

# CONTEST > CULTURE

quiksilver bowlriders  
malmo, sweden

"Over and over you can be sure  
There will be sorrow but you will endure  
Where there's a flower there's the sun and the rain  
Oh and it's wonderful there both one in the same  
Joy and pain are like sunshine and rain"

*Maze- Joy and Pain*



# Joy and Pain

And so to Sweden, where the best skatepark in Europe resides. Quiksilver hastily convened their Bowlriders event in Malmo after a couple of false starts, and immediately the question was—could they recreate the event? Right out of the gate the answer from the park point of view is absolutely. No-one who has been so far will argue that; a place of infinite variety and interpretations to suit all levels and abilities, from Chris Senn all the way up to mine.

■■■ Words by Niall and photos by Nils

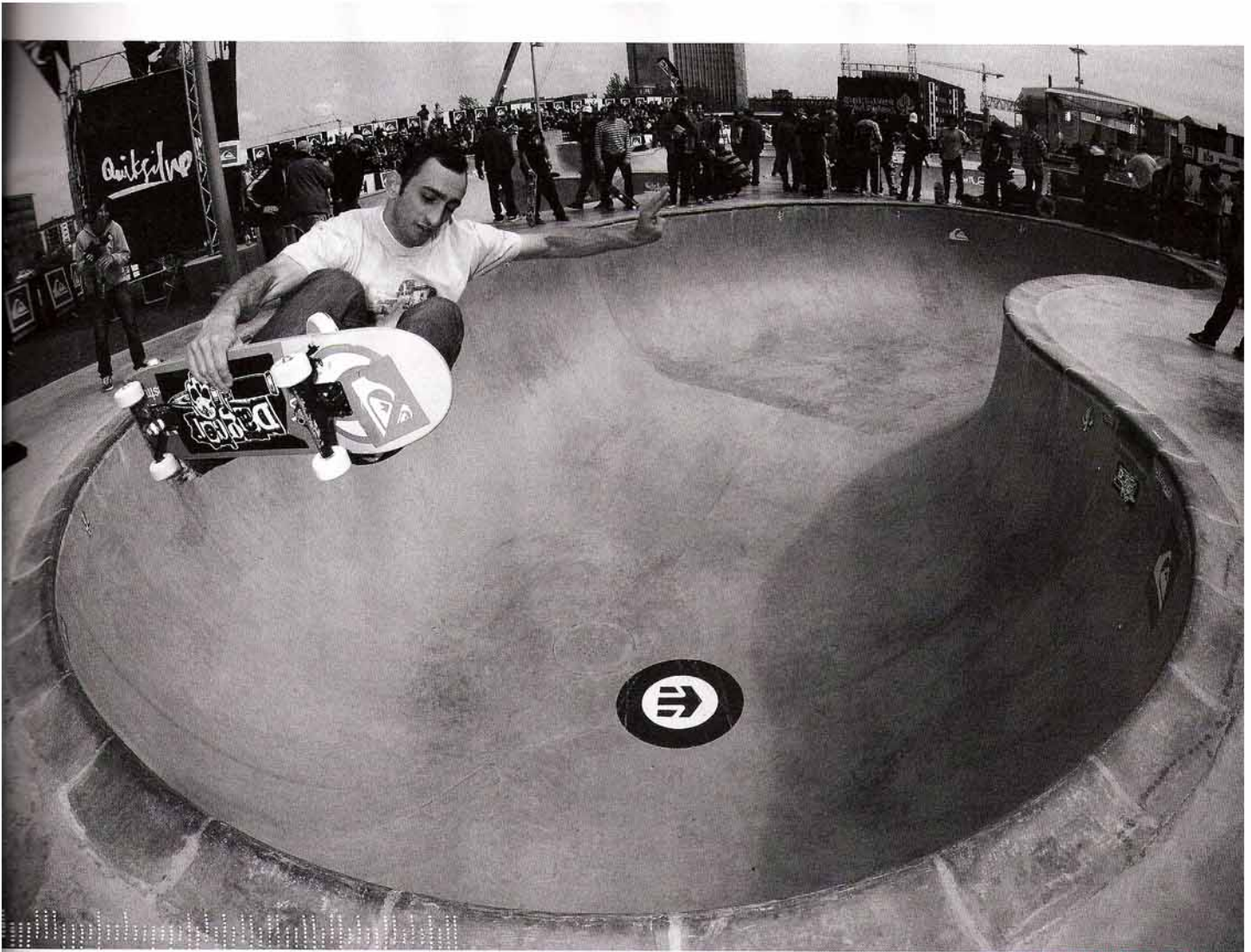
So no doubts about the park; when we arrived on the Friday morning a bruised sky hung ominously overhead but the first licks were being laid by the early arrivals; Javier Mendizabal could have qualified from his warm-up alone, Steven Reeves-Vox's new find in the US Midwest- was cranking it out. This guy has the magic ingredient, leans back and wields his board like a guitar, I thought he was one of the best of the weekend. David Martelleur was up and about looking fresh faced and unlikely to go to jail with killer tailslides on the huge flatbank which forms the centrepiece of the park. Also having an early-morning lurk was ex-Foundation pro Josh Beagle, enjoying an extended holiday after losing his passport. Also enjoying the hospitality were US pool rat Screech, who would end up buckled on Carlsberg by lunchtime and puke down the vert wall, which Josh Rouillon promptly slid through on his back. Dirty dirty dirty. But I'll tell you what, that Screech chap can skate pools like nobody's business, craillside reverts on the first wall every time, backside ollies into the deep end, the lot.

Saturday brought more changeable weather and charged-up skating. Ross Mc Gouran, the youngest finalist by about ten years, got some early lines in alongside other standouts Chris Cudlipp, Alain Goikoetxea (skating in full arm cast) and Ben 'Geography Teacher Groove' Krahn,

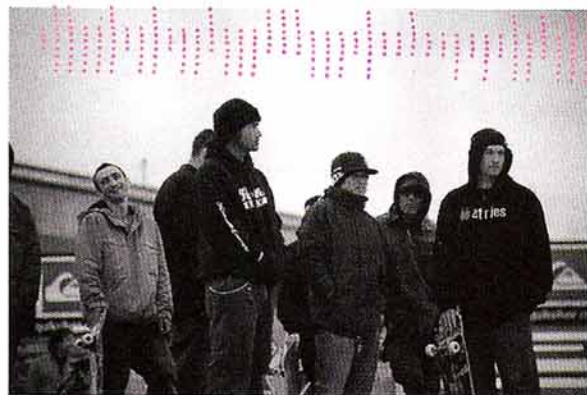
who was frontside 5-0 ing the cradle every time. Saturday saw two downpours which dried up after half an hour each time, but saw a dent put in the complimentary Fosters and the stage set for a proper naughty Saturday night down the disco. Sidewalk's Will Linford was in spectacular muttering form when presented with the acres of hot Scandinavian flesh who, surprisingly for a skateboarding party, weren't all minging. The evening ended in a mildly terrifying drum and bass club where Jocke Olson was DJ'ing where we hugged Burnside's Choppy Omega and several other members of the Rocksteady Crew. The club was call BOP, but the P at the end could have been lost for a better description of the Sweaty Betties therein. By this point, friend Roesty had racked up his first- but not last- bout of Swedish jailtime.

Finals day was bionic! The only downfall of having a jam format in skating is when everybody is really good and you don't know where to watch. The finals were total pandemonium, everything went up two notches, then three- Goikoetxea's nosepicked the barbeque pit! Galloway backside tailslide the flatbank lip! Senn transfers over the snake run and into facing bank!!

On the day the weather would change five times but the event would still finish uproariously with Claus Grabke's band



85-202 26 Malmo



Above: Daniel Cardone, frontside air in the deep corner of the pool after he had already won the event. He received a standing ovation after this run.

Top Left: Chris Cudlipp, blunt in the barbeque pit.

<<< Rune Glifberg, rock fakie on the tallest extension.

*"-What's your band called now?  
Claus Grabke's band.  
Can you do that one off the Santa Cruz video? It  
goes dern...  
No."*

When the dust had settled it was a European 1,2,3 and deservedly so. The only thing I would have to say, and with no disrespect to any of the judges who have to agree a consensus, is that Benji Galloway's fifth place was for me a joke bordering on an insult and a more cynical man than myself might wonder if there wasn't more to it than met the eye.

In any case, Cardone cried on hearing he had won, and received a standing ovation for his afterthought bowl run at the end. So much style he was actually sitting on his board during some landings, fingers caressing the transition.

The ovation was repeated when he arrived for dinner some hours later, and things got out of hand until Quiksilver's TM Tomi Toiminien offered me outside for suggesting Get Into The Groove was a better song than Holiday (it is, Tomi- think about it) and I departed to see poor Roesty being driven off for his second night in the slammer. Amazing weekend, and our thanks to old friends and new for making it so. Go to Malmo.