



Egg Strike on Orchard

DASHWOOD BOOKS
33 Bond Street - NEW YORK





Art and commerce though, and money, needed that, so despite an aversion to demeaning commercialism had nebulous aspirations for using photography to earn some extra cash. Made a few half-hearted attempts to get those kinds of jobs but ultimately a lack of drive and a refusal to engage equipment beyond the rudiments didn't add up to much. Then my mind drifted to those skaters at Washington Square Park. Dave Swift had advanced to contributing photographer and associate editor at *Transworld* so let my fingers do the walking and dialed Oceanside 411 to get their number on Airport Road. What's up man! It had been two years. Caught up, yeah living in New York, how's that, it's crazy, right on, told him I wanted to shoot photos of these guys and wondered if he'd be interested. Sure, go for it, send them, can't promise anything but if we use them it's a hundred dollars for a full page. Late September walked up to the fountain one afternoon, subtly nodded, and offered a "What's up?" Two of them, Jeff and Ivan, returned my greeting, and I gave them and some others who appeared marginally attentive my spiel. Bringing up Del Mar only received a flicker of recognition, and maybe even a hint of dismissal. With it being bulldozed in 1987, and Upland meeting its demise a year later, the 1970s concrete skate park period came to a definitive end. As far as they were concerned it might as well have happened a thousand years ago on Saturn. Mentioning the Banks brought the discussion back to familiar ground and told them about Swift at *Transworld* and asked if they minded me tagging along and taking some photos. Going out on a limb as an elder member of the tribe, realizing that though these young bloods were related they were a recognizably divergent strain. Insecurities connected to a realization of just how quickly and unexpectedly one can become obsolete, not to mention nervous about my abilities as a photographer. Not Jeff and Ivan but with some of the rest completely unresponsive, or moderately scornful. One explanation being teenagers and adults in that timeframe were more segregated from each other with their own separate dominions than currently, with the former dubiously skeptical of the latter,





YEARS ON BLOCK

Handwritten graffiti on the brick wall, possibly reading "GARDEN".

