

# ***Acrobatic Paganello 2002***

## ***“The Paganello Experience” by Steve Hanes***

*(repaged by Claudio Cigna)*

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### **The doubt**

Paganello-the name is a cadence, a song of sun, sand and community. Before my visit this year, I was skeptical about Paganello. Dan Yarnell had visited the Rimini event in 2000 and described it as overwhelming. Larry Imperiale had raved about it for years. I wasn't swayed. Dan and Tristan Doshier went in 2001. Tristan called me as soon as he returned to Fort Worth, gushing with details of the energy and roar of the spectators. I was steadfast-it just couldn't be that good, could it? Dan and Tristan invited me, urged me to go this year. I worried about the cost and I fretted that Paganello 2002's earlier date meant bad weather, but I was determined to see it and form my own opinion.

### **The place**

My doubts were dispelled the very first day. Rimini is a small seaside community with winding streets, majestic hotels, tiny green parks, great restaurants and shops. We had three glorious days of warm, sunny days with cold, crisp nights. Each day the wind became gentler, kinder. The beauty of the weather was matched by the hospitality and kindness of the event staff and the people of Rimini. The festival site was a village of white tents set on light brown sand. Little children cavorted and dug sand castles. Dogs danced impatiently along the beach, imploring their masters to chase and play with them. Beautiful Italian couples strolled along the beach, dressed in fine black leather jackets and jeans. The young, sunburned faces of ultimate players mixed with the smiling stares of spectators. Huge multicolored kites rocked gently far above our heads. There were jugglers, dancers, unicyclists, skate boarders, rock bands, a bungee trampoline and hundreds of flying discs in the air. As Tristan had said, "If you love Frisbee, then this is it." It was as if Federico Fellini, the great Italian film director, had one of his movies spill to life on the very beach where he filmed *Life is a Heavenly Circus*.

### **The event**

Italians Clay and Lui Collera directed the freestyle with professionalism and aplomb. Clay provided the jam intensity and Lui functioned as the female version of Rappin' John. Every freestyler at Paganello 2002 owes Clay and Lui big props and a hardy 'bene facto'. The teams from Rome and Milan were a joy to watch. The Milan team went crowd happy in the finals. The Italian disc community is packed with players whose fervor matches the American freestyle scene, circa 1975. FPA director Paul Kenney insured that the event ran to specifications and added his distinctive disc work to the mix. Paul continues to be most creative player I've seen and I will steal every move I can from him. Reto Zimmerman ruled the nightclub portion of the competition with his unsurpassed athleticism. Pat Marron and 'Peeps' Lopez ruled the beach. Ann Graves, Tommy Leitner and Tristan Doshier reached down deep and played superbly during the finals. The entire

Titcomb clan was there except for Rohre. I've said this many times, the Titcombs are the future of American freestyle. Gary Auerbach worked the crowd with an ease and grace that only he has. He gave more joy to the Rimini children than anyone there. Dan Yarnell inspired me with his knowledge of Rimini and his unbelievable play. And a special thanks to "Euro" for the great jam apparel and his kindness. Come and shred America, Euro-we're waiting.

In summary, these words will never do justice to the Paganello experience, but as we Texans would say about something they love

- "Paganello, It'll git it."