



ÉCRIVEZ-NOUS!!!  
WRITE TO US!!!

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(MERCI!!)

ARMPIT zine is → \*  
ERIKA DUBÉ - LOUISE HÉNAULT - É-MAYA \*  
CREDICO - MATHILDE PIGEON - GABRIÈLE  
PAPILLON - AMY MATTES - NAT FORNER



# ARMPIT

ISSUE 1

MONTREAL ZINE

FEMALE SKATEBOARDING

art - short stories

more!

#HOMEMADE\*

FREE - GRATUIT \*

this is the 1st issue of ARMPIT!!!






ARMPIT ZINE ISSUE #1 ☆  
 ☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆



CONTENT → 

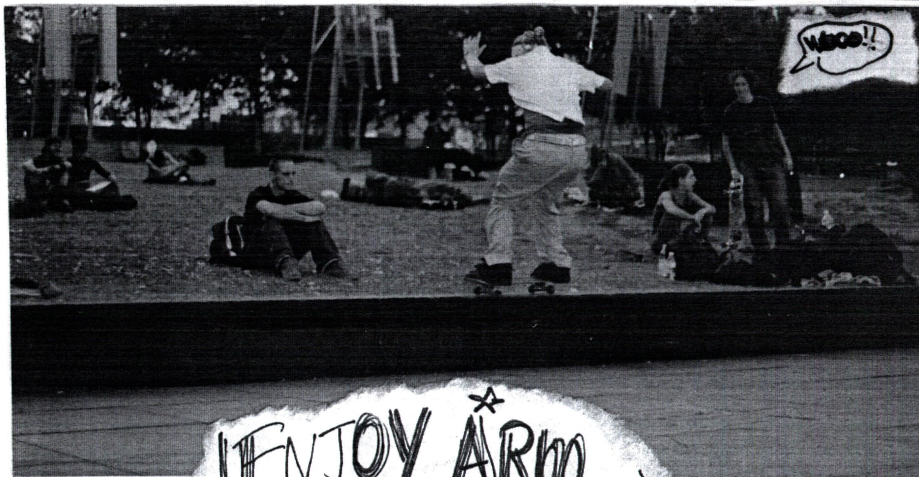
- ROAD TRIP avec Louise-Maya & Nat
- STALK TAIL de Maya (story)
- SOLID STATE REVIEW + INTERVIEW  by Nat
- OMEGA pic story ~ MAYA
- CALIFORNIA memories Erika

THANK YOU for reading our 1st issue! Merci de lire notre premier numéro!! ☆

QUOTES from Amy's Cool Book


- ART & more!!

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! ENJOY ARM  
 EXPRESS YOURSELF! ☆ PIT! ENJOY SKA TING! ☆

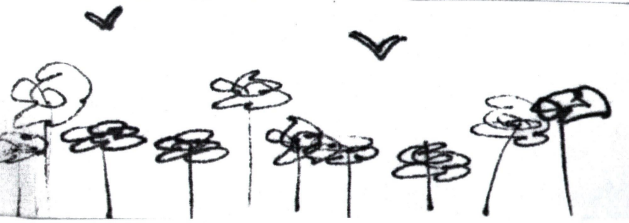



MARGAUX CROOK 





landed once... landed twice?? ... À SUIVRE



HoolAippinyo 

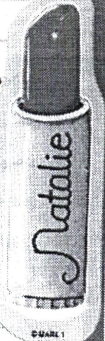
# Natalie RANTS:

I wrote a letter to Transworld because they invited their readers (Sept. 2002 'Say Anything') to respond to the question, "Why are there not more ♀ skaters?"

I acknowledged the obvious reasons, such as the feminine ideals constructed by society (i.e. passive, fragile, servile, vain) imposed on young women, especially in the media, that restricts them from participating in "aggressive" activities, the sexist attitudes that some insecure male skaters harbor, and the on-going objectification of women in skateboards (which is such a cliché tactic, to appeal to the pre-pubescent male majority). But, I really emphasized the role of the skateboard media industry & how they rarely encourage or support girls by consistently representing women actually skateboarding in mags + videos.

Girls need to be inspired + have role-models, too!

Surprisingly (haha!!) only mediocre, typical, joctass responses were printed... I concluded that it was futile to try to offer an alternative view in Transworld with their rigid agenda. Instead girls need to DIY and find outlets like zines + websites to share their opinions and experiences. This is not some corporate 'Girl Power' appropriation of feminism, but simply girl reality in all its diversity, complexity + contradictions. We share a love of skateboarding... Beginning of story!!





Deux anglaises et une Québécoise sur la route  
Photo et texte par Louise Hénault-Ethier



Le Québec est immense et on ignore parfois les secrets cachés aux confins de notre merveilleuse province. Par secrets je parle de skateparks bien cachés dans la région du Saguenay. En tant que Québécoise fière de son « Pays », j'ai décidé de visiter Chicoutimi et Jonquière en compagnie de deux anglo-saxonnes, Maya et Nathalie. Il ne faudrait surtout pas sous-estimer leur compréhension de la langue de Molière qu'elles essaient tant bien que mal de dissimuler derrière un sourire narquois mais il faut dire que visiter la Nouvelle France avec des anglaises ça donne lieu à des situations plutôt cocasses de traduction simultanée, de bon français et même de découverte de charmants accents québécois en anglais. Autant d'éléments qui agrémentent un voyage.

Peu après avoir quitté Montréal, il fallait faire escale à Trois-Rivières pour voir un minuscule skatepark aux fins fonds du bois, près de quelques vaches et chevaux. Le total des obstacles se résume en quatre mots tous précédés d'une forme abrégée de l'épithète minuscule: mini-quarter pipe, mini-pyramide, mini-flat bank et mini-flat bar. Bien qu'ils aient l'air bénins sous un soleil de plomb, ces obstacles sont très farouches et ils ont violemment bleuté une fesse de Maya puis ensanglanté la main de Nathalie. Bref, la partie la plus excitante de cette halte au skatepark de Ste-Marthe fut l'anticipation alors que l'on se perdait dans les routes de campagnes et le pique-nique avant de rider.

Québec





Bien évidemment, avant de monter dans le nord, il fallait visiter la capitale nationale. Brrrrr qu'il y faisait encore froid! Avant un bref arrêt au carré d'Youville, nous avons visité une pharmacie et fait peur à quelques préposés avec le trou dans la main de Nathalie. Nous nous sommes munies de gros steaks, champignons portobella, un bon vin et des guimauves pour aller festoyer près d'un feu de camp à l'orée du Parc des Laurentides.



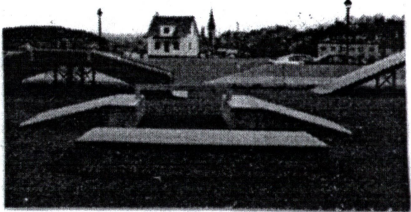
Aux premiers rayons de soleil, nous avons levé le camp. Pour célébrer la traversée réussie du parc, nous avons respecté les traditions et fait un arrêt à un



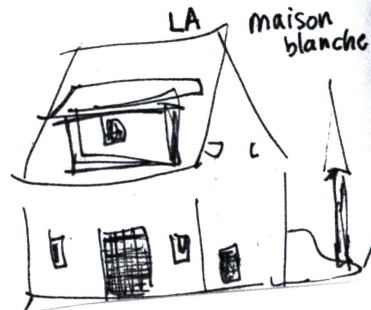
truck stop pour déguster une poutine et un café. Entre quelques gouttes de pluie, nous avons repéré le skatepark métallique de Chicoutimi sur le bord de la Saguenay. C'était absolument hilarant d'entendre des mômes s'exclamer à haute voix : « Aye men c'est des filles qui skatent » « Ouain pis elles sont meilleures que toué!!! » Ils ignoraient que l'on pouvait comprendre le français même si l'on se parlaient en anglais...

Les meilleures agences touristiques sont sans contredits les skate shops et c'est en ces lieux que l'on nous a renseigné sur l'existence d'un nouveau skatepark derrière la Maison Blanche.

- Quelle maison blanche?
- Ben voyons la Maison Blanche!
- Ah! Et c'est laquelle?
- Ben celle qui est debout!
- Ah bon !?!



Bref rappel historique : Lors du déluge à Chicoutimi à la fin du siècle dernier, une seule maison a résisté au désastre. La Ville a aujourd'hui fait un site commémoratif en cet endroit et évité de reconstruire derrière le barrage qui avait autrefois cédé. Les skaters étant toujours aussi appréciés, on leur a consacré un skatepark en ce lieu trop dangereux pour y refaire des maisons. Célébrons cette chance! Le skatepark en ciment vaut le détour: il y a des rails pour toute la famille, quelques sculptures d'art moderne près d'un flat bank, un quarter pipe avec un gap de la mort et une pyramide.



en quelque sorte! → responsable du skate park de Chicoutimi

Puisqu'il mouillait à boire debout en soirée, nous avons dû procéder à un plan d'urgence afin de se faire héberger sous un toit. Dans une petite micro-brasserie, tout en regardant un match d'impro, nous avons trouvé l'hôte idéal : « J'ai un petit cabanon dans le fond de ma cours ». Ledit cabanon avait aussi un foyer qui a réchauffé l'atmosphère de notre nuitée musicale. Accompagné de notre nouvel ami André à la guitare, nous avons chanté faux tous les classiques francophones et anglophones que l'on pourrait imaginer.

Au petit matin, le soleil nous dardait de nouveau de ses chauds rayons. Ainsi donc, nous allâmes à Jonquière pour skater un autre parc très agréable. Une vert de métal inquiétante se dresse comme Gardienne du Parc. Derrière, un minuscule bol avec une transition un peu trop douce est protégé par une araignée peinte par des graphiteurs inspirés. Le street course est composé d'obstacles hétéroclites (asphalte, ciment, métal neuf et

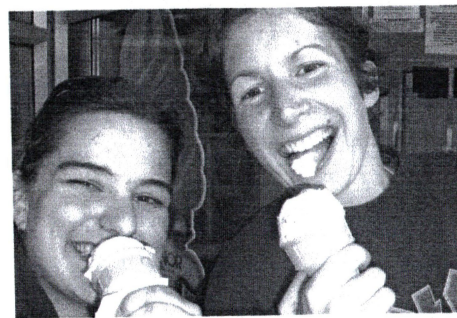




métal rouillé...) qui forment un tout plutôt inspirant. Aux dires des Jonquiérois présent, j'aurais « déviergé » l'énorme flat bank. Par cette expression qui me rendit incrédule, ils voulaient dire que j'étais la première fille à y faire un kickflip. Ah bon! Devant une énorme colline de pavé se trouve une petite pyramide de pavé granuleux aux formes arrondie. Aussi bizarre que cet obstacle puisse sembler, il est très amusant de jouer dessus. D'énormes quarter pipes forment un mur du côté opposé au flat bank. Leur transition est excellente mais il faut être spécialistes des surfaces glissantes pour vraiment pouvoir les apprécier, faute de quoi, vous aurez d'intenses poussées d'adrénalines en vous y aventurant (et je parle en connaissance de cause : ça glisse en crisse!). Finalement, tels des artefacts d'une guerre passée, on peut aussi s'amuser sur une pyramide avec un rail et un quarter pipe. La couleur rougeâtre de ces obstacles oxydés nous rappelle qu'il faut renouveler un vaccin contre le tétanos à toutes les décennies. Bref, ce skatepark a de tout pour tous les goûts et à en juger par les capacités impressionnantes des gars de Québec Skate, le parc semble permettre l'apprentissage des rudiments de la planche à roulettes de façon intéressante.



Un petit détour par le mauvais chemin nous a permis de prendre une route secondaire à travers le Parc des Laurentides pour retourner vers Québec. Juste cette route vaut le détour : les paysages sont à couper le souffle, les courbes intrigantes, les ravins donnent des sensations fortes, bref, il ne manquait que la rencontre de cervidés et le voyage aurait été parfait.



De retour à Québec, plus précisément à Sainte-Foy, nous avons skaté *The Bricks*. Un petit muret incliné fait de belles briques rougeâtres constitue l'obstacle qui à lui seul rend l'endroit digne de mention. Nic Côté nous y a rencontré avant de nous faire visiter la ville et nous offrir le gîte pour la soirée. Merci! Nic a tenté de nous convaincre que la poutine de son patelin était la meilleur du Québec mais je n'ai pas été convaincue, surtout en voyant Maya assaisonner sa petite poutine d'une vingtaine de sachets de moutarde... Beurk!

Une dernière session au skatepark du Carré d'Youville a assouvi ma soif de transitions. Ce skatepark est vraiment excellent mais mon dieu, ils devraient refaire un pavé lisse. Grrr Grrr... Pendant ce temps, Maya et Nathalie s'amusaient dans les marches du Carré plus bas. Nathalie grindait férocelement le petit bout de ciment ciré.

Avant le retour à Montréal, nous sommes arrêtées à Trois-Rivières. Nous avons étudié les mœurs des habitants en dînant sur la rue principale. C'est tout à fait fascinant de découvrir les couleurs locales. Malheureusement, notre horaire du temps était chargé et il fallait reprendre la route. En chemin nous avons découvert le Sanctuaire de Trois-Rivières. C'est un endroit destiné au recueil et à l'introspection guidé par des valeurs judéo-chrétiennes mais c'est aussi un endroit où les jeunes font du skate. Je trouvais le contraste sonore plutôt marqué et décidai donc de m'abstenir de marteler le sol avec ma planche. Nous ne sommes pas resté longtemps, le site manquait grandement d'intérêt pour le skate. Juste avant le retour au bercail, nous sommes arrêtés dans un skateshop. J'ignore encore d'où l'idée lui est venue, mais on a eu droit à une parade de Maya vêtue d'une brassière par dessus ses vêtements. Une chance que personne ne nous connaissait là-bas, nous avons pu filer en douce et oublier ce drôle d'épisode. Ah ces anglais, ils ont de drôles de mœurs!!!

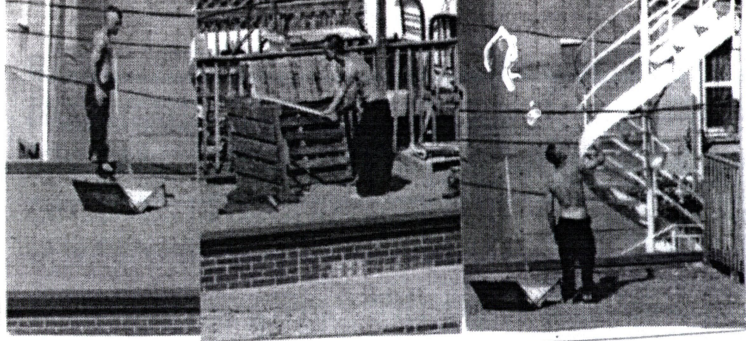


Bref, si vous avez envie de visiter un beau coin de pays, je vous conseille grandement de suivre notre itinéraire pour votre prochain road trip. Jonquière et Chicoutimi ont des skateparks qui valent le détour...



**!GO ON THE ROAD!!**





STALK



TAIL

by MAYA ☆

He is a monkey, in a sense, and although I never got to meet him in the flesh, I feel a strange attraction to him.

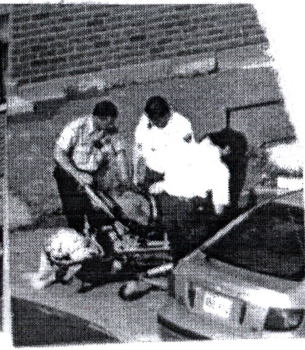
You see, a while ago I moved into the balcony room of the house. Making the trip down the hall from my previous room proved a big change. I had already gotten a solid feel for the family living below my window: the bulky and rude slave son of a back alley bicycle merchant, who as far as I had observed, was condemned to a life of trash removal via wheel barrels, wife beaters, oil rags, and yellow rubber gloves. Mum: quite large, a real breeder, with a voice disturbing enough to find its way through the pillow and into the head. Father and sister remain scattered and grainy images, yelling, arguing, walking, running, and smoking.

The night I moved into my new room, I observed from my balcony, a man banging on a dirt pile with a hammer, eventually to bang on the concrete sidewalk. The next morning I got a look at him the light- an angel, with patches of hair purposely shaved off his skull. The climbing got to me, he would lie on his front and lift his body up into a handstand using only his arms, and walk around on his gravel roof. Shortly after he would scale the side of the one story brick apartment he called his home. I witnessed him climb his neighbors' 3 story spiral staircase using only his hands. Children of the block would come and go, watching him as though he were the reason for existence in their shoes.

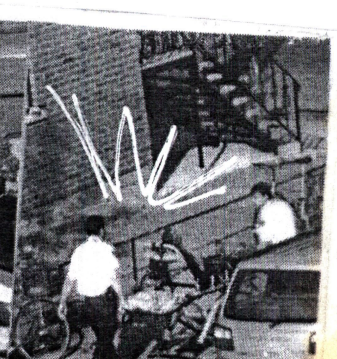
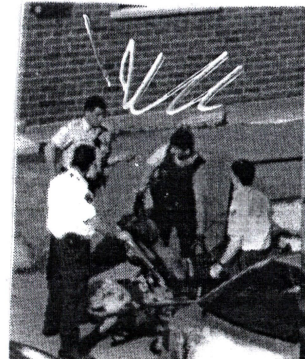
The midnight hammering in the dirt pile continued, and the next day I observed his masterpiece: small mud hole, weeds torn out and transplanted, rootless, drying in the sun, and a fancy drink umbrella adorning the empty leftover field of landscape.

One time I even walked past him and our eyes met, continuing to stare out each other for 5 or 6 seconds, but the corner demanded me to take a sharp left, severing him from my peripheral. The next time my eyes graced him, it was through the lens of a camera, exposing film to his life. I believe he made me feel full inside of my skin.

The day he hung large sticks from the electrical wires above his apartment roof, and launched ceramic flower pots into the alley, along with wooden pallets, I knew monkey was not balancing inside the boarder of sanity. The police came, sooner after, the ambulance. Following a last brick scaling session, handcuffs, a stretcher, and man made fiber restraints were applied, leaving me no choice but to stare. Some people say they could never be with a person suffering from mental hysteria, or just plain not right-ness- I find myself bound to them.



DETENTION!





## Montreal B-Girls Represent: "Solid State"



☆  
By Natalie Porter ☆☆☆

At the 2003 Fringe Festival, after enduring some "comedy" full of those pretentious, overly-dramatic, attention-seeking dra students (my worst nightmare fulfilled... I'll spare them by not naming their theatre company), I was relieved and psyched see the B-Girl crew "Solid State" perform *Etch-A-Sketch*. I had heard rumors of these girls going off, and made some parallel between them and what was happening with the female skateboard scene in town, since we were organizing as well, by producing the 'Boy' video, this zine, and arranging all-girls skate sessions and roadtrips. It's interesting because we both challenge mainstream assumptions that break-dancing and skateboarding are completely male-dominated. These attitudes are ridiculous considering that girls have the potential to be strong, flexible, powerful, and co-ordinated, as seen by gymnasts and traditional dancers. The difference is that it takes more confidence to get over certain boundaries regarding "acceptable feminine and masculine activities, and I highly doubt that breakdancers and skateboarders are concerned about starving themselves or maintaining some flawless image of girliness... muscles and bruises are inevitable and desirable!

I casually went to the venue to buy my ticket for Friday night only to discover the show was sold-out in advance. The following morning I set my alarm for 10:00am (considering that I usually doze until around 11:30am - Oh, the life of the graduate student!), waited in line, and was one of the fortunate few to purchase the remaining tickets at the door. As I headed towards my seat, I noticed that there was what I thought to be a male/female duo warming up the crowd on the flox stage. It soon became obvious that buddy couldn't dance for shit and seemed kind of cracked out, and although the dancer made her best effort to continue and was joking around with him, something was weird. The thought crossed my mind that maybe this was intentional, perhaps a social commentary about girls asserting themselves and claiming their space despite adversity, but this was no act - buddy was a real ass. Security guards then approached him, asking him to leave the stage ar take a seat, but buddy wasn't hearing. Finally, he was "forcefully removed" from the theatre and the show proceeded witho skipping a beat.

And the beat was bumping! DJ Mini (aka Evelyne Drouin) was the woman behind the turn-tables, mixing up the good time which propelled the action exhibited by the members of "Solid State." As described in the program, "*Etch-a-sketch* incorporates abstract ideas of city landscapes and spatial patterns with each b-girl contributing her own personal style and interpretation. The dance consists of typical breakdance sequences and spectacular movements that draw the audience into the dance." While the performance was choreographed, it had a very spontaneous energy as well, especially when the dancers provoked and pumped each other up. There were solos, duos, group ensembles, and a video montage (which featured a dope re-mix of Le Tigre's tune "Deceptacon"! ). And, hot damn, these girls had the skills to validate the hype! The crew was throwing down some serious moves with technical routines, windmills, and various balancing maneuvers (shit, I sound like some dick trying to describe skateboarding without having a bloody clue!! So sorry... but trust me on this, these irls rock!). The crowd was really appreciative, calling them out for a series of applause. If you have the opportunity, finitely check them out, and make plans to go dancing afterwards because you're going to be stoked.





# HELEN SIMARD'S ★ ★ INTERVIEW ★

After the show I conducted an interview with Helen Simard who is a Rehearser for the collective.

Nat - I really enjoyed the show, and was interested in knowing about how the group evolved and the origins of "Solid State"?

Helen - We've been working together since, well in different groups, since '98. We've been working together as "Solid State" since the summer of 2000. It started when a lot of us were breaking, being involved in the dance community and we wanted to have a support group for women who break, and it kind of evolved from there. There was a lot more of us at first, there was about fifteen people at this big meeting. We were talking about, 'what are we going to do?' And then slowly, but surely, it's turned into a dance company for the past three years. So it went from being an idea, a support network, into something a bit more practical and realistic.

Nat - So, you have to train and practice. How often do you get together to train?

Helen - In full show production it can be five or six times a week with each other. The girls train when they're on break, sometimes often to zero! Sometimes you can become drained training like twenty to twenty-five hours a week. Plus, doing all the business aspects of the company, it's a lot of work because we're totally autonomous, we do everything ourselves. One of the girls did the costumes, two of the girls did the video, Mini does all the music herself...

Nat - It's very multi-media - it's great!

Helen - Yeah, we take care of our own business aspect, our own accounting, our own press, everything. We're all talented and everyone has different things that they're good at.

Nat - I was curious, because among female skateboarders it often seems like we're infiltrating some "male domain" and I was wondering if you have some opinions regarding that and girls who are breakdancing, when it's predominately guys doing it...

Helen - Well, it's funny because a lot of us do other types of dance as well, like modern or ballet where it's always girls. So for us, we're used to there being all these girls... it's really weird because instead of boys being a novelty when you're in ballet or modern dance or anything, if you're a guy you get all sorts of opportunities just because you're a guy. So, it's kind of weird for us to be in a reverse situation where we do get a lot of attention because we're women. So, we just try to counter that by actually training hard and being good.

Nat - You got the skills to back it up.

Helen - Yeah, exactly... at first, definitely, a lot of people were like, 'oh, it's a girl thing' and sometimes the b-boys were like, 'it's that girl thing' and then they see our show and they're like 'oh, it's actually really good!'

Nat - Do you have any suggestions for girls who are interested in getting involved and performing - I noticed that there's some courses available?

Helen - Yeah, it's good to take courses. It's good to learn your foundation and your basics in dancing, because like anything it's really easy at first for girls to get props just because they're girls, and so few women do it. So, then, sometimes girls get lazy, they get good enough "for a girl" and they get comfortable at that level and then they don't push it... So, I think for women who are interested in breakdancing they should realize that it is a lot of work, and it is commitment. Get in there, learn your foundation and then once you got it solid, feel free to explode, develop your style and go crazy.

Nat - So, where do you see the crew going?

Helen - The point we're at now is kind of the point where we've all been doing this for three years, and putting a lot of time into it, so if it doesn't start going somewhere we're ready to say, 'what the hell are we doing?!' No, I think we're definitely at a place in our careers where we want to push it professionally, we want to start touring. We've been working on this show since September/October, we performed it already in March, and now we're going to continue working on it for probably the next two years. Maybe we'll do a Canadian tour.

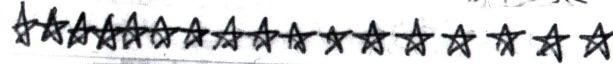
If you have any questions please email: [solidstate14@hotmail.com](mailto:solidstate14@hotmail.com)  
A website is coming soon!

\*\*\*Thanks Helen for the spontaneous interview, and once again the show was really impressive!!!



## QUOTES FROM AMY'S GREAT BOOK

MY FOCUS IS ON SKATEBOARDING  
TRAINING LIKE  
JUST SKATING  
BECAUSE I LOVE THE BURN + YEARN + LEARN  
THE HURT + DIRT.  
THE FRUSTRATIONS + ABRASIONS  
THE WHAT NOTS + AND THE HAS BEENS  
BECAUSE I AM ADDICTED  
TO THE EMOTIONS IT GIVES ME  
THE ADRENALINE I'M FEELING  
THE THINGS IT'S REVEALING.  
THE TALENT I'M SEEING.  
THE PERSON I'M BEING.



Amy pop shuvit @  
Jesus



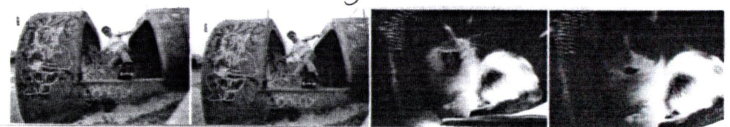




MÉLAN SKATE  
 JOY court après sa balle

We live in a world where you must chose a career, an identity, a relationship - and commit to these.

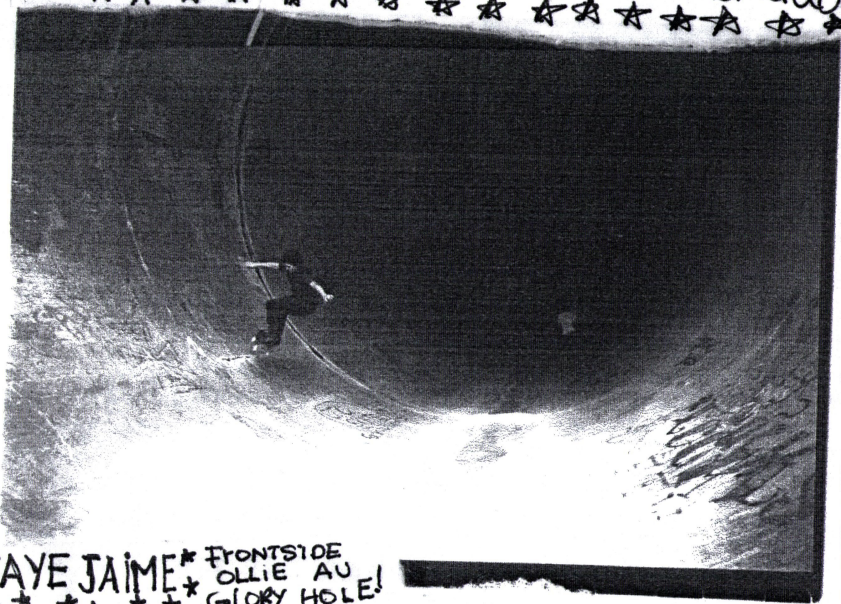
Fearless girls who feel things and make mistakes and want to know more, and admit that they are alive and burning.



★ My shoulder is sore again. It dislocated last night @ the bar. And I have a lot of lcky zits on my chest. I think I need to go back to the doctor! atow  
 around lately. **QUOTES FROM AMY'S BOOK**



\*Dernier souvenir d'une session mémorable\*  
 ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★



\*FAYE JAÏME\* FRONTSIDE  
 \*OLLIE AU GLORY HOLE!  
 ★★★★★★

En juillet 1999, j'ai eu la chance d'aller au GLORY HOLE avec 8 autres filles. Ce full pipe de 32 pieds est un endroit MAGIQUE!! Pour s'y rendre, on doit se munir d'une embarcation pneumatique, des rames et de la litière à chat (pour éponger l'eau). Il est situé sur le lac BERYESSA, au Nord de la Californie. Nous avons skaté toute la journée, Nicole s'est baignée et nous nous <sup>sommes</sup> reléguées pour s'occuper de KALEA, la fille d'Isabelle, alors âgée d'à peine 2 ans, pour qu'ISA puisse skater aussi. Quelle journée  
 ★★★★★★ Mémorable! ★

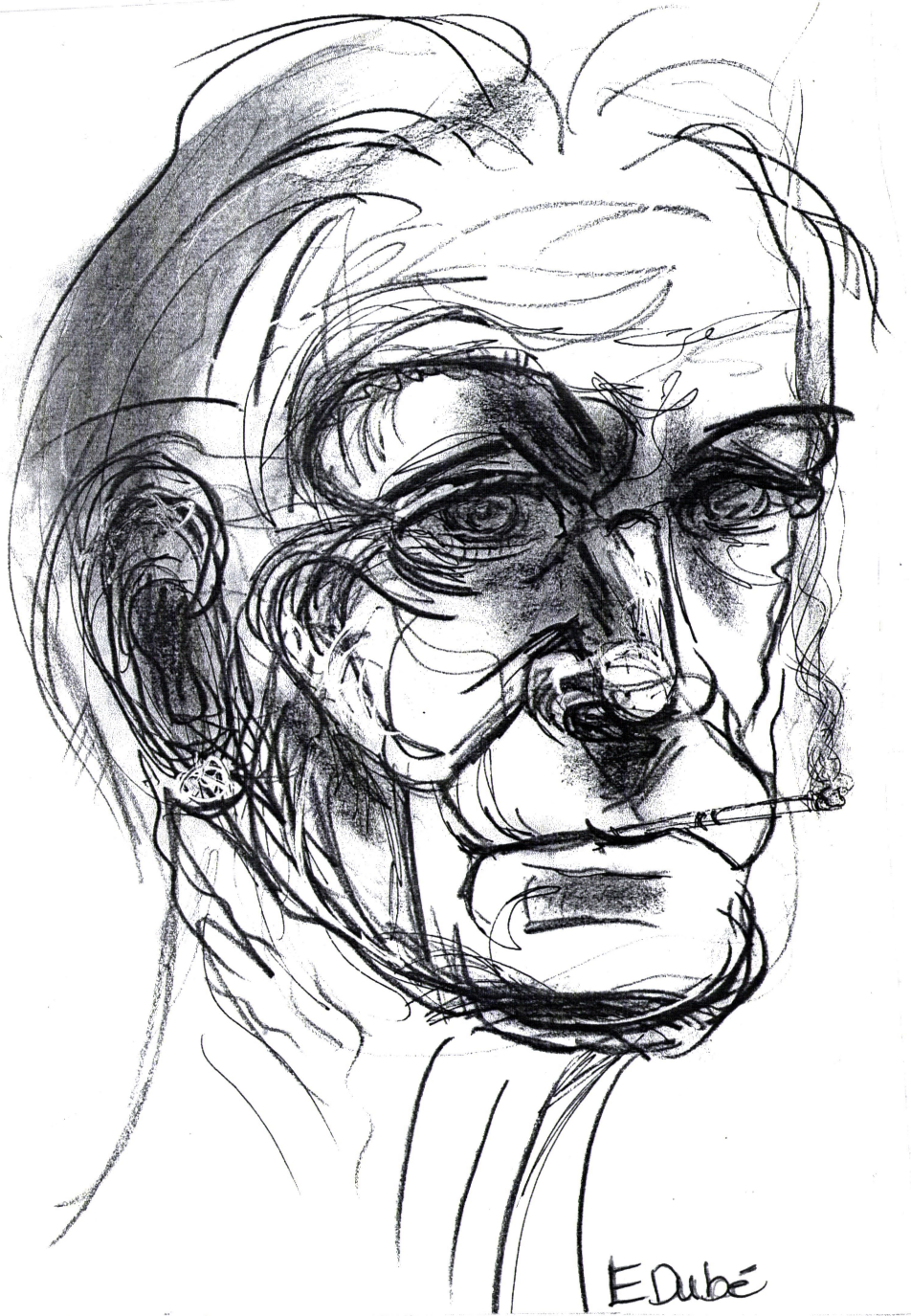


\*CALIFORNIA  
 MEMORIES  
 by ERIKA  
 ★★★★★★

Back in July 1999, when I still lived in California, I had the chance to go to the Glory Hole for the 2nd time, this time with 8 GIRLS. It was an AMAZING experience. To get there, you have to get a raft and some cat litter, for the water. The further you put the litter and sweep it, the bigger your playground. We skated all day, Nicole Swam and we took turns taking care of Kalea, Isabelle's daughter, so that Isabelle could skate too. The full pipe is 32 feet high, so much fun!! Faye even did some good ollies in it. I took tons of photos, they got borrowed, exchanged, forgotten... I believe my negatives are somewhere in Brazil, with Rebecca's ex boyfriend. So this copy of a photocopy of a print is all I have left. That and the amazing memories left in my heart forever... I guess I have to go back!

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★ ★★★★★★ "TRY IT!!





--->Omega Pi<---

It was a simple procedure, really, just a graft of veins from arms to legs leading down a narrow hallway of never ending doors, each one with its own complaint.

Bernadette is 69, and has been smoking heavily for the past week. Each day I come to work, and she makes her appearance at the pool shortly after I unlock the gate. In her thick French accent, she asks me, "Sweetheart, can you help me to sit down in the shade?" Her legs are atrophied, and her navy swimsuit is too large on her emaciated body. The hair on her head is blond-black sprouts of pubic hair line the upper inside of her thighs. Bernadette talks too much, she is lonely and is scared of it. My boss, Roger, warns me that she will ask for my number and haunt me with stories of her life. Mostly nagging and complaining.

At 2:50 PM this afternoon, I was watching the pool and she called me over, for attention, really, just plain attention. She is like a girl child, asking for help, and awes of admiration whether to disgust or delight. "Look," she said in a quiet voice, so no other swimmers would hear. "It throbs." I looked at the inside of her scrawny old woman thigh, skin loose and graft scars long and narrow, like pink embroidery thread. It was the throbbing lump I came to rest my eyes upon. "throb...throb.....throb..throb...throb.throb" The vein graft site, once the home of severely clogged and clotted arteries in her right inner thigh, was playing host to a mini "heart" - a jumping lump about 2 inches squared. She asked me if I thought it was disgusting, and quickly covered it up with her yellow flower speckled blouse. What I told her next may have offended some people: "No, no, no, it is funny." "Funny?" she replied. Here came the thick French accent. Judging by purely voice, I think she could pass for a Russian as well. I was worried that I had upset her, but what she told me next was amazing. Bernadette opened her mouth, which was lined with what, she had informed me of earlier on, were called smokers' wrinkles- from the pucker, suck and blow of the cigarette process, and told me, "It makes me happy when you laugh at me, because then I laugh at myself as well."

At 3:00 PM she did not go in for her daily dose of liquid morphine, but waited until 5:30 PM instead, holding off the pain in order to watch the sun from the shade she had so adamantly sshed over being in at all times. Tonight, when she prepares for bed, she will be talking to herself, no doubt, as lonely people do, but mixed in with this talk, will be laughter.

*Maya Corde*





People don't read anymore, not like they used to, and really, why bother, when your TV will do all the work for you? Don't get me wrong I LOVE my TV, but sometimes I wonder why I might not choose to read a book, instead of polluting my brain with (let's face it) trash for your mind. The answer my friends? Laziness.

We live in a society that no longer considers a book entertainment (unless it is the latest installment in the Harry Potter series which BY THE WAY I am in no way criticizing, they are great stories, easy reads). We have been inundated with blockbuster movies and reality TV, we are over-stimulated to the point where a book just doesn't cut it for most people. Don't get me wrong, a film can be a beautiful thing, but so can a book.

Now, the last thing I wanted to do here was preach, but here I am, preaching away. Truth be told, I doubt that anyone is even going to read a book review which is barely a book review and more my personal opinion in OF ALL THINGS a skateboarding zine, but for those of you taking the time, here goes...

Some of the best books I ever read were J.R.R. Tolkien's The Lord of The Rings. I was captivated by them at thirteen, when I was not permitted to watch television, and again at twenty-three, when no one was around to tell me what to do. It might seem an obvious choice, seeing as the recent film adaptations have re-popularized the series, still, these books are crucial in a day and age like ours, when no one really knows who's holding what gun and who is going to shoot first (references to recent events albeit not explicitly mentioned are indeed implied by that last sentence). Don't worry I am not preparing to launch into a lecture in which I spew my political beliefs, but I wanted to make a point. You will fall in love with these characters. You will find yourself wishing they and there world truly existed, especially if you are someone who desperately feels the need to escape our rapidly urbanizing planet. There are uncanny parallels to present day events though the book was written in 1954.

You might class the Lord Of The Rings as a "fantasy" novel, whatever floats your boat, that's fine with me, but don't be fooled by such a title and do not disregard these books because you have a terrible fear of being plunged into a story whose contents are decidedly "airy fairy". There is more to these stories than "fantasy" (I can just here the snickering of some who would at this point believe I had crossed over from reality into one of those Dungeons and Dragons clubs, which by the way seem to do very well as they seem to meet often at their local hangout around the corner from my house, and NO I have never actually been in there nor do I wish to). Tolkien was nothing, if not brilliant. Absolutely brilliant. Some of his books are not even readable they are so unbelievably complicated. But these ones, these ones are readable.

Odds are, if you even read this, you already do read, and you have probably already read these books (everyone who reads has). If by some coincidence you aren't a reader, but something possessed you to read this sloppy (if that) book review (which I've written on my lunch hour and resembles a plea for reading more than an actual book review...). Please, PLEASE, find yourself a copy of these books, IN ANY LANGUAGE and do yourself a favor the next time re-runs of Entertainment Tonight are the only thing on TV, READ A BOOK! I promise, you'll love it!

By: *Cabrielle Papillon*

  
the book  
is your friend it  
isn't your enemy

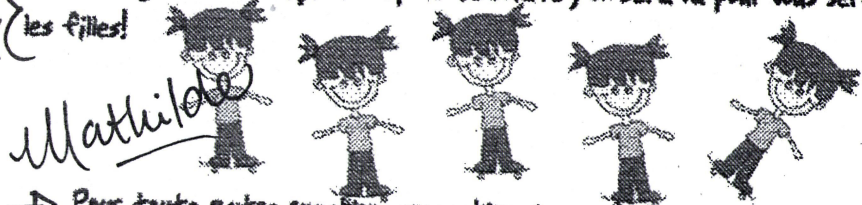




# OY vidéo Boy vidéo boy Vidéo BOY VIDÉ

Haaaaa! L'été! Des enfants qui se balancent dans le parc, des chiens qui se promènent en bavant, des filles sexy qui magasinent dans la rue, des filles en skate qui rient en gang... Des filles en skate?? Eh oui! Des filles en skate! En étant une moi-même, c'est tout de même l'effet que ça m'a fait de réaliser que, sans que je m'en aperçoive, nous étions devenues une "gang"... À force de regarder les vidéos de skate en s'imaginant toujours quelle chanson on voudrait utiliser si on avait la chance d'avoir un vidéo bien à nous, j'ai pensé: "Wow! Y'a tellement de filles qui sont bonnes! Y faudrait trop filmer ça!" Et bien, croyez-le, croyez-le pas (pas besoin de le voir pour le croire... mais regardez-le quand même!) on a réussi à filmer assez pour se monter notre petit vidéo bien à nous. Pas besoin de vous dire que c'est chose rare que de tomber sur un film de skate composé uniquement de riders féminins! À ma connaissance, il n'en existe pas plus que 2 autres que celui-ci. Sans aucune prétention, je tiens à souligner que même quelques gars ont bien voulu se prêter au jeu... Eux qui croyait voler la vedette! Bah!

Là n'est qu'un début... enfin, je l'espère! La clique ne cesse de grandir. L'été enfin revenu, on a recommencé à filmer le plus possible. Si jamais vous passez par Montréal et que vous avez besoin d'une gang de filles à titre de "guide touristique des spots de skate", on sera là pour vous servir les filles!



→ Pour toute autre question, suggestion, commentaire, ou pour savoir comment se procurer "Boy Vidéo", contactez-nous: [boy\\_video@hotmail.com](mailto:boy_video@hotmail.com)

On se fera un plaisir de vous répondre! ↵

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DEVINEZ LAQUELLE EST UNE "FAUSSE-FILLE" ET COURREZ LA CHANCE DE GAGNER UN VIDÉO!!



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