



1

9

8

5



BUT YOU CAN'T
GO ON LIKE

THIS HOW
WILL YOU
SURVIVE?

HEY @*#! BODYSLAM
RISES AGAIN!! ABOUT @*#!
TIME TOO. HEY SKATEBOARDING
IS TRENDY AGAIN BUT YOU WON'T
FIND ANY PICS OF @*#! FASHION
SLAVES HERE!! WHEN ALL YOU
/@*#! WERE DROOLING OVER
VUARNETS AND TOPSIDERS &
WAYFARERS AND DURAN DURAN,
WE WERE SKATING!! WE'LL
STILL BE SKATING WHEN THE
@*#! FAD FADES! WILL YOU?
EXPLOITERS AND OPPORTUNISTS
!BAKE FOREVER IN HECK!!



MAX-TURTLES
PHOTO: GLEN



BIG DAVE; FAKIE TAIL STALL



David Richardson is a guy who lived in Hanover Maine for a while. He once wrote a letter to Thrasher offering the use of his ramp to anyone who was interested. Then, in a later issue of the same mag, announced a contest to be held at his ramp, all comers. Unfortunately, Dave's ramp is way the fuck out in the middle of "holy-shit-are-we-there-yet" nowhere. Max went to this contest with a gang in tow, not knowing what to expect but not optimistic. Central New Hampshire was no hotbed of vertical madness, and Hanover

Maine was 100 miles further into the sodding woods! Visions of wobbly lean-to construction held a dance marathon in Max's head. The letter said the ramp had 8 ft. transitions, 2ft of vertical 8ft. of flat bottom, a three foot wide channel and 16 feet of overall width, stairs and four foot deep platforms, both sides. Max figured he'd heard the story before and refused to get too excited.

Anyway, Max was wrong, and the Hanover ramp, in the middle of nowhere was solid, fast and smooth, so read on

MAINE

HANOVER RAMP JAM 1&2 BY DAVID RICHARDSON

THE EVENT 1

On Saturday, June 23, 1984, a few of the northern new england area skaters got toge-

ther for the first competitive session to happen in Maine for the past five years. The entries were far



**MAX DROPPED IN TO STEAL CANDY
FROM BABIES... 4/1/79**

fewer than expected (8 sign-ups) but the enthusiasm generated by this event was enormous.

THE RAMP

The resurfacing of the half-pipe was completed just prior to the competition.

THE SKATERS

Mark Conahan, Glen Goldstein, Dave Forward

Greg Wing, Kurt Hurst, Tom Goodoff, Mike Stewart, Mark E.

THE JAM

The jam was in two half-hour sessions. The two Daves, Forward and Richardson were the judges. Each took notes on each of the competitors during each half-hour, then ranked them, first to

last.

Rankings for the two heats were then averaged for the final placings.

Falls did not count against anyone due to the slipperiness of the new surface.

Mark C. had been the early favorite during practice, and he

continued to thrill during the main session. Noteworthy were his three foot, height frontside, backside, and lien airs, 10 foot rock and roll slides, roll-ins and stalled inverts. These earned Mark an easy first and the set of B-52s that went with it.

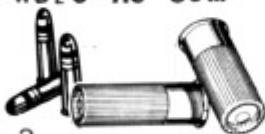
Second place was scarfed up by Greg Wing. His suicidal tendencies caught the attention of everyone, with landings on every boneless, thruster and iceplant fully within the bottom third of the transitions. That earned him the Powell nose and rib Bones.

Glen and Kurt tied for third. Both dared to tempt fate. Glen with his consecutive axle hang-ups on aeriels and Kurt with layback air lines across the channel. They split the third place prize of grip tape. The skaters agreed that the minimal attendance made the informal nature of the jam more enjoyable, but it was a gruelling task for the small number of skaters to keep the pace the audience expected. As



KURT HULST

they set out for their respective long trips home, the skate warriors were exhausted, but there were no complaints.



THE EVENT 2

It all began one bleary Saturday morning. It must have been the 25th, because the day before was the 24th. My attempt to crawl back under the covers was in vain, as the screech of a car sliding into the driveway interrupted my own blariness. The first skaters had arrived

for today's contest.

I was shocked and indignant at their distastefully early arrival. Less than nine hours had elapsed since both hands of the clock had achieved verticalness! So it was half-dressed, half-starved and half-awake that I staggered out to greet my guests.

Surprisingly, the four creatures that fell out of the maroon Honda seemed in a far more debilitated condition than myself.

It seemed that they (Kurt Hulst, Greg Wing, Charles "Snooky"

Cole Jr., and Dan Henderson) all suffered from big-party-last-night-no-sleep-too-drunk-too-far-to-drive-this-early-in-the-morning syndrome. But being the hardcore types that they are, they made sure they would have at least five hours to practice before the contest officially began.

Along came 11 a.m. Some more skaters piled out of some more cars.

In addition to the Brunswick crew, the throng on the half-pipe now consisted of Scott Herring and friends from the Unity area, Tom Goodoff and Erwin Carey from Rumford-Mexico, and the quite excellent Mark "BODYSLAM" Conahan from Ashland N.H.

At the peak of the intense practice session, I received a mysterious phone call. It seemed there were a few Portland, Maine

rippers who desperately needed directions to the ramp. I gave them a set of directions involving the navigation of many backroads and several shortcuts to allow them to make the two-and-a-half hour drive in two hours, getting them to the ramp in time for the start of the jam.

They never showed up.

By two o'clock everyone who was at the ramp was warmed up and ready to go at it.

The single 20-minute jam really took its toll on participant and spectator alike. Early On, David Richardson, the event sponsor, lost his board on an attempted layback air. The board, plummeting from approximately 30 feet in the air exploded chairs in all directions among the surprised spectators. Yeah, excitement is



GREG WING

good for you.

Everyone was eating it. Two feet of vert and an eight foot radius transition conspired to provide long hard falls. Weary combatants rested on the stairs, platforms and in the channel in various stages of exhaustion. True grit prevailed however.

Brunswick squad-leader "Snooky" Cole skated semi-conscious, and displayed almost fatal roll-ins and sketchy boneless fakie action. Kurt and Greg retaliated with thrusters and handplants respectively. Not to be outdone, Snook dropped in, ollied several times and finished with a botched layback rollout, landing on his board with his right hip, at the bottom of the transition, hard. It was the biggest bite of the day, complete with

hoarse moaning and pained thrashing.

David Richardson floated consistent channel ollies and frontside canyon jumps

Mark Conahan absolutely dominated the ramp, throwing multiple airs, including

a five foot high alley oop travelling the entire width of the ramp. He easily outclassed his competition

After the dust had cleared, the judges, Dan and Scott decided that Mr. Conahan was to receive first place and the coveted Variflex cushion set which accompanied that

distinction. Second place finisher David R was presented with two feet of the finest quality grip tape and Greg Wing, third place showered us with eternal gratefulness as he was the recipient of the virgin Rector recaps.

Thanks to all who helped make a great day of skating pos-

sible. And to those who didn't, maybe next time right?

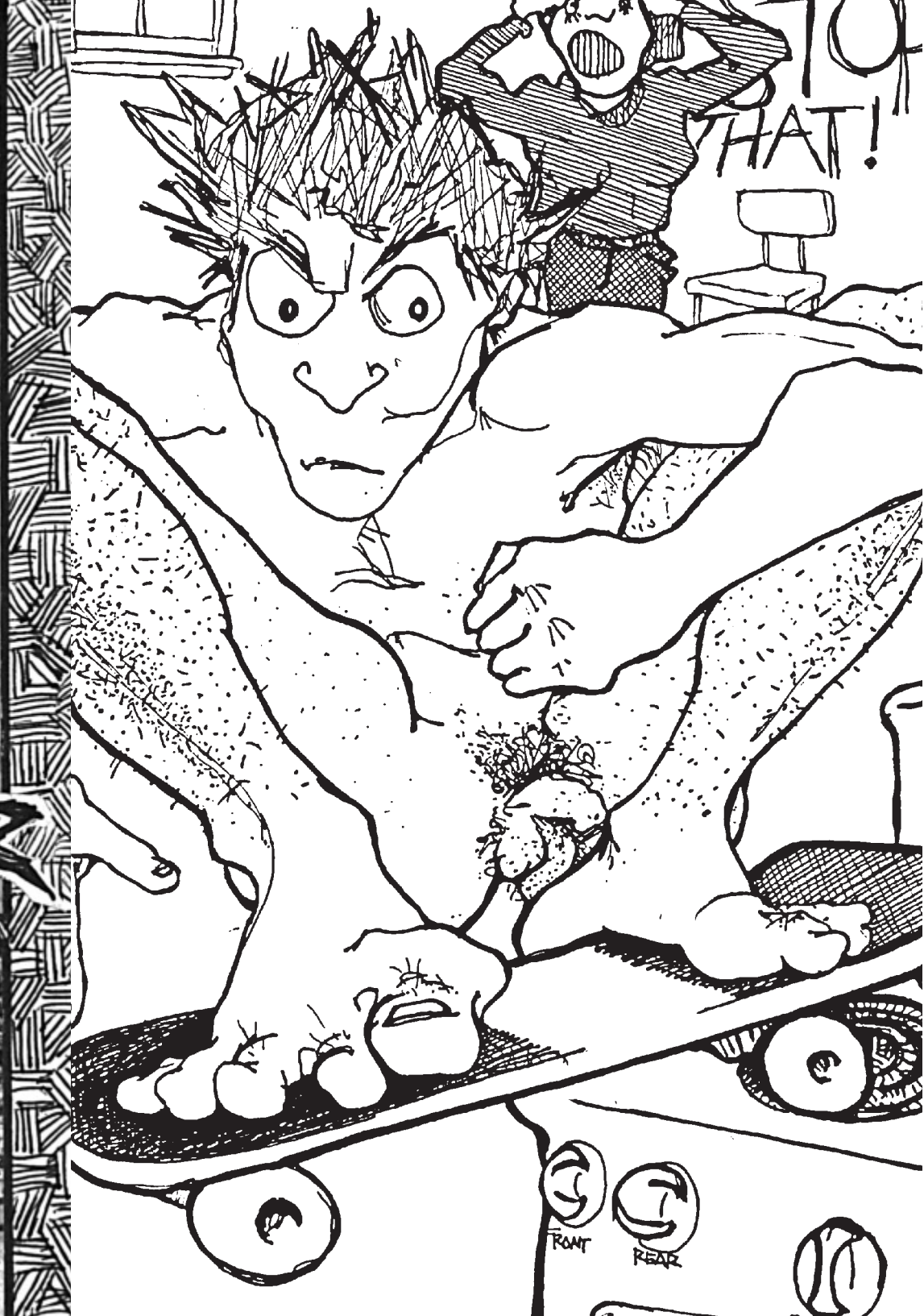
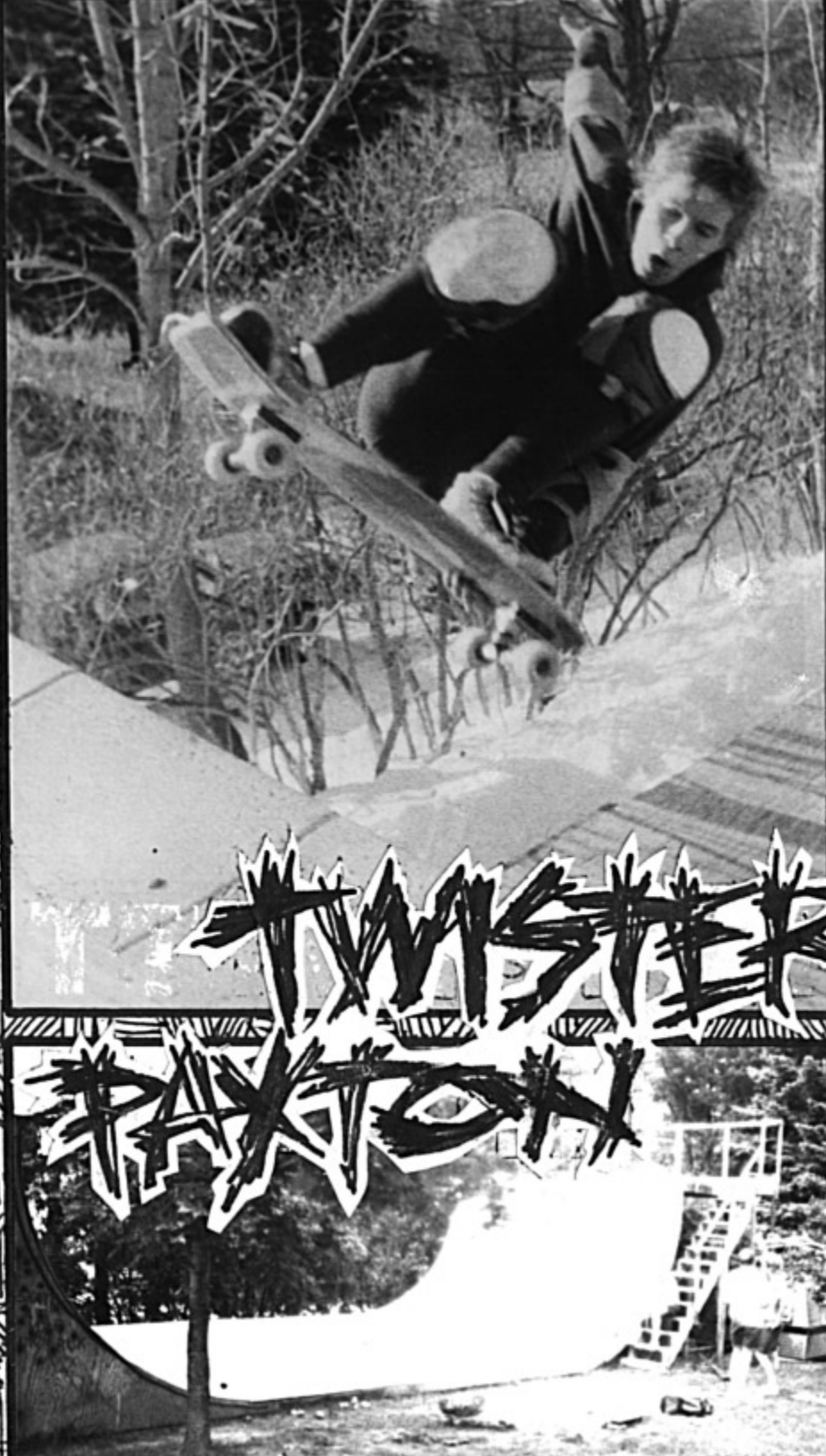
Both of David Richardson's contests were great. The ramp is boss! Dave bought the prizes himself when he couldn't get donations. The perfect host.

David now lives in Florida and skates.

-BS-

...SOLID, FAST, & SMOOTH
& too big to fit into a suitcase.





JAYMUGG



BUGLAND SKATE DEMON



LETTERS FROM MUGGY
DRAWINGS TOO!

1.30 AM
JULY 10TH, 1984

HEY MARK, I JUST SAW THE JULY THRASHER.
YOU'VE MADE IT TO THE SKATE
ZINE HALL-@-FAME. FINE SHOWING
LAD! NOW TO BUSINESS WE BEEN
SKATEING AND TAKEING PICS.

THE

F-ACTION
PLAYED
HERE
ON
THE
22ND
OF
JUN
AND

(THAT'S WHY MY SPELLING
IS SO POOR)



BUGLAND HIGH SIGN

STEVE C. SKATED WITH RYAN AT

BUGLAND ALL OF WHICH WAS
RECORDED ON FILM.
AND ~~THE~~ ^{WILL} BE SENT
TO YOU AS SOON AS IT'S
DEVELOPED I HAVE TO HIT
THE SACK NOW, I JUST ~~WANT~~ ^{HAD}
TO GET A LETTER OUT TO YOU. I'LL
SEND YOU SOME PICS STICKS
IN A FEW DAYS. I'M SO FUCKING TIRED,
I'M GONE! LATER



SLASHING DEL MAR

MARK,
SORRY
YOU
HAVEN'T
HEARD
FROM
ME SOON
BUT I'M
THE PRO
CRASTINATION
MAN!

THANK FOR
THE SHIRT,

SOME BAD NEWS FROM THE
N.W. AREA

POOR DREW, HE
WAS
FINALLY
STARTING
TO GET
HIS SHIT
TOGETHER.

BATES - Christopher Drew, of Gateway Star Rt. Box 436, Madras, Or.; born Oct. 18, 1964, St. Louis, Mo., passed away April 26, at his residence. He was 19 years old. Came to Madras October 1983 from Ridgefield, Wa. where he had attended school, graduating from Ridgefield High. He was a member of the Civil Air Patrol in Washington; had been active in Boy Scouts and was currently attending night classes at Central Oregon Community College. He was a ranch hand for the North Star Cattle Company. He enjoyed fishing, hunting and other outdoor sports. Survived by father, Earl Bates, of Madras area; mother, Linda Lee Bates, of St. Louis; brother, Julie E. Bates of Bonanza, MI; grandson of Mrs. Henrietta Pugh, St. Louis, Mo.



THRUSTING THE SAME



TOO. THIS NEWS BLEW ME AWAY.
I HEARD HE WAS DOING WORK
AT HIS DAD'S RANCH ANSONGTHIN
ELECTRIC AND HE GOT ZAPPED
HE'LL BE MISSED BY MANY.

NOW BACK TO THE LIVING
I'LL SEND YOU THE SHIT I
PROMISED SOON.

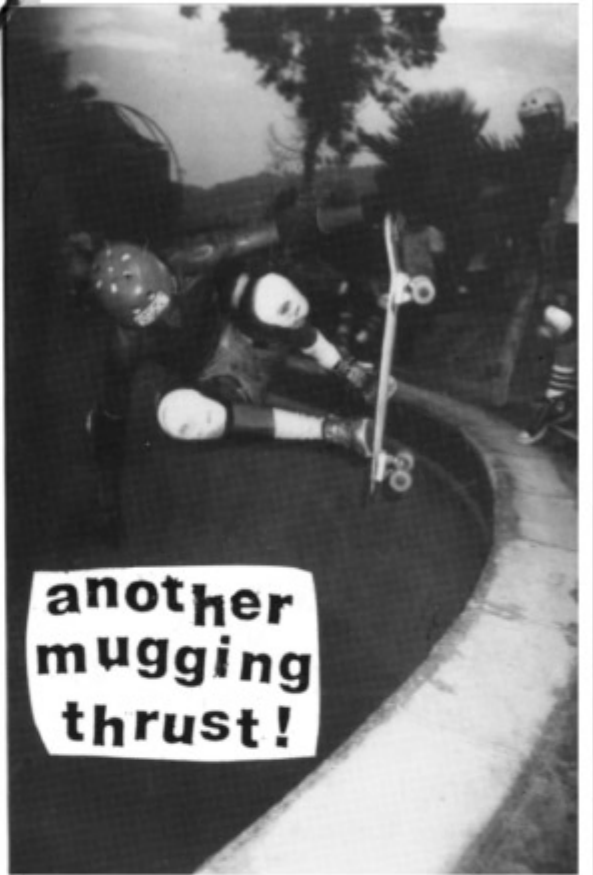
LATER,
SMALL



DRAW SOME
SPIKEY DUDES
I HEAR THEY'RE
IN STYLE

HUGGY
84

GBH



another
mugging
thrust!

Max,
good shit! Very entertaining
fiction. That was fiction wasn't
it? (max carnage 12/84 thrasher).
How's it going? I've finally
got some pictures together from our
Cal-trek but I'm such a wimpy wri-
ter I don't know what to do. I'm
enclosing said pics. Maybe at some
future time I'll reach a state of
creativity above third grade intel-
ligence. So here you go bud and get
a fucking telephone!

Jay



BODYSLAM

EVERYBODY DESERVES A GOOD ONE

HI MAX,
WELL, DID YOU GET MY LAST LETTER?
HOPE SO, IT HAD ALL MY GOOD PICS
IN IT. JUST THOUGHT I'D
DROP YOU A LETTER BOMB.

WENT SKATING FOR THE 1ST TIME
IN 3 MONTHS. IT WAS HELL.
BOUGHT A NEW SCHMITT MONTY NOLDER
FOAM DECK. IT'S LIGHT, STRONG,
AND HANDSOME. TOO BAD I CAN'T
REMEMBER HOW TO SKATE.

GOTTA GO DROP ME A LINE, PREF.
THE FLUID VARIETY. HA, HA, HA.

HOOK!

LATER DAYS,
MASTER MUGGING

BODYSLAM

TIM'S HAPPY BOWL, OREGON

VIRGINIA BEACH



SIGNATURE SKATE 'ZINE
volume 1, issue 2
THE FAMILY WILL LOVE IT!

INDEPENDENT VIEWPOINT



THE
RAGGED EDGE

I get tons of mail from someplace called Virginia Beach, VA. The inhabitants of this place claim that V.B. is the home of the most thriving skate scene on the east coast. An outlandish claim?! Maybe not. I have received copies of three different independent 'zines and have heard of at least eight more from that area! They also claim multiple ramps and incredible enthusiasm for skating. Sounds like something is happening down there.

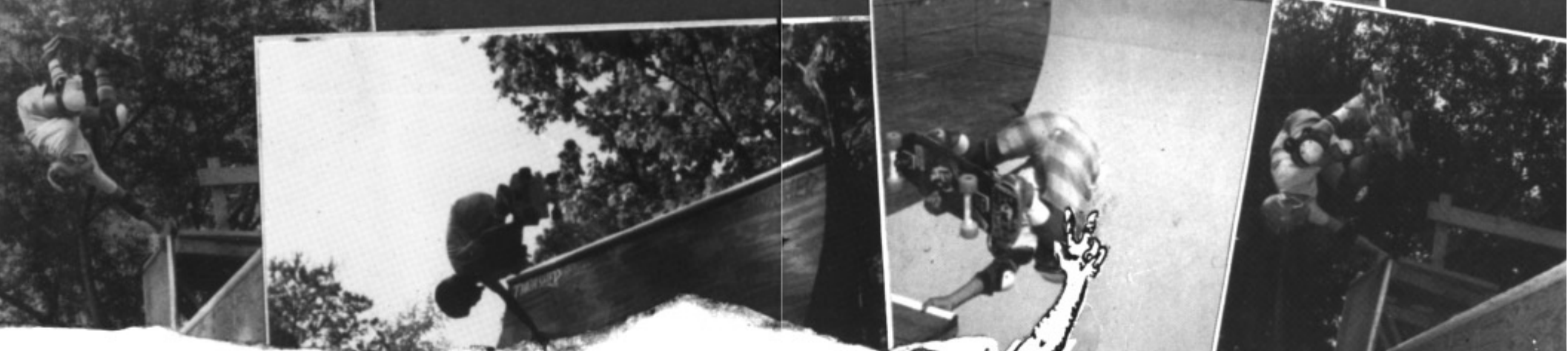
If you read the various letters columns of the various nationally distributed

skate mags you've probably heard of the place. There was a nasty battle there between skaters and the city over building codes, vis-a-vis skate ramps, resulting in the wholesale destruction of skate structures in that area. It all sounded pretty bad but in return for their compliance with the ruling, VB skaters were rewarded with what looks to be the best ramp built yet in Va Beach, and all at the expense of the city of Virginia Beach Virginia!

This is great for skaters in V.B. but it could be good for the

above: ALAN MIDGETTE; ANDY HOWELL

above: three of the many VA Beach 'zines



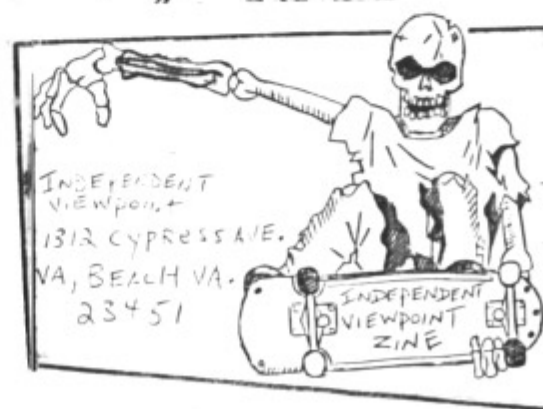
rest of us too. The V.B. ramp sets a precedent. Now that the city of Virginia Beach has seen fit to invest in skating, it might be easier for other towns to do the same. They don't even have to be brave or innovative, because it's already been done.

There are council sponsored skate ramps in several european countries and now, one in the U.S. No reason why there shouldn't be more. Any scene with enough skaters should be able to pull something like this off.

Even if younger skaters don't pay taxes, their parents do. Skaters have the same claim to that tax money that little league baseball or football players do. Provided that the local scene

is big enough a good argument for encouraging new skaters, no? & imagine the size of the mob if the local BMXers joined in (whoa I know those guys eat up a lot of skate time with their long rides, and if your scene is big enough you don't need them, but if you do, work it out).

No word from V.B. yet on how they did it but any one of a number of people there could probably tell you what to do.



V.B. skate rags to check out:

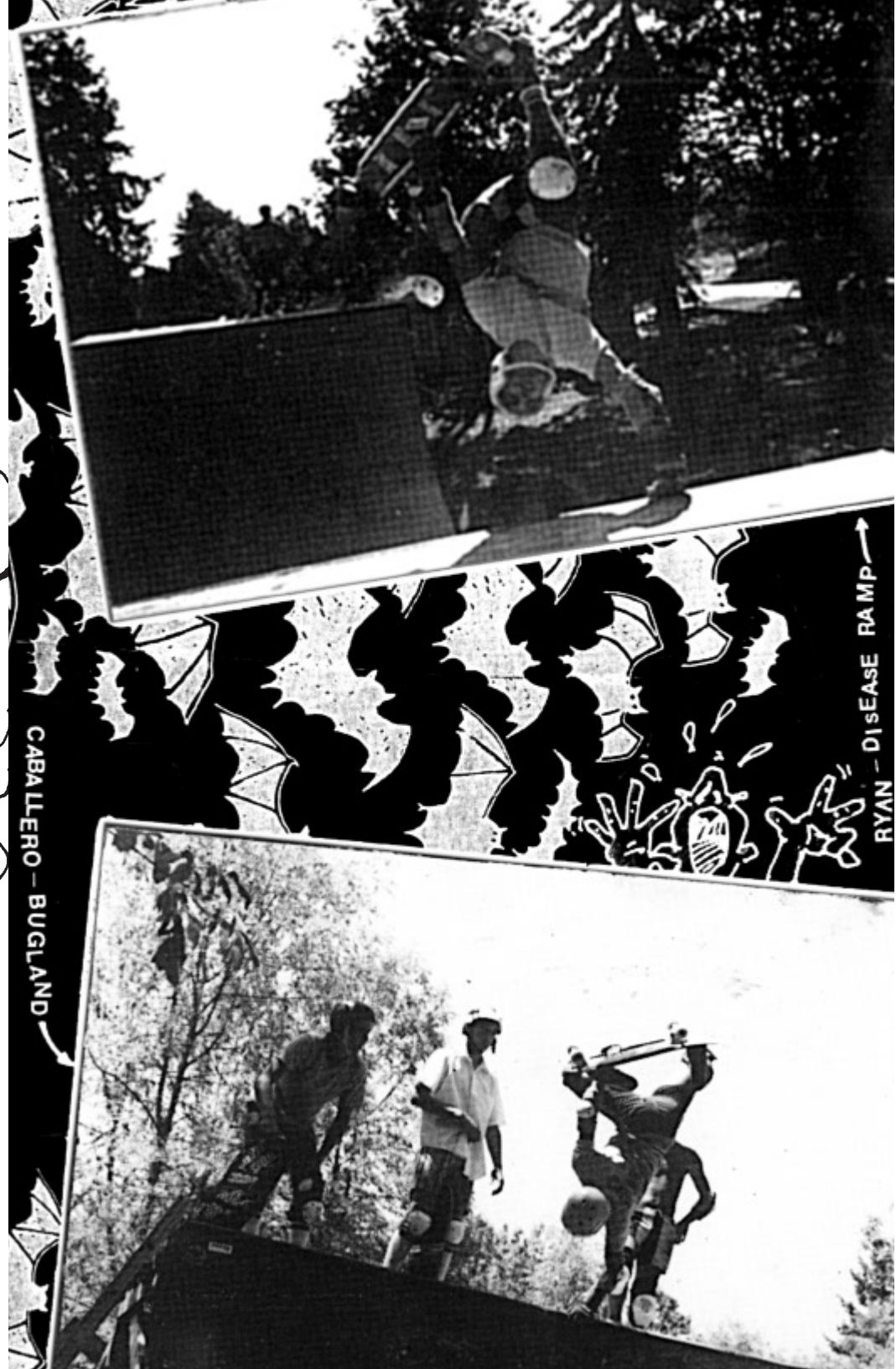
RAGGED EDGE c/o Brad Marx- 1202 Witchduck Bay Ct., Va.Beach, VA 23455- Hot mag, send 50¢
SIC NATURE c/o Chris 4804 Haygood Point Rd. Va. Beach, VA 23455- Send \$1.50/ 4 issues.
TAILSPIN c/o Dave Ciminelli, 509 Holbrook Rd., Va.Beach, VA 23452 send stamps.
INDEPENDENT VIEWPOINT 1312 Cypress Ave, Va Beach, VA 23451 - send 25¢ and stamps.

As I said there are many more. I haven't seen them yet though. Write to these guys and send photos, art, money, stamps.

Thanks to BRAD MARX
DAVE CIMINELLI
CHRIS (sic Nature).

GLEN GOLDSTEIN - DIRTMANZ
PHOTO - DF







THIS IS NOT A TRAVELOG

SEAN - "YEAH, I LOVE MY MOM...
You bastard SEAN! Man I can't stand it. Look at you tossing four foot
backside airs one after the other. A person
would think it was easy.



FREDDIE - NO COPERS AND NO BAILS!

like forgetting to take the spoon out of the chocolate milk and poking themselves in the eye.

Sure, the effing ramp is in your back yard and it's a solid, 16 foot wide -12 feet of fiat, 8 foot transitions- platforms - coping/ metal edge combo. Still, a lot of guys have their own ramps and aren't nearly as good. OK some are. Jon and freddie both have ramps and both those *#@=!! are blazing too! In fact, every goodskater within 75 miles must be here today. Hey *\$*@! you guys too! An amazing gathering considering the cold. The sun's out but it can't be more than 35 degrees Nobody seems to be having any trouble with it.

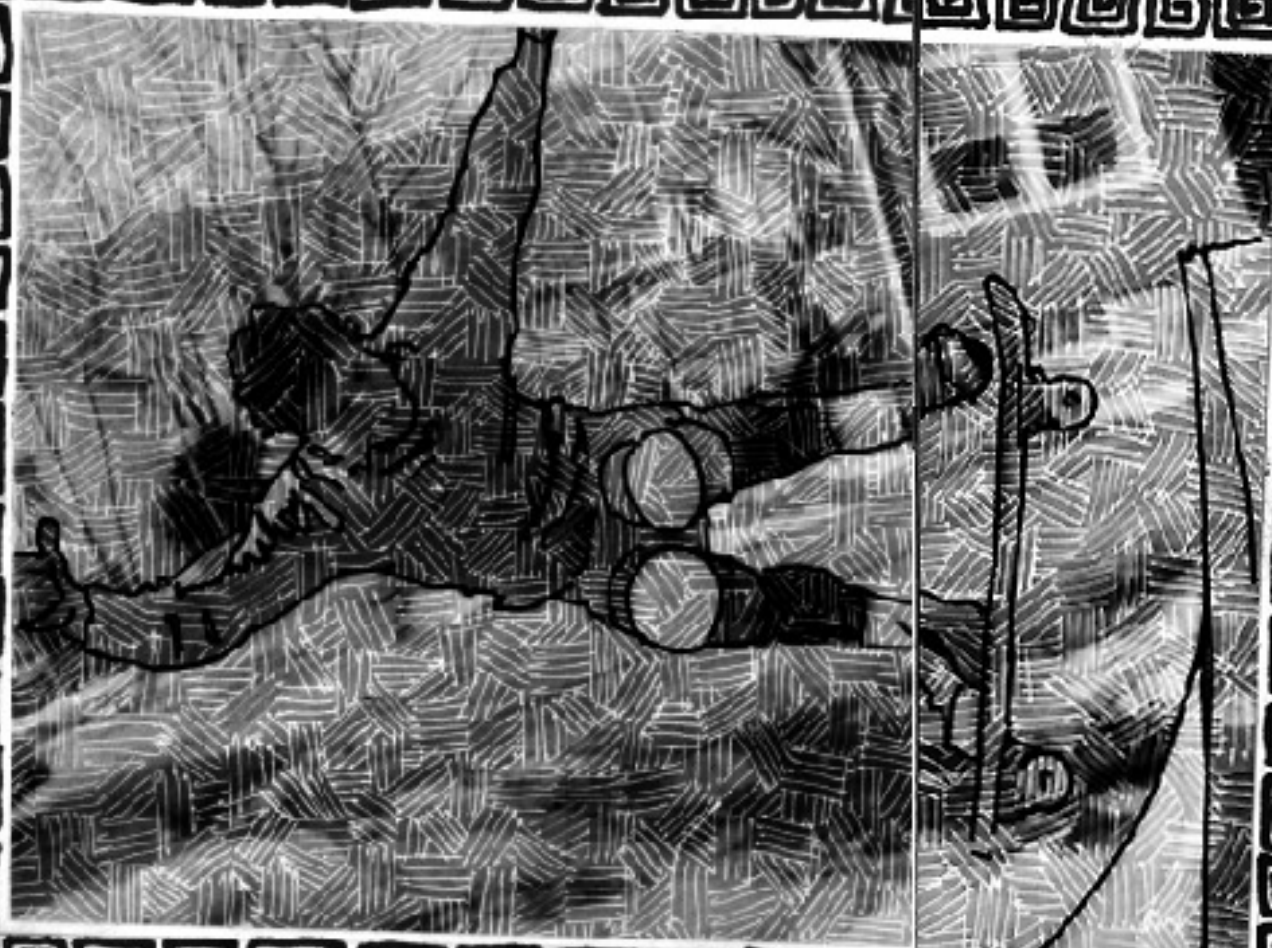
Son of a @#*%&! That was definitely a professional class invert! *@%#! Insane lien to tail! @%#! Four feet of air frontside! Give us a break. @#*%! Here comes the wrec ker. What will you that bet that he does ... yep, there he goes, stand up grinding about eight feet at speed onto the tail, shit, his [] at foot comes off- wildly out of control. Shit he's going off the side of the platform! Wait, hand down foot back on into a layback reentry-- no *@%#ing stalling either! Right back in. A few more "Master of disaster" remakes and out.

O kay here's my chance... Shit.. snaked. It's Freddy *#%#! That frontside aerial was



and as smooth as any backside air! No doubts
 a skater in control, A sweeper... yeah! no
 dancing on the top and a good slap on the way
 in. &*& I wish I could skate. Okay Here I
 go, dropping in ...allright, dont hit the front
 wheels grab tight, tuck those little legs, shit
 going to hang up! Shit! tuck tight! Here it
 comes I'm going to slam. I held on too long!
 @*% I made it. Not too bad either. No mega
 height-2½ or so, wimpy? Hey at least it was
 fucking stylish! Hey how about this lap over
 grind? committed? or am I a dead man? A few

hoots. I'll try a back
 side aerial next. Here
 comes... thrust!.. don't
 hit the front wheels
 yeah...nice view here
 four feet up... shit,
 hang on, tuck it
 up... I keep civing
 my backside today...
 oh well, I made it.
 Allright grind this
 wall, below coping is
 for sissies. Grab the



FRANK - CALL ME THE WRECKER.





nose and tip it out,
@*#. I'm so cool I
could just.. whea...
UmH!... Shit that hurt.
can I get up?... Yeah all
in one piece... grab
the board! get back up
there. Well it was fun,
there's Sean again. shit,
those monorails of his
are cool, I have to
learn those. Shit, I'd
give anything to be
skating that good

Another stretched invert.
Lengthy continuous and
destructive grinds. Air
following mind-boggling
air. Interspersed with
the odd wimpy attempt
and lofty bail. It's not
easy man! The easy part
is the FUN, because
ripping it up or sitting
it out, skateboarding
is insane good fun!
Bumps? bruises? Abras-
sions? Why are these men
smiling? Hey If you
skated you wouldn't be
asking. Holy cow! that
aerial was a five-footer
easy! *#*! Look he got a
fucking nosebleed from
the altitude!

BRANTREE 1985

PHOTO EFFECTS & STORY

M A X

Hey, serious laughs or what!

BS



"...BUT I LOVE MY RAMP MORE."

THANKS!

**JAY MUGGING
GLEN GOLDSTEIN**

PHOTOS:

DAVE RICHARDSON WORDS
TOO!

JOE LEMON, M.C.

RYAN NEUHOFF, GLEN,

DAVE FORWARD,

TIM KNOOR

ART:

**CRAIG CONAHAN, JAY
M & C CONAHAN**

SPECIAL THANKS
ALSO TO MOTO
& THRASHER
MAGAZINE





40MAX
IPSWICH:MX
01938

