

Adventures in Aspen with Bomber Jean-Michel Basquiat Skis

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Aspen Mountain, Highlands, Buttermilk and Snowmass—the powder of four—has had a year for the books. I've been out twice this year and both times the plane has had trouble landing due to intense snowfall. The first time was around Valentine's Day when my boyfriend, Bobby Kennedy, made me hike the Highland Bowl only to wait an hour and a half in the deep Temerity Lift line. Thankfully, the line was filled with enough stylish skiwear to keep me happy until it was our turn to ride.

Just in time for some epic Spring skiing, Bobby and I had enough time to try out our new Bomber Jean-Michel Basquiat skis: the most beautiful skis I've seen, which I couldn't wait to introduce to the chic slopes of Aspen. Upon the arrival of our new skis, we headed to Four Mountain Sports below Aspen Mountain to get bindings for our new bombers. Jake Moe, resident ski gear guru, complemented the Basquiat images saying, "Are you really going to ski on these?"

“That’s what they were made for,” I replied with a smile knowing that my new skis were about to attract tons of eyes on the slopes. Thankfully, I knew I had the skills to match the swag and couldn’t wait to attract all eyes whilst on my new babies.



Bobby and I rode up the gondola with some locals who were talking about how their friend’s skis had just been stolen off their porch. The planks in question were creatively decorated with “sunshine,” “unicorn,” and “Aspen” stickers and the lot of us were confused as to what kind of maniac would steal such an obvious peculiar pair of skis in such a small town.

We hit a few groomed trails right off the bat and the Bombers were really pulling well, but it was when we hit about 50 mph that they really rocked. We cruised past a variety of hotdogs, powder pandas, old men of the snow, Brazilian straight-liners, and recklessly fast Midwesterners. We were now up top at the Sundeck in time to meet Harve Hoff, a local Aspenite est. 1957, who owns a cabin in the backwoods. Twenty minutes later, we were towing behind a snowmobile on a waterski rope into the backcountry—a thousand feet above the gondola—known to the locals as “the top of the world.”



Looking down at the deep untouched powder we were suddenly a bit nervous; this seemed like a trial by fire, but that's what Bombers are for, isn't it? We floated into the champagne powder just as easily as we floated over the groomers. The Bombers are bomb skis...there's little else to say. Well, except for the fact that my first time riding a snowmobile ended in a spectacular crash with my leg trapped and I was only saved by the combined strength of the mountain men from nearby snow-covered cabins.

Our "Lizard King" and "Ice Queen" Bombers, as we'd named them, held up spectacularly on all terrain. At the end of the day, we walked back to Four Mountain Sports to get our boots and randomly passed by a guy ranting about how he had found his stolen skis. I knew it was the guy that the girls were talking about earlier because he mentioned unicorns. What I also knew is that no matter how pumped he was about getting his old skis back, I was way more excited to have my new ones.

