welfare 'zine number eight.
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 younger 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.
York

World Premiere June 26, 1993
before. "It'll make it to Pennsylvania with no problem," Someone we convinced her, and with three bikes loaded up, we set out for the state with 6/25/93. About 1:45 pm. Mysteria, 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 him for the weekend. I'm just not too comfortable with this arrangement. Apparently Ben Swire's son had never driven the Jeep, so we asked if we could take him. Of course we would, we're already expert navigators. But then, when we got there, he was a little nervous. Before this Friday afternoon, I had talked to Ben's mother. I hope she really meant it. After a while, I got him into Jesse and I had packed the car (Teresa's Escort) at my house, driven to Ben's and now faced the challenge of respecting the car, this time of three people and all their stuff. In Mrs. Worried Parent and it was a bit tough. Just us, we've done this tons of times.

6/26/93. Nearly 9 pm. We'd actually started on a trip to Pennsylvania. It turned out to be a bit of a challenge, getting everything out of the house and into the car. After an hour and a half, we were still packed. We decided to spend the night in a motel room. The room was small, but we managed to fit everything. We even managed to get a good night's sleep. The next day was a bit of a challenge. We had to unpack the car and then get back on the road. It was a bit of a struggle, but we managed to make it to Pennsylvania in the end.

6/27/93. 2-3 pm. There was the usual "I'm not sure we should be doing this" moment. We decided to take a break and go out for a walk. We ended up walking through a park and discussing our plans for the rest of the trip. We decided to go to New York and then take the train back to Pennsylvania. We were all a bit nervous, but we were determined to make it through the rest of the trip.
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 failing 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 disenchanting." 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 disenchanting"? 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 a habit of chewing gum and cracking jokes like "put a sign on your mailbox and sell it." He improved.

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.
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 ...
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 aturd 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, etcetera, 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 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.
I think we managed to leave somewhere around nine or ten, after a breakfast of Huggie's pancakes (which were much needed after my lack of food the day before). We hit the road and only lost about 20 minutes turning sound for my camera. Sorry.

The trip to posh was fairly straightforward, with occasional confusion but never getting completely lost. Gas station conversation:

Girl: "Do you have any fruit?"
Girl: "Some kind of bananas?"
Girl: "Well, not already have fruit?"
Girl: "I had just fruit!"

And so it went until we reached posh (right of path, left of guardrail sign). Posh has too many doubles. I saw every jump I saw (which might have been half of them) was a set of doubles, except the tabletop. Which had to be cleared like dots, if you let your wrists to stay in one place. The best idea for a pair of bars was happening at the table, with Lez-ee's rear tire grabber taking top cake. I don't think he won, though. The actual "contest" was "beginner and expert. No pros." 

"Beginner" had some PC's, i'm a fucking slug compared to those "beginners." Had my 4th. Don't know who else fell what. Oh, and "Dirty John" pulled the first slip for the day on his third try, followed by Lez-ee's son afterwards.

I'm not sure how the expert jam went down since 3 sold shirts instead of watching. 2 shirts, should add. I drank a mouthful of some girl's alcoholic drink by mistake and almost puked.

Riss me off. But she bought a shirt.

Posh has puddles of dirt that you can step in and they'll splash. Red as fuck.

Half with a R.A. ballyhoo Crack. Hot stuff, Sick, Sick, Sick. Tossing around $50 bills like paper.

Rich. Day is a good guy.

Crack, crack, crash, crash, crack. Hot things by son, little girl first. And Lez-ee's second batch.

Me, as in the N.J. Temple, the girl working the cash register 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 he's staying back because he's getting stoned with an "older kid". Well, I quickly and adamantly 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 creepy but I don't have a computer right now.

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

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.
good: clutch, 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, MTV, MTV. Nothin' gonna beat a week's worth of "The Legend of Billy Jean" for me. I'm not too interested in either. Since when did I have nothing to do on a Friday night? I've got a roomful of books to read, a roomful of music to play, and a roomful of school to work on. Or I could just work on my guitar. I need some time to work on my stuff, but I don't need to be in the room with a box of musicals making my head spin. Soon the lure of the glowing box will be stronger.

Mediocre: Kiss Alive '82. Good: Seattle, the dark side (Seattle Rap compilation). "Come on feel the lemonheads". Good:

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

An image of a skateboarder reads: "Cold Gin" kiss cover (3)
Flatland

8/1/93

Kurt Von Steeden

Flat

Gio

King

Andrew Parrish
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 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.
August 15, 1993. Stephane Levigne and The Montreal Highrollers held a contest at a skatepark in 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 gamethat 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. 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.
Salade de fruits de mer

Salade de poulet
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

Don't allow yourself to be TRICKED by this moron and his monotonous, repetitive 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.
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.
Arrrr, matey! Swash the blades, behead the hatchet! arrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr
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 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, we took 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, jumped 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 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 ambiance 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 at 11:00 am, we got up and headed to the track. Upon arrival, I found Steve Buddendieck 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 race: 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 Levon 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 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 "KOWNSEND" 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 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.
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 capital.

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.
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. Randas, 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!!!!!!

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miscellaneous stuff
and whatnot

OUT OF THE ORDINARY

210 WATER ST.
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WHEN A MAN WEARS POORBOY CLOTHES I GET HOT ALL OVER.

SHIRTS, HATS, SHORTS & STUFF TO GET ALL THEM WOMENS.

P.O. BOX 123551
FT. WORTH, TX 76121
"Ptooie! What the fuck is this?" - Mike Rotondo upon taking a bite of his 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? 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...rrrrrrrr" - Jimmy James on a subwoofer box deal gone awry. "Spin, spin, spin, spin..."
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 Florek on the contest we hadn't let organized. "What the hell's he doing?" - Everyone who saw Clarence pulling his engine part. "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.
we like Mike Boyd, even if the blonds don't.

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Green Bay, WI

July Wilson

The Letter

A Klutz should not stop his bicycle front brakes first.