from a dorky freckle-faced pre-teen into a goddess of youthful rebellion. While I dug sportin' the look, it was the passion and energy of the music that had freed me from my pathetic life of suburban mediocrity.

Today long-haired Pearl Jam posers bask in the afterglow of the grunge phenomena, while a little ol' band from Berkeley, California known as Rancid proves that adrenaline and rage will always be current. Guitarist and back-up vocalist Lars Frederiksen agrees. "I think punk rock will always be around because it's just energy. (Punk) will always be there for people to do whatever they want with it."

Frantic rhythms, provided by bass player/back-up singer Matt Freeman and drummer Brett Reed, combined with catchy choruses, machine gun guitar and Tim Armstrong's sneering vocals fuse to create a blistering brand of honest, straight-forward punk rock which Frederiksen describes as "working-class, street level music from the heart." Influences include what you might expect: the Clash, X and the Circle Jerks to name a few. However, Frederiksen points out that ska and skinhead reggae have been equally influential for the band.

Which should come as no surprise since Rancid was formed in 1991 by Armstrong (AKA Lint) and Freeman, both ex-members of the East-Bay punk-ska outfit Operation Ivy. After which, the former trio



Rancid

recorded a seven-inch on Lookout! Records. Eventually, the band signed to Epitaph and recorded their self-titled debut release minus Frederiksen who came on board in 1993 after the break up of his band, the UK Subs. "I listened to the tape Lint sent me and knew I had to be in the band," he remembers.

With the band's second Epitaph release, *Let's Go*, Rancid has incorporated a tad more melody while maintaining the ferocity of their first album. Although, many of the 23 tracks scream cynicism and shout protest, tracks such as "Radio" and "7 Years Down" share deeply personal experiences. On "Radio," which was co-written with Green Day's Billy Joe Armstrong, Armstrong sings "I was drinking with my dad/he tried to give me love that I never had/but he gave more love to his bottle of wine/so I had to find love of a different kind." While "7 Years Down" addresses depression and the need for escape.

Following the recent release of *Let's Go*, the members of Rancid have suddenly found themselves receiving far more attention than they're used to. Frederiksen describes the sudden interest as "cool and weird at the same time." Though much of it is a result of the success of their first album, some is

simply due to being an "Epitaph band" after the overwhelming success of label mates, The Offspring.

Despite their growing popularity, the boys continue to play small local clubs, like legendary Gilman St., warehouses and backyards. Though some may consider it bad business for a band to play parties and tiny clubs when it doesn't have to, Rancid doesn't give a shit. That's not what they're all about. In fact, one of the band's primary goals continues to be to support the underground Bay Area punk scene. This passionate dedication to the local punk scene exists not only because the guys are part of the scene musically, but personally as well.

According to Frederiksen, when they're not playing, their lives consist of doing what they've always done, hang out with friends (other punks) and go to shows. "We're just punk rock kids playing music," he says.

Actually, the band would be happy to not talk about themselves at all, feeling that the focus should be on the music. "The bottom line is the music and what it has to say. Whoever wants to listen—listen and if you grasp onto it, fine, and if you don't, fine. We're not preachers, we just do our thing." *Jamie Higgins*

REVIEWS

Danzig *Danzig 4* (American Recordings) Danzig 4 is a triumphant return to the arena for a gladiator who seemed to have lost his direction in recent travels. Easily Glenn Danzig's best batch of songwriting to date, *Danzig 4* is abominable: a haunting display of beauty, horror, and elegance all wrapped into one. *Kenny Gerchow*

Slayer *Divine Intervention* (American Recordings) It's been a long time since Slayer came out with something and *Divine Intervention* (a.k.a. *Seasons In The Abyss II*) sums up why. They've simply run out of gas. It's just plain generic. You can only bang away with the same awful riffs for so long, and time has run out for these guys. *Kenny Gerchow*

Henry Rollins *Get In The Van* (2.13.61) In which *Details* poster boy, Henry Rollins meticulously, almost painfully recounts his touring days with his former clan, Black Flag, and philosophizes the same recurring theories over and over: people suck, he's lonely, coffee is cool. Yeah Hank, we already knew that, so go make another ad for the Gap and it'll all be better, okay? *Aidin Vaziri*

Corrosion of Conformity *Deliverance* (Columbia) It's quite obvious this is not the same C.O.C. from a few years back when it released the ferocious *Blind*, and bears little resemblance to its '80s self that headed the punk/metal crossover scene. *Deliverance* is big on thick, heavy riffs and fat grooves, its sound giving a hearty nod to Black Sabbath, with a touch of Lynyrd Skynyrd. The lyrical themes are more first person examinations of man's vulnerabilities than the foaming sociopolitical rants of old. *Peter Atkinson*

The Soup Dragons *Hydrophonic* (Mercury) Recorded in Sean Dickson's (he who is the Soup Dragons) hometown of Glasgow and mixed in New York City's Electric Lady studios, the Scotsman not only produced the album but also enlisted some of his personal favorite artists—Bootsy Collins, Neville Staples and Lynval Golding of The Specials, T Rex percussionist Mickey Finn and Tina Weymouth of Talking Heads and Tom Tom Club—to create a fifteen-track boogie fest. The spontaneous spirit erupts at every seam. *Aidin Vaziri*

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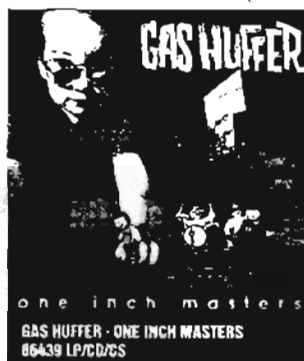
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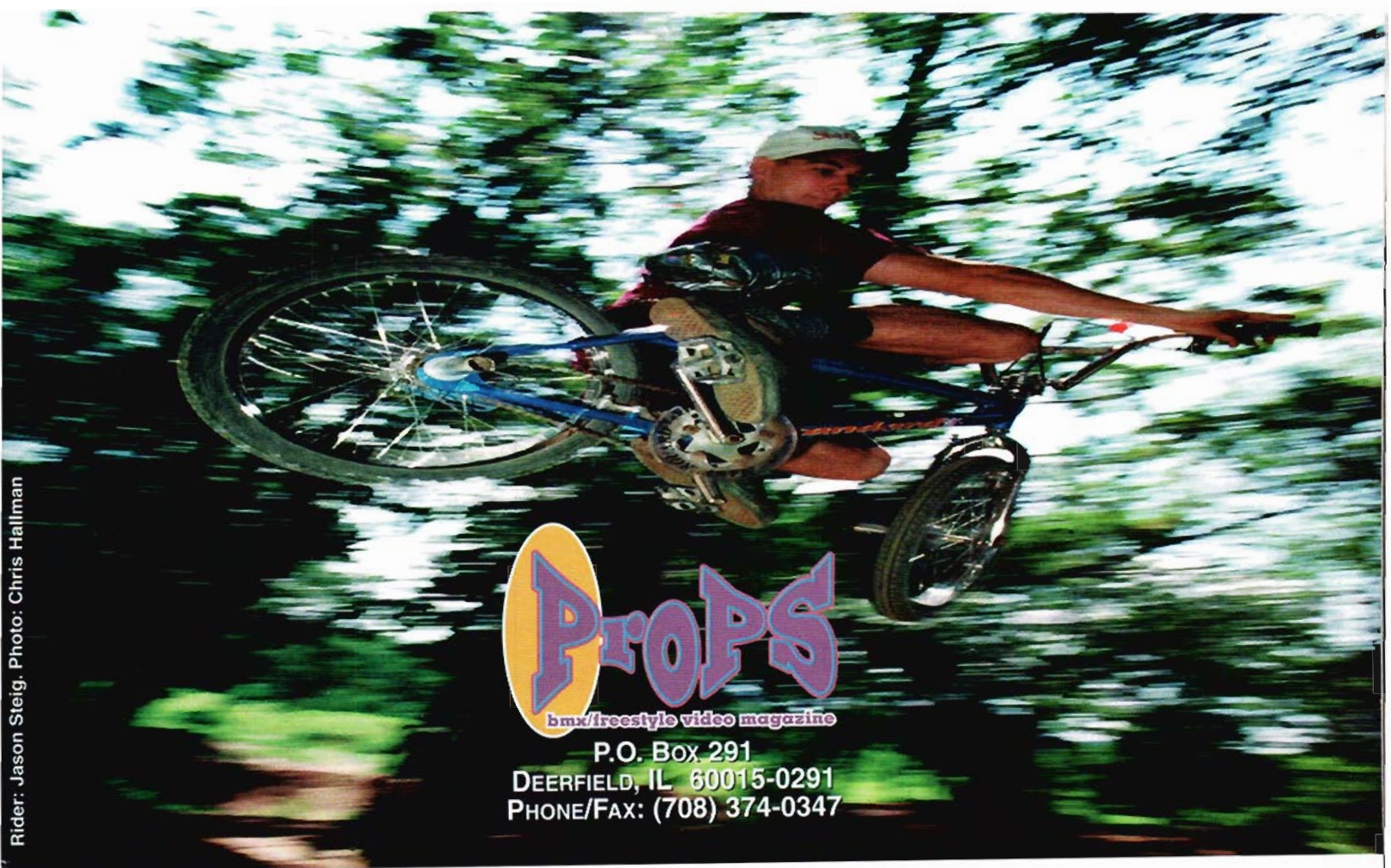
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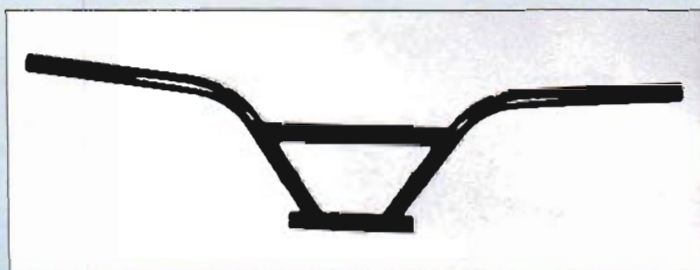
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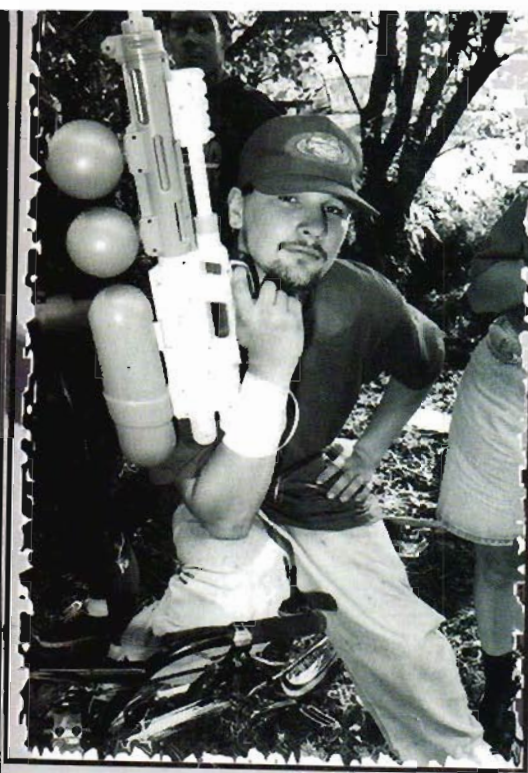
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