

## Short Biography

Yo, my name is Arty I'm from Lenox Massachusetts but spent a majority of my winters rippin around vermont parks like WW peace park, Sugarbush and Carinthia. I now live in Salt Lake City, Utah and train with Parkcity Freeski competing in the REV tour.

Heaven isn't white clouds for me, it's a powder day!

## Core Values

- To Be Free
- To share my passion with other people
- To take care of the earth
- To be happy
- To never Give up on my dreams
- To have a full circle of friends and family to care for and who take care of me
- To be health physically and mentally aka EAT GOOD FOOD

## Personal Essay

Freestyle skiing is heaven on earth; being a professional freeskiier has been a dream of mine for as long as I can remember. As a kid, I grew up on a little hill in Western Massachusetts called Bousquet. It had two lifts and everybody knew one another. People would cat call from the chairlift and cheer you on if you did a cool trick. My Mom would drop me and my two older sisters off there after school everyday except Wednesdays, when she worked there so we could all get free passes. The one rule, if my Mom wasn't there, was DO NOT GO TO SKI PATROL if you get hurt, find one of your sisters! She did want us to get in trouble for me being there alone and only 6! The only problem with this little slice of unrestricted heaven, was it never had a terrain park. So my friends and I would walk deep into the woods to a junk pile and grab PVC rails, wooden pallets, old chairs, anything to make a jump out of. I learned a ton a Bousquet, huck and hope was my cruel coach but eventually I needed more. Once my friends could drive, and find a car, we started to make the 3-hour drive up to Killington, Vermont any day we could just to get the chance to learn a new trick on a big jump, or hit an up rail or a kink rail or anything legit.

My passion for skiing grew more and more every year, I only wanted Winter; I wanted to be free on a mountain, flying down a hill, cat calls from above, pushing the limits for what I could do and what I wanted to do . I worked all summer, up to 70 hours a week, to be able to travel and ski in the winter without sending my family into debt. My junior and senior years at high school, I received a full-ride scholarship to Killington Mountain School, which had been a dream of mine since the day I saw the KMS Team ripping the Dream Maker. With a coach and a team, I excelled more than I could have ever imagined, I learning all four-way doubles and landing my first double cork 1440. The coaching went beyond the tricks, I learned how important it is to be healthy both physically and mentally. How critical it is to have a plan, for winning and for losing. I learned to stretch, to plan, to think like a winner, to be a team member. And all that hard work paid off. My senior year, I got 6th place at the US nationals for open-class men which qualified me for the Revolution tour.

Last summer I turned 18, I worked as hard as I could and as much as I could, to make as much money as I could, to move out to Utah on my own and continue this driving dream of mine to compete in the World Cup circuit and the Winter Olympics. After countless falls, broken bones, and major setbacks I'm still keeping my chin high and working every day to better my skiing and myself. Living on my own has been an adjustment. I train 5 days a week with the Park City Freeski Team but skiing 7 days. I also take care of myself by going to the gym, doing physical rehab daily, and eating home made health meals. Not being in school and living on my own allows me to live every day like it's my last. It's thrilling to know that I am in charge of my days, my life, and my future.

The move out to Utah was initially rough but joining PCSS is truly a blessing. It doesn't even feel like I'm on a team, just a bunch of friends who all have the same aspirations as me. We have a very tight-knit group that looks out for each other. Whether it's some of the younger kids following me into the jumps for speed, helping cook dinner, or even getting everyone together to stretch after a long training day, we are like family. When I got to Salt Lake this fall I got a job mounting skis from 4 PM -10 PM 4 days a week. Unfortunately, training and traveling with my team got in the way of my work and they had to let me go after Christmas. My family supports my dreams but doesn't have a lot of extra cash to help me pay for the trips and events I need to go to. My mom is a single

mother of 3 who works in a public school in Massachusetts. I don't have a line of credit and I don't want to drown my family in debt.

I feel truly free while I'm skiing, I can go anywhere or do anything I want; if it's a different axis on a jump or a new line in some deep pow, I just love it. This is what keeps me going every day; whether at Bousquet in the junkyard park or at Woodward Park City, I still have the same excitement to wake up and ski and be free.