





C R E A T U R E
/ ' k r ē C H ə r /

3) a fictional or imaginary being, typically a frightening one.

C o n t e n t s .

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W h y C r e a t u r e ?

Most little kids want to be astronauts or firefighters when they grow up. Not me, I wanted to work at Subway--just because I liked it. Which is something I have been trying to unpack as an adult.

So far I figured this:

1) You set more realistic goals for yourself, even as a kid, when you live in Jacksonville...Florida...in a trailer park. A literal punch-line in popular culutre.

2) I am cursed with a need to only focus on the things that speak to me on some preternatural level. I am blessed with an overwhelming desire for everyone else to be into the thing I'm into. Which is why I create. I have to.

3) Risk isn't something I'm familiar with. After all, I could fulfill my childhood dream of being a sandwich artist at any time.

What's to lose?

I grew up in the same enviroment the "Creature From The Black Lagoon" did: Florida. Which is enough to make anyone feel like an oddity forgotton by time. Like the Creature, I did anything and everything to keep going.

I worked as a barista one minute--then as a social strategist in an innovation lab for a Global corporation the next. I would work in a warehouse during the Florida summers screen printing shirts--while developing new operational process with a team of executives. All while building my own business in my "free time". Instead of sleeping, I took night classes at the local community college. Instead of a weekend, I would serve up drinks to the very people I worked for. This oscillation between blue and white collars has developed into a unique insight into business and creative processes.

This is what makes me the Creature from Jacksonville. In the next few pages, I highlight what drives and inspires me and how I got to where I am now.



Music.

How original, a creative that's inspired by music. True--but that's not the point. Like most things I'm passionate about, I let it consume my life.

Music has always been a staple in my life. As a kid, my father would dial the car radio and bet me, "if you can tell me who sings this song or what the name of this track is, I'll give you a dollar." Before I knew it, I got pretty good at identifying pop artists and one-hit wonders from the '60s and '70s. And my dad started to lose all his pocket money.

Though, I never picked up an instrument, I like to think the radio provide me with a keen sense of all things pop from different eras. Little did I know, this little practice would foster my days as a hipster music-blogger.



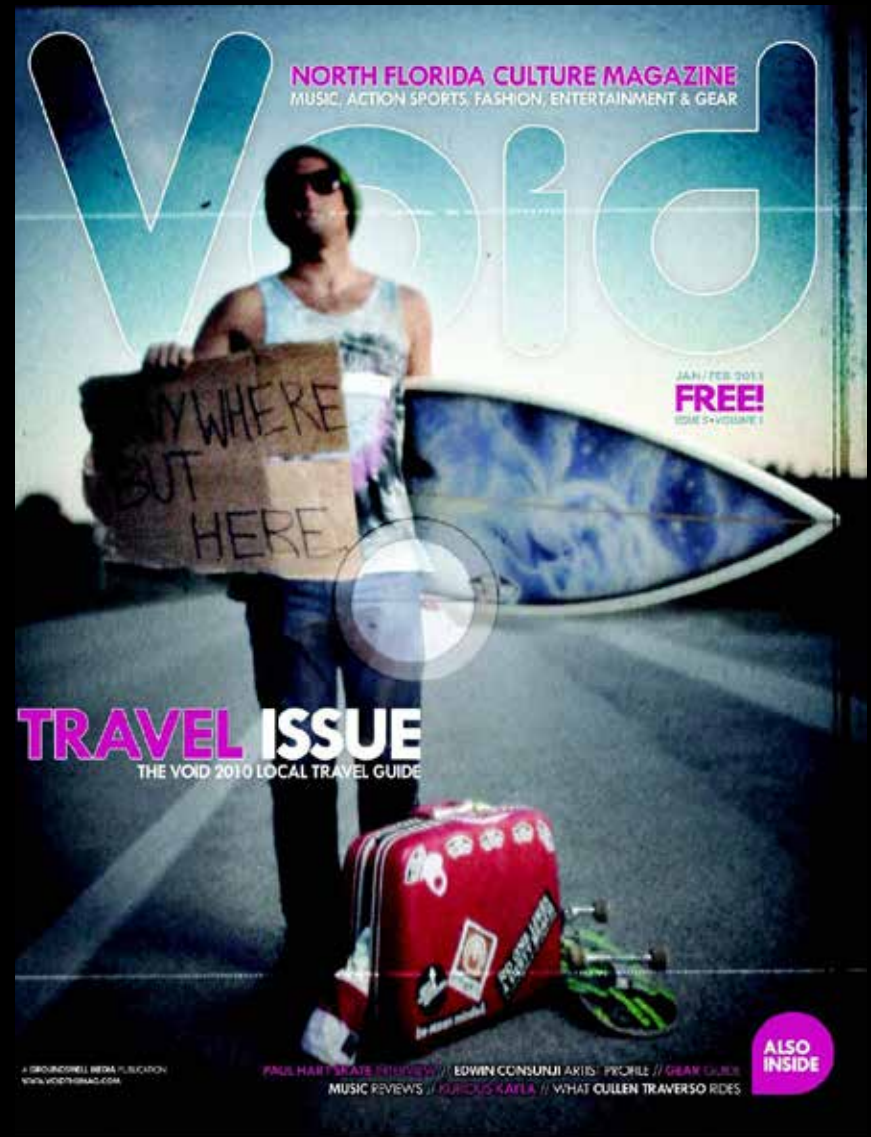
Red Fthr logo, which was never red, was one of my earlier brands that found its way into local publications and event fliers. 2009

RED FTHR

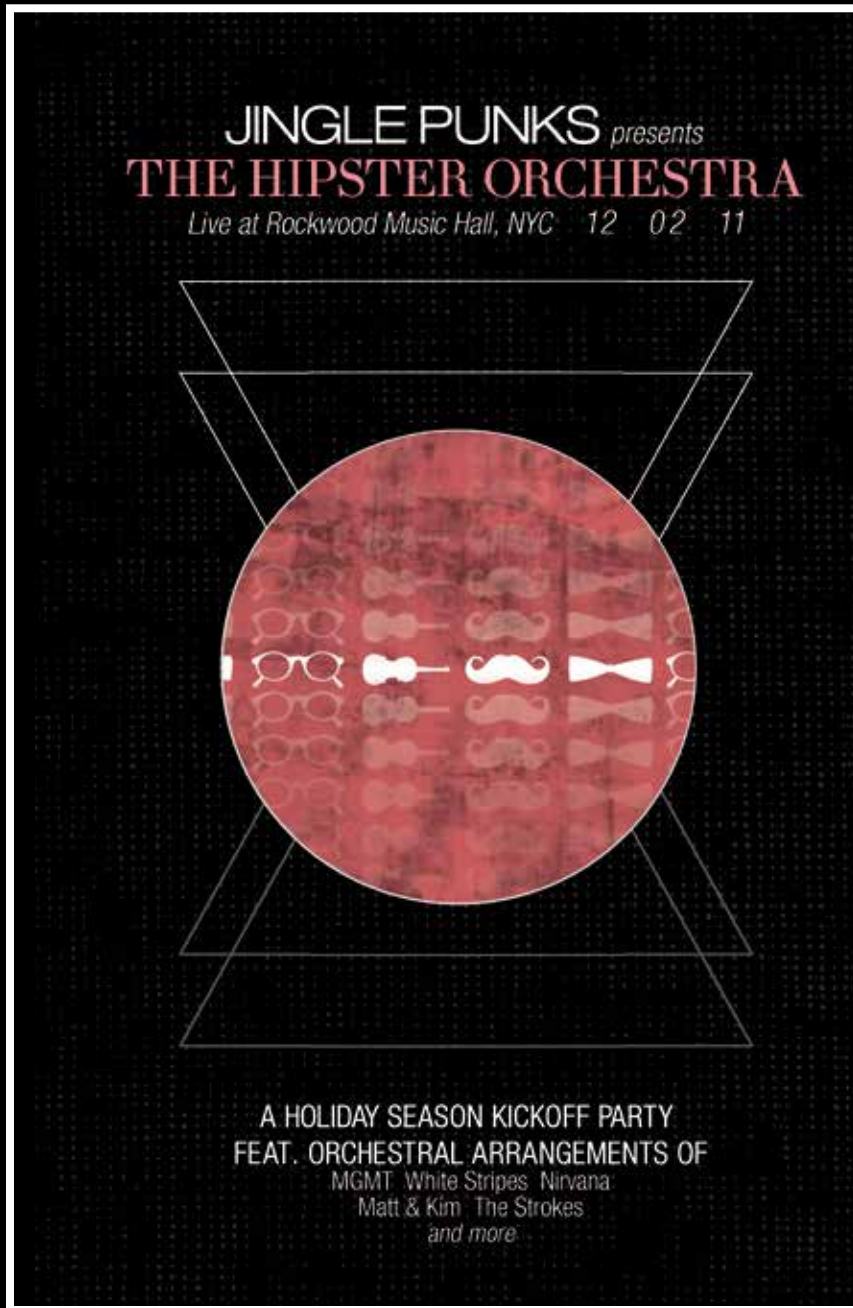
Pronounced red feather, was a music site that highlighted underground narratives within the independent music scene. What began as a convenient way to share music with friends (when mp3s were still a thing), ended up engaging me in more than I hoped for. I never put much thought or effort into Red Fthr. Yet, I gained the interest of listeners around the world and about 12,000 visitors a month.

VOID MAGAZINE

While I was blogging about music, I was working for a local publication called, Void. The editor caught wind of my music blogging, and asked me to format and design my own music section. My interest in music was now printed in more than 30,000 magazines every month.



A cover I produced for Void Magazine, home to the Red Fthr music section that helped expose local music acts and events. 2011



JINGLE PUNKS

Then came one of my first freelance gigs with Jingle Punks, a music licensing company. Funny, considering I had spent years publishing copyrighted material online--for free. Jingle Punks was based out of NYC, so I worked remotely on meta-data entry and cataloging an array of music. At one point, I designed an event poster and album.

I hope you're starting to see the picture: I've never done just the job at hand.

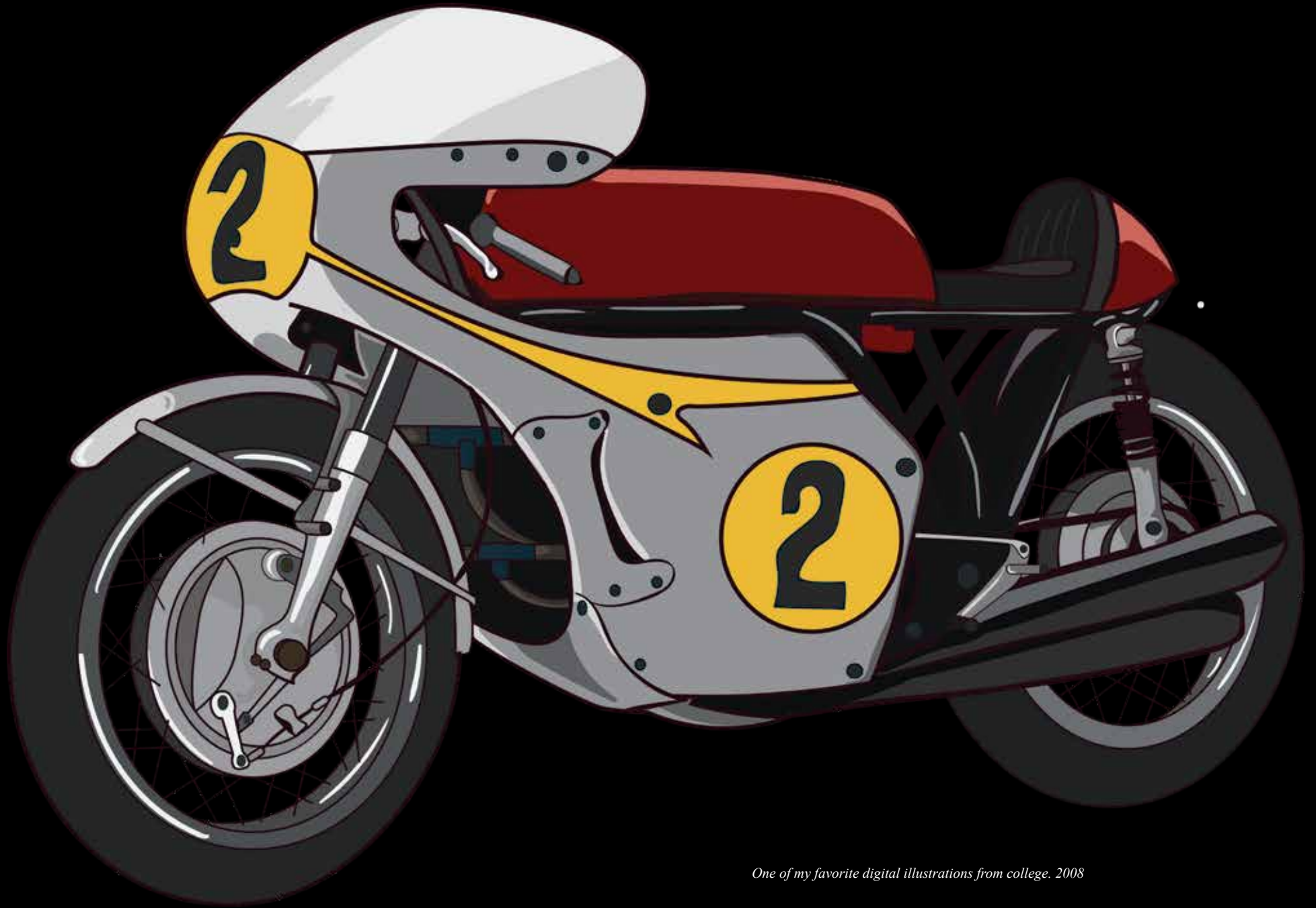
A Holiday Party poster I designed for Jingle Punks, along with other advertising and marketing elements.



Motorcycles.

I fell in love with motorcycles--because I had to. Being broke, my only mode of transportation was a bicycle (I was 23) and I couldn't afford to drive a car. I saved up enough money to get a cheap motorcycle. Which turned out to be, the now coveted, Honda CB500F. Thing is tough, it was a piece of junk and didn't run. I had no mechanical know-how but before I knew it, the entire 4-cylinder engine was in pieces on the garage floor. Additionally, I had very few tools to put it back together--but I did--I had to.

Motorcycles taught me how to approach complex systems and how to be a diligent worker. Can you repair a carburetor and still be somewhere on time? I learned to be productive, rather than efficient. You know-- "Zen and The Art of Motorcycle Maintenance"--or whatever.



One of my favorite digital illustrations from college. 2008



I became more obsessed with wrenching old motorcycles. So obsessed, I had five motorcycles and no car at one point.

I started fixing other bikes out of the garage I shared with friends. We called it, Garrison.

Later, our friend would start a full-fledged motorcycle repair and service shop, Garrison Moto. I was obliged to help bring in customers and develop the brand.



Surfing.

Surfing has been a major aspect of my life since I was 12. Like most kids, I wanted to go pro or work in the industry or both. The better part of my life was spent trying to figure out a way to make that happen.

Of course, I tried starting my own clothing line in high school. Of course I fixed surfboards for all the kids in the neighborhood to support surf trips to Central America. I did everything a stereotypical teenager would do in my position and it was an absolute blast.

I was an amateur competitor, placing third on the East Coast and 128th in the Nation. Nowhere near qualifying for the world tour. Alas, that wasn't going to stop me from centering my life around the sport.

In my early twenties, my roommate, Justin Quintal, approached me about starting a surfboard company, “Black Rose”. We both had a passion for simple mid-century-machines. As well as a general disdain for the surf industry. We thought we could do it better--so we did. In less than a year, we developed an entire brand and product line. The following year, we had accounts up and down the East Coast, the Gulf Coast, one in Canada (Tofino), and even one in Austin, Texas. We sold out our entire line at trade-shows, traveled, and threw major parties anywhere we went.

Our boards oscillated between performance and tradition. We wanted to offer a boutique product at working-class price point. After all, we ourselves were “working-class surf trash”.

Justin went on to be a world champion surfer, the surfboard business continued to have razor-thin profit margins, and I needed a “real job”...whatever that is.

Black Rose is still alive today. Check it out.



The Black Rose Mfg. “stacked logo” with custom decorative typeface. Designed by yours truly.

Why I Create.

I have a driving need to understand the world around me and to be understood by the world--as much as humanly possible. Where rhetoric fails to deliver nuance, I turn to symbols, images, and colors. A language that speaks to the subconscious. This is where the real conversation takes place.

It's how I better understand the world. In turn, it's how I help others understand me.

Why do I create? I have to.

