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20

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GOGGLES AND
ESSENTIAL BITS
OF KIT TESTED

7 MIGHTY LIFTS
AND WHY YOU SHOULD EXPERIENCE THEM

DOGLESS NEAR SEATTLE
TALES FROM THE MONASHEE SNOW CAT

WIN
A SNOWBOARD TRIP

Mark Landvik  scottserfas.com

ISSUE #108, OCTOBER 2006 £3.80



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POSTCARDS FROM THE EDGE OF CIVILISATION

WORDS: NATALIE LANGMANN PHOTOS: PHIL TIFO

WHEN MUM CALLS YOU UP TO SEE IT YOU HAVE A REAL JOB YOU KNOW IT'S TIME TO GO AND HIDE. NATALIE LANGMANN SWAPS HER BIKE FOR A SNOWCAT AND HEADS TO THE HILLS WITH MONASHEE POWDER ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF FRESH LINES AND THE OCCASIONAL POSTBOX TO SEND A POSTCARD HOME TO MUM. SHE'S NICE LIKE THAT.



Deep into a serious poker game, my phone starts ringing; it is my mother calling again. I know that if I answer it will be the usual question, when was I going to get a real job? I pick up the phone and find myself answering her right away. "I will be out of cell phone range for a week, I'm writing a story on Cat-boarding in the Monashees." I am tired of her pestering, so I hang up and go back to playing with the cards that I had been dealt. Snowboarding is like gambling, you play the game and take the risk in hopes of gaining a new adventure.

A few seconds later, I hear my cell phone ring again. Note to self, I really have to take "Run to the Hills," off as my ring tone. "What?" I asked into the piece of shit contraption that is commonly known as a cell phone. It's your mom calling, said the voice on the other line. "Shut-up Rube, you jerk!" I said laughing. "No, I am serious, this is your mom calling," says Rube Goldberg, "and I want to know when we are leaving tomorrow morning. "Well let's see," I say, "it's Jaccob Sappata, you and I in one truck and we still have to load our three sleds in the am. It takes 6 hrs to get to Cherryville, right outside of Vernon, then we should be ready to leave Whistler by 9:00 a.m. I proceed to call up Phil Tifo. As photographer on this trip, he has also acquired the position as the organizer. Phil's truck would be leaving from Squamish in the a.m., along with Morgan Rice (filming for Whiteout films) and Gaetan Chanut. "Are you guys ready for this trip," I asked. "Of course," says Phil, "it's been snowing like non-stop in Monashee Range!" So on this note, the story begins. *** As you all know, if a road trip story starts out with the crew being ready, then in reality we know that it is not a real snowboard story. I will tell you right now, the crew is never ready!

It is 9:00 in the morning in Whistler and Rubé is overjoyed to see dark clouds hovering from his living



Gaetan Chanut can write postcards from his travels in both English and French. He can only grab indy with his right hand though.



'WE THINK THAT KARL MIGHT BE ALRIGHT UNTIL 2 KM DOWN THE TRAIL, WHEN WE COME TO REALIZE HOW DIFFERENT THE GUIDE AND THE CREW VIEW THE MOUNTAINS. GAETAN JUMPS OFF OF HIS SLED AND STARTS HIKING UP TO DROP A CLIFF BAND. KARL IS NOT STOKED.'

room window. No powder in Whistler and flat light means that nobody will be out shooting today. I am at his doorstep at 9am, my sled loaded and ready to go. Rube starts running around because he is totally geared up. "We need poker chips, we need snacks, and we need to pick up the trailer," he says. We go to attach the trailer, and find that the ball-baring doesn't connect. "This figures," I say. I roll my eyes and say it again after we race the truck back to Rubes to find a replacement. Finally we see, Gabe Langois and Shin Campos going for breakfast, just down the road. We proceed to steal the baring off the back of Shin's truck and finally get on our way. We are running behind schedule and we don't have time to meet the other half of the crew in Squamish. We pick up Jaacob and start heading north to

POSTCARDS
FROM THE EDGE OF
CIVILISATION



Travelling a lot means rarely sleeping in your own bed. Lucky Gaetun packs a whole stack of pillows.

Pemberton because in a panic for time, we plan on driving separate routes. Phil's truck will go south from Squamish and us north over the Duffy Rd, past Pemberton. Both routes connect near Vernon. It is a bit of a gamble, but hopefully we all meet for dinner in Cherryville.

ALL IN

Rube decides to do all of the driving, and we make it to Vernon in four hrs. This is pretty much unheard of, especially towing three sleds. We are also four hours ahead of Phil, Gaetan, and Morgan. From now on in, I'm putting all my money on Rube, no matter

how high the stakes. An hour later, we arrive at the meeting area, the Cherryville Golf Course, only to be confronted with another film crew and riders. Mark Gallop is there with, DCP, Louie Fontain, and Josh Dirksen. We smile but underneath the friendly handshakes, we are both thinking along the lines, of what the other player might have and what they might throw down. What would you do when your crew is booked with another? Obviously, the two groups will not be working or shooting within the same terrain. There will have to be some zoning requirements and restrictions put into place. I fake a grin, as Gallop seems to know the ins and outs of the operation. He's been coming to Monashee Powder



Three days in and Jaako realises he's forgotten his address book Like he cares.

'ARRIVING AT ARNICA, WE JUMP OUT OF THE CAT TO FIND THAT THE SNOW IS KNEE DEEP. WE ARE HAPPY TO SEE THAT THERE ARE SOME SERIOUS CLIFF BANDS AND FROM HERE ON IN, THE GAME IS ON!'



Jaako wins paper, scissors, stone again and takes another run to the post office.

Adventures, for years. We will just have to step it up and ride this out to the end, no matter what.

After dinner in Cherryville, we drive to the snowline of Tsuius Mountain and sled from the parking lot. It is puking, like crazy, and still there is no sign of Phil's group. We sled up to 1610m's and arrive at a massive lodge, with a "sled in/drive in" work shop bff to the side. Taking it all in, it is obvious that Tom and Carolyn Morgan are running a top notch operation here in the Monashees. Over a few beers at the bar, in walk Phil, Gaeten, Morgan, and the bartender. It turns out that the bartender had waited for them in Cherryville to guide them up to the lodge. Half way up the cat road, she drove her