

POOL DUST

ISSUE #30

LIGHT!
DEATHBOX!
ACTION!

AZ POOLS!

SHIT
TALKERS!

NORTH!
SOUTH!
EAST!
WEST!

COCKFIGHTS
IN EAST
TIMOR

THE
KOOK
DUST
DEBACLE!

NO
DENYING!



Free where you can find it, \$2 by mail, \$4 overseas

*100%
American Made*

DEATH BOX



SC



SKATEBOARDS

USA

WELCOME to POOL DUST

Awright! Welcome to another installment of Poll Dust! It's the big issue #30! And it's been over three years since the last one. Like you were holding your breath waiting for it, yeah right... Anyway, since the last issue, I got married, I have had malaria once more, a shoulder surgery, and two knee surgeries. I've been back to Indonesia and East Timor once again (see the cockfighting story, and hey, no snickering at the word "cock"), been to the Yucatan Peninsula and Cuba, and been a few new places in the States. I've got a story published in "Life and Limb," an anthology of skateboarders' writing, and have a few academic-related publications. I continue to work for Thrasher, so you can see my stuff in there, and have been doing some other work, for Razorcake and others.

I didn't skate for one year. I had a torn meniscus that was pretty jacked, had surgery a couple months later, developed complications, and had a second surgery 6 months after that. It took another 6 months before I was skating (I've only been skating again for about 2 months), and I seriously thought that the way my physical therapy was going it was all over. That was the most fucked, frustrating feeling ever. Skating again, on the other hand, is the best. I'm free at last.

This issue has some stuff that is kinda old, but most of it's relatively recent. I wanna thank all of my contributors, who should all be listed by the stories. I wanna thank all of the advertisers, without which this would not be possible. I want to thank all of my friends for making shit happen. I want to thank Roy or Ray or whatever of the Tucson Dream Destroyers for giving us so much to work with. Eight pages at the end has been given to our version of their story. Hopefully people will laugh. And hey, don't take shit so seriously.

Issues of Pool Dust are \$2 ppd in the US, \$4 worldwide. Look for the page with the ad for Pool Dust T-shirts and stuff. And check out Buddy and Rick's films. Been seeing a lot of great music lately, but most of my music writing is now going to Thrasher, so buy that mag too.

This issue is dedicated to Neil Heddings and his girl, please get out soon, and Double D and Vince, also doing time. To those of you who can, drink a twelver and torch a hideous beer fart for those guys. Remember: if you weren't alive you wouldn't be reading this. Now go act like you're alive. Skate more pools, but please don't be a kook.

Chris Lundry
PO Box 419

Tempe, AZ 85280-0419

PS: I might do a website, I am still undecided. Do a search for Pool Dust and maybe by December it'll be up. This issue is coming out in August of 2004

Front cover: Cody Boat did this grind and it was fucking incredible. I told him when he was trying it that if he made the light and death in this tight, kinked and slippery pool, I would give him the cover. Light! Deathbox! Action! Cover... the back cover is Roy, or Ray, or whatever, actually doing the only grind he made all day. See, I'm nice, I could have published one of the bail shots or missed grinds. Go get 'em!

What the hell happened? Well, the printer chalked it up to "miscommunication" and told me everything would be all right, but the fact of the matter is that it is not all right. They were going to half tone a bunch of pages but never did, printing instead something with a higher line screen than what they could tolerate. So that's why stuff like the "Back East" article looks like shit. When I confronted them, they refused to do anything about it; that's what I get for dealing with the cheapest printer possible. Next issue will be on better paper, and much better looking. In the meantime, however, check out www.pooldust.com (should be up by the end of October 2004). I am going to put up the messed up pages online, as well as some other stuff... Lundry P.S. Yes, I know there is a typo in the first line of the whole mag... Poll Dust? Sheesh.

ROUTE 666

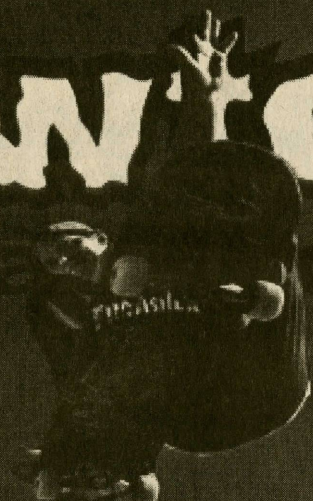
206.782.6081



marley's
snow.skate.ballard

COW TOWN

skateboards



WWW.COWTOWNSKATEBOARDS.COM

PHOTO: ANDREW L. BERNARDI

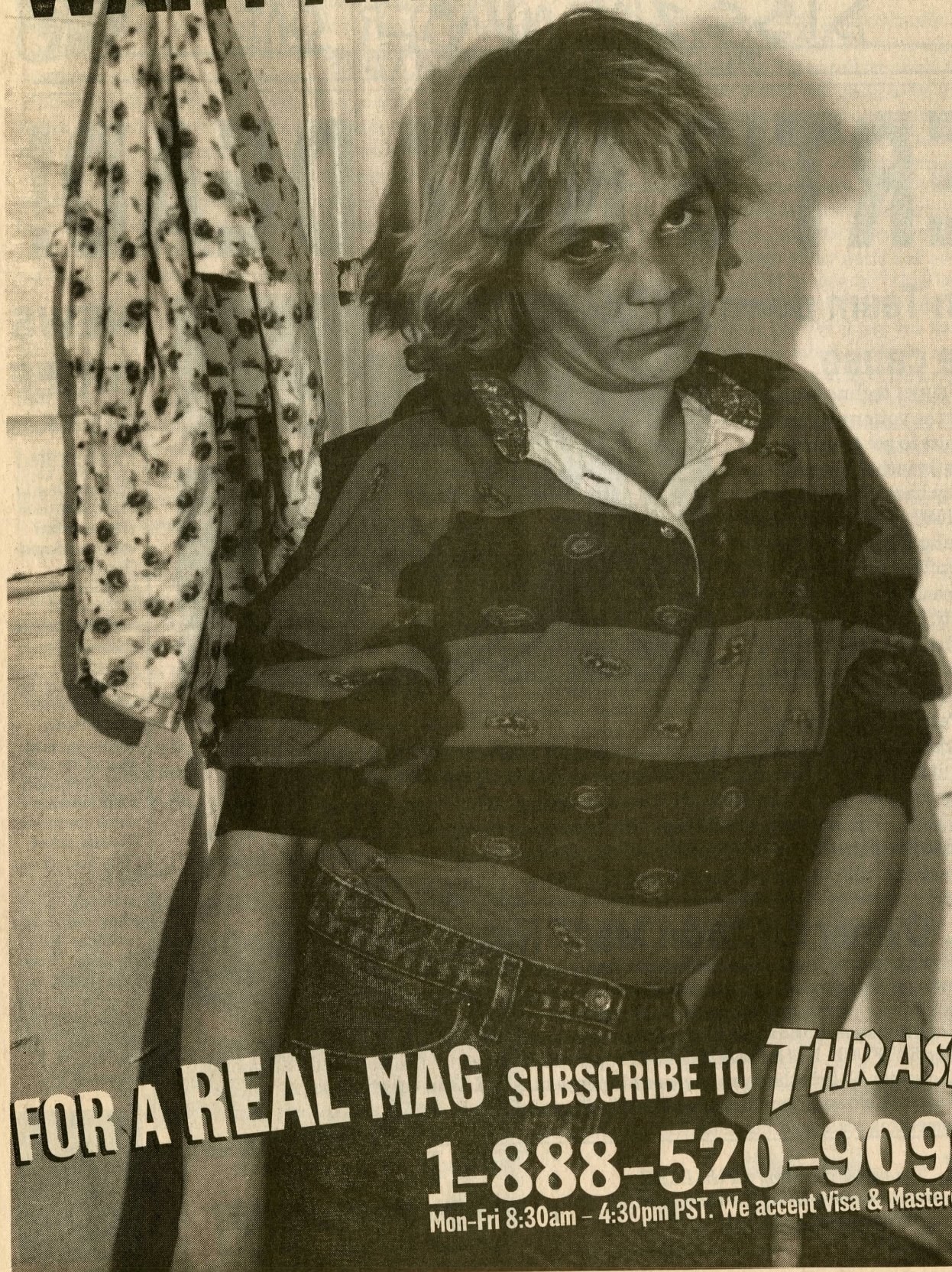
PHOENIX, 3024 N. CENTRAL AVE. 602.212.9887
GLENDALE, 18834 N. 51ST AVE. 602.862.9804
CHANDLER, 3016 N. DOBSON RD. 480.214.0188



CODY BOAT / WALLIE TO FAME



WANT ANOTHER ONE???



FOR A REAL MAG SUBSCRIBE TO **THRASHER**
1-888-520-9099
Mon-Fri 8:30am - 4:30pm PST. We accept Visa & Mastercard.

YOUR SISTER PHOTO: MY DAD

Drop In Skate Shop

D.I.S.S. ZINE NUMBER ONE

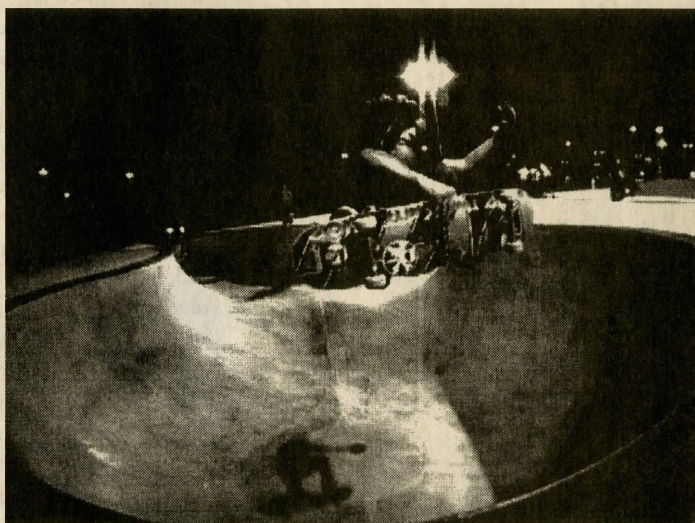
THE ONE PAGE ZINE WITHIN A ZINE

VERT'S NOT DEAD!

Drop In Team down For the cause

In the age of super techno skating, it seems that the younger generation only wants to get tech on ledges and rails with the latest switch 360 flip backside tailslide to nose manual 180 off, or on, or what ever. The young guns on the Drop In Skate Shop Team are on the mission to smash the stigma of their generation not stepping up and killing the REAL skateboard terrain: VERT. Fourteen year old Osiris flow and D.I.S.S. Team

ripper Jeff Petrick says, "Stairs, ledges, rails, docks, big gaps-that's so early Millennium!! I'm over it, OVER IT! Besides, chicks dig it when you hit the big shit." Petrick adds, "Whoever said skating vert was over, we're here to prove them wrong." To check out Jeff and his homies taking care of business, give Drop In Skate Shop a call (602-955-7153) to find out what spot the team is currently infiltrating. Or hell, stop in at Drop In (3638 E Indian School Rd. Phoenix, AZ) to see who's hangin' and to check out the latest skateboard gear. Ed will even special order anything you can't find anywhere else.



Fat frontside blaster 14 year old Jeff Petrick killing it in Colby Carter's Trog bowl in Peoria. Petrick says, "This ain't no early grab bullshit!"

D.I.S.S. Owner Ed "Iron Man" Ryan Vows to Return

On July 3, Ed Ryan, owner of the Drop In Skate Shop, was gunned down at close range by an attempted robber. Ryan, who's wife is 8 months pregnant suffered a single gunshot wound to the chest that ripped through his body damaging his lung, stomach, diaphragm, spleen and exited out his back. Ed barely survived only for his sheer will and strength to not leave his family hanging. Do you think a bullet hole to the chest can stop Ed? FUCK, NO! Ryan said he and Drop In will be back in full force with the addition of heat behind the counter. To help the Ryan's ever escalating debt, AZPX Skateboards is holding a skate jam/auction/skaterock blowout benefit August 14 at the Phoenix Skate Park. Come make some good happen from something really bad. For benefit info or donations contact Rob Locker (rob@azpx.com)

Quote: "I'm stoked on riding for the D.I.S.S. team because Drop In is 100% skateboarder owned and operated."

-Rick Anderson Ahwatukee ruler

GET 10% OFF NEXT D.I.S.S. PURCHASE
WITH THIS

COUPON

GO AHEAD AND PHOTOCOPY FOR REPEATED USE

NEWS BRIEF

D.I.S.S. Rider Incarcerated

Phoenix- Drop In Skate Shop team rider and shop employee Aaron (Tornado) Schediwy was arrested last night by Phoenix Police for the charge of criminal damage to himself after he reportedly went for an acid drop off the roof of the three story police headquarters in downtown Phoenix. Asked "Why the police headquarters?"; Schediwy responded, "It had to be done." He also added, "Fuck Phoenix PD!, I got no regrets." Schediwy will be released after his head is examined.

PHOTO
CONFISCATED
BY
POLICE

Schediwy

FACE IT: THE FRONTSIDE GRIND

A Brief Observation by Tim L. Shuitz

Fully committed. A 6 foot shallow, or a 12 foot deep. 4 feet o' vert, fuck, even with a foot of flat wall, a full speed frontside grind IS the root of vertical skateboarding and the truest expression of the skater fully committed. No, not talkin' about stand-up grinds where 9 times outta 10 ya go skippin' across the lip like Shirley Temple's tap shoes. It's about body weight inside, arms whipped, legs thrust and comin' down blindside.

But nothin' says more about the man and his frontside grind than his face. You can see it in his eyes. For some, it's the bulging of the eyeballs - bloodshot and dilated, brows cemented just below the hairline, and lips stretched in a circle as if siphoning for gas or something. We call this the "Holy Shit."

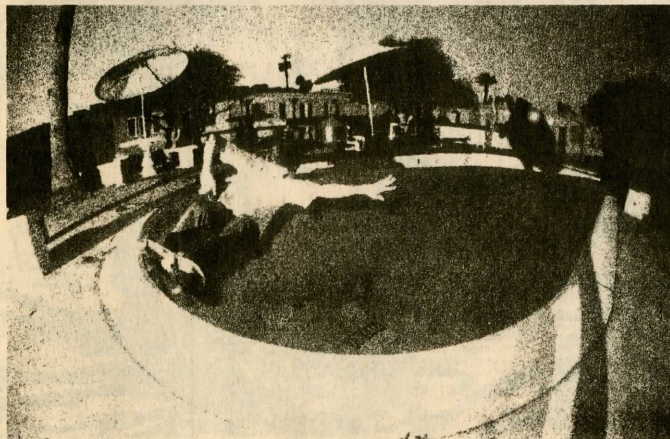
Then there's the "Takin' A Dump." You can usually get an early glimpse of this as he approaches the wall. The sneer of the lips, which I might add is more impressive if teeth are chipped and/or missing, and eyes steaming like someone took his last beer. This look usually comes with the nice guys. Must be repressed anger, or maybe he hasn't taken a crap for a week!

And let's not forget "The Goofball," whose sole purpose is to make it look so damn easy when it's not. This nut's got that shit-eating grin on his face while chips are flying from the coping. Can't figure out whether he's high, or just outta his friggin' mind.

My personal favorite, though, happens to be "The Blaster," where he slashes the lip in one huge convulsion. An unpredictable, anything goes approach in which one eye is completely closed and the other a near squint. Eyebrows twitchin' and mouth sucked in, yet quivering, like a crackhead trying to read without movin' his lips.

Yes, there are endless more, each person different from the next. It's about the individual and his frontside grind. That split-second expression where you're either gonna rip it or eat shit - fast, focused and fully committed!

Pat Smith grinds a 6 footer in Phoenix.

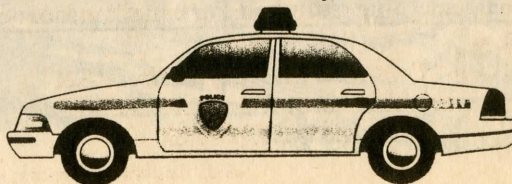


The Great Skateboard Swindle

Dave "Shaggy" Palmer

It all started completely unintentionally. It was at the end of the dark ages, you remember, 39mm wheels, everyone's a gangsta, ollie late shove late flip was all the craze. Anyway, at the time an unheard of vert contest was going down in San Diego. I was out that way so I entered and won (probably undeserved, I fell twice my good run and I was up against the likes of Gregg Wit and Sam Hitz, both were ripping). Anyway, the powers that be decided I took it. After the contest, a girl, Jeanie Wiget, approached me saying she worked for JNCO and was looking to hook someone up. I never heard of this so I told her to send me a box to check out. I ended up getting huge glitter pants and rave gear in the mail. She called me and asked "what's up?" I told her nothing and "it's a bag, later." But she persisted with her calls and said if no sponsorship, how 'bout an ad? We'll pay you \$500. I thought about it for a minute and said sure, I was broke and I don't care what people who I don't care about think of me anyway so fuck it, let's do this. She said her friend Tony new of some pools. I went and met them and it ends up being the infamous T.A. (of course he already had his foot in the door with the loot and the lady). I was stoked. He told me, "just kick back and smile, these guys are loaded," so that's what I did. It ended up going smooth and they wanted to keep it going so I decided to share the wealth (it was all too easy plus a plan started to develop). I hooked up Jimmy Moore and Hitz with similar gigs. By that time Jeanie said, "make an offer, whatever you want, we really want to sponsor you" (AKA skating is huge, we want to buy in). I probably lowballed it and asked for \$700 a month + unlimited travel budget and let me assemble a crew of skaters, I mean hessians. This is the list I hit them with: Jimmy Moore, Hitz, Sage Boulyard, Donny Dietrich, Navarette, Jodi McDonald, Niel Heddings, Mark Hubbard, and Al Partenan. I had a meeting with the owner and a bunch of guys in suits and they were like, "sounds great but can't we get Andy Macdonald?" "Washed up," I said. "The Muska?" "Overrated," I replied. Then I convinced them that the raw power list in front of them is on the come up and they better grab it before it's too late. They did. Before it was all over and when they finally realized skateboarding isn't for sale, they forked over more than a quarter million in cash, clothes (Buffalo Exchange shit), travel, parties, and hotel damage. We went all over the U.S., went to Vancouver, donated to Skatopia, and even managed to contribute some 'crete to Burnside.

The moral of the story kids is, if you want to try and make it in the skateboard industry and go up against the likes of Mattius Rigstrom or Austin Seaholm be my guest, but if you are in this for the long haul and want to get up on corporate Generica, take them for what they're worth (\$\$) before skateboarding dies again, and believe me it will, in their eyes...



T-rock, life of the party

Always good to have Colvin on hand to pick up the shit and throw it out of the pool

Mesa, the cops sat us down on the sidewalk in front, likely as a show to the neighbors who called. No tickets though

BENSON'S VIEW

steve.benson@arizonarepublic.com (602)444-8035

Randomly Jacked

DENNIS THE MENACE



"THAT'S WHY I LIKE BOARDS, INSTEAD OF SKATES... YOU CAN JUMP OFF OF 'EM!"



Jimmy Moore's Thoughts: Rollin' Hard

When you're driving down the road and you're looking out the window, don't you feel very different after you've skated really well? The way a wheel looks, turning, to me. Sounds so vague, I know, but it is so different after I have skated well. Maybe it has something to do with the magic juices stirring inside you after almost die skating, or maybe it is simulating some kind of movement. You need to create the vibe it takes to skate good. I don't know one thing. One thing I do know it's very real and very cool. The motion across the ground and the trees and cacti flying by, is just the essence of life for me.

A scary thought is how it will fade away from me sometimes. How I'll look out on the road at 70mph on a motorcycle and not really feel it. How easily it will elude me if I don't really rip hard. IT may sound weird but I know others feel this and know how important it is. If I fade away for long no amount of substance or influence can emulate this. I know I am missing the Honor of being a Riprider. If you feel these differences in your life, trust yourself 'cause it does not go away. Without a cause, you have no effect. Without a reason you have no rhythm, and without a rip, you have no ride. To all those coasting through life, take a chance on that big hill, or that big drop, 'cause one day it's gone and so are you.

Rip Ride or Die.

DIRT NAP RECORDS **DIRT NAP RECORDS** **DIRT NAP RECORDS**

TESTED BY SCIENCE

THE CINCH
"SHAKE IF YOU GOT IT"
CD TZZ 49

PLUS:

TRIGGERS - BAD DREAM 7"
SOVIETTES 7"

THE GIRLS
CD / LP TZZ 47

ENDS - NEW ROME 7"
FM KNIVES - KEITH LEVENE 7"
DISKORDS - PINK PALACE 7"

MARKED MEN
"ON THE OUTSIDE"
CD / LP TZZ 48

THE SPITS
CD / LP TZZ 42

DIRT NAP RECORDS
PO BOX 21249
SEATTLE WA 98111
WWW.DIRTNAPRECS.COM

punk rock

DIRT NAP

DISTRIBUTED BY MORGAN

AVAILABLE AS WELL! ORDER ONLINE! 100'S OF NON-DIRT NAP TITLES AVAILABLE AS WELL! ORDER ONLINE! 100'S OF NON-DIRT

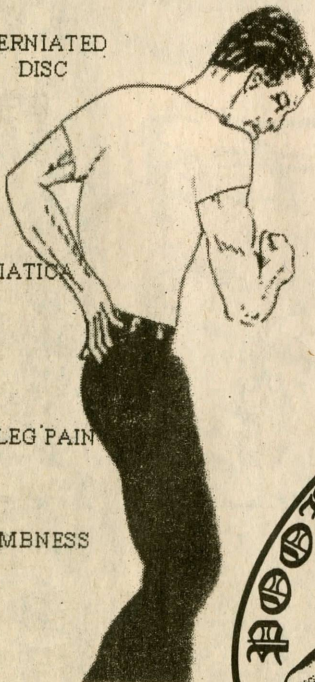
BACK PAIN

HERNIATED
DISC

SCIATICA

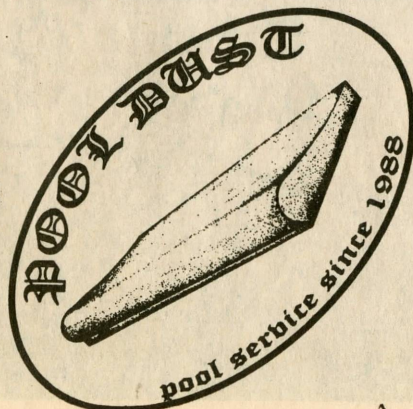
LEG PAIN

NUMBNESS



Relief is just a Pool Dust shirt away!

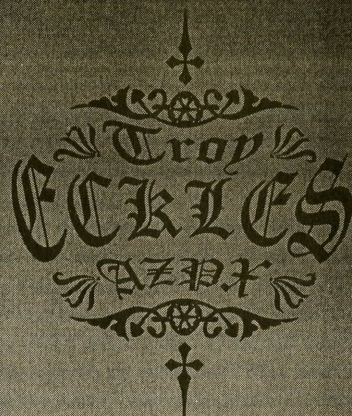
Tired of coming home after skating that kinky ass pool, only to have your back tighten up? Sick of waking up sticking to the bed because the scabs on your back are wet and weeping pus? Believe it or not, a Pool Dust shirt can cure these problems! Pool Dust shirts are available in two varieties: the awesome "Pool Party" design by tattoo artist extraordinaire Roger Seliner, and the original "logo" style. The Pool Party shirt comes in red or tan, and the logo shirt comes in tan or black. Sizes are M, L, XL and youth size L for the wee lads or lasses. T-shirts are \$12 post paid. And while you're at it, don't forget to get a sticker or two at \$1 each (the logo design), a button for \$1 each (in white, black or pink, with the pool block logo, or a colorful poll fish), or a patch with the logo design for \$2. To order, send well-concealed cash or money order to Chris Lundry, PO Box 419, Tempe, AZ 85280-0419, and say goodbye to back pain forever!



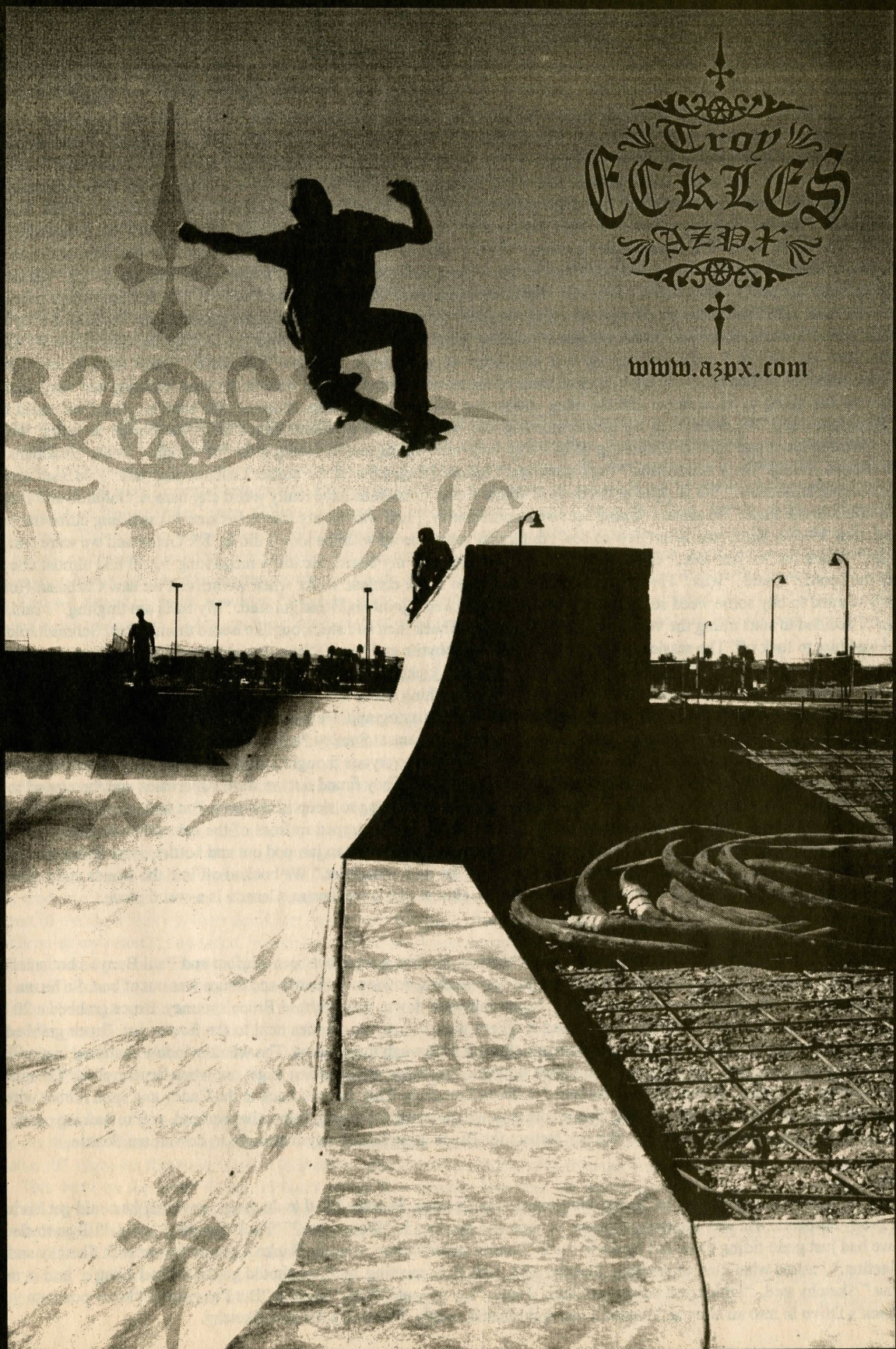


Jimmy
MOORE
AZPX

www.azpx.com



www.aspx.com



TAILS

OF
The

BOARD

Sugarhead
SKATE ARMY

Tales of the Board

I was reading the last issue of Pool Dust. It brought back some memories. I too was at the Canadian Open. Gallardo, Gator, and myself stopped at Marvin the Man's house. I got some killer Washington skunk. The best, man, better than Hawaii or Cali or the Kentucky bluegrass. We were on our way to Canada. Gator didn't smoke so there was more for us. We drove up there at night, not a good idea because the border patrol really checks you out. We arrived at the border. Canadians are really weird. Sorry, but I have to tell it like it is. They're like the red-headed stepkid of the US. They ask us the usual questions, citizenship, where are you going, what are you doing, where do you live. You know in a past life Gallardo may have been Canadian. They ask Gallardo where he is from, and he says "Mountlake Terrace." "What's your address," the guard asks. Gallardo tells him "216th SW." The guard says, "Oh, right by the Pavilion." The Pavilion is a big swimming pool where I learned how to swim. Gallardo was shocked, maybe perplexed. I know he was speechless. He asked how the guard knew where the Pavilion was. The guard said, "We know about a lot of things." Mountlake Terrace is pretty small. There's no way a non-local would know about the Pavilion. I think Gator's hair was a give-away, it was dreaded with sand in it. The border guard gave us a slip of paper; we were to park and get interrogated more. To make a long story short we were denied entry into Canada. Gator was pissed and started cursing at the guards. I told him "Shut the fuck up and don't blow it." Gator had a pro contest to enter the next day so I could see why he was hot. After we got outside I calmed him down. "Gator, cool it, we'll go to the truck crossing." Gator probably wished he would have smoked some of the skunk at this time. We went to the truck crossing and were denied again. The guard said that he was going to let us in but that the other station had called and told them about us. We were so pissed we could have burned a maple leaf flag right there. We decided to try in the morning and we got in no problem. Don't cross the border at night. We stopped at a McDonald's. Gallardo has a bad habit of crunching all of his garbage after eating and throwing it out the window. Some Canadians took offense. They chased after us yelling "Dirty Americans!" Fuck them and Canada, I forgot that at the border Gallardo had said "I've been across the border many times on soccer jamborees." We stopped at the ramp at White Rock. Canadians have really weird city names. Gallardo and I ran to the ramp. Gator left his board in the trunk. We started ripping the ramp immediately. I had wax on my trucks because I was riding curbs the day before so I could do mega long 50-50s. Kids, wax is not new so don't think that you came up with the idea. I did in '85. Gator said we were crazy. "Don't you guys warm up?" "Fuck no, we just ride," Gallardo said. Gator asked to ride my board. He did a mega long 50-50 and almost chewed and said, "What's with the board?" I said, "Wax." He was clueless. We left to go to the contest. Right when we arrived we saw Christian Hosoi and Eddie Reatigui. They wanted to buy some weed so I sold them some. We smoked a joint and Reatigui said, "My balls are tingling." I said, "I told you it was the wick." I decided to start riding the vert ramp. I didn't wear pads back then so I stuck out like a sore thumb. Paul Schmidt told me to get off the ramp so I told him to fuck off. The session was myself, Cameron Tabbytite and Steve Olson, the old Steve Olson. Cameron was ripping 6-foot backsides. I was surprised such a heavy guy could levitate so much. So I kicked it in gear and did a 4- to 5-foot backside air. I was across the deck and Olson said "Sponsored ams only." I said, "Are you going to do something about it?" He mumbled something. So I approached him and said, "Dude, you are a star." He got really angry so I asked him if I could have his autograph. He got even madder. Fuck you Olson, your 1 foot backside airs didn't cut it that day. Later that night we were drinking with some Canadians at Stanley Park. Some kid came up and said that someone is spray painting the ramp. We said, "Who cares. Big Deal." It said "Sugar Bear" and everyone thought I did it but come on. For the record, I did not paint Sugar Bear on the ramp. Right after that the cops came. Great Canadian cops. They found out we were Americans and threatened to take us up to Tiger Mountain and ditch us. They asked us where we were staying. We were going to sleep in the park. But before we could answer a Baja Bug came barreling down the road, must've been doing 60. This crazy Canadian cop jumped in front of the car with a whistle in his mouth yelling "Halt! RCMP!" and whistling loudly. For some reason the car screeched to a halt. A man jumped out and bottles came flying out of the seats. The cops ran and tackled their dude. I said to Nels and Gallardo, "Let's get the fuck outta here." We booked off into the woods and rolled out our bags. We were hearing weird music all night in the woods, violins, flutes, almost like an orchestra. Canada is a weird place.

Loose Bruce

Wez talked about a cat named Bruce who skated. Well I knew him too. He was a cross between Bigfoot and Paul Bunyon but smaller. He puffed hell a dank and drove a Dodge van, blue in color. We had just got done skating downtown Seattle and Bruce was out of bud. So he ran into four guys who said they had some. I was about 18 and Bruce was 25. Some shit went down, they grabbed Bruce's money. Bruce grabbed a 20 back but they still had 20 of his. They jumped into a Cadillac and juiced it. There were two 40 oz empties next to the flower pot. Bruce grabbed them one in each hand and ran up to the Cadillac's passenger side door and threw it in through the window. The whole window shattered in a million pieces all over the dude in the passenger seat. The car took off and then stopped. The dudes were starting to get out when Bruce yelled "Gimme my 20 bucks now!" He was running up to the Cadillac. This all happened in about 2 seconds. They jumped back in the Caddy and spun rubber with angry Bruce chasing after them with the remaining 40 oz bottle. Bruce comes down the street and I said, "Man, that was rad, you're fucking crazy. I didn't think you had it in you!" We got some weed later on. But my respect for Bruce grew immensely that night in downtown Seattle.

Sketchy Lines

Sketchy's claim to fame was that he once let Danny Webster use his Desinex. Sketchy liked to do drugs, anything he could get his hands on. One night he was pretty desperate. He was chopping up some Vivarin and snorting it. "Want some?" "Fuck that shit," I said, "I'll go to sleep." A couple weeks later we had just gone riding these kill banks in the U-District called Urban Anarchy Banks. I got in the car with Sketchy and he said "I'm going to a meeting." I asked what kind of meeting. Sketchy said, "An N.A. meeting, and you should go too." I had a bag o' bud in my pocket and said, "Bag that." Sketchy said, "I think you have a problem." I said, "Let me out." "OK," he said, "But I'm going." "More power to you," I replied. I skated by Dick's Drive In into an alley and loaded a can and inhaled deeply. This bud's for you, Sketchy.

It's no secret I like to skateboard. Skateboarding is the cement that holds us all together. We would not have ever met if it wasn't for what my dad used to call a "kiddy toy." For the last couple of years I have bagged on the new style. You know, I'm over that now. It's just another form of

skateboarding. Let's celebrate. I've learned to accept this new form of skateboarding. There is room for new ideas as well as old. Some killer parks are being built once again. Great, let's keep up the good work. Attitude has a lot to do with skating. Let's not slam each other. But let's slam somebody. We'll start with bikes. I ride them myself, to the park. Just once I would like to see some bikers build us a place that we could ride. No, they just show up at our spots and try to take what's not theirs. People spent years trying to get these parks built. I never heard about any bikers being there. The killer parks in Oregon don't let bikes ride there. Good start. I've come up with a good remedy for overzealous bikers. When you get cut off by one, and you will, simply shoot your board into their spokes. This does wonders for their wheels. Makes them real wobbly. Or try sticking your board under the rear tire. Push hard and watch what we in the old days called a forced brodie. Bikers today wear studded belts a lot. Why? Don't ask me, I guess punk is safe 25 years after it started. Anyone who wears studded belts biking or skating has probably never fell on it. They make some weird bruises on your belt line. I know you're going to tell me bikes rode pools in the 70s. Yeah, I've heard of John Palfryman. Skaters did all of the bailing, probably. I am not going to slag on skaters. There are too many others more deserving. How about that guy next to you in class wearing that Independent shirt and Half-Cabs? You know he doesn't skate a lick but the girls think he does. Do you like those kind of people? When I was younger I wanted shoes with waves on the soles. No, I don't want to explain it more. But my dad said no. "They look ugly," is what he said. I was bummed. But looking back they did look very ugly. I'm glad I got the Chuck Taylor's instead. My point is that guy with the Indy shirt and Vans will say 20 years from now, "That was stupid wearing skate related gear and I didn't even skate." Shit used to bum me out. I get a good laugh out of shit these days. Try to look on the humorous side. Life should be taken seriously but not too seriously. Dad said, "When are you going to put away the kiddie toys?" Never dad. It's fun and funny at the same time. At a Eugene streetstyle a man once said to me "Moderation in all things, including moderation." — Harry Balls.

A Nightmare

It was dark, very dark, and raining. "What am I doing skateboarding at night like this?" Jules thought to himself. It beats watching Eliminate. Jules took 5 hefty pushes and settled into his best tuck. Telephone poles looked like a picket fence. Jules thought he should slow down, the signs look like dots, the lines in the road look like spots. Beer can do strange things to one's mind. Do Mexicans piss in Corona for the yellow color? I'll have to ask that one on my next Corona brewery tour. Once you reach a certain speed on a skate it can be downright dangerous. Jules was just at this point. The rain beat against Jules' face. "This is for real, no turning back," thought Jules. Suddenly Jules was flying through the air like Superman sans cape. Touch down came momentarily. Very hard, sliding face first like Pete Rose, not on dirt, but on asphalt. A rock? Yes, a skateboarder's worst nightmare. A stinkin' pebble. Jules was moaning and groaning and writhing in pain. Jules' dad heard the noise. He jumped out of bed and his tight whiteys were a little loosey goosey. He strode down the hall into Jules' room. Jules was on the floor next to his bed moaning and groaning. Dad put a hand on Jules' shoulder. "Wake up Jules, you're having a bad dream." Jules snapped out of it. "What? Huh?!" He looked up to see his dad in his underwear. "Jules, get back into bed, you're having a bad nightmare." Jules got back into his bed, as his dad did the same.

The Locust live at Nita's Hideaway, Tempe, AZ, November 12, 2003

By Ryan Stamen

After years of hearing about the Locust I decided to actually go see them for myself (though being about five years too late to jump on this particular bandwagon of "chaos"). When the band took the stage, I found it interesting that each of the members could not have been more than five and a half feet tall with matching costumes that resembled some sort of fighting insect (with matching masks).

They began the set with a single keyboard making several different electronic noises all sounding like "oo-wah-oo-wah" and other similar noises. As that keyboard went, another one would occasionally chime in with a similar "oo-wah-oo-wah" noise, along with a sudden snare hit or guitar riff. It was interesting, and certainly unique, it even reminded me of some sort of John Cage composition that I've never heard (given that I have actually never heard anything by John Cage, but would suppose that if I had, it would sound like an unorganized mash of noise that the right fan would consider genius). This seemed to drag, but the audience that had positioned themselves closest to the stage were certainly enjoying it as they cheered and nodded their heads to it. This went on for about twenty minutes, but then it suddenly came to me that this part of the show was not their actual set, but it was the sound check by the band in preparation to the actual set of "music."

At this point my interest had faded, especially the fact that I was fooled by their deliberate use of costumes and stage antics during the actual sound check. I am under the usual expectation that bands tend to perform a sound check before the doors of the club open, and if not they just tested levels of the amps and sound system while the crowd watched, rather than pose and make noises on stage to bring attention to themselves before the actual whole band started to play together. Was this the new wave of punk? Solo artists touring in an ensemble and performing simultaneously but playing their own compositions rather than pre-determined arrangements as a band? Interesting! Perhaps I should have paid attention to this "craziness" earlier, rather than organizing the records I already had purchased over and over again. While I was contemplating this performance of a sound check, a slight pause ensued and then the band, to my chagrin, actually started to play the intended set.

They began the set with a single keyboard making several different electronic noises all sounding like "oo-wah-oo-wah" and other similar noises. As that keyboard went, another one would occasionally chime in with a similar "oo-wah-oo-wah" noise, along with a sudden snare hit or guitar riff. However this time, it was a lot faster and each member of the band, through their masks, would scream into the supplied microphones. This went on for about fifteen minutes, about five minutes less than the sound check. During this actual "set" I spied a Supersuckers promo photo framed on the wall, said hello to a few friends, ordered a drink, went to the bathroom and paced around the back of the club. I decided sometime during the performance that this may have been the worst touring band I have ever seen, barring the time I saw Mr. Big open up for Rush, or perhaps that band Seein' Red.

The best part of the show was when a friend of mine, who was actually working for the Locust at the time, sold me a black t-shirt with the red bug logo printed on it. As bad as I think the band was that night, the shirt I got is very attractive, and to this day I occasionally wear it with pride.

FUCKIN' A

CD/LP - www.subpop.com

SUB
POP

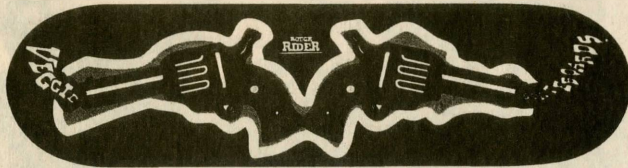
the thermals

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

growin in your BACK YARD



8.5" Bass

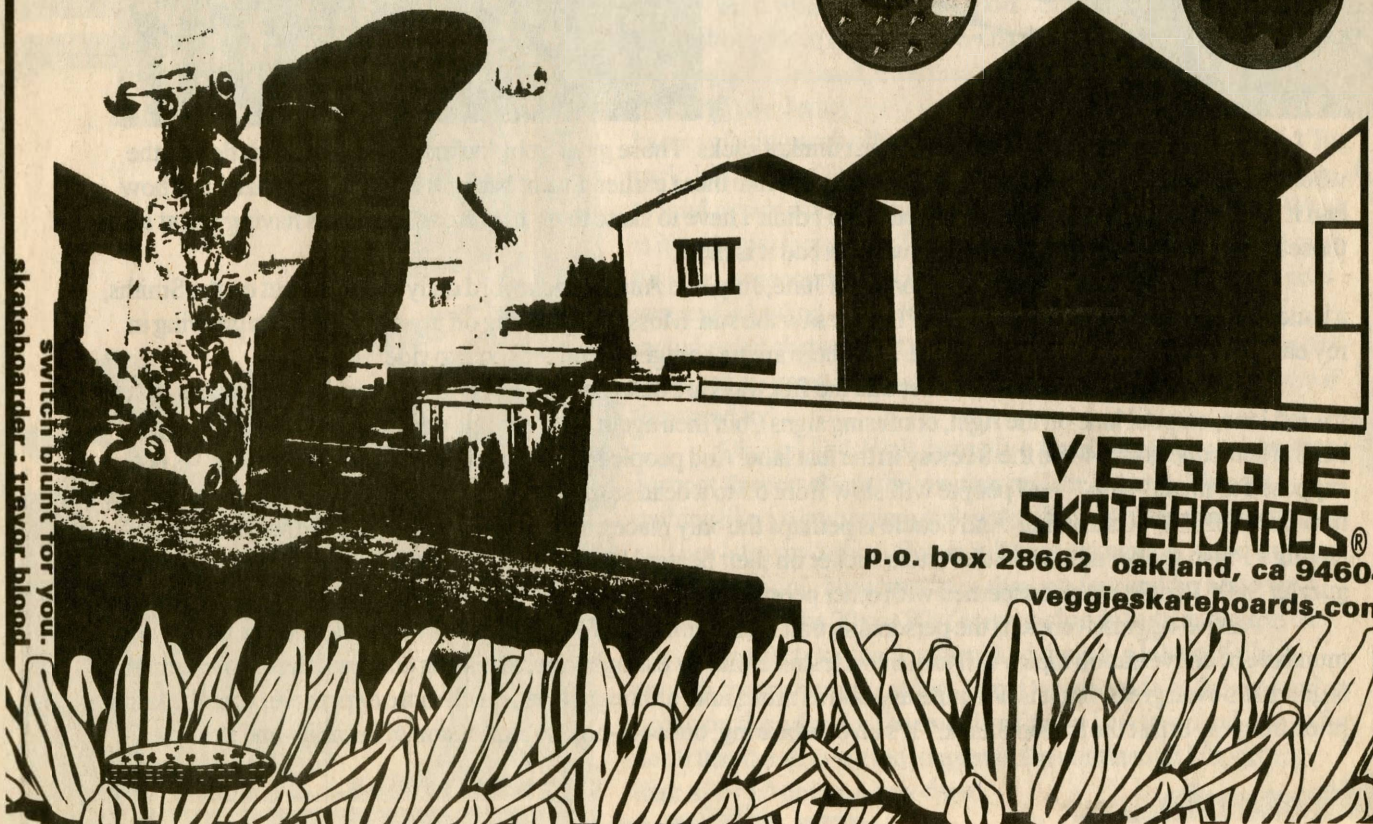
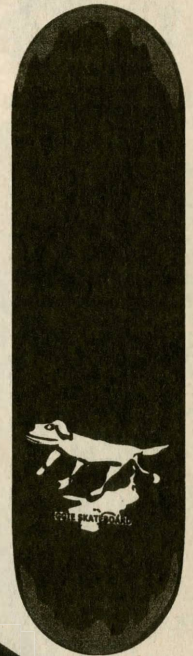


8.25" gunz

8.0"
broccoli



7.5" / 7.75"
pee dogs

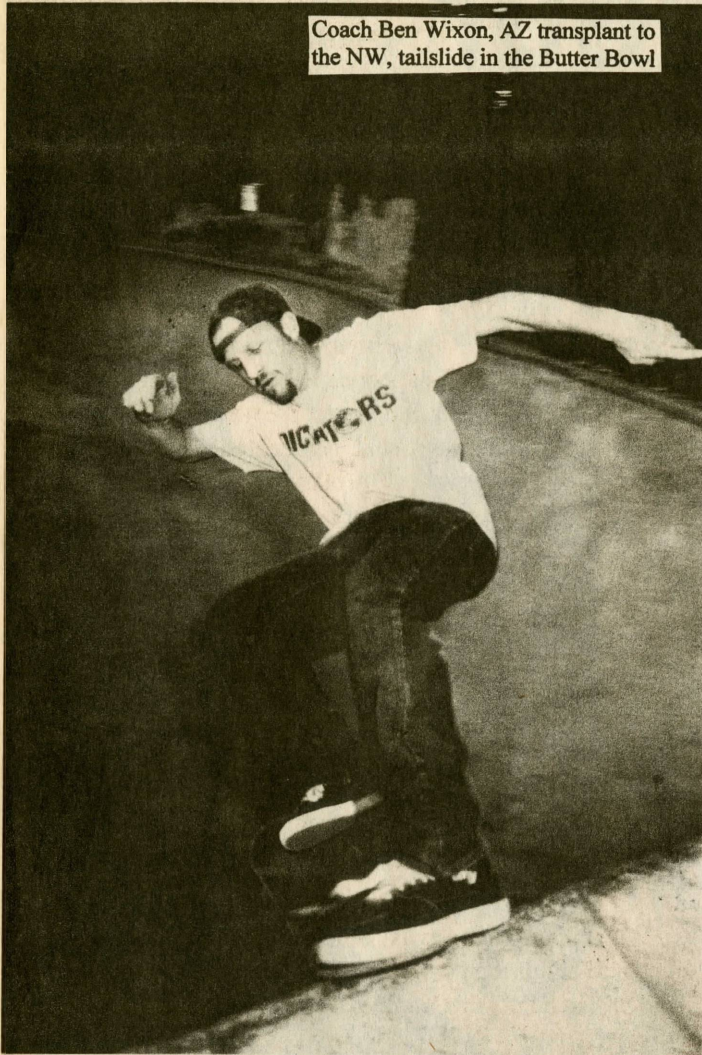


**VEGGIE
SKATEBOARDS®**

p.o. box 28662 oakland, ca 94604
veggieskateboards.com

Welcome to Seattle... Now Go Home

Coach Ben Wixon, AZ transplant to the NW, tailslide in the Butter Bowl



Mike Swim, BS Smith in the Butter



I used to like my hometown, but now I just think it sucks. Those guys from Jackass were right: Seattle and the whole Northwest is beat. I should've listened to guys like them earlier. I went back for a visit and realized just how bad it is. Fortunately my knee was banged up so I didn't have to skate to try to pretend that I was having fun at all of those half-ass spots. It made me realize just how bad it is there.

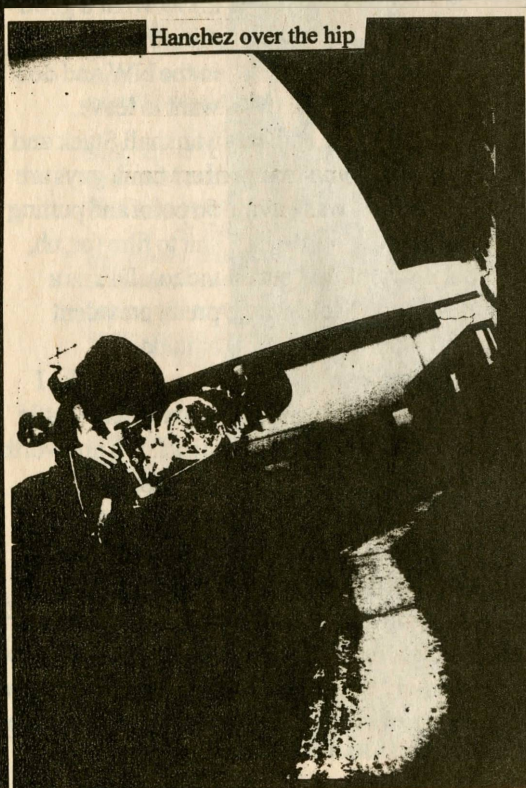
It rained every day. The entire months of June, July, and August had record daily rainfall. I put on the Smiths, a band I hate, and contemplated suicide. I never saw the sun. Moss was growing on my car. Mold was growing in my ears. Banana slugs were everywhere. And there are no garages or indoor spots to ride.

And the drivers all suck! The fact that the freeways are designed ass-backwards doesn't help (on ramps into the left lane, carpool lane on the right, confusing signs), but then again on a less-rainy day you always seem to get behind someone going 40 on the freeway in the fast lane. And people have retarded driving habits. "Merge" is not supposed to mean "stop." And people will slow from 55 to a dead stop to let someone who should have waited his turn into traffic. It's infuriating. And Seattle is perhaps the only place on earth where people do not see the irony of having a Phish sticker next to a Sex Pistols sticker on their beater VW bus, or a "Save the Earth" sticker on their gas guzzler SUV. People are so concerned with other people's business that they fail to see the idiocy in their own lives.

Passive-aggressiveness is the personality trait most commonly found. Through wily dialogue, the most mundane of conversation topics will turn into a testosterone- or estrogen-fueled pissing contest. "Sure, your turntable is good, it's even great, but it is not quite as good as mine, and, although it was much more expensive, I got the killer price from my bro at the Stereo Shack." It's an overbearing, outward-oozing expression of humility and smug self-



Shit, I forgot this guy's name. Ryan White? Big blaster at the Ballard Bowl



Hanchez over the hip

righteousness coupled with an insecurity so deep it needs constant reaffirming. Pseudo hippy recipients of trustfunds ("trustafarians") are *always* in this mode, and for some reason they are abundant in Seattle.

As are the most brutally harsh yuppie fucks. Couple the bad driving with a good car, and the passive aggressiveness with someone who has a ton of money, and it's enough to make you want to kill. And they all go to Starbucks and order coffees that have ten adjectives, strutting around on their cell phones feeling important. Cell phones are OK if discreet, but the people walking around with the little wires coming out of their ears talking and laughing and "making the deal" in blatantly public spaces don't look important, they just look ridiculous, like a cheap, on-call phone solicitor. If they are truly as important as they act, couldn't they refuse to be a slave to a cell phone at the same time?

And what's with the grunge movement? Who started that anyway? How long until people realize that flannel makes you look like a lumberjack? When everything was blowing up I was one of the guys hoping that everyone would just go back to where they came from, but instead of that happening everyone who was from there left and all the newcomers stayed. And it is a cycle that seems to keep repeating itself.

And what about skate spots? Shit, are there any? I heard that nobody there builds their own terrain, so I went to some of the local parks. Kirkland, now that's a doozy. Kill park. Nice half-pipe. Put two Jersey barriers facing each other and call it a half-pipe. Mercer Island. Big park, kill. Lots of lines. One bank and one pyramid, with no room to land or ride out. Same goes for Redmond. Nice pyramid. What, is it even two feet across? And Kent. Let's not build anything over two feet, someone might fall, but I guess it's cool if it goes to near vert and is kinked... And Renton's rolling ribbons of concrete, including an obstacle that people call "the clit." Fabulous. The city parks are all great, if you can find a dry day to ride ever. Maybe if they tried to..

Ok, so I lied. Well, actually a lot of what I wrote was true. Just not the part about the weather and the skating. There is nothing like a summertime in Seattle, although they usually start late and run late, say July to October. There are always some wet days in May and June, but sometimes they are few and far between. Sunny days in the 70s or 80s (or even cloudy but dry days in the 60s) are perfect skating weather. And there is a lake still clean enough for swimming (at least to me) on one side of the city and an ocean on the other for the middle of those hot days. And it is so far north that the days are the longest in the continental US, getting dark after 10 pm on a few days.



Young gun Max blasts frontside in Ballard. It's killer to see that if given the proper terrain, young guns ain't afraid of the vert. The new breed... Morris Wainwright shows what it takes to blast a frontside air in the 5-foot range. Holy Shit! This photo was taken on, or near, Morris' 40th birthday. What the hell are you gonna be doing on your 40th birthday? Watching football on TV and eating Cheetos? Hate to say it, but probably. Here's to ya' Mo! Nate Gakto stretches a layback through the corner at Ballard. Ballard rules, one of my favorite park bowls of all time, high speed, real coping, smooth trannies, good job to Hubsy and the Grindline crew.

Some of the area parks have even tried to fix their problems or expand in the last couple years, although to be honest it still doesn't make much of an improvement. You can't polish a turd. But there are a couple dinky parks that are ok to cruise, and Grindline skateparks has finally made a mark in its hometown area: Sumner, Bainbridge Island, Orcas, Ballard, more on the way. Not to mention the backyard or indoor spots that are always there and even better.

And if you think that street skating is snoozed on, think again. There have always been some of the most

amazing and



underrated skaters from Seattle who know what a good thing they got going in the NW and don't want to leave. Marshall Stack and the Manik guys are on point and putting shit to film (or, uh, video). DIY is a pretty prevalent attitude.

But like I said earlier, Seattle sucks. It's not worth going there. You won't have a good time. Don't bother. You won't be able to find the skate spots, and if you do, you won't like them. Stay home. And stay out of the way.

The letter printed opposite was one that I took from Mimi's website, after receiving the letter I wrote to her man, Icki. I decided to print something that I had written about East Timor in my own mag for once, and this fit the bill. The following is my take on cockfights in East Timor, to go with the photos. Through speaking with people at the cockfights before, during and after, as well as through observation, I got a good idea of what they're all about.

Cockfighting in East Timor

The cockfights took place a local guy's house, someone who had the capital to build an enclosure for the cocks. As it turns out the man was fairly wealthy, by East Timorese standards: he owned a satellite dish and had a big piece of property in the capital city, and he stood to gain a lot of money by holding these events in his yard. The host skims, and that's the first cut. Men bring their cocks down about an hour or two before sunset, and the commotion can be heard throughout the neighborhood. I saw no women at these events, save those who lived at the house. I was lucky enough to be allowed into the pen in order to take some photos, but I was warned several times by several different people that I needed to be careful, the sharpened knives attached to the cocks' feet could be painful, and I knew from seeing other cockfights that once those two chickens square off, they know it is a fight to the death and they lose track of their surroundings, focused on killing the opponent.

The first step in a cockfight is to size up the cocks, and match them. Initial odds are given when the pairing occurs, and sometimes pairings change. The cocks are encouraged to show their stuff at this point, ruffling up the feathers around the neck, and occasionally taking pecking jabs at the paired cock. If a pair is set, and odds are agreed, the two will fight. As the two owners step aside to affix the small daggers to one foot on each cock, the bookie accepts bets on each cock and the amount wagered. There are dozens of men at these events, and a lot of wagering goes on, but nothing is ever written down. The bookie, sometimes trained from a young age, remembers every single bet exactly, and pays out immediately after each fight. In the several cockfights that I have seen, I never once saw a disagreement over the wager. That is fucking remarkable. The bookie is the next person to take a cut.

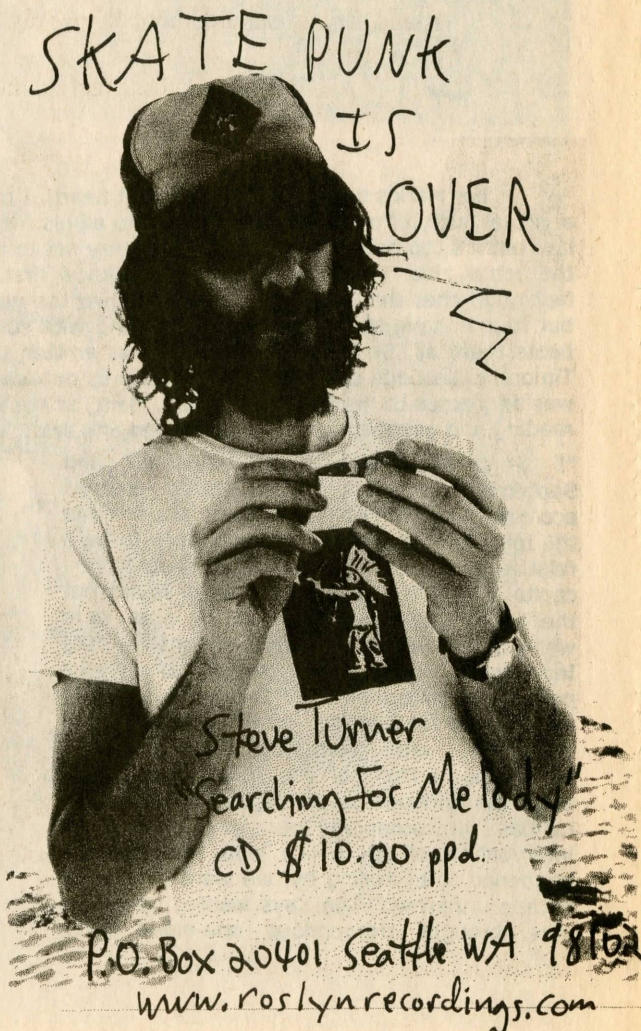
The owners affix daggers that are about 3 inches long and razor sharp to the right leg of the cocks, wrapping a long string repeatedly around the base of the dagger. At this point the dagger is still enclosed in a cardboard scabbard, and the two cocks get each other pissed off. In turn, each owner grabs the head of his cock and allows the opponent to peck at the neck of his cock, sometimes drawing blood (this is photograph #1). After both chickens are sufficiently pissed off, the scabbards are removed. Sometimes the men will lick their fingers and run it down the length of the dagger once it's exposed. This is when the fight begins, as the two are placed opposing each other. The crowd begins to get excited, and during the match there is often yelling and cheering. The chickens face off (photo #2), and this is where they look like two street fighters clutching daggers. Chickens are not widely

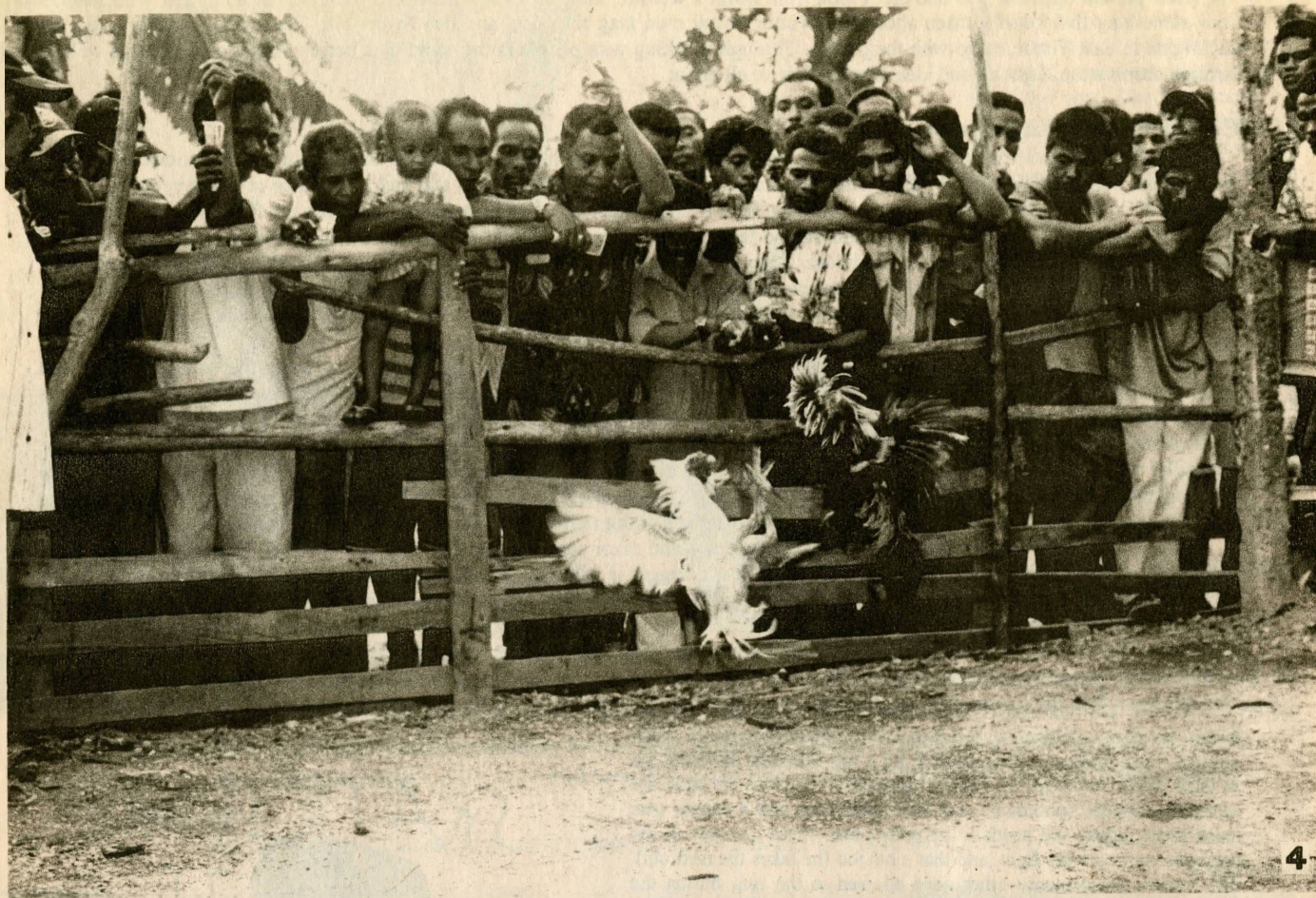
known for their intelligence, but these were outwardly vicious when provoked into violence. After circling for a few seconds, the cocks go at each other, airborne, repeatedly, generally until one or both are mortally wounded (photos #3 and #4). Sometimes one's dagger gets stuck in the other, and needs to be pulled out. There is a guy in the ring who monitors the fight, and that's his job (he takes the next cut). The owners are the only other ones allowed in the ring during the fight. A mortally wounded chicken does not last long in a cockfight. When blood begins to flow heavily, staining the dirt, it wobbles around for a few moments then collapses. It is then collected by the ring monitor (photo #5), and tossed into a corner with the other cocks (photo #6). I have seen cockfights that are over in 20 seconds, and cockfights that last a couple minutes. I saw a fight where cocks mortally wound each other, but continued to fight by facing off.

As both of their wobbling increased, one lunged for other's neck, killed it, and then died within a few seconds (the latter won). The loser (or losers?) become stew. The winner of the match gets paid (that's the last cut), and his cock gets to come back the next week.

At the end of a match, there is much cheering and sighing, and money changing hands. In photo #7, the winner is congratulated by friends (bottom right), the bookie (center, facing the camera) is paying off winners, people are getting ready to lay their next bets and bumming out about losing their money (bottom right).

Men love their cocks, and shower them with attention when they are being trained, but are also willing to bring them to their deaths, in the hopes that they won't die but win money. Large gatherings such as cockfights were generally banned by the Indonesians during their occupation. Following the referendum, during the UN transition, East Timorese cockfighting became much more visible, at least to me. I have mixed feelings about cockfights, but I do know a lot of people who are vehemently against them (these are generally westerners working in East Timor, although there are some East Timorese opponents as well). I also know that, like gambling anywhere, it is a way for folks to gather, money to be redistributed within a community, money to be lost (and sometimes by people with severe problems), it is a diversion and considered sport, and, like in most things in life, the rich are getting richer off of it.





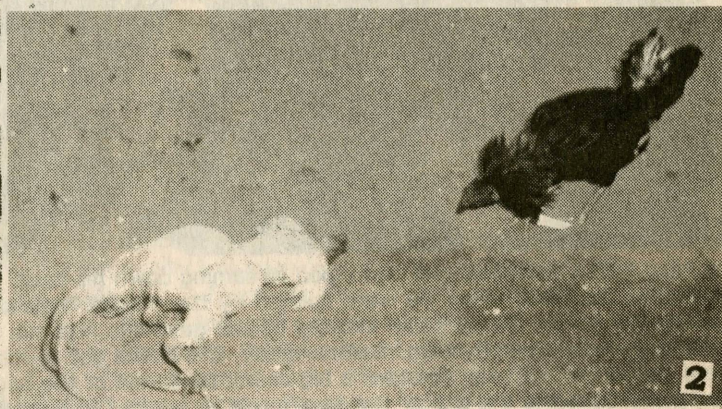
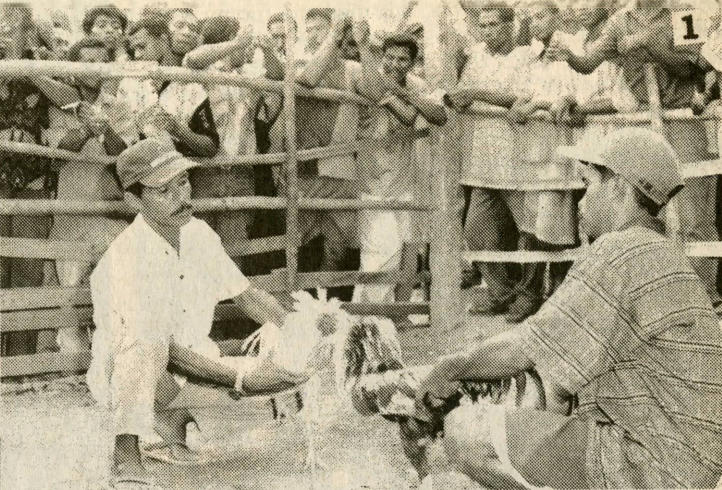
4

For Mark's birthday, if you haven't heard, I made a special surprise "commemorative" issue of his zine, *STY*, sending a virtual flurry of postcards and e-mails to all his friends and acquaintances asking for contributions. This one arrived weeks late but it's too good (too harrowing) a story not to include, so it's going to be published as a mini-zine insert to accompany the actual zine. There are two things to know first. One, Mark collects pull-tabs. Not the new-fangled kind, but the old-fashioned ones that pull right off, intact. Over the years he's collected not only a few hundred of these (all strung together), but friends have sent their own finds along with some amazing stories attached. (Muggings included.) This one, however, beats them all. So two, the following was written by Wez Lundry, who not only acted as a UN observer during the East Timorese elections this summer but used to published the skatezine *Pool Dust*. We got the letter yesterday. The envelope was addressed to me but "icki" (a.k.a. Mark) in the letter -- I opened it up in the car and a pull-tab fell into my lap, started reading and gasped audibly. Mark turned and said, "What's that?" Well, this is what:

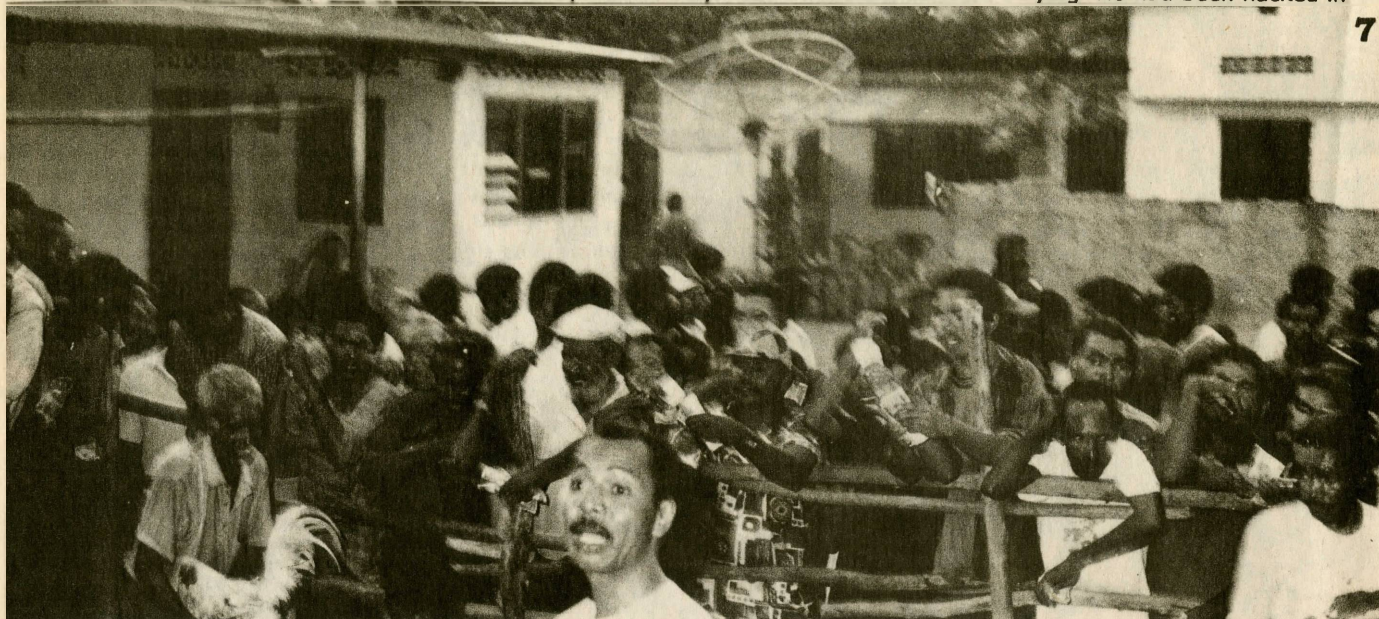
"I went to East Timor in August and September to work as a United Nations accredited election observer. I was stationed in the town of Aileu, which was supposed to be a relatively calm district, two hours south of the capital Dili. After about a week we found out the truth; that the militias in the area were well-trained, supplied with weapons by the Indonesian military, and supported by the police and politicians from Indonesia. I, along with my driver and two other observers, was threatened with death by a local village headman, in front of the Indonesian police, after the Indonesian police had assisted the militias in stopping our car. With the intervention of UN police who coincidentally happened to be rolling by, we were allowed to escape unharmed. The days leading up to the vote brought tremendous one-sided (pro-



6

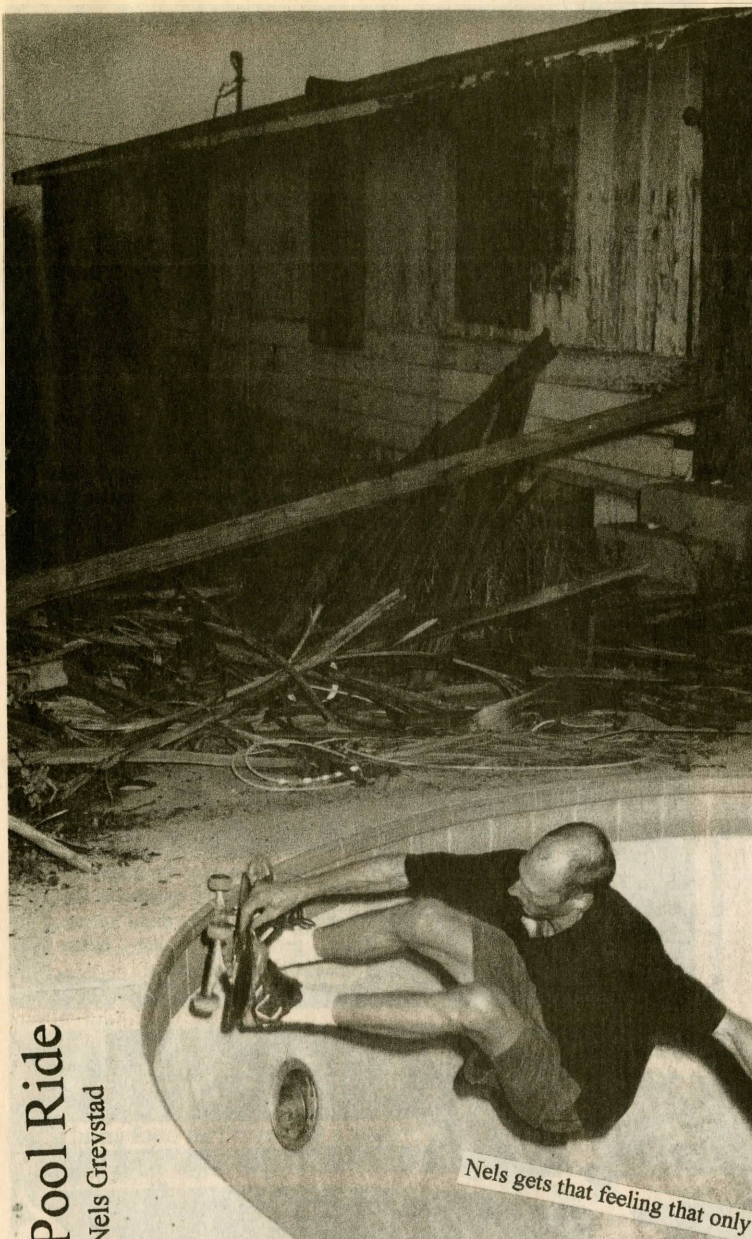


integration) intimidation and violence, and on the day of the polling, the US had to close a polling station where I was monitoring as the police had stormed the rooms with their weapons drawn. The day after the vote, however, was when the shit hit the fan. The militias were under order to wreak havoc on anyone suspected of being pro-independence. By that I mean kill them, torch their homes, rape their women, steal their things, et cetera. At 7:30 in the morning, on the seventh birthday of one of the children of the family we were staying with, gunshots and screams rang out just after we had cut the boy's cake. A man was being attacked at the militia post not 50 yards from where we were staying. He had been hacked in



the head with a machete, and had blood streaming down his back. He was on his knees, being kicked in the face with guns pointed at his head, when we were noticed by the militia. They looked up at us and the man saw his chance to escape, running toward us. We took him into the house, gave him first aid, called the police (we had to), and called three American nuns who ran a clinic in town. Unfortunately, the police got to him first, but the nuns talked them into releasing him to them, so he got out okay (besides a big chunk taken out of the back of his head). The military surrounded the front of our house and talked to the police. Our family told us we had to evacuate. We took them to the UN house, and waited out the day, finally leaving for the capital about two hours before night. Travel at night was dangerous, so we were cutting it close. The police refused us an escort, breaking the UN regulations. We made it to Dili, dropped the family off and stayed at one of the rented houses. The next day, I went to investigate a burned-down house with two other observers and was caught in the middle of a three-hour firefight, taking refuge in a convent amidst screaming and crying and praying women and children (the men were attempting to defend their neighborhood with whatever they could find, rocks, spades, whatever). The Indonesian police took two hours to respond, and another hour to stop the gunfire, which was totally ridiculous. East Timor had reverted to anarchy, and it wasn't a utopian punk dream by any measure. I escaped the next morning by leaving at 3 a.m. with three other Americans in a rented car. I was the only Indonesian speaker, so I had to talk my way through about seven militia checkpoints, and then we reached West Timor and Indonesian "normalcy." I had to bribe someone to "fix" my airline ticket, and after two days I was homebound.

"The beer tab you hold in your hand is off a Bintang beer can, an Indonesian beer. Bintang means "star." On Friday, August 27, three days before the vote, I and my fellow observers (a Kiwi, a Canadian, and two Japanese) were invited to the wedding of a civil servant who had helped us in our work and provided a cousin as our driver. His name was Roberto. He married a beautiful East Timorese woman in a lavish ceremony, attended by us but also the UN police, election officials and military liaison officers, and also the local Indonesian political, military, and police leaders. It was a little weird as we all knew that they had plans for us and the East Timorese, but Roberto had no choice to invite them as he was a civil servant. East Timorese custom dictates that distinguished guests say a few words about the bride and groom, usually relatives, but this time the Bupati (governor of the district) said some words as well. He looked like a mess, disheveled, as though he was drunk. He rambled on for twenty minutes, trying to embarrass the couple by "exposing" that they had lived together for a year (something somewhat looked down on, but in this case it was one of financial need) and other thinly-veiled insults. He finally quit and everyone who could understand what he said breathed a sigh of relief. The food commenced. It was a lavish feast of East Timorese and Indonesian food, so much that no one could walk away hungry. It must have been a tremendous burden on the couple's families. I pulled the tab that you hold off of my first beer (I only drank two -- I didn't want to offend anyone with boorishness) and drank it, chatting with the girls and boys who were cousins of the groom. One of them told me she went to a club in Dili and was "tripping on X." I didn't believe her, but I guess it's possible. I got into a heavy conversation with an Indonesian observer about politics that lasted about an hour, and I was pooped and ready to go home. I remember that I told myself I would ask one of the girls from our house to dance, that it would be the right thing to do, so I did. She was fourteen and already so beautiful I almost felt guilty or some other emotion I can't describe. They danced traditional Portuguese dances, something I thought I could fake, but when I started dancing my feet turned to stone and I sort of limped around in circles. She was psyched to be dancing with one of the "guests of honor" but I know she was probably as embarrassed as I was by my utter lack of skills. The song went on forever, but finally came to an end. I thanked her for the dance, said my goodbyes to the family, and went home to sleep. Little did I know the shit I was about to see in the coming days."

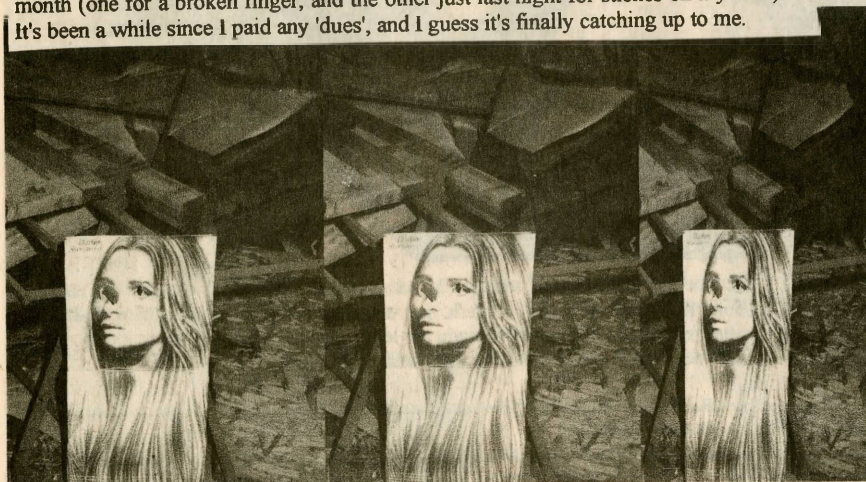


Pool Ride

Nels Grevstad

Nels gets that feeling that only a backyard pool can provide

Wez, sorry to take so long. My story probably isn't worth the wait I forced upon you. I have been riding lately, but have had two skate related hospitalizations in the last month (one for a broken finger, and the other just last night for stitches on my chin). It's been a while since I paid any 'dues', and I guess it's finally catching up to me.

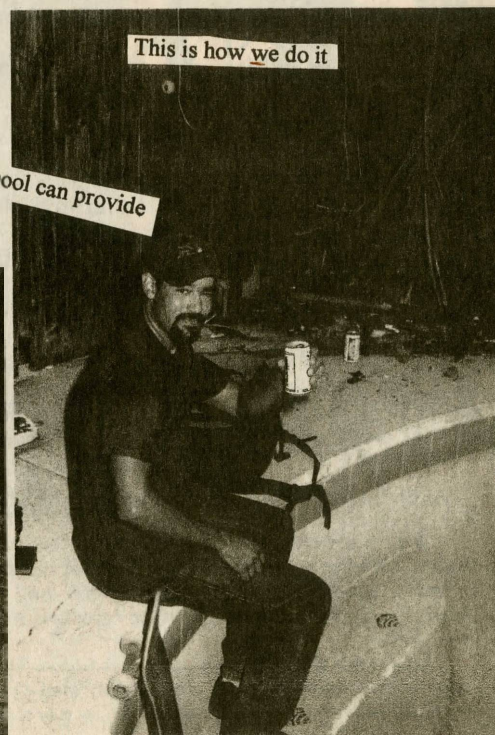


It's been 7 years since I made the move to Indiana from Seattle, and although I've been searching diligently, I've only found two empty skateable pools the whole time. So it had been a while since I rode one, and the pain had become unbearable. I had a few weeks of free time, so I packed my essentials (board, sleeping bag, banjo) and cut out. My hit list included skateparks in Champaign, Denver, Aspen, Washington St., Albuquerque. But at the top of the list was to ride at least one of the multitude of pools I'd been hearing about in Phoenix.

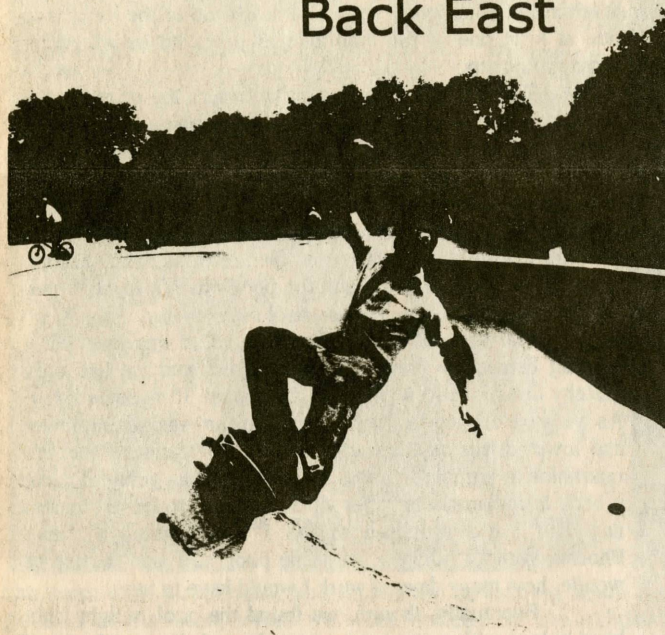
The Phoenix stop was on the return leg of my trip. I arrived on Friday evening, and plans were made that night to check out a new pool the following day. The next day, I found out that in Phoenix it can sometimes take almost the full day to round up a crew to go skate a pool. By the time everyone got together, it was early evening. The supposed pool was a good 30 minute drive away, and our directions were sketchy. It turned out to be a hoax, and the pool was not to be found. We decided to try for a different pool the next day.

The next day seemed like *deja vu*. It was again early evening before the crew was rounded up, and we had only sketchy directions to a pool that was about 30 minutes away. As we were driving to the pool and the sun was getting lower and lower in the sky, I started to wonder whether Phoenix's reputation as a pool town was all hype. If I was going to make it back to Indiana in time for work, I needed to leave the next day. But I had promised myself I wasn't going to leave Phoenix without riding at least one pool, so I was starting to wonder how many days of work I would have to miss.

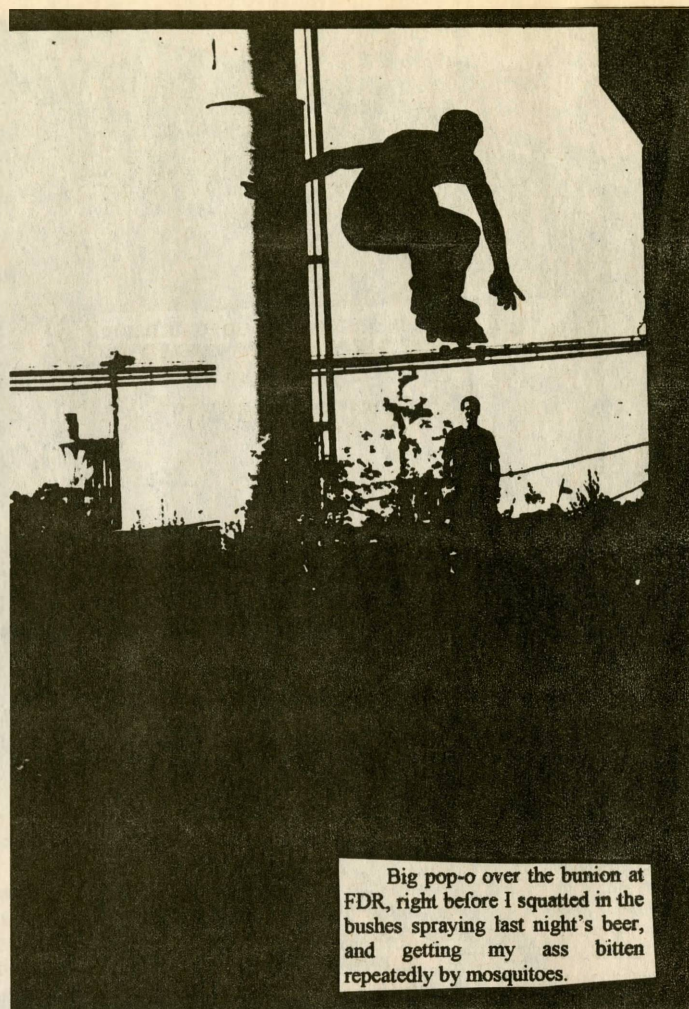
Eventually, though, we found the pool, a tight right hand kidney with a super steep drop from shallow to deep and tile coping, behind a burned down house. It had water that would cost us about 20 minutes worth of bucketing, and another 10 minutes waiting for it to dry. Needless to say, we finished the job. Lines were laid and grinds were ground. I had gotten my fix, and set out the next day for 'back home in Indiana'.



Back East



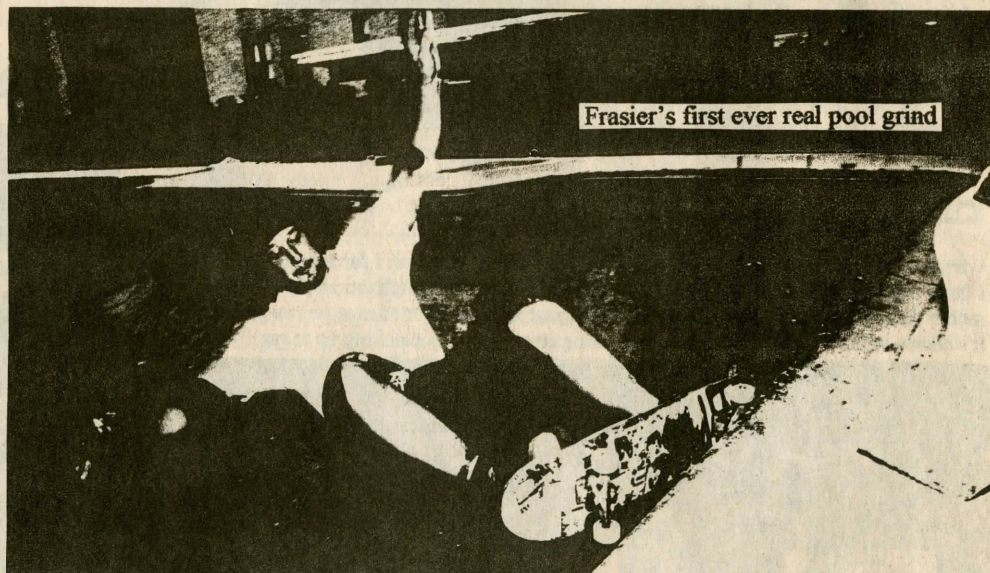
Davey Rogers frontside feebles NYC before drinking a little too much and becoming quite feeble himself



Big pop-o over the bunion at FDR, right before I squatted in the bushes spraying last night's beer, and getting my ass bitten repeatedly by mosquitoes.



Budbear and Bela



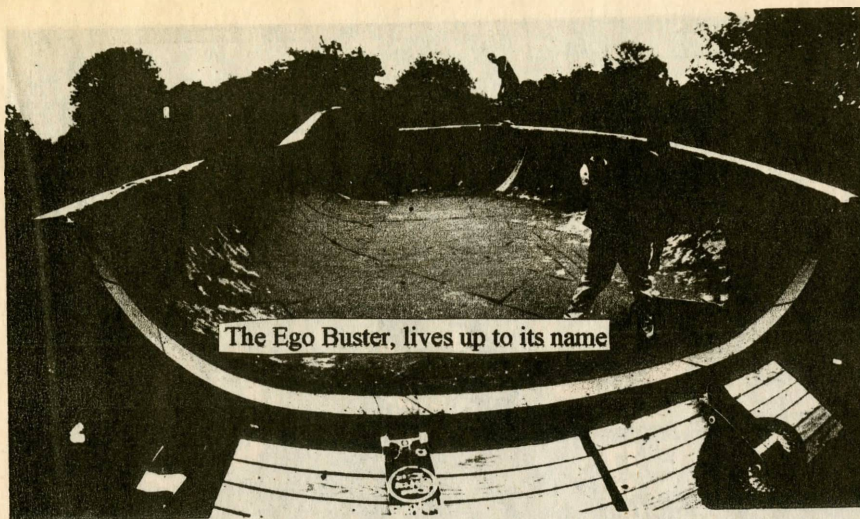
Frasier's first ever real pool grind

It's been a while since I got married, and the article I wrote in Thrasher got an honorable mention by some zinester whose ego was crushed after he sent me some shitty zine (postage due) and I tore him a new asshole. He found my e-mail address, and wrote me some anonymous hate mail. It seems as though he was offended by the words that I wrote about my bachelor party, and since I thought the letter was so funny, and thought that you would think it was funny too, and since this is the "Kook Dust" issue of Pool Dust, I decided to print his e-mail in its entirety:

"howdy

are you wez lundry-skate snob extraordinaire? how far up jake phelps 'puckered starfish' did you stick your nose in order to be allowed to write an article about your bachelor party? complete with pics of your nobody 'friends' grabbin 7 plies in a deep end of a pool...

your zine reviews suck-you seem to be nothing more than some sort of 'cool' censor, giving bad reviews for anything that doesnt parrot the skateboard industry's



The Ego Buster, lives up to its name

party line..and if a zine doesnt say the "right" things youll just claim it wasnt made well-a total judgement call that you could make a case for w/any zine on the planet

the only thing worse was the tour article with pics of your haggard mug...boy, you must really be on the good side of somebody important

well, have fun impressing those you deem "cool" by putting down those you deem "uncool"...thats the mark of a true snob

when you write shit like that tour article, or the bachelor party article, do you ever get the shock of revelation how stupid it is that youre turning thrasher into the wex laundry show? do you ever feel thats a hell of a stupid thing to do-and all just so some aging socially adept asswipe(or maybe youre just a narcissistic prick) such as yourself can make himself feel special?

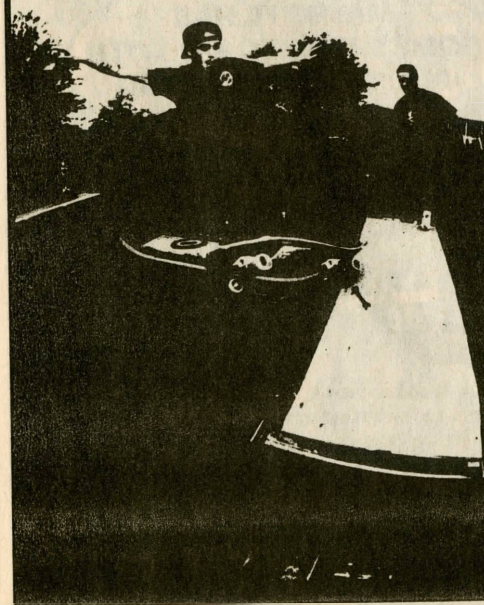
and i wont even get into the plagiarism bit

anyways...ive said what I had to...thats all

good luck in the future, and maybe one day youll grow up and decide to stop being a total dick"

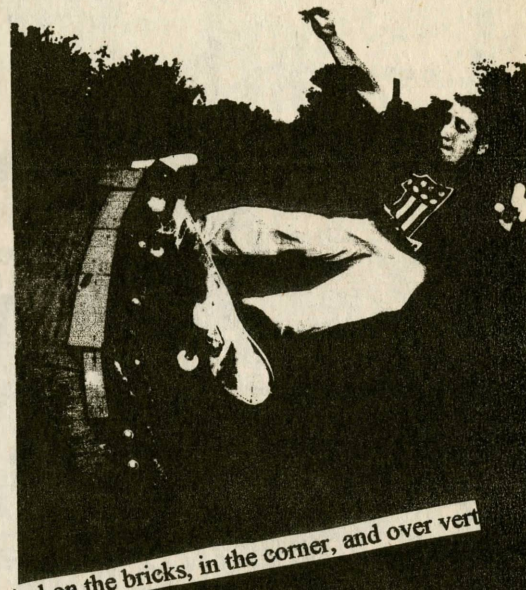
So, uh, yeah, the guy can't spell and has a hard time with syntax or whatever. I wrote him a reply, pointing out that I live in Arizona, far from the "skate industry," I often review zines that make fun of the "industry," someone must have deemed the article worthwhile to print it (and hate mail is usually a good sign on an article, just like the guy who said he wanted to kick my ass after I made fun of people who don't skate who put huge skate stickers on the back of their trucks), and that I assumed that he was some shitbag who was

Ricky pivots on an ancient board with G&S trucks, ouch

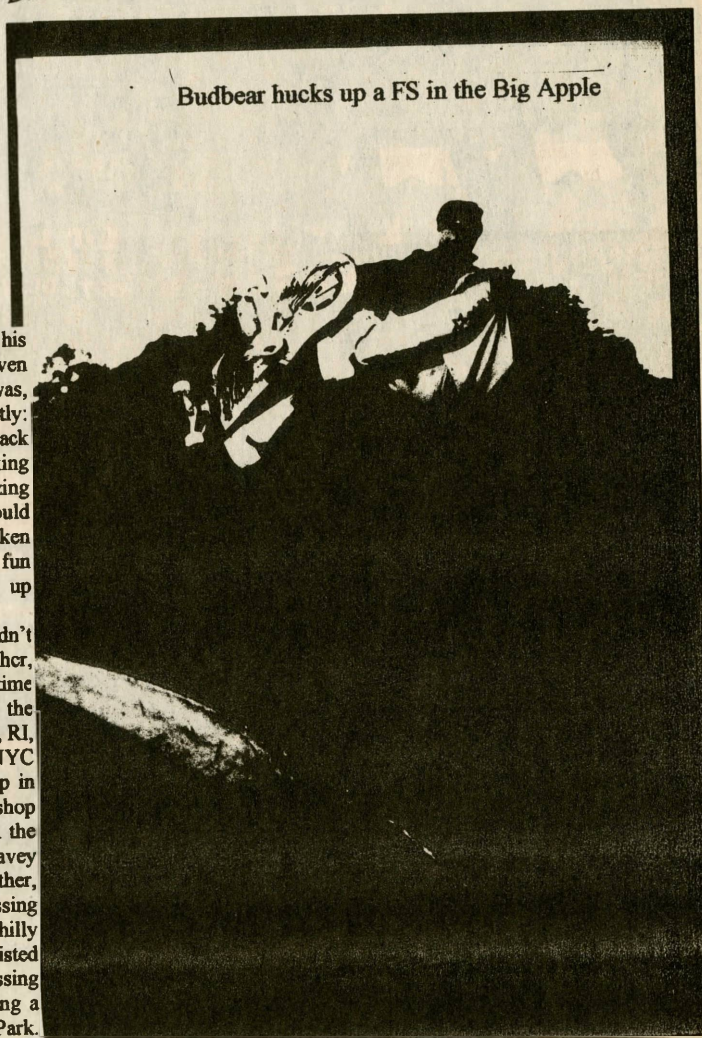


sour about the review his "zine" received. I even guessed which zine it was, and guessed correctly: after a while he wrote back and apologized for making his comments, realizing that the criticism could have been taken constructively. I made fun of him in a follow up column.

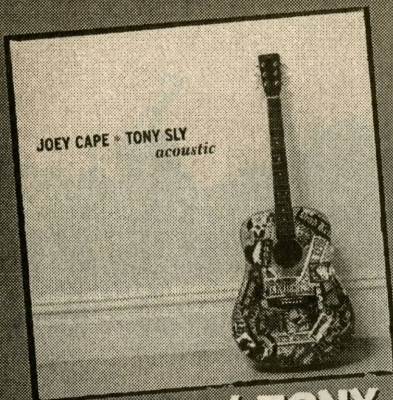
Anyway, if you didn't see the article in Thrasher, we had a great time skating, and we skated the Ego Buster in Newport, RI, FDR in Philly, the NYC park and the mini ramp in the gallery/skateshop KCDC, and we skated the Asbury Park Pool. Davey barely kept it together, getting drunk and passing out on the street in Philly (and luckily being assisted by a randomly passing skater), and then getting a concussion in Asbury Park.



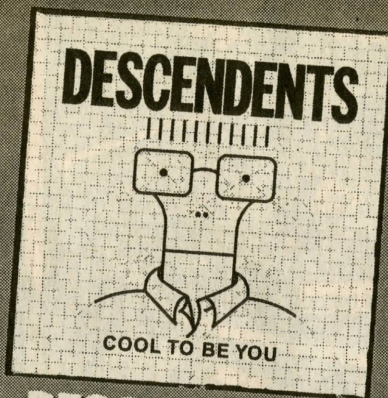
Davey gets a grind on the bricks, in the corner, and over vert



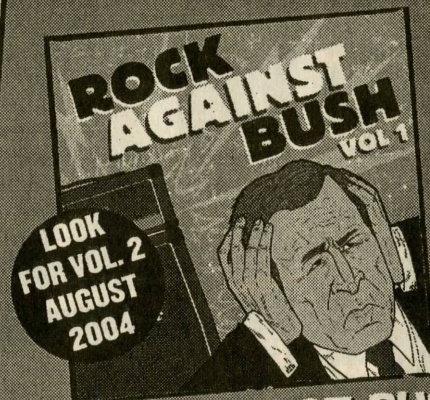
Budbear hucks up a FS in the Big Apple



JOEY CAPE / TONY SLY
"ACOUSTIC"
OUT NOW ON CD/LP

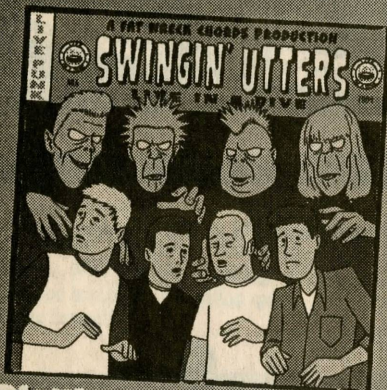


DESCENDENTS
"COOL TO BE YOU"
OUT NOW ON CD/LP

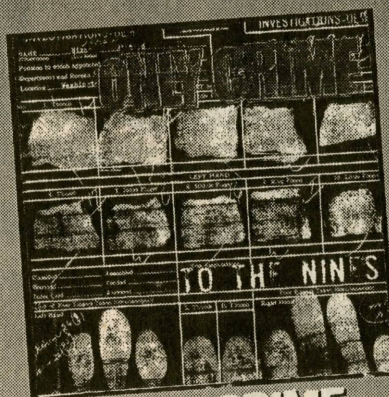


LOOK
FOR VOL. 2
AUGUST
2004

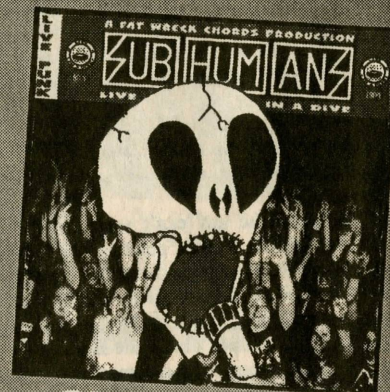
ROCK AGAINST BUSH
"VOLUME 1"
OUT NOW ON CD



SWINGIN' UTTERS
"LIVE IN A DIVE"
OUT JUNE 29TH ON CD/2LP



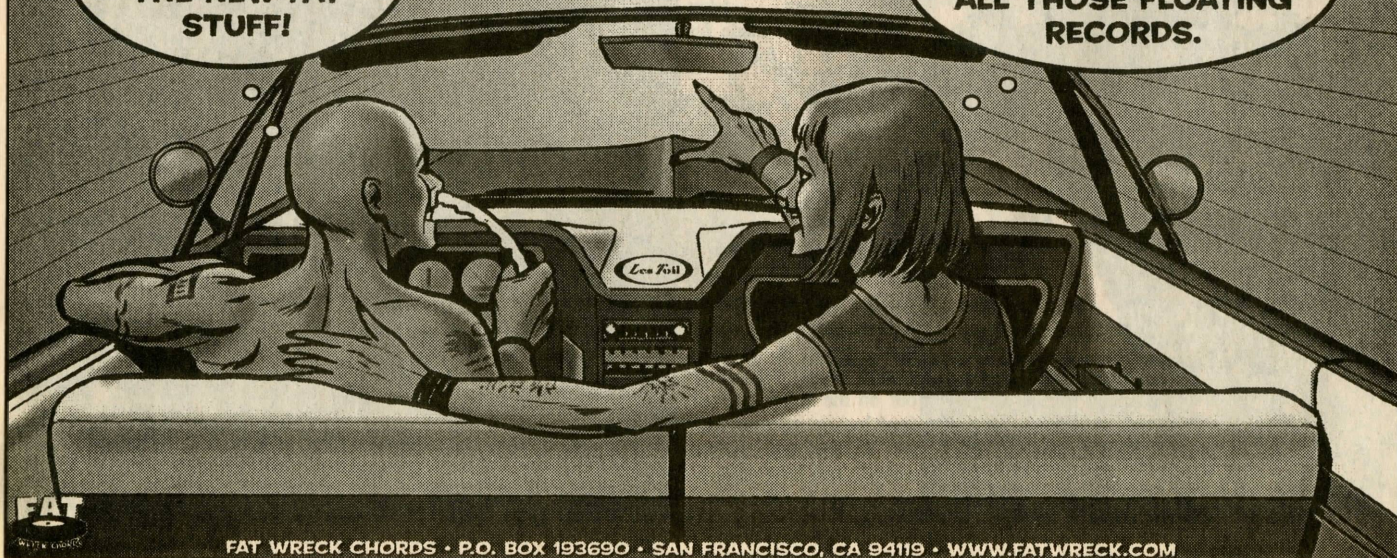
ONLY CRIME
"TO THE NINES"
OUT JULY 13TH ON CD/LP



SUBHUMANS
"LIVE IN A DIVE"
OUT NOW ON CD/LP

I SUDDENLY
HAVE THIS STRONG
URGE TO GET ALL
THE NEW FAT
STUFF!

MAYBE IT HAS
SOMETHING TO DO WITH
ALL THOSE FLOATING
RECORDS.



TENT CITY

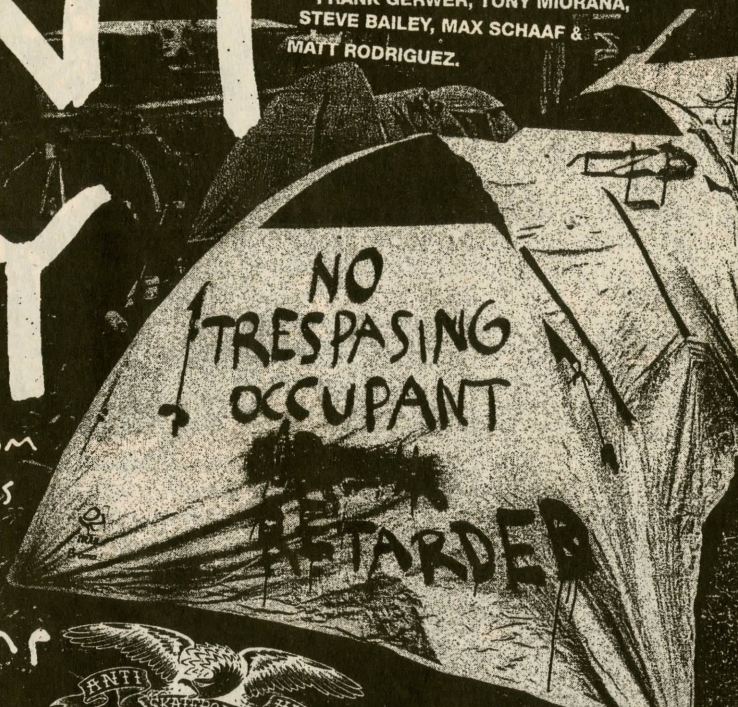
A SOCIAL ANTIDOTE

A NEW SKATEMOVIE FROM
ANTIHERO SKATEBOARDS

& NICHOLS / CHARNOSKI

SETTING UP CAMP
IN APRIL .04.

WITH JOHN CARDIEL, PETER HEWITT,
TONY TRUJILLO, JULIEN STRANGER,
FRANK GERWER, TONY MIORANA,
STEVE BAILEY, MAX SCHAAF &
MATT RODRIGUEZ.



• SACRIFICE / POOL SERVICE

CLEANING SINCE
1999

* WE FIND THEM * WE GRIND THEM *

EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH

team

* TONY LOCO

* NICK GATES

* EVEN MENEZES

* KYLE MITCHELL

* NICOLE ZUCK



riders:

BRANT AUSTIN *

SEFF NIETO *

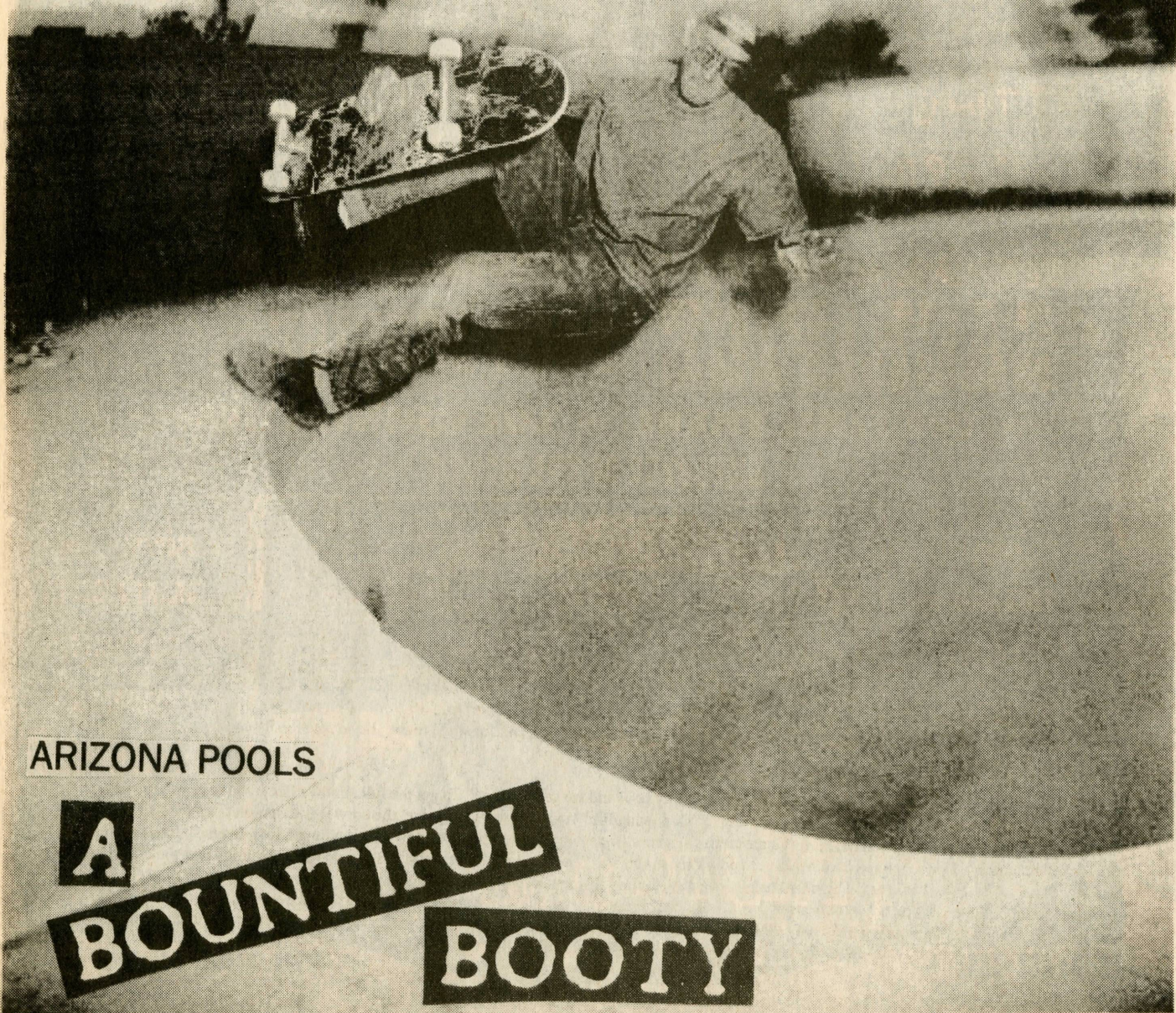
BART SARIC *

JEFF GREENWOOD *

RENE MORALES *

(909) 825-3831

www.sacrificeskateboards.com



ARIZONA POOLS

A

BOUNTIFUL

BOOTY

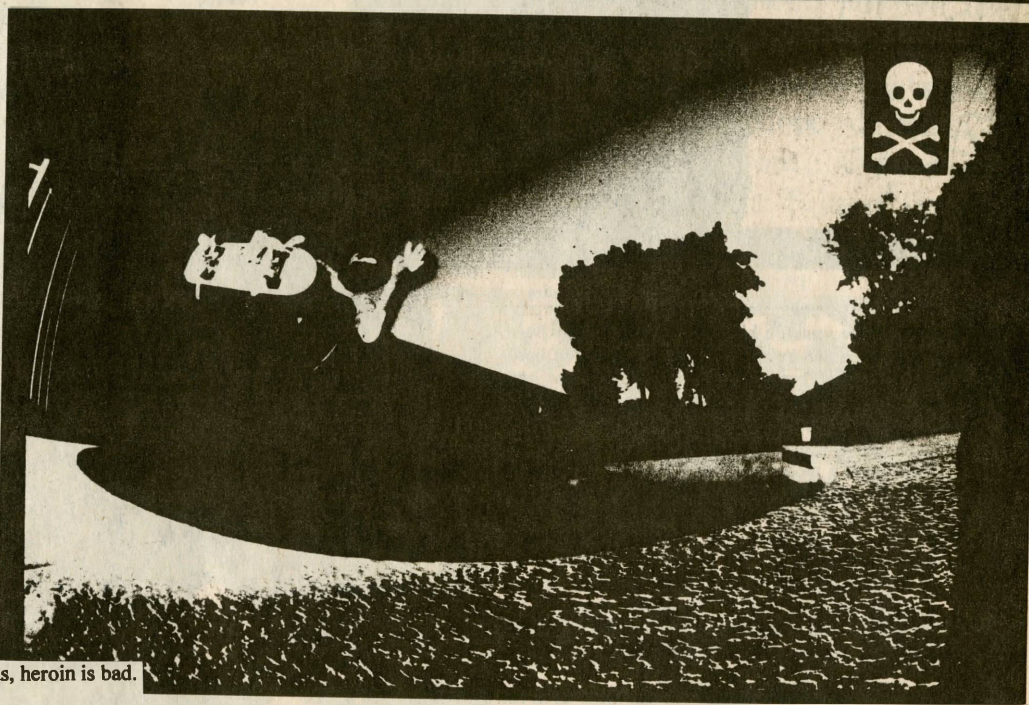
X MARKS THE SPOT!



This pool came and went pretty fast, but was not without its drama. A friend of ours known to dabble in skag was renting the place. The pool was emptied (don't remember if it was dirty, or needed work, or what) and the skating commenced. First time we skated it we bucketed it with a huge mob, the rancid, stinking, green water, after Jimmy brought over a pump to take care of most of the water. The sun was going down, so a few of us rode it while it was still wet; it wasn't slippery because the surface was in such bad shape. It

was a left-hand kidney, the shallow end was killer, there was a long loveseat that went into the deep, the deep was pretty mellow with a light in the middle and box on the right, and it had tile coping. Every run, however, brought cancerous ruin to the deep end around the light. We went back the next, and it got worse, but not enough to ruin the session. This is when Jimmy tossed up the frontside boneless you see, after the sun had gone down, which is why the photo looks so sketchy (but the feat was so amazing I couldn't pass it up).

After a few days, another friend who was known to dabble in skag showed up for a two-man party at the house, BYON (Bring Your Own Needle). An overdose ensued, the patient was near death and hospitalized for a long period of time, only to make it through eventually, and go in and out of rehab a few times before finally moving out of state and kicking. Kids, heroin is bad.



JP came to town, a friend of a friend who had once stood us up in Philly. Well, sort of. Girl trouble, I guess. We took him to the Skag Bowl and he proceeded to tear. JP does a great zine called Balance, which is also on-line, but for some reason he wrote a really corny piece on the Dream Destroyers. Nosegrab.

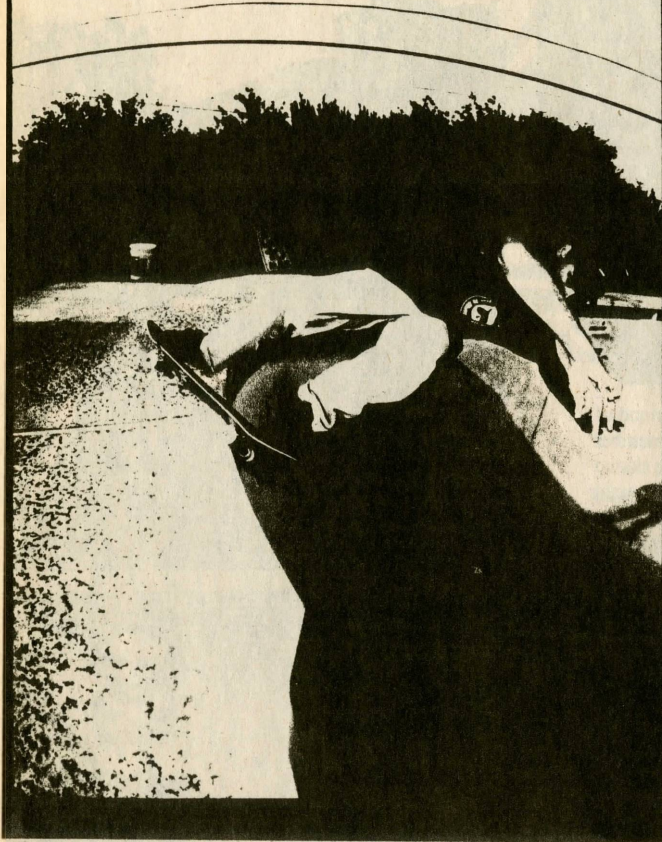
Jimmy called. "This girl at my girl's work has an empty pool and we can skate it!" To get the full Jimmy effect, you have to say this drawn out and in a Missouri/Ozarks accent. So skate is more like "skuh-aaaaaiiit." Awright, we were game, the crew was assembled, and we did the deed. Roger Seliner was in town, so he commenced commencing. The pool was a kind of left hand kidney, with a strange, long loveseat into the shallow that looked hard to hit. I say it looked hard because I had a knee injury that prevented me from skating. So yeah, for this round I was the cheerleader/heckler. The deep end was real easy. The only thing preventing Jimmy from making good on his promise to do "6-foot airs" was the deck lip that stuck out about 3 inches. If you could ollie over it you were OK, if not your truck clunked against it and it rejected you, tossing you back into the bottom of the pool with no mercy. That's why these photos are insane. Jimmy is somewhere between 3 and 4 feet on this frontside air. If you ask him, it was 5. It was definitely up there. And who is that doing the big backside ollie? Can't you tell by the Goodwill tattoo under the arm? It's colvin

A

BOUNTIFUL

BOOTY

ARRRGH!

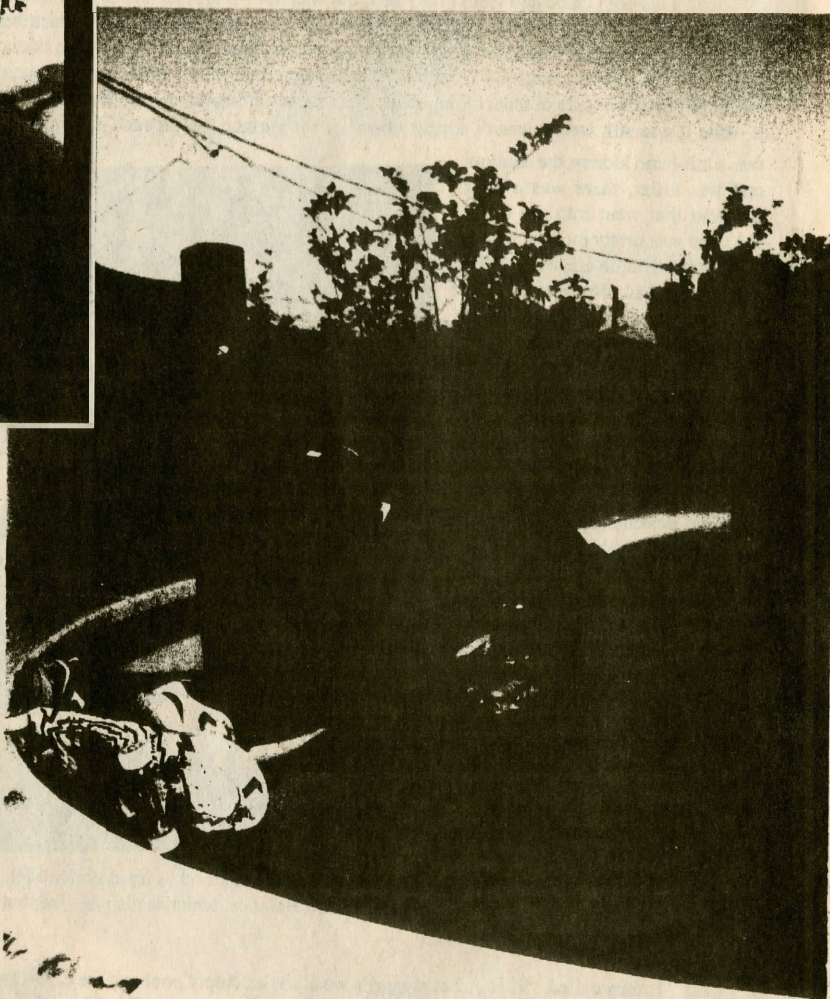


The pool, over time, got blown out, as pools do. This one wasn't a big deal, it was no Nude Bowl, and it was a non-bust for a long time. A lot of heads skated the pool, but it was on the time when the Anti-Hero guys and Navarette were in town that the pool got busted. Trujillo, Karma, and Cardiel were there ripping the shit out of it. Cardiel (get better soon and come and rip more pools) did frontside boardslides and body jars). After about ½ an hour, the man came and gave us the boot. Didn't take names, just kicked us out, so I went back, and got busted with a name taking the next time. The loss of the pool made me feel neither sad nor happy, it just was. "Life occurs," wrote Indonesian novelist Pramoedya Ananta Toer, "between eating and shitting." The photo is McNair gettin' his pool on with a hurricane.

We owed Courtney. He had taken us to two pools two weekends in a row. We had a couple old standbys, but nothing good. We had the word on a new one in Scottsdale. The West Side guys were following us, and it was the usual mixed up directions, wrong turns, and shitty navigating. We drove in and out of several cul-de-sacs, made some phone calls, and came up with the pool. No water to bucket, just one tight ass bowl. It looked really good from the front, but riding it was another reality of kinks and sloth. I felt bad, we had hoped to do Courtney right by showing him the good one, but it just didn't happen that way. He took it in stride, and made the best of it, grabbing an indy grinder.

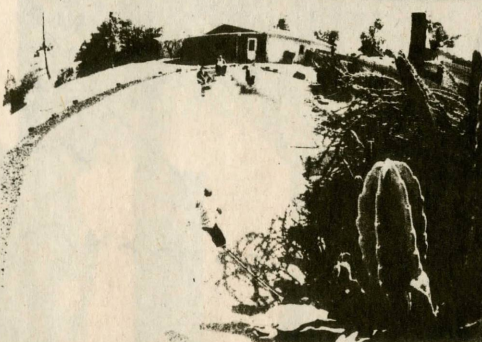
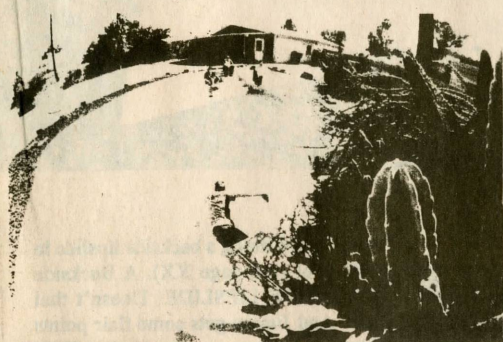
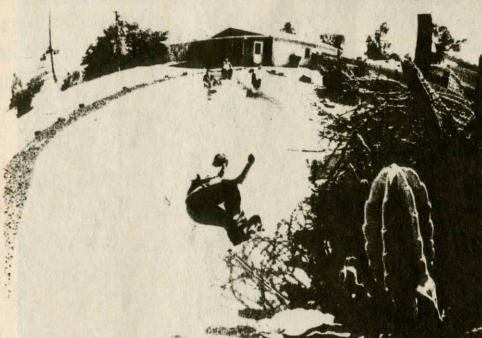
Sometimes good pools stick around for a long time, but it's usually the pools that kind of suck. The pool to the left was an exception. It was located in an abandoned trailer park, so the bust issues were minimal (unless you were stupid and went in on the north side, by the trailer park that was still occupied). I guess the story with this one is that after the trailer park shut down, some raver/partyer folks took over and had parties there (we found a room with party gear, a cage for dancing or ?, and other evidence of nocturnal activity). We didn't care about all that, we wanted to ride.

The pool was a strange shape. It had a roman ended shallow end, with stairs, that made it hard to work, although since the pool was an elbow shape, there was decent flat wall leading up to the elbow, which was 90 degrees on the inside of the elbow. The outside, however, had two 45 degree bends to make the turn, so there was a section that was at an angle to the others. The tranny here was nice, not perfect, but enough to throw yourself up on and get speed for the deep, as well as work the pool back and forth. The deep was a Roman end, with a little tranny going up the Roman ends, and a light in the middle of the face wall. The coping was tile, there were two ladders almost opposed to each other on the side walls, and a deathbox on one side (and I only ever saw Matt Musselwhite do the grind over it, frontside!). Shit started to go down in here after the first session. Airst and ollies, lip tricks, big grinds, sick lines, you name it, people learned new shit when they came to this pool (roll-ins were particularly popular).

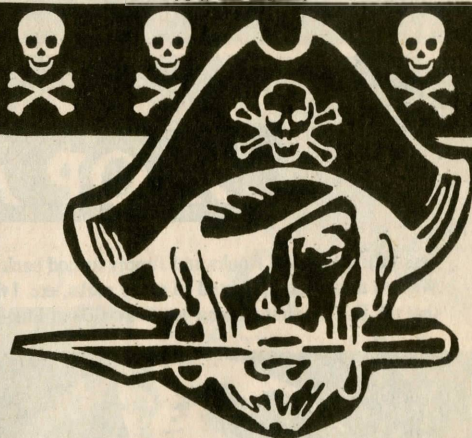


DROP ANCHOR





Why can't more pools be like this? Heaven on the west side of town, we had this one going for a while. It was smooth but not slippery, and had a pretty serious waterfall, which sapped speed going back into the shallow. Once you got used to it, it was a rip. The shallow end was nice, but the face wall of the deep end was an open invitation. We went back several times, and usually made a 2-pool day out of it as there was another great pool (the pool on the cover) close by. The sequence to the left is Steve Roche, who popped into town just to blast frontside airs over the diving board to disaster. Hope you can make that one out... And the other photo is Tejaso Dansas, grinding with the authority vested in him.



AHOY ROGUES!



This is Jimmy doing a backside lipslide in the trailer park pool (see page XX). A Backside lipslide. A BACKSIDE LIPSLIDE! Doesn't that speak for itself? And Jimmy gets some flair points for having the bandito bandana covering his face. Well, it was dusty. And one of the bad ass things about this pool was that the tile looked like it was leopard skin print. Ha! And sure, he gets another frontside air photo. One trick wonder?

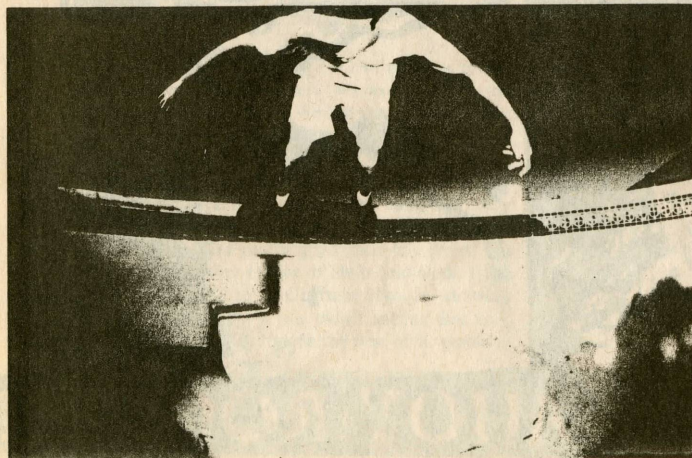
DROP ANCHOR

cars full. Colby and Rooks and Jimmy turned back after Breckenridge, CO. We were a small army of like-minded skateboarders, bent on destruction. We had the best trip, skated so many parks, etc. I think it is in the last Pool Dust I did. Joe Ham'n'cheese and I wrote a Thrasher article on it, so dig that up. But the first stop we made outside of Flagstaff was a small pool in a tiny town ("Standin' on a corner" should help you with this clue). There

Ok, so I guess this mag is the Cody Boat, light and deathbox combo, issue. We were on the road. This photo is old, maybe 4 years old? We were on the road to Colorado, then Oregon, and then Seattle.

We had some 151 goons with us, there were three were rumors of the hotel permission pool. We showed up and it looked sketchy, but someone straight out asked the person behind the desk and they gave us the thumbs up. The pool was dinky, only about 6 feet deep, with a light and deathbox on the facewall. The coping was big, poured, round roll-over coping, but it grinded. We skated for about an hour or two, then went to some locals house, and headed east without looking back.

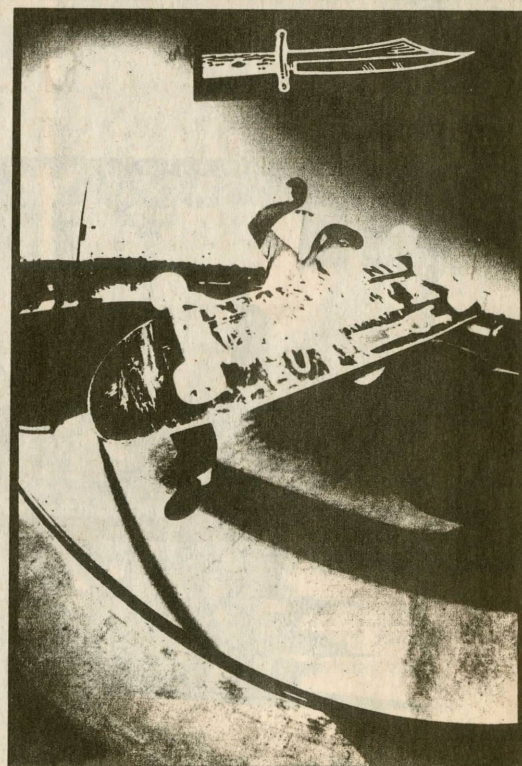
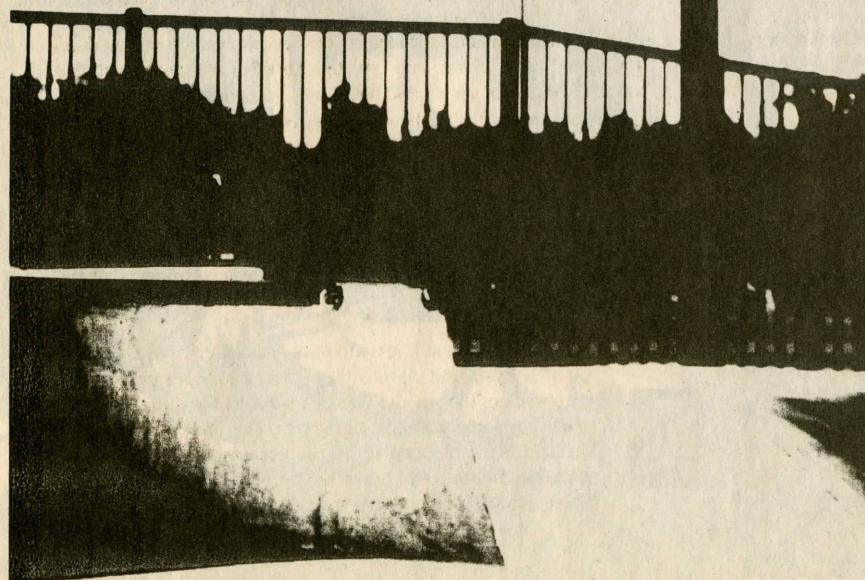
We owe Steve and Cressy. Not only do they have a pool in their backyard that we ride, they got a lot of bowls going on in their neck of the woods. This one went on for a few, and was visited by some traveling dignitaries. The shallow stairs were on, and Steve stepped up to the occasion. The worst part about this photo is that I reversed the photo. Don't tell anyone Steve, just tell 'em you did it switch.

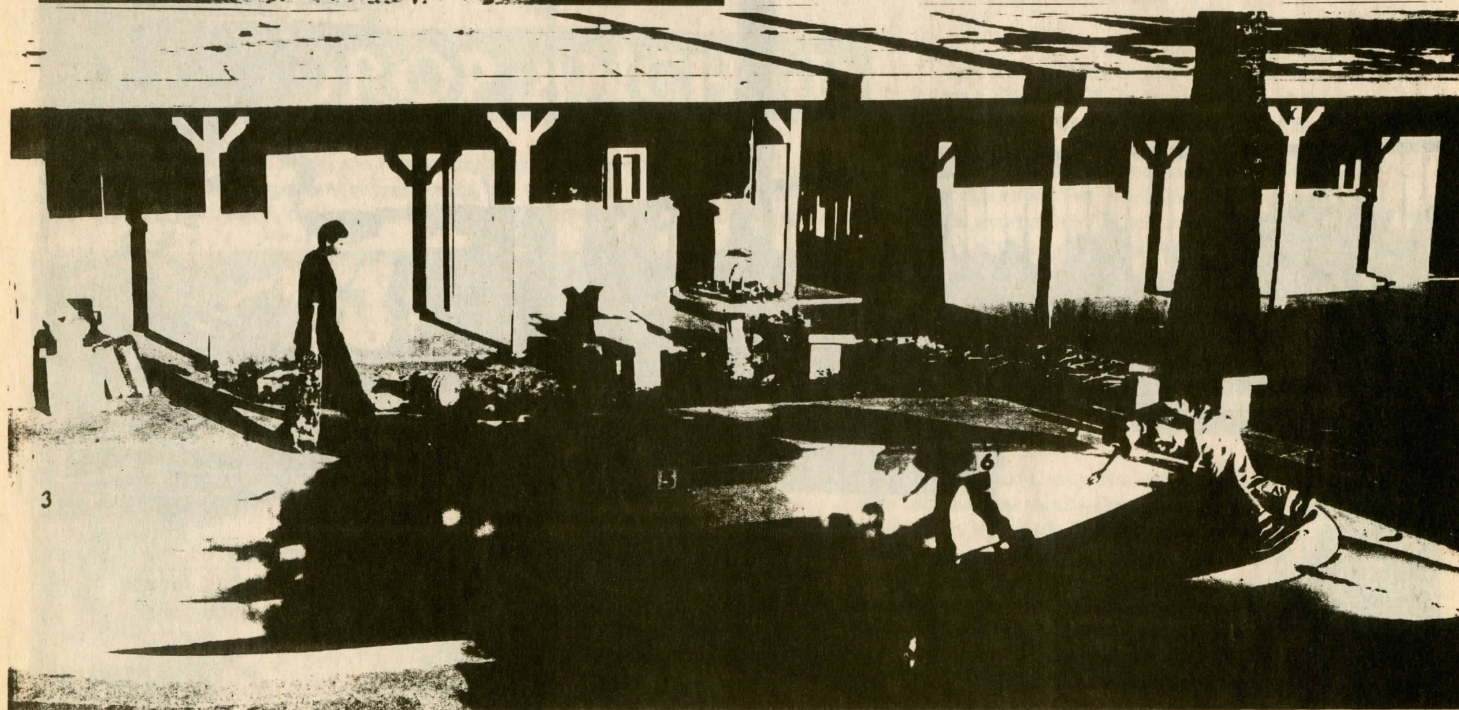
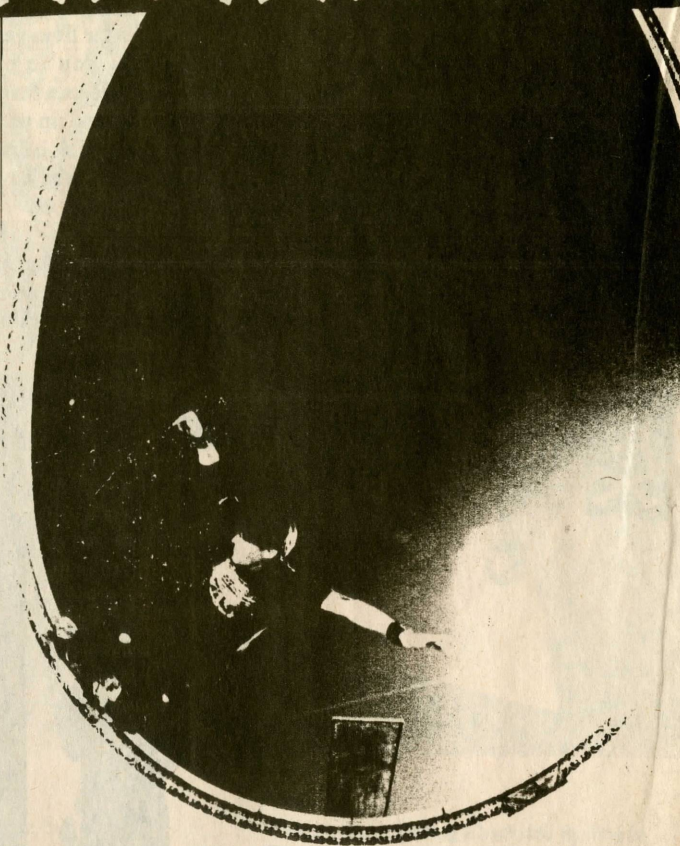




Awright, I'm weak, there are two park photos that slipped in. Neil Heddings, straight up and down big lien air in a far from vert environment. Neil, you're on everybody's mind so do us a favor and get out and come and rip with us. And Shags boosting a slob fast, no pads, back in the halcyon days of bachelorhood.

Jimmy appears yet again, frontside at the trailer park. Bammo. Very little light, and Jimmy is fucking blind





ARRRGH!

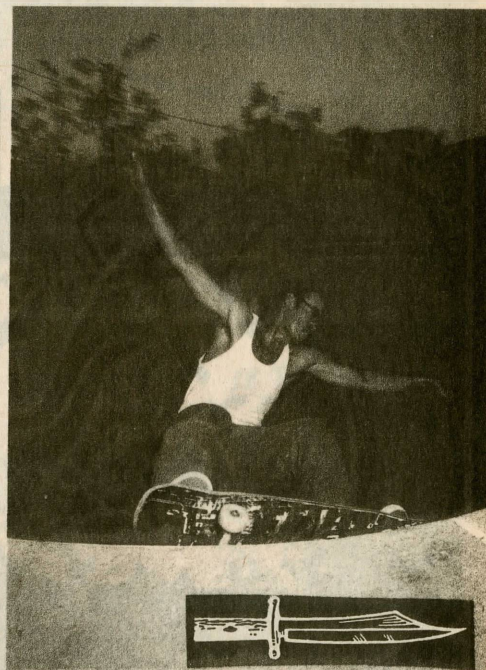


Photos, opposite: I thought I was the only one who thought that this pool was shaped like a cock and balls. Maybe because I was the only one who climbed up on the roof to take this photo. Look at it though. It was in an old motel that had been converted to a rehabilitation site, so there were paintings of Calvin and Hobbes on the back wall with AA slogans. You can't fool me, someone like Calvin is obviously a heavy drinker and consumer of drugs. C'mon, a talking stuffed tiger?

Anyway, this pool was going on for forever, and saw a lot of heads. Only 6 feet deep, very tight, shallow was good but not great. Matt did a boneless out of the deepend, planting his foot on a bench. Thrasher ran that one so you get Jimmy doing a backside smith.

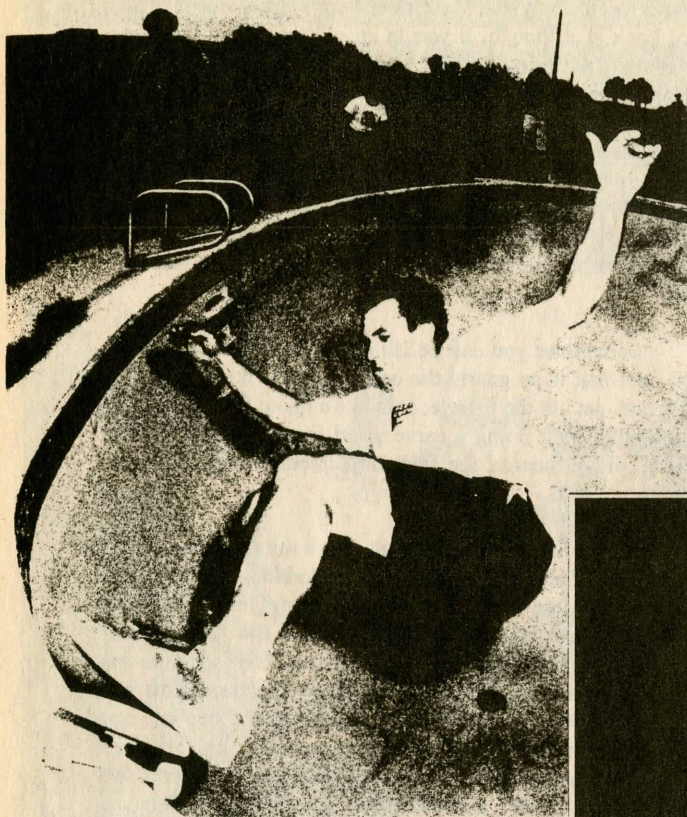
Sometimes you *can* polish a turd. Just go to any stock round pool that is so gnarly the best anyone is hoping for is a carve grind, get out the fisheye, and take a photo from the flat of someone like Matt doing a carve grind from below. It evokes sunshine, diving boards, the seventies, freedom rock and good times.

Sometimes some people just take a shine to a pool. Case in point, Colby Carter, former H-Street wunderkind, and this square we skated while they were expanding a freeway. Funny, run down, ghetto neighborhood. A few ominous stares. But we bucketed some shit, and skated this square a few times. The face wall was good but tight, and the side walls were the same. The shallow was workable, it just wasn't the kind of pool you could step into and throw down a backside disaster. Unless you're Colby. The pool company that made this pool was called "20th Century Pools." We skated this pool in 2001, so it was already the 21st century. I wanted to get one of the tiles that had the logo from the pool, but it never happened; the tiles were too brittle and broke.



On a good note, the veggie is still a rip. Seven years and running. A go to pool that charges admission out of blood. We frequently swept out the debris, mostly yard clippings, that was in the pool in order to gain an advantage for cricket hunting for a household pet, presumably a reptile. Gone are the days of the fabric softener/TP roll, onward are the days of death metal drumming and kill sessions. Cressy tosses up a mean Fside carve grind, and Steve edges.

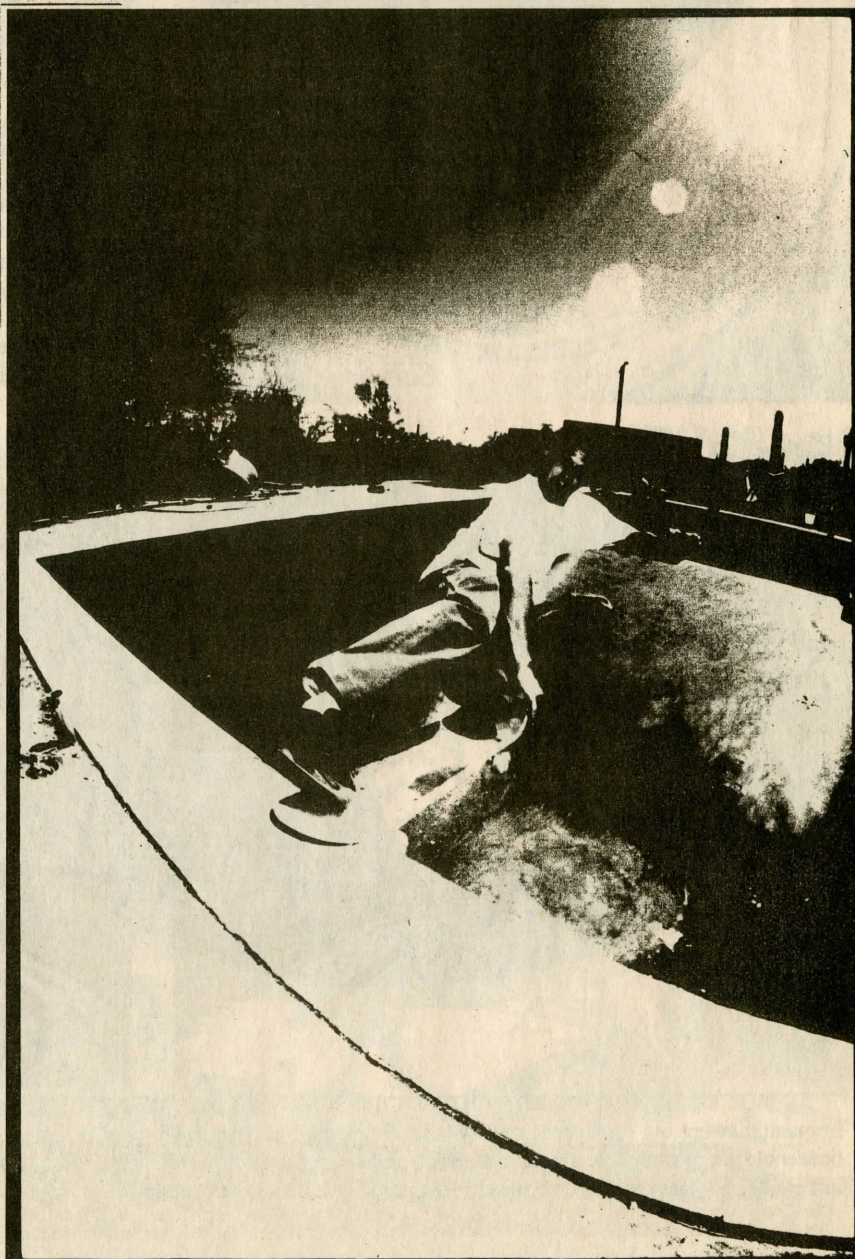
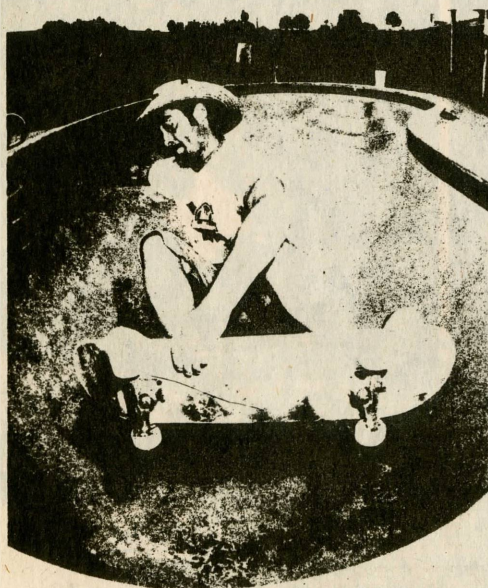
X MARKS THE SPOT!

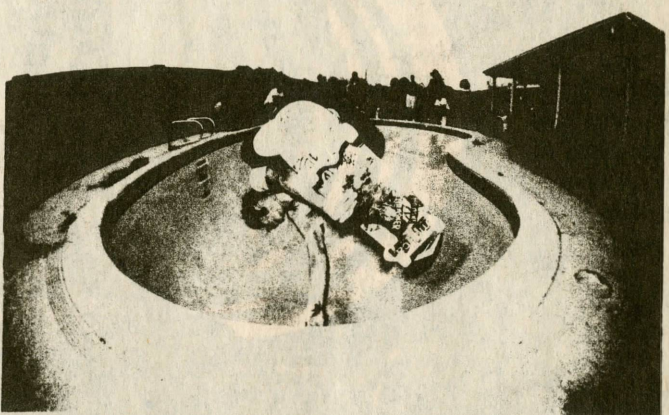
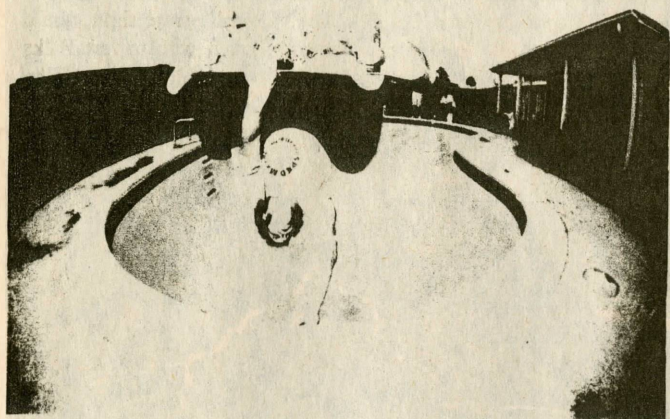
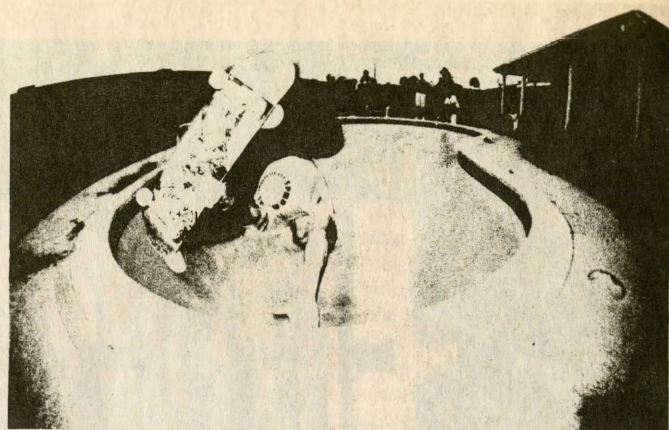
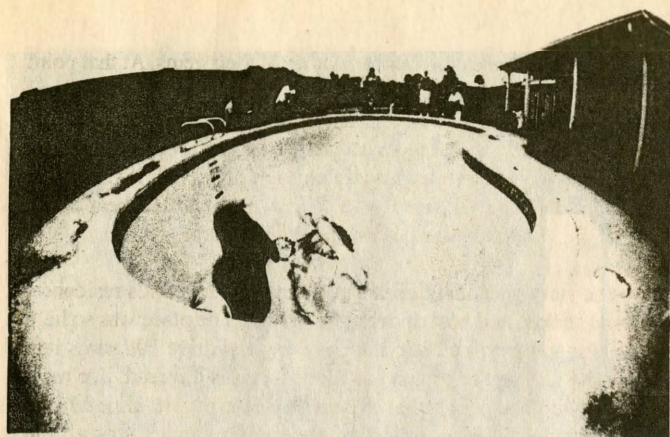


Steve and Cressy took us to another of their gems. At that point I couldn't skate, but I had skated it before. We took a small crew and everyone decimated it. It was at least two people's first stairs. The sequence is Danger. In a pool that was kinky on the sidewalls leading up to the face, he figured he'd just toss up an egg plant. Hell, if you got it, why not? On this page, Charno laps a serious one, and Budbear hucks up a frontal air. Did I mention that this pool was kinky?

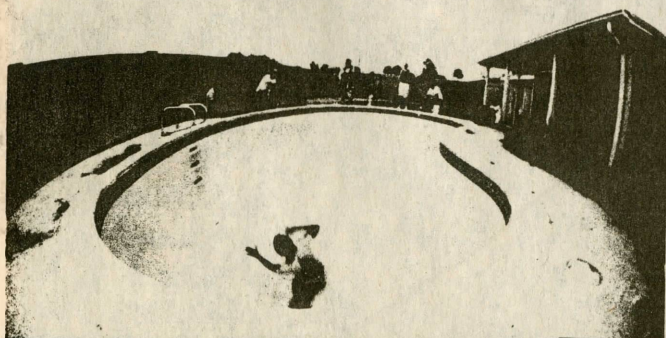
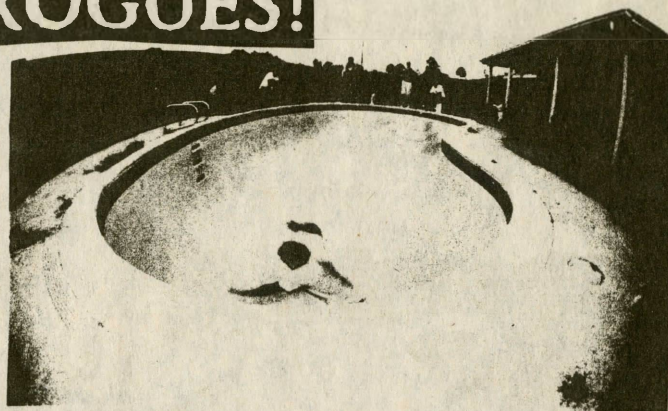
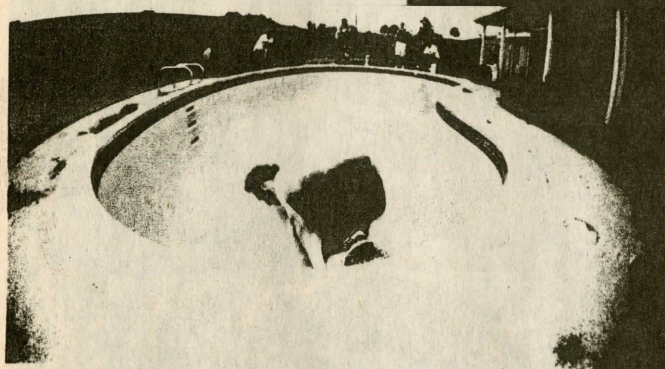
The story goes that this is some avant garde artist's residence, a mover and shaker, and host of decadent parties. The place was so high key that it was low key; pull into the driveway and drive 100 yards into the compound and you're as good as hidden. It was a spread, in a most unlikely location. The pool had been painted a deep purple, almost black (sabbath), supposedly for a modeling shoot there, and it was a little rough, but not too bad. They were done, the owner was not around, and the pool was bone dry on a hot day. The sidewalls were tight, and a chore, but the facewall was a quarter pipe with a quick whip to vert. Folks settled in and commenced commencing. Tricks went down, and Colby threw up a crailslide, among others. Later we heard that some heads went

to skate it a little later, and people were filming
an adult movie in the
house. Without being offered a role in
the production, they were asked
to leave.





AHOY ROGUES!



HOWLING... IT GROWS AND GROWS!!!

THE CATHETERS



SUB
POP

THE CATHETERS
Howling... It Grows and Grows!!!

CD/LP - SP 618
www.subpop.com



Charnoski, grabbing nose on a narrow face wall

THE CYCLOPS

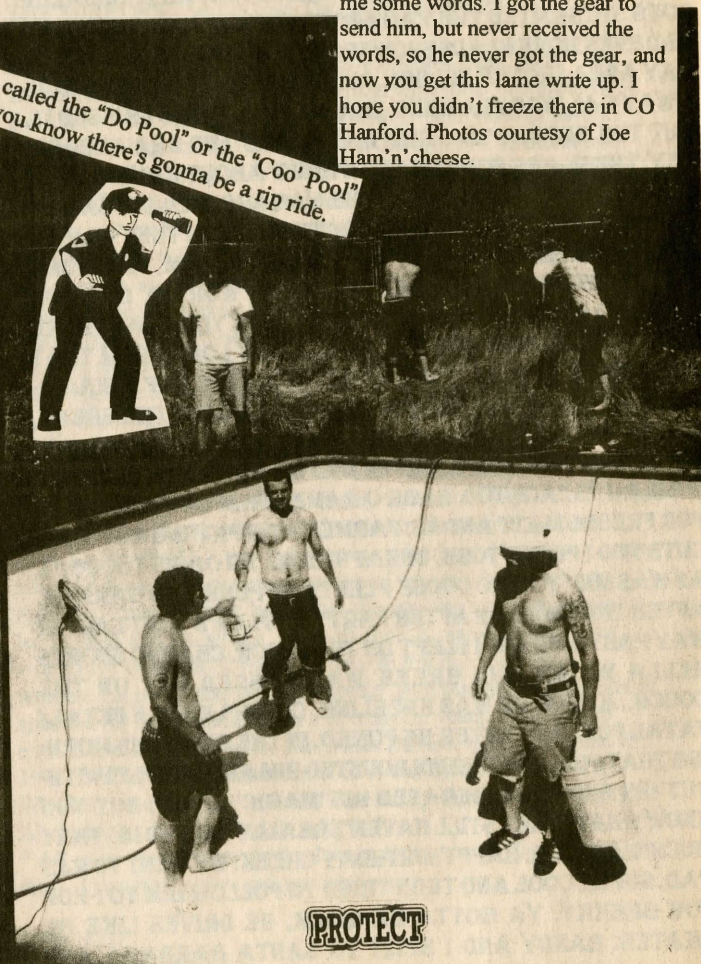
Terry Yanewassol

Forgot: this pool was also called the "Do Pool" or the "Coo' Pool"
Bucketing ain't shit when you know there's gonna be a rip ride.

The Cyclops Pool was one we rode somewhere around 1988-90, the exact year escapes me. In the North End, we rode it for weeks, and some of the North End guys like Q, Nels, Elery, Hanford and Ron got it pretty dialed. It was a good little square, with a face wall that seemed only about 12 feet wide. It was named the Cyclops (it was also named after the street it was on) because someone had painted an eye over the light. I missed on the second coming, last summer, but as the story goes, Hanford was scoping, remembered it, checked it out, and apparently the guy who lived there now had a few VWs around, right up Hanford's alley. Hanford struck up a conversation, and moved it to the pool, and the guy assented to the ride. Buckets were hoisted, and the commencing commenced. Hanford was one of the few who rode it both times (then and now) and so I asked him to write something up for the mag. He was working on a skatepark in Colorado at the time, and said that if I could get him some gear (a hoodie and a beanie) he would send me some words. I got the gear to send him, but never received the words, so he never got the gear, and now you get this lame write up. I hope you didn't freeze there in CO Hanford. Photos courtesy of Joe Ham'n' cheese.



Randy Hanford, over the eye



NORTHWEST RULING STYLES IN CALI AND BEYOND!

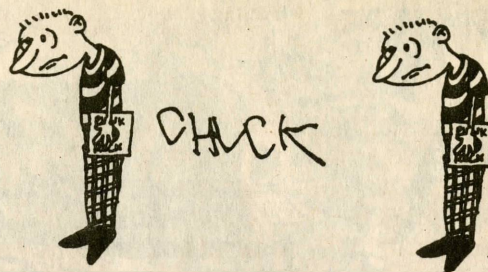
BY RS2

THINGS HAVE BEEN REALLY COOL IN GNAR CAL AND IN MY LIFE. NEW POOLS AND PARKS HAVE BEEN CONSTANTLY POPPING UP, AND MUSIC IS AT AN ALL TIME HIGH. I HAVE BEEN SO BLESSED TO BE ABLE TO GO ON SO MANY ROAD TRIPS. WE RECENTLY HEADED OUT WITH COAN 'BUDDY' NICHOLS AND 'CHARNO' WITH THEIR EXCELLENT NEW SKATEUMENTARY CALLED 'NORTHWEST'. IT WAS ALL TIME FUN EVERYDAY AND EVERY NIGHT. THE FUTURE NOW DEE JAYS (DJ RS1 AND RS2) SUPPORTED THEM EVERY TIME THEY SHOWED THE FILM. IT WAS SO RAD, WE PLAYED WITH THEM IN SAN JOSE, SAN FRANCISCO, SANTA CRUZ, FRESNO, COSTA MESA, HOLLYWOOD AND LAKE FOREST. DARREN NAVARETTE, AARON ROLLINS, TONY FARMER, NATE, RYAN JOHNSON, PETER HEWITT, JIMMY THE GREEK, HEIDI FITZGERALDINE, PEACOCK, WHITE, PRESTON, TYCO, KEITH HAMM, AND THE KIDS OF THE BLACK HOLE CAME ALONG FOR THE PARTS OF THE RIP RIDE. WE HIT UP AN ANTHONY KIDNEY IN CUPERTINO WHERE PETEY AND GREEK WERE RIP-SHREDDING THAT BUCK TOOTH COPING THE DAY AFTER THE SAN JOSE SHOW (@ COREY O'BRIEN'S BAR THE BLANK CLUB WITH CLAY WHEELS). CONCUSSION BRO'S SHOWED UP TO THE POOL, AND WE ALL STAYED A LITTLE BIT TOO LONG AND GOT ROUSTED BY THE MAN. IT WAS LOOKING SKETCH FOR JOEL 'OL MAN' CHAVEZ AS HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY IDENTIFICATION. BUT OF COURSE, IT ALL WORKED OUT, AS IT USUALLY DOES. WE SKATED THE VAGABOND FOR GREEKS' BIRTHDAY AND EVEN MORE HEADS SHOWED UP FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA (ROYCE NELSON, DULCINEA, MATTO). SOME RUN-AWAY GAL WAS FLASHING HER BOOBS, I GUESS I MISSED IT, BUT THE REPORT WAS SHE WAS A 'NBN' (NO BRA NEEDED! HEY, THESE ARE SOME OF THE 'PERKS' ABOUT HAVING YOUR BIRTHDAY POOL PARTY AT THE VAGABOND!). LOTS A RIP-RIDING GOING ON IN THE NAME OF THE GREEK! THEY HAVE A HALF-FINISHED CRADLE AT THE VAGABOND NOW, PLUS SOME SWEET CORNERS WITH BRICK COPING, WORTHY OF YOUR GRINDS! I PROBABLY DON'T NEED TO TELL YOU THAT THERE WERE BIG LAUGHS AND SMILES ALL DAY LONG FROM THAT SOLID CREW OF POOL DOGS. THERE WERE LOTS OF SHENANIGANS AT CLUB FRED THAT NIGHT COURTESY OF THE GREEK, THROWING CHAIRS AROUND AND WHAT NOT. WWFARMER GOT PUNK AND THREW A RANDOM WATER BOTTLE AND CUT UP SOME GUY'S FACE TOO. RAGE-O-RAMA! WE SPUN DUB REGGAE FOR FRESNO MATT AND RJ, FARMER WAS PICKING OUT SOME CUTS TOO (PETER TOSH, CHEAP TRICK...NO OASIS THOUGH). AS WAS MATTO WHO CHOSE PLENTY OF PUNK AND GARAGE. AFTER THAT WAS AN AFTER PARTY AT FLEA'S THAT LASTED WAY PAST 4:20 AM. I SLEPT ON THE FLOOR, CHARNO SNORES HELLA WEIRD AND GREEK WAS PASSED OUT ON THE COUCH...KINDA, HE WAS KNEELING, CRUMPLED IN A FETAL/FATAL POSITION AFTER HE PUKED. IN THE GLORIOUS MORNING THAT FOLLOWED, HEIDI ROUSTED HIM AND HE SPLIT WITH-OUT HIS SHOES. I LIBERATED HIS 'MAGIC SHOES', BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? THEY STILL HAVEN'T REALLY HELPED ME THAT MUCH! HA HA HA. HAPPY BIRTHDAY GREEK! WE WENT TO RJ'S PAD, SUPER COOL AND THEN TRIED TO FOLLOW HIM TO I-HOP FOR BREKKY. YA GOTTA BE QUICK, HE DRIVES LIKE HE SKATES. RANDY AND I SPLIT TO SANTA BARBARA AND

SEARCHED FOR SOME FUN SHIT TO SKATE. WE CAME UP SHORT AND ENDED UP AT THE S.B. SKATEPARK ON THE BEACH. IT'S NO DREAM COME TRUE, BUT WE DID GET TO SWEAT AND SLAM. WE SPLIT AFTER A WHILE AND GOT DIRECTIONS TO THE WILDERNESS POOL, BUT NO ONE WAS AROUND, SO RS1 AND I WENT CLUB HOPPING TRYING TO FIND SOMEWHERE TO SPIN AT FOR THE NIGHT. NO LUCK, SO WE FINALLY ENDED UP AT A FOLK MUSIC TYPE BAR AND HAD A DRINK AND PARKED THE VAN IN THE BACK AND STAYED THERE FOR THE NIGHT. IT WAS COZY COZUMEL WITH BOTH OF OUR DOGS, PEP ARMSTRONG AND SHAOLIN. IN THE MORNING WE BROKE OUT FOR COSTA MESA WHERE WE GOT THERE HELLA EARLY, SET UP AND STARTED TO SPIN. IT WAS COOL WE HOOKED UP WITH LOTS A COOL PEOPLE AT VOLCOM, MARK APPELYARD, REMY STRATTON, MARTY JIMENEZ, EMILY FROM FRANCE, JEN FROM THE RECORD LABEL, ETC. WE SKATED THE PARK FOR A WHILE AND CHUGGED FREE PABST BLUE RIBBON (WHO WERE SPONSORING THE TOUR PARTIES). VOLCOM WAS ALSO HAVING AN EVENT FOR THE SALES REPS OR SOMETHING AND WE GOT INTO THAT PARTY TOO. THEY HAD AN ELVIS PRESLEY IMPERSONATOR THAT WAS REALLY HAVING A GOOD TIME, HE ALSO DID NEIL DIAMOND, ELTON JOHN AND SOME OTHER STUFF TOO. IT WAS COOL, PEOPLE WERE ALSO WAY STOKED ON THE MOVIE (OF COURSE) AND SALBA'S BAND THE POWERFLEX 5 JAMMED OUT. HIS BASS PLAYER WAS SKETCHING AFTER A GANG INCIDENT FROM A FEW NIGHTS BEFORE WHERE HE ALMOST GOT KNOCKED OFF BY A GANG BANGER ON A WEED DEAL GONE WAY BAD. NICK 'MADDOG' HENDERSON SHOWED UP AND STOKED US OUT WITH SOME CHRONGA CALLED 'LEMON' THAT WAS FRUITY AND POWERFUL. HE ALSO LET US CRASH AT HIS PAD THAT HAD A SWIMMING POOL, THE NEXT DAY WE WERE SPLASHING 'CANNONBALLS' AND GETTING THE NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS ALL WET! WE SPLIT FROM THERE AND WENT DOWN TO THE FORD THEATER IN HOLLYWOOD WHERE THE FUTURE NOW DEE JAYS ROCKED THE TRANSWORLD AWARD SHOW. IT WAS SUPER FUN AS ALWAYS. DUANE PETERS GOT THE LEGEND AWARD AND THE HUNNS PLAYED A HOT SET. COREY PARKS (NASHVILLE PUSSY) WAS ON THE BASS AND WEARING A FISHNET TUBE TOP, DUANE WAS SUCKING ON HER TITTIES IN THE MIDDLE OF A SONG AND THEN COREY DID THE FIRE BREATHING BIT. CLASSIC. THE PEOPLE AT THE THEATER AND TRANSWORLD STAFF WERE FREAKING OUT RUNNING AROUND CRAZY! IT WAS SO FUCKING FUNNY, (I GUESS TW'S IS GETTING FINED FOR THAT!) THEY SHOWED THEIR NEW VIDEO, DAN DREHOBL'S PART IS THE BEST AND THE GONZ WASN'T EVEN IN IT AS ADVERTISED, OH WELL. AFTER THAT WE HEADED DOWN TO THE BEAUTY BAR, THE BURGUNDY ROOM AND THE PIZZA PLACE WHERE WE SAW BAY AREA RIPSTRESS AMY CARON (RIGHT ON AMY!), VANESSA TORRES, ETC. IT WAS RIPLEY'S BECAUSE WE HUNG OUT AND ATE SLICES WITH THEM THERE LAST YEAR TOO! WE HEADED TO TYCO'S AND CRASHED ON HIS PATIO UNTIL TINA AND HIM GOT HOME WITH PRESTON AND WHITE, THEY WERE DRINKING BEERS IN A PARKING LOT ALL NIGHT! HIT SOME POOLS WITH KEITH HAMM AND TYCO THE NEXT DAY AND ENDED UP AT SHAKEYS. SUPER HOT SESSION WITH ROACH, CHARNO, PSTONE, WHITE, ETC. THAT NIGHT WAS THE GIG AT JUYEE WHICH WAS AWESOME. HUNNS PLAYED AGAIN WITH THE SAME HIJINX AND WE PLAYED ALL SORTS OF TUNES, WHENEVER WE WOULD PLAY SOME DRUM'N'BASS

BUDDY WOULD GET SUPER UPSET AND WE WOULD LAUGH SO HARD AT HIM! IT WAS HOT BECAUSE THERE WAS A HEATED SESH HAPPENING WITH DUANE, ROACH, ETC. I SWEAR THE FAST BEATS WERE SETTING IT OFF AND EVERYONE WAS KILLING IT AND NO ONE WAS REALLY COMPLAINING ABOUT THE MUSIC EXCEPT BUDBEAR. I STRAIGHTENED HIM OUT THOUGH (WITHOUT ROUGHING HIM UP), TELLING HIM THAT D'N'B WAS THE NEW PUNK ROCK BECAUSE IT WAS PISSING HIM OFF! HA HA. WE LOVE YOU BUD! WE MET COOL HEADS THERE, A SINGER NAMED DANJA, THE BOOKER CALISTO, THE SOUND GUY SCOBRA (WHO WERE ALL FULLY COOL TO US AS AN ADDED ATTRACTION TO HAVING COOL NAMES) AND ALSO SAW SOME SAN JOSE TYPES THERE, JEN OTTO AND LANCE DALGART. WE CRASHED AGAIN AT TNT'S (TINA AND TYCO'S) THANKS!! THE NEXT DAY WE WERE HEADING HOME BUT DECIDED TO HIT FRESNO INSTEAD, SKATING THE VAGABOND ALL DAY WITH NATE, PEACOCK AND OTHER HOT LOCALS. WE TRIED TO DEE JAY CLUB FRED'S THAT NIGHT BUT IT WAS A NO GO. WE HIT UP THE RESTAURANT THAT MATT WORKS AT, BUT IT WASN'T GONNA HAPPEN THERE EITHER, SO WE ENDED UP SLEEPING AT FLEA'S HOUSE, ACTUALLY IN HIS BACKYARD. I HAD A LATE NIGHT SWIM SESH THAT MADE ME SLEEP LIKE A BABY, BUT OUR AIR MATTRESS WAS A QUITTER. AROUND 5:30 AM THE NEIGHBORHOOD DOGS THOUGHT THERE WERE CROWS AND STARTED GOING OFF. IT MADE RANDY SUPER PISSSED, BUT I JUST LAUGHED. WE LOADED UP THE VAN AND HEADED TO UPLAND, WE GOT THERE AROUND ELEVEN AND ONLY ONE KID WAS THERE. COOL, THEN SOME OTHER DUDES SHOWED UP AND RIPPED THE FULL PIPE, WE SKATED FOR AN HOUR THEN HIT UP FONTANA. IT WAS RAD, I SOLD SOME WHEELS AND MET COOL PEOPLE. UNFORTUNATELY RANDY ROLLED HIS ANKLE SUPERBAD, I THOUGHT HE BROKE IT. WE DEE JAYED THAT NIGHT AT THE GYPSY LOUNGE WHICH HAD THE BEST SOUNDING PA OF THE WHOLE TOUR. WHEN THEY SHOWED 'NORTH-WEST' ON BEN KRAHN'S PART WHEN THE SONG 'L.I.F.E.' CAME ON THE BASS WAS HITTING HARD! YEAH!! PEOPLE WERE SCREAMING AND I WAS SO STOKED!! (REMEMBER: WOMEN RESPOND TO BASS.) I SET UP THE TURNTABLES ON A COFFEE TABLE BECAUSE RANDY COULD NOT STAND UP ON ACCOUNT OF HIS ANKLE. SOME BAND THAT THOUGHT THEY WERE NO DOUBT PLAYED FOR-FUCKING-EVER TOO. WE STAYED AT MADDOG'S PAD AGAIN (THANKS BROHEEM) AND THEN HEADED OUT IN THE MORNING. IT WAS A GREAT TRIP!! THANKS BUDDY, CHARNO, TYCO, TINA, TRANSWORLD, CALISTO, FLEA, PRESTON, REMY, HEWITT, NAVS, GREEK, NATE, MADDOG, PABST, LEMON, ETC. YOUR FRIENDSHIP AND INSPIRATION ALWAYS STAYS WITH US! *MY BAND THE FACTION RECENTLY PLAYED IN SAN DIEGO WITH MIKE V, SVITAK AND O'S BAND. IT WAS A RAGING GIG AND WE HAD AN ALL DAY SESH THE NEXT DAY AT WASHINGTON STREET WITH AN EPIC TURNOUT. LANCE MOUNTAIN, CAB, TMAJ AND OLSON, PLUS ALL OF THE INSANE LOCALS. WE WERE ALL THINKING GOOD THOUGHTS AND SAYING OUR OWN PRAYERS FOR WES COBB, WHO WAS RECENTLY CRITICALLY HURT FROM A DOWNHILL ACCIDENT! GET WELL SOON WES!! SOLID GOLD. IF YOU EVER NEED SOME QUALITY MUSIC FOR ANY COOL EVENT FUTURE NOW DEE JAYS ARE AVAILABLE FUTURENOWPRODUCTIONS@HOTMAIL OR 510.441.8097.

SOLID GOLD, RS2, FUTURENOWPRODUCTIONS.COM



QUEEN COBRA - "S/T" LP (BONER RECORDS)

Boner Records? Didn't know if they were still kickin'. Queen Cobra remind me a bit of classic early '80s hardcore with a dagger of late '70s European art punk. Like U.X.A. meets Metal Urbain or somethin'. Catchy-as-shit songs with L.S. Defunkt's vocals sounding like a deeper, raspier Penelope Houston. The guitar's blarin' (blurrin') bar-chords (goose-eggs on the solos), punk rock bass and, yes it's all driven by a hyperactive drum machine for which they make no apologies, in fact, they even have a song written about the damn thing. Fun fun fun!

TYRADES - "S/T" LP (BROKEN REKIDS)

Ex-Baseball Furies members doin' loud, wild kick-ass punk rock that brings a little of the wave into the mix. Definitely not your play by numbers affair here, this has lots of cool changes and electronic blips to make it interesting enough AND still fun. The guitars sound twisted and at times dissonant, and always turned up to 12. Unlike a lot of the new neo-wave punk bands who try too hard to be arty but can't write a song for the life of 'em, these cats can crank out a tune that'll get arms a-swingin' and butt a-flappin'. Of course, only with the LP comes the killer 12"x12" punk stencil! THE MIRRORS - "A GREEN DREAM" LP (POP QUIZ RECORDS)

Not the '70s Mirrors from Cleveland but a new band from Dickenson, Texas that would fit right in with their '60s brethren from the south. This is great garage with a lethal dose of psych. They give a huge nod to the pre-Dwarves combo The Suburban Nightmare (fucked up shit) and the early Makers. Real garage punk that'll make you wish you never heard the Hives, Strokes, et al. Bust out the hooka, I'm keepin' this'n!

THE HOSPITALS - "S/T" LP (IN THE RED RECORDS)

Shit-a-horse, such crazy lo-fi punk/noise you'll ever hear. The drums sound like boxes, pots & pans, whether it's guitars or synthesizers or who knows ... they've always got somethin' wacky goin' on and sometimes it's a little tricky to make out, but it rips. The songs are all over the place. A hint of Chrome, Black Flag, Pussy Galore and Suicide (which they cover "R&R Is Killing My Life"), rush me to emergency ... pronto, this is killer shit!

BETTY DAVIS "S/T" LP (MCP LTD. - REPRESS)

While visiting the in-laws in Berkeley for the holidays I decided to do a last bit of X-mas shoppin'. Jumped in the wagon, popped on KALX - and BANG, this badd-azz mudda-fuggin' heavy -- I mean HEAVY funk number comes screamin' through the car's tiny speakers. Poundin' funk bass, over-the-top wah-wah and rippin' lead guitar, and the singer ... yee-oo-ww! A raspy, oozin' sweet, sweet love voice that'll make ya have to dry out your tighty whities. All pussy and no pussy-footin' with this honey. Attitude in spades over any female singer I've heard in years. Shit, maybe ever. Oh, did I mention she was Miles Davis's wife? Recorded in 1973, this is just as essential now as it was then, if not more so. When it comes to soul/funk this'll be nearly impossible to out-do. Ab-fuckin'-solutely amazin' ... dig it!!

* All reviews are from vinyl releases. If there are CDs of some of these, I wouldn't know and wouldn't care.

Chaz Nadz,
Hall Monitor

Slovenly RECORDINGS
www.slovenly.com

the 33 SPITS
REWARD 189 PUNK SEATTLE
Self-titled LP/CD

LO-LITE
DUTCH SWAMP-BLUES
Solebirds LP/CD
Comics LP/CD

Subsonics
GLAMOROUS ATLANTA GARAGE TRIO
A Lot To Forget LP/CD
Forthcoming LP/CD Winter 2001

THE FABULOUS SLOVENLY ROCK'N'ROLL BAR
IN THE ANTIQUE CENTER
OF NAPLES, FUCKIN' ITALY
CAPITOL CITY OF CRIME & CHAOS!
booking: bar@slovenly.com
buichini, indietro al bar

THE TROUBLE MAKERS
AMERICAN 60s GARAGE-PUNK
"GREAT LOST ALBUM" ETC.

THEE SLOVENLY DISC JOCKEYS
AMSTERDAM

SPAGHETTI-O
NAPLES/RENO

NOMEN

FABULOUS SPASTIC
NAPLES

BAZOOKA JOE
NYC
DUE NEW
FOR
MATTERS

**COMIN' UP:
NECESSARY EVILS
THE CHEEPS.
THE INSOMNIACS
BRACCOBALDOS
FRANCO FORMICA
LOW-POINT DRAINS**

WEIRD SCIENCE

thee Slovenly SUGAR DADDY:

stickerguy
www.stickerguy.com
CUSTOM VINYL STICKERS AS LOW AS \$20 PPD

Fresno -A- Go-Go

By Saul Goode

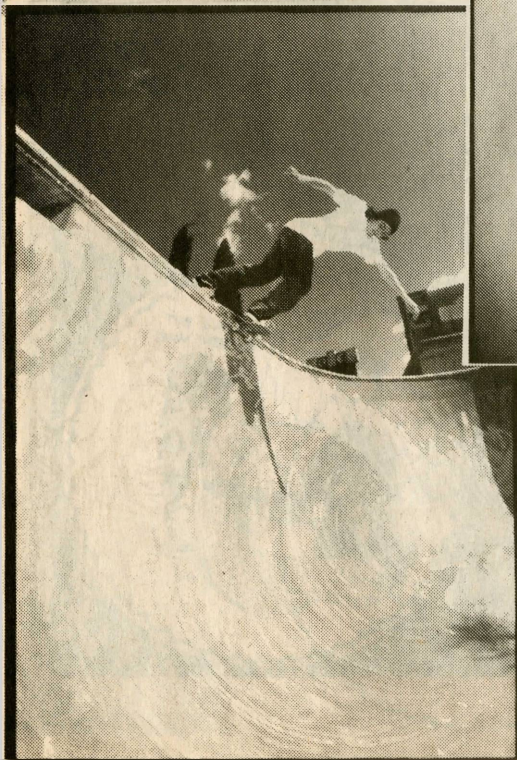
Every so often I get pulled away from home to do this or that, and every once in a while it works out that I don't have to pay for the trip. It's work related, or something like that, and someone else foots the bill. Seeing as I relish hitting the road it's a good thing. I hate hearing from people who travel how much they hate traveling. Who knows, maybe I'll get there one day, but I don't see it happening anytime soon. One of the best things about traveling is broadening the network. No, not "networking," in the yuppie sense, but checking out others' pools and lettin' 'em know about yours.

The destination was San Francisco for a weekend. But I pulled an extra two days out of the deal so I'd go home Tuesday. Ray picked me up in San Jose and we ate and skated Randy's ramp before cruising up to the City. Two days of meetings and one street protest later (thanks for letting me crash at your place Amy), Matt was on his way to pick me up and we were heading to Fresno to see what we could skate. We stopped off and skated Ripon on the way, but it was a quick interlude just to break up the drive. We had pools to ride.

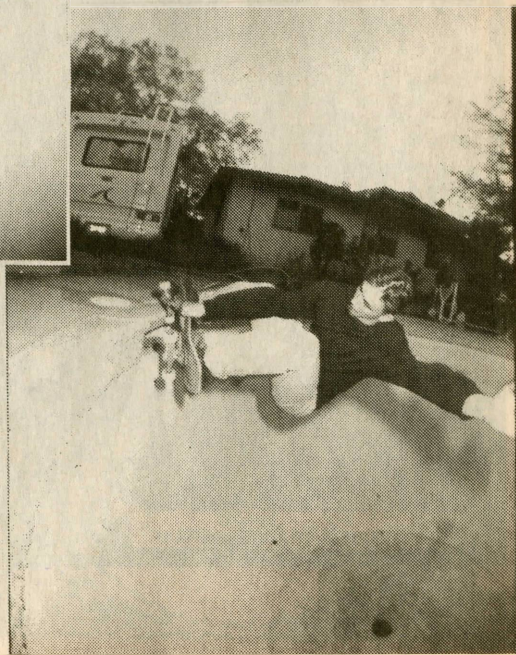
We showed up and skated Vagabond. This thing is still going after all this time, and the guys are building a DIY park on the premises. A killer

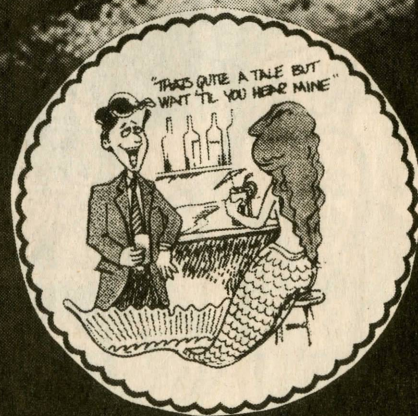


pool, a mandatory stop in Fresno. Matt took me to the chicken pot pie restaurant that was crazy, we did a little thrift shopping, and we were back to Vagabond. We hooked up with Joe and Josh and they were going to take us to a different one. We did a little bucketing and rode until the sun went down. Then we checked out the Fresno park, which didn't look too terribly shitty but the lights weren't on and my knee was killing me (later I found out I had to go under the knife to get it fixed) so I just watched. We got an In-n-Out burger and a six pack and bombed back to Pacifica. I went home the next morning, after seeing Fish at a park and eating a killer Mexican lunch, satisfied with the pool ride.

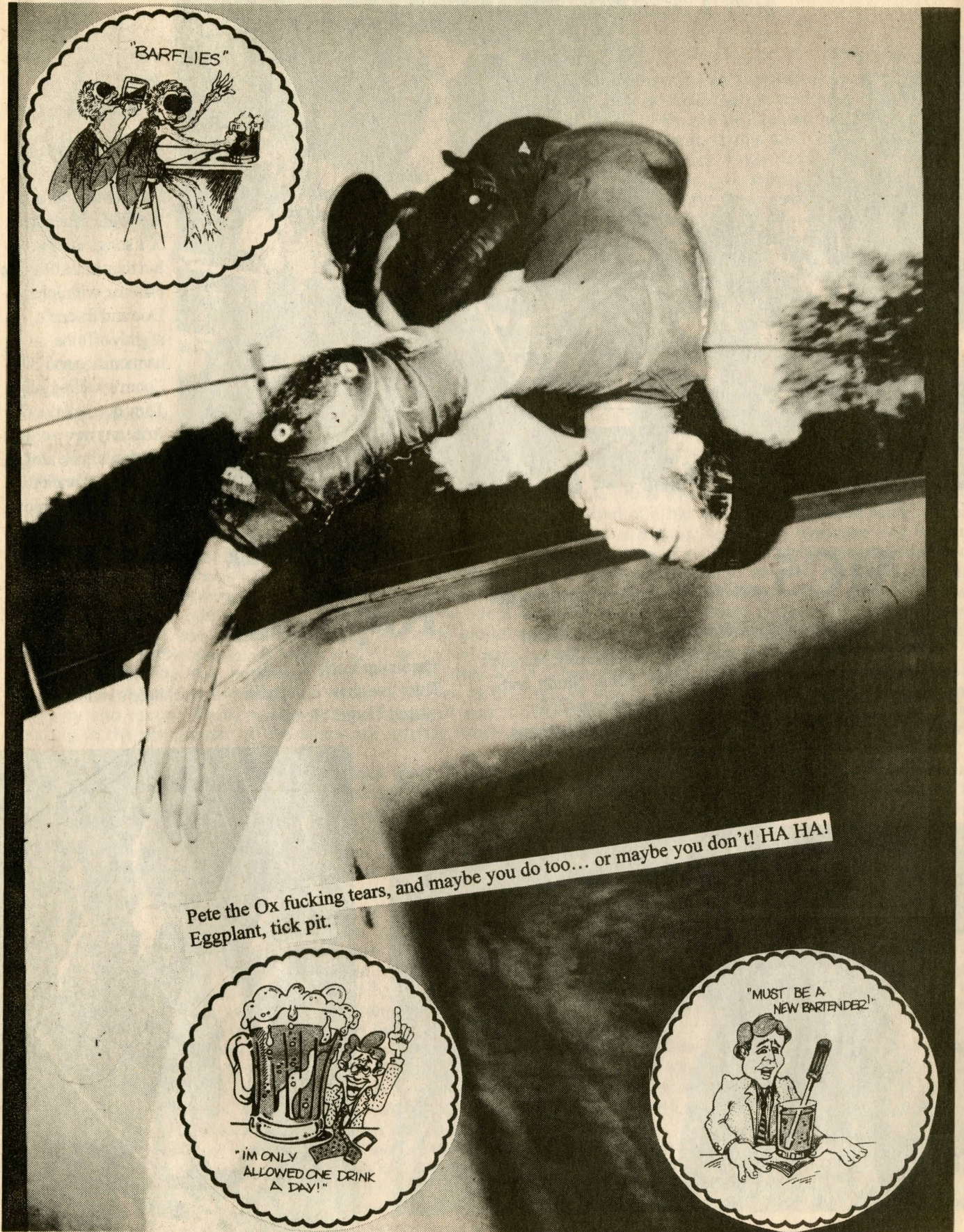


Photos, clockwise from top: Matt Howe, excellent host (and Dulce!), throws his weight into one of the meanest grinds in the game; Joe, DB grind/air; Brent from PDX backside d's the Vagabond. "Dude, if we paint it like a wave, it'll look like we're totally getting' tubed! Chaka! Green room!" ;Josh, haulin' ass over the love seat (and a beer);



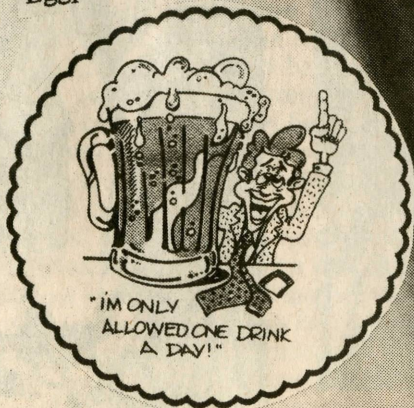


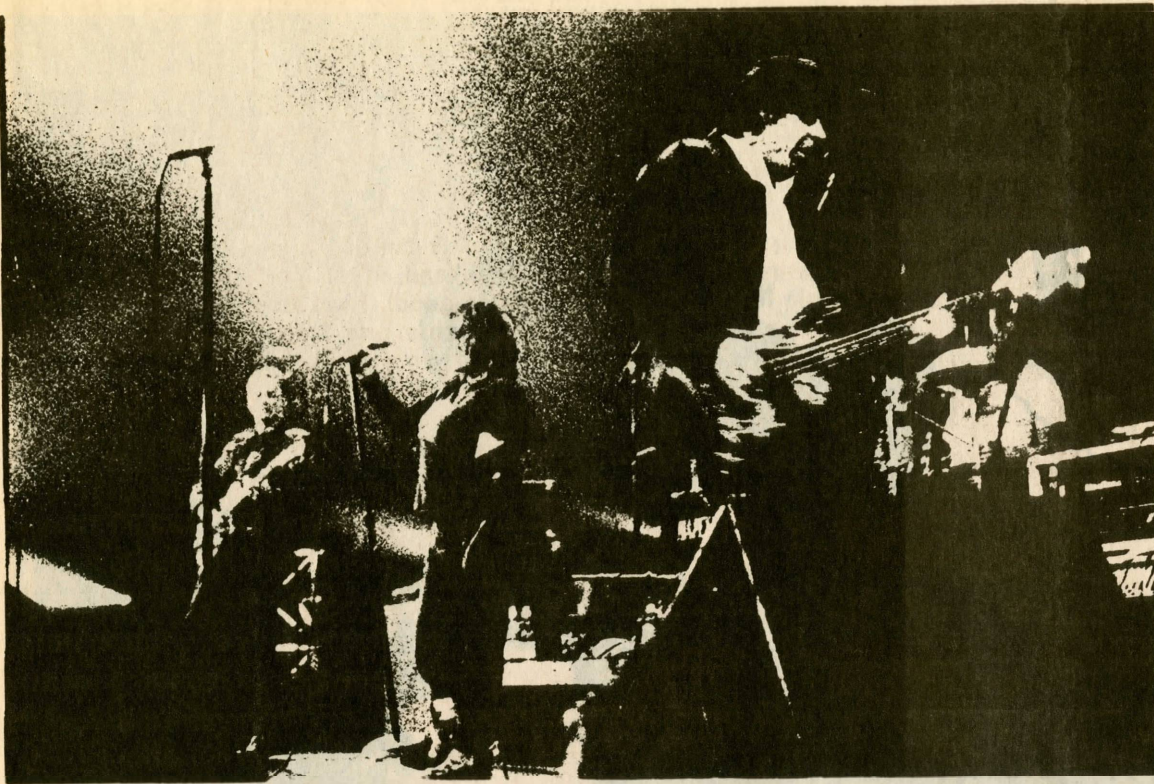
It's Grosso, maaaaaaan!



Pete the Ox fucking tears, and maybe you do too... or maybe you don't! HA HA!

Eggplant, tick pit.





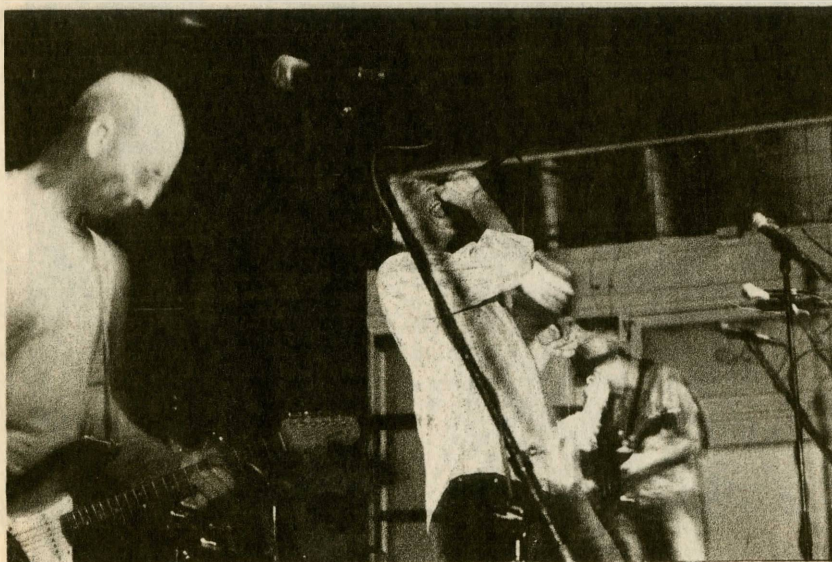
X has been

playing shows again after a pretty long hiatus, and with all of the original members. X's songs are so old but they have become classics, with John Doe and Exene's slightly off tune harmonizing and Billy Zoom's wailing guitar. They don't play or write any new songs, but that's quite alright, people just want to hear what they know. I interviewed Billy Zoom at the show for Thrasher, and it was one of the most bizarre, uncomfortable interviews I have ever done. The dude's weird.

The **MC5**, or at least the surviving members, got together and toured as DKT/MC5. Davis, Kramer and Thompson held it together and played with intensity, Marshall Crenshaw did well standing in for Fred "Sonic" Smith, and Mark Arm filled shoes that seemed impossible to fill for vocalist Rob Tyner. Their songs are timeless, and perhaps more relevant now than ever before. If you don't know the MC5, I suggest you get to know the MC5. And Fuck Bush.

The Bell Rays

still kick ass.
Maximum Rock 'n' Soul,
Thier live show is not to be missed. Future Now!





The Old Man and the Pool

Reed Tardeau

Jimmy's phone call was similar to others I had received from him: "Get the camera, I got a new pool! I'm gonna go face high in this one!" Never one to pass up an opportunity to see what Jimmy can do, as well as talk shit to him afterwards when he fails to go face high (and, in this pool, even do an air - he got a couple frontside grinds that were good), I was down. Jimmy's buddy in the backflow business had spotted this one from somewhere on the mountainside - see, we even have friends who don't skate on the lookout for us. Jimmy had apparently scoped the pool after hearing about it, and decided that the best course of action was to actually ask the guy at the house if we could skate. Jimmy's approach was thus: he knocked on the door, and when the old man answered, Jimmy asked how he'd like to have his pool on the cover of a magazine. The old man asked how much he'd have to pay for that privilege. Jimmy said this one was free of charge, and that we'd come back the next day.

The next day Jimmy, his work friend, and I headed to the mountain. The pool was in a super ritzy area, lots of million dollar homes. And this one had an amazing view. We pulled right into the driveway after the 20-minute drive, with Jimmy assuring me the whole time that he could do face high backside

airs in this one, for sure! The house was amazing, although it had fallen into disrepair. We walked up the path and into the backyard and started cleaning out the pool without having talked to the owner. He saw us cleaning and Jimmy gave a knowing wave. I went to go talk to him and make sure everything was still cool.

I went up to the door and there stood one of the feeblest people I have ever seen. It was in some ways pitiful: the guy wasn't small and emaciated like some old people, but rather kind of a big guy. His hands were waxy and his fingers looked huge and swollen, like overstuffed sausages. He looked unkempt, as though someone had to take care of him but perhaps hadn't yet shown up for that day. And from what I could see inside, the house was cluttered. The old man said it was ok to skate, but would we please take his trash out for him? I assured him we would. His appearance was confusing: he looked like a once-robust man who was hours away from death, a big guy who looked like you could push him over with your pinky. I asked him a question but he never heard me; he was deaf or almost deaf. Nobody else was around, it was just the once glorious king in his once glorious castle. We wondered about him, was he a movie producer? Some kind of executive? Isn't it sad? He seems all alone...

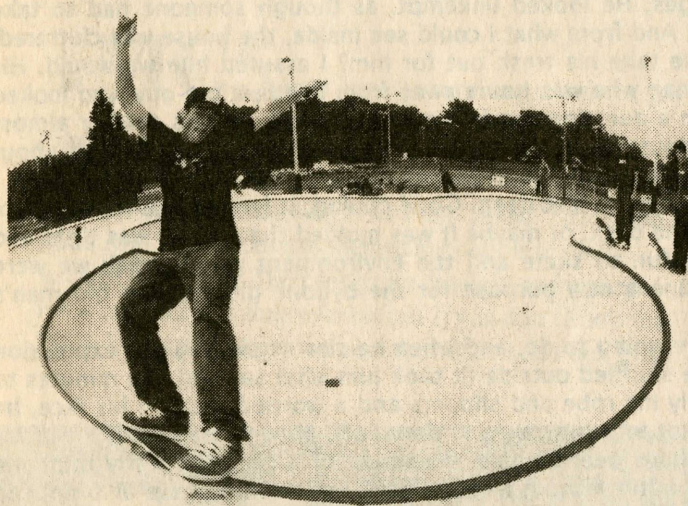
The pool was fun, but it was small and tight, only about 6 feet deep. Good coping, it looked like regular pool coping but it had been surfaced with the same surface as the deck, or maybe it was molded that way. It was tight and slippery and rough; Jimmy wasn't doing any airs. It was fun to skate and the environment was surreal: we were playing in the playground of the fabulously wealthy, finding a new purpose for the bygone glory of the old man's prize.

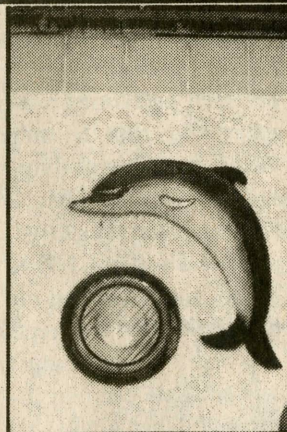
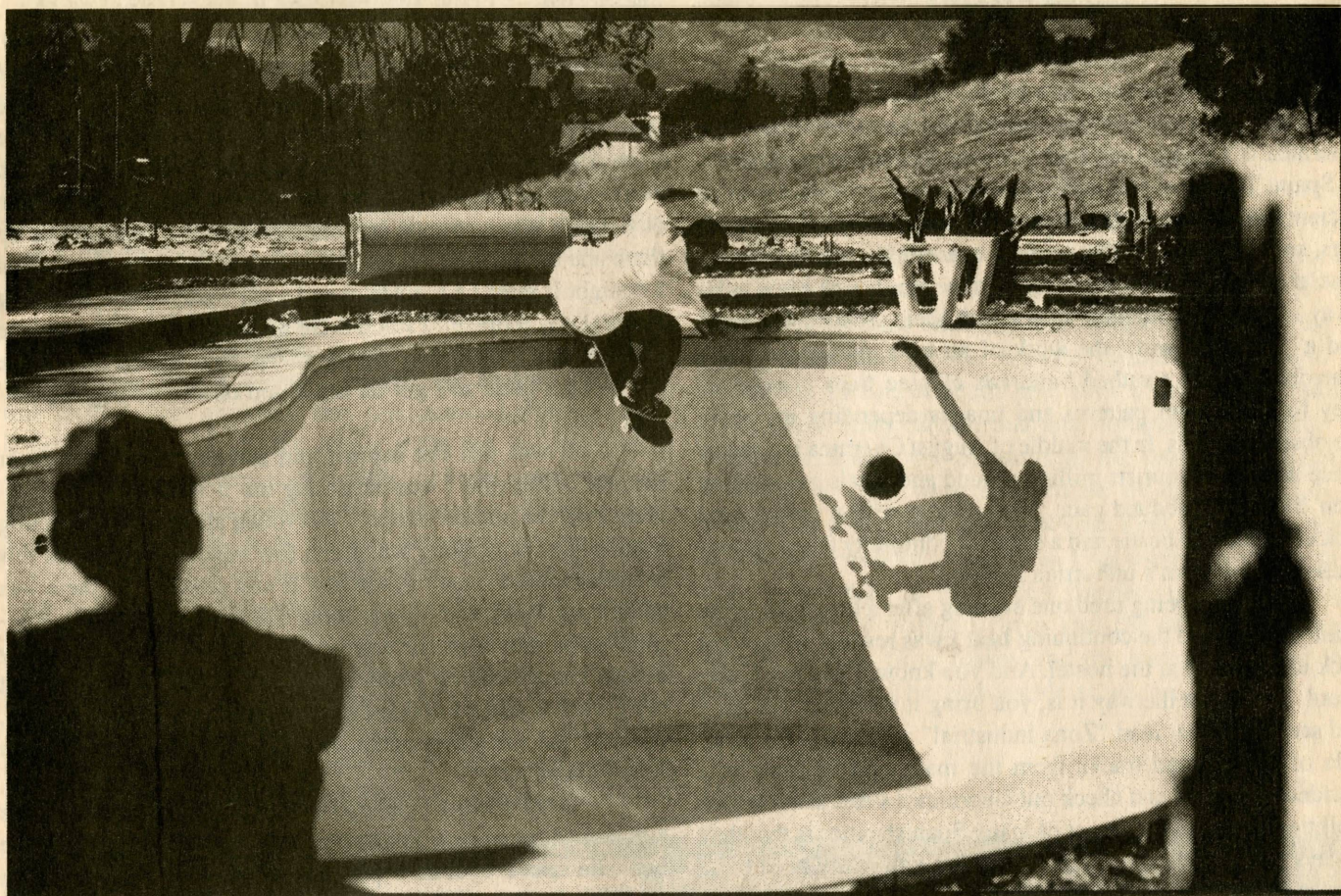
The old man freaked. He had no idea what we were going to do, and when he saw us skating the expression on his tired face was amazed disbelief and uncertainty. He shuffled outside (it took him what seemed like minutes to walk a few feet), shook his wobbly head, and, wearing only his robe and slippers and a worried look on his face, he shuffled down the stairs, one agonizing stair at a time, got into his car, and drove off, all without saying a word. I worried for the old man, not just because he shouldn't have been behind the wheel of a car. I honestly think we scared the shit out of him. When he saw us skating he couldn't fathom what he saw, but he must have also noticed that we were three young men who could have pushed him over and robbed him blind if we had wanted to. I felt bad, thinking about this. The way he asked if he had to pay Jimmy to take photos there made me think of all of the old people who get scammed and duped into buying this or that, or giving money to someone, or getting robbed and not being able to do anything about it. We had no such intentions, we just wanted to skate the pool, and we had pushed this old man out of his castle. The image of the old man has stuck with me, and I don't think it will ever go away. The pool wasn't that good, we had better, but if anyone came from out of town it was always something to check out. The first time we went back, a couple months later, the place was at it was when we were there first, but no old man. And in the couple times we have back, we have never seen him again.

But once we saw the neighbors, and we knew that they saw us, and we knew our time that day was limited. We skated for 10 minutes, and split, and since the roads were windy and we had a high vantage we could see the cop car from afar, turning in, and we knew we had a couple minutes to get out of there. Another time we passed the cop car coming for us just beyond the exit of the neighborhood, another close call. And we scoped a house a half mile from there as the cop was investigating the scene of the crime.

And I wondered since we never saw the old man again just what happened to him. He was so lonely and frail looking, perhaps he had no family but only his money as comfort. The house was never changed after we went back, you would figure it would have been for sale if he died. Or maybe he did have relatives and they put him in a home but ignored the house. Or perhaps he had died, inside the house, and nobody knew or cared. How long would it be before his body was discovered? It has been awhile since our last trip to the pool, many more pools have come and gone, but one day we'll go back and maybe find out what happened to the lonely old man.

R P
H
I O
N T
O
S





Rhino comes through with the goods one more time! Opposite: Ryan Simonetti, FS air in New Mex; Brian Jarosz (sp?), f-side feeble; Craig Whitehead, FS rock in Escondido; This page: Charno, roll-in, Captain Pinksocks Pool, check the shadow!; Salba, Phoenix, AZ; Sequence: Al Partanen, boardslide fakie over the steps!



Death and Forgetting in Guernica

Owing its unfortunate infamy to a notorious bombing by Hitler's Legion Condor during the Spanish Civil War, Guernica is a small, unremarkable city in the Basque Country of Spain. There are memorials to that atrocity, the stump of an ancient oak tree where the Basque parliament used to hold meetings, some nice old buildings and a charmingly musty and provincial museum of Basque culture. In the mountains a few miles away are the Santimamine caves with their prehistoric glyphs and a "painted forest," the work of an artist named Augustin Ibarrola who has swathed hundreds of pine trees in color so they form different patterns and images depending on where the observer stands. In the middle of August Guernica is a sleepy place with a few tourists milling around and locals going about their lives at a subdued pace, a backwater with a pronounced lack of hustle and bustle and a sense of continuity to a past very present in the town's unhurried rhythms.

Despite being tired one evening after a long hike to the painted forest and the continuing heat I was restless when I got back to my room at the hostel. And you know, I had my skateboard. That's just the way it is, you bring it wherever you go. I had seen signs that read "Zona Industrial" pointing to the other side of the railroad tracks from the main part of town so I decided to explore and check out Guernica's street skating possibilities. An amusing aspect of many Spanish cities is that they always have "Zona Industrial" signs like you really need to be informed that the scrappy neighborhoods of concrete mixing plants, warehouses and other gray buildings are indeed industrial zones.

I walked past the bars with old men palavering with the soccer game on the TV in the background, past the train station and across the railroad tracks to the zone. It was dingy and dusty over on that side of Guernica and it was quiet with a sort of a sleepy Sunday vibe with no one around and long driveways past long and low manufacturing oriented edifices. I liked it over there on the other side of the tracks and I dropped my board down and started pushing, quickly realizing that the streets that looked smooth actually weren't because they use bigger grains in their asphalt so it was kind of a struggle even on flat ground. I pushed and pushed and got going and then almost got run over by a car that came around a corner because the streets aren't that wide and there's not much room between the sidewalk and the car lane. That happened a few times but I just kept pushing, fighting against the rough asphalt and looking around the zone. I found a bump and ollied off of it a few times before picking up my board and walking because I got tired of fighting the unforgiving road. I nosed around and trespassed on some property to check out the stacks of lumber and piles of detritus. Half-expecting some ornery Basque man to appear and start yelling at me I mentally rehearsed attempts to explain in pidgin Spanish "I'm just looking around, me gusta la zona industrial."

Over a wall was the incongruous sight of a fifteen sheep grazing in a field between two downtrodden warehouses. I

hopped over a fence and climbed a culvert to investigate what was on top of an embankment and came upon something totally unexpected—a brand new two-lane highway raised up above the zone. It didn't have a single scratch or mark on it and for all intents and purposes it could have been finished that day. The road itself was a dull black with shiny bits in the asphalt, the lines of paint were fresh, and the Jersey Barriers on each side were completely unblemished and gleaming white. It stretched away in either direction, brand new, above and to the side of the city. There was a strange contrast between the utter silence up there and the pristine monument to human engineering. At first I thought it must be a mistake and a car would come whizzing along at any moment. I stood there drinking in the quiet and the newness and looked down at the sheep, then waited for a while but no cars came so I got on my board down and began pushing.

It was just flat asphalt and actually wasn't the super smooth silken ride I was expecting but it was a big improvement over the normal streets. I just rolled along, still suspecting a car might come along but after a few minutes it was clear this brand new road wasn't in use yet. It was pristine and there was something funny and joyous about riding on it before the automobiles it was built for arrived. Around a corner an elderly couple came strolling along and didn't betray any surprise at my presence when I nodded in their direction. Then I stopped, checked out the sheep again, and did some wall rides on the Jersey Barriers.

After a while I came to a short underpass tunnel where a bunch of brand new lights were being put in and there were two idle raised hydraulic platform devices. It looked like an extraterrestrial mine in a scene from a science fiction movie and its upside down curve made me wish it was inverted. On the other side I had to climb up some rocks to get above the tunnel and then got out to the road back to Guernica, now a few hundred yards away at the base of a nicely angled downhill slope. On the left up ahead a man and his two adolescent sons languidly sat on the guardrail. They looked at me as I walked toward them and when I got almost close enough where I might say "Hola" I jumped on my board. The father said something I couldn't understand so I smiled and made eye contact while I rode past and dropped into an arms-back tuck, looking back at to see somewhat befuddled expressions on their faces. I don't know what they expected, but I had to roll.

So I did. It was one of those perfect inclines that isn't too steep or too mellow on which you can go straight and achieve a good rate of speed without worrying about going excessively fast. Just straight cruising, close to the road, peripherally watching the landscape slide by as you concentrate on what lies directly in front of you—will there be cars, are there rocks on the road, are you starting to go too fast? Blissful downhill motion courtesy of four wheels and gravity. As I went down I thought of another Spanish downhill fifteen years previously, when I had spent a month on the island of Menorca with my parents. There was nothing to skate there, just a lot of beautiful coves and a road I saw one day when I was taking a bus to a beach called Trebelujer, a two-mile long stretch of smooth pavement in the middle of nowhere. I did it once and it has stayed in my memory

as a genuinely pure skateboarding experience, and fifteen years on the other side of the same country I was replicating that same feeling. And it was perfect again.

But then the road has to end. It can't go on forever. Ahead I saw an intersection and cars and then it got hectic. First there was a congested roundabout and all of sudden the pavement got much choppy and cars were coming around the corner and in one of those split-second strokes of good timing and luck I went sailing through against the light and just missed the cars whose drivers had no idea where I came from. That was it, no pyrotechnics, no huge rails and no pictures taken. Just plain skating.

I picked up my board and walked to one of the tapas bars where kids yelled and ran around as their parents sat drinking their wine. That thoroughly pleasant, laid-back Spanish summer feeling. Very civilized, very unconcerned with the problems of the world. I ordered a beer at the bar, making sure to say "un grande" because they usually give you small ones, and the bartender made a gesture with his hands to indicate "big" and I nodded and said "si, si" and then he handed me una cerveza grande which I took out to a table where I sat and drank and smoked a cigarette, completely at peace with the world. But not so much at peace that I couldn't help abstractly pondering humanity's unquenchable thirst for self-destruction. I was asleep half a mile away from the World Trade Center in September 2001 and that is just one incident that causes me to think about death and destruction all the time—as it relates to me personally and the general connection between the baseness of human

behavior and man's seemingly unquenchable appetite for inflicting pain and nonexistence on others. Kill, kill, kill, the more the better. There are so many ways to obliterate it's hard not to be constantly amazed that with all the countless methods of killing and destroying the race hasn't extinguished itself. Some days I can't get it out of my head, feverishly, nightmarishly covering a range from philosophical distance to a sense of terror and doom hanging over my head. Our heads.

Sitting at that bar in Guernica I absent-mindedly thought about all that unspeakable cruelty that is so commonplace we take it for granted. It's our nature. But for one brief interlude, one happy moment of drinking my beer after skating that hill it all seemed so far away, so unimportant and trivial. A calm settled over me and allowed me to forget death and with a wry smile contemplate life's scary, dangerous and completely arbitrary vicissitudes. Like how peasants at the market in Guernica one day in 1937 were annihilated by death from above without any warning, and how that kind of thing happens all the time without any reason. I sat there grateful to skating, to that hill, to the Jersey Barriers on the new highway. Because without them and the other amnesia-inducing escapes from reality and the temporary relief they provide it would be impossible to go on.

Jocko Weyland
October 2003

THE MUMMIES "Death By Unga Bunga!!" CD-ONLY!
22 track retardo rock rampage from the Kings of Budget Rock ES2100

ESTRUS SAMPLER CD'S VOLUMES 1, 2 & 3 - \$5.98 EACH

ATTN STORES: Estrus is distributed by Touch And Go Records...call 773-388-8888

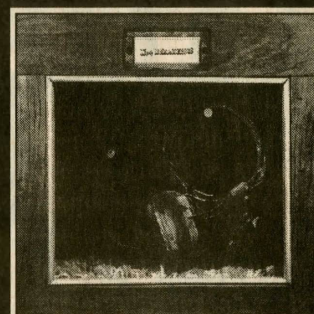
write for our **FREE** mind-numbing catalog o' crap today!

P.O. Box 2125 Bellingham, WA. 98227-2125 U.S.A.

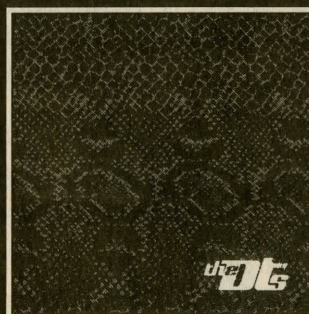
web-heads check: www.estrus.com



THE FALL-OUTS "Summertime" LP/CD
hook heavy pop powered NW punk supreme ES2104



THE DEXATEENS CD moonshine fueled tri-guilar powered skillet rock stomp ES2103



THE DT'S "Hard Fixed!" CD hot n' sweaty high voltage head on hard soul get down ES2102

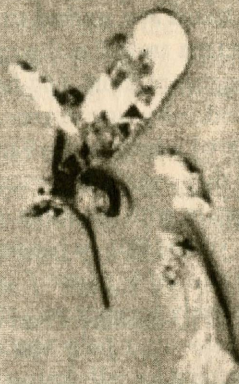


THE INSOMNIACS "Switched On!" LP/CD
sticky sweet candy coated garage/pop arsenic! ES1294

ALSO OUT NOW: THE BOBBYTEENS "Cruisin' For A Bruisin'" CD. THE DIPLOMATS OF SOLID SOUND "Let's Cool One!" CD. THE VON ZIPPERS "The Crime Is Now!" CD. THE MIDNIGHT EVILS "Straight 'Til Morning" LP/CD. THE FATAL FLYING GUILLOTEENS "Get Knited" CD. FEDERATION X "X-Patriot" LP/CD. **IN THE WORKS:** THE KNOCKOUT PILLS LP/CD. FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM CD. THE MONKEYWRENCH LP/CD. TSGDAC CD and MORE!
PRICES: \$10.98 LP's and EP's / \$12.98 CD's / \$4.98 7" Singles post paid in U.S.A.
CHECK WWW.ESTRUS.COM FOR ALL OF THE LATEST RELEASE AND TOURING INFORMATION PLUS ONLINE MAIL-ORDER ACTION!

Random Shorts

THIS DVD IS A COLLECTION
OF SHORT PIECES AND RANDOM
CLIPS WE SHOT FROM 1999-2004



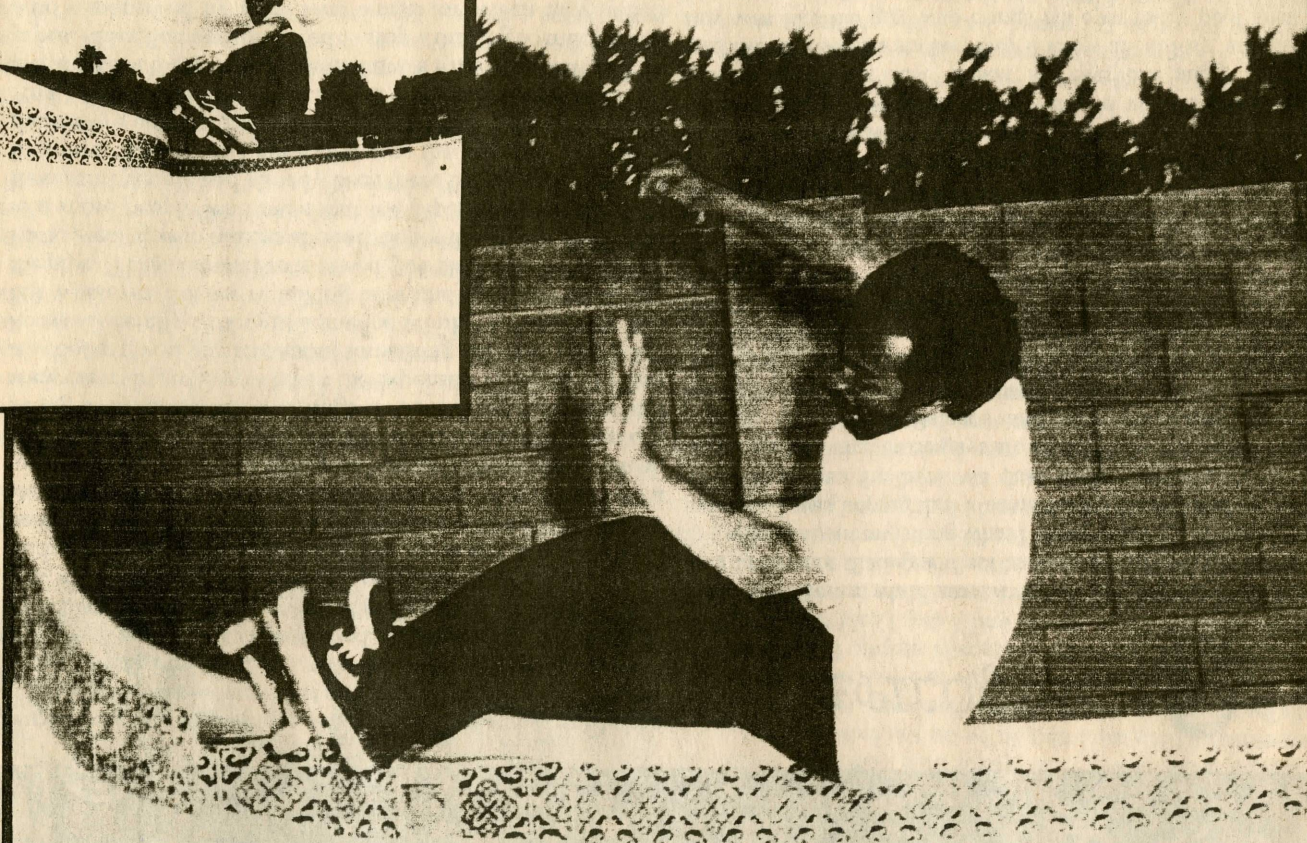
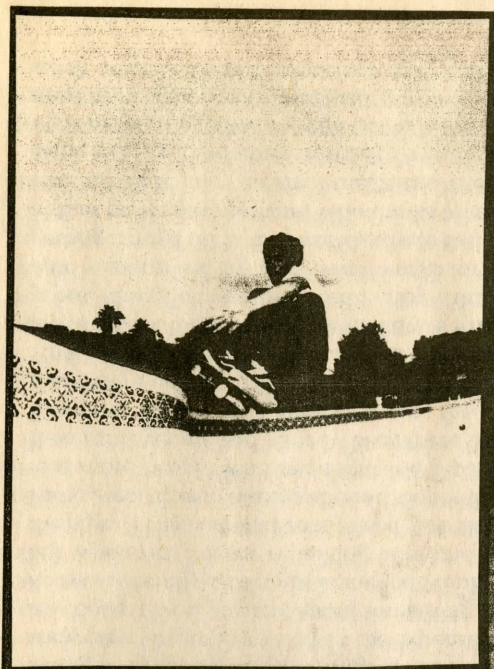
Nichols/Charnoski Productions ©2004 ncpfilms.com
Cover photo: Jaya Bonderov Graphic Design: Demitrious Agassos

THE LOUD PIPES



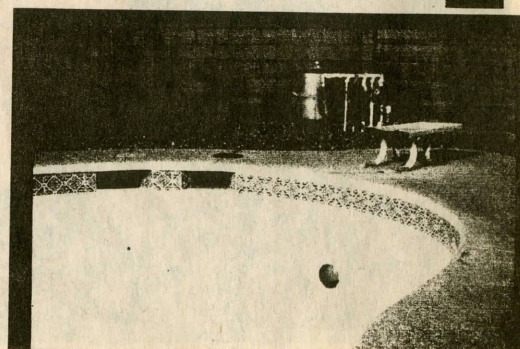
Get their
debut EP
"LPEP" at
your local
independent
record store
or online.

<http://www.theloudpipes.com>



World's First Double Deathbox Grind?!

Sure, the pool was super tight, but there was something that had to be done, and Colvin stepped up and took care of business in more ways the one. If the back cover wasn't the Keok Dust Issue, this would have been the full page bonus photo (two issues in a row for Colvin, another first for Pool Dust). Between dropping in and lifting allies over the shallow end hip (4 foot deep, with vert), and in about 6 tries, Colvin pushed off in the shallow (munge, 'atch) and took it over the light and over both deathboxes. This may be a bold statement to make, and I believe that it is possible that this has been done before, but I am going out on a limb and saying that this is the World's First Double Deathbox Grind. If anyone has any photographic evidence to the contrary please send it my way, care of the mag.



phrase: "Beer and Donuts?! You think that's funny?!" One of the raddest things Troy said to someone else about the pool was to Davey Rogers, a full on ripdog. Troy thought the bowl would be the great equalizer, in other words, it was so gnarly and hard to get used to that everyone would suck as bad as him when they skated, hoping to scratch a backside grind. Troy looked at Davey one day and said "Ha! Bet you'll never do your backside airs in this thing!" As Troy continued to hope for a backside grind, Rogers, and others, blasted big airs (Elery was another blaster). Troy later went after Smiley with a knife, if I remember correctly, and generally became a kook and nuisance until he left for Florida. For some reason he thought he was my buddy, and a couple years later sent me a photo of me at the Nude Bowl on that trip in 1987, and he asked me to send him Pool Dust stuff in Florida. What, so he could see how I was still exploiting the scene? "Exploiting the scene" - I love that one.

And so now I have no choice, Roy, but to lump you and Troy in the same group: acting partially retarded, trying to scratch backside grinds, thinking that I am somehow exploiting something, and thinking that I am giving away the location of spots. Let me repeat: photos of any pool in Pool Dust are not going to give away the spot. I was tempted to give directions to all of those guys' pools in Tucson, but that would be too lame, and really, it's only Roy that behaved like a total kook. Hey, nice mustache guy!

The Great Pipe Debacle

By Aaron Zoutmibutt

It all started for me two or three years ago, as it did for a few others. Salba, who I will forever owe dozens of pools, sent me an e-mail telling me I should be on the lookout for pipes in AZ. Salba is on a pipe kick, always has been. And AZ has been home to some epic pipes. He told me to check some stuff on the internet, and I did, but came up mostly empty. Then he told me about the specific site to check, and I did. I told Salba that time was fucked for me, I didn't have a ton of free time then (and still don't now). Salba knows some other folks in AZ, Courtney, a few others. Courtney, I believe, or was it Steve, went and checked the spot out. Water was coming out and blocking the pipe, it wasn't a go. Salba would write every once in a while, I am sure I let him down because all I could offer was backyard pools. As far as I knew, and others knew, the pipe wasn't a go.

But last spring Salba wrote again. Someone had checked the pipe and it was a go. I should go check the pipe. Salba was going to go check the pipe the following week, would I do a recon? I told a couple friends, A COUPLE FRIENDS, who wanted to go, and so we planned it out and went to the pipe. When we got there it looked pretty amazing. Huge pipe, maybe 26-30' in diameter, maybe even bigger. Out in the middle of nowhere, didn't even have to hop a fence to get in, and there was a hiking area that went right by it. Am I giving away too much info? I think not. There were about 6 of us, but there was already a group skating the pipe. and one of the first things we noticed was what appeared to be a Pool Dust sticker. Nope, it was the Kook Dust sticker that we saw. We all started busting up. Shit was funny. Those guys were egging me on to get pissed. I took the sticker as evidence and wanted to reprint it but I lost the thing. Anyway, we started riding the pipe. It was tough to skate. Kinda rough. Eric Bill killed it, went the highest by far, had a board with softies on. Colvin was running around naked the entire time we were there, that guy is like a little evil elf. After we were there for a little while another crew of about 6 people showed up. There were about 20 people out there. We skated for a long time and called it a day,



Damn, we finally brought the right tools on the third trip down, took out the diving board, and Wixon answered with a lipslide. If I lived anywhere near this pool the diving board would've been gone first day. But some people are nappin'. figuring that we wouldn't be going back there too soon (the pipe really wasn't that good) but it would be a killer spot for a party or barbeque or whatever.

But we had to wreck the Dream Destroyers somehow. How could I do it in a way that was totally ridiculous? And maybe even drag Salba into it, since I knew he was coming the following week.... I found a pencil and starting writing "Dream Destroyers" graffiti. It said "Fuck Tony Alva... Fuck Jay Adams... Fuck Salba... Fuck Colvin... Fuck Colby Carter... Fuck Tony Hawk... Fuck Cody Boat... Fuck Lundry..." etc. And then we drew a bunch of swastikas on the dream destroyers stickers and left them there, and wrote "Aiming for the light since 2001". We had our little laugh and we split. And we still haven't been back there, well, I haven't.

I called Salba and gave him the lowdown, told him to bring some big softies, told him the situation to get in, etc. He went the following week going straight there with Belmar, and skated. And split right away, I didn't even see him in town. But I got a phone call a few days later: "Who are these kooks?" It was hot, I played it off, and now Salba hates the Dream Destroyers. Well, at least until he reads this. Salba, sorry, I hope you think it is funny. And totally lame gossipy bullshit, like it is supposed to be. Like Q says, a good skate rivalry is cool sometimes.

But speaking of lame gossipy bullshit... Months later I go to San Diego after my surgery to chill with my girl, hang out with Rhino and the boys, see a couple shows (James Brown!



Eric Bill killin' it way over vert at the site of much needless controversy and gossip.
And the Kook Dust stickers were only at about 8 o'clock. Roy, was that you?

Supersuckers! The Faction!), whatever. Not skating, this is like three weeks after surgery. But on the last day I was there, there was a benefit for Wes Cobb, who had just hit his head skating with Hitz, and was in critical condition in the hospital. A lot of heads were there, session was killer, lots of rippers. And there was amazing BBQ, carne asada, beers, etc. I was waiting for Budbear and Depeche Matt to show up to just say what's up before I hi-tailed it back to AZ. And lo and behold there's Delgado, first sentence out of his mouth is "heard you had a nice wedding, I guess I wasn't cool enough to be invited." Great, am I supposed to invite the whole world? Granted, Delgado is a long-term friend, but weddings are so fucking expensive and we were trying to keep a lid on the expenses. Whatever. I guess it's cool to give a guy shit about something like that, I wouldn't know. Generally I thought someone would be happy for me, but whatever. But we're talking later and Delgado brings up the pipe. "I heard so-and-so is pissed, you blew out the AZ pipe." Fuck, great, gossip queens abound. So for the record: Salba had told more people than me about the pipes before I had gone there, and people had already been there before I got there the first time. And when I got to the pipe the one time I skated it there were already people there. And more showed up later. And I didn't tell them about it. And the Dream Destroyers had already been there. And yet somehow, it's me who blew out the pipes. Killer. Some people need to stop worrying so much about who's sponsored by who, who works for which mag, who's getting ripped off in this world, where their boards come from at that particular moment, who thinks who is a Barney, where that last bit of juicy gossip, I mean info, they started to pass on came from, and whether or not it's even true. Don't you think I got my shit together enough not to blow out shit that doesn't need to be blown out? 'Nuf said.

EPILOGUE



Well, it's been a while since I wrote this, I have been busy and injured and not skating and not had enough time to get the mag out. In thinking about revisiting what I wrote about the Dream Destroyer incident, I was hoping that it came across clearly that really Roy (I mean Ray) was the kook we dealt with, and he gave us a sorry impression of what those guys are all about. My friend JP, who does a great zine called Balance and who introduced Rhino, who introduced us, to those guys wrote a piece on them on his website: <http://www.sk8tc.com/issue6/www/navigation/layout/features.htm>. I saw it and laughed; JP is a great guy but the piece was so funny, talking about their clothes (skull and bones, leopard print, spikes), how one of them "snuggled" with his girl in the pool, and he even compared them to the Hell's Angels. C'mon, JP... But at least he reported that they were grinding the Sahara. Ah, the Sahara. Now it's a dormitory for the U. of A. We haven't been to Tucson for a pool mission since, but we have had our own pools up here to keep us occupied (And haven't seen those guys up here). Every once in a while I keep getting word from friends in various places that they have seen a "Kook Dust" sticker, and everyone laughs. If they have read this and see the sticker, they'll know about Roy, and laugh too. Roy was like the guy who brings his own fancy pool stick to the bar, makes a show of taking it out of the case and screwing it together, and then loses every game. If you bring your own stick to the bar, you'd better be winning every game. As for the pool scene, I think Roy got it wrong. He was thinking there was only one piece of pie, and not enough to go around. He didn't realize that he was standing in the middle of the bakery, and that there was plenty for all.

KOOK DUST

Exploiting Pools Since 1988

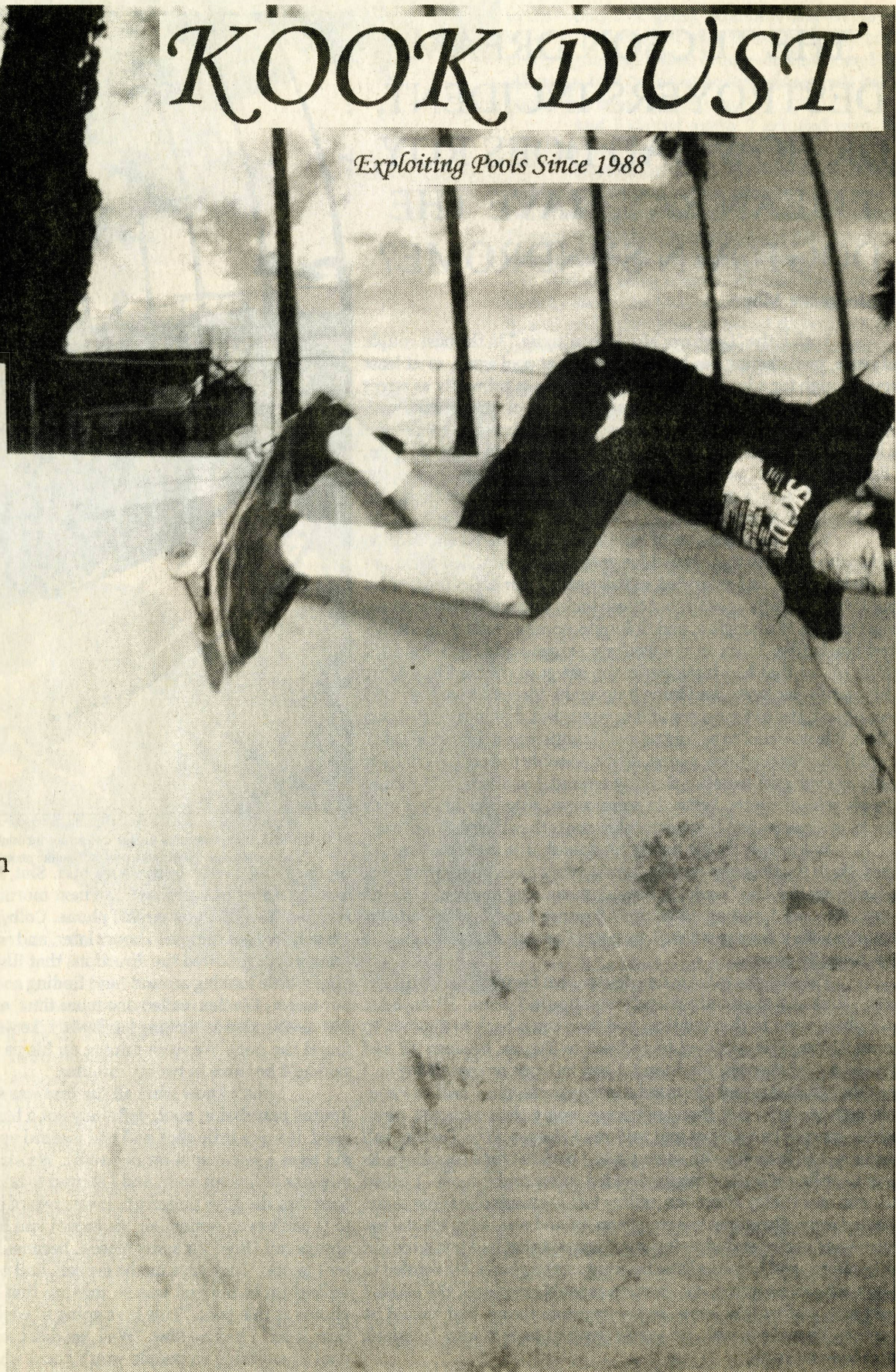
The
"Great"
Dream
Destroyers
Debacle

Claim
Pools
You
Can't
Grind

Going
Frontside:
A Forbidden
World?

The Look:
Skulls
and
Leopard
Print

The
Impossible
Carve?
Aiming
for the
Light



THE TUCSON DREAM DESTROYERS INCIDENT, OR HOW BAD DOES ROY, I MEAN RAY, HAVE THE DOGTOWN SYNDROME?

By Jermaine Mann

I call it the "Dogtown Movie Syndrome." In the past couple of years, pool skating has become somewhat cool again, or at least cool enough for a lot of pros, even those known primarily as street skaters, to have ads of themselves skating in pools. Hey, that's cool, whatever, these things come and pass. But this time around there is a hype that preceded all of this. I think Buddy and Charno's film, "Fruit of the Vine" was a precursor. It showed, to some degree, the "why's" and "how's" of backyard pool skating. But when Dogtown: The Movie hit, it was on.

With the explosion of public parks in the recent decade, folks who hung up their board for years suddenly pulled them out of their closets and migrated to the nearest park. Granted, most public parks really are shit, but those lucky enough to live in places like Oregon, Washington, and Colorado, some of their parks ruled, had bowls (like "back in the day," an expression I can't stand). I think places that had bunk parks the old guys checked it out, ate shit on sub-par 'crete, and hung it up again. Places where the parks were good, the old guys are still around. But due to the Dogtown effect, it is now cool to be "old school" (another term I fucking hate), even if you are relatively young, so it's possible to find guys in their early or even mid-twenties slashing around. I'm all for it. The more people who skate the better in some ways, although dealing with kooks is a hassle. But if you got other spots they'll never find 'em.

But people do get overly territorial. Just because some of the folks in the Dogtown movies guarded their spots pretty well (well, usually against the "kooks"), doesn't mean every spot is a sacred spot. Why am I writing all of this? Because I recently had an encounter with someone whom I suspect of having succumbed to the Dogtown Syndrome.

Rhino came to town one day to meet his friend JP, who had come out to AZ to attend a friend's wedding in Tucson. JP stayed at our place, went to the wedding, and then came back to Phoenix to meet Rhino. They decided to go back to Tucson because JP had skated a pool through his friend. I had to work or something so I couldn't go. Rhino and JP skated a couple pools, came back to Phoenix with the tale, and then split town, going their separate ways. Rhino gave me a number and told me I should go to Tucson, call this guy, and hook up with some pools. I couldn't for a couple weeks due to obligations, but finally decided to make the move. I called the guy on a Friday afternoon, telling him we wanted to come skate, we had some directions to a couple pools, and wanted to hit 'em up. He owned and operated an indoor skatepark that had just gone out of business, and he was a little hesitant on the phone. He wanted to know who was coming, etc., some reasonable requests, the usual. I told him, and let him know, in no uncertain terms, that should he come to Phoenix to visit, we would pay him back in kind by taking him to some spots.

As it turned out, we didn't go on Saturday, so I called him back and told him we were postponing for a day. He still sounded



This is Colby. grinding the shit outta the first pool we skated on the first trip down. Our hosts struggled to scrape the stinkiest of backsides.

Oh, can you tell where the pool is from the photo? Didn't think so... hesitant, but I tried to reassure him. Shit, I told him we already had the directions anyway. The next morning I called before we left, but he didn't answer his phone. Colby, Cody and I split for Tucson. We got there two hours later, and called again, but got no answer. We followed the directions that Rhino had given us, and after a little looking around (and finding another pool!) we found our target. We then called one more time, and the guy answered. But he sounded so fucking let down. Like we actually made it and found the pool. We were raining on his parade. Despondent, he said he'd be there in twenty minutes.

I don't know what all the fuss was about, this pool was a limited permission pool, definitely not a bust, and really not that good. It was a little slick and had messed up trannies (although it did have a sweet spot on one wall). We skated for about twenty minutes or half an hour, and I started to take a few photos. It was then that the guys pulled up. It was two of them, the guy I talked to (I can't even remember his name) and his buddy, Ray (who I always call "Roy" for some reason, because I think "Roy" fits better I guess). They gave us the eyeball, and we said what's up. Roy walked up to me and was so torn up that I was actually taking photos at this pool. "This isn't going to wind up in some pool article, is it?" I had no idea. "Well, we don't want any photos of this pool in anything so people won't know where it is." I chuckled, thinking how stupid this guy is for thinking that anyone is going to be able to locate a pool by seeing a photo (except in the rarest of



Cody on the first trip to Tucson, gettin' up and over the deck lip to grind far and hard.

There were no grind marks in this bowl when we got to it. And the diving board was still there, circumstance, i.e. with easily identifiable backgrounds). And plus, Roy has a mustache. It's hard to take anyone seriously who has a mustache and isn't a cop, especially when it's one of those wispy sort of not quite grown in mustache, that looks well, kind of pubescent. Then Roy and the other guy started to skate.

Colby Carter is a fucking legend. Pro for H-Street in the heyday, amazingly smooth, still rips street, parks, pools, ramps, whatever. Fucking flawless. Cody Boat is an amazing skateboarder too. A former child prodigy, he got bummed when skating got wack, and then got seriously back into again a couple years later. Lifetime sponsored him, he never turned pro (he just got over a huge knee surgery), but could have. These guys tore. Frontside airs, long grinds, ollies, you name it. The proof is in the photos (oh, can you tell where the pool is? Oh you can't? Well, I'll tell you how to get there since the spot is blown anyway... maybe... later). That shit was worth pictures. And if a picture is worth a thousand words, it must have been worth millions of words because I took more than one picture. I also gave Roy and the other guys a couple of "courtesy snaps," photos you know you are never going to use (although judging by the cover of this I found use for one...), but you take 'em cause it's their town, or whatever. Roy was trying repeatedly to slash his back truck

to the coping in a "grind" while sticking his ass out super far (he made it once or twice, it was not a pretty sight, and flailed dozens of times), and the other guy kept trying to do frontside grinds in the pocket but never landed one.

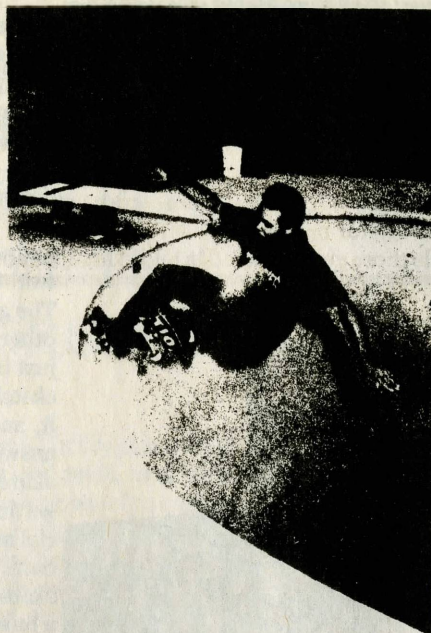
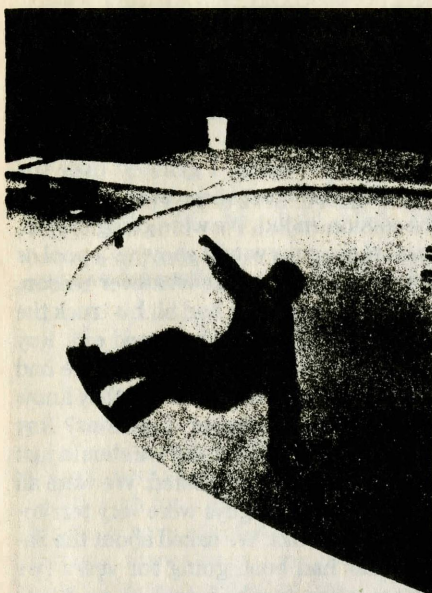
And I skated again. I grinded over the deathbox wearing the worst shoes ever.

The session ended. We were going to split, and we hoped these guys would show us a pool or two. They couldn't though, for whatever reason. The guy told us how someone had hit his truck the other night, so he was kind of bummed out. Roy just babbled, using clichés. We told them we had sketchy directions to another pool. Did they know it, and could they give us better directions? Roy answered that the pool sucked and we should just skip it. We pressed, but they insisted. We were all getting the message, these guys were very territorial and acting like kooks. We asked about the Sahara, a pool that had been going for years (we skated it six years ago, maybe more). Nope, it was a bust, there were cops fulltime circling the place. We said our whatevers, and even told them that if they came to Phoenix we'd still show them a pool or two.

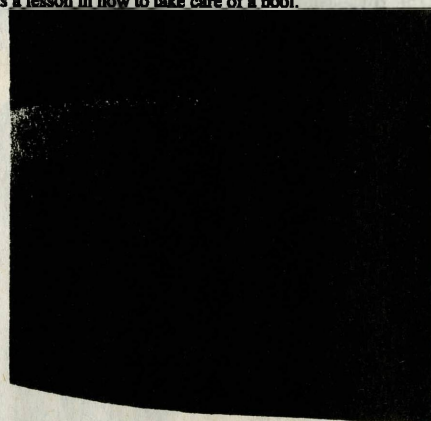
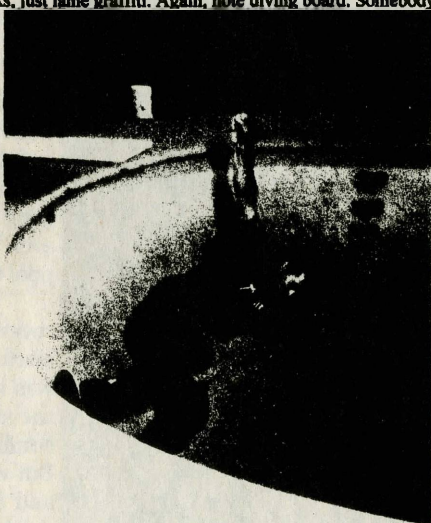
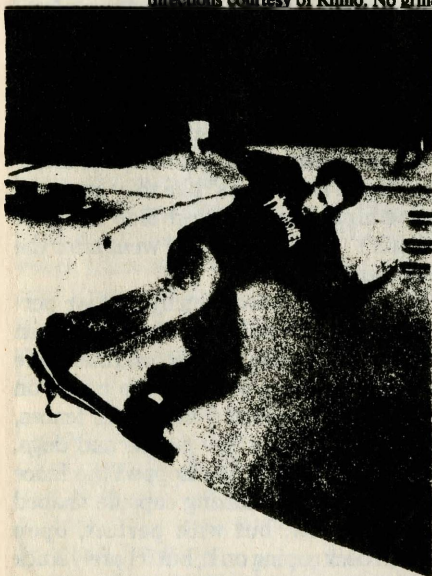
We got into the car and started busting up. Here were these two guys who could barely skate, claiming that the pool we just skated was "theirs" although it had been skated for some twenty years, and they couldn't even grind it! And they call themselves "The Dream Destroyers" like they are some gang or something, like The West Side Story, or even "Thrashin'!" We laughed, and went after the pool they thought was bunk.

The directions were sketchy, but we persevered. We found the neighborhood, and then started driving through alleys. Rhino said that there was spray paint for the number of the house on the alley fence, so we looked over a lot of fences, coming face to face with a few people and dogs. But we eventually found it. We hopped the fence and found an amazing, amazing capsule shaped pool, a little shallow, but with perfect, open trannies. It had deck coping on it, but it barely stuck out, so tricks and grinds were forthcoming. It had a cool shallow end, with a weird little Roman end pocket for whipping back into the deep. The only problem was the diving board, which stuck out, although it was easy to avoid by going from one side to the other. Still, we couldn't believe that if they had been skating this amazing pool that they didn't even at least taken the diving board off, which is standard practice. We laughed again. These guys were flexin', but in reality, they were sleeping.

So we have kind of put together a picture of what happened in Tucson, with the help of Zach Connelly and others. Tom Dooley, one of Zach's friends, moved to Tucson a couple years ago. And Tom is cool, despite the fact that he fucking wet the bed while he was staying at my house one time (luckily it was an inflatable mattress – if that guy stays over again, he's gonna sleep outside or bring



Still the first trip to Tucson, and Colby had no problem with getting up and over the deck to lipslide this near perfect little eggy-wegg. Sketchy directions courtesy of Rhino. No grindmarks, just lame graffiti. Again, note diving board. Somebody needs a lesson in how to take care of a pool.



his own rubber sheets. I don't put up with bedwetting). Anyway, Tom is a great guy, into skating pools and stuff, and we figured that after he got to Tucson he started turning these guys on to skating pools. About four years ago. And so they had Dooley as their example, they made up their name, the Dream Destroyers, and without having actually developed any pool riding skills to speak of, starting throwing around attitude and basically making some bad calls.

When we returned from the trip to Tucson, we laughed the whole way and pretty soon got kind of fixated on the whole idea. Like, "who are these guys?" We started making up slogans for them, like "Aiming for the light since 2001" and others. And when we told Colvin he was fucking hilarious, and we all had funny ideas to wreck those guys. It was just entertainment. But we also decided that we were going back to Tucson to rip the shit out of their pools, something they obviously couldn't take care of on their own.

We went back to the permission pool, Cody, Zach, Sarah, and I. I was hurt, but those guys skated for about 20 minutes, we gave the kids some stickers, and then split when people started lurking. But while we were there, since they took my Pool Dust stickers out of the bowl (which is kind of stupid but whatever, the sticker is designed to look the way it does on purpose: it looks like a pool service company's stickers, so it's low profile) we decided a little well-placed graffiti was in order (obviously we aren't going to spray paint the thing or anything stupid). I wrote in small letters, under the tile where it was hard to see, "Keep destroying dreams, and we'll destroy the coping." High school shit. It was fucking funny. We all had a laugh. And then we went to the next pool. They still hadn't taken care of the diving board (well, not like they were going to grind it anyway), so I went to it with some wrenches (which was tough and in the end didn't work since the nuts were rusted on there) and then I tried to saw it off with a dremel tool, which also wasn't working too well.

FAMILIES TODAY



T. BERRY BRAZELTON
THE NEW YORK TIMES

Bed-wetting keeps child from visiting

Q: My husband and I are the proud grandparents of a lovely, intelligent 7-year-old girl, Shelby. For the past year or so, Shelby has adamantly refused to stay with us overnight.

It seems to stem from two isolated incidents of bed-wetting when she slept here. She woke me in the middle of the night, saying "I accidentally wet my bed." I thought I handled it well. I calmly changed the linens and assured her that it was nothing for her to be concerned about. Since the second time, she refuses to stay the night.

We'd appreciate it if you could help us solve this problem. — E.P., Boynton Beach, Fla.

A: It's possible your granddaughter is just saying that staying overnight is too much for her — for a reason we don't understand. So try not to take it personally.

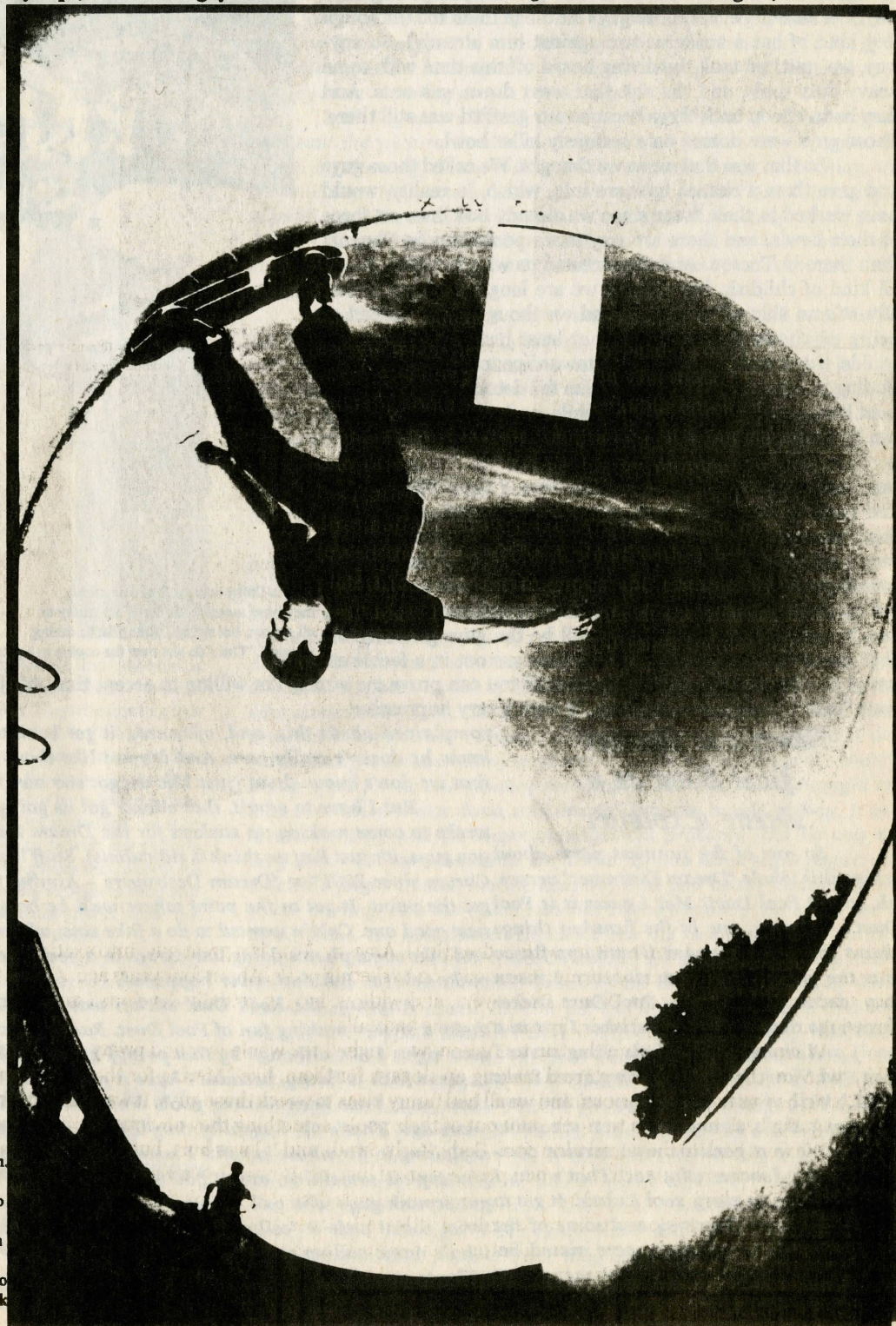
Plan to have her over for daytime visits. Tell her: "The main thing is that we want to be with you."

The most important thing is for you as grandparents to continue to feel close to her and for her to feel close to you. The bed-wetting shouldn't interfere with that important relationship.

The Z-Burglar on the second trip to Tucson. Couldn't cut through the diving board, and the tools didn't cut it with the rusty bolts, so we we skated the shit outta this one again with the diving board. And this trip is when the Pool Dust stickers and taunting graffiti went down. We all laughed. Z-Burgs ain't no bedwetta', getting both trucks up on the deck with his eyes closed.

Fuggit, we skated it with the diving board again, and still those guys tore. And since we had decided that some graffitti was in order, I wrote "Dream Destroyers caught napping, poached again." Again, some high school shit, but funny. And then we went to the Sahara Pool.

Those guys got Sahara tattoos, and I am fucking stoked for them. That's cool. We skated that pool about 6 years ago, the first year I was in AZ. And we'd been skating it off and on since. As has half of Arizona. It was essentially a permission pool: bribe the caretaker with a six pack or a few bucks or whatever on a Sunday and you were in. Not some secret spot, but a killer pool nonetheless. But since they had warned us that there were cops patrolling Sahara 24 hours a day (yeah right!) we decided to find out for ourselves. I waited outside and kept watch (and didn't see hide nor hair of any cops) while those guys sneaked in and skated for about 30 minutes. Poached again, three in one



day.

But we weren't yet done with Tucson and those same pools. At least the amazing one in the hills. And we still hadn't successfully removed the diving board in two trips. So Wixon, Boat, Colby and me, and the Colorado guys, headed down one more time to skate it. Leaving from Colby's house, Matt Musselwhite was with us and we were spracking about how we were gonna go rip the dream destroyers' pools and stuff, and, well, Matt got a little sensitive and took off in a huff because he thought that wasn't cool. Whatever, we were just joking anyway, I'm sure if we met those guys we'd like them too (although Roy kind of has a strike or two against him already). So anyway, we split, we took the diving board off this time with some heavy duty tools, and the shit that went down was nuts. And they hadn't been back there because our graffiti was still there. Those guys were dozing on a seriously killer bowl.

So that was that, or so we thought. We called those guys and gave them a chance to share info, which, in reality, would have worked in their favor since we already had lines on three of their bowls, and there are way more pools here in Phoenix than there in Tucson. And they treated us with hostility. It was all kind of childish, but at least we are laughing about it. Really, it's no skin off our nose, and we thought that instead of being psychotically territorial or at least just keeping out the squids, these guys turned hostile toward people who have been skating pools much better than them for decades. Whatever. At least it kept us entertained for a while, and a little skate rivalry can be a good thing. Just ask Q.

Post Script

But then came my issue of Balance, Joey P from Philly's mag, and some of those guys could actually skate pools. So I take it back, you guys are cool. But Roy, this is for you. You are not a very good pool skater no matter how hard you act. And a little humility will take you a long way. If we cross paths again, and I am sure we will, if you want to act like a tough guy that's great, and it won't bother me. But we will be the guys grinding the shit out of the pool while you stick your ass out in a feeble attempt to scratch coping. But of course if you can prove me wrong I'm willing to accept that. It's just that I've seen how you skate your "local" pool, and to be blunt, it wasn't very impressive.

"Beer and Donuts":

Pool Dust as a

"Scene Exploiter"

So one of the funniest parts about you guys, it's just Roy we think is ridiculous. Stuff like "Dream Destroyers - Scumline seeing this whole "Dream Destroyer" versus, Carves since 2001" or "Dream Destroyers - Aiming for the Light Since 1999" - you uh, what? Pool Dust? Me? I guess it is Pool get the point. It got to the point where we'd be belly laughing coming up with the Dust... Anyway, one of the funniest things next good one. Colvin wanted to do a fake zine, where we all dress up in short shorts about this whole Dream Destroyers fiasco and take some photos doing low carves in a pool, sticking our asses super high. And was the fact that Roy, or whoever, I mean make t-shirts. But that never happened.

Ray, decided to copy the Pool Dust sticker

design (so they ripped off a sticker I put in a make a sticker making fun of Pool Dust. Rad. "Exploiting Pools." At least he got the pool) and changed the whole thing around year right, 1988, although by that point I had already been skating pools for several so it said "Kook Dust - Exploiting Pools Since years, which is funny, because I have it on good information that Roy and some of 1988." Well, if you look at my sticker, and those guys have been skating pools since Tom Dooley moved down there, about 4 you don't skate, chances are you are going years ago. That's ok, hopefully they'll learn. I always wanted to know this: if I am to think it is a genuine pool service com-exploiting it, for whose benefit? I mean, I don't make any money doing Pool Dust. If pany, right? I mean, why not? That's why I you exploit something, aren't you supposed to gain something from it? It's like the try to put one in every pool I skate. It got to gutterpunk guys who call everyone who doesn't agree with them or adhere to their the point where Courtney and some of the strict social code a "sellout." One of the funniest and most ironic aspects of this West Side (Phoenix) guys were pissed be-whole name calling exercise is the fact that most of the people calling other people cause they couldn't ride a pool that didn't sellouts can afford not to "sellout" or whatever. They get their money from their rich have a Pool Dust sticker in it. Courtney even parents, trust funds, court settlements, whatever. People who have to do work for a



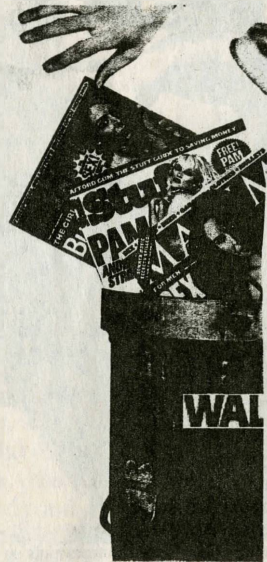
This is Colby doing a frontside air as they were meant to be done, not stinky as all get out, but stylish. You gotta be asking yourself: "Can I do airs over the coping in a pool?"

For Lad Mags, the Jig Is Up

If you're going to publish porn, you shouldn't get away with being so coy

IF I WERE RUNNING WAL-MART, THERE WOULD BE STRIPPERS in the aisles and strippers at the checkout line. In fact, it would just be a strip joint. But despite the fact that I have neither morals nor taste, I think Wal-Mart was right to pull the lad mags—*Maxim*, *Stuff* and *FHM*—from its shelves last week.

Wal-Mart, which I love not only for the cleanliness, prices and service but also for employing people who would otherwise be knocking on my door with religious literature, sells to a lot of the red states. And red states, as their color portends, get angered really easily. To make its customers happy, Wal-Mart has often done some stupid things, like pulling Midge, a pregnant, married doll; making Nirvana change the song *Rape Me* to *Waif Me*; and forcing the Goo Goo Dolls to re-design the cover of *A Boy Named Goo* because a Wal-Mart executive thought the boy with blackberries smeared on him looked like a child-abuse victim. But like Vin Diesel with his facial expressions, eventually Wal-Mart was going to get one right. *Maxim* is pornography, and finally someone figured it out. Why now, I'm not sure, but it might have something to do with the fact that one of *FHM*'s May cover lines is SEX RECORDS! ASTONISHING FEATS OF NAKED AMBITION.



A store defines itself by its merchandise, and Wal-Mart is no more obligated to carry men's magazines than a women's shoe store is to sell beer and doughnuts. I hope by printing that here, I have copyrighted that idea. And while Wal-Mart sells guns, hunting knives, cigarettes, Wiggles DVDs and other things I wouldn't feel comfortable putting on the shelves in my shoe-beer-and-doughnuts store, its job isn't to be morality police. Wal-Mart's business is not to offend its customers, most of whom are, for reasons that may have to do with our nation's obesity, more comfortable with hunting rifles than nudity. Its job is to make families feel comfortable enough to shop and enjoy those 12¢ hotdogs together. Because that is where the real profit is, people. Trust me, I've tried them.

Wal-Mart isn't expected to sell *Playboy* or other pornography, and the lad magazines have been getting away with convincing the world they're something different just because they cleverly

living generally don't care too much about selling out as long as it is not some really obnoxious example. Hey, I would run to the ATM and not have a job and volunteer at the co-op and break windows and "smash the state" or whatever if I could afford to not have a job or do some jail time without having to worry about bills, responsibilities, etc. And you know what? I'm even kinda psyched for those guys who get a free ride somehow, more power to 'em. But that good will ends as soon as they start accusing people of "selling out."

And Roy was worried that by taking photos of a pool anyone who saw the picture would know where the pool is. Don't make me laugh. By the way, that photo is on the opposite cover of the mag, the photo of Roy. Now, can you tell me where the pool is? Am I that stupid to publicize where pools are so a bunch of little shits can go spray paint them? I don't think so. It all reminds me of when the last time someone called me and Pool Dust "The scene exploiter." It was around 1994 or so...

And that time the guy's name was Troy. I had met him in 1987, at the last week that Del Mar was open, skating with Mike Swim. And since my car broke down those guys gave me a ride back to Seattle. But the whole trip I had to consciously try not to get into arguments with Troy even though he was a know-nothing kook. After that I would see him around every once in a while, and Mike too. Mike ripped, he was a cool guy (still is), and it was fun to hang out with him. Troy was a barney from the get go. He sucked at skating and was bummed whenever anyone was better than him.

When the guys in West Seattle built the bowl, Troy got super possessive. I helped a little here and there when I could, but it wasn't my project. I donated cash and a little time, but not like the guys who built it. I went to school full time and worked. When it was done, and sessions started going down, we all skated. And I took some photos. And I put them in Pool Dust. And one of the photos was of a tray of donuts and a twelve pack of beer that the flamboyantly gay limo driver who owned the house, Cody (who, by the way, in a freaky example of inverted homophobia, nobody admitted was gay, even though it was ridiculously obvious. Sample quote: "Cody's not gay! He's... cool!"), brought out for us one Sunday morning at about 11 am. I brought the mag over when it was done, and one fell into the hands of Troy. It was awesome. Troy had an anger management problem, and he was not very smart but very excitable. He would fly into these rages (especially when he forgot to take his medication) and you could almost see the steam coming from out of his ears like in the cartoons. This was one of those times. He was pissed. He called me the "scene exploiter" in this quivering voice. I thought it was hilarious. He said that any day now a ton of little kids would come knocking on the door wanting to skate. Remember, this is about 1994 or so, the height of fat pants and tiny wheels, when pools and vert were completely ridiculed by little kids. No kids would know where the pool was because of some photos, and believe me, even if they did, they wouldn't want to skate it. And after things got settled Hubbard and the guys would encourage kids to come and ride to see if they had the nuts. Most showed up and tried to ride once or twice but couldn't get it and gave up. No big deal. So Troy starts screaming mid-session about "scene exploiter" and what not, and latches on to this phrase: "Beer and Donuts?! You think that's funny?!" Well, I thought it was funny then, and I think it is funny now, and lo and behold, I saw a Time magazine a couple months ago making fun of, you guessed it, beer and donuts. He kept repeating the

"A store defines itself by its merchandise, and Wal-Mart is no more obligated to carry men's magazines than a women's shoe store is to sell beer and doughnuts. I hope that by printing that here, I have copyrighted that idea."

phrase: "Beer and Donuts?! You think that's funny?!" One of the raddest things Troy said to someone else about the pool was to Davey Rogers, a full on ripdog. Troy thought the bowl would be the great equalizer, in other words, it was so gnarly and hard to get used to that everyone would suck as bad as him when they skated, hoping to scratch a backside grind. Troy looked at Davey one day and said "Ha! Bet you'll never do your backside airs in this thing!" As Troy continued to hope for a backside grind, Rogers, and others, blasted big airs (Elery was another blaster). Troy later went after Smiley with a knife, if I remember correctly, and generally became a kook and nuisance until he left for Florida. For some reason he thought he was my buddy, and a couple years later sent me a photo of me at the Nude Bowl on that trip in 1987, and he asked me to send him Pool Dust stuff in Florida. What, so he could see how I was still exploiting the scene? "Exploiting the scene" - I love that one.

And so now I have no choice, Roy, but to lump you and Troy in the same group: acting partially retarded, trying to scratch backside grinds, thinking that I am somehow exploiting something, and thinking that I am giving away the location of spots. Let me repeat: photos of any pool in Pool Dust are not going to give away the spot. I was tempted to give directions to all of those guys' pools in Tucson, but that would be too lame, and really, it's only Roy that behaved like a total kook. Hey, nice mustache guy!

The Great Pipe Debacle

By Aaron Zoutmibutt

It all started for me two or three years ago, as it did for a few others. Salba, who I will forever owe dozens of pools, sent me an e-mail telling me I should be on the lookout for pipes in AZ. Salba is on a pipe kick, always has been. And AZ has been home to some epic pipes. He told me to check some stuff on the internet, and I did, but came up mostly empty. Then he told me about the specific site to check, and I did. I told Salba that time was fucked for me, I didn't have a ton of free time then (and still don't now). Salba knows some other folks in AZ, Courtney, a few others. Courtney, I believe, or was it Steve, went and checked the spot out. Water was coming out and blocking the pipe, it wasn't a go. Salba would write every once in a while, I am sure I let him down because all I could offer was backyard pools. As far as I knew, and others knew, the pipe wasn't a go.

But last spring Salba wrote again. Someone had checked the pipe and it was a go. I should go check the pipe. Salba was going to go check the pipe the following week, would I do a recon? I told a couple friends, A COUPLE FRIENDS, who wanted to go, and so we planned it out and went to the pipe. When we got there it looked pretty amazing. Huge pipe, maybe 26-30' in diameter, maybe even bigger. Out in the middle of nowhere, didn't even have to hop a fence to get in, and there was a hiking area that went right by it. Am I giving away too much info? I think not. There were about 6 of us, but there was already a group skating the pipe. and one of the first things we noticed was what appeared to be a Pool Dust sticker. Nope, it was the Kook Dust sticker that we saw. We all started busting up. Shit was funny. Those guys were egging me on to get pissed. I took the sticker as evidence and wanted to reprint it but I lost the thing. Anyway, we started riding the pipe. It was tough to skate. Kinda rough. Eric Bill killed it, went the highest by far, had a board with softies on. Colvin was running around naked the entire time we were there, that guy is like a little evil elf. After we were there for a little while another crew of about 6 people showed up. There were about 20 people out there. We skated for a long time and called it a day,



Damn, we finally brought the right tools on the third trip down, took out the diving board, and Wixon answered with a lipslide. If I lived anywhere near this pool the diving board would've been gone first day. But some people are nappin'. figuring that we wouldn't be going back there too soon (the pipe really wasn't that good) but it would be a killer spot for a party or barbeque or whatever.

But we had to wreck the Dream Destroyers somehow. How could I do it in a way that was totally ridiculous? And maybe even drag Salba into it, since I knew he was coming the following week.... I found a pencil and starting writing "Dream Destroyers" graffiti. It said "Fuck Tony Alva... Fuck Jay Adams... Fuck Salba... Fuck Colvin... Fuck Colby Carter... Fuck Tony Hawk... Fuck Cody Boat... Fuck Lundry..." etc. And then we drew a bunch of swastikas on the dream destroyers stickers and left them there, and wrote "Aiming for the light since 2001". We had our little laugh and we split. And we still haven't been back there, well, I haven't.

I called Salba and gave him the lowdown, told him to bring some big softies, told him the situation to get in, etc. He went the following week going straight there with Belmar, and skated. And split right away, I didn't even see him in town. But I got a phone call a few days later: "Who are these kooks?" It was hot, I played it off, and now Salba hates the Dream Destroyers. Well, at least until he reads this. Salba, sorry, I hope you think it is funny. And totally lame gossip bullsh!t, like it is supposed to be. Like Q says, a good skate rivalry is cool sometimes.

But speaking of lame gossip bullsh!t... Months later I go to San Diego after my surgery to chill with my girl, hang out with Rhino and the boys, see a couple shows (James Brown!