



welfare 'zine number eight.

david mugglestoneditor

jesse hicksfor those who believe the world is flat

mike clarygoin' back, back to school, yeah, yeah

mike boydwomen like beards, honest

mike shattuckmackin' the ladies

chris shattuckaxe master

sean mahercover boy (videos \$14)

willie nelsonsome country music loser

fill my box, babypo box 194, groton, ma 01450

ampersandgoodclothes

talk dirty to me508-448-5863

chase gouinfuckin' amazing

welfare 'zine is published

by ampersand goodclothes

whenever the hell we

can afford it.

what's brown and sounds like a bellduunnnng

Team Welfare, as we once knew it, has fallen into a state of disrepair. The evil wizard License, and his servant, Car, have taken some of our ranks away from what is important. Several team members have begun to worship the demon Hemp, and other members have cast aside bicycles in hopes of capturing a fair maiden. The steed of one pivotal member has fallen victim to the evil prince Poverty, and his jousting time has been cut short by the wicked princess Sprain. Still other members have been captured by the time-absorbing beings called Girlfriend and Work. As it stands, every member still mounts the chromoly horse, but with thoroughly questionable regularity (and in some cases devotion). Only one knight has remained unfailingly glued to his purpose, conquering the Land of Flat.

But despair not. To our ranks have been added many young knights eager to build their skills and improve their worth. Other knights from far off lands join us often. New stunts have been learned by all in our ranks, and deserved recognition has come to some. The tailor Ampersand has grown in popularity, as has the scroll of Welfare. Travels to far-off lands for bicycling jousts have been many and without trouble. And hopefully soon, the spell of poverty will be lifted and our eldest knight will replace his steed, heal his body and perfect his technique. More journeys are on the horizon, and the warriors of Welfare will overcome and prosper.

Aye, if only we could defeat the evil imp Winter.

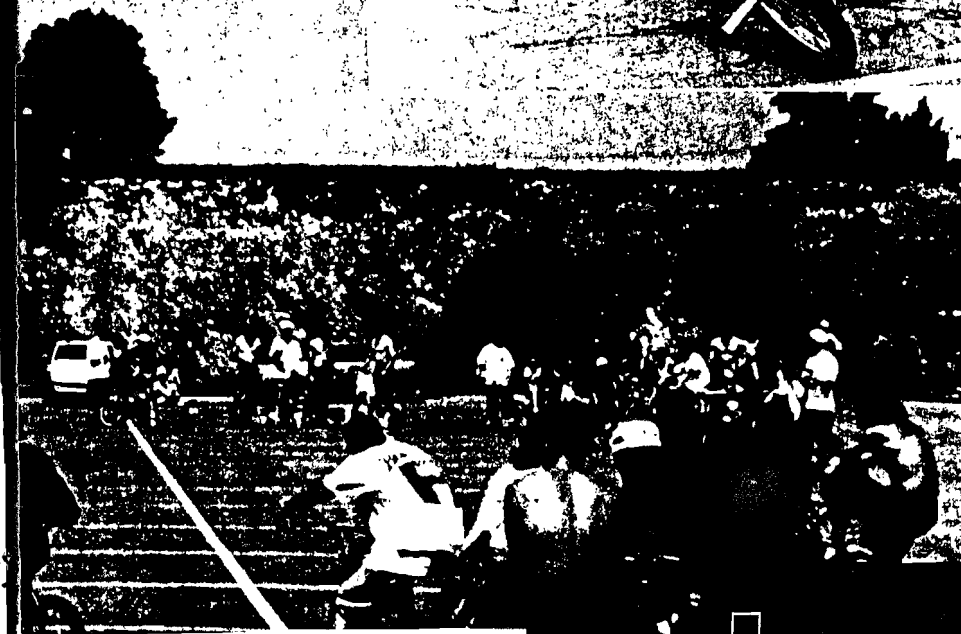


ampersand
goodclothes

send stamp for product information, include \$1 for welfare 'zine:
ampersand, po box 194, groton, ma 01450



york



the **World Premiere** June 26, 1993 **jam**

6/25/93, about 1:45 pm: Hysteria, disorder, confusion. Mrs. Swire. "I really don't think this is going to work. I'm just not too comfortable with the person in the back not having a seatbelt! I'll call my husband. Maybe you can take his van for the weekend. I'm just not too comfortable with this arrangement." Apparently Ben Swire's mom had never witnessed the Team Welfare car packing method before, because she was really freaking out. I just tuned her out and looked at Jesse. "How are we going to get all of this in here?" "We'll find a way." Yeah, of course we would, we're fucking expert geniuses. But Mrs. S. wasn't helping... The night before this Friday afternoon, I had talked to Ben's mother in hopes that she would let him go to York. She liked me, and after a while Mr. Swire relented too. Now I wasn't quite sure what I had gotten into. Jesse and I had packed the car (Theresa's Escort) at my house, driven to Ben's and now faced the obstacle of repacking the car, this time to fit three people and all their stuff. Toss in Mrs. "Worried Parent" and it was a bit tough... Trust us, we've done this tons of times



before. It'll make it to Pennsylvania with no problem." Somehow we convinced her, and with three bikes hanging out of the tied-down hatchback, we set off for the state with many trees. Specifically, York, PA.
6/25/93, 11:00 pm: After 37,826 tollbooths in New Jersey, some annoying traffic and ten miles that looked like Nashua, "Amput of the Earth" New Hampshire, during which Ben was forced to pee in the woods, we made it to York. Was it ever in doubt? I learned why York Barrels are called that after driving by the factory. Also in York we found out that everybody had different ideas of what to do-I favored the "find out what's going on" plan of action. Jess and Ben wanted to find a motel and find out. In the morning, get a license and then I'll let you make these decisions, until then it's up to me (heh, heh). After some sleuthing, I found Mark Eaton's name in the phone book, and one "Yeah, dude, blah, blah, see ya" type conversation later, we knew tomorrow's plan and went to the



Super 8, where Jess and Ben got the under-12 rate from the nice man at the desk. They paid for the room, I was broke. We got to the room, I stapled zines, Ben watched any movie he could find with nudity in it (okay, I too cast a glance in the TV's direction now and then), and Jess flexed or something. zzz.

6/26/93, whenever the hell we woke up: Showers went around, and we went outside into one of those 150 days that seem to plague shadeless events. We found the Queen's Gate parking lot and were way too early, so after unsuccessfully trying to find Eaton's house and some violent arguing about whether to get a motel room for the night, we decided to get the room. Ben and Jess paid, we got our bikes and went to do some jamming.

6/26/93, 11:00 am: Oh no, not another day in the hot sun watching flatlands. I saw a few cars, and more came soon, until there were probably 100 people there. I talked with people until that got dull, then I set out some Ampersand goods for sale and split my time between watching the Ampersand/Poorboy Stapp (Jared Souhey set up his stuff with mine at my suggestion, and sold more too), the bastard... just kidding), talking to Hal Bridley, riding a parking block/board, jump, sitting on Keith's car as if it was mine, taking pictures (not just of Chase), and generally having a really good time. Not a much riding went on as I might have expected, due to heat and the fact that everyone seemed intimidated by Chase and as everyone loosened up, there were lots of hot riders but I missed all the names. Boomin system-everyone thought I owned Keith's Acura. I should have worn a sign that said "Faith No More mine, I'd eject the Faith No More CD and break it with a hammer." I had to sign so I took the blame. Fun was had by all, although some attitudes were around. Oh, also, Ben walked up to Eaton, pointed to me and said (in true Ben Swire style) "This is the guy who kept calling you last night." Eaton was surprised.

6/26/93, 4 or 5 or maybe 6:00pm: Things were well until the first drop of rain sent the riders scurrying to their hotels. Our campsite had two children room now

housed Ben, Jess, my old friend, Jared, Florek, Parrish, Mober and Jimmy James. Showers went around, actually about 82,99 at what I (sincerely thought) for showers, then everybody started congregating on the Queen's Gate cinema. About as soon as we all got in, the cries of Billiejean started, next to everyone's delight and amusement. But that was only the opener... after about 1/2 hour Hypnosis (Dorkin Six) started rolling, blurry as hell but nobody minded. Would you need \$4 to sit in a theater with 100 or so crazy bikers and watch Dorkin 6, I don't know. But I don't know. I ever spent that much on security (and we could have gotten in free, but \$4 is a small price to pay). After the film, Ben went boldly up to a supposed event, and said "Whee, job, job, job, job, the Big Daddy, you know what?" Then I drove Keith's car to the hotel. Apparently I caught him to a "fuck it" I probably can't afford the payment's anyway" mood, and we all went back to the hotel (Mober, Keith, and Jared) with raver, Florek, Parrish, Mober and Jared. I don't really like and sleeping under the sink while I had a shower started fed all to my lonely self. Those hetero boys.

6/27/93, 10:50 am: Damn, we all slept late. 11:00 is checked in, so we all scrambled around and got our stuff together, then turned in the key and headed to Denay. After a fifteen minute wait, we were seated. I cheated out and didn't order anything. An hour later, after our cries of "Billiejean" had grown louder and louder, next to the amusement of another group of riders on the other side of the restaurant, our food arrived. "Free!" the guy said. Great! Free food! But I didn't order anything. Damn.

6/27/93, 2-3 pm: There was this key June 26



interview:

Okay, I admit it. Asking a few of these questions was kind of like those people who used to give gas station attendants a hard time after the Exxon Valdez spill. But if BMX Plus! is the Valdez, Mike Daily is certainly much more than just a gas station attendant—he's the editor in chief. So read this for what it's worth, read BMX Plus! (borrow one), and draw your own conclusions.

What is "Acidulant: Fuck off Big Foot" all about? All of mankind is made up of savages.

What do you have to say about Plus! trying to box out CRANK (and falling to acknowledge RIDE)? I worked at GO when CRANK was starting up. I worked with Brad, as a matter of fact, McDonald. One time we had an eight-hour photo session with Jesse Puente.

How did you get where you are today, and what do you think of where you are?

Writing experience/freelance/zines. Where was I?

Who are some big influences in your life? Chris "Mad Dog" Moeller, Andy Jenkins, Charles Bukowski, Jim Morrison, Steve Richmond, Kevin Jones, Jeff Tremaine, Mike Tokumoto, the producer of "Unsolved Mysteries", Pete Augustin, Todd Lyons, Greg Barbera, all sorts of dogs. (Even tho' I don't have one of my own.)

Do you still live for 20" bikes, or is it just a job requirement now? I live. I work. Sometimes I ride. No complaints.

Is Plus! really going to have a no-helmet, no-coverage policy? No.

If you were to start Aggro Rag again, how would it be different from what it used to be? No difference.

In an interview in 3 of Clubs, you said something like "Plus! will win back the trust of the disenchanted." But the last one I saw showed how to fix a flat tire, of all the useless crap. How do you plan to "win back...the disenchanted"? The magazine has improved, in our estimation. The other day I fixed a flat with that green goop. It worked.

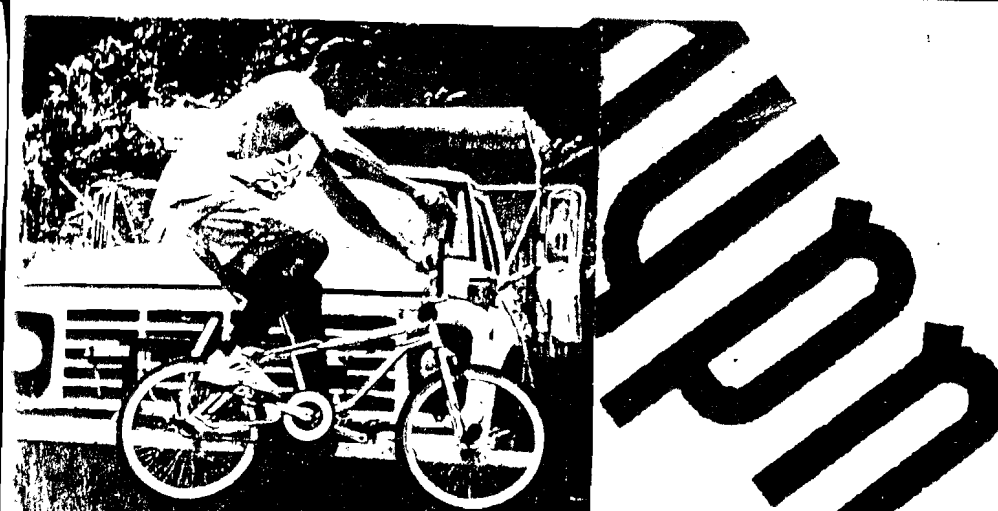
Are you happy that the Hoods are basically some of the most famous guys now (Chase, Jones) or would you rather the whole thing remain underground? Yes, they rule. I think they deserve a lot more than they get, and I think they will get it. The underground remains...and guys like Chase and Kev remain underground.

Define "hardcore rider". Are you one? It's all about relativity, not theory. No I am not but I was if that is any consolation. I have plates and screws holding my left arm together. Doctor Kruper performed the operation. He has also worked on Lungmustard. Kruper has a habit of chewing gum and cracking jokes like "put a sign on your mailbox and sell it." He meant our bikes. It was funny.

Any last words or comments can go here. Thanks for the interview! I wasn't trying to be a smartass; given the questions I was given one would expect me to be one, but I respect your viewpoint, Mr. Muggleston. I read your 'zine—yes, a healthy alternative—of course—zines are a good thing. Keep it up.



mi
ke
da
ily



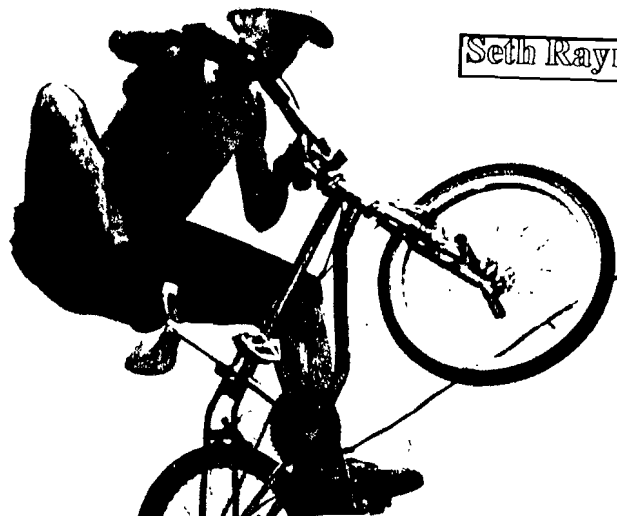
(called that because you'll be going 75 at the bottom of a hill and only 45 by the time you reach the top) we only hit about half an hour of traffic. Ben "Backseat Driver" kept me up to date when I was not driving up to his standards, and begged to go to McDonald's. Okay, okay, just stop doing your rapper impression, whitebread.

6/28/93, around 1 am: A somewhat disheartened Ben (I guess he wasn't quite used to the Team Welfare make-fun-of-each-other traveling style, but it's all in fun, and Ben's really a cool kid) was dropped at his house, and two seconds later Jess and I got pulled over for blowing a red light. "I thought I could go right on red." "NO." No ticket, one warning later, we're home and all that. zzzzz.

most "Kibby" who had come via a bus from Washington challenge Kevin Jones at a contest in 1994. whatever, it was obvious the kid was very confused, instead of explaining the facts to him, everyone just compared him and urged on him. Fame, and after that Jones and I just quietly rode while this went on they can't wait to rag on the id. Cool guys, even if you can ride like wildfire from every camera in sight.

7/27/93, 3:30 pm: After an "it will be in the water" restored himself at the theater and we loaded up on goop, we hit the second road home. Smooth ride in the 75/45 escort





Seth Raymond

It's amazing how Dave's

Somewhere around 7/3/93. I get a call from Sky Stewart, creator of Trove Zine, who tells me that he, Seth Raymond and Ben Marean are on tour, they're in New York, and can they come stay with me for a few days? Okay, I say, not sure exactly how my parents will react but excited anyway. I've never had anyone stay over before...

7/5/93, 1:00 pm. Hot, hot, hot. Sky Stewart finally called me and said "we're here". "Here" meant the Groton General Store. I went to meet the three travelers and found a small station wagon topped with three bikes and filled with a huge assortment of travel necessities. Including three very hot, tired-looking freestylers. "Follow me to my house."

7/5/93, 3:00 pm. "Did you touch?" "Yeah, it's all slimy though." "Gross, I guess I won't touch then..." The scene—Silver Lake, Hollis, New Hampshire's best excuse for a swimming area. After realizing that it was way too hot to ride, we all decided to take advantage of Mike Shattuck's grandparents' lakeside house, and Sky, Ben and I were trying to touch bottom about fifty feet offshore. I must note that I am much less brave about exploring the murky depths. "You touch first!"

7/5/93, 5:00 pm. Dinner. Sky doesn't know how to cook pasta (read: mush) but it was pretty damned good anyway. My mom and codfish cakes? My mom buying food for our three guests? My dad asking me if I "need any money"? I guess my parents were undaunted by the thought of three overnight guests (our house is kind of small), and were taking their usual hospitable route. Thanks, parents. After dinner we rode Lomar Park and I "entertained" with the "blues". Man alive.

7/5/93, 11:00 pm. Beavis? Butthead?

7/6/93, am. We decide that in order to entertain our new friends, a trip to Turtles and Whitman is in order. Jess, Clarence and I in the Skylark (\$400) and Sky, Seth and Ben in their car. On the way to Turtles, I found out that Washington drivers are way too polite to deal with aggressive Massachusetts maniacs. "Hey Dave, pull over! We lost Sky again!" Turtles, as usual, provides a fun session. S, S and B have already proven to be really cool guys, now they prove to be really good riders with big abubaca attempts, jumps and footplants. But the heat and Turtles' "good for about half an hour" atmosphere soon uproot us. Next stop: Whitman.

7/6/93, 4:00 pm Cruising happily along 27 south, about 2 miles away from Whitman, my car dropped dead for good. In the process of (unsuccessfully) trying to get it started, the engine



Sky Stewart

fifth straight
car broke down



Ben Marean

about fifteen minutes of laughter. Sky followed this display by depositing the box in someone's garbage. Ben later tried the same stunt, but could only manage to squeeze out a turd that couldn't have scared an ant. Clarence leaned up against the car window, exposing his armpits. Garden fresh scent. Matyosus's mom and family—up all night? Grasshoopers? Women being driven back and forth in a Cavalier? Huh? I can never usually sleep in cars, and this was no exception. Fuck.

7/7/93, 9:00 am. Diagnosis: the timing chain (\$600 repair job) was dead on my car, and the fuel injection system (cost of replacement—?) was damaged in the fire yesterday afternoon. I removed all my goods, stereo, et cetera, paid the garage (it cost me \$40 to find out that my car was junk—these guys don't work for free), and pedaled back to John's. "Let's ride and find a way home."

7/7/93, noon. Clarence's mom will pick us up. It is so hot that if you fly out onto the deck of the ramp, your temperature immediately goes up about 10° because you're not creating wind. Seriously. Hot, hot, hot, hot and no place to swim. A little riding happens, but not much.

7/7/93, 2:00 pm. Mrs. Clarence arrives, and I decide to go home with the Washington guys because they want to swim and don't know the way home. We end up at "filthy pond" or

caught on fire, providing "Scoop" Stewart and his pack of roving reporters with some great action photographs. Actually, I would have just let the fire take its course, but the stereo and bikes were still in the car. After I (yes, I, with no help from my five "pals") put out the fire, a fire truck came. Funny...

7/6/93, 8:00 pm. My car (which cost me \$400, and I put 25,000 more miles onto its 111,000 mile engine, and I might have changed the oil twice, so it was quite a bargain, even if it did die at an inconvenient time) was under observation, but a diagnosis wouldn't be complete until morning, when the mechanic got in. So we rode at Whitman, where Keith Gay gave me a BB cup and I installed it in time to ride for about two seconds before it got dark. We took the offer to spend the night at John Matyosus's house (in the driveway).

Cool.

7/6/93, 11:00 pm. Six young men, four large pizzas, two or three gallons of iced tea. Give me that pepperoni...

7/6/93, 11:05 pm. Six young men, one slice of pizza and half a gallon of iced tea left. Buncha pigs...

7/6&7/93, 11:30 pm-7:00 am. Yeah right, six hyped-up youths are going to sleep. Not. Sky emptied his foul bowels into a Papa Gino's box, to which we showed disgust, nausea and



Ben Marean



Seth Raymond

whatever it's called, where an old lady who looks like Popeye wants us to pay \$5 to park. We sneak in instead, only to find that the water is disgusting. "Refreshed", we head home via Taco Bell, which sucks but Sky, Seth and Ben love it. To top it all off, Seth makes communications history by cutting a ripper at "The Satellites". Science is not pretty.

7/7/93, 11:00 pm

. After a short but fun date with Theresa (Friendly's waitresses are sooo slow) I came home, watched Beavis and Butthead with S, S & B, and we went to bed. Not together...

7/8/93, 10:00 am. The Washington Posse's stay is over, we exchange goodbyes and they hit the road for the Posh jam, where I'll see them again in a few days. And I'd like to agree with my mom, who said of Sky, Seth and Ben: "Those were very nice boys!" Yup.

HOW BOUT
A
PIECE A

POSH
JAM
7/8, 9, 10, 11,

ASS



Here in _____, Maryland, at
Auggie's house. The plan is lake
jumping. Moving the ramp from
one spot to another is not too
hard if you ignore the bees
under the ramp, the rumored
water moccasins, and the crazy
tractor ride (courtesy of Auggie).
Massachusetts rules...

GALENA, MD. Whoopee!
7/9/93 I am still somewhat amazed
that I actually lake jumped. Twice.
→ First time was a face-side
landing, second time successful.
Water was only 3' deep! And dirty.
Rotondo pulled a TZO, Auggie
tried a backflip on a cruiser.
After a while we stopped, back
to Auggie's house for a shower

(I never sweated so
after a shower).
Sandwich. After the
"cruisin'" the field
looking at tree
housing development
and other odd st
Auggie's led to
I'm not sleeping

2/93

7/8/93 Rich DAY Mike Rotondo &
Joe Jaugirda are for some reason
amazed by all the frogs in the
road. They're prepared, too:
Trojan Magnums and Gallery.
Missile Command, here we come.
Shut up about penises. "Bikeridings
not supposed to be professional...it's
a bunch of idiots" - MIKE ROTO
7/9/93 "How's your ar-vil?" - Joe to Mike

→ "I was in my room with my girlfriend
and we were going to make some...
pizza" - Rich "we needed some
yeast" 9:30 Rotondo stole shotgun.
"That girl has a hairy ass" - Rotondo
"Why would a girl not want to fuck me?" - Joe
"We're going from the frying pan to the
fire" - TRAFFIC IN CT.
Traffic sucks. Yup.
Jaco bell smells eternally rude.
CREAMER on sign machine

Joe and Mike steal trays from 'Bell
Everyone else in the car is so
FUCKIN SOFT AS A GRAPE
when it comes to da toonz.
MUG - MAN
Stupid license plates: "CURLZ"
"88 GTU" or an '88 GTU"
Can you spell "promiscuous"?
"Yo're we naughty little nurse"

→ Big hairy bridge in Delaware
Somewhere in Delaware or maybe
Maryland there is an airport
where the landing lights
go across the street. Wow.
BUY YOUR COMBINE OR TRACTOR
OR BALEN AT HOOBER EQUIPMENT
Lord Rotondo stinketh - pooh!
Auggie and his doggies!



much 30 seconds
and a roast beef
at, we went
for a while,
news, corn farms, a
with no houses,
A. Back to
ghost stories.
done tonight...

7/10/93
Auggie's house... what you would
call a civil war mansion very big
very spooky. If someone had the
millions to invest, this place could
be a palace.
Last night we heard more about
Captain Wilson, who owned the house
originally and whose ghost
supposedly roams. Grain of salt?
Yes, but I'd love to see a ghost
so I guess I'll go along with it.

→ we had a cool session on Auggie
ramp last night, but heat got
the best of us...
7/10/93 I hardly know where
to begin so I'll be logical.
Joe and I cranked out of bed
at around 10:30 and went down
for a bowl of cereal with war
milk. Then we walked along
the cliffs and found a skull.
No, not as cool as it sounds,
but okay.

Whenever we organized ourselves into a group with a mission, I don't know. But we did, and the mission was lake jumping and catamaraning. High tide provided a lot better lake experience than yesterday, and I drove Rich Day's luxury cruiser (with 1957 desoto done

light) back to Auggie's house.

For nighttime fun, we decided to go to the Farmer's Market (cheesy indoor flea-market thing) and then to WILMINGTON DE for street riding. On the way, we stopped to watch a completely insane crop dusting plane dip and drive. We also stopped at an adult

Shope, where nobody had the balls to go inside but I did manage to peer in to see more dildos than you could ever need. Even if you were a woman in prison for life. Oh, and Rich complained about his sunburn.

In Wilmington, the first stop was "Jim's house,

where two slutty/tipsy girls chatted with us. "Robin" was mellow, "Becky" tried hard to make Rich Day. Rich Day?

We decided, after two semi-cool wallrides, to go ride street in Wilmington. Big mistake? No. But Rich Day and Mike Rotondo found out the hard way that you can't

LIAR BOND

trust anyone. we were on the corner by Holiday Inn (700 King St) when a group of "Yutes" approached. Auggie and Joe split immediately. I called to Rich and Mike to come on, but it was too late: a little kid (10? 12?) had a grip on Mike's grip.

when he realized that Mike wasn't going to let him ride the bike, he decided that the next best thing to do was to punch Mike as hard as possible in the face. Somehow, we all escaped, and regrouped later, without Mike, whom we found later, mostly through his own wits.



environment is probably the most important factor in that person's nature. Points to ponder. Humanity is complex. One more thing: I have a sunburn.

"Muggleston, you are hung." - Rich.
"FUCK Massachusetts!"

VICS.

The trip home had us pondering many things. The safety of city street riding. Whether to blame all blacks. What we should have done. Who was right. Who was wrong. Finally after everyone had their two cents paid in full, I realized one thing: a person's



7/11/93 This is it. The big day, the big shindig, the event for which we have been anxiously waiting. The Posh Jam.

I think we managed to leave somewhere around nine or ten, after a breakfast of Auggie's mom's

pantakes (which were much needed after my lack of food the day before). We hit the road and only lost about 20 minutes turning around for my camera. Sorry---

The trip to posh was fairly straightforward, with occasional confusion but



never getting completely lost. Gas station conversation:

Joe: "Do you have any fruit?"

Girl (Traci): "You mean like bananas?"

Joe: "Well, ^{all} ~~we~~ already have bananas"

Girl: "That was rude"

And so it went until we ~~reached~~ reached Posh (right at pathmark, left at cardboard sign). Posh has too many doubles. I swear,

every jump I saw (which might have been half of them) was a set of dubs, except the tabletop, which had to be cleared like dubs if you liked your wrists to stay in one piece. The "best ~~360~~" contest for a pair of bars was happening over the table, with Luc-e's rear tire grabber taking the

cake. I don't think he won though. The actual "Contest" was beginner and expert. No pros. "Beginner" had some PSYCHOS. I'm a fucking slug compared to those "beginners". Had got 4th, don't know who else got what. Oh, and "Dirty John" pulled the first flip of the day

on his third try, followed by Luc-e soon afterwards.

I'm not too sure how the expert jam went down since I sold shirts instead of watching. 2 shirts, I should add. I drank a mouthful of some girl's alcoholic drink by mistake and almost puke.



Piss me off. But she bought a shirt. Posh has puddles of dust that you can step in and they'll splash. Rad as fuck.

HalB with a 12' bullwhip. Crack. Molitenoff Schmidt tossing around \$50 bills like paper.

\$2 in food at pathmark.

Rich Day is a great guy.

Crash, crash, crash, crash, crash. Midterno: big scare, little girl, real. And built. No hand tabletop!

7/12/93 On the NJ Turnpike, the girl working the mall-mart said "you look like you listen to ska". Huh??



Stoner Dave

Here's a funny story. A few months ago, I met "Don", a rider who lives near me. "Don" isn't too diligent when it comes to his school work and has stayed back a couple of times, but in general he's a pretty good kid. Recently, "Don" started smoking pot, which, as you can imagine, hasn't helped. But the really funny thing is that a mutual friend, who I'll call "Patt", recently said to me "I know you hang around 'Don', but if you're getting him high please stop, because he's flunking out of school", or words to that effect. Apparently some of "Don"'s friends said they thought he was getting stoned with an "older kid". Well, I quickly and adamantly explained that I am entirely straightedge, and that I always tell "Don" that pot is dumb and skipping school is more dumb. "Patt" apologized, but I was left with a bitter taste in my mouth realizing that if "Patt" had thought I was to blame for "Don"'s rasta tendencies, there must be a lot of other people who think that, too. Nothing like an undeserved bad reputation, huh?

music. yes it's crappy but I don't have a computer right now. ①
 good: jawbox for your own special sweetheart. bad: billy pilgrim.
 good: shootyz groove. good: smart-e's. good: mind bomb. bad: for love
 not lisa. bad: james. bad: juliana
 hetfield.



Haiku and other tranquil poetry

This is what I think:
 Haikus are pretty silly
 That is what I think.

Ride ride ride ride ride
 Ride ride ride ride ride ride ride
 Ride ride ride ride ride

I was flatulent
 From Chicago to Groton.
 That's some real good gas.

Roses are red,
 Violets are blue.
 Fuck you,
 You suck.

funny: "Cold Gin" KISS cover ③
 band show in Lowell. great:
 ACE FREHLEY show in Lowell.
 good: dutch. good: NIN "The
 downward spiral". Bad:
 (yes, BAD)



Fifty channels and all I can find to
 watch on a Friday night
 is...nothing. "Yo MTV Raps" beats
 out "The Legend of Billie Jean" for
 a while, then vice-versa—I'm not
 too interested in either. Since
 when did I have nothing to do on
 a Friday night? I've a roomful of
 books I could be reading. I could
 play my guitar. I know I need
 work on that. Or I could sleep. For
 now the lure of the glowing box is
 strong, but soon the lure of a box
 spring will be stronger.

② Mediocre: KISS alive III. good: "Seattle,
 the dark side" (Seattle RAP compilation).
 good: bad religion, "recipe for hate". Mediocre:
 "Come on feel the lemon heads". good:
 Medicine "the buried life".

LITTERBUG?: Concerning Lorena Bobbitt:
 They should have at least found her guilty of
 littering.

Rage against the machine. ④
 silly: Moxy Fruvous "Bargainville"
 disappointing: Type O Negative's
 "Bloody Kisses". Pretentious:
 FUGAZI in Fitchburg, Ma. good:
 SBC opening for them. good:
 TECHN0. Bad: this music section.

A picture is worth a thousand
 words. Here are pictures of
 Josh Fields (I think)
 grinding, Chuck Ronayne
 riding a wall, and Tony Long
 "Dong" picking his ice.



Andrew Parrish



King of

8/1/93

flat land



Adam Murphy

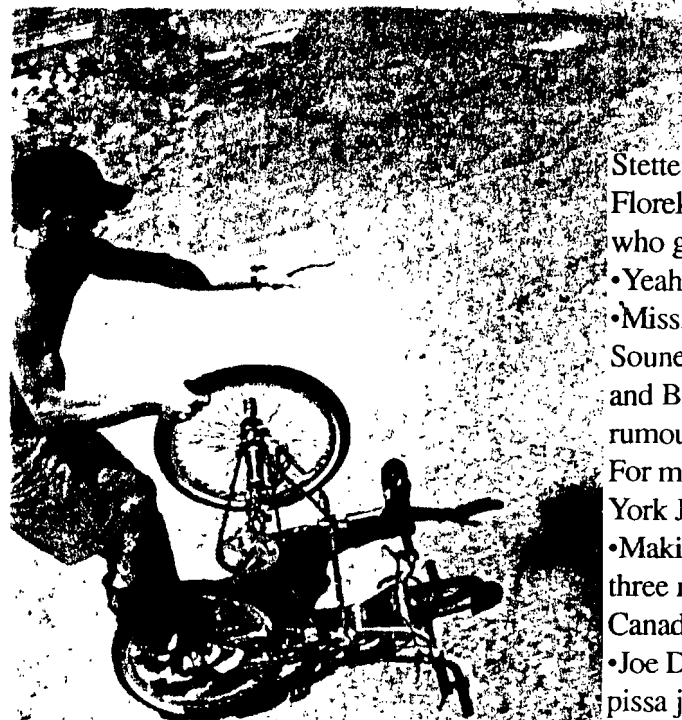


Kurt Von Stetten

- This represented the beginning of the last ever season of King Of Flatland. Jess and I will do the Queen of Flat next year. Don't fret.
- If this had been an NBL contest, just about everyone would have had a negative score. Everyone touched quite a bit, but nobody minded—it was a very loose atmosphere.
- Adam Murphy showed up (he lives on the South Shore now), and even with a bum ankle he managed to elicit a "Shit, man, that was pissa" from John Maul.

- Expert rulers were Kurt Von

Sean Maher



Keith Gay

Stetten, Andrew Parrish, Mark Florek and Kieran Chapman, who got third.

- Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

- Missing in Action were Jared Souney, Keith McElhinney, and Ben Swire. Ben was rumoured to be at the Cape. For more about Ben, read the York Jam story.

- Making up for the MIAs were three novice guys from Canada. That's devotion.

- Joe Daugirda did a fuckin' A pissa job of promoting ampersand, but John "Goatee" wouldn't Joe announce. Mic hog.



Kieran Chapman



wire
'zine

new england freestyle

issue 6 \$2 ppd; shirt & video out later
1003 oak hill ave. box 6
attleboro, ma 02703



NOUVEAU

Poitrine de poulet

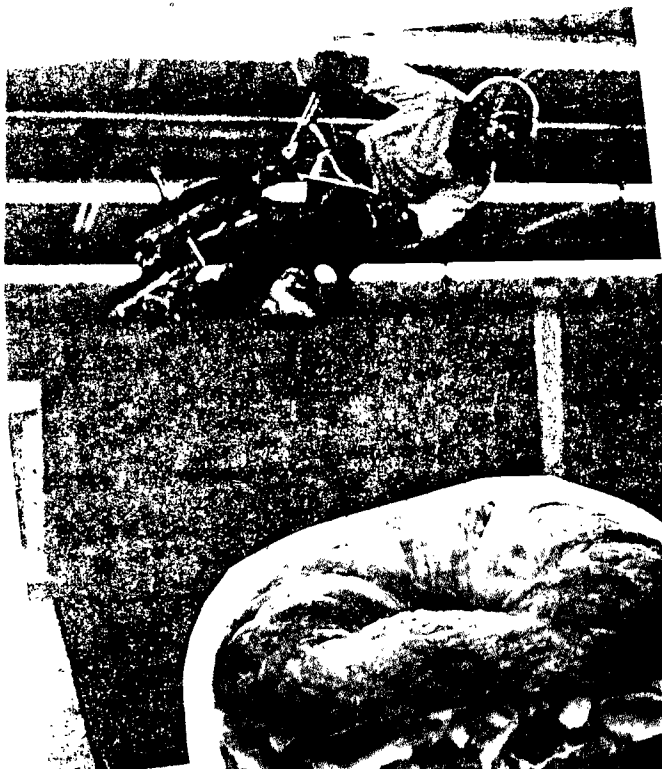
**Rôti de boeuf
et fromage**

NOUVEAU

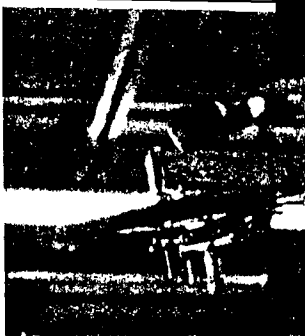
Eric Gagne

Salade au thon

August 15, 1993. Stephane Levigne and The Montreal Highrollers held a contest at a skatepark in (you guessed it) Montreal, and Jesse and I went with Sean Maher in the Maher big ol' wagon. After a night of watching old "Extreme Freestyle" shows and playing an infuriating but strangely compelling maze game that Sean claims is often an all-night endeavor, we hit 93 North. One Man in the Mountain later (I can't believe that most of New Hampshire's economy is based around this "tourist attraction"), we were at the border, and about eighty miles after that, we were in Montreal. The highway in Montreal is narrow, the drivers are crazy, and we took about twenty wrong turns, but we managed to find the skatepark. Practice was building up to steam, so I went out to ride street. When I came back, the first thing I saw was some dude pull a flip. Then another, then another. Adam Murphy showed up and pulled no backflips, but he amazed everyone, especially with his halfpacker which looped around Stephane's car three times and ended in a sick front wheel string. Everybody and their mother wanted to stay over at Stephane's luxury penthouse suite; Jesse, Maher and I were among the lucky few. A night trip to Montreal had Josh Heino (calm) and me (strangely nervous) walking around the "strip", and two drunk girls macking on us. No thanks. Sunday morning gave us a flatland contest, with Pat Maher seconding in pro and Murphy taking first. Jesse lost. As soon as the flat jam started, I pulled out 'zines and shirts and sold all my shirts and a bunch of 'zines and a pair of shorts. Miniramp class came and went but was boring as you'd imagine. Flakies? Yes, but the trick was out of place. I think that guy won. Street was what I really wanted to see, and I wasn't disappointed—360s, huge jumps, wallrides, 360 wallrides, grinds. I was pissed that I didn't have the cash to enter, because I had a killer run planned. Great street was next, flipflipflipflipflipflipflip. Kevin Robinson was the only one not doing flips, and he got dead last. I don't think he should have—he pulled FAT 360s off of everything and the highest footplant (on a twelve foot rafter over a seven foot quarter) of the day. But flips are almost mandatory. Eric Gagne won with an incredible no-handed flip and big jumps. Stephane tried his first flip on a ramp. Vert was a bit dull because of low ceilings, but Kevin Robinson (grinds), Eric Gagne (flat tire) and Eric Maltain (golf pro) still ripped it up.



Eric Gagne



Kevin Robinson



Salade de fruits de mer



Salade de poulet



Stephen Levesque



Pedro Dos Santos

CROISSANT



Jason Holmes



Agneau et fromage



NOUVEAU

Salade aux oeufs



**Vian
(à l'ancienne)**



Jason Holmes



Sean Maher

Can you dig it, man?

This Is Your Invitation

• No Obligation

SEND A BUCK AND A 52¢
STAMP FOR THE DEBUT 32
PAGE ISSUE OF HICK 'ZINE.

SEND TO:
HICK 'ZINE
IN CARE OF

JOSH FIELDS
RR # 1 BOX 7
cutler, in 46920
317.268.2591

join the
FUN

QUALITY CONTROLLED HANDS
MODERN FACTORY QUALITY MATERIALS

Don't Be Fooled

Over the last few months, it seems that quite a few people have been telling me how much they like Welfare 'Zine, how "rad" it is, and all that. I even got one letter where a certain friend described it as "fuckin-A pissa". DON'T BE FOOLED. Welfare 'Zine is a piece of trash. It is filled with ridiculous, opinionated banter, blurry photos with horrendously poor photocopy quality, and silly garbage that the "editor" (an idiot) thinks is funny. Please, don't be believe the hype. David Muggleston is NOT QUALIFIED to produce any sort of publication. Somebody should think about the consequences before letting



This is Mike
Apinyakul, who
makes Funkie Dory
Zine (5016 Apache
Trails, Jefferson
City MO 65109).
FD is cool, has a
blue cover, and only
costs \$1 or a night
with your sister.

this kid near a computer. I repeat, DO NOT ALLOW YOURSELF TO BE TRICKED by this moron and his monotonous, repetetive drivel. This 'zine isn't worth the low-quality paper it's photocopied on. Do not waste your time reading trash like this—read the encyclopedia or something worthwhile.

Thank you for your cooperation.

king of flatland



8/22/93



Andrew Parrish



Jared Souney



Jimmy James Cavanaugh, proud owner of a nice hole in his car.

king of flat

Brian Chapman.

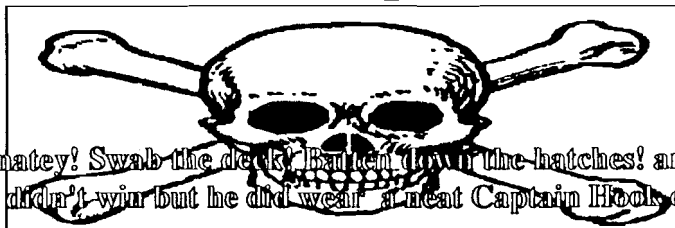
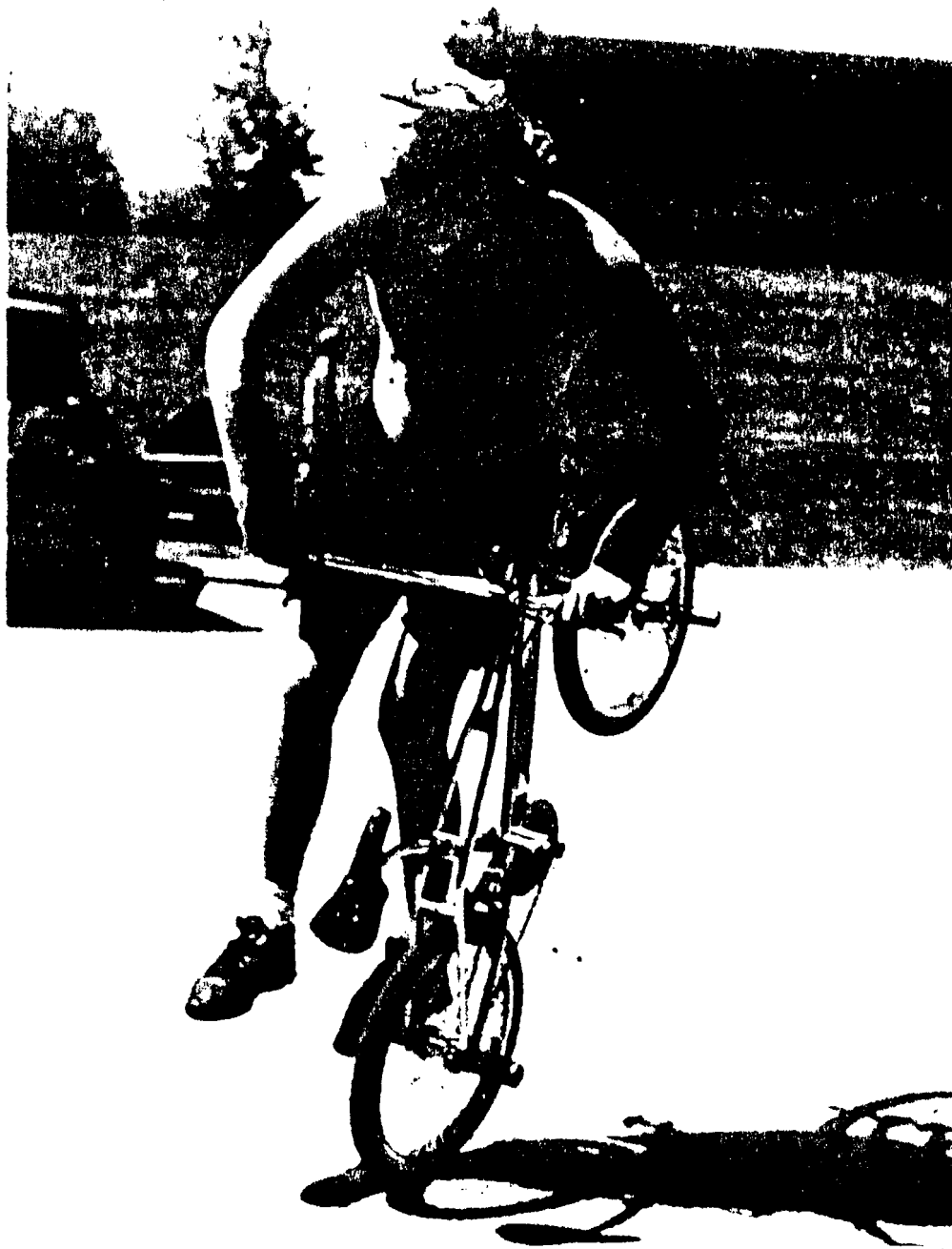


I am usually the possessor of monstrous verbosity when it comes to describing things like flatland contests. But this time, I have absolutely no idea what really happened. I do know that Keith McElhinney tackled me without bothering to first cleanse himself of excess perspiration. Gross. John Maul did the "raddest" trick I've ever seen (see photo). Rick MacDonald was a prick, and I'm going to have to kick his ass (joke). Joe Daugirda got on

the mic and plugged the hell out of ampersand. What a guy. Mark Florek didn't show anyone his "olive", but I'd bet it would have caused quite a ruckus if he had. Kieran Chapman didn't do anything out of the ordinary, but he's the creator of Wire, the raddest 'zine on the East Coast. John Cote, businessman, happily collected \$15 beer/entry fees. Barbecue? Kurt Von Sweatin' rode to some jungle music and gelled. That's all I remember.



Rick MacDonald.



Arrrr, matey! Swab the deck! Batten down the hatches! arrrrrrrr!
Keith didn't win but he did wear a neat Captain Hook outfit.

nbl

national bicycle league



jody donnelly



???????



fuzzy

grands

story by chip crail
photos by amanda leggett



First off, before anyone starts reading this, I'll tell you right now that this won't have a lot to do with racing. If that's what you want, quit reading now. But, if you want to read about a fun time including the NBL Grandnationals, by all means, continue...

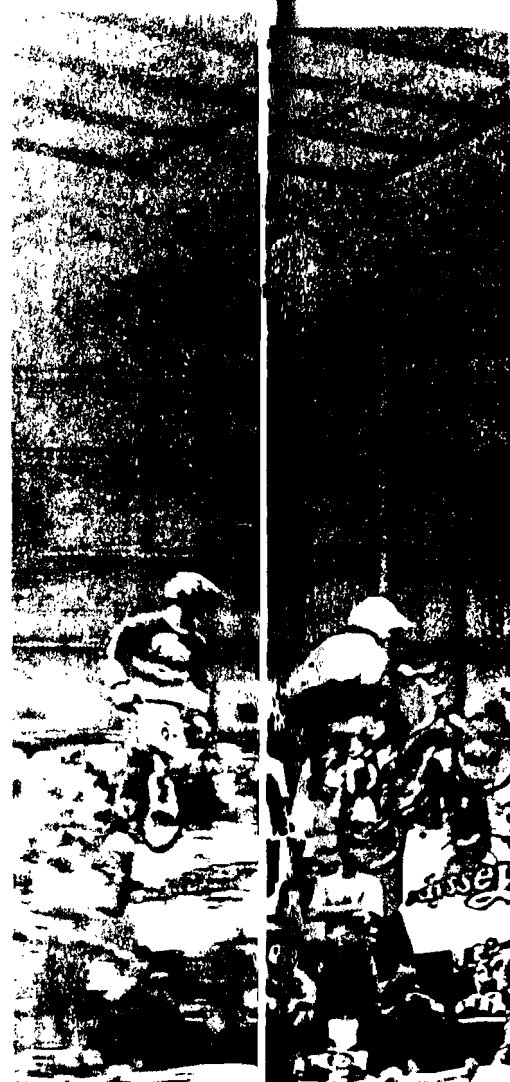
Friday, 9/3/93 Today is the day I took off of work in eager anticipation of an out-of-town visitor. Much to my dismay, he couldn't make it. Maybe next summer. After scarfing quite heartily at Pizza Hut's buffet, Jennifer and I headed to the track. When we walked in, we (or at least I) looked for someone I knew. No one in particular, mind you, just anyone. Who did we find? No one, that's who. About this time, I realized I don't know that many racers. We sat and watched for a while, and after explaining the techniques to Jennifer, and then scoping out the jumps on the track, we split. After an exhausting afternoon I returned to the track that night and watched more racing, got bored, hung out with some cool guys, and then proceeded to go to the rave party/MOBY concert.

It should have been a killer event, but due to a shortage of time it wasn't all I'd hoped for. One highlight: former flatland wizard/now DJ Sean O'Damels cutting up the vinyl. I'd hoped to see more BMX'ers though. Perhaps the steep admission price (\$12), no advertising it, or the late night antics were enough to keep most away. They should've done what Jenn did: skip your morning commitment and come over to my house to sleep.

Saturday, 9/4/93 After waking up about 11:00 am, we got up and headed to the track. Upon arrival, I found Steve Buddendeck of 2B Homecooked fame "in conference" with an NBL official. Later I discovered he was getting scolded for the "crime" of selling clothing to make a living.

Moments later I trekked outside to the staging building, and then found probably the most happening event of the races: a small dirt jump, about three to four feet tall, shaped similar to a spine. This area served as headquarters for the local riders because in between motos, racers would come and join us for a few aerial stunts. Numerous and, unfortunately, nameless, all participants had fun, especially the locals, including Andrew Leggett, Jim Walton, and Brad Smith from Nashville.

Speaking of Brad, he just got a new Bronco II 4x4. So, in fine Southern tradition,



someone suggested going "muddin" aka: bouncing around in a truck in a big mudhole. One open head wound (I'm serious!) and a few hours later, we found ourselves stuck in a deep rut in the middle of nowhere. After enlisting the help of two rednecks in a big 'ol Chevy truck, we all made it back to the races and began sessioning the jump again. Andrew learned big fat 360s, and Jim was pulling stalled abubacas.

About 9:00 pm, what everyone was waiting for finally started: THE JUMPING CONTEST. By the time the pros started, everyone was totally amped up. Jimmy Levan was ripping pretty hard with a huge no-hander, no-hander into a lookdown, and no-footed can-can to no-footer and back again. Jody Donnelly rode for Bully and totally ruled. Crazy variations, and the mandatory backflip attempt. He got fourth. I'm not sure who got third and second, but I do know they raged. Sorry for not paying attention, guys. Tim "Fuzzy" Hall was chosen the winner, and he received \$100 for his efforts, which included a big 360, his patented invert, a no-footer, and a 720 attempt. Most of the Memphis contingency (even Jennifer) thought Jody should have won, but nobody asked us. Thus ended Saturday's activities.

Sunday, 9/5/93 After waking up at a brisk 11:00 am, we met at the track at 11:30, only to be fairly disappointed. No one was jumping. Well, no one but little kids on \$1000 Titans with sew-ups and titanium axles and handlebars who have NO RESPECT for people trying to get speed to actually get off of the ground. I headed to vendor's row to try and find Steve, but again all I found was little grommets everywhere.

We headed into the arena to watch the races, but after 20 minutes it got boring. Sorry, but I have NO idea who won any race. Not even the pros. Hell, I only saw one pro that I recognized, and that's because "TOWNSEND" was on the back of his Robinson jersey. If you can't tell, I don't get off on racing. What I do get off on is having fun, and that I did. All in all, I'd have to say this was a good weekend. If you're disappointed about not knowing who won what or who pimped who over what berm, read BMX Plus! That's what it is there for, along with asking what's radder: dirt jumping or basket weaving.

Thanks to David Muggleston for letting me write this, and to Amanda Leggett for taking the pictures. Last but not least, thanks to Jennifer for being a great girlfriend and sacrificing her free time to race and rave with me.



fuzzy

fuzzy

2B rider

jody donnelly

Washington, DC:

Hot sun. Bare streets. Homeless man. A noticeable lack of racial integration. Spooky, ornate sculptures. Unhappy faces. Giant pillars of marble and granite. Street vendors of anything you could imagine, poor quality "souvenirs" at high prices. The White House. The Washington Monument. Thousands of people marching on Lincoln Memorial in an MLK anniversary march. Everybody here is happy to see blacks and whites getting along. Some march for a reason, some take any protest sign they are given and march for conformity. Groups of municipal sanitation workers who aren't here to march—they work and live here. Where are the whites in that group? There are none. Tourists from other countries who fly in, take the \$79 tour and bring back rolls of photos of a place that is not really what it's cracked up to be. Not many smiles. Protest march and tourism leaves reality nicely out of the picture. I take my photos, a full-color reminder of the cold, hard place called our nation's capitol.

A disillusionment.



Kevin Robinson Doesn't Loop.

That's right. Kevin Robinson, nationally recognized pro vert rider, doesn't do flips. He says he doesn't really want to learn them. It doesn't matter. Kevin is the best vert rider in New England, probably top ten or fifteen in America. He rages on street and dirt, and can even pull some flatland tricks out of his hat. Loops are cool, but Kevin Robinson shows that you can be rad without them. Here's a no footer over Whitman's box, and air over Whitman's hip.



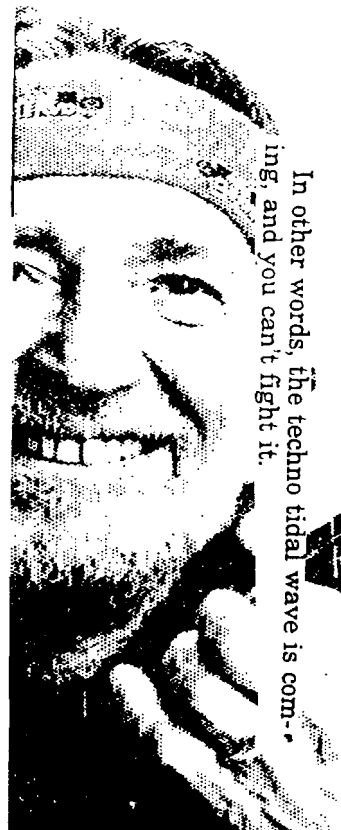
ENIZNIKUFESIN

ZINE

Si no has leído ENIZNIKUFESIN 'ZINE, no sabes lo que te estás perdiendo. Freestyle, crítica político-social, música y más. El primer 'zine en aparecer en la lista de subversivos. Bandas, corredores y 'zines, escriban para entrevistas y/o reseñas. Apoya lo tuyo. Envía \$1 para una copia del número más reciente de NFZ.

NO RIP-OFF!!!!!!

ENIZNIKUFESIN 'ZINE
BOX 5111
PONCE, PUERTO RICO
00733-5111
NOT U.S.A.



In other words, the techno tidal wave is coming, and you can't fight it.



miscellaneous stuff
and whatnot

OUT OF THE ORDINARY

210 WATER ST.
PLYMOUTH, MA

ITS A ZINE

02360

WHEN A
MAN WEARS
POOR BOY
CLOTHES..
I get
HOT all
over.."

★ SHIRTS, HATS,
SHORTS & STUFF
To get all them
WOMENS.

P.O. BOX 123551
Ft. Worth, TX 76121



(817) 377-0839

Keith Gay got a
thumb in his eye



You Said It! (not exact quotes from the last ever king of flat)

"Ptooi! What the fuck is this?"-Mike Rotondo upon taking a bite of my peanut butter and bacon bit sandwich. "I'm going to put new pushrods in my car"-Mike Clary, master mechanic. "Fuck that, I'm not going to watch flatland in the hot sun!"-Mike Boyd on whether or not he'd go. "Holy shit, that was awesome"-Mark Florek on Jesse's triple decade. "I broke my axle"-John Maul on street riding in Manchester. "We're having a big barbecue at the end of the season"-John Cote on \$15 entry fees. "We wore your shirts"-Rich Daugirda on he and John Maul's ampersand attire. "I love Chase"-Miguel Lescarbeau in general. "I drank a beer, but I don't know what fisting, rimming or external and internal watersports are"-Rick Macdonald on college life. "What kind of cranks are those? What kind of



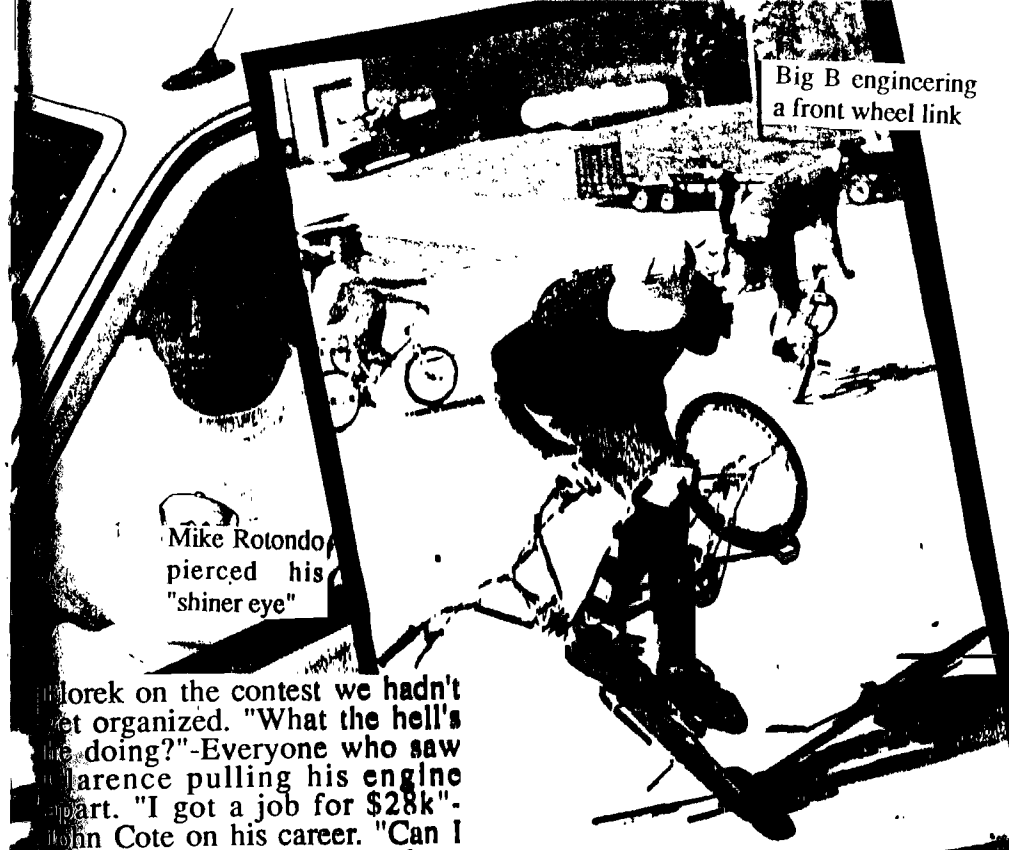
bars are those? How much do you want for that?"-Brian Doucet, negotiator. "Hey, if you put your pushrods in too loose they'll just bend again"-David Muggleston, more of a master mechanic. "I broke my collarbone in Canada"-Jeff Johnson on the pin in his shoulder. "Chug, chug, putt, putt, I think I can I think I can"-Mike Clary's car, in sad shape. "I was in the recording studio for two or three hours"-Kurt Von Stetten on using mouthwash and brushing his teeth, recording the sounds and riding to it. "The new Wire is two bucks"-Kieran Chapman on inflation (it's worth it, he mentions my name at least three times). "I can top your travel story with one of mine"-Keith McElhinney and Kevin Robinson on after-dinner tales. "Man, they should have a salad, or at least some tofu"-Mark Florek on the anti-vegetarian barbecue. "He tried to rip me off...grrrrr"-Jimmy James on a subwoofer box deal gone awry. "Spin, spin, spin, spin"-



Andrew Parrish
likes woofers

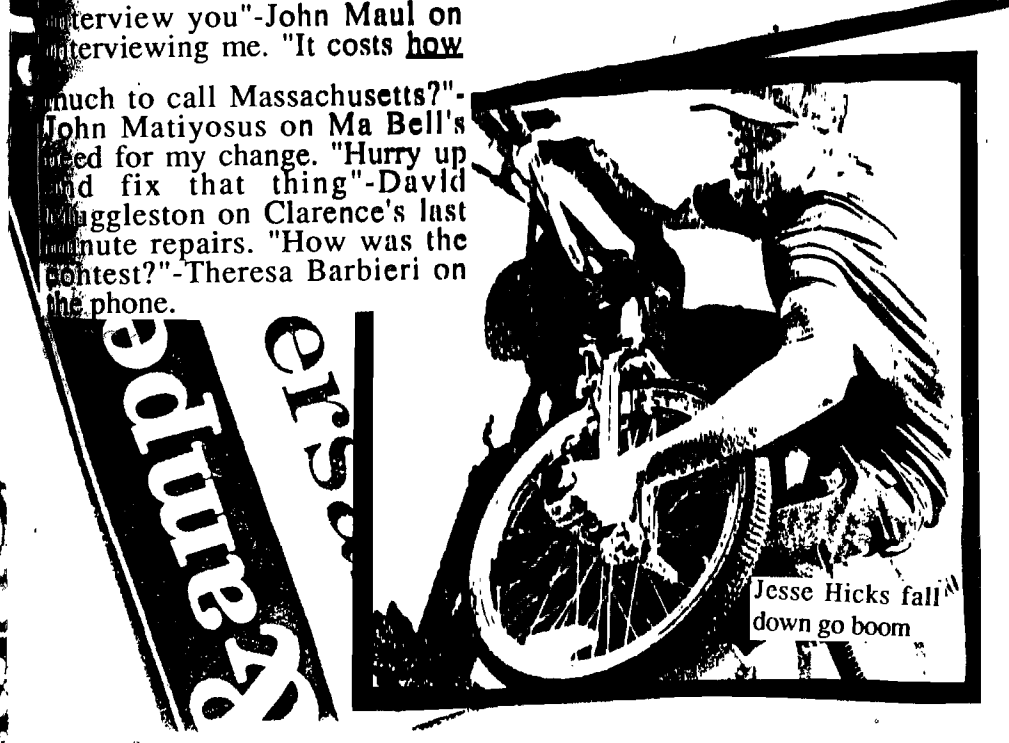


Rich Daugirda on what to do with your bars. "Shit, I didn't sell anything today"-David Muggleston on the fact that all of NE already has ampersand clothes. "Hey, Dave, I stunk up the bathroom for you"-Kevin Robinson (I think) on being courteous. "I drove my mom's car, because this box wouldn't fit in mine"-Andrew Parrish talking about some woofers. "Get the hell away from me, you're the worst mooch I know"-Mark Florek, grape Gatorade hog. "Julie? I just don't like her that much"-Jess Hicks on why he didn't make a move on his attractive young date. "Man, I really wish they'd bring back the touchdown rule and judge on showmanship"-Ben Swire on non-NBL contests. "Wow, I'm the champ!"-Jess Hicks on his expert win and pro third. "Let me tell you about Oklahoma"-Sean Maher, the only one who could afford a plane ticket. "You guys are having a flatland contest? Yeah, man!"-Mark



Mike Rotondo
pierced his
"shiner eye"

Big B engineering
a front wheel link



Jesse Hicks fall
down go boom

Florek on the contest we hadn't yet organized. "What the hell's he doing?"-Everyone who saw Clarence pulling his engine apart. "I got a job for \$28k"-John Cote on his career. "Can I interview you"-John Maul on interviewing me. "It costs how much to call Massachusetts?"-John Matiyosus on Ma Bell's need for my change. "Hurry up and fix that thing"-David Muggleston on Clarence's last minute repairs. "How was the contest?"-Theresa Barbieri on the phone.

ampersand
ers

RECUMNER

EXPERT

① JESS HUCKINS 23 - ENDRAS
 ② ROBBIE D. 17 - GRAMMER
 ③ KEVIN WALSH 27 - GOAT

② KATH GAY 24
 ① KIERAN C. 25
 ③ JASON V 18

Flatland Contest, October 24, 1993. A week after rain knocked out our first attempt at a flatland contest, Jess and I drove into the dry, sunny Source Electronics parking lot. Within an hour, twenty or thirty riders had shown up, and the four-man beginner class started. Brian Doucet won, but the cool thing was that all the riders in this class were relative newcomers. Freestyle's not dead. Immediate victor Ben Swire scored the win over Clarence and I (my chain kept falling off and I don't ride flat), and was the best rider at the park. Expert and Pro was made up of all the old hands, they don't need any more coverage. Master-pro, Kieran-expert. Thanks to the judges (those blonde brothers and others). Even thanks to Standard and 2B for scoring tons of stuff.

① BEN SWIRE 24
 ② DAVID WIGGS 18
 ③ JIMMY JAMES 41.5
 ④ BLA B 25
 ⑤ JESSIE 23.5
 ⑥ FLOPER 24.5
 ⑦ MAHER 27.5

we like mike boyd,
 even if the blondes don't.

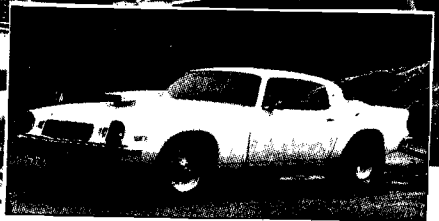
CAN'T HE JUST ACCEPT
 THE FACT THAT I'M NOT
 INTERESTED IN HIM?
 HE WON'T TAKE NO
 FOR AN ANSWER!



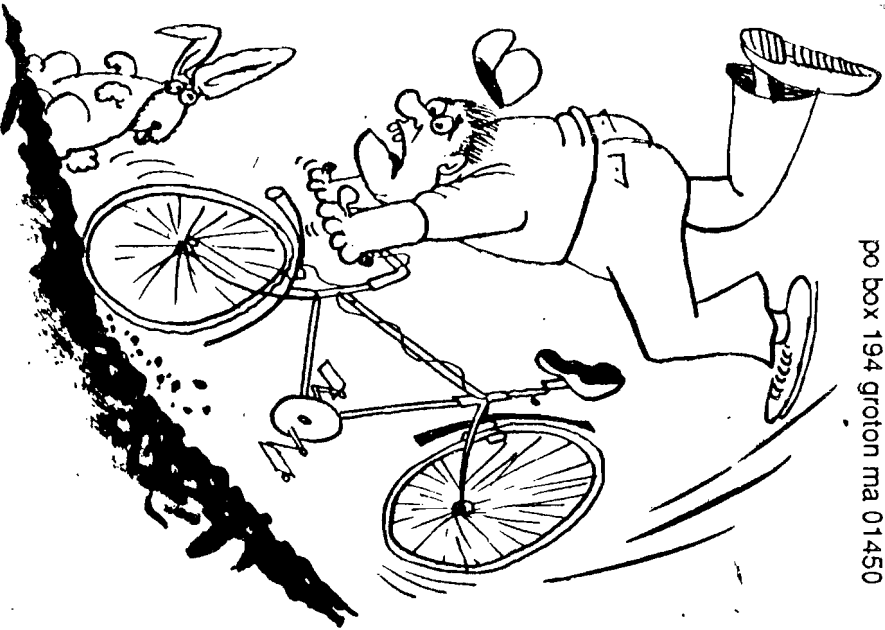
SOCIAL PHOBIA?



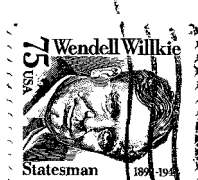
Do you shake, blush, or sweat if you have to perform or be the center of attention? If this problem interferes with your school, work, or social functioning you may suffer from social phobia.



po box 194 groton ma 01450



A Klutz should not stop his bicycle front brakes first.



JOE LORITZ

424 WILSON AV

GREEN BAY, WI

54303