

SNUZ

MOUNTAINBOARDING ZINE

- * team bad... do you know who we are?
- * maxtrack classic... pimps, pirates, jedi's
- * the first scottish championships
- * priory farm mud fest

EVERYTHING EXCEPT MOUNTAINBOARDING IS SHIT.

If you're reading this, the third issue of Scuz, and you haven't paid a penny for it, then we've pulled it off. The first free issue of Scuz. We think this is a hell of an achievement, especially since we've gone from a print run of 200 to well over 500. We hope you will support us by considering using the shops that have advertised in Scuz for all your boarding needs. Indeed mention us. It keeps us busy and you in free zines.

We had two formats in mind when we started Scuz; keep it cheap and advert free, which we've had problems with so far due to distribution and we're crap at marketing, or alternatively make it free using advertising to fund the printing. This is where Scuz is at today. We hope you think we haven't sold out and all the people who are advertising in Scuz follow the same ideals and thinking about the sport as we do. We're proud to have them aboard.

Thanks to Stu from ATBShop, Mark at Geronimo Sports, Gary from No Limits and Rob Ealke from the Offroad Boarding Company. Because of you, Scuz is hopefully going to reach a much wider audience than previously. Surely thats a good thing!

And so it's got cold, and wet. Weekends only riding. What a drag. This might be our last issue for a little while, but don't worry, we will be back with better weather and more riding, more exploring and more Scuz.

Can't get Scuz in your shop? Get them to get in touch. After all, we're bloody giving it away!

The Scuz mountainboarding video zine is now available and back from the duplicators. Send us a quick mail if you're interested, as they're only cheap. Tshirts and hoodies to follow.

Another exciting development is our content. You may notice in this issue articles from Brendan Walker at Northern Face ATB, covering the Scottish series. Dirtsurfer Jay has put

together the first in a series of photo stories, featuring "Jay and Silent Trev". Lastly, Gazza, the out of focus random from the LARD story in issue two, has wrote up his thoughts and feelings about the last big event of the season, held at Priory Farm. We can't say how happy we are about this. We feel like we've got some real scene involvement! That was all we wanted from the start.

So here it is! Issue three.

Cheers,

Andy W. and Welly



happy halloween, everybody!



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WHO MAKES SCUZ?

Editors (of every shape and kind)

Andy W and Welly

Contributors

Paul Butler, Brendan Walker, Beiran Stelzer-Martie, Jane Holcombe, Dirtsurfer Jay, Gazza

Major Help

Paul Butler, Gary Holcombe, Jack Johnston, Dave McBean

Photography

Brendan Walker

www.urban-khaos.deviantart.com

Front Cover

Steve Birkbeck at LA

ADVERTISING AND CONTACTS

The views expressed in this zine are those of Scuz, it's editorial staff and those of our contributors.

Should you wish to contribute towards future issues, contact Scuz via one of the methods below.

For rates and bullshit about advertising, get in touch.

phone: scuz-phone has done a runner. again.

address: 133 brudenell road, leeds, LS6 1LS

email: info@scuz.info

web: www.scuz.info

NEXT ISSUE

Whats in next issue? Dunno to be honest. Lots of mountainboarding, thats for sure. Probably a bit of swearing too.

THANKS

Want to see your name up here? Then get in touch and get involved.

Thanks to all the contributors to this issue. As always, we couldn't have done it this well without you. Cheers guys!

Gary from No Limits for some random prize or other, cheers mate!

Stu from the ATBShop, who's agreed to stock our zines and video.

Mark from Geronimo and Joe Schmoe from Schmoe Bindings for supporting us with your advertisements.

Always wear a helmet.



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275 North St
Ashton
Bristol
BS3 2JN

0117 9533400

TRAILS ETIQUETTE

Now this is something that many of us have not really had to consider yet, as we've not been riding many places that really need it to be applied. However, over the recent months, myself and the Scuz boys have been riding more and more mountain bike courses dug in the woods. Now having ridden mountain bikes for 16 years, I thought that for those of you who don't or have never got into the harder core mountain biking I'd give you a few pointers to make sure you don't piss people off.

Please consider the fact that you are going to be riding their trail, that they have put lots of effort into and will have taken many years to evolve into what you are seeing in front of you (I know for sure that's the case where I ride). The bikers may not have seen mountain boards before and as such may be a little wary of us and our strange contraptions.

Always smile and say hi, wassup or whatever to the locals, acknowledge them, you don't have to make great conversation but if they're up for a chat then make the effort, **DO NOT BLANK THEM.**

Take a shovel with you as it has a number of uses.

1. You can repair any damage that you do when you stack (an occupational hazard when you have no brakes). Depending on the surface the chances are you may start to cut it up from your wheels sliding into corners etc and repairing any of this sort of damage as best you can will also stand you in good stead with the bikers.

2. **DO NOT IN ANY WAY ALTER WHAT IS ALREADY THERE.** They built it that way coz that's how they want to ride it, if you can't ride it then tough, either learn or build your own, either will earn you much greater respect.

3. Build your own. When you get bored of just riding the flat trails you can start to add your own features like jumps drops and berms, but

use your common sense about where and what you dig.

Be aware of who and what is about around you. It's not always possible to start from the same place as bikes would due the need we have for the effects of gravity and as such you may end up starting somewhere you are not easily visible to a bike that is hurtling down the course. Ride in a group if you can and spot for each other, making sure that the trail in front and behind is clear enough for you to take your time setting your feet in their bindings and sorting yourself out before you're going to set off.

As a final note, I feel compelled to urge you to wear as much body armour as you can lay your hands on; riding in the woods like this is as far away as you get from rolling down wide open grassy hills. It's hard, it hurts and it's extreme, but it will push your riding further than you can imagine, stick at it and you will reap the rewards come race time. Just look at the noSno guys; they've been riding at Aston Hill duel track for years. Play safe and be fit to ride tomorrow, after all, it's all about the riding.

words by paul b



mr butler adhering to his trail etiquette, at speed.



some random being a twat.



scuz and some riders from bristol.. team who?



paul b at lin.

BRISTOL AND DISTRICT ALL TERRAIN BOARD CLUB

After an uneventful and radio ridden drive down (electronics suck!) we meet "Come on you riders!", the finest dreadlocks in mountain boarding, Biohazard Barbie, some assorted girlfriends, and Beiran, part of the fully infamous Team BAD. In the pub. They have a weekend planned for us. Wicked. We have a video premiere for them and later some shoddy northern riding!!

Back at Steve's house, the main man himself makes toast and Jam for everyone... using mouldy jam. Beware anyone who has jam on toast at Mr Birkbeck's residence. Maybe Bristolian mould is better than the shit I find on me bread up here. Everyone wolfed it down!!

In the morning, after thoroughly good stoned sleep, Ian makes cups of tea, and we're off, before 12!! Keen as mustard. We're off to L.A, a secret and very much favoured Team BAD spot.

The radio is insistent on pissing us off, after getting our hopes up with a bit of The Darkness. A DJ (if it can be called that) mentions Gareth Gates and "excellent song" in the same sentence. The twat.

We are joined at Long Ashton by none other than Stuart Kirk and Ant Wilson from the ATBA, Sacha Bush, (who came back from uni for the weekend, for our benefit? Dunno!! Mint though!!) Gary and Josh Holcombe, Jon Ship, and I understand there is more on the way!! Mint!!

With people showing up all the time, we are treated to the finest riding I have yet

experienced.

Long Ashton is Team BAD's secret spot. Not so secret no-one can ride there, but out of respect for the efforts and the crew, and respect for your own longevity, if you want to ride there, contact Team BAD. If nothing else, locals rule and they can give you tips on how to ride it.

Paul B and Paul H, two Paulian NOBS were down for the weekend with us. They also liked it.

"L.A. eh? We're not talking Beverly Hills, think Inglewood. Rude as fuck. This place is hardcore and no messing. Make or break, boards and bodies, and it did take lots of our skin, a little blood, but fortunately no boards.

Technical doesn't really come close to describing how hard this place is to ride. Team BAD totally rule this place, and the time they have spent riding here totally shows in their ability, not to detract from other peoples riding. Some of the other first timers were totally ripping, truly a testament to their skills and abilities.

There are so many different lines in this place; you could seriously spend months if not years exploring building and riding without ever getting the place totally dialled in.

As a spot, it will push you harder than you have ever been pushed, and you really will have to get over 'the fear'. If you do, and want to have a crack at a bit of freestyle, then you can try "The Gully" a seventy degree drop into a six foot gap between to rock walls, with a transitioned outing. Gnarly.

There really are so many lines, through bomb holes into virgin free ride, and mountain bike runs through gnarly tight tree lined runs. Red packed dirt berms appear as if out of nowhere, dodge a couple of trees, hit a ramped up road gap type thing, then two last berms (beautifully sculpted) another drop off... it just goes on and on." - Paul B

I am starting to understand the reasons why Team BAD are so respected and prolific in the UK scene.

"The Gulley" is ace. I went, as did Nat Reynolds, Tim Jones, Steve Birkbeck and others, but here and benevolent ruler of L.A. this weekend has to be Beiran Martlew, nailing everything available at quite serious speed for the terrain, with 9 inch nails and a fucking sledgehammer. Or a Comp 16 Pro! Highlight being about 6 foot of air out of the gulley, after dropping in right from the top. A bloody good effort. Not for beginners I can tell you!!

After heavy sessioning and lots of fighting with trees (including Gary Holcombe trying to take one out with his head, with such force it sounded like someone hitting a melon with a cricket bat!). What do you call a woodpecker without a beak (at Long Ashton)? Gary Holcombe!!

After a couple of hours people started to chill, as the harshness inevitably took its toll.

Once everyone started sitting down and doing the things they do, Steve proposed we go over to Ashton Court, before the lethargy set in. Ten minutes in an eleven car convoy (yes 11 vehicles full of mucky mountain board nutters!!) and we're there.

Multiple Mass Decent.

Ashton Court was closed to mountain boarders until about April this year. Steve's inimitable style of coercive diplomacy being what allowed us to ride there that day.

After our antics (nearly running people of all ages over, repeatedly, with Steve screaming "get the fuck out of the way!!") I hope it stays open!

Our first Mass Descent saw about thirty riders hammer it down from the back end of a golf course onto a tarmac path, picking up speed for about 300 metres, then a shallow drop left onto a steeper grass hill with a hard right to go round the right hand side of a couple of grand old chestnut trees, then a super fast descent down a rutted section of grass to the flat. It was one of the fastest I have been. Seriously. All crouched down in case of the wobbles and that!!

After a good five or six hard slogs back to the top for more high speed action, with some of the stackers having a rest and putting their limbs back on, it was time for a laugh and a joke, and a few pints of the old nectar.

So far, soooo fucking good!!!

A couple of drinks and it was back to residential Bristol, for a quick shower and take out, then off to a pub called The Eclipse, a skater friendly rock pub more towards the centre of Bristol. Although we arrived a bit late, it was a good place; we met Matt Gaydon there who hadn't been able to come riding during the day due to the curse of modern capitalist democratic societies, work. The poor bugger.

After closing, we all walked back to Steve's which was cool. Not much of a gang mentality boy, myself, it was ace to be mooching about in a strange city with a large group of like minded idiots. Matt is now a student, and showed us well his intellectual prowess by using a traffic cone as only students can (a hat, very nice!! And a loud speaker, as if Matt Gaydon's voice is short of decibels!!). Welly fell off a skateboard, someone's trousers fell down, or were pulled, and not to be outdone by his brother, Nat got a telling off from an old woman for wandering off with her wheelie bin.



who's barbie? john peck, method.

SOUL MOUNTAIN RACING I

Back at Steve's more drinks, no mouldy toast and another showing of Scuz video zine issue #1 for those who hadn't witnessed it yet. It was nearly bed time joint time, but not before a random insult session starts everyone grinning. "Lawson David is a cunt", says Steve viciously, and strangely, after he had made sure everyone understood his profound love of Queen. "John Poole is Barbie." "Your mothers a walrus and the rest of your family died in the war", offers Paul H helpfully, chuffing on a fatty, before falling fast asleep.

It's funny but during the week, I always struggle to sleep properly and can never persuade myself to go to bed at a reasonable hour, no matter what time I have to get up in the morning, always wanting more from my day than work usually allows me to derive. But that night I had slept like a baby, happy in the truth that I had about as much out of the day as was possible. I think everyone who was out that day would agree.

Headaches ahoy Sunday morning, Ian makes a cracking cuppa, and stolen pot noodle makes wicked breakfast! We're off to Birdlip, setting off on our adventures before noon for the second time in two days, not as many of us as the day before, but plenty all the same.

So, Birdlip. About a half hours drive up some road or other, and its more woodland madness. How Team BAD found these places I'll never know, but found they have been. A nice gentle (not that gentle really, I nailed myself on it) mass descent to the car park at the bottom, and then we're straight into rutted high speed madness.

First up is the Scout Run. A curved left hand downhill, would be quite tame if it wasn't so crazily of camber. Then a tight 120 degree right hander into a reasonably straight and quite steep, ultra fast descent to a small run out area.

I was being lame due to fuzziness of the mind

and stiffness of the muscles, but I got to sit and chill and watch everyone else, which I often miss out on concentrating on my own riding, and it turned out a cracking place to sit. Not only was I treated to the delightful entertainment of everyone, and I mean everyone giving it their all, hammering it round the off camber left stacking, sliding, sweating and swearing, no fully hardcore stacks thankfully, and loads of laughs. It was what some couples might call 'quality time'!!

Main contenders were again Birkbeck, Dangerous Dave, Beiran Martlew, our own Paul B, and Ant Wilson, with excellent attempts by Ian Williams, Gary Holcombe and the Gaydon brothers. There were, of course, others whose names I didn't manage to put to faces. Totally wicked to sit and watch, made all the better by a bit of extremely sweet cheeba, donated by a most excellent member of team bad Archibald Fanshanible (name changed to protect the guilty).

Then it's time to hit the whiplash. I don't know about Leeds, or Bristol, or even Birdlip, but I do know why the whiplash has so been named.

I managed about half of it.

This hectic run must be the best part of 1km long. The top part is a steep zigzag into a nicely (well mostly, few large rocks here and there!) cambered sweeping left hander, dropping quite gradually for about 200 metres, then a choice of dropping over a lip, for the fastest line, to the left of an old oak (not into it mind you, respect the trees man!!) and under some trailing branches (insane), right of the oak (still pretty mad) or following the original sweeping left further on and into a small clearing, where you can scrub off some speed and then throw a 90 degree turn in, to come down to the same point the insane runs take.

From there its pretty plain sailing, (in comparison to the start) a reasonable run down a wide-ish track, still quite steep, with a rainwater gully, and a few rocky bits just to make things



come bike in a chest, close hill.



come on you haybouts!

interesting.

Not too many riders made it completely clean from the top, but there are those few talented riders. I'm not here to kiss ass though, so I ain't naming!!

Unfortunately both Beiran and Dangerous Dave came a cropper (see injury of the month). Much respect, and hope your riding again soon guys. Ant Wilson also hit a tree, both himself and the tree fairing considerably better than the Comp 16 Pro he was riding. His prototype trucks (which look well ace, totally, totally solid, more info when available) being ridden with not inconsiderable skill, also faired pretty well, sturdy if not heavy looking as they were. All in all a bloody fast and technical run. Birdlip is open to anyone who fancies a bash, and due to the space between trees would be ace for forest free riding.

If you are going to go there though, I would suggest getting in touch with Team BAD. They know the area well, and have indispensable advice on riding it.

Knackered, we head back to the cars for the grand finale of the weekends riding. The very infamous Cleeve Hill (see Pete's death jump on Dangerous Brothers web site, www.dangerbros.co.uk), an absolute heaven for competent boarders. In some ways it was a shame to go there last, because I was already stiff, knackered, and fairly beaten up. I think a few of the others were as well, Beiran and Dangerous in particular. From a golf course at the top the ground drops away in the craziest natural obstacle course I have ever seen, with a view for miles around, punctuated by the Malverns off to the left hand side of the panorama, where the Maxtrack classic, and Out To Grass are located.

It is free-ride heaven, with more features and different runs than I could count (and I can count up to more than a hundred, although I haven't tried recently!!) the grass is mostly short, the ground mostly hard, and therefore pretty fast.

There's not much point trying to describe Cleeve Hill, but I think it would be fair to say you could spent a whole summer riding Cleeve and not find every line, or if you did find every line, it would be impossible to master it. Heaven!! There are some photos on the ATB Sports site, www.atbsports.co.uk, and some stuff on Dangerous Brother's site, www.dangerbros.com.

The day was starting to take its toll come 5 o'clock, and what better way to finish off and wind down than with a pint. Why do my stories always end on the downer of having a last pint before heading home? Oh well, 20 Mountain boarders sat in the beer garden of a lovely pub, overlooking exceptional scenery, and chilling, on what may turn out to be one of the last well nice weekends of the year.

Respect and props to Ben Coulthard, Paul Butler, Stu Kirk, Ant Wilson, Beiran Stelzer-Martle, David Page, Zak and Josh Campbell, Josh Cubley, Matt Summerell, Giles Talbott, Jane, Josh and Gary Holcombe, Matthew and Nathaniel Gaydon, Tim Jones, Ollie Ellis, Bill Beaumont, Stu Smith, Natalie and Dylan Reynolds, John Poole, Rich Rose, Amy Coulthard, Dave "The Knee" Delmege, Dave Simmonds, Dave Jones and Matt Ship.

Special thanks to Steve Birkbeck and Ian Williams, for places to crashes, mouldy toast, and good cups of tea, and to Jane Holcombe, for these words:

"This maybe a little piece, but with a big meaning!! Stu from ATB Sports... everyone has heard of him, but not a lot of people have seen him! The amount of work he puts into this sport is unbelievable. When we are all having fun, he is sat in his caravan working out the results. When we are at home watching TV, he's still hard at it for you! From all of us, a great big thanks, you don't know how much it means to us. Thanks, thanks without you we wouldn't have a series. A huge THANK YOU!! to Stu and all his crew."

Aww, how nice eh? Brings a bit of a lump to the

BAD ASSES

throat that does. But it's a sentiment I think damn near everyone in mountain boarding in the UK can agree with. Scuz agrees totally with Jane, and the BAD crew. Cheers Stu, glad you could make it. We were proud to be riding with you.

And pints finished, it was time to go, we actually got a cheer from Team BAD as we left. Again I nearly got all choked, what a bloody girl.

Got a spare weekend coming up? Visit Team BAD. They are simply excellent.

words by andy w



Unfortunately we didn't have room to fit paul b's injury in the injuries of the month, but it was such sterling work by Paul, we had to fit it in somewhere. So here it is. Check this out, check this out!



scuz and team bad. no supermodels, thats for sure.

SCUZ MOUNTAINBOARDING

Andy W. Steve, thank you for talking to Scuz. How old are you?

Steve. Ahh.. 38

Andy W. You're riding pretty good for someone who's 38.

Steve. Cheers man. Yeah, I'm 38

Andy W. You old git! Have you ever dressed up as a girl before?

Steve. I have, yeah

Andy W. Did you enjoy it?

Steve. Yeah, it was enjoyable actually. I liked the tights.

Welly. What was the occasion?

Steve. We actually made a film on holiday and I was a Swedish au pair girl.. No not au pair, just a Swedish school girl with blonde hair and ringlets and things. And a dress and tights, but I did like the tights.

Andy W. What's this about you and Queen?

Steve. That's a really bad question to ask me Andy, because I could go on.. How much tape have you got? Let's just say I hate Queen with a vengeance. Along with beards.

Welly. We should probably ask some mountainboard related questions shouldn't we?

Andy W. I was getting to that.

Steve. Bit of background information!

Welly. Go on then.

Andy W. How long have you been mountainboarding now?

Welly. Yeah and how did you discover it?

Steve. For me.. Dave, my mate.. Slightly Dangerous Dave bought me a pogo stick. One of those blow-up pneumatic ones. I'd always been skateboarding and I was riding one of those hard wheel boards... XT's. But you just get rattled off those. We didn't have any bindings or nothing. We were just going down grassy slopes and you stayed on until you rattled off. And then I had this pogo stick and you know you go up and down quite hard? But you never went anywhere so I took it back and got the money back and as I was coming back into town I went past a shop and saw a... sadly it was an Exit frame board but it was a board and I got that ex-display for £110 and then managed to get hold of a Sol 16 for £150 and then went to Court Farm to just have a little jump.. Actually it was Out To Grass... So that was a year and a half ago.

Andy W. Was Team BAD already formed then?

Steve. No. Team BAD was the dream child of John Poole, Ian Williams and myself. We met at the hill in Stinchcombe at the freestyle challenge last year and me and Ian were trying on arse pads behind the caravan so it was all a little bit... furtive! "You from Bristol?" "Yeah!", as you do when you're trying on arse pads, behind caravans. We decided there and then we should ride together. About two or three weeks after that Team BAD, was conceived quite beautifully on the hill at Ashton Court. We had about 12 riders out that evening and then we just kept meeting and kept going. And its... well, we've got a ball now we can't stop rolling. We don't know where it's going.

Welly. What do you reckon the secret to its success is?

Steve. The secret of our success at the beginning was we had three or four people totally committed to going out riding every



old man birkbeck showing the young 'uns a thing or two



granddaddy birkbeck

week so nobody was ever left in a pub car park somewhere on their own, wondering where everyone else is, why haven't they shown up. We always made a point of showing up. The Wednesday night meeting down the pub we'd then decide the Sunday meeting and post it and speak to each other. When we got the message board on the ATBSports site it helped a great deal because before then it was just word of mouth.

And we are all totally committed to mountainboarding and Team BAD now. People enjoy themselves when they ride with us and ride with Team BAD and so its reciprocal. We know people enjoy themselves so we enjoy ourselves and we just get more and more people into it. The success is the people we've got in Team BAD. It's not just how it was formed or how it's run, it's the people involved in it. It's the people who actually are Team BAD who make it what it is.

Andy W. There's certainly a lot of personality and a lot of talent.

Steve. I'll take that, thank you. I don't know where they are!

Andy W. What would you like to achieve with Team BAD next year.

Steve. For all three champions to hold onto their championships for another year. If they could defend their titles that would be fantastic because it was so good to see them win this year.

Some more places, more people entering the competitions... I know it isn't all about competition. More and more Team BAD events, fundays... ah, if it ain't broke, don't fix it. I don't really want to change it. I mean we could say yeah, "Team BAD's going to be multinational world dominating corporation in five years", but that isn't really our scene is it? You know... who's going to pay us?

And the Team BAD construction company! If we could go around the country building ramps for a living that'd be wicked!

Andy W. ...and boats

Steve. Oh yeah! More boats! Definitely. The future of mountainboarding is boats.

Welly. What's your personal goal for the future?

Steve. just keep riding until I break. I realise I'm 38, a lot of the people in Team BAD are a lot, lot younger than me and I always say how lucky they are because they're at the start of their mountainboarding life and there's no escaping the fact that I've got to be in my twilight years. I can't do this at this level forever. I've decided now I stay on and I don't fall off. It's the easiest way of not getting hurt but that all went wrong today!

For me, my own personal aspirations is just keep Team BAD as it is now.. everyone says they want to keep the sport as it is now... we don't want to go bigger and lose it all... bitches and backbiting and all that. For me, no.. just keep rolling along like this and keep helping out getting more people down here, more people at comps down here.

And I want to go to the pub! In the very near future!

Andy W. Steve Birkbeck, thank you for talking to us!

Steve. Scuz, thank you very much for coming down and doing this, this weekend because we've all learnt a great deal. It was a fantastic weekend and I think we all pushed each other. Thank you guys for doing the mag, because it's a good thing to do.

OUT TO GRASS...

An advert with a difference. More of a request in fact. A very unusual one.

Ian from Out To Grass want foam! Lots and lots of foam; to build a foam pit.

The situation is this: Ian is going to co-ordinate the teams in the south, and Scuz is going to co-ordinate in the north. Think about what's involved with a foam pit, at a dirt park. Foam is expensive and the amount needed to fill a pit will cost a lot if bought new. So give us your old sponges, rip your furniture up, rip your friend's furniture up. The quality doesn't matter too much. Also as it's going to be at a dirt park, cleanliness isn't too much of an issue.

Student areas always have stuff thrown out, rip it up and take the foam. Charity shops often chuck out old furniture. Nick the foam. Depending on where you are in the country, get in touch with..

Scotland: Dave McBean (mcbcd@mail.mri.sari.ac.uk)
London: Joe Schmoe (joeschmoe_22nd@hotmail.com)
Northern England: Andy and Welly at Scuz (foam@scuz.info)
Midlands:
South: Jack Johnston (ridethewave101@hotmail.com)

If you guys pull this off, then early new year, or thereabouts, all the teams who got a decent amount of foam get a free invite to be the first people to try the tricks they've always wanted into the Out To Grass foam pit.

Ian will arrange collection from the different teams. We have to get more than 50 quids worth of foam or Ian's advert isn't worth the money and the future of Scuz is in jeopardy! So get your finger out and go dumpster diving, and ripping your friend's living room up. It couldn't be in a better cause. Get to it. Now. Please note that mattresses are no good, it has to be soft foam.

**foam. excellent
to land on. drier
than a water jump and
softer than a pile of bricks.
makes sense really.**

A couple of months ago I decided to contact Team BAD and go riding with them as they were the only mountain boarders that I knew of in my area. I got in contact with Steve Birkbeck and went boarding in their secret spot near Ashton Court. The woodland area had already been used by mountain bikers, before Matt, Steve, Ian, John and everyone of Team BAD built some really cool berms and cut a very fast track. The track consisted of low berms, drop offs, lots of trees (Which have caused considerable damage to some people.) and a small road jump. In the past two months or so that I have been riding there, the course as changed quite a lot.

We now start on a ten to twelve foot high drop in a reasonably tight gully with shear (at least fifteen-foot high.) stone faces each side. You then come out of that and over two small rollers/kickers and into an easy right hand berm. After that you turn left into a small hip jump, you then proceed down the hill and down a small 4-foot drop in over a small jump, which goes between trees and turns right. Into a low left-hand berm, this kicks you out into a very fast right hand berm with a large tree stump in front of you. (If you lean over toe side.) If you're turning heelside then there is a big tree at the end of the berm. (Mat and Steve regularly hit it as they take the berm heelside.)

The berm spits you out into a short fast bumpy track, dotted with tree stumps, this gradually turns left. You then hit a little feature of the mountain bikers, which is a three or four foot high kicker over a 7/8-foot wide muddy track that is riddled with old car tracks. After this is a tight right hand berm built against a tree, then another long low left-hand berm (Which I go over all the time.) and a couple of rollers. The track now gets even more interesting as if it is wet and slow you can go straight on and down three, four foot drop offs the last of which send you into a tight right hander (Which you generally fly over,) with a nice big root to dodge. Or you can turn right and go down and over a

3/4-foot high drop off, which has been dug out and has a lump at the bottom, which you need to clear. Then landing on flat you need to turn left then right and down a 4-foot drop off/in and dodge the root into the tight right hander. The berm then kicks you out (If you get it right.) into a small straight with a five-foot high gnarly drop off. This has a tree at the top and big stones all the way down it. You have to take the tree wide on the left and then cut in, or else you go into the bush, you then ride over a big rock to finish.

The course is really fast in most places and technical everywhere, as you have to be constantly alert for bikers, animals, trees, walkers and most importantly any new additions to the course that weren't there last time!! (The kicker over the road jump! Ouch!) The most important thing to remember about woodland or trail riding is that anything can happen, so full protective kit is always needed, including body armour and a good helmet.

The technicality and complete concentration of riding in woodland has considerably improved every member of Team BAD's riding skills. This was shown at the Quantocks during the noSno downhill challenge. By Ian Williams (Aka Loaferian) making it clean and having good solid runs, Matt Gaydon beating two American MBS riders and me getting fourth in the U18's quad, which wouldn't have happened if it wasn't for riding in the woods and excellent support from all of Team BAD!!!!!!

This however is only the tip of the iceberg as Matt Gaydon, Steve Birkbeck, myself and many members of Team BAD have just finished a fantastic freestyle tabletop. The jump currently has a three or four foot high mud kicker with a roughly six-foot long tabletop and about a fifteen-foot long landing. The kicker can be dug away at the front into a dip if we wish to enlarge it and after Jeremy Leafe's backflips at the Quantocks it is definitely possible to go inverted, at least do frontflips anyway. We also have a very long log rail, which we will be building ASAP.

BAD ASSES: WOODLAND RIDING AT L.A.

As you can see there is loads of potential in woods for extreme riding, the most important issue for these area's is litter so if your going to ride keep it free of litter and don't majorly alter the surroundings, or you could lose the best dirt playground you ever had!!

Keep riding and pushing the limits!!!

words by beiran stelzer-martle, team bad

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Images: A large wheel, a skateboard deck, a skateboard truck, and a skateboard.

PRIORY FARM MUD FEST

The first weekend of November was Priory Farms last weekend of the season. Dougie and Simon had organized some mini competitions for the riders for the two days, which included timed slalom, freestyle, limbo, dual boarder cross and 'the marathon', which I will explain more about further on, and as always, the LARD-ASS crew where there.

The weather was dull but the riding was far from dull. The slalom was the first main event and the course was extremely muddy and slippery. About twenty people entered this event and each rider had two timed runs with the top five times going through to the final round. The times were getting faster and faster with the average being about 25 seconds. Unfortunately I didn't catch the names of the two guys who were setting the pace but I can say there riding was superb. In the end the best time fell below 23 seconds and the two unknown dudes came first and second closely follow by myself, Lester Shrimpton and Clive Galway.

Next up was the limbo. The height of the poll was around 75cm before anyone got knocked out. Then the larger people started to go leaving the smaller kids to battle it out at 55cm. In the end about five people managed to get below this height but get no further, so a joint win was declared.

So after a drink and fag break it was the freestyle competition. Unfortunately Clive couldn't enter this because he broke a truck earlier on doing the boardercross course. So it was left to the younger guys to show everyone who it's done. Three jumps each was the set-up with marks out of ten being awarded for each jump and the top two of the three made your final score.

Some good tricks were on show with a couple of really sweet 360's and even grabbed 360's.

The jump of the day though was from a guy who I think is called Charles (sorry if I'm wrong dude). He had been doing some really sweet 360's earlier on and decided to up the tempo on his last jump a pulled off a sweet front-flip which was almost clean. He got back on his wheels but sketched out on the landing. But full marks to him for a good show of tricks.

After the freestyle it was time for a few mass descents which have now become a tradition at the end of a days riding at Priory. Chaos and carnage as always but great fun as well. By that time the day started to close in so it was packing up time. Not the end of the day though by any means. Time to roll a quick joint before heading to the pub for a couple of pints and some grub. Sunday came around and on the way to Priory it was pissing with rain. Luckily by 11 o'clock the rain had cleared leaving the ground soaked and muddy as fuck. But no-one was deterred by the conditions; it actually made things a lot more interesting and fun. By the end of my first run I was covered in splashes of mud but I was loving it. The events didn't get underway until about 1 o'clock so this left some time for a bit of freestyle and practice on the boardercross.

The dual boardercross was the first event of the day. No age categories, just races against the guy who put his name down before or after you. This was a knock-out from the start with 8 races deciding the quarter-finalists and so on. The final four had been decided. I was drawn against Dom Cox and the other race was between Adam Justice and Ant Pullen. In my race I managed to get out in front only to slide out on the third berm and I was overtaken by Dom who had a clean run to qualify for the final. I didn't see the second semi because I was going back up the lift but at the finish line Adam and Ant were wheel to wheel and Adam just edged it to qualify. Me And Ant had to race for third place and we were neck an neck out of the start so we were saying

sarcastic words of encouragement to each other, and going into the second berm I was pushed the other side of the marker because Ant is a big cheat!!! We both got to the bottom and decided to run it again but Simon said Ant won because I missed a marker so he finished third. Then the final between Dom and Adam was under way and it was clean all the way to the finish with Dom just taking the win in a tightly contested race.

Then time for another rest before the Main Event, 'The Marathon'. The marathon was run from the top roll-in, down the orchard run, back up the lift, down the slalom, back up the lift, down the 'red run' (a straight downhill speed run), back up the lift and then the boardercross to finish. This was Clives idea and I think he regretted it afterwards because he was absolutely knackered! It was run in groups of four. I was in the first group along with Ant Shrimpton, Lester Shrimpton and Dave Compton. I came out of the first run just behind Dave so he got on the lift just before I did so I decided to leg it up the hill to try and get ahead. What was I thinking? I got to the top at about the same time as Dave and it was the slalom course up next. The slalom was in a state of disrepair today and it was throwing riders of balance all over the place. I think Dave made it cleanly but I slid out. I think Ant and Lester may have slid to but it was close going into the straight line dash. By this time I was fucked and couldn't give a toss about winning but I carried on doing the best I could; which wasn't too impressive. At the boardercross roll-in I strapped in and just threw myself down the course which was also quit fucked up after the dual BX comp. I made it down somehow and got over the finish line and collapsed in the soaking wet mud. My time was about 8:40 and Dave scored 8:27 I think. Three more groups followed. It was great to watch people do this marathon malarkey but not so great doing it yourself. I was totally fucked. Anyway, the next three groups followed. Ant Pullen came first in the second group and beat Daves time by a second, then in the next group Clive beat Ants time by a second and in the final group Dan Watson came first beating Clive

by, yes you guessed it, a second! So in the end Dan came out trumps in a very closely contested battle.

After that we had a well earned break and I was trying to clear the mud that had become lodged in my throat! The events were finally over, but the riding wasn't. It was mass descent time again! This time, for the first time ever, we had a mass descent on the boardercross track. There were about 25 people going down a two man race course at the same time! It was carnage as predicted but fucking excellent!

Sadly the days riding came to an end. We attempted to wash the mud off our boards with buckets full of water and it kind of worked. Didn't quit work on our clothes though! So, to the pub we headed where beers were drunk, food was munched and the talk consisted of what had happened over the two days, what we were gonna do the following week and what Priory have in store for us next season!

Thanks to Dougie and Simon for organizing the weekends festivities, Thanks to the rain for making it all muddy and thanks to everyone who showed up. It was a great weekend.

words by gazza



**KEEP READING SCUZ FOR THE NEXT
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"JAY AND SILENT TREV"

**CHEERS TO DIRTSURFER JAY FOR THE
"BUNNY"-STYLE PHOTO STORY!**

LOVE, SCUZ!!

XXX



NEWS BITE: OUT TO GRASS

We've got a bit of room after the photo story, and after our recent visit to Out To Grass, Ian Johnson wanted to let everyone know that Out To Grass will be staying open for the winter, depending on the weather obviously. Give them a call before you head down to check first.

Ian would also like to say a special thank you to everyone who wrote to the council on behalf of Out To Grass. It's early days but it seems the scales are tipping in our direction.

Telephone: 01886 880099

Web: www.outtograss.com

THE SCOTTISH CHAMPIONSHIPS - BENNACHIE

Bennachie was to be my comeback fall down this year after having no money and being scared shitless of my board after a speed wobble crash in Canada I hadn't rode hardly anything at all. So when I got money, ballocks of reasonable firmness I jumped on a train north. NORTH I SAY!

Arriving at Bennachie mountain boarding centre I was impressed with the course, looked fast ...the berms were more or less nice (except the 3rd one on the left as I'm sure frasers tail bone would agree throws you off at a hella speed onto some well placed rocks. The moon rising over the "bothys" which seemed more like quite homely cottages to me, but fitting a good 15 people into one room we all found a seat and I must empathize eagerly awaited Jamie's arrival with many a beer bottle. With everyone with their timekeepers in hand counting down to the predicted time of arrival and the odd burst of enthusiastic conversation and the attempted explanation from Gregor about the very weird things that turn him on, we waited for beer.

Now with two crates of beer down I'm sure there was quite a few people now drunk enough to drop in from the attic in the kitchen only to get their back wheels hooked on a kitchen unit and bounce their face off the kitchen floor, awesome party and then somehow falling asleep at some point in the storage room for the boards on a wooden floor. Waking up to people making the morning pot noodle I found a lift into town for some breakfast, arriving back at the site I seeked out Jamie to fix my board, cause of my speed wobble fears.

Board fixed, I jumped on the trailer taking the first load of people up to the top of the hill. Going last I dropped in without face planting into dirt, pumped my way up to the top of the first table top then with a infusion of speed I

toe sided the first berm, along the straight... heel sided the second berm and came out of it going quite surprisingly fast but without speed wobble. I pushed my Easyrider (I'm sure that names ironic) further and faster around the next toe side berm; this bit of the course caught me off guard. After the last two turns coming out headed down hill, this racing line came out heading uphill and with a bit of a drop. I pumped into the next berm quite hard and came out with a fair amount of speed wobble after a quick hop over the table top I reached the next berm and well, didn't turn, I slammed into it and rolled along the top of it, landed on a few rocks but... Fine, got up and finished the course feeling quite proud of my comeback. I jumped back onto the trailer and rode the course again, this time I stopped myself at least four times because now that the racing lines had been well rode out the course was getting faster and after watching Fraser come off that third berm onto a rock boasting the size of a head, walked back up to the top of the hill for the riders meeting. Fraser got a lift back down to the bottom of the hill and simply vanished.

One more practice run was allowed then the riders meeting outlined the day's events and the under 16's set off riding, while watching these kids it made me sick at how well they could ride. It came to the open riders time to ride I was set against Jamie. After dropping in and losing Jamie pretty much straight away, my task was to get down the hill with out looking like too much of a shit rider and a girl. I didn't fall at any point but my power slides need some work after stopping about 5 times and realising I was half a field away from the course. I stepped outta my bindings and started my walk down to the bottom of the hill. After hanging up my board for the weekend and quite pleased with my moderate level of shittiness I picked up my camera and took a shit load of photos (198 in all), working



mud in your eye?



hi there! plenty of air.

my way down the hill to take a sorta progressive shot of the course and people riding it. My photos were three fold the success compared to my riding and got some fucking awesome shots of those kids totally riding awesome just to piss me off. I then started getting shouted at; "Under 16's final! Take photos!!!" Oh shit. Running to the rollers I scrambled to get my camera ready to take a photo. Once I had set up all my settings and turned the damn thing on, Gregor gave me a very odd look and laughed at me as he cleared the rollers. I looked through the viewfinder to umm... not find a view. I was like "cameras on.... oh ... lens cap", and had a quick chuckle to myself until the next kid came flying round the corner. Got a photo of him before he winged outta view, then the semi finals of the open were next - Jamie vs. a local. I had noticed that Jamie and a few others were having problems with the straight before the rollers at the bottom of the hill. Coming out of the last berm Jamie was neck and neck with the other guy but the local definitely had the upper hand because he had probably ridden the course every weekend for the past 2 months. Jamie was struggling to stay on his board and was shaking and hopping too keep his board straight, but managed it after firmly hopping and planting his board to jump over the rollers I stood in front of the last dirt kicker ready to take a photo of Jamie jumping into me his expression was gold, Jamie won the race.

The freestyle was the next thing I remember, here's me standing beside the crappy Maxtrack kicker, then I see a local landing a 360 half way across and up field. I walk over and Gregor does another 360, then some attempted grabs from people (a few words about the kicker - it was about 6 foot-almost vertical at the peak and made of compacted mud.). After watching about 10 jumps my camera goes and craps out on me, no battery. I wrongly thought that at least one person in the field would have at least 4 AA batteries. So the weekend came to an ending, podium and prize giving soon followed.

So people were leaving, I had totally forgotten that it was a Sunday and we were in the middle of pretty much nowhere and I didn't have any way of getting home now that everyone's cars were full with their own stuff and they had to get home too, with Fraser injured and gone, one of the kids had to jump into somebody else's car and this left Greg and me now looking well ...hunting to blag a way to the nearest bus/train station but a certain Bennachie mountain-boarding centre owner Mark Duncan came to our assist with no problem but only after he deflated the bouncy castle (mmm bouncy castle, didn't have time to have a shot ...damn it)

So after finding out that the last train from Inverurie had already left, we turned to the buses. On the bus to Aberdeen, a psycho got on the bus; here's a description of this lovely fella, decked out in a airline pilot uniform, peaked hat, the works basically. He had a case, a sort of box case about the size of a hi-fi with "Jesus is king" in block box mono toned letters and a few stickers of Jesus on the cross with blood and all that. When he was about to get off he asked us in an English "chap" accent "how do you steer these buggers then? We replied with the usual answer, actually he seemed like a nice guy ...but then again I aint been chased bare arsed down the street by him that might change my view of him a little bit.

Anyway I think we're going a bit off topic here, arriving at Aberdeen train station to find that there's a train sitting waiting for us was awesome. We sat back and agreed about how good the weekend was.

Next week. Edinburgh. Well, Penicuik but who cares about specifics.

Bennachie is a nice fast, excellent place to practice berms for the first time, and the kicker definitely has good prospects.

words by brendan walker



mountainboarding... it gives you wings.

THE SCOTTISH CHAMPIONSHIPS - PENICUIK

Back for a second helping eh ?.

Fair enough.

Ok, so Bennachie wasn't the best success for me riding wise, but the photos were reasonable and I definitely had an excellent weekend. So I decided to go to a very crazy motocross course just outside Edinburgh about 3 miles away from Penicuik, which has been quite cleverly adapted to the unspecific needs of us.

Waking up to rain wasn't exactly expected but... it was our fault for not expecting it, so grabbing all our things we get into Jamie's baby speeder and seeing as though Jamie is the guy who can climb up a tree with one bit of rope... and self delegated, he ties our boards to the roof.

The roads were wet and we started chasing some random with a mountain board in their backseat because they were going in the wrong direction. Flying around a roundabout in Jamie's car is an experience no one should miss. After giving up on the people who went in the wrong direction and not knowing who they were anyway, we drive to the course. Somehow the conversation turns to fleas, ticks and other lil' biting things. I learnt more in that car than I ever had ever... about those sort of things.

Arriving at the course I was enjoying the scene of quite a few tents either about to take off into the gale force winds or already getting chased by a few people. We walked down to the marquee which DEFINITELY didn't look safe, the whole club soon rallied to take on the task of duck taping the thing together and then using a few nine inch nails to plough the thing into the ground, people were whispering about maybe cancelling but the weather was due to settle.

I took a walk up to the top of the hill in the gale

force winds and heavy rain to scout out some way of getting down this hill, after looking at the dual rider setting with a roller then a left into a half berm, then speed drop left into a roller, then another, then by the third roller, finally into a finish speed drop. I noticed that a few people were falling off after the first speed drop. If you had fallen off at ANY point after the first speed drop you weren't going to win because you wouldn't have enough speed to get over the rollers clean.

I knew I wasn't going to be able to ride it, besides I wanted to get a lot of photo stock built up for you demanding lot of editors... So leaving my shit pile at the top of the hill, a few guys started riding the course it seemed quite slow but started to speed up as people flattened out the lines.

So with the racing starting to take off, some amazing races... toe to toe most of them, with Dave McBean having already warned me about the speed he was going to be coming down at. I didn't listen and knew that he was going to hit the rollers at one hell a speed and be a great photo subject so I positioned myself at the second roller. He wasn't kidding and took a long outside line to try and bleed off some of his speed but he hit the first roller and the second at a thunderous speed and missed me by about 3 inches. Got the photo but fell flat on my arse trying to not get hit square in the face by some tread. Dave seemed to be totally dominating the course until it came to the open finals.

This is a race that I doubt many of the people that saw it will forget, with Stuart as Dave's competitor, because it did seem like Dave was going to win for sure with his board and riding experience.

The race started even pegged with them both

THE SCOTTISH CHAMPIONSHIPS - PENICUIK



close up action



surely that's cheating?

SCUZ MOUNTAINBICING CO.

THE SCOTTISH CHAMPIONSHIPS - PENICUIK



dave mcbean and eventual winner, stuart



dirty freestyle action at penicuik

clearing the first roller and Stuart getting the inside line they rolled down the first speed drop and still with Stuart in the faster more taken racing line he was in front, but Dave taking his normal estimated outside line, slightly behind but going faster than Stuart, they hit the rollers. This is where the race defined itself, with about half a deck between them. They got onto the third roller and Stuart just popped perfectly over it and flew down to the finish with Dave behind by next to nothing. A perfect way to finish the last Boarder X race of the Scottish season.

Freestyle next, my hands weren't really working by this time but none the less I stood at the bottom left of the roll out (bad mistake) seeing as everybody seemed to be hitting the kicker (another dirt kicker) at a slight left angle and planting their bodies pretty much where I was standing.

The Under 16's went first, some really nice landings by these guys. A few grabs; some people were just trying to get off it and land a jump, but they still managed to ease some style into it.

Up stepped Gregor Mitchell and landed his first 360 of the day slightly over spinning it but landing it none the less. More grabs then Gregor stepped up for his second go from a much higher roll-in. He hit the kicker... spin... over spinned it again and landed on his right arm. Seemingly unhurt, he got back up and with more guys pulling off some great tail grabs, as the likes of Ewan planting some really decent air with style, Hregor pulled off great melon and tail grab. The last jump call came and Gregor tried his 360 again but unluckily didn't land it perfect and messed up his arm. He didn't break it but he looked very fucking sore the way he landed on it. Landed on it then his board rolled away with him on it but left his arm way back there... ouch!

The Open freestyle was (as it should be) better than the Under 16's, but maybe its just the fact that... fuck it... Greg is willing to throw himself

in the air maybe 6 - 10 foot then land a few, but of course plant himself and get back up and try again. Great effort, mate, but you're insane. He won the Open freestyle though.

Martyn James tried a FLIP as he had tried at Bennachie, except this week he didn't even get close, just fell on his back. It was a gutsy effort though.

Stuart having already won the Open Boarder X got some nice twitchy air but planted every jump.

Dave did his signature "sit on the board and fly over the jump"... landed it too. Some girl tried it too, landed it as well, showing Dave up something rotten.

So having the weather turn out pretty damn good, except for it being freezing. Prize giving for the whole season and that event had come and gone. We got to the pub, had a pint then after all the "see ya later's", my chauffeur, Neil, and I got on the road. Great end to the day and to a season.

words by brendan walker.

THE MAXTRACK CLASSIC

This is one of the times you wish you had planned your time better and wrote the article a bit closer to the time of the event. Oh well, the benefit of hindsight, such a wonderful thing, probably could have stopped a war, ey Tony? George? Maybe not. I digress.

It was damp and dark by the time we arrived at Eastnor deer park, myself, Welly, and the eventually to become Mrs Walker.

We are helpfully shown in by Dirtsurfer Ben, riding shotgun on the front of welly's car, and we hook up with Team BAD, some of the guys from Lard (no-one saw Clive though) and the NOBS crew have saved a place for us to camp with our rough northern brethren.

Drinks, smokes and pleasantries dispensed with, myself and Ellen turn in, everyone laughing at our pitifully small paupers tent. The bastards.

After a rather poor night sleep (condensation cruelly targeting one knee touching the side of the tent) we sign up for damn near everything, have a cup of tea, and check the course.

Free-ride tastic, apart from the bomb hole from hell. Just couldn't quite nail it. I wasn't the only one though, so no major loss of face.

I actually got quite a few runs in before the comp started this time, fat lot of good it did me!! I hit it wrong every time, not knocking myself too badly, but Welly managed to snap one of the sticks holding the tape denoting the barriers of the course, and straight into the crowd. Twice.

We were nearly late for our heats as they were running consecutively through from young to old, Dirtsurfers and ladies included.

Welly was up first heat, and myself up second

heat with Paul Hogan, a guy called Phil, and Lawson David who didn't show (Lawson David is my nemesis – watch out next year boyo, I am coming to get you!!).

We all hammered it down from the start, me and Paul H rubbing wheels up to and through the first turn, with Phil getting ahead. Paul H went down and shit things happened to his bindings set up. Phil lost it out of the bomb hole, and I managed to get it right for the first time that day, only to go straight into his head. Oops!

Sorry Phil!! I get up, and although down he is moving and starting to get up, I win a shit victory feeling well guilty, but he's ok when I see him at the bottom, and Paul is riding without one shoe on, laughing.

I saw J from ATBMAG competing on a three wheeler (good to see you competing), and Beiran Martlew, Tom Kirkman, and Renny Myles were truly caning it.

The older riders were well having it too, Steve Birkbeck riding hard, and Clive was as well, although nobody saw him.

At the Maxtrack Classic things are a bit more relaxed and people care a bit less who wins and all that, many people go to lots of effort to look real nice for the occasion.

There were some very funky and unusually dressed people indeed, and I don't just mean nutters walking round with crazy hair or tattoo's, or coated in pads, helmet, blood and dirt. No!!

Matt Gaydon had gone to the effort of getting his funky pimp ass down with his bad self, in a crap nylon shirt with big collars and some nasty old pattern on it, and some bloody funky and very bellbottomed purple cords, bulging knowingly

THE MAXTRACK CLASSIC



freeride-tastic



hammering into the bombhole from hell

where the pads were!

Nat (his brother) started the weekend ready for bed in striped PJ's and a toothbrush. Clive was in full camouflage combat gear with ferns all over his helmet. The commando of Maxtrack came out of the bushes like the predator, to lend me some gaffer tape then merged back into the greenery, and no-one saw him again all weekend.

Welly looked sexy in a fat old woman's pleated skirt, a blouse not to match, equally as tasteful, and a full face lid with a bunch of mangy dreadlocks sticking out the back, and snowboard boots....and to top it off, enormous fake boobs made out of ferns and gaffer tape. Enough to give any mountain boarder a good long lasting erection I can tell you!!

As usual, there was no qualifying from me, and the same with Welly (how shit are we? Ha ha ha). The upside of which we get to watch everyone one else in the finals.

I'm sure you understand that the usual suspects prevailed, and with the usual style and quality. I can't be arsed going on about the particularly talented riders because a) I don't want to come across as some sort of arse kisser b) I am not one of them and c) you would know if you were there (you should have been), or if you are a member of the ATBA (letters came out last recently documenting the winners and what have you). If you're not a member, you should be, **SORT IT OUT!!**

Next event of the day (probably my favourite) was a Mass Descent. Sorry, no, a Mass Decent. Or something. It's exactly what it says on the tin, everyone was taken up to the top of the hill, way further back than the start of the boarder cross track. Team BAD, not to be outdone (probably never will be) whip out their..... wait for it..... All Terrain Boat.

With specially crafted three corner pirate hats,

the most crazy and prolific team in the UK the removed the deck from a noSno, and inserted a homemade wood and plastic trawler, complete with padded paddles with which to wallop any unsuspecting rider getting too close. Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum. Indeed.

There was also Ant Wilson, riding shotgun on a lovely and well converted all terrain wheelbarrow. Look out everyone.

Welly was still being a woman, I went to the effort of getting fully jedi'd up in a sort of grey felt hooded cloak, and fake plastic light sabre (batteries not included.....free from Morrisons).

Nat Gaydon was best though, with massive cartoony eyes, and a big green sleeping bag zipped right up (no arms or owt), I saw a caterpillar (a big, BIG caterpillar!!) riding down a big hill on a comp 16, with not inconsiderable skill.

I'm not sure who won, as I got stuck near the back, which was a bit sketchy, and very busy with people falling off, and people riding into other people, thankfully not at enough speed to cause injuries. Funny though. Once it got going and we spread out it was just a race to the bottom, as fast as possible trying to steer clear of the inevitable carnage that happens when 100 plus nutters all try and go for it down a huge and steep hill together. Great Stuff.

I think either Renny or Beiran won, but can't say for certain. Not that it matters, as I've said the weekend isn't about winning. Or maybe I should have written this closer to the time and I wouldn't keep having to make crap excuses.

After that, and having been padded up and that for the whole day it was nice to remove the unholy smelling protection, get some grub and some beer, and some wine and some more beer, and then before I knew it darkness had fallen (not the band, you 80's cock rock loonies) and it was night slalom time, which I sacked off due

Just before the night Slalom got under way the freestyle ramp opened for a bit of a floodlit practise sesh, I missed some of it for some reason or other, but saw Renny going for it, and some other geezer who I don't know was having it, with the night time back flips, not quite landed, but nearly landed everytime. I think some of the other riders who would normally have stepped up were maybe too knackered/daunted, or getting ready for the slalom.

The night slalom sorted of reminded me of free all night parties in Leeds, music blaring out from behind me, loads of glow sticks (both denoting the poles and riders). It was a quality spectacle to watch, I was quite inebriated by this time, due in part to lack of quality sustenance. Which happens when you don't eat meat, and the only on-site caterers are serving up greasy lumps of dead pig!!

Again I digress (what is the matter with me today?!), so, you couldn't see a thing until the riders were right at the bottom, glow sticks stuck into wheels, on helmets and clothes. Very good. Dunno who won.

Everyone then partied late into the night, with Team BAD having a fire in a half an oil drum, Lawson David having no friends and Rhys Crilley having far too much to drink, being found by his sponsor asleep under a van. Good Lad. I stayed up with our lass and some random telling the poorest jokes we could lay our minds on, until far too late.

I did however enter our compact un-tardis first and got myself a good spot, and woke the next morning with dry knees, if not a bit of a headache. Our lass was freezing, ha ha ha, sorry!! Luckily Sunday dawned quite warm, and many cups of tea reverted me to my usual self.

Some of the finals were still to be run, although my head was a bit too morning to take much notice.

The freestyle practise ran alongside the relay, which I was again too crap to enter, down the boardercross track, four guys in four sections carrying a baton!! As if it's not hard enough just getting down the course, without having to worry about passing your mate a stick!! Looked like fun if not total carnage, lucky Paul B was wearing armour, otherwise he would be a bit short of an elbow!!

Next up was another mass descent, much the same sort of action as before, I really wonder what the Natt Gaydon caterpillar will eventually metamorphosize into? No-one saw Clive, the force was near me, but I couldn't say it was quite with me, and Team BAD were looking for somewhere to get some pieces of eight.

And then it was freestyle time. Kids were pretty good, considering the age and size of some of these guys the style was all there. Next was the section that really stole the show, under eighteens.

Renny Miles and Tom Kirkman being the highlight, Tom with really, really off axis 360's, and Renny with straight up fully extended arched back back flips and a corked 540 that went round a fair bit more than 540, with him still landing it. Dunno how many rotations it was as it the craziest looking trick I've seen in the sport. I think it clinched him the victory.

I wish I had entered the open freestyle (I only had free-riding wheels for my board) because apart from Yankee Rich (who was over from the states for the weekend, nice to meet you!!) and one or two others, the standard of riding was well, crap. Disappointing. Not much more to say about it, the masters were much better than the open, with Clive finally coming out of the undergrowth to take the 1st place from under Mr Steve Birkbeck's not inconsiderable nose, with a really nice 360.

Once the actual comp had finished though was

THE MAXTRACK CLASSIC



the other big ramp.



big fat tranny on a board. nice the though.

THE MAXTRACK CLASSIC



the force was non-existent in this one.



"come back with my 'arders, y'bastard!"

SCUZ MOUNTAINBOARDING 90

to the preliminary stages of intoxication, and a variety of other equally pathetic excuses. No! No!! I'm a reporter, for Scuz, I have to stand and watch the event, that's my excuse, Ha!! I'm a writer goddamn it. An artist. Well maybe not an artist. I should stop sidetracking really.

Just before the night Slalom got under way the freestyle ramp opened for a bit of a floodlit practise sesh, I missed some of it for some reason or other, but saw Renny going for it, and some other geezer who I don't know was having it, with the night time back flips, not quite landed, but nearly landed everytime. I think some of the other riders who would normally have stepped up were maybe too knackered/daunted, or getting ready for the slalom.

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THE MAXTRACK CLASSIC



shiver me timbers!



what are you, high? tom kirman.

SCUZ MOUNTAINBOARDING 41

THE MAXTRACK CLASSIC

the open, with Clive finally coming out of the undergrowth to take the 1st place from under Mr Steve Birkbeck's not inconsiderable nose, with a really nice 360.

Once the actual comp had finished though was when spectating got real interesting (not just cause I found a bottle of nice red wine).

Ben was flying about on his Dirtsurfer as was Tom, who then sat on the top of the tabletop, with his Dirtsurfer on his head, while Ben jumped him!!

Then was the giant caterpillars freestyle section. I was crying with laughter, and it looked a bit like Natt was going to start crying in pain. The Team BAD bought braved the rough seas of the freestyle transition, in their eternal search for loot, might need someone to swab the decks after this weekend.

The antics really made this weekend, and

everyone was more friendly than at the usual comps because this one isn't so much a UK series event as an end of year meet for a traditional dirty laugh.

Then was the award ceremony, which I'm not going to go on about, but it was a nice and fitting end to the weekend, some nice prizes courtesy of Maxtrack as well.

Top weekend? What do you think? I can't wait till next year. Apart from next year I would like to see some veggie options in the eating department. Pass this on if you see Mr Maxtrack!!

Big thanks to Maxtrack and their crew for the weekend, Team Lard, Team BAD, NOBS crew, Dirtsurfer Ben, Dave McBean, all the riders and spectators who came and especially those that supported Scuz that weekend. The DJ's for the tunes and most of all Stu Kirk and the ATBA Crew, who always do all the hard work. Nice one!! See you again next year!!



front



back

SCUZ TSHIRTS

Scuz tshirts are going to be made available in the very near future in a design similar to the ones to the left.

The Scuz tshirt will be the height of mountainboarding fashion and the designs have already been seen on the streets of Paris, London and New York. Worn by the homeless, maybe, but all the same the Scuz tshirt is found in the fashion cities of the world.

The price is to be finalised but will be around the £12 - £15 mark.

If you'd like a Scuz tshirt, then drop us an email to: iwantatshirt@scuz.info or drop a line to the usual address.

Please be aware when ordering, the front of the tshirt is far smaller than the back.

COMPETITION TIME

This time, you 'orrible, useless lot, we've got a proper prize to give away as Scuz has decided to be all proper, like.

Provided, courtesy of Gary from No Limits, Selby's premiere - if not only - board stockist, we have a secret prize. So secret, he hasn't told use what it is. But we understand it's going to be worth winning. If you don't attempt to answer the question, we'll take it for ourselves as its no skin off our collective noses.

This month's question is:

How many sandwiches make up a picnic?

Now this might sound like a stupid question, because it is. However, we've been in touch with some horrible corporate marketing firm, and their research suggests there is a specified

amount of sandwiches that go into making the perfect picnic. Do you know how many it is? This is based on a picnic for two people, who are very much in love, and doesn't include scotch eggs, pork pies or cheese on sticks.

Answers to the usual address. While we say usual, no entity has actually sent anything to the usual address, which makes it somewhat unusual. Please note, we now have our own posh Scuz email addresses. By all means make use of them. Competition entries can be emailed to competitiontime@scuz.info or written entries to 133 Brudenell Road, Leeds, LS6 1LS, earmarked "Scuz".

Big thanks to Gary from No Limits, whatever the prize is!

No Limits!

Selby's First Extreme Sports Accessory Shop



Easy Payment Plans
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Please Ask

No Limits is the Main Dealer in the Selby Area for All your ATB Needs, We can Offer some of the Top UK Boards Around Today, MBS, Scrub, NoSnow, Trampa Scrub, G-4s Earth, Kheo, Mongoose and Exit Boards and of course the Latest Safety Wear from, 661, TSG, Protec, Harbinger, Azonic, And Fleshgear. New 04 Season Airwalk, Onfire and Atticus Clothing now in Store.

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gotts park golf club, leeds

A municipal golf course just out of Leeds city centre, in Armley, Gotts Park is basically all hills. Feeling sorry for the poor bastards wheeling their bags of clubs up the fairways, we decided to ride down them.

Andy W. had a brief but friendly enough chat with one of the park wardens who expressed a bit of concern of our riding over the golf greens but allowed us to ride the fairways if we steer clear of the greens. Can't say fairer than that.

Having ridden a number of golf courses in the local area, Gotts Park is definitely the better course of those available in Leeds. Offering a slightly better number of ride-able holes, and offering both freestyle as well as freeride, it's an excellent place for a good day's session. For those wanting to do a bit of jumping, hole 9, nearest Gotts Park playground is set on a reasonable hillside but has several levels which you can get pretty good air off of. A nice long freeride with several drop offs along the way and a few features on the fairway for hole 3 provides quite a bit of entertainment. You'll be riding for about a minute and a half at a not unreasonable speed. This is probably the most interesting fairway to ride, with the most features but Gotts Park also offers a couple of areas for pure unadulterated speed. Between hole 1 and hole 2 is a narrow sandstone path set at around a 45 degree angle. It's fast... very fast. First run concluded in a bit of a head plant after speed wobble kicked in. To the right of the path is a pretty quick narrow section with a fairly tight turn under some trees which is also pretty entertaining and quick enough to put a smile on your face.

Gotts Park Golf Club is a great laugh for a days riding. While never offering anything overly challenging, there is plenty to jump off or over and a few sections to get your fix of speed.

lyme park, stockport

This is a National Trust park just outside Stockport in Manchester that has plenty of rough terrain on hills ranging from mellow to pretty severe. Lyme Park is a spot that needs to be visited more to find new sections to ride but the couple of times we have been, we've been pointed to one or two great little areas. In typical freeride fashion, you're going to be riding fairly rough, sketchy runs that have a tendency to ride you rather than you ride it. On the far side of Lyme Park, having followed the road all the way through the park as far as you can go, past the sheep, you get to a kind of bowl where you can park up and simply looking around, you'll see to the right a rather steep hill where I can confidently say I've been faster on a mountainboard than anywhere else. If any skill is required, it's simply the skill of hanging on. This particular section comprises of a steep section, which flattens out briefly then continues on steeply down. There is a bit of a run out which is a little sketchy but this is FAST.

Looking around from this section of Lyme Park is a fair amount of currently unexplored areas, so should you be around Lyme Park, let us know if you find anywhere.

Moving back towards the entrance on the right hand of the road is what looks fairly beginner to intermediate riding. It is, mostly, but again offers riding for those with bollocks on the larger size. Simply walking further up the hill offers another 10 mph at least and while riding there, I rode at what felt like possibly the second fastest I've been on a mountainboard.

Rumour has it that a quarry of one kind or another is hidden away in Lyme Park and so next visit we'll hunt it out and update the spot guide. Lyme Park is another one of those places that needs exploration, and definitely a bit of tact when dealing with the rather facist park wardens.



welly riding, lyane park, stockport

SCUZ MOUNTAINBOARDING ZINE. WHERE YOU ARE THE JOURNALIST.



OK, so it would go down a little something like this. It would be late afternoon on the most perfect summers day you can imagine. Blue sky as far as the eye can see with little wispy clouds drifting about, clouds not thick enough to block out the glorious sun that warms your whole body to the core, combined nicely with a light breeze that just takes the edge off the heat that would make it too hot.

The place to be ridden is amazing, rails, hips right and left, and then two big table tops one after another, perfectly shaped kickers to send you skywards in the gentlest of manners to give you that desired air time – ANY THING IS POSSIBLE.

This is slope style, freestyle riding at its purest and best. Riders are milling about enjoying the sun, listening to the funky tunes that are coming from the sound system at a perfect volume. Talking amongst themselves about the jumps, the countless lines, commenting on the people riding and shouting encouragement and support for tricks tried and failed, and tricks nailed with style. Some people are obviously better than others but no one really cares, its all about the riding. Everyone just takes their turn when they feel like having a run, all looking out for each other and making sure no one misses out. No organisers calling names, no categories, no set lines, no time limits, just riders riding, doing what they do best and having a blast.

Different people take their runs in their own different styles using the jumps in front of them as they see fit, new school, old school, skate style anything goes.

Board slide on the flat rail to switch 180 over the hip to 360 indy over the table to huge 540. Magic.

At the end of the day people start to get tired and take a break to watch those with the energy carry on, riding and styling. When everyone's finished, all the riders have a chance to vote who they think the best three riders were on the day, the

riders themselves deciding who they were most impressed by. With names collected and counted three people are called out to receive prizes, all with very different styles and varying abilities. It could have been any one of those people riding called out, everyone had an equal chance to bust out their moves and make it their day by impressing their friends.

This would be the perfect riding experience, not so much of a competition, more a jam.

The thing is, this dream became a reality this summer and if you were lucky enough to experience it, even from the side lines then you will be able to understand why this could possibly be the ultimate in riding with others to push your limits, not competing, just riders riding and doing what they do best.

It's all about the riding.

words by paul b



JOCKASS THE MOVIE

We were given a copy of Northern Face ATB's movie, Jockass for an issue of Scuz at the Maxtrack Classic. The Scottish boys first movie is a winner! Featuring footage from Coastal 2003, the Ride The Hill/noSno Downhill Challenge at the Quantocks, 2003 and the Scottish round of the ATBA UK championships at both Crieff in 2002 and Glendevon in 2003, as well as assorted riding in and around Scotland, it's well worth it's £5 price tag.

Opening with a piss take of Jackass, we're straight into some well edited freestyle footage from Hillend just outside Edinburgh and on through a two year history of Northern Face's riding antics. The soundtrack is good, the riding is good; it's all in there and you won't get many cheaper vids than this here fiver's worth of Scottish tomfoolery.

We here at Scuz are looking forward to the next video outing from Northern Face, so get cracking Dave, you lazy sod! Please be aware, you'll need a PC to view the video.

If you want a copy send £5 plus £1.50 p+p to the following address:

Dave McBean, 8/7 Sheriff Park, The Shore,
Edinburgh, EH6 6DY



D-RAIL SOUNDTRACK TO A HEARTBEAT

Soundtrack to a Heartbeat is the latest release from this Leeds based quartet, making waves through the hardcore punk scene all over the UK, they hav just finished their uk tour, so if you missed em, unlucky!!

Cheap as the night at only 4 quid, this is not a christmas present for your gran. five thoroughly mental dual kickdrum screaming metal songs, this soundtrack to a heartbeat packs a hell of a punch, and if that's how you like your tunes then have some. D-Rail know when to drop a bit of quiet melody, but aren't to keen on it, and so stick to brutal uncompromising and technical rock. Congrats on an outstanding release boys!!

Available from www.d-rail.tk or any decent show distros.

WHY I LOVE SHOPLIFTING

FROM BIG CORPORATIONS

by um. anonymous

Nothing compares to the feeling of elation, of burdens being lifted and constraints escaped, that I feel when I walk out of a corporate store with their products in my pockets. In a world where everything already belongs to someone else, where I am expected to sell my life away at work in order to get the money to pay for the minimum I need to survive, where I am surrounded by forces beyond my control or comprehension that obviously are not concerned about my needs or welfare, it is a way to carve out a little piece of the world for myself - to act back upon a world that acts so much upon me.

It is an entirely different sensation than the one I feel when I buy something. When I pay for something, I'm making a trade; I'm offering the money that I bought with my labour, my time, and my creativity for a product or service that the corporation wouldn't share with me under any other circumstances. In a sense, we have a relationship based on violence; we negotiate an exchange not according to our respect or concern for each other, but according to the forces that we can bring to bear on each other. Supermarkets know they can charge me a dollar for bread because I will starve if I do not buy it; they know they can't charge me four dollars, because I will buy it somewhere else. So our interaction revolves around unspoken threats, rather than love, and I am forced to give up something of my own to get anything from them. (In a love relationship, conversely, people usually think of themselves as benefiting from giving to others, and vice versa.)

Everything changes when I shoplift. I'm no longer negotiating with faceless, inhuman entities that have no concern for my welfare; instead, I'm

taking what I need without giving anything up. I no longer feel like I am being forced into an exchange, and I no longer feel as if I have no control over the way the world around me dictates my life. I no longer have to worry about whether the pleasure I receive from the book I purchased was equal to the two hours of labour it cost me to be able to afford it. In these and a thousand other ways, shoplifting makes me feel liberated and empowered. Let's examine what shoplifting has to offer as an alternative way of consuming.

The shoplifter wins her prize by taking risks, not by exchanging a piece of her life for it. Life for her is not something that must be sold away for seven or eight dollars an hour in return for survival; it is something that is hers because she takes it for herself, because she lays claim to it. In stark contrast to the law-abiding consumer, the means by which she acquires goods is as exciting as the goods themselves; and this means is also, in many ways, more praiseworthy.

Shoplifting is a refusal of the exchange economy. It is a denial that people deserve to eat, live, and die based on how effectively they are able to exchange their labour and capital with others. It is a denial that a monetary value can be ascribed to everything, that having a piece of delicious chocolate in your mouth is worth exactly fifty cents or that an hour of one person's life can really be worth ten dollars more than that of another person. It is a refusal to accept the capitalist system, in which workers have to buy back the products of their own labour at a profit to the owners of the capital, who get them coming and going.

Shoplifting says NO to all the objectionable features that have come to characterize the modern corporation. IT is an expression of discontent with the low wages and lack of benefits that so many exploiting corporations force their employees to suffer in the name of company profits. It is a refusal to pay for low quality

products that have been designed to break or wear out soon in order to force consumers to buy more. It is a refusal to fund the environmental damage that so many corporations perpetrate heartlessly in the course of manufacturing their products and building new stores, a refusal to support the corporations that run private, local businesses into bankruptcy, a refusal to accept the murder of animals in the meat and dairy industries and the exploitation of migrant labour in the fruit and vegetable industries. Shoplifting makes a statement against the alienation of the modern consumer. "If we are not able to find or afford any products other than these, that were made a thousand miles from us and about which we can know nothing, "it asserts, "then we refuse to pay for these."

The shoplifter attacks the cynical mind control tactics of modern advertising. Today's commercials, billboards, even the floor-layouts and product displays in stores are designed by psychologists to manipulate potential consumers into purchasing products. Corporations carry out extensive advertising campaigns to insinuate their exhortations to consumption into every mind, and even work to make their products into status symbols that people from some walks of society eventually MUST own in order to be accorded respect. Faced with this kind of manipulation, the law-abiding consumer has two choices: either to come up with the money to purchase these products by selling his life away as a wage labourer, or to go without and possibly invite public ridicule as well as private frustration. The shoplifter creates a third choice of her own: she takes the products she has been conditioned to desire without paying for them, so the corporations themselves must pay for all their propagandising and mind control tactics.

Shoplifting is the most effective protest against all these objectionable attributes of modern corporations because it is not merely theoretical - it is practical, it involves action. Verbal protests can be raised to irresponsible business practices without ever having any solid effect,

but shoplifting is intrinsically damaging these corporations at the same time as it (however covertly) demonstrates dissatisfaction. It is better than a boycott, because not only does it COST the corporation money rather than just denying it profit, it also means that the shoplifter is still able to obtain the products, which she may need to survive. And in these days when so many corporations are interconnected, and so many multinationals are involved in unacceptable activity, shoplifting is a generalised protest: it is a refusal to put any cash into the economy at all, so the shoplifter can be sure that none of her cash will ever end up in the hands of the corporations she disapproves of. In addition to that, she will have to work less for them, as well!

But what about the people in the corporations? What about their welfare? First of all, corporations are distinct from traditional private businesses in that they exist as separate financial entities from their owners. So the shoplifter is stealing from a non-human entity, not directly from the pocket of a human being. Second, since so many workers are paid set wages (minimum wage, for example) that depend more on how little the corporation can get away with paying rather than on how much profit it is making, the shoplifter is not really hurting most of the workforce at any given company either. The stockholders, who are almost always far richer than your average thief, are the ones who stand to lose a little if the company suffers significant losses; but realistically, no campaign of shoplifting could be intense enough to force any of the wealthy individuals who profit from these companies into poverty. Besides, modern corporations have money set aside for shoplifting losses, because they anticipate them. That's correct - these corporations are aware that there is enough dissatisfaction with them and their capitalist economy that people are going to steal from them remorselessly. In that sense, shoplifters are just playing their role in society, just like C.E.O.s. More significantly, these corporations are cynical enough to go about their business as

usual, even though they know this leaves many of their customers (And employees!) ready to steal anything from them that they can. If they are willing to continue doing business in this way even when they are aware how many people it alienates, they should not be surprised that people continue stealing from them.

And as for the myth that shoplifting drives prices up for consumers: you don't think the prices you're paying are actually determined just by the costs of making and distributing the products, do you? Again these corporations are charging you as much as they think they can get away with. The market, not their expenses, determines the prices. If the money they set aside for shoplifting losses doesn't get used, the owners are more likely to keep it for themselves or invest it in opening more shops (and thus running more independent businesses out of the market) than to share any of it with their much poorer employees, let alone pass it along to the consumer in decreased prices. If enough products were shoplifted from a corporate store that they had to raise their prices, that would drive customers out of their clutches and into less globally harmful local shops, anyway - does that sound so bad?

Shoplifting is more than a way to survive in the cutthroat competition of the "free market" and protest corporate injustices. It is also a different orientation to the world and life in general.

The shoplifter makes do with an environment that has been conquered by capitalism and industry, where everything has become private property and there is no longer a natural world from which to gather resources, without accepting it or the absurd way of life it entails. She takes her life into her own hands by applying an ancient method to the problem of modern survival: she lives by urban hunting and gathering. In this way she is able to live much as her distant ancestors did before the world was subjugated by technology, imperialism, and the irrational demands of the "free" market; and she can find

the same challenges and rewards in her work, rewards that are lost to the rest of us today. For her, the world is as dangerous and as exciting as it was to prehistoric humanity: every day she is in new situations, confronting new risks, living by her wits in a constantly changing environment. For the law-abiding consumer, chances are that every day at work is similar to the last one, and danger is as sorely lacking in life as meaning and purpose are.

To shoplift is to affirm immediate, bodily desires (such as hunger) over abstract "ethics" and other such ethereal constructs, most of which are left over from a deceased Christianity anyway. Shoplifting divests the commodity (and the marketplace in general) of the mythical power it seems to have to control the lives of consumers... when commodities are seized by force, they show themselves for what they are: merely resources that have been held by force by these corporations at the expense of everyone else. Shoplifting places us back in the physical world, where things are real, where things are nothing more than their physical characteristics (Weight, taste, ease of acquisition) and are not invested with superstitious qualities such as "market value" and "profit margin." It forces us to take risks and experience life firsthand again. Perhaps shoplifting alone will not be able to overthrow industrial society or the capitalist system... but in the meantime it is one of the best forms of protest and self-empowerment, and one of the most practical, too!

text thoroughly taken without writers consent from "Days Of War, Nights Of Love: Crimethink for Beginners"

www.crimethink.org

injurys of the month



~~dangerous dave's knee-big and round.~~

Continuing on the Team BAD theme we have for this issue, not only did they provide us with a cracking weekend of riding, two, not one, two Team BAD riders, Dangerous Dave (living up to his title superbly) and Beiran, were kind enough to knock themselves a little bit for us. And knock themselves they certainly did, in true Team BAD style.

While Dangerous Dave's photo most definitely gives justice to the damage he did to himself, Beiran's doesn't perhaps show his ankle in the correct light. I blame it on our photographer, myself. The twat.

But firstly, Dangerous Dave, Team BAD's OAP rider (alongside Mr. Birkbeck). How did he come up with this quite special injury? Well, to be honest, we haven't a bloody clue. One minute he was ripping it up with the best of them, as only Mr. Dangerous can do; the next thing we know was Dave had a family of immigrants settling under his kneecap. It was either this or he had plans of auditioning for the part of Dennis the Menace in the new live action Hollywood production of Alien vs. Dennis the Menace (and Gnasher).

As for Beiran, we've got a bit more of an insight into his mishap. On the sunday of the Scuz visit to Team BAD, Birdlip Forest was checked out and during the course of the day, Beiran's board decided to hit a tree. Beiran's board stopped. Beiran didn't. A brief hospital visit later (the bastards wouldn't give the poor lad any crutches!), Beiran finds himself sat in the car at Cleeve Hill with a cup of tea and a copy of Scuz to keep him company. Not riding, exactly, but the next best thing.

~~beiran stelzer-martle's ankle-hairy.~~



To two our two heroes of the month, good work fellas and we'll find you a prize to stick in the post! Probably one of the competition prizes that no one has entered for, you ungrateful fuckers.



SCUZ

MOUNTAINBOARDING ZINE

... STANDING ON THE SHOULDERS OF DWARVES.