

great lakes surfer



Bob Tema / Stony Point / photo: Brain Stabinger

issue 2 - 08.2009

20th annual

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dropping in

So you might be thinking... “Wow, Issue 2! What took so long?!” I’ll be honest and say this isn’t easy stuff. It’s not as simple as building a sand castle on the beach - we’re building a magazine. A community. A progression. And although sometimes it feels like I’m building a sand castle, easy going and fun; the tide seems to creep up and make things a little more difficult to keep that sand castle together. I’ve asked friends, strangers, and some pretty strange friends all to help in times of need to produce this expression of creativity for the sport we love. The lifestyle. The people and their places. This magazine is still growing and will only do so by the love that goes into what we do as surfers. You can see that in the picture on this spread. Petter Carlweitz had a two day stop in Chicago on ‘round the world tickets to countries all over the globe and happens to find himself some mini tube time on the southend of Lake Michigan . Originally from Sweden, where they have a similar surfing scene to us on the Great Lakes, Petter was determined to one day surf the Lakes after see-

ing Vince Deur’s “Unsalted”. He never would have thought he’d get to check that off his wish list so easily. Without the help of locals it’s hard to make things like that happen. And that’s the type of thing I love about surfing here. The generosity that midwest surfers give out to anyone - offering a wetsuit, a ride to the beach, a board to ride on, and maybe a beer afterward if your lucky. This issue you’ll be able to see how two of the most influential surfers of the midwest scene, Lee and Larry Williams of Sheboygan Wisconsin share the stoke with the Dairyland Surf Classic (page 12) . It’s events like these and the people that contribute to our experience as Lake Surfers that make it all the more enjoyable - even when it’s dead flat for weeks. But fall is fast approaching, boards need repair, foam to be glassed, photos to process, all before we drop everything to make those trips that never seem to fade in our memory. Because we all know that when its good here, it’s *real* good. The proofs in the picture.

-Mike Killion

Coming to Chicago from Sweden for waves is a gamble - Petter Carlweitz hits the jackpot at Casinos.

GLS

great lakes surfer
m a g a z i n e

Editor/Creator:

Mike Killion mike@greatlakessurfer.com

Writers:

Vince Deur, Jason Lukas, Mike Killion, Mark Urban

Photographers:

Jack Flynn, Mike Killion, Carson Klemp, Jason Lukas, Rusty

Malkemes, Brain Stabinger, Kevin Stoeveken, Bob Tema

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20th ANNUAL DAIRYLAND CLASSIC
Kicking the season off for two decades



THE "X" FACTOR
A look into the future of custom board building with Matt Campbell



WINTER SURFARI: ECUADOR
3 weeks, 3 groups, 1 story



PHOTO GALLERY
Showing off the best we have.

THE 20TH ANNUAL DAIRY LAND SURF CLASSIC

STORY BY MARK URBAN
PHOTOS BY SNAKE AND MIKE KILLION





The state of Wisconsin prides itself on rolling hills, vast farm lands, cheese castles, tasty bratwurst, beer factories, the Green-Bay Packers, and the largest gathering of freshwater surfers in the world. 'Aloha' and welcome to Corona's Dairyland Surf Classic; an event twenty years running thanks to Larry and Lee Williams.

On first impression the brothers seem like regular guys who live in Sheboygan but these two freshwater surfing legends actually pride themselves on spreading the 'Aloha Spirit'. "The purpose of the Dairyland is to celebrate the beginning of the fall surfing season by sharing the stoke we have with others," says 'Longboard' Larry. "We also try to promote the sport and lifestyle of surfing in a positive way." Because there is usually nothing going on on Labor Day weekend, the Williams brothers decided that it would be a great idea to have a contest then. "Surfing may be the overall theme, but hanging out and having fun is what the Dairyland is all about," says Lee 'Waterflea' "But it's the guys and gals that surf in freezing weather that come here to celebrate the kind of unique surfing experience found only on the Great Lakes."

That experience kicked off on Friday night with welcome wagon of sorts at the Expedition Outdoor Supply Surf Shop (EOS). There were plenty of surfers on hand who talked story, threw a few (maybe a few dozen) beers back and watched some of the latest and greatest surf flicks on the jumbo-style TV screen.

Apparently Daryl Stermer from the band 'Genesis' was playing music right across the street but EOS had a much larger crowd than the legendary musician could draw. If you drank one too many you were probably hurting when it came time to wake up bright and early for Saturday's Dawn Patrol at North-Side beach.

The waves were a meager amount of flatness rippling into what appeared to be nothing but families with their kids were paddling into whatever wave action they could. "I want to see the kids out there surfing," admits WaterFlea. "I want them to have the same chance at surfing the lakes that I had as a kid." Meanwhile up on Broughton Drive, there was a surfing swap meet taking place for those looking for a board, wetsuit or any other surf-related product. Other craftsmen were on hand displaying their creative goods like Beer City Snake's inventive artwork. For the most part however; people came to talk story, show off pictures, farmer tans, their new HAM skateboard, meet new friends and simply enjoy a lazy afternoon in what the Williams brothers call 'The Malibu of the Midwest.'

An all-ages paddling competition kicked off the afternoon including the infamous Pro-Paddle. The first place finisher was John Rose from Lanikai, Hawaii. Corona awarded Rose with a brand spanking new \$1,600 Laird Hamilton SUP. And if your name was Joe or Chris Matulis then you also took home a board-award. The Matulis brothers have become a mainstay at the Dairyland, winning the three-person team paddling competition with only the two of them.





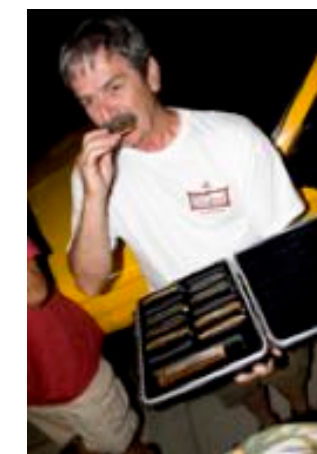
If you were one of the top three finishers in the 16-and-under (Grom) competition you took home either a new NSP 9-foot board or a custom Rip Curl wetsuit donated by EOS. The third place finisher was set up with sweet and styling beach-cruiser bike donated by the Dairyland boys.

“It was without a doubt the most moving experience I have ever had in all the Dairylands,” admitted a teary-eyed Longboard Larry. “It’s the Hawaiian’s who gave us the term aloha and our Great Lakes Surfing Family (Ohana) is stoked to share that feeling with the Keikis.” A special recognition award was also presented to The Lake Superior Surf Club for their years of outstanding service to the Great Lakes Surfing Community.

Saturday evening culminated with a potluck-style-luau featuring a huge raffle and awards banquet. Surfers along with their friends and family were chowing down the best darn bratwurst, smoked salmon, a galore of sides, and enough beer to choke Mickey Rourke in ‘Barfly’. The Keikis (kids) were also having a blast dancing to the sounds of the Mad-Pole-Cats as they chugged down every last drop from their juice boxes. As the beer and juice kept flowing, the raffles and awards sure got the crowd all excited. When John Rose, who won the SUP competition, took his \$1,600 Laird SUP and donated it to a 14-year-old cancer survivor from Chicago, most of the crowd burst into tears.

If you were able to get out of bed, the car, or that bench you crashed out on, Sunday was reserved for recovery or perhaps a new surf discovery of your own. As the Dairyland ended that Monday evening, the Williams brothers acted the same way they did at the end of the last 19 Dairylands. “We always look at each other and say ‘that’s it...we’re done,’” admits Waterflea. “But I know after the dust settles we start thinking about t-shirts, bands, food and how we can improve things for next year....which by the way sees the Dairyland turn 21.”

end





BREAKING ING DOWN THE LAW

*THE PUSH TO OPEN CHICAGO'S BEACHES
TO SURFING*

BY VINCE DEUR

Surfing is not a crime. If I have learned one thing from this 25 year love affair with the sport of kings, it is that. The way you go about surfing can be criminal however... if you become violent when visitors paddle out to your favorite spot, steal a surfboard or even steal a wave from your fellow surfer on the set of the day... But selfishness of this nature shows itself quickly in the line-up and often peer pressure from other surfers can be the best response to such actions.

That said, putting someone in jail for surfing alone on a cold, blustery day is not the correct response. But that is exactly what happened to local Chicago Surfer Jack Flynn when he tempted fate and paddled out at his neighborhood break in downtown Chicago. The spot he had watched for years was throwing barrels like he had never seen! So like any stoked surfer, he paddled out.

57th Street Beach showing it's potential. Photo: Jack Flynn

After a few successful rides, Jack began attracting a crowd, since seeing surfing on Lake Michigan is rare for most people and they cannot help but watch. So before too long there were several firefighters and police officers on the scene staring out into the blustery, cold lake watching with amazement. As the radios buzzed of this bizarre occurrence, word eventually got through to the senior officer in charge who saw the situation as a threat to the rule of law. Because, technically, a surfboard is a flotation device and the City Parks District banned all flotation devices some 30 years ago.

When Jack finally got his fill and walked up the beach to the seemingly supportive group of civil servants, he was handcuffed and put under arrest. This very simple act of surfing cost him over 36 hours in a south-side jail in his wetsuit. Later after his one phone call, his cell-mates, who had tried to hold up a bank earlier that day, kept asking over and over unable to hold back laughter, “tell us again...why did you get thrown in jail, you’re kidding right, you have got be kidding?!”

Meanwhile across the lake the newly formed the Surfrider Foundation: Lake Michigan Chapter (SFLMC) was growing its membership and its outreach by standing up to corporate titans like US Steel and BP for

dumping toxins into southern Lake Michigan, funding a water quality testing program during the surf season, and speaking to local and state governments to defeat a proposed law that would ban surfing next to piers and breakwaters. After speaking to Jack and learning of the struggle, chapter organizers vowed to support his efforts and bring together the best team possible of Lake Surfers from the region to open Chicago beaches to surfing once and for all.

Over the next several months, letters were written, phone calls made and messages left, but no face-to-face meeting was on the calendar until a certain phone call was made to commercial airline pilot living and kite-surfing in Chicago who had recent experience with the Chicago Parks Department. Michael Urban and a small group of kite boarders managed to get Montrose Beach opened to kite boarding after presenting an extremely elaborate and professional proposal to city officials. Their operation plan required that each participant to sign a waiver to release the city from any liability and demonstrate their skills to their peers to earn certification. Officials were impressed with the detailed plan and the hard work and they approved the plan at once. Michael urged the surfers to use a similar strategy, but in our research we learned a similar system of registration



Above: James Pribram gets creative on the southside of Lake Michigan back in the Fall of 2008 while filming for his Fuel TV documentary, “Firsthand”. photo: Mike Killion

and certification for surfing was tried in Newport Beach, CA for a short time in the 80s in direct response to growing fears about liability, but it did not last a season since it was too complicated and simply ineffective.

Finally, a meeting date was on the books and on a cold December day, we arrived with at the Administration building to meet with City Park officials to present our proposal. Since many Midwesterners still see surfers as the lazy, self-centered and drug-using “Spiccoli” stereotype who only care about catching waves, it was important to make a good first impression. The reality is that throughout the world, surfers are made up of blue and white collar workers alike, they are doctors, lawyers, engineers, teachers, artists, musicians, dishwashers and the unemployed slacker, they are a true cross-section of America, and Great Lakes surfers are no exception. Our group consisted of a pilot, lawyer, filmmaker and pro surfer. We sat down at the table and spent several minutes defending what we expected to be a tarnished reputation, but to our surprise we were treated with respect and the meeting quickly got down to the business of “horse-trading” only with beaches as the horses. We had spent a fair amount of time, taking to surfers before the meeting to determine if we could only get a few (of the

22 beaches) to select the best possible choices. But since nearly all of the Chicago surfers travel to Indiana to surf, and swells on the lake don’t last very long (sometimes only 4-5 hours of decent conditions), there was not a lot of experience to pull from, because every time it was good, local surfers were either working or surfing somewhere else. We learned quickly though, that one of our first choices (North Ave) would not be accepted due to the heavy crowds there during the summer. They asked for a formal proposal to be submitted with contacts and examples of other beaches in the region.

We left the meeting in high spirits, believing that indeed our proposal would be accepted and it was only a matter of which beaches and when. We submitted our proposal immediately after our December 7 meeting, but it ended up sitting in someone’s inbox through the holidays, all of January, February and into March. Throughout this time, we called, we emailed, we tried everything but a carrier pigeon to confirm that indeed they did have our proposal and were considering it. Finally we learned it was passed down from the top level of the CPD into middle management where things began to turn sour. When we pushed for our answer, we were eventually given a straight, flat out “NO, not now, maybe never.”



Above: (left) Vince Deur interviews with Fox News shortly after meeting with the Chicago Parks District. (right) Ryan Gerard and Dave Vanderveen take part in the summer SUP protest. photos: Mike Killion

FEATURED ARTIST



Top: Jack, Ryan, James, and Dave exit North Ave beach after a summer SUP protest in 2008. Bottom: (left) Jamo attacks another freshwater wave. (right) Todd Haugh, Vince Deur, James Pribram, and CPD Chief of Staff, Mark Thomas celebrate the opening of surfing to Chicago. photos: Mike Killion

We were blown away when we heard this, it was nothing like the positive meeting back in December. So we went back to the top and pressed for a better reason for the denial, but that took another six weeks. In the meantime, the CPD had some staff changes, although, we had the support of a few in upper management, the momentum changed with the addition of a new Chief of Staff, his support coupled with the Superintendent rolled past the “naysayers” and by early June of 2009 we had a plan to open two beaches in the summer and four year round. For the summer months, Montrose Beach and 57th Street Beach are open for surfing. Not until after

Labor Day will two other beaches open up; Osterman and Rainbow Beach.

The best part was when officials said they were open to adding beaches next year if things went well. So the old adage; “You gotta start small and build” really means something to Chicago surfing... now if we could just get a big north blow to build down the lake, we could show just how well it can work. Thanks to all of you who have supported this effort in one way or another... it truly was the work of the collective that made it happen! See you in the surf.



> captain Jack



The man, the myth, the legend. Flynn himself. photo: killion

Extensive online interview coming soon!

For now, check out Jacks latest CD, “For Rockin’ Ron”, a two year project dedicated to Ron Richardson, who in addition to suffering many life-long ailments, has recently gone blind. Ron’s happiness now comes in the form of headphones, which he is rarely seen without. “For Rockin’ Ron is intended to give Ron an audible thrill ride: the only kind that is left available to him. All profits from the album will be given to Ron’s family who has been taking care of him for year. “For Rockin’ Ron” can now be found at Third Coast Surf Shop!



got ice?

Sometimes it gets cold. Real cold. Stay in for too long and you risk the chance of looking like one of these guys. But when your done for the day and you can no longer feel your hands or feet, you know it was well worth it. Most of the days it gets this cold tend to be really good. Question is, are you brave enough to enter the water at this time of the year? Let us see! Got a picture of you covered in some ice from a frosty session? Send it in to mike@greatlakessurfer.com titled "got ice?" and we'll run your photo here! Always remember to get out and get warm if you feel it's getting too cold. Try to surf with at least one or more person in these temperatures and be careful of ice floating in the water. Safety is always first in choosing to paddle out in the winter. That said, have fun, be safe, and enjoy! We'll see you in the water.



Brett Ellanson

Ryan Olmstead and friend



Matt D.



Paul D'Amato and Terry Richardson



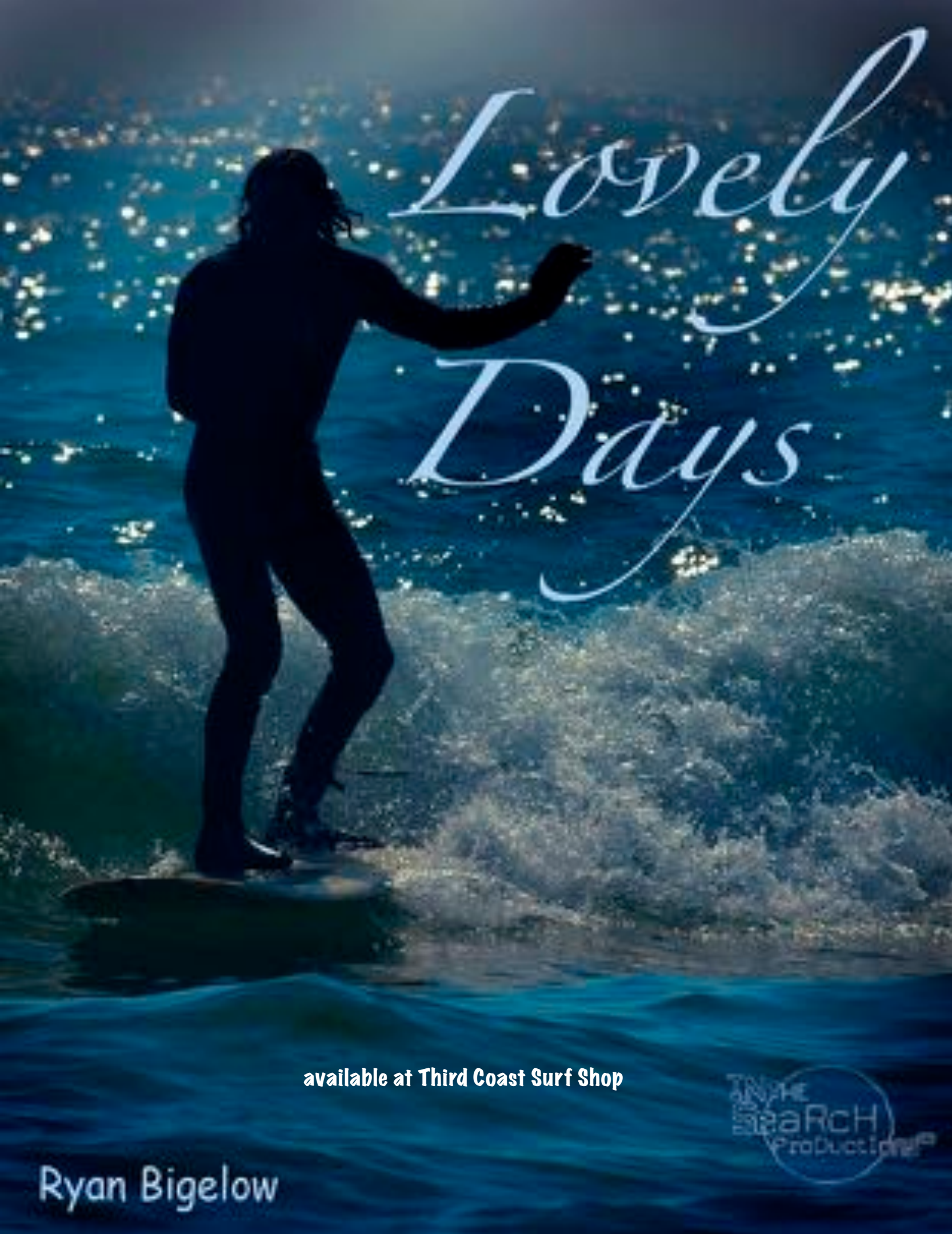
Mr. V Zang



Brad Tunis



Eric Schmidt



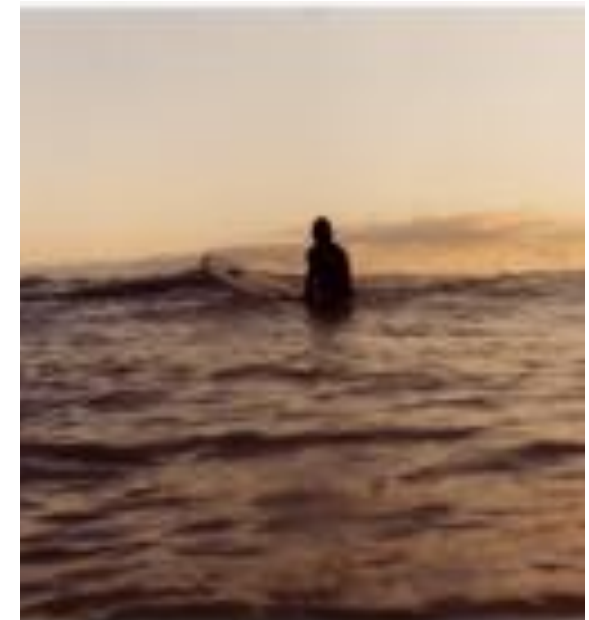
Ryan Bigelow

available at Third Coast Surf Shop



HIGHLAND PARK SAVED!

Last issue we mentioned how the Parks District in Highland Park, IL - just north of Chicago, had proposed a plan to upgrade their boatlaunch and beach to a large harbor for housing boats as well as include a walkway that would stretch out further than the original pier. We were frightened when we heard of this plan as it might potentially ruin the wave there. The idea began by trying to figure out a way to stop the constant dredging that needs to be done each year so boats can launch safely. With the new proposed harbor and walkway, dredging would not be needed. This plan would take until 2011 to complete and would close both Rosewood and Central Park beaches. We can stay worry free to know that the referendum did not pass and the beaches will continue to be open. I think the proposed \$32 million it would've taken to make the upgrade can be used somewhere else for now. Another beach saved! See you in the water!



photos and words by mike killion



OBX ROAD-TRIP

ESA EASTERNS CHAMPIONSHIPS

photos and words by Mike Killion



Cody Loutgens, giving lessons.

Driving twenty hours in a minivan across the country to surf might not sound ideal to everyone, but for us it sounds just about right. Each year the ESA holds a contest after all regionals have completed to see the best compete against the best. And what not a better place to hold it than the Outer Banks of North Carolina? The OBX holds a variety of areas for each onshore, tropical storm, or hurricane kind of day, allowing you to find good waves just about anywhere.

Getting to the North Carolina was a trip. Almost a whole day in the car. Went by quick if you ask me though. I slept most of the time, woke up, drove a little bit. Okay, back to sleep. Just before the sun was setting we arrived to find small, knee to waist high waves along Frisco Pier and ran into another midwest surfer in the parking lot. Strange how that works. But we didn't have much time, so we suited up and paddled out.

The contest is a whole week instead of our regional weekend trip. We've rented a house for the time that we'll be here. For the first night we stayed in a cheaper motel before getting the house the next day. Day two brought us some better waves compared to the session the night before, getting a little bigger and we were able to find a few hours of offshore wind. The forecast was calling for ten foot or more over the next couple days. Little did we know Tropical Storm Kyle was on its way.

It never got all that dangerous but allowed for some bigger, better surf throughout the week. And allowed for one hell

of a contest. Boards broken, dreams shattered, and surfers shacked out of their minds. Traveling east always seems to be a good call. Especially when we've got a week to search and destroy. Well... I can't exactly say we destroyed anything more than our living room, but we were definitely able to witness an abundance of ripping by surfers from Florida to Maine. Either watching the heats throughout the day at the contest or following the freesurfing inbetween, it's always such a trip to watch these guys and girls surf. Reminds me how far we have to go here on the lakes. Without the hurricanes of the east and consistency of the west it's hard to keep up sometimes.

Nonetheless, we always have a great time and find great waves to share. As the week went on, we scored some pretty epic conditions in our eyes. Once Kyle came through, the bridge heading home was shut down due to high waves and wind. Streets were flooded, sand was moved, and we were staying put for another day. No worries though, more surf for us.

Yet exploring the OBX requires one important key to unlocking uncrowded spots - a 4x4 truck and a local surfer usually helps too. Lets face it, when you have surfers from the entire east coast come to one destination it can be a battle at your stand out spots. Lucky for us, we made some friends and created some beautiful memories together, away from the crowd.

This years Eastens will happen once again in September at

Cape Hatteras. If you've yet to visit, I highly recommend it. Besides the variety of waves you'll have to choose from, theres super good BBQ just about every corner and an interesting drive-thru liquor store called the Brew Thru. Plenty of fishing to go around, friendly folks to meet, and stunning beaches to stroll. But enough of my horrible attempt to plug the OBX and the ESA Easterns, just go see it for yourself.



jim hoop, first day at frisco



chris lisanti rockets out



lester friday, second day frisco



pat emery, always keeping it smooth

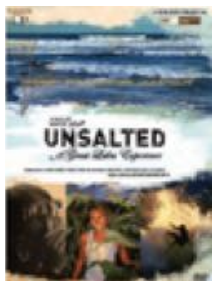


the doc rock



ENTERTAIN YOUR BRAIN

MOVIES



Unsalted: A Great Lakes Experience DVD
by Vince Deur

Join filmmaker and surfer Vince Deur (Grand Haven, Michigan) on a road trip around the five Great Lakes to meet the surfers who have made surfing these stormy waters a way of life for over 40 years. "Unsalted" is an adventure of the spirit; it makes the case for unwavering optimism in the face of adversity and gives you the great feeling you get from being a surfer and riding waves. Often, it is the adventure of searching for the waves and the enduring journey that can make that session so memorable and special. Also features surfers Colin McPhillips, Omar Etcheverry, Justin Reynolds, Matt Beacham, Jenni Flanigan, Bron Heussenstamm, and Joe Curren.



Great Lakes Surfing DVD 3-Pack :
Lake Effect, Big North, Existence
by Ryan Bigelow

Milwaukee surfer and filmmaker Ryan Bigelow presents an underground look at the Wisconsin surfing scene from the Illinois state line in the south to Sheboygan, the "Malibu of the Midwest", in the north. We've packaged his first three DVDs: Lake Effect, Big North, and Existence into a 3-pack DVD set that runs a total of 60 minutes.

Shot entirely on 8mm and 16mm film, these films explore the essence and passion of Great Lakes surfers through poignant interviews and intricate sessions at Wisconsin's best surf spots. By combining a hip soundtrack and shockingly good Lake Michigan waves, these documentaries explore what it means to be a dedicated Great Lakes surfer.



Surf Michigan: Volumes 1 & 2 DVD
by Vince Deur

Vince Deur's first glimpse at freshwater surfing, Surf Michigan; Volumes I & II is an inside look at the pursuit of surfing in the Great Lakes. The first of their kind, these are "underground" documentaries

that have been shared throughout surfing communities worldwide. The DVD contains Volumes I & II, as well as bonus footage.



Lovely Days
by Ryan Bigelow

Lovely Days is an assemblage of resonating surf sessions. Those who plunge into these waters know how truly unique the experience to surf on a lake can be, Lovely Days shares these experiences with the viewer. Showcasing local surfers in a variety of conditions from early morning dawn patrols, epic northwest clean up, and a rare wave pool session. Leaving the viewer with a longing to embark on their own Lovely Day.

BOOKS

Surfing The Great Lakes
by P.L. Strazz



Expanded for 2004, "Surfing the Great Lakes" unlocks the mystery of freshwater surfing across each of the lakes with 10 chapters of information about freshwater waves, weather systems, surfing techniques and surfing locations. The book also details the 40-year history of the sport, provides insider tips from active surfers, and explores the unique, natural beauty of the Great Lakes water system.



A Lake Surfer's Journey
by Jack Nordgren

This is a story about a lake surfer who comes to the end of himself and becomes a believer in Jesus Christ. He not only gives his life to God but also his surfboard. God gives his surfboard back to him and takes him and his family to Hawaii for almost 30 years to plant a church in Waikiki Beach. Then brings him and his wife back to the Midwest to plant a church on WEKO beach and surf on Lake Michigan. Read chapter one for free at: <http://southshorefellowship.org/lakesurfer>

10 questions with



Carving through the ice, Bryan makes his rounds before the big freeze. photo: Mike Killion

Great Lakes Surfer: Where were you born?

BM: 23 years

then surfing itself?

Bryan McDonald: Chicago Heights

GLS: When did you start surfing on the lake in the winter?

BM: Getting a call from Pete Lambert or Terry Richards telling me how good it is supposed to be.

GLS: Where did you learn to surf?

BM: When I was from about 10 years old to 14 I lived in Huntington Beach and learned to surf at about 10 1/2. We would bike seven miles to the beach to surf, but every once in a while we would get rides from parents. and after that during high school I would go there every summer to surf. And then the year after high school my mom moved back to Chicago and going to college I would go back there to see her and used to paint houses in Evanston right on the beach, I took a lunch break and saw the waves and thought to myself, Oh man, this is surfable. It wasn't until one night I was hanging out on the beach with my girlfriend and saw two guys surfing at like 10:30pm. So I went and got my board and surfed my first time at North Ave beach.

BM: I started surfing in the dead of winter only about six years ago and before that the season would only last for the most part until about mid December. March would be cold when the season starts over.

GLS: When you are not surfing what do you prefer to do?

GLS: What is your favorite lake wave.

BM: Play with my two boys Dane and Gavin, skating and playing drums.

BM: Lake Street. I want my ashes spread there.

GLS: What would be you consider to be your best day of surfing?

GLS: Favorite ocean wave?

BM: Marias in Puerto Rico. Just a really nice reef break.

BM: Surfing Lake St on a good day with Pete, Terry, Jack and all the other South End cats.

GLS: What is in your current quiver?

BM: 6'0" Bing Quad; 6'2" Bing Quad; 6'6" Bruce Jones Fish; 9'2" Yader

GLS: How many years have you surfed on the lake now?

GLS: What pumps you up to go surfing other



GLS: Out of the Great Lakes states, which could you see yourself living in?

Stefan: Probably Chicago, just so I can surf with the risk of being arrested. Extra Adrenaline. The day that law is enforced in Australia all hell will break loose!

Jonno: For me, realistically, Minnesota because my girlfriend is from there, but we have some great friends in Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana and Michigan.

GLS: Besides picking up a girlfriend, what were your best and worst moments of the whole trip?

Jonno: The best part was passing the Brad and Sarah Tunis screening test and getting to hang out with them. (laughs) The worst was any time standing on the side of the road with a broken down Ice-Truck!

Stefan: Best parts were when Jonno and I would be surfing in some wacky way, and we'd look at each other and say "This is so much better than working". The worst parts were coming to the realization that all the mechanical repairs for the Ice Cream Truck were coming out of our personal savings.

GLS: If "actual" surfing wasn't possible, which act of surfing that you did over the trip would you go back to do?

Stefan: Probably the Wavehouse in San Diego. Its way easier to get overhead barrels there anyway.

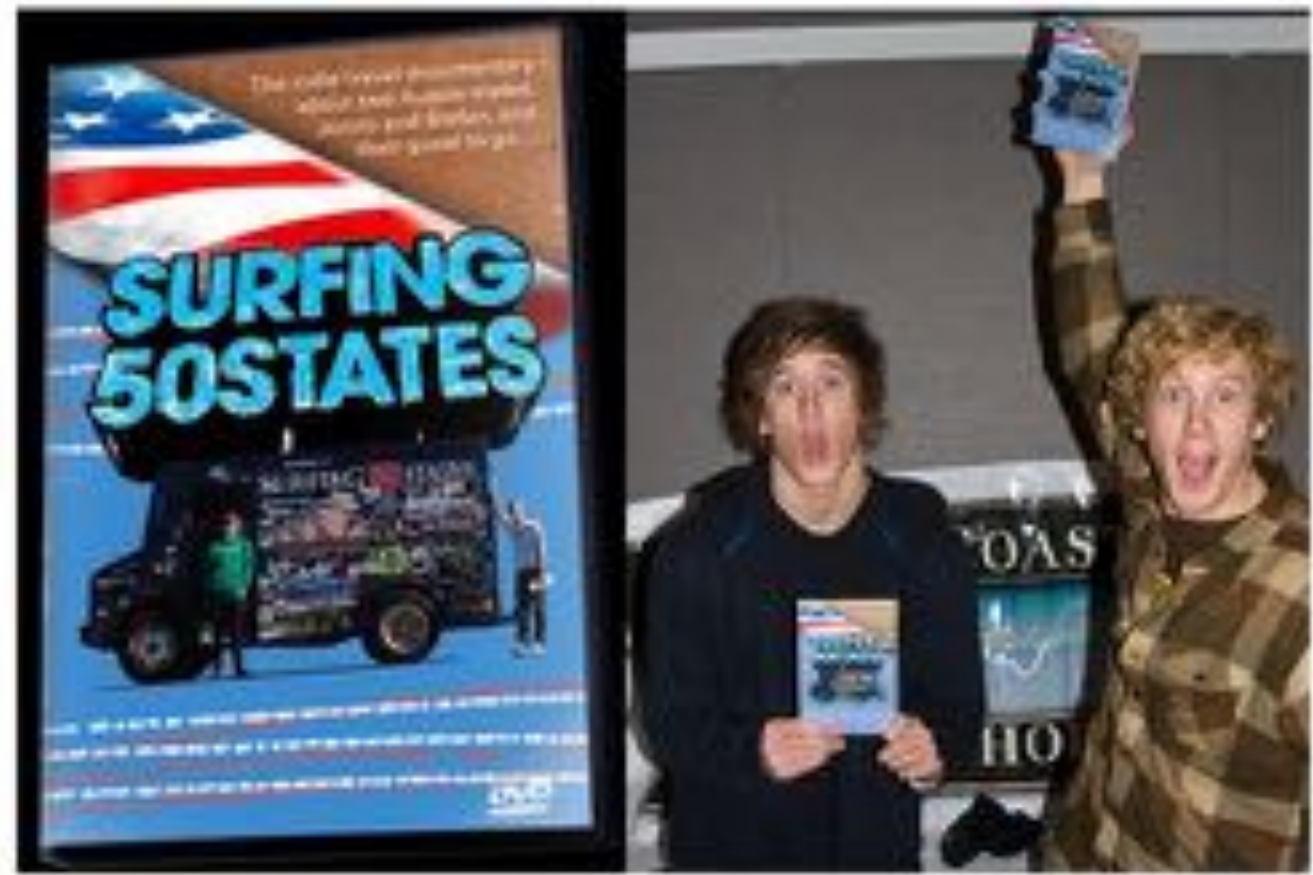
Jonno: Flowrider surfing, towing behind boats is super fun, snow surfing, curling ice surfing, anything pulling us along water, sliding down potatoes, they were all fun!

GLS: What do you guys plan to do in the future? Any new crazy ideas?

Stefan: We have so many ideas, and as long as we dont have to travel in an ice cream truck for any of them, Im all for it!

Jonno: Surfing every country in Europe or South America??? We have some cool ideas, we just need the funding!

To see more of Jonno and Stefans journey across America, check out their website at www.surfing50states.com - and while you're there, help the boys out and get the DVD for only \$15!



After the world premiere of their film Surfing 50 States was shown in Australia, the two surfer, filmmakers, Jonno Durrant and Stefan Hunt were back on the move to try and show the film in all 50 states - making a second trip around the country. Great Lakes Surfer Magazine caught up with boys shortly after they screened the movie in New Buffalo, Michigan and twice in Chicago, Illinois to ask them a few questions.

across the country is the ultimate goal as we just want to share our unique experience with everyone, so we figured may as well try to get back to all 50 states.

GLS: Now that you're done filming the 50 states, what is it that brought you back to show the movie in all 50 states?

GLS: Out of the 50, which state was your favorite?
Jonno: (laughs) We usually say which ever state we are in when we get asked that. Alaska for me as it was so different from anywhere I had ever been before and we got amazing waves!

Stefan: I was itching to travel again and really wanted to see all of our friends from the first trip. Screening our movie

Stefan: Alaska is probably the state I'd like to discover more of too. We had an amazing time surfing some solid waves and eating bear stew, but I know there is so much more that part of the country.

SURFING 50 STATES . COM

the 5th annual 2008 luau

presented by



words by mark urban - photos by mike killion



The 2008 Great Lakes Surf Luau was a huge success. Over 150 people flooded into New Buffalo, Michigan back in August 2008 to take part in a very unique freshwater surfing celebration. “I thought this year’s Luau was the best yet,” said Third Coast Surf Shop Proprietor Ryan Gerard. “The weather was nice, the crowd was great, and the music was fun.” Now in its fifth year, the Luau has always been a way for Third Coast Surf Shop to get the surfing community together and help celebrate surfing on the lakes. “It’s a way for us to give back a little bit,” admits Gerard.

Just as the Luau was beginning to take shape a full moon started rolling in; making this year’s gathering truly a cosmic event. For the early arrivals on Friday there was the infamous and very informal gathering at New Buffalo’s Stray Dog Bar and Grill. “It’s a chance for people to get together and catch up with old friends or make some new ones,” says Gerard. “It’s usually a small crowd of surfers, but those that do come have a great time.”

The good times rolled into Saturday morning with a

free Stand up Paddleboard (SUP) Demo sponsored by Third Coast Surf Shop. “The demo was a chance for people to try stand up paddling for the first time,” says Gerard. “SUP has huge potential in the Great Lakes region, and we had boards for people to try before shelling out big bucks for a new one.” Third Coast Surf Shop had a total of eight Stand up Paddleboards available for use among the nearly 50 SUP participants. But then there was another board parked on the beach that begged to be ridden but seemed to be laughing at all who tried.

Meet the ‘Tom-Blake-Style’ SUP designed and created by retired carpenter Paul Kevelin of Grand Haven, MICH. The 43-year-old stay at home dad made the 150 pound board along with Dean Williams of Up North Surfboards. “It’s entirely made out of wood with two brass drainage plugs,” says Kevelin. “The plugs help drain out the interior of any excess water taken in by all that wood.” Kevelin’s father let the duo complete their 4-month evening and weekend project in his Artistic Kitchens Incorporated shop located in Warren, MICH, just outside Detroit. Eastern Surfing

Association Co-Director of the Great Lakes District, Jim Hoop said he nearly threw his back out just trying to lift the board. “It took three of us to get it in the water,” said an aching Hoop. “Once I started paddling the thing, it was nearly impossible to stop.”

Next up on the water was the second annual SUP races. The individual race was won by Bob Pratt of East Lansing, Michigan while the six-man relay race was won by six members from the SouthEnd Surf Club. Surfrider’s

Vince Deur also handed out garbage bags and gloves to Approximately 20 beach cleanup participants immediately following the races. Deur says that the beach was really blanketed with assorted plastic items, cigarette butts and a few nasty diapers! YUCK!

With a little down time before the start of the evening festivities, some surfers aimed for the small wavelettes just offshore from the North and South sides of the harbor boat entrance. The rest of the evening found all



What you’d look like if you didn’t surf...

Bob Pratt, calmly taking his win

Brad Tunis lends a helping hand for the days activities



Jason Lukas selling his gear for his trip to Bali

Captain Jack Flynn

Jack Nordgren

Doug Wench and his new stick

Luau attendants socializing inside Third Coast Surf Shop's open house or in the parking lot outside. Many folks stopped by one of the booths for an explanation about SurfRider or the John G. Shedd Aquarium's environmental exhibit. The Dairyland Surf Classic even had the Williams brothers on hand to show off the pride of Wisconsin. On the boundaries of the parking lot were also eco-aqua-demonstrations by Chicago's Shedd Aquarium's staff and a sneak peak into the book from Jack Nordgren; 'A LAKE SURFER'S JOURNEY'. Rio's Mexican cantina was on hand dishing out tacos, nachos, and other south-of-the-border fare for a small charge. Top it off with tunes by Captain Jack, SoulRider and Greg Gerard and you have the perfect ending to a perfect day. But there was even more.

When it came time for the raffle everyone was all ears; especially Steve Carrigan of Oswego, IL. Carrigan would have taken home a beautiful 6'4" fish shaped by Matt Campbell, but decided instead to auction off his win to the surfrider foundation. The board ended up

going to Joe Carr of Sawyer, Michigan for \$800.00. All proceeds benefited the Surfrider Foundation Water Quality Testing Program in partnership with Grand Valley State University's Annis Water Resource Institute. Carrigan also went on to win the 'Best Aloha Shirt' contest. There was more than just one board to give away that evening, the winner of the McTavish 9'2 went to an elated and super stoked Doug Wench of Kalamazoo, Michigan. Immediately following his win, I saw Wench giggling as he strapped the board to the top of his car stoked out of his mind.

Whatever brought you to Luau, the entire Third Coast Surf Shop team hopes to see you in 2009 for their 6th annual freshwater surfing celebration. Weather it is to make new friends, check out the latest gear, participate in the many cool activities, or to simply soak in the last days of summer, Ryan Gerard sums it up best. "You've got to admit, they keep getting better and better."

end



Artem Abakumov / photo: Killion



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Bill Lemmons

memorial contest



words and photographs by Mike Killion

As one of the original South-End Surf members and one of the first Great lakes surfers to become part of the ESA, Bill Lemmons was a true surfer, sharing the stoke wherever he went. Due to health problems in the winter of 1999, Bill had passed away and is smiling down on us all today. Almost ten years have gone by and today we honor him with a yearly contest held on the south-end of Lake Michigan.

This year the contest kicked off with a bang. Although it didn't quite look like it did back in 2006 but there was still surf to be had. The contest was quickly moved over to Gary, Indiana due to the west winds controlling the swell and so it began.

I've tried to find a word to fit the day of the contest, but dedication doesn't say enough. There really must be something special about surfing the lakes. Where else can you organize a group of 30 or more to drive for hours, spend all day in 20 knot winds, 30 degree weather, and have to walk a mile and a half to get to waves - even if they're small and mushy?

Despite the high winds and cold weather, the parking lot was packed with surfers from Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan - making it one of the biggest turnouts to date for the Bill Lemmons Memorial. Directors Lester Priday and Jim Hoop organized the event which held three longboard prelims and only

two for shortboard. Longboards had to wait patiently through the semis to see who would make it to the finals, whereas the shortboarders were able to jump right into their final.

Surfers were met with good waves throughout the day - sun up to sun down, the lake produced decent conditions for the contest to go on. While some surfers chose to freesurf all day, others battled in their heats to gain a top position. Waiting for the next heat or just taking a quick rest, many heated up by a fire as some were smart enough to bring their own tents to change in - one even decked out with a space heater for that extra comfort and safety from freezing your

balls off. Literally.

The contest ran smoothly all day as people watched the heats in anticipation. Who was going to win this thing? What does it mean? Well I'll tell you. It gives you the opportunity to travel to the coast and compete in the ESA's Regional competition and show what the Great Lakes can bring to the ocean. It gives you a chance to experience a new place, new waves, and share it with your fellow lakere. This coming Northeast Regionals will be held in New Jersey. Visit <http://www.surfesa.org/> for more information on upcoming ESA events.



above: Surfers make the mile or so trek to the contest site.

below: Anxious to get in the water, competitors enter the line up for their first heat





**OPEN
SHORT
BOARD
RESULTS**

- 1. Bryan McDonald
- 2. Burton Hathaway
- 3. Rich Nix
- 4. Ryan Gerard
- 5. Lewis Kay
- 6. Will Wall



**OPEN
LONG
BOARD
RESULTS**

- 1. Ryan Gerard
- 2. Lester Friday
- 3. Eric Schmidt
- 4. Jim Hoop
- 5. Joe Matulis
- 6. Chris Matulis

SUITS OF ARMOR



ARTEM ABAKUMOV - RYAN GERARD - PETE LAMBERT - BRYAN McDONALD - RICH NIX

a film by BEN LEITSCHUH



COMING SOON!



Matt Campbell gets ready for his daily dose of toxic fumes.

“
from pro snowboarder to now surf board shaper
Matt Campbell is literally
bending the boundaries
of custom board building
in the basement of his Michigan home”

Think you'll have to travel to the west coast for a custom board? Think again. If you're not interested in another manufactured pop-out from China and want something handmade, with real heart and soul, look no further than the state of Michigan. From pro snowboarder to now surfboard shaper, Matt Campbell is literally bending the boundaries of custom board building in the basement of his Michigan home. After developing a new industrial resin that allows for more durability, flex, and won't yellow, Resin-X has become the key ingredient to Matt's custom shapes. Ten years after it's creation, Resin-X has been used and tested on all kinds of shapes as well as kiteboards from Hawaii to the Outer Banks. So what's keeping Matt in Michigan? Along with family and his constant love for the lakes, Matt grew up here with skating, snowboarding, and motocross in his blood. Turning into a pro snowboarder back in 1992 with F2 as a sponsor he pursued the perfect mountain or powdery hill and took on competing with Sessions for a year until joining Burton and their "black board program" to help design new snowboard shapes. It was then when Matt found a greater desire to mold the things we ride, rather than ride them himself. Although he still pursues the powder, skatepark, moto track, or perfect wave, he finds most of his heart in shaping some of the midwests most beautiful creations to slide on. From fat, wide, longboards, to tiny little rocketships, and everything inbetween, Matt is constantly striving to challenge his board making abilities here on the Great Lakes.



Matt displays a selection of boards from his updated quiver

resin, it beats having to deal with a lot of the problems your regular poly resin would conjure. Poly resins have high solvent emissions and people are always looking for a more eco-friendly way to build with them, they deteriorate faster, and has less strength, getting its durability from the cloth rather than the resin. These were prime factors in considering a urethane/epoxy resin hybrid which holds the strength on its own. Not to mention it's lighter. And for folks here on the Great Lakes, what not a better way to go. Instead of clunking around a huge board with tons of foam to fix the buoyancy issue, why not use alternative materials to build a better board that will be lighter and more responsive? The unique thing about Resin-X is that for every seven percent flex in, it has a thirty percent return rate, allowing you to feel what your board is actually doing under your feet. It works better than poly resins in that the fibers can actually withstand more bending without any cracking, letting you get the true vibration of what your board is doing. This was good.

Moonlight got the ball rolling in 2007 and Marlin made about fifteen boards before giving feedback to Matt. Marlin was a huge catalyst for Resin-X boards and his input was critical for Matt's hypothesis for what the resin would do for surfboards in the future. Marlin validated it and that

fall it began. Another early influence Matt had was Dean Williams of Up North Surfboards, one of the first guys to shape boards in the area, who had a good theory for lake waves and how boards should be made to ride them. Matt pulled a lot of knowledge from Dean and Scott to move in his own direction in building boards. Today, Matt's theory with Resin-X is that you can "take your regular board, make it out of polyester, make it out of epoxy, make the board with Resin-X and you'll feel a difference either way". Not only will you feel a difference in the board because of Resin-X, but you'll be happy to know it has low emissions, gives more feedback, and holds more strength for those bigger days where you don't want a board to dampen out your ride. The most important thing here is that any Resin-X board "will feel like your regular poly board that your comfortable with but you'll get all these dynamic flex characteristics with it as well - most of all you don't get any yellowing and you can use it on both type blanks." When it comes down to it, that's really what Matt is about in designing his boards - getting the most range out of his creation. To get the ultimate lake experience you can get and enjoy each wave to it's fullest, not being bogged down by the negatives in which our waves hold. Matt wanted to embrace the challenges of the lake and has found his way to get the best surf experience you can get. We all know

Before Matt could even surf, he shaped. After running into Scott Ray, founder of Blueroom Surfboards, at the skatepark a few times, they began talking. Matt had always wanted to surf but never got the chance as a pro snowboarder. So Scott and Jeff Fraiser started him out, showing him the ropes out of Jeff's house as Scott was producing boards from scratch. After sometime, Matt figured he had a hang of the shaping thing and came back with a board of his own, carbon rails and all - Jeff and Scott were amazed. And Matt had amazed himself. Seemlessly falling into a

craftsman of water devices, we found interest in developing his own materials to use. Matt came up with the idea to recycle used skateboard decks for fins and went to Marlin Bacon at Moonlight Glassing for some pointers. At the time the resin they were using worked, but weren't getting the results Matt was looking for and developed his own resin, Resin-X. Although Marlon preferred working with poly boards over epoxy he was interested to see what Matt had to offer and took the task of building the first Resin-X board in the summer of 2007. Although its a slow working



Matt and Chicago surfer, Artem Abakumov talk board design



that there's nothing worse than being out for a day of surf wishing you had brought a different board. Along with Dean Williams, Paul Kevlin highly influenced Matt's direction in creating boards for the lake. Taking him to numerous locations around the Great Lakes to explore for waves and talk about ways they could maximize the potential of our sometimes weak, little waves. Matt felt there was still a lot of work to be done in the realm of custom freshwater shortboards and fishes. Displacing chop is a big factor for us or anyone who surfs more wind swell than ground. Matt continued in fine tuning the qualities of his fishes and quad hybrids to get the most maneuvers out of our short, beach-break waves. Coming up with new models and testing them is the main focus. Figuring out what works and what doesn't is always the way of the shaper. Matt knows this and allows other to join him in building custom boards with Resin-X. Even Hawaii has shown some interesting evidence for using Resin-X boards. On the Surfer Magazine online forum Mark Eckert tells us he's "been shaping glassing and surfing these

boards in Hawaii for about a year...not a single correctly formulated ResinX board over 2-1/4" inches thick with a stringer has buckled and broken without a collision or "bracing" situation. I consider this an amazing track record for the resin, especially when you realize that it includes waves like OTW, etc". He goes on to say "ResinX boards are very seakind, snaking over bumps without being soggy and handling very high speeds without being difficult to control... manage to be lively, storing and returning energy...It's all I surf on anymore".

Not only are Hawaiians getting stoked off Matt's creations, locals are too. Third Coast Surf Shop has started carrying Matts boards this summer and I'm sure you'll be seeing a lot more of his work in the water this fall. It doesn't only take a good shape to make a good surfboard, aesthetics are important too. Matt has a great range of ideas with painting, air-brushing and resin work as well as designing a custom shape fit for your needs and your lake. Building up new templates



Artem and Matt pose with three newly released models: the BMW 6'3" Quad, Single Fin 9'6", and the Out For Blood 6'1" Twinzer



got rocker?

each season, re-adjusting from the last. Just as surfers try to perfect their maneuvers on the wave, Matt perfects his art in the shaping bay. His newest model, the BMW (standing for better michigan waves) is a performance shortboard with the glide and protection of a fish, quad fin, made for boosting airs and fast turns; some call it his most exciting board. With newer, innovative designs Matt is hoping to accelerate the potential of our waves here on the Great Lakes by giving local surfers access and knowledge about boards fit for their waters. Hoping to make Resin-X more mainstream and allow this potential for everyone who surfs is the next big step. In hopes of giving the little guy the technology that only big business could afford, Matt is giving other shapers out there a fighting chance to make something different, worth while, and future proof themselves for his plan in changing fifty years of thinking. Exploring the possibilities of Resin-X in tow-in surfing is another thing to

dwell on as well, allowing for surfers to use more dynamic boards in larger surf could be a bonus.

For now, you won't find too many Resin-X boards out west, disheartening as it is. Yet the east coast and now Hawaii have both taken Matts side in producing a better custom board for the future. Aside from having low emissions, Resin-X boards are light-weight, having a great range of flexibility, the ability to absorb bumps and chatter while staying white forever, never yellowing, all make for a great board to add in your quiver.

To stay on top of Matts creations or to get your own custom shape made, you can follow him on his blog at <http://Wavechemistry.blogspot.com/> e-mail him at campbellscoatings@gmail.com or find his boards at Third Coast Surf Shop (www.thirdcoastsurfshop.com) in New Buffalo, Michigan.

end



winter SURF fairi

destination: ecuador

story by **mike killion**
photographs by **Rusty Malkemes, Mike Killion, and Bob Tema**

Ecuador?
How's the surf?
Pretty good...and it's warm too.

That's all I needed to hear before I jumped in on this trip. One week in Montinita, Ecuador with the only plan in mind to surf as much as possible. After sitting out sessions due to ice flows and negative temperatures, who wouldn't want to go to Ecuador in February?

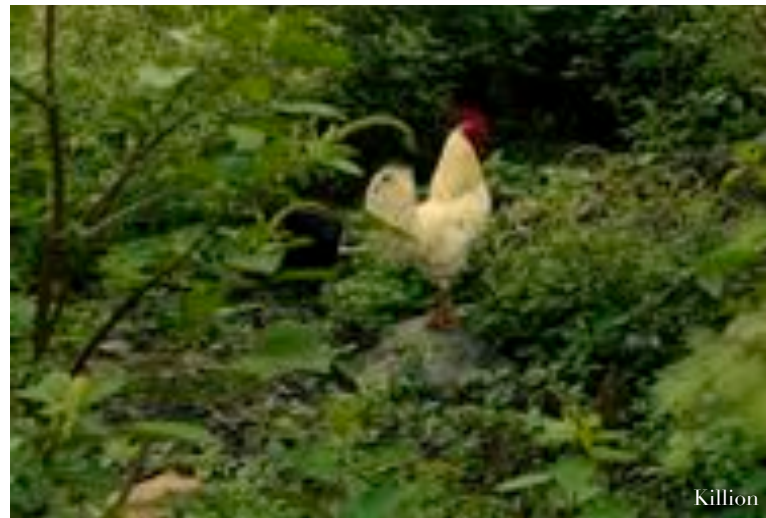
(left) Bob Tema sets up for perfection. Las Tunas, Ecuador. photo: Mike Killion

getting there

Ryan Gerard of Third Coast Surf Shop organized a three week stay (lucky him) while ten others would switch in and out each week. But lucky for us, we were scheduled for week two, just in time to arrive while Ryan got dialed in on the best breaks.

After eight hours on a plane, six hours or more sitting in the airport and going through customs, the first place we stop at is a KFC/Mobil gas station with beers for 65 cents a piece. Pretty cheap, but is this really a KFC? Are we really in Ecuador? It seems a little different here for sure. Definitely not America. We don't think too long about it and make our way up the coast for a two and a half hour drive through armed toll ways and bumpy, dirt roads with children still roaming the streets for some kind of celebration happening that night. It's about 3 am when we start to get close and everybody by now is fighting their eyelids to stay awake while each town we pass was partying the night away until sunrise.

We finally arrive to the hotel we'll be staying at for the next week, Casa Del Sol. There's a huge cliff to the north where the waves wrap around the point and create a long rippable right-hander - we can't see any of that now in the dark, but we can already hear the waves hitting the shore. It seems too good to be true.



✿ {clockwise from top right} An unknown competitor practices for his heat as spectators enjoy the show - Ryan Gerard waiting for the next warm water wave - Perfection peeling away - Our daily alarm clock hidden from the city streets.

finding surf

We surfed out front at the point as much as we could for the first couple days. A contest took place at the point the second day we were there and the wave was held off to run heats for the next week. Kind of a bummer. It was too good to be true, wasn't it? But we're in Ecuador, something like that won't knock us down too easily.

We had access to two vans and our local guides Eric and Oscar to help us out around the coast, so no worries we thought. Ryan had already done some exploring with the first group and was able to show us to a small town a half hour north called Las Tunas. We would soon experience the full potential of this place later in the week. After catching a few waves we decided to grab some food and check another break further north called Rio Chico.

This place reminded me of Jurassic Park. The land was bought by a larger, white-haired man, to be preserved as it held ancient burial pits along with its famed left-hander. We had to enter through a huge gate at the front and drive in on a tight dirt path that took us to the shore through the jungle like surroundings, holding two huge cliffs to either side of us and an enormous island off the mainland to our north - pelicans and other large birds circled from top to top as if teradactyls. After eating we were lucky enough to witness the local fishermen get their catch of the day and help them pull in the net. The land held so much character, and a great wave - we decided to come back the next morning to catch the left hander on its low tide.



Rusty



Killion



Killion

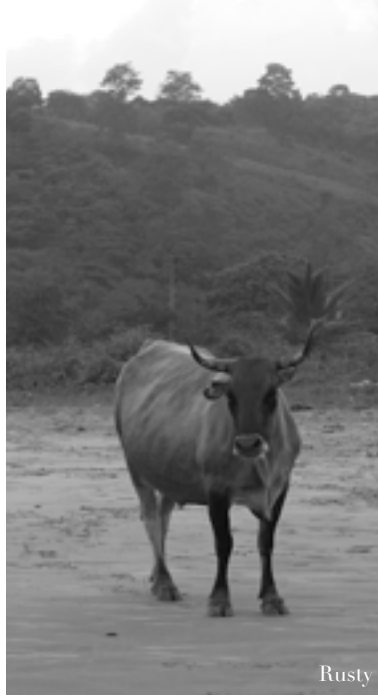


Killion



Rusty

* {clockwise from bottom left} The catch of the day - Pulling in the net - Rio Chico's left-hander starting to work - Bob Tema, bodysurfing until the tide was right - A local spreads cafe beans to dry while we check the surf at Las Tunas




Although a fun wave to ride, the tide wasn't helping us too much at Rio Chico. We only really experienced that wave for a few hours. Soon after we decided to head back to Las Tunas to check the beach break there.

We made one hell of a choice that day. Showing up to the beach we witnessed overhead a-frames pouring in one after another. As if some wizard had shown up before us and waved his wand at the ocean creating the perfect swell for us to surf - alone. With no one around but our tiny group of Americans, we felt so spoiled. This is too good to be true. It didn't take too long before the boards were off the van, waxed up and running off to the closest peak. Bob Tema was the stand out surfer for the day, pulling in to one tube after another. Makes sense coming from Hawaii. The other guys were ripping in their own right, taking a few beatings inbetween. This wave was definitely not for the faint of heart. Steep, fast, and hollow. All a surfer could ever ask for, if willing to take the consequences.



Aside from the surf being phenomenal, the town and locals who resided within it were right up there with the waves. Hanging out with the local kids, trying their insanely small skateboard and catching tiny grabs off the street was just as fun as finding the perfect wave. Not to mention you could snag a pack of smokes, some ice cream and a bottle of water for a dollar. Ecuador houses some of the most friendly people I've ever met and certainly more welcoming than Californians.

 {clockwise from top right} Bob Tema slides into another gem, showing just how to get slotted - The locals at Las Tunas - Ryan Gerard drops in and holds tight on one of the bigger waves of the day.

With numerous breaks just minutes from each other, all offering up a little something different from the next, there was never a wrong turn. Most of the days we'd get in two sessions or more, usually ending up at Olon, the other side of Montinita point. The north side had countless peaks running off like an assembly line upon what seemed like miles of beachbreak. Here, you could always find waves to yourself. Typically we'd end our day at Olon and found it to be one of the most refreshing sessions of the day - always grabbing some ice cream at the local corner store afterwards.

Coming back to town, cleaning up, eating good, and heading to the downtown area of Montinita was always a bonus. The streets were filled with locals, vendors, and tourists - a Venice Beach rubix cube in the southern hemisphere. The town is small but cram packed with things to do or spend your money on. It's almost guaranteed that you'll end up leaving drunk, with tiny bar vendors lining each side of the street. Statues that look like people, street performers, children, surf shops, discos, and plenty of beautiful people. So much to do with only just a short week visit. When you book your trip make sure you're staying for at least a month. Getting waves from small and glassy to overhead barrels never sounds like a bad time. And with 80 degree air and water, who's complaining?



Killion



Killion




Rusty



Rusty



Tema

 {clockwise from top left} Sunset floater at Olon - Looking over the cliff above Olon Bay - Ryan logging small wave time - Downtown Montinita, always moving.

56-



**photo
gallery**



They call this place Roids. We can only imagine the view from the inside for now, rumor is it hasn't been surfed.
photo: Carson Klem





Artem Abakumov / photo: mike Killion





Rich Nix / photo: mike killion



Bryan McDonald / photo: mike killion



Finding insane waves takes some insane measures.
UP Lake Michigan showing its Pipeline potential.
photo: Rusty Malkemes



next ISSUE

- + *The Dairyland Surf Classic turns 21*
- + *6th annual Third Coast Surf Shop Luau*
- + *History Lesson of Stony Point with Bob Tema*
- + *Get Inspired! What makes Great Lakes Surfers want to surf here?*
- + *Extensive photo gallery and much more!*

great lakes

great lakes

retro surfer



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HUNTER-SEEKER

ADVENTURES AND MISADVENTURES IN BALI

an amalgamation of stories, dreams, and questions by Jason Lukas

The following is a collection of stories, surf reports, digital photographs, and thoughts I have gathered on a long and influential trip. I was invited to collaborate on an upcoming film by Jeremy Rumas and traveled to Bali, the world's hotspot of surfing. The content is not profound, but it is real. If you are looking for the "...and then we pulled up to the spot and found perfect, empty waves" article, this is not it. This is the beautiful and the rough, a snapshot into a life-changing, surf inspired journey. Godspeed.

"I left a house, my job, a boat, a shore of unfound waves, the best of friends, a quiver of gear, the unquestionable love of a goddess, clocked 60 hours a week and put my university education on hold just to get by in a land I had only heard about."



“We made it within 100 yards of our place and were stopped at a police checkpoint. “Oh sh*t,” Jeremy uttered.

ENTRY NUMBER ONE

entry number one

Indonesian ginger coffee, fought off any lingering congestion from my cold as well as any jet lag that remained.

Low tide is simulcast with the amount of sunlight. So at noon, we have twice as much beach and no good surf, at least within Seminyak and Kuta. High to mid-tide is best, which means surf, siesta, then surf again. All this with a plenty of 2\$ meals of nasi campur in between.

This morning we surfed this head-high right a few breaks down from our friend, Dedek's surf school. Jeremy and I snagged a few waves amongst the local kids and aggro aussies. These were the first real waves I have felt confident riding. Until now, I was mostly greeted with low-tide closeouts.

We had a 50 cent post surf meal from a bicycle vendor then hung with the boys (and two girls) from the surf school. Jeremy offered a ride back to Uma Drupadi (our apartment) on his motorbike. We made it within 100 yards of our place and were stopped at a police checkpoint. “Oh shit,” I heard Jeremy utter. They pulled us aside. I was not wearing a helmet (a requirement for any westerner.) They took a look at Jeremy's illegitimate motorbike license. (cont'd)



LowTide, PostTyphoid.



Polisi. photo Lukas



"Very good," the officer approved. "What you do Jeremy?", he enquired in broken English as he escorted Jeremy to the side of the road.

"Where are you from?" one of the other officers asked me. "Ah, Chicago. What you do?... Ah, student. Very young."

"Very young," the main officer replied, returning from the side of the road.

"Chicago Bulls! Good basket!" the other officer said, faking a signature fade-away shot.

Jeremy talked with another officer while this went on. They wanted a bribe, but would not come out and say it. So they made small talk until we got the point.

"Hey, how much do you have on you?" asked Jeremy.

As soon as we slipped them some money, equivalent to a few US dollars, they let us ride off with an illegitimate license and no helmet. It is just how the system, or lack there of, here works. The amount of unnecessary beaurocracy is astonishing. It is almost as if the government is set up for corruption.



Wayan Duncan Susilayasa paddles out for a few waves with the boys. photo Lukas



Getting connected.
photo Lukas



Darmayasa "Jordy" dips into some small beauties to escape the crowds of the south. photo Lukas



ENTRY NUMBER THREE

entry number three

Balinese Spirits or Sleep Paralysis

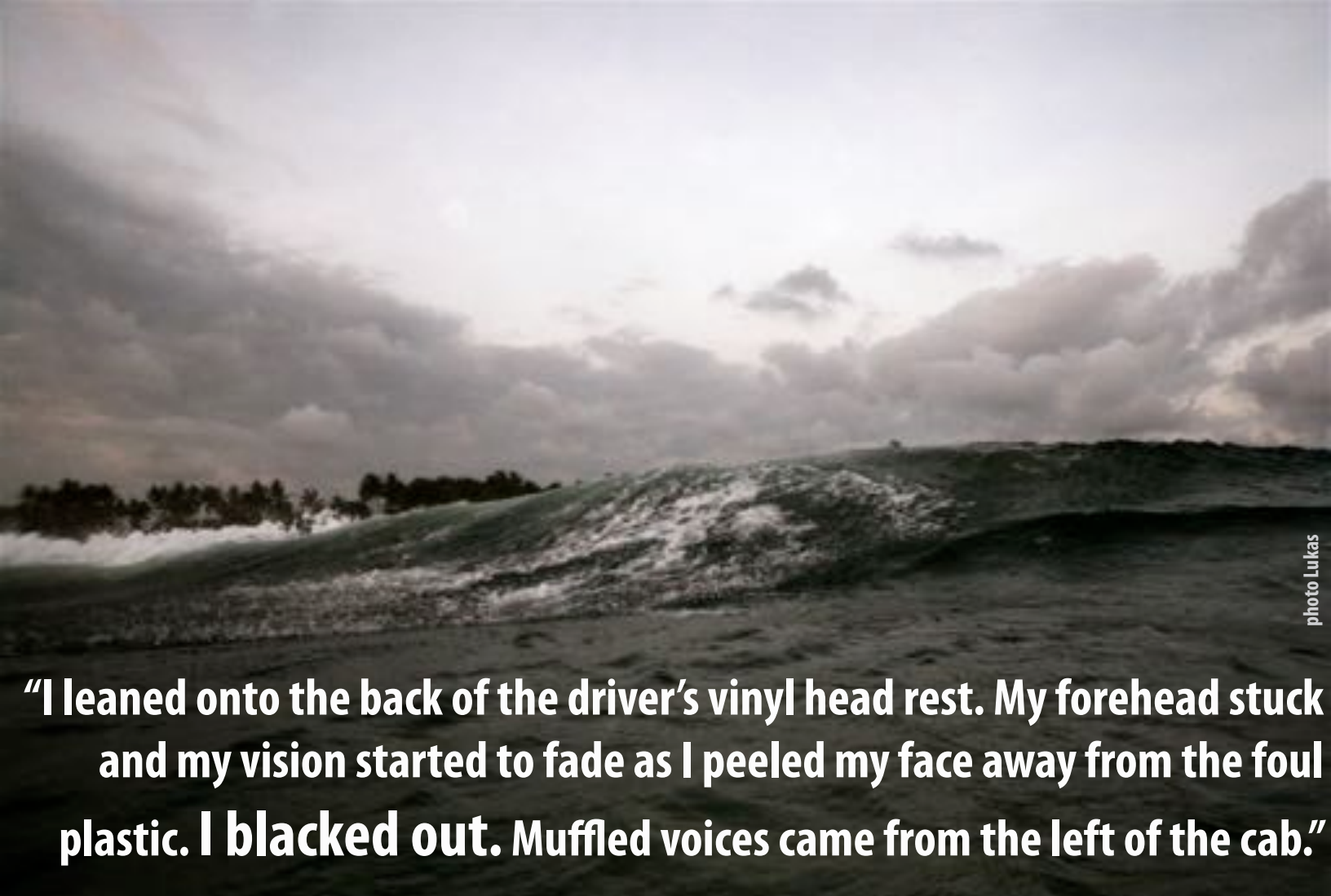
I awoke suddenly. Nothing was there, the room was clear. I pulled the comforter over my chilled face. The air conditioning was excessive and unnecessary. My toes begged me to get up, but the rest of my body countered, warm and tired. The door tried to open, but the handle turned as if it already had been. It was locked and I knew it. I also knew something had just entered- a spirit, a state of REM, perhaps a thousand pillows. I was grabbing in the dark for explanation. Whatever it was crept over my body. Gently, silently, and evenly the wave rest down on my chest. Then slowly it pushed with power and ease, complete balance of the two, equilibrium in excess. My life lie at its mercy. Paralyzed, I stared at the blanket. Would this be the demise of the author? Such a lame and horrible demise it would be. Silent, I could not scream. I could not breathe. My mind raced and millions of pillows now filled the room. My still eyes blinked. I kicked decisively from the temporary quadriplegia. A few minutes after, I looked at the clock. 4:24, it blinked. It had been nearly an hour since I was awakened by the door handle. I had been paralyzed and fully conscious. I think I was conscious at least. They say sleep paralysis is an omen...



Sometimes, it is only local.
photo Lukas

The boys favorite spot, worthy of their liking.
photo Lukas





"I leaned onto the back of the driver's vinyl head rest. My forehead stuck and my vision started to fade as I peeled my face away from the foul plastic. I blacked out. Muffled voices came from the left of the cab."

HOW TO: GET ILL

how to; get ill

They shaved me and took my appendix, now I just have typhoid.

Each layer of sleep grew more intense and each awakening increasingly heated. Had I baked in the sun? My body was dry and warm, a chill ran across each pore. Sleep beckoned relentlessly. I shoveled the Sahara and moved it to the depths of the sea. I was now drenched in saltwater. Uncovered, I watched the broke-down fan perform rickety pirouette after pirouette. Sleep cures all. Surely, I could sleep it off. My head pounded and I was enslaved under the covers. The frigid blast of transformed and monumental fan blades guarded me with an Alcatrazian eye.

The water was out. I contemplated. The water was only three steps outside my door. I contemplated to no avail.

My stomach finally rushed me out of bed. Now, much closer to the door, I decided water could do me some good. Bones aching and muscles weak, I woke my friend, the nightguard, from a nap. The cup of water was harder to drink than I had thought. I took two sips before I felt I could do no more.



Two and a half weeks later. Looking good.



Typhoid fever origin? Possibly. photo Lukas

“Hospital,” he insisted. I did not give in.

“Water and rest,” my stubborn disposition refused.

He ran down the street and bought me a new bottle of water and some food for my stomach. I drank what I could, perhaps a quarter of a cup at most and went for a bite of food. Nausea empowered my weakened legs and launched me towards the bathroom.

The desert and sea cursed me for their forced, yet dreamt consolidation. On slaughters of seawater and sober Saharan winds took turns abusing my body into a state dilapidation. This continual cycle gave birth to a new exhaustion. I could not wake up for a wave of fire, water, nor cold. Nausea was overtaken by rapid eye movement. I was out.

This time, I woke with alarm. None of my symptoms had worsened. I felt almost coherent and intact, but my subconscious knew that I needed medical attention. Fifteen minutes later, Jeremy walked in, just back from Jakarta. He called a taxi. Another fifteen minutes and a few more temperature alternations, I limited my communication to my pointer finger, holding it up to signify the need of another

...minute. One more minute to collect myself, to feel nauseous again, and to sweat out some more precious water. A lull arrived and I wrapped the sheet around myself, clinging to my chest.

The taxi driver was lost. This is a common occurrence in Bali, but an unwelcome occurrence in such a situation.

We arrived at a small medical clinic, which was marked 24/7, but also had its internal lights out. Jeremy knocked on the door. I leaned onto the back of the driver's vinyl head rest. My forehead stuck and my vision started to fade as I peeled my face away from the foul plastic. I blacked out. Muffled voices came from the left of the cab. Sightless, I needed significant assistance. Jeremy's favorite part of the story is that he thought I was dying. At least now that I am alive, that is his favorite part.

A few inconclusive tests at the clinic and the ambulance drove me away. Kasih Ibu Hospital. Kasih ibu means "thanks mom".

The first stay lasted four days. After some extensive testing, and plenty of veins tapped, the diagnosis was typhoid fever and acute appendicitis.

I was not quite sure how things were going to go for me. During this uncertainty, I wrote out a will. Not exactly on my to do list, but it was therapeutic and helped me think about life and its inevitable end.

TM I awoke at the end of the surgery to an overly enthusiastic nurse showing me my appendix in a bottle.



photo Lukas

I went for the conservative treatment of antibiotics and seemed to successfully avoid surgery in a foreign country. The details of the hospital are like any other hospital. It smelled like a hospital, the food was average at best, and I was hooked up to an IV. The recovery seemed to be going well and I started being out of patient mode and back into transient mode in Bali.

The checkup at Thanks Mom was not as smooth as I would have liked. My white blood cell count was still high and they needed to do another ultrasound later that night. I knew that my appendix was inflamed once again. Seeing that I had half a days worth of fasting to do before my next appointment, I went home and had a meal of Nasi Campur. I figured that in the worst case scenario, I would have to have surgery. I went for a surf.

I went back that night at 7 o'clock. More blood was drawn. The ultrasound was done. A little more fasting and I was under the knife before 10:30 p.m.

The operating room was terribly cold and the green tile muddled the lights. They injected anesthetic into my spine, extraordinarily painful in itself. My eyes started to blink heavily and my lower two-thirds lie paralyzed.

I awoke once at the end of the surgery to an overly enthusiastic nurse showing me my appendix in a bottle. I woke up again when they moved me from ICU to my room. The third time I woke, I was in great pain. My insides burned with an acidic, cancerous fire and my back felt hinged at the point of injection. Rest was a big part of the day, but two final obstacles revealed themselves. My temperature had risen once again and an allergic reaction to one of my medicines made breathing a little difficult.

Now that I am out of the hospital, I am taking it easy. My insides do not feel quite right yet, but I know that will get better. How many more organs could I lose?

Things have worked out though. I have gained more than I have lost here. Travel insurance is a godsend, appendixes are useless, my brother flew over to see me, and now I get to extend my visa for another week. Things could definitely be much worse. There is much to be thankful for and many things that I appreciate much more now.



“My siesta turned into a six hour dream marathon. I just woke up at 10 to an empty stomach. The 24/7 warung two doors down, Warung Drupadi, tempts me with fried rice and a bottle of Bintang.”





"Jordy" photo Lukas





photo Lukas

For a visitor, perhaps the only thing easier than finding a new food to burn your mouth on, is to get lost on the roads via motorbike. Taking that into account, my friend Duncan rented a car for the first trip out of Seminyak. Waking to the stillness of morning, the streets were fluttered with incense and a void that was ready to be filled with visitors, expats and locals. Whether you wake up early or have a late night in Kuta Beach, the bustling tourist mecca, dawn is really the only time of day when you can open the throttle and not have to stop on a dime. I grabbed my 35mm and a handful of film and dropped them into my camera case. Loaded precariously between my legs, the case rattled and shifted. This was my first week on my bike, I rattled. I shifted. Then I grew confident, lived with the locals, nearly died, witnessed this antipolar region of the world, and loved what I found.

Go travel, live a little, die a little,. You may not find what you are looking for, until you return home. So be it.

- J Lukas.

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