

# SOMA

THE SPORTY ISSUE

# 2/02

TONY HAWK : BREAKIN' HIS RIBS  
THE REAL STREET FIGHTERS OF TOKYO  
MARADONA : DRIBBLING WITH CASTRO



THE REVOLUTIONARY BRUCE LEE  
HENRY ROLLINS' CHAMPION THINKING  
STREET BALL : RUCKER, WEST 4TH, VENICE





## CORR

White on white. Sky and fallen snow. Across the Illinois Winter a vague, shadowy form gains definition second by second. A low, persistent buzzing turns, by degrees, into a blistering roar. This is not a rogue Midwestern Sasquatch bombed out on pharmaceutical grade speed, but a pair of mortals astride a mechanical steed of such sublime, nut-cutting proportions that Perseus himself would grasp his manhood in fear. This is a 440 Cross Country Pro Arctic Cat with an aftermarket engine that blows out 227 horsepower (your Jetta has

faithful reader, that I'm not talking 18-wheelers. He's been the reigning king of CORR (Championship off Road Racing) for over a decade, winning the series nine out of eleven attempts. His "garage" is a three-acre factory. On any given Saturday Taylor and like-minded speed junkies with high IQs and a thick lust for danger can be found riding a shit-slinging lightning bolt of a course where spatial variables play key roles. Blind jumps, grids of mud and acute corners are just part of CORR's white-kuckle minefield. Simply put, it makes Tony

"DRIVING THESE MOFOS IS LIKE BEING LASHED TO A CANNONBALL."

around 150), 140 ft. pounds of torque and zipperheads from 0-60 in 2.2 seconds. Currently it's railgunning its way across the tundra at 120mph. It's pilot is professional off-road racecar driver Scott Taylor. His formerly reluctant, now frenzied passenger is a professional journalist—a long way from home.

Ramjetting into a ditch and up the embankment, the snowmobile clears the hickory-smoked dirt road by more than fifteen ft. It occurs to me, in the stark clarity of covering ninety ft. in mid-air in just over a second, that a society that makes Oprah Winfrey a millionaire and lets this man drive anything is not one to be trifled with.

When not aiming this sled of doom at barely subsonic speeds down paths that can only lead to damnation Mr. Taylor drives trucks. You can imagine,

Hawk and Evil Kinevil look like schoolgirls...or at least a bit like Boy George.

As I change my underwear back in the "garage" I ask what's the highest he's flown in a vehicle without wings. "Twenty-five feet off the ground over a distance of 174 feet." I begin to weep. "Driving these mofos is like being lashed to a cannonball. With 840 horsepower and a 6.2:1 gear ratio you're continually getting blasted with 5-6 (negative) Gs. It's a real rototiller," he chuckles. "I've broken both my wrists, busted my hip all to pieces, lost teeth and have had more black eyes than I can count." Taylor has the style of a high plains drifter and the mindset of a boilerplate pragmatist. He's currently sponsored by Ford, BF Goodrich and Exxon—all of you corporate greedheads can put away your checkbooks...till next year. **Mark von Pfeiffer**