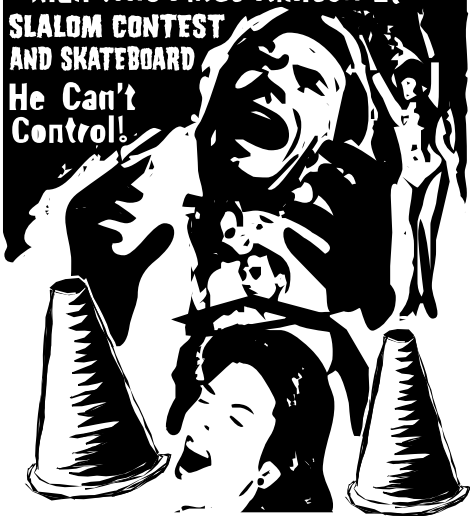


I Was A Teenage Skateboarder Who Never Slalomed And Then Grew Up To Try It Later!

The Frightening Nightmare of a Man Who Finds Himself at a SLALOM CONTEST AND SKATEBOARD He Can't Control!



Sounds like a horrible movie eh? In starting my first column for Concrete Wave I thought to myself "What complaint do I hear most often about this magazine, and what can I do to annoy more readers?" The answer of course, is more slalom coverage! Skaters for Public Skateparks often has raging conversations about the vocal minority of older bowl trolls that push tranny heavy parks at the expense of street skaters. So where does that leave Concrete Wave with it's inordinately out of proportion slalom coverage? Well I figure, when in Rome, do as the Vandals. Here is the innaugural colmn for...

The Sasquatch Speaks



by kilwag

So I'm kind of dating this blonde girl, let's call her Chrissy. She's in town visiting her older brother who is kind of a dick. He runs with these mean slalom kids called **The Letter Openers** or something to that effect. Those guys burned down our slalom cones one night. We didn't exactly see them but I think Monk did it. We came home from our **Hill Locals** club meeting and found smoldering heaps of plastic in our driveway, which is where we park our cabriolet.

Because Brazil is where they manufacture the best skaters in all disciplines that are uncool in North America - aka Vert and Slalom, and Freestyle for all I know - I sent off to **Moska** for some wheels. Now what about a board? I called Chrissy over at Hook's house but **Audrey** answers and she's all "Donna's missing!" After tailing Lara Flynn Boyle, I spot James' sweet slalom setup parked outside the skateshop. So I duck into the Interweb to investigate slalom boards. **Pocket Pistols** sets me up with a Duane Peters deck that I assume is a recent release except the web site hasn't been updated since 2005 so it's pure hearsay.

From Hearsay to **heresy**, I proceed to set up a Duane Peter's deck with Tracker Trucks because, well, they were the only ones I had a wholesale connection for. The copy says they would "make the average weekend warrior feel like a true world champion," which was good cause I had to settle a score with **Hook** at the joust later that evening. With Brazillian urethane and Californian wood, fiberglass and aluminum in hand, I bought the fastest set of ABEC 5 bearings I could find since certain **unnamed manufacturers** refused to flow, somehow doubting the seriousness of my review. I figured ABEC 5 was good. I wanted to be extreme, but not to the max, you know?

So **Christian Slater** and I hop in the back of Tony Hawk's pizza delivery truck and head to the "Outlaw" Slalom race that was definitely not held anywhere near Mt Tabor. I put it in quotes cause although we were sticking it to the man by not following his rules, we were still required to wear a helmet to race. The security guard that wasn't in Portland Oregon didn't seem to mind in any case. Contestants marveled at my strange wheels, brand new deck and lack of angled risers as if to say "What's a jerk like you doing with a sweet slalom set up like that?" You see, slalom is a rich man's sport, requiring an assortment of wheels and trucks and performance bearings that can cost a small fortune unless you ride for **Smash Skates**.



Brian, not Jeff Stryker

Little Stevie said "No, YOU be there!" so I had been shamed into entering the contest. I figured I'd just practice but as I managed to make it farther and farther down the course I realized I wouldn't kook it up too bad. My friend Shawn was running the course on his longboard.. really slowly. I figured I had a good chance of beating him. The contestants were made up of varying skill levels and attire. Some of the more serious ones seemed to bristle at Shawn implied longboarding irreverence, but the more he stuck with it the more they warmed up to him. There were full face helmets and motocross body armor as well as cutoff shorts and jeans. Sure, slalom has a somewhat geeky image to the rest of the skating world but it's serious business. The guys that do it well have big **cojones**.

With Chrissy waiting at the bottom of the hill we began the race. There were guys flying off the course at all points, somehow the same guys at every point, going off cliffs and still managing to keep in the running. In the end I didn't come in last (Shawn did) and I even managed to better my times. Of course Chrissy left with the guys from Black Leather Rac-

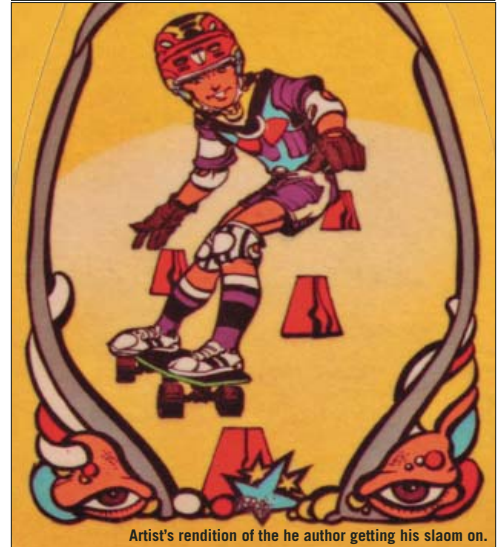


Not Jeff, but John Stryker



Scott Moore is subsonic

Security! Security!



Artist's rendition of the he author getting his slalom on.

ing even though they weren't even there. I guess **T-shirt and Shorts Racing** doesn't have the same sex appeal. Speaking of sex appeal, Ladies, where were you? Slalom seems to be all about the hips, and the womens sure got 'em. In spite of the sausage festival, I had a lot of fun and will be back for more.

My name is Kilwag, and I enjoy slalom. It's an AA meeting, get it? I'm pretty sure Michael won't print my alternate **Heathers** ending of "I love my slalom. I love my dead, gay slalom."

Oh my gawd.. you're killing me with this slalom stuff. Oh yeah? Choke on this picture of McMinnville local Brian sessioning Lincoln City III's pool. No pads, no helmet and a Thrasher tattoo to boot!



Brian

Be the first person to send in a picture of your Concrete Wave tattoo and I'll send you a tear stained note from your mother begging you to have it removed. You were always such a nice kid growing up.

...and so was Kilwag. Send him your hate mail or be further annoyed by him over at **SkateAndAnnoy.com**.