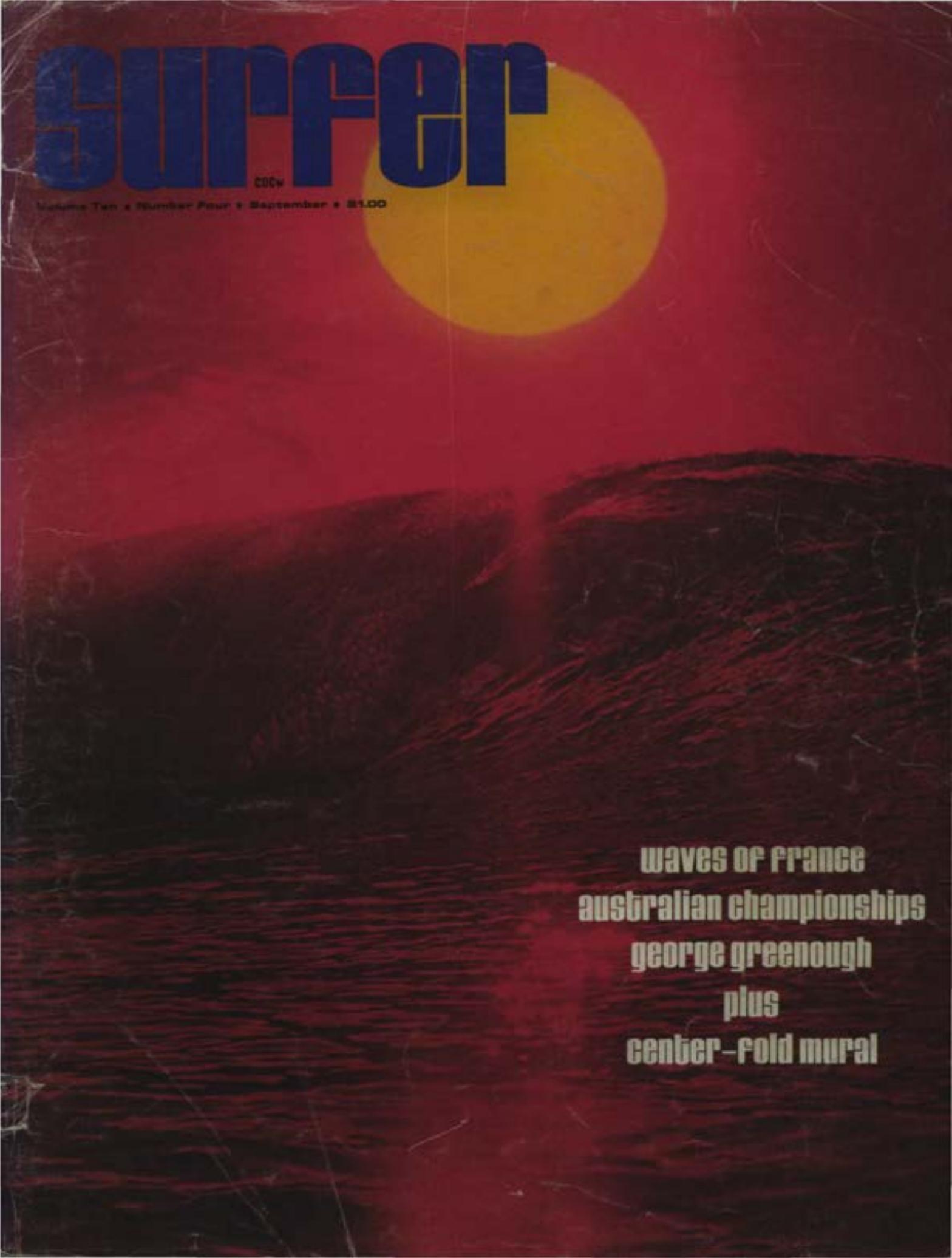


SURFER

The background of the cover is a high-contrast, monochromatic image. The top half features a large, bright yellow sun in a deep red sky. Below the sun, a dark, textured wave is visible, rendered in shades of dark red and black, creating a sense of depth and movement. The overall aesthetic is dramatic and evocative of a sunset or sunrise over the ocean.

CDCv

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**waves of france
australian championships
george greenough
plus
center-fold mural**

A high-angle photograph of a surfer in dark shorts performing a barrel roll on a wave. The surfer is in a crouched position, and the wave is curling over their head, creating a tunnel of water. The water is a deep blue-green color.

do yourself a good turn...

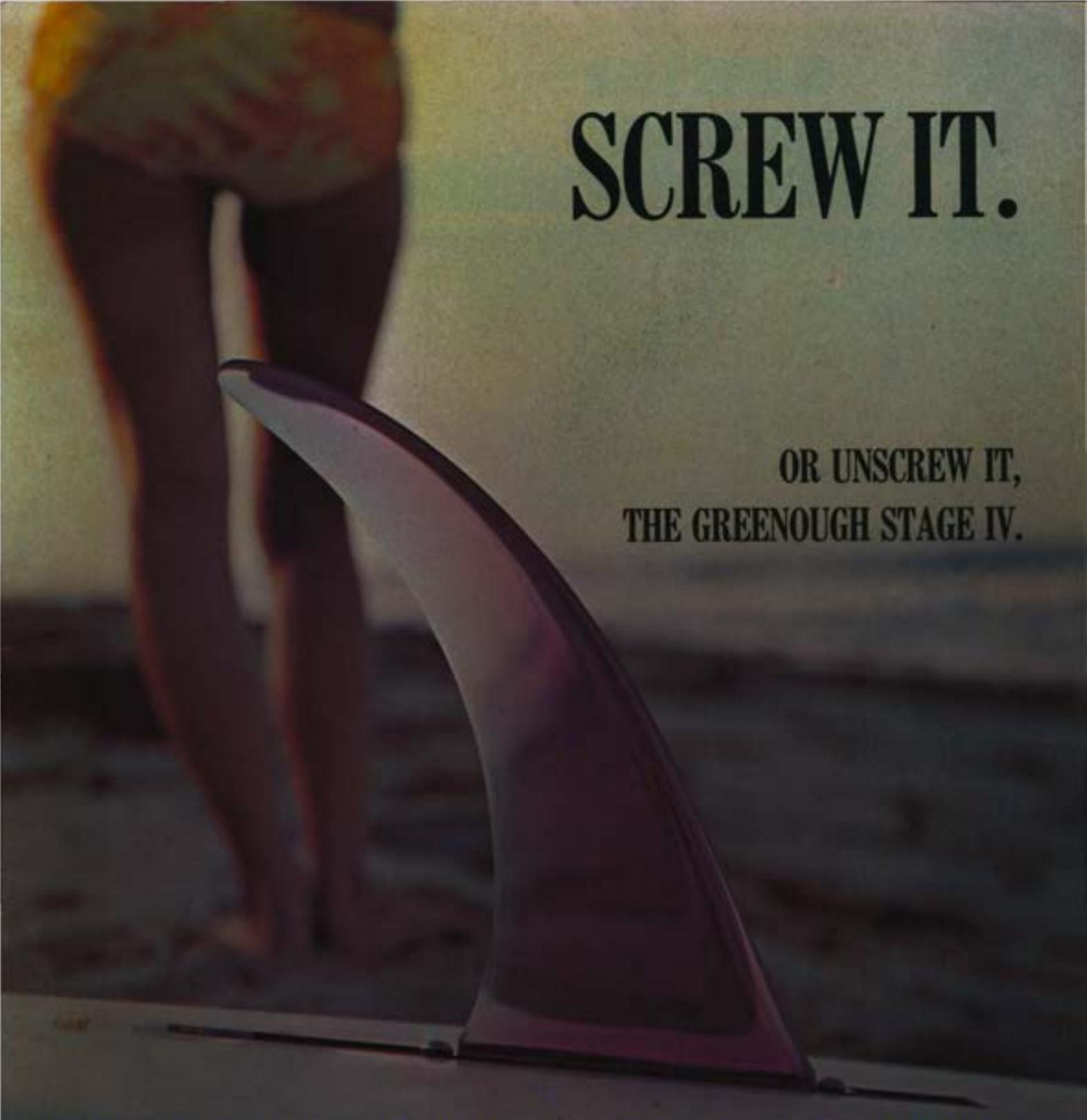
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PAGE 42 GREENOUGH

SURFER magazine

September • The International Surfing Magazine • Vol. 10, No. 4, 1989

FEATURES

- 46 Original Surfcraft Patents
- 52 Ignore It—Maybe It Will Go Away • *Hal Sachs*
- 54 Europe: Genesis • *MacGillicray-Freeman*
- 71 Ex-Aussie Champ Scores Big Upset • *Keith Paul*
- 78 Animal On, Animal Out • *Nat Young*
- 86 Live Clean, Surf Clean, Shape Clean • *Dick Brewer*
- 90 Foamies to Freaks • *Corky Carroll*
- 96 New Zealand • *Tim Murdoch*
- 99 The Legend of Spyder Wills • *Drew Kampion*
- 106 The AAAA In Euphoria



PAGE 46 PATENTS

FICTION-POETRY

- 94 The Surfer, The Land & The Sea • *Drew Kampion*
- 72 The Really Big Show • *Cort Gifford*



PAGE 94 FRANCE

PHOTOGRAPHY

- 42 George Greenough • *Harold Ward, Bernie Baker*
- 115 SURFER Photography
- 121 SURFER Extra • *Bill Romerhaus*

DEPARTMENTS

- 11 Surf Post
- 23 SURFER Tips—Learning How in '69 • *Mike Purpus*
- 27 Reviews
- 29 Interview—• *Mickey Dora*
- 41 Editorial—A Diminishing Breed • *Howard Davis*
- 109 Pipeline



PAGE 78 ANIMAL

COVER Photo: *Ron Stoner*

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PAGE 86 LIVE CLEAN



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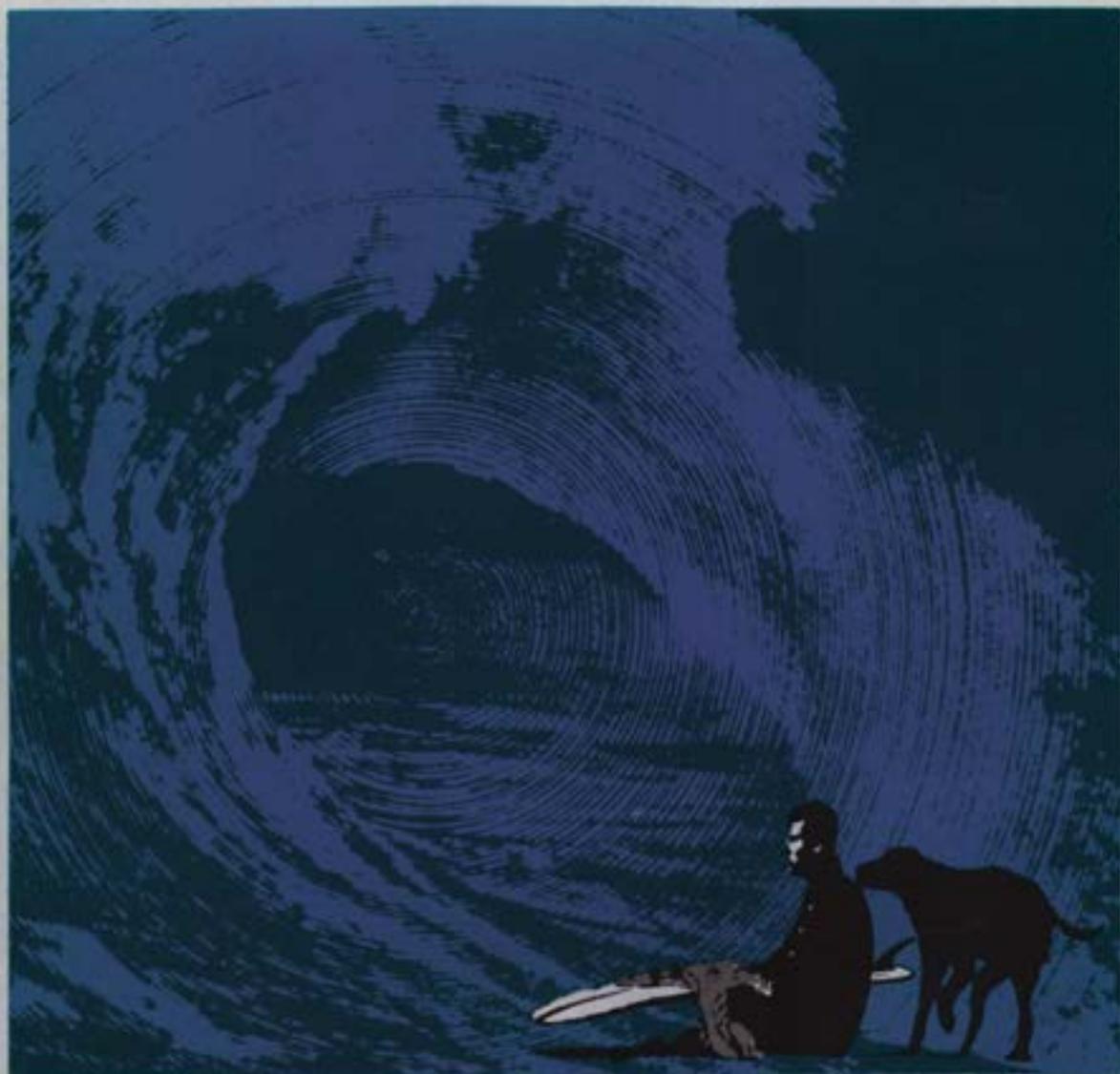
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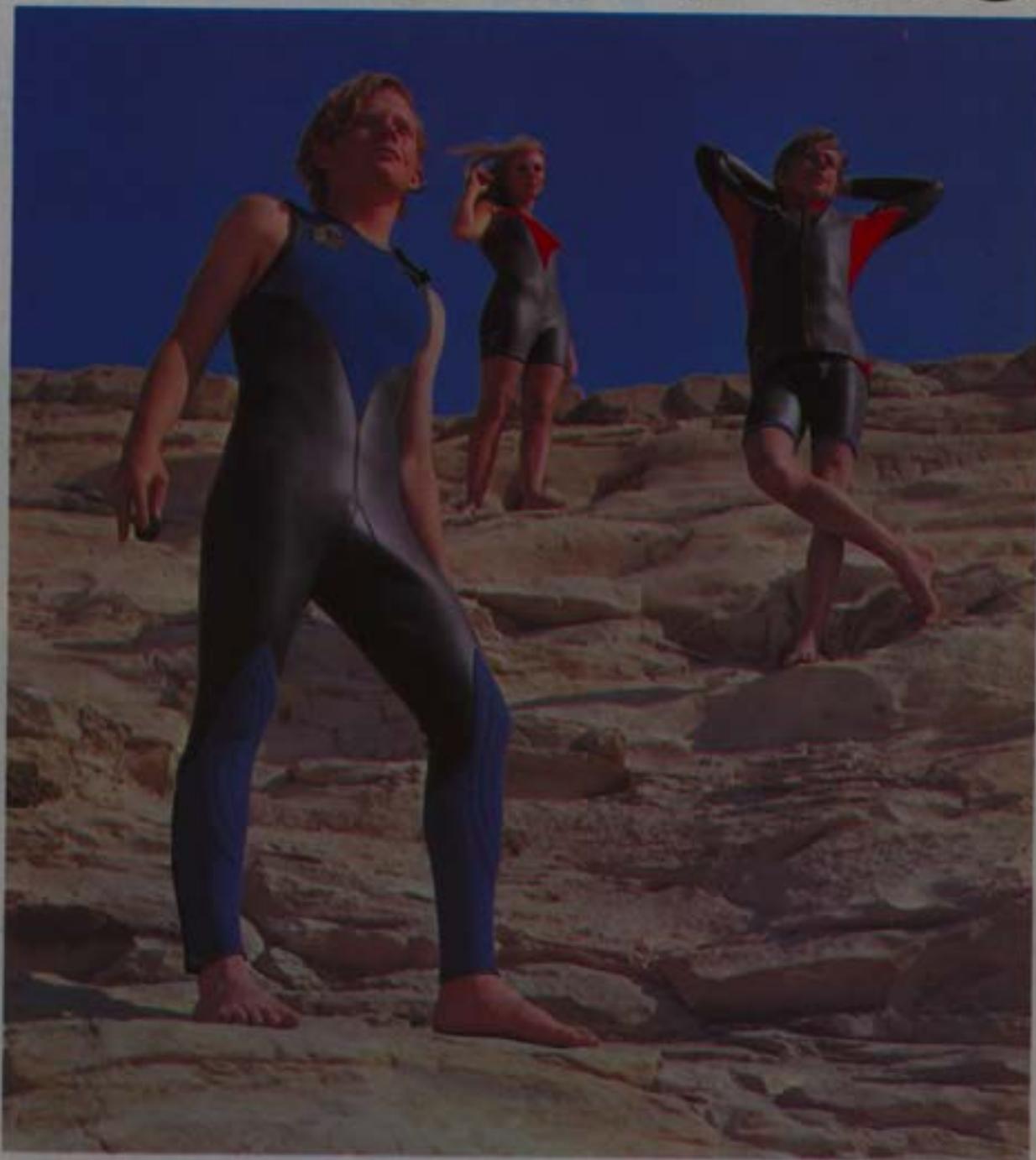
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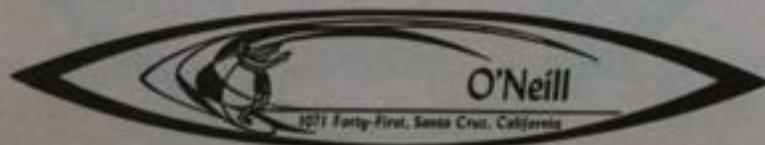
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surf post

DEAR MR. POPE

State Beach is the Whispering Sands of the Crescent Bay area and deserves recognition, even if the center divider closes traffic to camels after prime time for Beach Blanket Bingo.

The Pacer, Santa Monica, California

STOP IPSA

Kill it! Smother it! Destroy it! The IPSA sounds like a potential enemy to surfing. Just another commercialistic movement for some big businessmen to make another million on. Surfing is already too commercial; why encourage more? This colossus of commercial movements, the IPSA, could be the biggest enemy surfing has ever had. I can certainly see how competitive surfers might favor the IPSA. After all, they might as well make a little money while they are doing what they enjoy. But I fear that in the long-run, the IPSA would breed a type of surfer whose (as Ron Haworth says in last month's article "There's Gold in Them Thar Waves") mind can easily be numbered by dollar signs. These surfers would only be out to make a buck. I only hope that some concerned and influential surfers will make an attempt to stop the IPSA.

Joe Schultz, Prairie Village, Kansas

Why publicize surfing more than it already has been? Beaches are crowded enough as it is, and with people surfing for money instead of for fun, it would lose its appeal.

Barry Camp, Anaheim, California

SEA GULLS & SEA BUFFS

I guess I'm as guilty as anyone sitting around merely working for the man, although being able to enjoy the water for close to twenty years, I've been luckier than most. Now I find myself upset with what Sutherland might call "more than a little order . . ." and Farrelly's "sea gulls" and ". . . desire for breathing space . . ." which will occur if the professional circuit comes to pass. Certainly one can't deny commercialism exists in the sport today, but as Wilson says, "bring those sport buffs the color and warmth of Hawaii, Australia, Africa and Puerto Rico; and they'll be plowing through snow-drifts to buy a surfboard . . ." well that just doesn't turn me on. Why not allow man one of his last personal experiences? Why not allow him to remain in his semi-tribal underground existence dealing personally with the green rooms and grey hotels? Let him remain untouched with friends who communicate his watery pleasure. If Sorrell is concerned with



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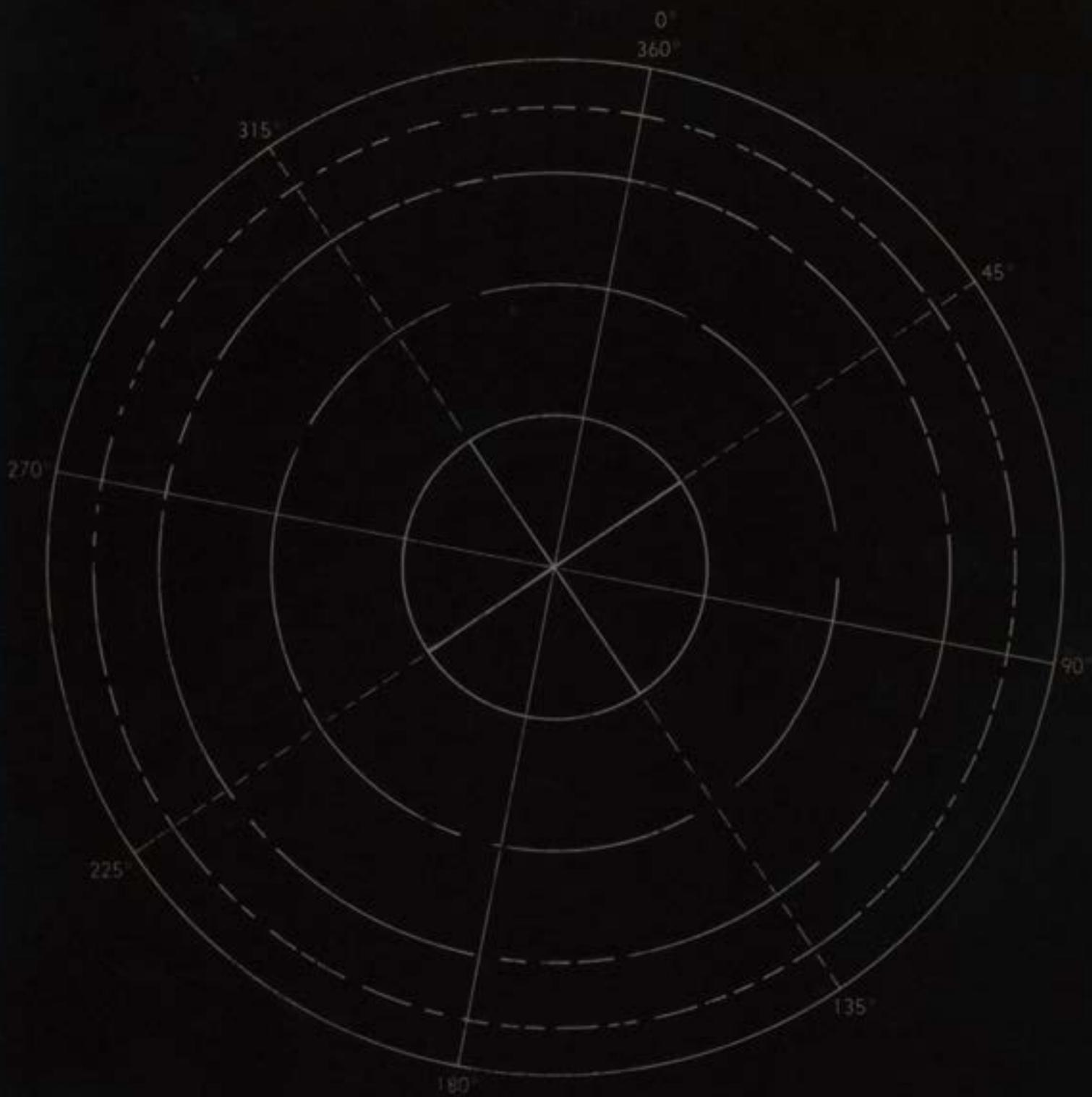
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surfing, why not sell a program to the stations dealing with destruction of our beaches, the existence of pollution and the closed coastline that exists and the future of our beautiful last frontier. It appears these are the choices, unless you'd like George Putnam presenting an instant replay on the 11 o'clock news of Nat Young's acceptance speech—"Now here's a cutie..."

Tom Bruno, Edwards, California

LONESOME DEATH DEPT.

Dr. Zinger's article, if taken in the proper manner (i.e.: PM = $\frac{1}{2}O + So$), should

$$\frac{m - k}{3}$$

serve as an enlightening experience for your reading masses who, like myself, are continually searching for the Diamond Palace, whatever that may be, or who have followed Dr. Zinger's illustrious career from its primordial beginning, or both, which is not uncommon in view of the fact that a fusion, that is, congruent communion, of two such variables would seem implausible if not utterly impossible, all this, of course, being true in view of the obvious.

Burt Level, Anaheim, California

After reading Dr. Zinger's article, I find myself confused as how to take it. On one hand, I suspect it to be a clever satire constructed by someone with a basic knowledge of psychiatric terminology (which I certainly hope is the case), and on the other hand, I fear that it might be intended as serious. If it is satire, then I give my heartiest congratulations on a superb job, but DON'T SCARE US LIKE THAT!

Scott Wagner, Naples, Florida

Dr. Zinger hopes your letter isn't serious and adds "Don't scare ME like that!"
... ed.

M. V. P.'s

Can you imagine someone who has never seen any of these surfers surf, and except for reading about them and seeing them in an occasional film, know nothing of their style and attitudes vote in a Poll, which has come to mean quite a lot to some surfers? Why not organize it like professional sports vote for MVP's, by the players themselves? How can a person from Arizona judge Corky Carroll over Skip Frye or Midget? Such pretentiousness!

Robert Zelkovsky, Hicksville, L.I., N.Y.
Indeed! ... ed.

OUTRAGEOUS

I just heard the results of the SURFER Poll, and I must say I was shocked to see that Mike Purpus (who is one of the most aggressive and progressive surfers on this or any other coast) was not chosen to a top spot. I really think it is

Ever want to star in a surfing film?



The name of the film is "The Fantastic Plastic Machine." Skip Frye, Mickey Munoz, Steve Bigler, Mike Purpus, and Margo Godfrey are just a few of the great surfers who were brought together to film it.

Brian St. Pierre was a member of the movie company on location in Tahiti, Fiji, New Zealand, and Australia. His book, **THE FANTASTIC PLASTIC VOYAGE**, tells the inside story of the filming: partly a hilarious account of the weird things that happen when you combine surfing and movie-making, but also a complete picture of the surfing scene all around the Pacific, and a deeply sincere statement of what surfing means to some of its greatest stars. 16 pages of action photos. \$5.95

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KEVIN JOHNS

Honolulu, Hawaii Past Pres. HSA

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dumb, ridiculous and outrageous for people to vote for someone just because he is a soul brother, rather than to vote for another person with superior surfing ability and true dedication to the sport. Kent B. Layton, Manhattan Beach, Calif.

RESTOKED

... I bought the July issue of SURFER, and I can't truly express what it has done for me. I was ready to hang up surfing because of all the plastic and egotistic people and such that are becoming involved in the beautiful world of surfing. All I can say is that every cent I earn from this moment on is going towards a trip such as Mark and Dale made to Latin America. ...

Stephen Grass, Huntington Beach, Calif.

LUMPS & TEARS

I would like to congratulate you on your magnificent summer issue. Having spent 3½ years in 32 countries, including the Republic of South Africa, I want to say that the article by Howard Davis, a personal friend, about a day in his life in Durban, brought a lump to my throat and, I admit, a few tears of emotion to my eyes. Howard, I followed your every footstep from your apartment through your day's activities in the town I love so much. I lived the very same life for 1½ years, and you told it as it really is—or was. Thank you for such a wonderful article. It made a very special part of my life even more vivid and meaningful. Ken (Kiwi) White, Adelaide, South Australia

MEET THE STAFF

I am one of your staff salesmen, and I have to admit I have not been doing my job (to sell SURFER mags). I feel that by now you are probably getting pretty pissed off at me for only sending in one subscription since I have been working for you. I apologize for my negligence. I appreciate your sending me my press card before the required ten subscriptions are in. It has given me a sort of inspiration to increase my salesmanship, which is pretty bad. With the coming of summer and the rapidly increasing quality of SURFER magazine, I feel I will have a little better luck than I have had in the past. If I can't do any better than I have done, I will be happy to send back all that I have received from you. I thank you for being so patient with me for so long. I will try harder.

Roger Hagen, San Diego, California
 That's the old spirit, Roger baby ... ed.

HOLY SMOKES!

The article on the "Two Sides of Maui" was fantastic and had some really far-out shots of Honolua and Maalaea. This is the kind of article I like to see. Pete Ortali, King City, California

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WISE STORY

Congratulations on your article in the July issue of "The Bill Wise Story." It shows what a man can do when he is really determined. The sport of surfing needs more men like him, but it also shows that not all surfers are "bad guys" as many seem to think.

Dave Simpson, Springfield, Virginia

PLASTIC REVIEW

Just a note to let you know that I think your review of "The Plastic Fantastic Machine" was great. I was invited to a private showing last week, and your words voiced my sentiments exactly. I think the movie, all in all, would have been really good had the whole first hour been taken out and we had been left with a 30-minute short.

Terry McKendree, Jacksonville Beach, Florida

SYNTHESIS

I must say I have thoroughly enjoyed all of the fine articles by Drew Kampion. But I just had to write concerning his masterpiece, "The California Identity: A Synthesis." His description of the California surfer is perfect, and he expresses my feelings, and, I'm sure, others, with a knowledgeable comprehension that should be recognized.

Eric Bass, Palos Verdes, California

I have a question pertaining to Drew Kampion's article "The California Identity": When meeting a CALIFORNIA SURFER, is it proper to lay face down on the ground, or is kneeling and kissing his hand enough?

Jay Dillon, Roselle Park, New Jersey

Face down, please . . . ed.

GROUP EFFORT

. . . It's funny how the other magazines try to buy class and recognition, but no matter what, SURFER really puts them in their place. It doesn't take just one person to make a magazine good; it takes combined effort. Surfing is a helluva way to make a living, but I find that through the help of people like yourselves, makes my job a lot easier.

Gary Propper, Cocoa Beach, Florida

ERATA

Concerning the photograph on the bottom of page 145 (Vol. 10, No. 3), the boy in the picture is not myself, but John Azrack. I snapped the photo, and Charlie Gay submitted our pictures of that weekend.

Richard Fort, Short Hills, New Jersey

TAKE TWO STEPS BACK DEPT.

After viewing "Evolution," I have finally realized that the Australians, namely Young and the best surfer ever, Wayne



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Lynch, are in a class by themselves. I have seen some of the supposed top surfers in the world, and by comparison, they just didn't get it on. As if it matters, but in my opinion the SURFER Poll should go Wayne Lynch No. 1, Nat Young No. 2, and the rest of the "top" surfers ranked 10-20 . . .

John Doner, Torrance, California

MAFAMATICS

What's with all the mathematical nonsense you've been cramming into your issues lately? I subscribe to the magazine because I like the articles and pictures. If I wanted math, I could take it in school.

Rick Bryant, Norwalk, California

Careful, your irate factor (I_r) is over 4.723 . . . ed.

WRITE

Loved your editorial! Now what are we going to do about it? Senate Governmental Efficiency Committee efficiently killed the bill to give us access to our beaches, Sieroty's Beach Study Bill has only a slim chance, and our friends in Santa Barbara have little to be encouraged by. I'm thinking in terms of getting ready for an all-out legislative attack on our beach problems in time for the next (Jan.) session of the legislature and of the congress. . . .

Ellen Harris, Beverly Hills, California

Anybody interested, write Miss Harris at 522 N. Foothill Rd., Beverly Hills, CA 90210 . . . ed.

HUZZA

Hats off to SURFER. Before I read your magazine (in my school library), I thought surfing was watching Frankie Avalon and Sandra Dee fake a surfing shot at Waimea. If it wasn't for your magazine, I might still think that Hollywood garbage was surfing. Now I'm stoked, and it's all because of your magazine.

Beth Sokan, Kendall Park, New Jersey

NORTH COUNTRY BLUES

In the July issue in the article by W. Z. Zinger, my brain deduced some rather weird phenomena concerning footnote number four. They are as follows: (1) Robert Zimmerman, given as the name of the author, is Bob Dylan's real name. (2) Hollis Brown, Inc., the publishing company, bears a strange resemblance to the "Ballad of Hollis Brown," a song from the album "The Times They Are A-Changin'." (3) Hibbing, Minnesota, the place of publication, is where Bob Dylan spent his early years.

Eugene McSnort, Great Smoky Mountains National Park, North Carolina
Mere coincidence . . . ed.

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tips

NUMBER FORTY-ONE

LEARNING HOW IN '69 The Board Is The Key

By Mike Purpus



Sapphire Street: It was one of those typically hot, four-inch days, and Gomer noticed that his friends were surfing up a storm. Looking down at his worn-out inner tube, he realized that his surfing maneuvers would be slightly limited in these unbelievable waves.

That night, at a local Hee Haw, Gomer overheard his best chum, Arnold Zieffel, boasting about his new surfboard: "Shazam! It's got turned down rails all the way around, a feather-light blank with three-ounce glass and no overlap or deck patch. And it only weighs four pounds." Arnold went on to explain the shape: "It's got a full gun tail and an eleven-inch nose. The widest part of the board is only fourteen-inches wide."

Sunrise found Gomer studying the surf scene. It appeared to Gomer that Arnold was really ripping. Suddenly, out of nowhere, Robert Slicksurf made a surprise appearance. Everybody crowded around Robert, not believing that it was the great surfer that they had seen in all the magazines. Arnold, seeing the big crowd on the beach, took it for granted that they were all watching him and his new board. While Robert was checking out the waves, he noticed an outside set popping up on the horizon. Arnold, scratching madly for position, pearled, slipped and tipped over every four feet. Chuckling, Slicksurf inquired who he was. Gomer boasted, "that's my friend, Arnold Zieffel." Meanwhile, Arnold had miraculously managed to catch an outside wave, but soon discovered that there was only one way to go, straight down, and he wound up the wave pearling up to his throat. The only sound that the crowd could hear above Robert's laughter was a loud

CRACK as Arnold's board washed to the shore in two pieces. Dying of embarrassment, Arnold emerged from the water and stared in disbelief at his brand new broken board. Robert, recovering from his fit of laughter, took pity on poor Arnold. He asked Arnold why he had bought that particular model. Arnold replied that Snidely Whiplash, owner of Lucky Louie's Surf Techno-Shop, had said that it would be the perfect board for him. "How much surfing experience have you had?" queried Robert. "Oh, about six hours," said Arnold. Slicksurf went on to explain why the board was completely wrong for Arnold. "Snidely took advantage of you because he knew he wouldn't be able to sell that board to anyone else. The perfect board for you and other beginners should have no hard or turned-down edges. It should have a wide tail, four inches at least, twenty-one and one-half inches or more at the widest part, and a minimum of seventeen inches in the nose width. Also, it should be shaped out of a normal weight blank and have a deck patch and a good, strong glass job. As you gain experience, you will begin to form your own ideas about surfboard design, which is controlled by your style and the type of waves you normally ride. In the meantime, you need a board that offers you flotation while paddling for the wave, and stability once you catch the wave. Surfing is the best sport in the world, and the better you get, the more you will realize this. But to get better, you need the right equipment."

Weeks later, Gomer and Arnold were out ripping Sapphire Street apart on their new boards and enjoying surfing to its fullest.

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reviews



A FLUID JOURNEY (Produced and Directed by D/E/S Films)

Sometimes it seems valid to consider a film not in itself, but in what it portends. "A Fluid Journey" is this sort of a picture. It is the first effort of Don and Jerry Dubro; and, as such, is a highly sophisticated and mature effort.

This is not to say that it is among the best surf films ever made. It is not. But it is one of the best first films I've seen.

Jerry's photography is generally acceptable and sometimes excellent. He has edited the celluloid cleanly, logically and often imaginatively. Erik Engel's narration is often awkward, but does the job. The music, drawn from a stack of pop records and worked around by Mike Saunders, often seems inspired by the action on the screen.

In fact, if there is one great fault with this film, it is the lack of current and dynamic surfing action. The surfing is, in essence, an extended monotone that remains almost uninterrupted and unrelieved throughout. This lack of exciting footage can, of course, be explained in terms of just plain bad luck and limited financing, and this is understandable. Still, the filmmaker has the obligation to give his audience its money's worth.

Basically a travelogue-surf flick, "Journey" is a B film born out of D material. The best example of this is the East Coast material at the end of the first reel: zero surf edited so finely with human interest shots that a definite excitement is achieved. On the second reel, Dru Harrison surfs Trestles very aesthetically, almost profoundly (if you can imagine that), but can't carry the rest of the footage. The film closes with what is becoming *cinema ritual*: the photo-psychedelic crutch.

With some luck and the same careful editing, their next film would easily move into the A category. This one is worth it if only because they are able to pull it off. — D. K.

WITH SURFING IN MIND (A Rodney Sumpter Film)

Definitely not a hard-core surfer's flick, but often entertaining, Rodney Sumpter (the surfer) proves he's more polished in the waves than behind the camera. It's the kind of home movie your friend would splice together complete with painfully jerky photography. But like any home movie, it offers something you won't see in the "big" productions. Sumpter's film includes a montage of English beach life and surfing, a little more of France and Biarritz than the waves, and some unique footage of Rodney himself riding up river bores. His best footage is in the second half, with Nat in Morocco and a complete coverage of the Puerto Rico contest. — J.S.

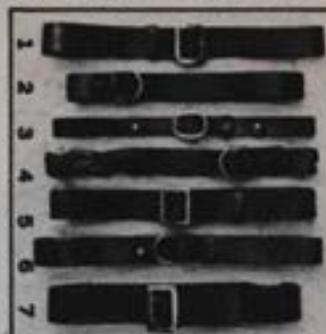
EVOLUTION (A Paul Witzig Film)

You want to see Nat Young, Wayne Lynch, Ted Spencer, Keith Paull, Bob McTavish and other greats ripping, tearing, carving and all that stuff? You don't want to get involved with a phony plot or countryside backups? Well, that's it, baby — almost sixty-five minutes of great surfers in action. And don't worry about narration. Witzig learned his lesson with "The Hot Generation." He sent this one with English subtitles (names and places). For the music, an Aussie group got stoned out of their minds, and made it up as they watched the film. Occasionally, it really works — often, it's distracting. Witzig's photography is uninspiring. But his formula works, and proves that if your subjects are creative and talented, you don't have to do anything but push the button. — J.S.

FOLLOW ME (Produced and Directed by Gene McCabe)

This one has been out long enough to gauge audience response: terrible. It is unfortunate that Claude Codgen, Mary Lou McGinnis, and Bob Purvey are the leaders in this hokiest of hokie productions centered around a global surf jaunt. It appears to have been filmed in out-of-focus Supergrain, with color by Crayola. Follow me, gang! Out the door. — D. K.

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—Frank Petrillo

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What part does surfing play in your life today?

When there's surf, I'm totally committed; when there's none, it doesn't exist.

What are your opinions on the new group of younger surfers and their boards?

I sincerely wish them all the luck in the world. There just might come a time when they'll need it.

Do you think that you have been slighted or played down by the media over the years?

It's to be expected; the media is impersonal. They care little whether I live or die. So what? It's irrelevant. I know what I stand for, and that's all that's important.

What is the most important thing to you?

Besides myself, the pursuit of happiness.

What is your general philosophy of life and survival today?

It's really quite simple. Freedom from affectation and all affiliation. To expound upon the subject will only bring more ridicule upon myself.



Are you planning to get married?

Possibly in my ever vague fantasies of idealism, yes. As a perverse realist, never in California.

Would you enter a contest for \$1,000 or \$2,000 prize money?

I ride for my pleasure only; no thanks.

Why do you think bombs were planted in your car?

Probably to blow me to bits.

Are you happy?

As long as there's a fourth and fifth amendment to the Constitution. I'm relatively happy.

How old are you now?

Hmm, now that's a good question. Well, approximately one year younger than the world renowned aquanaut and international surfing master of ceremony Rick Grigg. Although I'm nine years older than Bunker Spreckels, the genetic space child, which is representative of the opposite end of the professional spectrum. Neither of the two can I comprehend or dare to understand. So you see the subject matter is as meaningless as the question.

Are you a religious person?

No, I don't believe so. But I'm deeply concerned with the conceptive and preceptive mysteries of stigmata.

Why did you drop the name Chapin?

That is actually a personal family question, but I can tell you this much, Gard Chapin, a unique surfing frontiersman, either remembered or not, had a profound influence in my life. His untimely premeditated murder in Mexico can only be linked with his individualistic personality. For my own peace of mind I felt it would



SURFER

art contest

SUBJECT

The surf, surfers, surfing, in any phase or mood.

AWARDS

For best oil (or acrylic), water color (or mixed media—collage, gouache, tempera, etc.), and black and white drawing (pen and ink, pencil, etc.), \$100 purchase price for first-place oil, \$50 purchase price for first-place water color, \$25 purchase price for first-place black and white drawing. Second places and honorable mentions in each division.

ELIGIBILITY

Anyone not presently employed at SURFER Magazine.

HOW TO ENTER

Works submitted through the mail (Box 1026, Dana Point, Calif. 92629) must be accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelope or packing. Larger works may be hand delivered to SURFER offices at 34249 Camino Capistrano, Capistrano Beach, California. It is suggested that in the case of larger works, transparencies be submitted for preliminary judging. If the art work passes the preliminary judging, we will request the original. (The best possible photo reproduction is urged.)

After periodic preliminary judgments, art work will be returned, or you will be notified of our holding your piece.

JUDGING

Will be on the basis of originality and creativeness. No copies or reproductions will be accepted.

DEADLINE

All work or photos of work must be received by October 1, 1969. Results and winning works will be printed in the issue of SURFER published November 20, 1969.

DORA



be safer to use my given name. However, I sometimes have misgivings on this decision.

What is your relationship with drugs?

It is possible to find pleasure in hallucinatory fantasies, I'm quite sure of it. But I've made my peace with reality. Either one, one way or the other, is going to solve the acute overpopulation problem.

You've followed surfing for years. Who have the greatest surfers been?

This redundant question always comes up. I don't know, but I could have a real lot of personal satisfaction and enjoyment discussing in detail who I deeply regard to have been the worst. In the long haul, the apologists in the new genesis period are going to have to make these final decisions.

What changes have you witnessed during the course of your surfing career?

First of all, I have no "career." I was here before, and I'll be here after. As to the occurrences of change, I've observed a multitude. Briefly, I've seen the dead

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Peter Johnson by Ron Stoner

AQUARIUS



For centuries the artisan has been inseparable from his tools of trade. For the wheelwright, it was the draw knife. Blacksmith, the anvil. The shipbuilder, his adze.

With the advent of the shaping machine, many of the artisans of surfboard building have become separated from their tools of trade. At Surfboards Hawaii, neither our artisans nor their tools are obsolete.

*John Rice
owner & artisan
Surfboards Hawaii*

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MODERATE

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ELEVEN

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MOREY - POPE

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NOW, WE'VE KNOWN SOME GUYS WHO MIGHT STILL CALL THEM SURFBOARDS. BUT WE THINK OF THEM DIFFERENTLY. WE THINK OF THEM AS UTENSILS... SENSUAL UTENSILS. SMOOTH, FULL, ALMOST SEXUAL CONTOURS COMBINE INTO FORMS OF PURE UTILITY

IT TAKES A LOT OF TIME TO MAKE SOMETHING FINE. THIS CREW OF GUYS MAKE YOUR BOARD. THEY'RE YOUNG, SINGLE CRAFTSMEN—EACH ONE. IT IS



THEIR DESIRE TO BUILD A FINE UTENSIL — FOR YOU!
BOARDS WITH SANDBURSTS, TOO MUCH KICK; BOARDS WITH BOWTIES THAT ARE TOO FLAT; BOARDS THAT ARE TOO LIGHT TO STAND NORMAL BASES; BOARDS THAT ARE TOO SHORT AND SKINNY TO BE MOBILE; AND SUCH DELIVERIES... WELL, I WOULD DO MY BEST TO MAKE SURE THAT NO MONEY-POPE GODDERS EVER FALL INTO THESE CATEGORIES. WE WILL MAINTAIN THE EXCELLENT STANDARDS OF QUALITY AND DELIVERY WE HAVE NOW ACHIEVED.

TO REALIZE YOUR FANTASY... WHAT -
EVER IT MAY BE, CHOOSE ONE OF SEVEN UTENSILS WE NOW MAKE. RIDE ONE OF OUR BOARDS FOR SENSUAL

REALIZATION

FOR MONEY

MOREY, POPE & COMPANY
SENSUAL UTENSILS FOR REALIZING FANTASY

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that add unique distinction to our surfboards

Isophthalic Resins — stronger and more flexible than conventional octophthalic resins.

Pacific Foam — the newest in super light foam formulated specifically for our use.

Modern Shapes — the results of our design program keeping us ahead of the times.

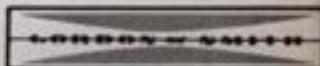
High Gloss — a shiny high-speed surface derived through our five-step finishing process.

Guidance System — the new variable fin unit with no metal parts, bolts or wrenches.

Volan Fiberglass — used on the bottom, and Silane glass on the top free-lapped onto the Volan, producing a stronger board without weak fracture lines.

It's no secret that a surfboard is only as good as the materials and workmanship that go into it. **We have what it takes.**

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 IMPERIAL BEACH, CALIF.—BEACH SURF SHOP, 401 First St.
 BOSTON BEACH, CALIFORNIA—GORDON'S SURF CENTER, 121 Main St.
 94 MILLIKEN, CALIFORNIA—HLS SURF, 1041 Riverside Dr.
 PACIFICA, CALIFORNIA—POND POINT SURF SHOP, 202 San Pablo Ave.
 PACIFIC BEACH, CALIFORNIA—CONNERY SON SURF SHOP, 1113 Camino Ave.
 SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA—SURF'S UP, 1704 Parkside Drive.
 PORTLAND, OREGON—THE SURFER, 2401 S. E. Powell Blvd.

SOUTH
 BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—SURFLINE MARKET, 108 Palm
 DALLAS, TEXAS—DUSTY'S SPORT SHOP, 1342 N. Woodway
FLORIDA
 OLD BRANCH BEACH, FLORIDA—OLD BRANCH SURF SHOP, 2118 East Grand Ave.
 HAWTHORNE, MISS.—OTTO SURF SHOP, 2 N. Liberty
 MIAMI BEACH, FLA.—MARTY SURF SHOP, P.O. 1033
 WASHINGTON BEACH—SEA SPORTS SPORTING GOODS, 24 Church St.
 WASHINGTON BEACH, FLORIDA—WILL JACOB, Atlantic Ave.

MIDWEST
 WESTPORT, MAINE ISLAND—WILL JACOB, First Street
 NEWYORK, OREGON—WILL JACOB, 420 New York Ave.
 MANASSAS, NEW YORK—JOE TON'S SURF & SKI SHOP, 140 E. Avenue-Park Road
 LONG BEACH, NEW YORK—SURF CITY OUTBOARD STORE
 ROCKFORD, ILL.—100 West Grand Plaza
 WASHINGTON, D.C.—18 Franklin Street
 ELKTON, PA.—4125 Route 204
 HARTFORD, CONN.
 LITTLETON, NEW JERSEY—MELLET'S SURF SHOP, 260 Grand Central Ave.
 800 800 800 NEW JERSEY—LITTLE HAWK SURF SHOP, 43rd and Linden Ave.

SEASIDE CITY, NEW JERSEY—GUY'S SUPPLIES, 2125 Liberty Ave.
 BRIDGEPORT, NEW JERSEY—MARTIN'S BEACH EQUIPMENT, 620 Long Beach Blvd.
 WILMINGTON, MASS.—DUSTY'S SPORT CENTER, 6102 New Jersey Ave.
 METROPA, MASSACHUSETTS—BOSTON SURF SHOP, 4015 Tremont Ave.
 BOSTON CITY, MASSACHUSETTS—BOSTON SURF SHOP, 400 St. Philadelphia Ave.
 WASHINGTON BEACH, VIRGINIA—JIMMY & WOLAND SURF SHOP, 200 70th St. & Franklin Ave.
 ATLANTIC BEACH, NC.—CAROLINA ATLANTIC BEACH SURF SHOP, P.O. Box 75
 CHARLOTTE, NC.—CAROLINA ATLANTIC BEACH SURF SHOP, 1302 Carole Ave.

MIAMI BEACH, FLA.—CAROLINA—DUSTY'S SPORT, 180 South 1st St. & Ave. N.
 JACKSONVILLE BEACH, FLORIDA—HONEY'S SURF SHOP, 108 First Street
 MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA—SEA PARK G&S SURF, 300 12th Ave.
 MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA—SURFBOARDS ONE, 401 12th St.
 MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA—BOSTON BEACH SURF SHOP, 627 Stone Ave.
 MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA—LITTLE HAWK SURF SHOP, 811 & 41st Ave.
 MIAMI BEACH
 MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA—RAY SURF SHOP, 1240 Stone Ave.
 MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA—RAY SURF SHOP, 2410 Fisher

MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA—RAY SURF SHOP, 227 Franklin Lane Road
 POMPANO BEACH, FLORIDA—CLARK SURF SHOP, P.O. Box 40
 SACRAMENTO, TEXAS—RAY SURF SHOP, 8015 Broadway
 MOBILE, ALABAMA—MELLET'S SURFING, 102 Government
 PENSACOLA, FLORIDA—MELLET'S SURF SHOP, 101 New Washington Road
 FT. WALTON BEACH, FLORIDA—HONEY'S SURF SHOP, 275 S. Light Parkway
 THUNDER BOLT, FLORIDA—RAY SURF SHOP, 2410 Fisher Blvd.
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 BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA—MELLET'S SURF SHOP, 111 Linden Ave.

DORA



Photos: C. R. Stecyk, III

origins, genesis, the hours of recession, and we are all soon to undergo the sport's demise in the immediate future.

Could you clarify these various periods?

The dead origins consisted of the 250 plus redwoods and their wined-out "T" squarebuild grapplers, who fantasized themselves to be the magnates of an illusionary Polynesian culture. Bicept flexes, ukulele playing, tight trunks and body grease typified the period. I've only mentioned this era since it is frequently portrayed and glamorized as the birth of the sport, etc. Those guys weren't concerned with the effective riding of waves, and people today should realize this. The genesis days were a time of innovation, creation, birth and individuality. The Recession embodies the passage of time from the Genesis period's end to the present. Essentially, mediocrity and rehashed mediocrity. To the unenlightened eye, things have constantly been progressing; however, close scrutiny reveals the modern world to be a mere illu-

LOVE

MAKES CUTE LITTLE BIKINIS

And BENITA BAUER, posing for SURFER photographers at the HUNTINGTON BEACH PIER, appears to have gotten the littlest bikini LOVE makes. Especially the bottoms! You see, Benita went a little wild when she wandered into the famous LOVE shop on Balboa Island. She found every size bikini there from size 0 to 20, and on top of that, she found out that any bottom size could be matched with ANY of the bra sizes. And even further, that the bras come in every cup size: A, B, C, D and DD. Well, this was too much! Benita was really STOKED. She just couldn't WAIT to get one. She ordered a top in her own bra size and decided to have her bottoms made up one inch l-o-w-e-r than the LOVE shop's regular bikini . . . so more of Benita would get tan! SHE even admits that her bottoms are a LITTLE brief for most girls, but WHY NOT get exactly what you WANT, and order a custom bikini from LOVE?

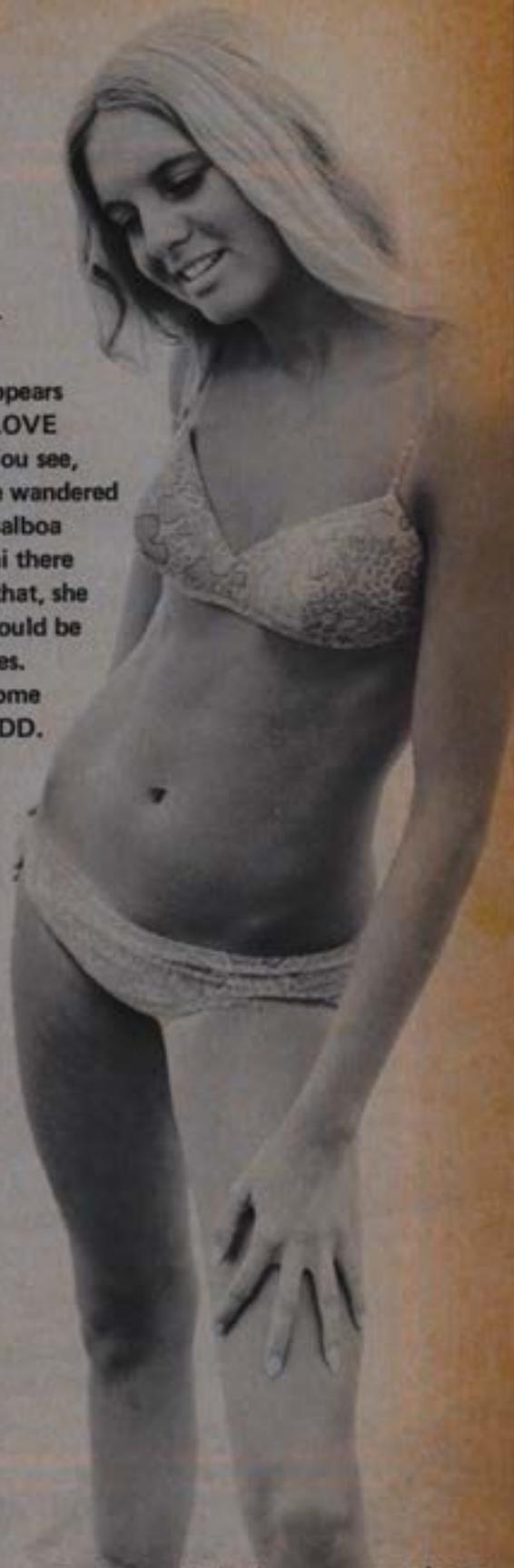
CUSTOM BIKINIS BY MAIL

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- ORANGE & yellow
- BLUE, turquoise & pink
- GREEN & turquoise
- BROWN, black & white

BRA SIZE _____
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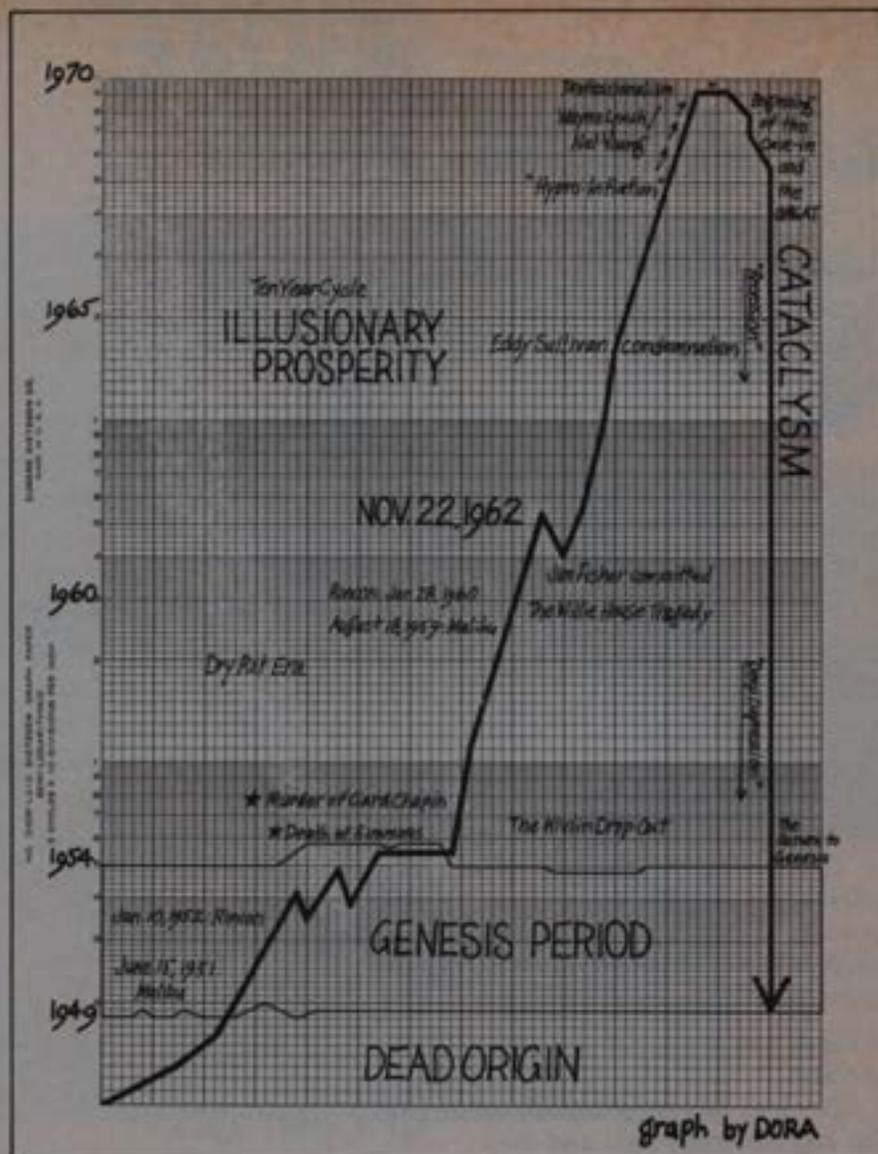
DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

DORA

sion of opulence, grandeurs and good feelings. People currently are riding the calm before the storm, and have been lulled into such a false sense of security that they view current occurrences as if they possess some sort of solidified foundation. They are viewing illusions as truth. The Death is the fall of the above mentioned illusionary society, values and prosperity. It will also entail a general shattering of the weak.

Precisely when was this "Genesis" period, and what made it so important to the sport's development?

It took place approximately from 1949-1954. This was the period of the only true innovation of design concepts and riding techniques the sport has ever endured. At this point a few beings rebelled against the World War II shell-shocked casualties, redwoods, and embarked upon the direction surfing is still on. This departure from the redwoods was led primarily by Bob Simmons. Simmons' short, lightweight, controlled flow concepts and water release contours set this period up. Simmons' principles threatened the security of the redwood boys and caused him much ridicule. This scorn only drove Simmons and his adherents to greater heights and stages of development. Apparently, Simmons went too far in shaking up the status quo, since in 1954, Simmons drowned under mysterious and unlikely circumstances, ending the Genesis movement. Of this period, Mat Kivlin's techniques, riding-wise, were the definite high point. Kivlin's mellow style and intricate knowledge of wave positioning set him apart from the multitude, past and present. Many have been heavily influenced by the Kivlin technique, myself included; however, none will ever be able to come close to this genius of style. Kivlin retired from surfing immediately after the killing of Simmons, and surfing began a period of intense



mediocrity, which has strung out to the near past. Recently, however, a renaissance trend has occurred, resulting from the present reaction against the stagnation of inhibiting designs and wave-riding methods. Unfortunately, this period is going to be cut short by the previously mentioned collapse of surfing. Fortunately, out of the ashes of death, the surviving individualists will start a future "Genesis" period which, hopefully, will get off on a better foot, due to their insight into the causes which fell society and the sport. However, restrictive conservatism may kill off these few survivors just as it once liquidated Simmons.

Exactly what do you mean by this demise of surfing?

Since November 22, 1963, a

curse has fallen upon this country. It has affected it internationally, as well as on the "home front." Since this tragic date, the mainland breaks have gradually worsened, and the ground swell has been relegated to the ranks of the unlikely. Cities burn, schools are sieged and overseas commitments increase. It's only a matter of time before this upheaval shall reach endeavors such as surfing. Monetarily, the manufacturers, publishers, clothes companies, and cinematographers will all collapse, due to overextension, insufficient funds and knowledge, just retribution and nature's cleansing. In short, the creeps who have worked the people over for years are going to fold. The only people to survive this fall will be the true independents, those who will have

PORTRAIT OF AN ENCOUNTER

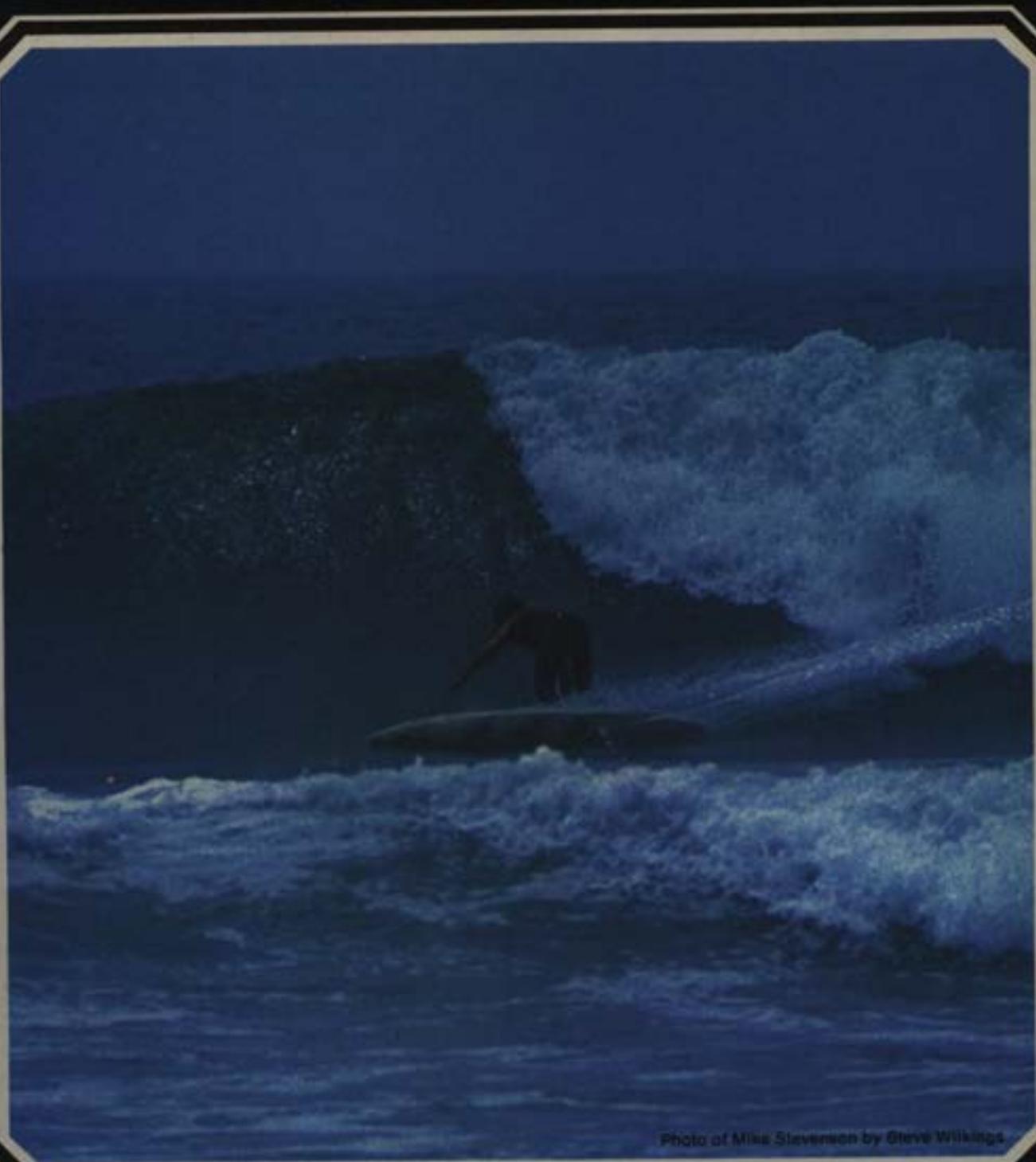


Photo of Mike Stevenson by Steve Wilkings



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East: World Surfing Products, Inc.
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DORA

nothing to do with the upper echelon of this current illusionary prosperity. Any person who complies with the current ruling faction will only provoke his own downfall through corruption and association. People who play ball by reading publications such as this are dooming themselves to extinction.

Why do you feel this fall is going to occur in the near future?

The advent of "professionalism" to the sport will be the final blow. Professionalism will be completely destructive of any control an individual has over the sport at present. These few Wall Street flesh merchants desire to unify surfing only to extract the wealth. Under this "professional" regime, the wave rider will be forced into being totally subservient to the few in control in order to survive. The organizers will call the shots, collect the profits, while the wave rider does all the labor and receives little. Also, since surfing's alliance with the decadent big business interests is designed only as a temporary damper to complete fiscal collapse, the completion of such a partnership will serve only to accelerate the art's demise. A surfer should think carefully before selling his being to these "people," since he's signing his own death warrant as a personal entity.

What will you be doing when you're 64?

If I'm to be so blessed. Probably, the odds are slight that I shall ever reach 64. If, however, any of you are so fortunate to survive the cataclysmic cave-in, I shall be more than glad to discuss it with you at that time.

Practically speaking, if any of this makes sense to someone, all my mail will be forwarded to my retreat in Madagascar, or Queensland. P.O. Box 25173, Los Angeles, California 90025. If you're sincere, I shall be honored to assist in the rebuilding of the new Genesis. Period.

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"And the Raven never flitting, still is sitting
on the glassy figure, just above my chamber door
and his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's
that is dreaming
of a concentrated screaming
on the light."



The New Superlight

The world's worst ding.

And other stories.

700 21st Street,
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That's the address of Bob White/
Wave Riding Vehicles.

We've included it in every ad
we've ever run in Surfer.

For the obvious reason: So
people who like what they've heard
or seen of our vehicles will know
where to get them.

I'm happy to report that a lot of
people are liking—and getting.

I'd also like to report something
else that's happening:

Hundreds of people are writing
us letters.

All kinds of letters. From all over.
From all kinds of people. Straight
people. Wild people. Weird people.
Bill Robinsons.

Some want to comment on one
thing or another.

Some want information.
Some want to pat us on the back.

And some just want to put us
down. (That's the world's worst
ding—to our ego!)

Anyway, they're all pretty
interesting and great to get. The
problem is that we don't always
have the time to give them the
answers they deserve.

That's why we're printing—and
answering—a goodly sample of them
here. (It's hard to believe, but every
one is an actual, authentic letter
that I have received—or a portion,
thereof.)

We'll begin with a nasty.

Dear Bob,
You are a creep. On the poster I
sent you a quarter for, there are
three views of each of your short
vehicles No. 1-through-5. Fine. But
there are also three views of
Bob White. Not so fine. Especially
when you say (right on the same
poster) that you're an opponent of
"public displays of affection for
one's self."

L. Cady

A good point. I must confess it
occurred to me, too. About the time
we got the posters back from the
printer. Sigh.

I've heard a lot about your "Wave
Riding Vehicles" and I thought most
of it was just simple bull. That was
until I saw one of the little beauties
in action at the Seaside Contest (the
surf wasn't exactly hot) and I
couldn't believe the moves he could
make in the super bad stuff.

W. Miller

Frankly, we couldn't believe it,
either "Twas bee-u-tiful!

Any info on roundtails? Couple
weeks back, I saw Jimbo Brothers
on one of your roundtails with a
finger skeg . . . outasight!

M. Pruden

Jimbo could ride an ironing
board and be outasight.
Nevertheless, our current feeling is
that roundtails should be outasight,
outamind, outaconsideration.

I want a stick so strange, so
unordinary, so bitchen, so classic,
beautiful, unreal, and magical that
only you can possibly create it for
me.

It must be perfection or else I'll
tear your factory down with my 79
foot road grader.

R. Merrill

H-H-How about a n-nice
Morey-P-P-Pope?

I ride for (BRAND OF
SURFBOARD WITHHELD) at present
and I am also a salesman here.
Anyway, I rode one of your boards!
I was jazzed. The lines, the flats,
the design theory was unique. I
rode it in 4-8 ft surf. It was super
fast, super flowing. I dug it.

I had (NAME OF SURFBOARD
MANUFACTURER WITHHELD) build
me a similar design. I am currently
selling people on your design in
my board!

NAME WITHHELD

Hmm. A double-agent.

Please send info.

C. Ward

Please send 25¢.

I weigh 135 pounds. How big
should my board be?

K. Williams

Send for poster. It has size
guides for all vehicles.

Dear People at Bob White's
Place there in Virginia Beach:
Greetings from Santa Ana! Recently
I've found myself becoming
interested in your seemingly new,
clean-cut, pure approach to wave
riding vehicles. You seem to have a
relatively uncommercial attitude in
a very commercial field.

I'd like to expand my knowledge
of your product (perhaps even
purchase one), so I'm sending for
your poster/catalog.

B. Jerome

Thanks for the good words. But
don't be fooled by the poster. It
shows our vehicles with stringers.
Which is ridiculous because—as
far as we're concerned—stringers
are out. Out of our vehicles—and
out, period.

I live near a lake here in
Oklahoma. I'm thinking of surfing
the wake of my father's motorboat.
What do you recommend?

W. Bell

Moving.

I am interested in making one of
your boards my next.

W. Reed

We are interested in making
one of our vehicles your next.

If I order a craft from you, how
long will it take for me to receive it?
I live on the West Coast.

A. Szabo

Delivery to the W. Coast takes
2-21 days. Depending.

Last summer, I was talking with
some kids from Florida who had
bought a couple of your boards.
They said that they were out-of-
sight. Let me know all you can
about your machines.

P. Hackley

Thanks for second-hand
testimonial! (Catalog/poster is on
its way.)

Here's a question: What kind of
fin system do your boards have?

C. Gillespie

Here's an answer: w.a.v.e. Set.

Ever since the advertisement
about your stolen teardrop, I have
been hot on the trail of it.
However, I lost the trail somewhere
in New York and therefore I have
decided to give in and buy one of
your W.R.V.s. But there is one
problem. Namely, where can I find
your fantastic little machines? I live
in the Atlantic City area.

R. Millie

South Moon Under Surf Shop,
Ocean City, Maryland.

Truth is, we don't have a lot of
dealers. And for good reason. Our
vehicles cost so much to design,
test and build (in spite of their
classic simplicity, or maybe because
of it) that we cannot offer dealers
the fat profit margin they expect—
and get—from other manufacturers.
Naturally, lots of dealers tell us
where to go. And we do. To the next
surf shop. Where, more than likely,
the same thing happens.

But every once in a while. . .

You should print a follow-up on
your stolen Baby Teardrop, cuz I
(and everybody) would like to know
what really happened.

K. Smith

So would I. Latest word I have
on it came from Hawaii. Where it
is said to have died a violent death.
Some clown (so the story goes)
tried to make a belly board out of
the remains. I understand Baby
Teardrops make lousy belly boards.

What's your foam?

C. Ludlow

Walker is our foam.
And (703) 425-0444 is our phone.

I have been digging your boards
for several months & was really
impressed with what I saw of them
down at Nags Head when I was
down there. I have a question about
Model No. 4. What modifications
can I make on the shaping of the
board?

J. Hazzard

None. We design our vehicles
as unified hydrodynamic units. We
don't allow changes to be made in
the design of our vehicles for the
same reason you can't order a
Boeing 727 with fixed landing gear
or without swept-back wings.

I want to order a Model No. 1
with colored foam and stripes.

T. Reynolds

Sorry. We don't take orders for
decorated vehicles. Decoration
doesn't make them perform any
better, so we don't waste our time
or your money on it. Besides, it can
reduce the life expectancy of the
craft.

I figure if anyone knows East
Coast waves and boards you should
and I've heard that you put out a
line of "boss" Boards. I've ridden
on just about every break on the
East Coast for five years, using
Oceanside Boards. I like Oceanside
very much. I've been riding a 7'8"
Oceanside V bottom and I also have
a 9'8" Oceanside Spoiler. I'd like
something in between. What do you
recommend?

R. Klina

How about an 8'8" Oceanside?

Being from the East Coast, I need
an East Coast board. I've seen too
many of my friends screwed by
having super speed boards literally
sink under them in the frequent slop
we surf in. (Our waves here in
Georgia are mostly mush or chop
as you know.)

I don't believe that a West Coast
manufacturer can build a board
suitable for the East Coast.

Also: I, too, am sick of bull and
flowers and psychedelic crap.

D. Fiveash

I agree with your feelings on
bull, etc. But I disagree with your
idea that W. Coast guys can't make
machines which work on the E.
Coast. They get around. They know
what's happening on the E. Coast.
And vice versa.

Send poster. (A friend of mine
thinks your designs are really
advanced and truly functional & I
want to see for myself.) A question:
I have an 8'4" Con V-Wedge, so I
want to know if you really think
V-bottoms are out (especially deep
V's).

R. Munson

The deeper the outer. And the
less deep the less out. Until you
get to flat.

Fantastic! That best describes
your Neo-Gun. It makes unreal
situations real. I now understand
your porpoise theory. I've ridden
almost every board imaginable but
none has such a close relationship
to the wave as your Neo-Gun.

D. Booth

I thank you.

I'm sure everyone who has ridden
your wave riding vehicles has
praised them highly, but I want to
praise them even higher. I want to
say thanks for making the best wave
riding vehicle I've ever ridden.

T. Tompkins

I thank you.

I believe you have the ultimate in
wave riding vehicle designs.

D. O'Kane

I thank you.

editorial

A Diminishing Breed

By HOWARD DAVIS

I wonder if others interested in surfing have asked themselves what has happened to the international traveling surfer? There used to be so many of them. You would see them at P & O offices haggling with the booking clerks about the fare, trying to squeeze as much out of it as possible. And at airline counters, their hot hundred in their hand, a packed board at their feet, booking a flight on the next under-an-age, thrifty, out-of-season, student rate, super-colossal excursion fare, flight to anywhere.

An International Surfing Bum was admired and respected by all; it was an honorable profession. He was linked with hitchhikers, normal bums, normal travelers; but yet held his head up because he was distinctive. All forms of society accepted him because he was doing something that they would love to do but couldn't. Only an I.S.B. could be starving in some foreign land and have some well-to-do gent in his flashy car and expensive clothes shake his hand and tell him how lucky he was. "I wish I could do what you're doing, but . . ." and there were always a thousand different reasons after the but.

They were mostly clean, healthy and interesting people who knew about life, about people. They would always smile and joke and have fun, characteristics which today seem stupid, irrational, childish, irresponsible, a failure to act one's age, marks of insecurity and dozens of other "in" phrases all concentrating on downgrading.

I can remember when people used to be eager to meet people from other countries, especially young people who shared their same interests. People who weren't carbon copies of mass production, but individual people. They would go to a country to surf that country's surf and to meet that country's people. Not to push their political views or rape the women, or kick the dogs. Lately, though, locals are resenting visitors, and the visitors are dwindling. There seems to be less and less of the traveling surfer, and for the traveling surfer, there seems to be less and less of a cordial welcome and an acceptance.

There have been, of course, some bad scenes and unpleasant events on both sides which would account for a bit of this change, but not all. What then has caused this reduction in our ranks? Could it be fashion? Could it be that there are no more Ron Perrotts and Peter Troys around, that the fashion is not to go to other countries to LIVE? It's not the fashion to go to surf

movies anymore or to throw a bunch of guys in a car and travel miles and miles to surf, so we must assume it's not the fashion to discover life through travel anymore, least ways not our way. Of course, the tourist trade is flourishing, and the party plan is doing well, and the 14-day cruise is really moving, but the open-dated return ticket and the single accommodation sure are falling off.

Could it be that reality is crushing a lot of dreams, especially the South Sea Island Paradise bunkum? Or perhaps the realization that Los Angeles has clogged eight-lane freeways and third-degree smog warnings take the shine off?

Maybe the status quo has something to do with it. To travel, you must save; to save, you must cut down on a lot of little luxuries like going out, pubs, cars, new clothes, eating, etc. Maybe that's it. Surfers these days are more interested in a new car and showing off for the ladies or keeping their reputations as to their fighting prowess or their alcoholic consumption. Or they are too tied up in their particular job because if they stick it out for fifty years, then they'd get a good superannuation check, etc. "Then I'll go mate; then I'll go."

Another reason could be the insane idea that 22 is too old for marriage. Doesn't it seem like everyone thinks that to be single over 23 (for a male, 20 for a female) is some sort of outrageous social crime?

I would strongly advise anyone who hasn't traveled yet to do so. We are all going to have tourists in our respective countries, and we must decide which variety we are going to accept, the ones who want to share our lives and experiences, or the checked shirt, cap, cigar, long socks and camera variety? Whether we want interesting people, or real tourists?

To the Americans. Don't let the Hawaiians discourage you. Come to Australia, go to South Africa, Puerto Rico, Mexico: have a ball.

To the Australians: California is not all smog and riots and traffic jams and screwed people; there're some good places, good people and good times to be had—go there.

To the New Zealanders and South Africans and Jersey Islanders and anyone else, discover the world; go see it; go surf it, and maybe if everyone did, we could all re-establish the "honorable profession" to the rank that it deserves; and consequently, our surfing and international relations would improve to everyone's benefit, not to mention our own profit from the experience. ■

Kanvas By Katin Kares

All Kanvas by Katin products are made from only the finest pre-tested quality fabrics available, with a variety of colors and prints to choose from.

Men and boys' surf trunks available in:

Kanvas
Surfnyle
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Women and girls' can choose from five styles of bikinis plus:

Hip Huggers
Cover-ups
T-Dresses
Baby Dolls
Hole-in-side
shift
Kover-dress

All seams are guaranteed not to rip or split.

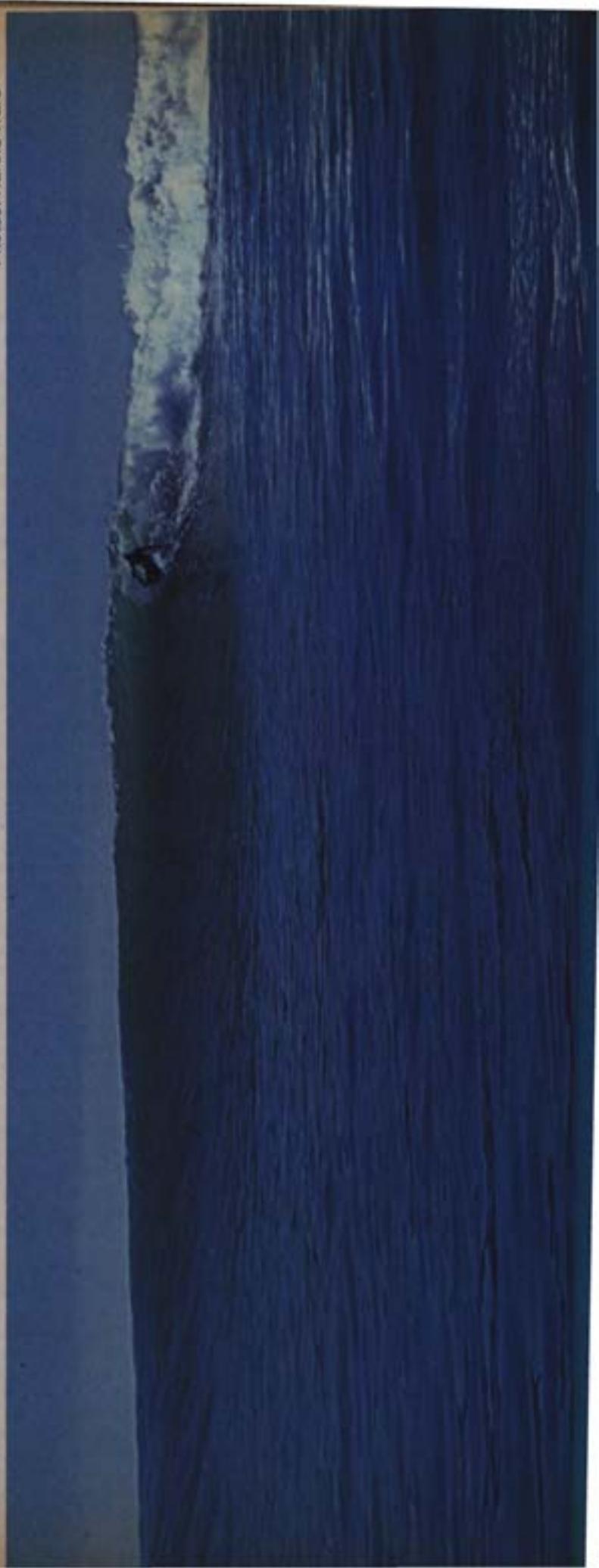


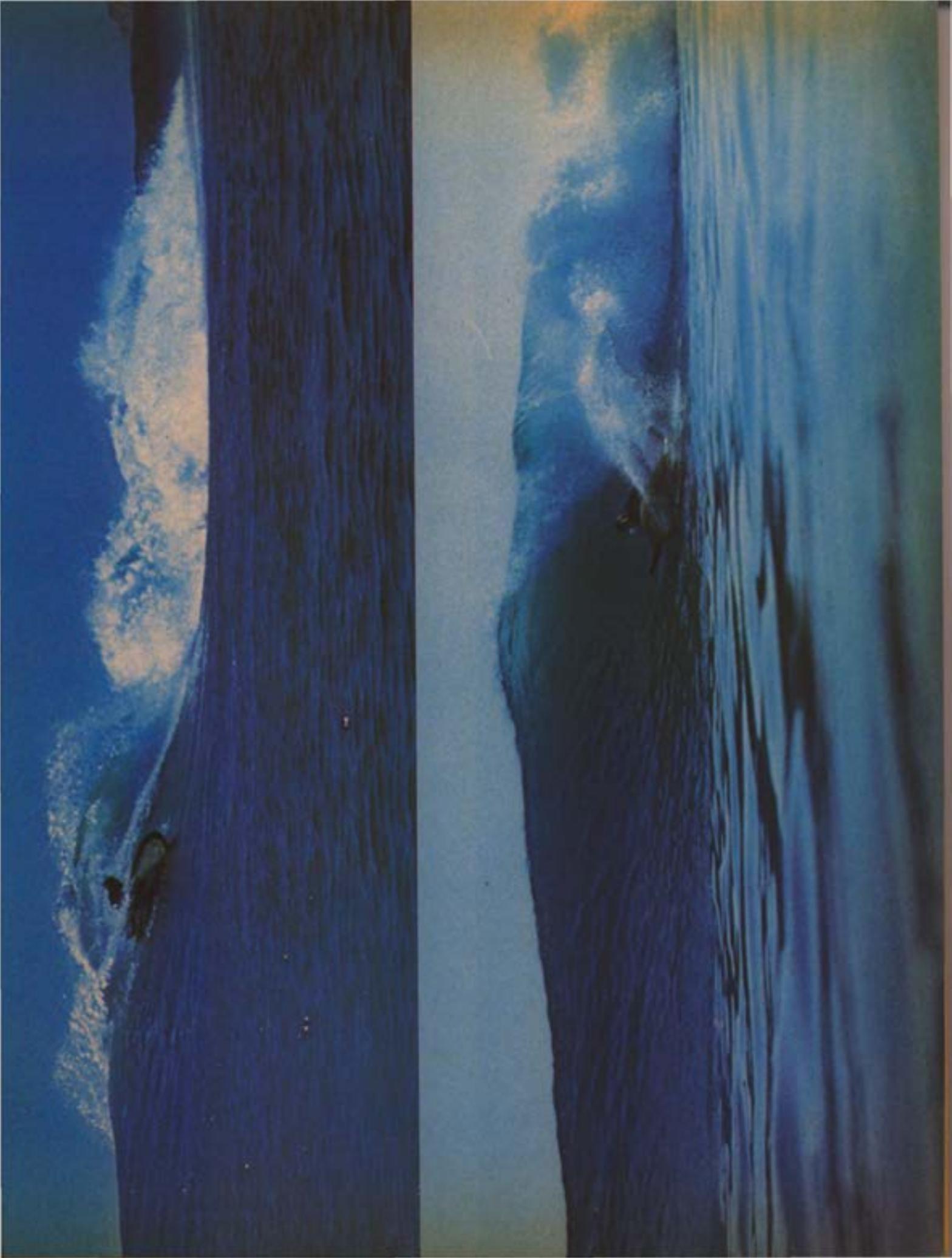
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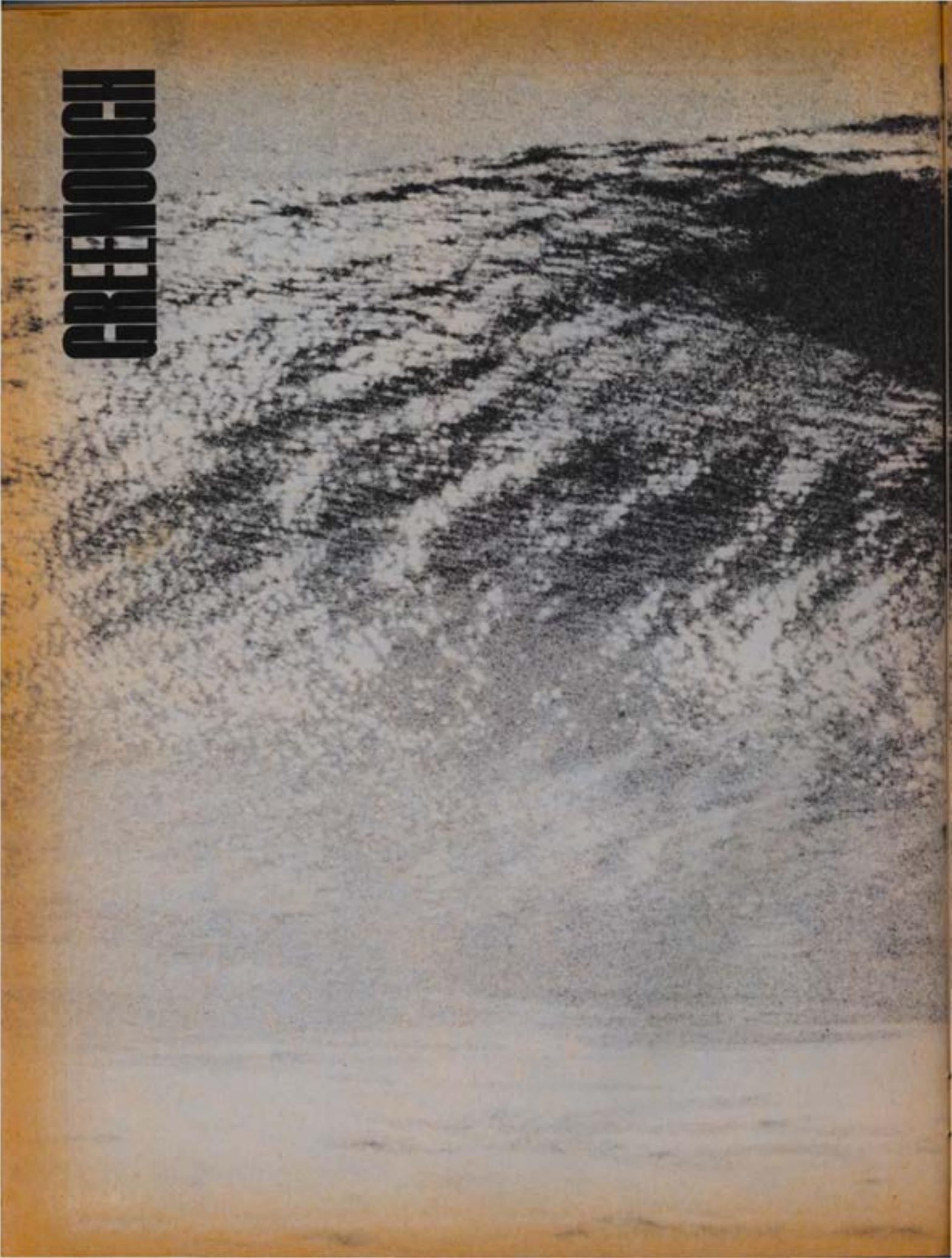
CRITIQUE

Photos: Harold Ward





GREENOUGH



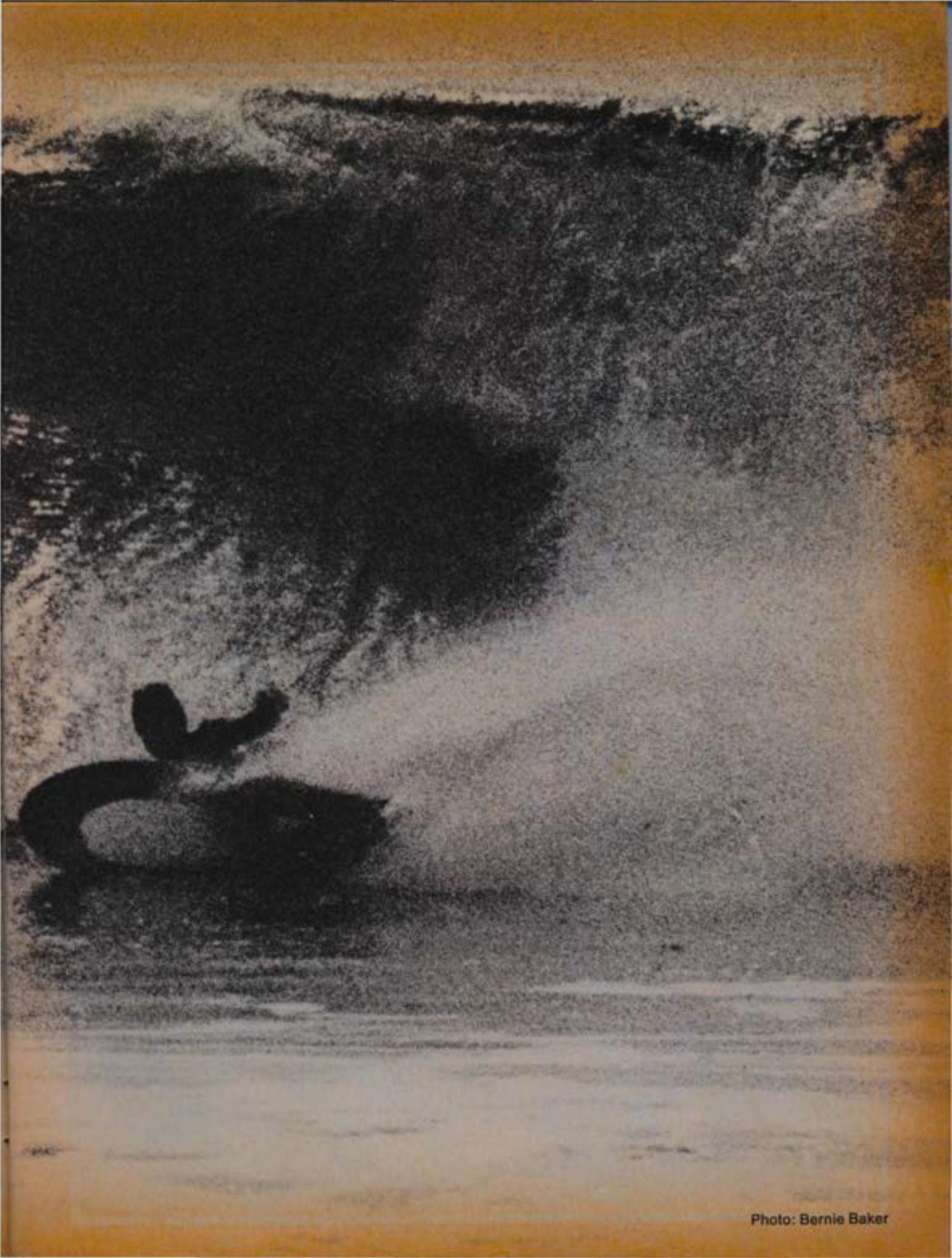
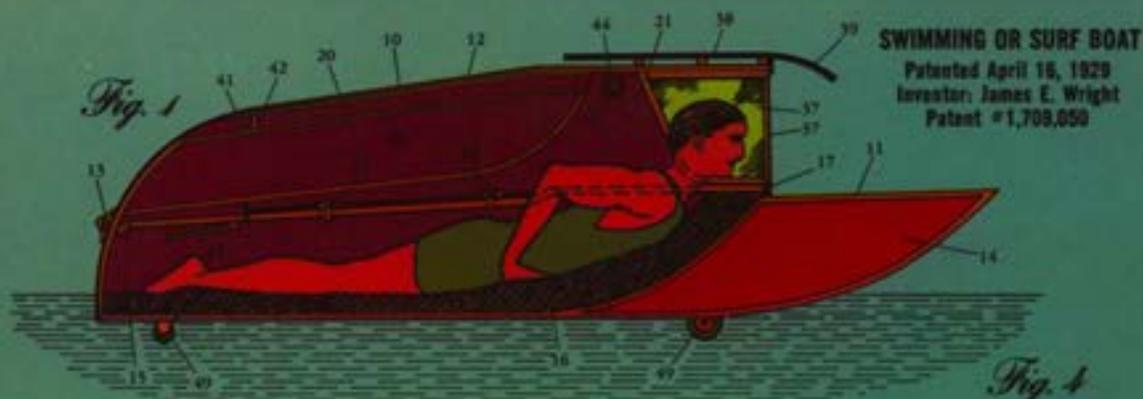


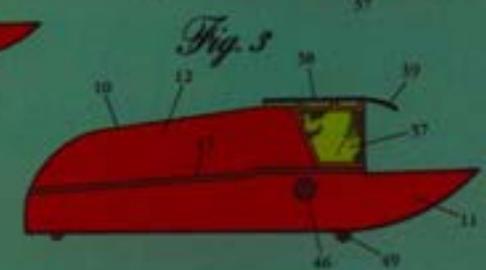
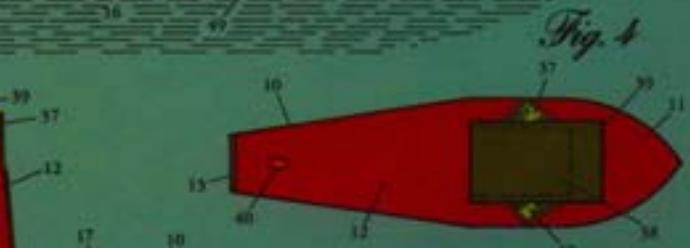
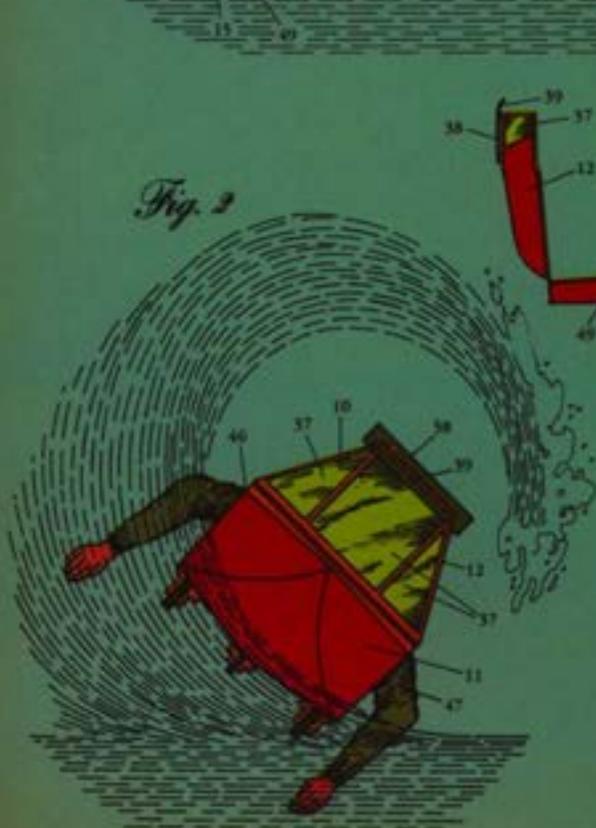
Photo: Bernie Baker

ORIGINAL SURFCRAFT PATENTS

Baring Contraptions,
Mechanix & Theories
of Aquatic Pioneers



SWIMMING OR SURF BOAT
Patented April 16, 1929
Inventor: James E. Wright
Patent #1,709,050



"This invention relates to improvements in swimming boats. The general object of this invention is to provide an improved surf or other boat which may be propelled by the occupant paddling it with bare hands. Another object of the invention is to provide a boat of the class described which is provided with a sedan top and wherein improved means is provided for securing the top of the hull. A further object of the invention is to provide an improved sedan surf boat wherein the top may be quickly removed and the hull only used when desired. A still further object of the invention is to provide a sedan surf boat having means provided thereon for using it as a coaster on a chute." Perhaps even as a chute on a coaster!

Herein follows a portfolio of curious and functional water craft relating to surfboards designed for the riding of the crests of breaking or broken waves, and/or walking upon the water. Said portfolio having been chosen from the hundreds of patents available through the United States Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

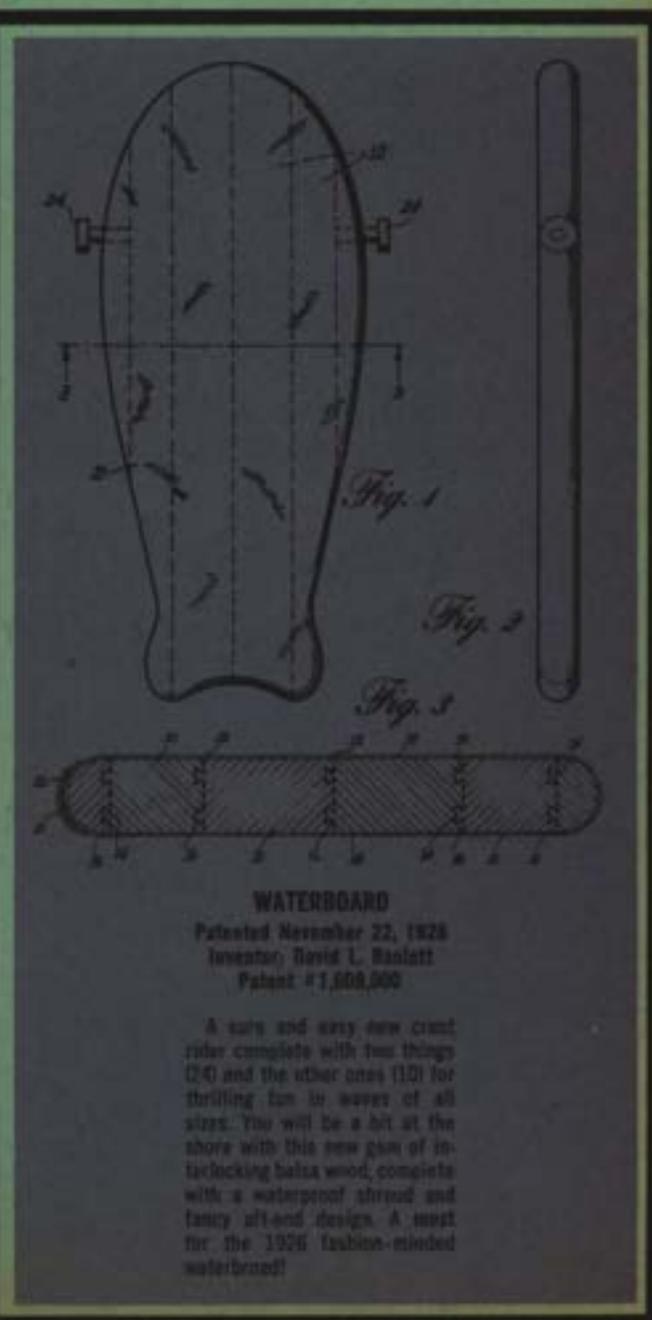
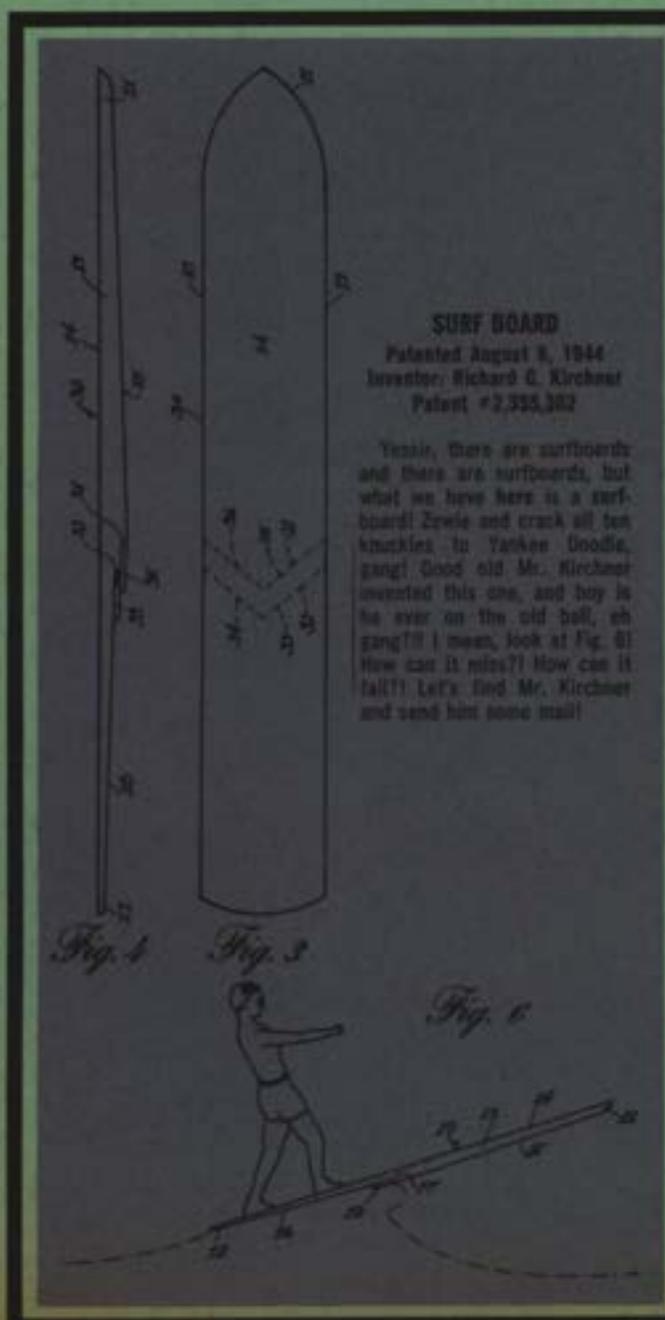
The patented *modus aqueus vehiculari* herein assembled will, it is hoped, serve to enlighten you, dear reader, as to the inner workings and subtleties of some of the more novel surfing boards.

At one time, a great national crisis

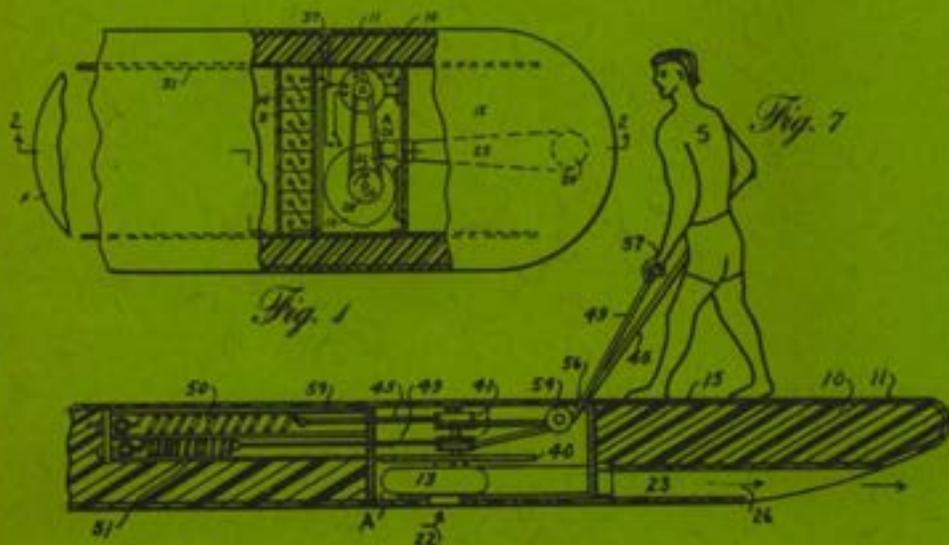
ensued because it was thought the Patent Office should be closed, as all possible inventions, it was supposed, had been invented. Fortunately for us, the Office was saved on the brink of being razed, and once again its halls and files bore fruit.

Had such ill fate befallen the United States Patent Office, the accumulation of aquatic innovation herein presented might have been lost to ours and future generations.

As it is, however, all has gone smoothly since, and most of the concepts patented on these pages are familiar sights to the modern surf boarder.



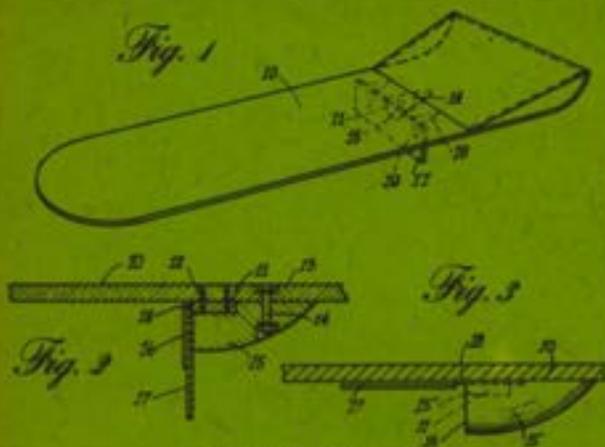
"A flight of whimsey
can lead to the
matrix of invention."



**SURFBOARD AND MEANS
FOR PROPELLING SAME**

Patented November 5, 1968
Inventor: Robert Ellis
Patent # 3,408,976

Keeping up with contemporary surfing, Robert Ellis has made jet surfing a reality. Just think of it! You're out at Kaena Point and along comes this sixty footer. Whoosh! And you're hurtling down the face. The wave looms over your head and Whoosh! You're safely through the tube. Later that day, you simply reverse the motor, and, Whoosh, it doubles as a vacuum cleaner around the house.



SURFBOARD ATTACHMENT

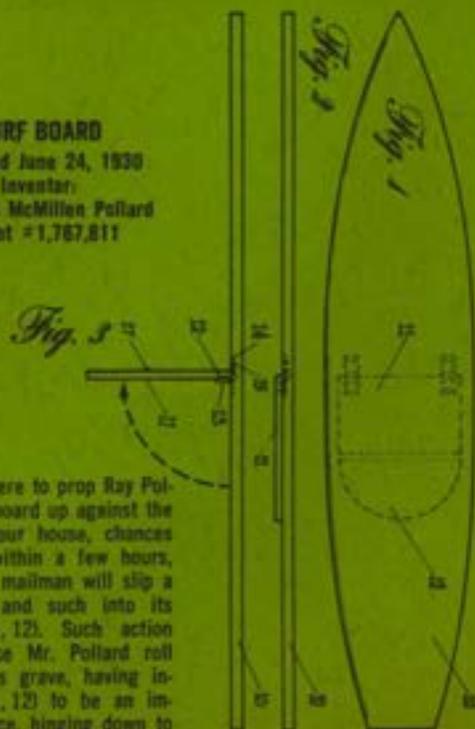
Patented July 5, 1932
Inventor: W. L. Wheeler
Patent # 1,865,985

You say with the short boards, catching waves is harder than ever? You're tired run down low dragging dog tired hung out brung down an mean??? What you need is Mr. Wheeler here's impeller device which will launch you down the

face of many a glassy wall. Just aim your board at the shore, the water of an advancing wave rushes into the scoop, and you're off! Satisfaction guaranteed or your surfboard attachment can be returned in a plain brown wrapper.

SURF BOARD

Patented June 24, 1930
Inventor:
Raymond McMillen Pollard
Patent # 1,767,811



If you were to prop Ray Pollard's surfboard up against the front of your house, chances are that within a few hours, your local mailman will slip a few bills and such into its mouth (11, 12). Such action would make Mr. Pollard roll over in his grave, having intended (11, 12) to be an impeller device, hinging down to propel the board with the tide.

"It struck me as a blow:
the chaos mutated to
crystal. An idea!"

MOTORIZED SURFBOARD

Patented October 15, 1968
Inventor: Robert C. Smith
Patent #3,405,677

An eloquent blend of past, present and future, Robert Smith's very-much-in-vogue motorized surfboard brings to mind a hint of Aristotelian simplicity, Ptolemaic perception and Fullonesque determination. Not to mention an occasional Mickey Mouse-ish fleetness.

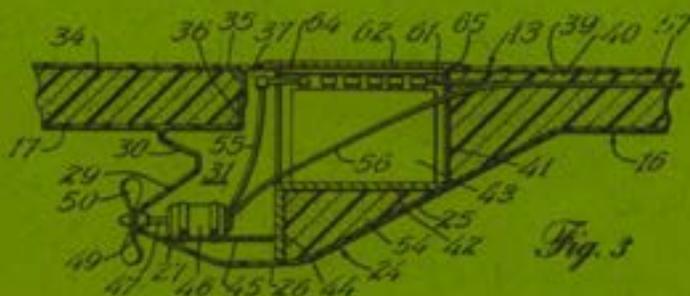


Fig. 3

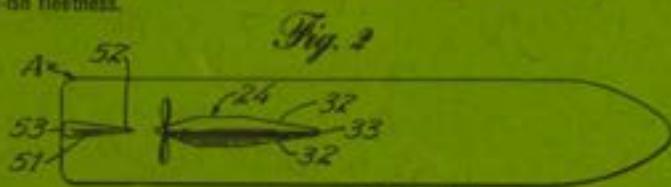


FIG. 2

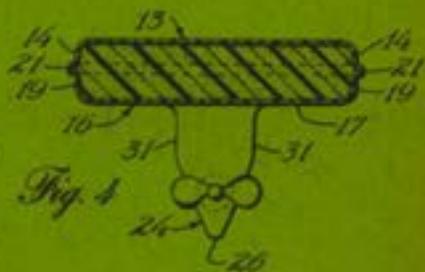


Fig. 4

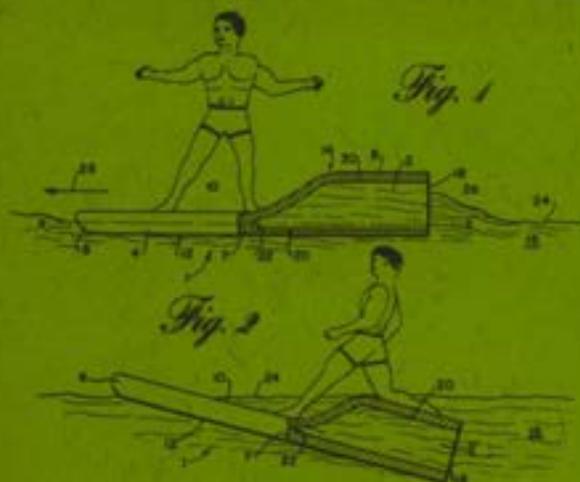


Fig. 1

Fig. 2

**SURFBOARD
PROPULSION DEVICE**
Patented June 7, 1966
Inventor: Clive H. Bramson
Patent #3,254,622

The wave rushes into the box in the rear, the surfer braces himself against its power, he whistles a few bars of "Hail, Columbia," and he's off,

launched into a world of fun and games and hot-sledding waves, thanks to this beaut invention by Clive H. Bramson. Hats off to ya, Clive!



Fig. 8

Fig. 9

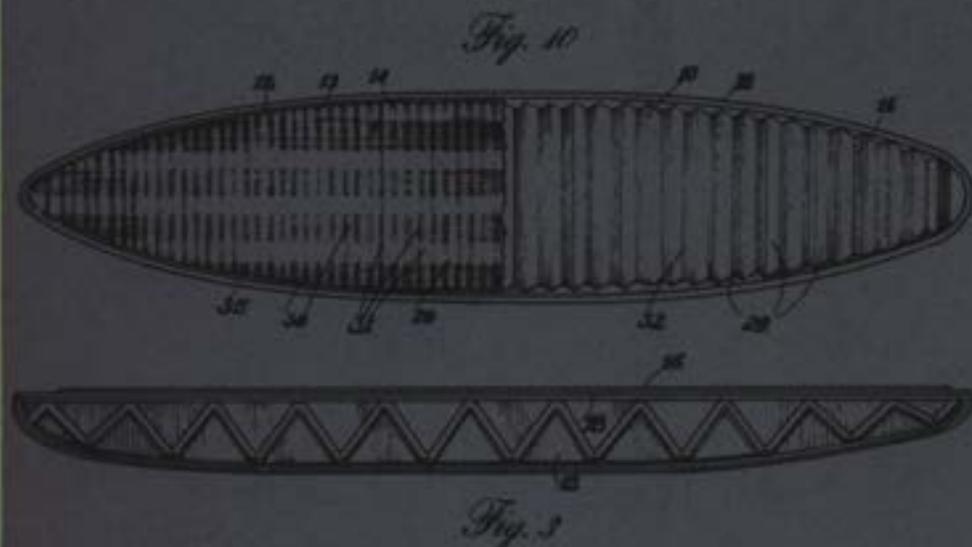
JET STREAMER FOR WATER VEHICLES

Patented January 18, 1966
Inventor: C. Frank Smith
Patent #3,229,312

When was the last time that you were thrown into a deep funk because you looked back to the tail of your board and saw all that sloppy release happening? Yesterday? With C. F. Smith's jet streamer, all that turbulent flow is converted into

nice, neat laminar liquid. Plus, once a day, you can take off on a wave, lay down on the board, and put your mouth over the jet streamer, and get a quick water-pick job on your teeth while your eyes spin like marbles.

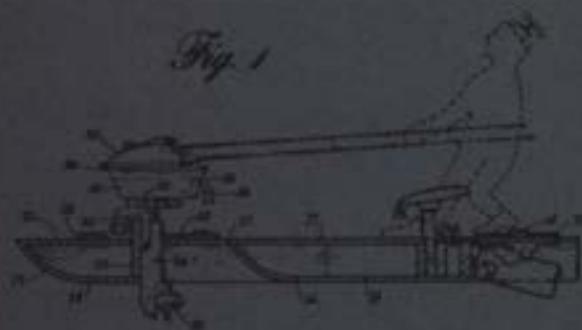
"The ability to fill a need from a void: this is invention."



SURFBOARD

Patented November 29, 1930
 Inventor: George B. D. Parker
 Patent #2,511,948

Well, reader, you've found us out. You're reading this type and you're finding out about "The Big Secret." Yep, Mr. G. B. D. Parker's really neat corrugated aluminum surfboard that we've been keeping secret for so long is finally out and right here in print. And, as you can all see by now, any kid can do it! Right? Wrong! Any kid can't do it! Cause Mr. G. B. D. Parker has the patent, and if you do, he'll sue your tod-dee.

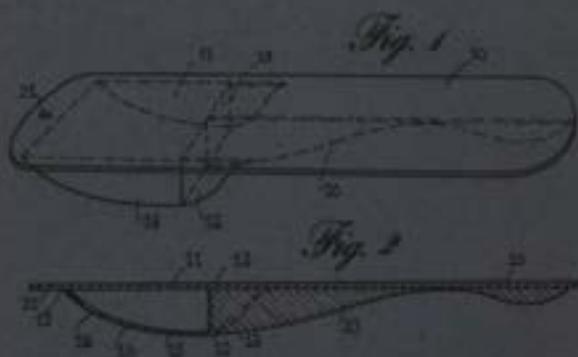


SURFBOARD WITH AN EXTENSIBLE KEEL MEMBER

Patented April 22, 1932
 Inventor: Doty M. Steele
 Patent #2,393,806

Here's a revolutionary idea, kids! A surfboard that could double as either a fishing trailer or a heavy cruiser! Can be mounted with fishing rods, or, in the deluxe model, with specially mounted fifty millimeter

machine guns. Add a handy-dandy 4000 horsepower Evinrude, and you've got just what the doctor ordered from those crowded afternoons at either Malibu or Newport Harbor. Rip it up!



WATER SLED OR SURF BOARD

Patented July 19, 1933
 Inventor: W. L. Wheeler
 Patent #1,919,568

Been feeling blue lately? Left out without a water sled? Understandably so, we'll wager! What with the current boom in water-sledding, just about every man that's in tune with the times has one. Many small men have two! Imagine! Ten water

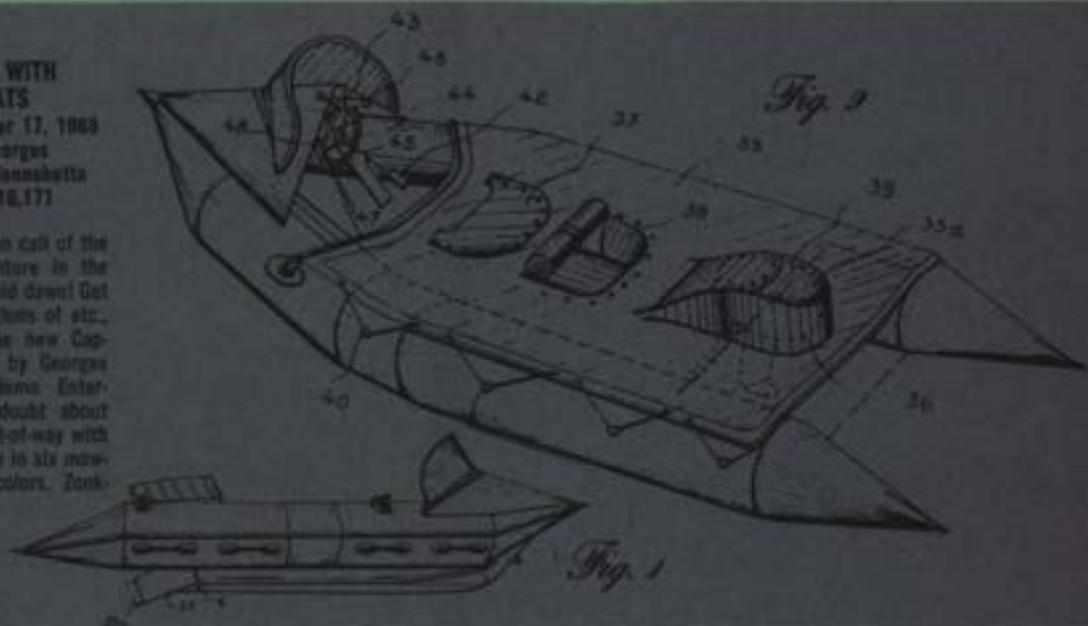
sleds! The logical follow-up to Mr. Wheeler's surfboard attachment (Patent #1,865,983). This device is a perfect marriage of Wheeler's attachment, a surfboard and status. Imagine!

"I was dizzy from my discovery; I leaned over the wastebasket..."

SURF-BOAT WITH AIR-FLOATS

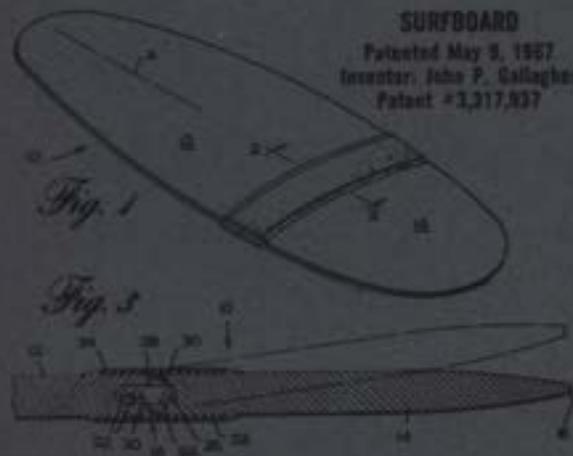
Patented December 17, 1968
 Inventor: Georges
 Bertrand Leon Hennshulte
 Patent # 3,416,177

Thrill to the siren call of the deep! Find adventure in the green caves of liquid down! Get rocked to the rhythms of etc., etc., etc., with the new Captain Nemo model by Georges Hennshulte of Nemo Enterprises. Never a doubt about who's got the right-of-way with this baby. Available in six now-or-never garish colors. Zank-a-Bunk-a, guys!



SURFBOARD

Patented May 9, 1967
 Inventor: John P. Gallagher
 Patent # 3,317,937



Mr. Gallagher, inventor of the adjustable forward attitudinal rocker, claims: A surfboard comprising a rigid body portion and a rigid head portion, means pivotally connecting the body and head portions for pivotal movement there between on an axis transverse to the longitudinal axis of the surfboard and in the plane of the surfboard, resilient strip

means normally urging the head portion and body portion into a rectilinear alignment, said resilient strip means permitting the said head portion of the surfboard to move upwardly about said pivotal connection to thereby prevent the leading edge of the head portion from penetrating the water." Maybe it's not necessary after all!

DEVICE FOR WALKING ON WATER

Patented March 29, 1966
 Inventor: Lloyd J. Livsdale
 Patent # 3,242,698



Here's the perfect device for those days when paddling seems meant for the cross common folk. Just truck on out to sea with Mr. L. J. Livsdale's patented Device for Walking on Water! Optional equipment: sandals and an Old Testament.

It's hard to find a good tandem contest these days; and if you do, you may have trouble digging up enough competent competitors to make a heat. Besides the tandem surfers themselves, who cares? One of the leading tandem surfers writes about his dying sport and the general competition clique attitude . . .

IGNORE IT maybe it will go away

By Hal Sachs

During a recent Wide World of Sports program that showed the 1968 Makaha Championships, Jim McKay said, "Tandem surfing is perhaps the most beautiful of all surfing events." Yet there is a growing apathy towards tandem surfing in the higher echelon of the surfing world, and a movement to discontinue tandem completely. What are the underlying reasons for this disenchantment; who is to blame, and where will a rebirth occur if one takes place?

In the beginning, there was just surfing for fun; then contests came along and products, and with them a continual power struggle. A split has come about between the male, female and tandem divisions, each group vying for the perfect time slot when wave and wind conditions are as close to perfection as the site allows. Several years ago at the Huntington Beach Contest, the tandem event was run off at what must be considered a prime time, like 10:30 in the morning. In case you're not aware of conditions there, the wind *has* been known to blow around noon—like daily and hard. The last two years, in spite of the wave conditions, the tandem event was held about 2:30 in the not-so-placid afternoon. I asked Joyce Hoffman about the subject, and she said tandem presently occupies the worst possible time slot, the one the women's division previously held. My suggestion is that the time of the three divisions be rotated so that everyone could have a crack at the optimum conditions from time to time. It is a known fact that the very

best surfers no longer ride tandem, but if they rode under the worst conditions possible, how well would they do? Yet promoters expect tandem to survive in a totally negative environment and still preserve its beauty.

This year, the Western Surfing Association by their astute planning and forethought have made it all but unanimous in delivering a final death blow to tandem. By pushing the panic button in an attempt to field a more representative team to the 1970 World Championships, they have adjusted this year's competition accordingly. In essence, competition is no longer a spectator affair; and this, I feel as a competitor, is negligence of our duty to the public. Instead, we have a never-ending flow of heats, matching and mismatching the same contestants in a redundant contest of endurance. From what I saw of the World Contest in Puerto Rico, it all moves slowly enough, and endurance was not the prerequisite lacking in the WSA team; it was not even a factor. On any given day, any athlete either has everything working for him, or hopelessly against him. He either puts the whole ball of wax together, or, as in the case of the Boston Celtics and the Los Angeles Lakers, it ends abruptly in a not too merciful death. In any other sport, a well-conditioned athlete performs admirably under competitive pressures. However, because competitive surfing is in its infancy, too often one's lack of ability is demonstrated by a childish tantrum. This has resulted in the addition of the second and third-chance heats that are padding 4A competitions.

Hal Sachs handles the situation. Photo: Neil Swanson.



Due to the lack of interested participants, a tandem performer has one heat, only six waves. If you goof, you lose. By comparison, the individual 4A surfer is offered up to five heat opportunities to make the finals. I asked Les Williams if anyone had in fact gone through this particular circuitous route to gain a berth in the finals and an ultimate victory. His direct answer was an all-inclusive NO!

Prior to Mr. Williams becoming competition chairman of the WSA, he said, "Tandem surfing is the largest crowd pleaser in surfing." It always pleases me to see a man act with the courage of his convictions. Upon receiving his new position, Les almost immediately removed tandem from the scene and created an isolation ward for the 4A's. The explanation was simple: there was not sufficient time to have tandem after all the 4A heats.

I asked him how large the crowds were at the first few 4A contests, and he said, "What crowds?" It is not my intent to persecute or make the WSA out as the only culprit or a big, black ogre; they *have* made honest mistakes and will undoubtedly make more in the future, but they try. On the affirmative side, Les said he would confer with the appropriate authorities in an attempt to have one side of the Huntington Pier open to tandem only for one hour one day a week. This is the first bit of constructive assistance to encourage tandem surfing; and if it transpires, would be a step in the direction of a rebirth.

It is at least this writer's opinion that the surfing world is obligated to



entertain the general public and give them a complete show at any given contest. Because of public acceptance of tandem, this "complete show" must necessarily include tandem. Many people have mentioned a professional circuit to some degree or other. But none of the articles I have seen have even mentioned tandem. Are the vaunted 4A surfers uneasy over the possibility of greater public acceptance or having someone else ride the gravy train?

In searching for reasons to uncover the decline of tandem surfing, one cannot turn his back completely on a primary reason, that being the male tandem surfers themselves. They make or amend rules to the point that the rules are so complex and changes occur so rapidly that very few people other than the competitors know what is happening. Some of the rules in the past have made tandem too restrictive; they have made it a big man's sport, and this is bad. There should be room for everyone who wants to compete in tandem and have fun. They have discouraged the small, not-so-good surfers from competing, and left it completely to the larger not-so-gooders. Thereby, they have created a class within a class. The last big-name surfer to drop out of tandem was Mike Doyle. Who can blame him? I feel he found out the hard way that he could no longer compete with full-time tandem people. With his most recent victories it appears Mike made the right decision.

The Hawaiians started tandem many years ago, and their present casual approach to it will soon return

them to supremacy in this field. They have no weight limitations set up for the females; instead, each male rider carries what his competitors feel he should be able to handle. They also place a premium on surfing the wave; in contrast, we attribute three-fourths of the score for getting into the trick. This results in the straight-off-Adolph approach to winning a contest.

The tandem teams of tomorrow should come closer to competing with (although they won't be able to equal) the lightning speed of the short boards. However, today the surfing hierarchy expects two people to do on a larger board what the ride-for-pay boys were not capable of doing on their long boards several years ago. This analogy would be like having the team of Budweiser Clydesdale draft horses race Majestic Prince on the featured race at Santa Anita. Sure they're both horses, but they are by their innate breeding diametrically opposed.

Tandem surfing does not need to be defended; it desperately needs to be represented. To bring you up to date, this is the first time in over a year and two issues that a picture of tandem surfing has appeared in this magazine. The other surfing periodicals have displayed about the same exposure. The SURFER Poll ballot never has included tandem. Why? It does include the top twenty men and top ten women. Why not compromise this list of men and make room for tandem?

In commenting on the weak remark that tandem surfing does not exemplify the individual approach to

surfing, who is to sit in judgment on any individual's approach and his self-expression in the water. If you get your kicks surfing eight or ten people on a board at the Wedge, I say more power to you.

These same people say tandem surfing has no place in competition, that it's just a side show. Well, Barnum & Bailey entertained many people for quite awhile with a side show. Besides, if tandem ever gets back with the 4A surfers, what's wrong with one clown act following another. The general public accepts tandem because of its simplicity and grace, and most people I have conversed with look forward to it. The Huntington Beach Championships still offer Hawaiian trips to the winning tandem team. It's my sincere hope the surfing world wakes up and encourages some of the younger riders to compete. To my way of thinking, the ideal place for this initial training is in the intercollegiate contests. But it's not included there either.

Tandem boards have never been mass-produced, and I doubt that they ever will; you are lucky if you find a kind soul to shape one for you. If you do, he will not make any money on the huge project. Which brings up that ever-present attitude: if you can't make a buck at it, forget it.

The phrase I continue to hear is, "tandem is not functional," but no one will ever be able to convince me that it's not fun; and, if done correctly, a challenge beyond individual surfing.

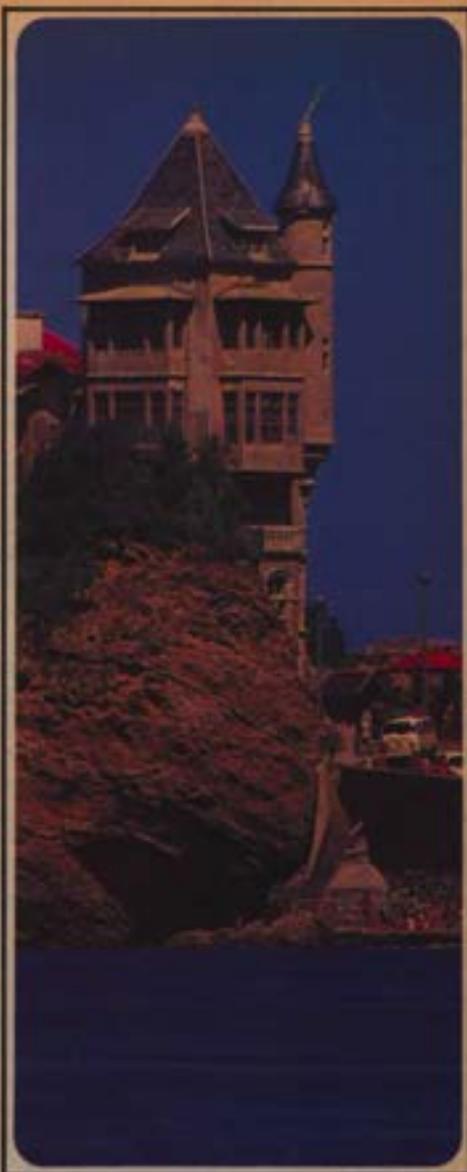
Last issue Greg MacGillivray and Jim Freeman involved us in the Latin American experiences of Mark Martinson in "Waves of Change." This issue, we go behind the scenes for a look at the film crew in Europe, where, both in real life and in the film, Mark Martinson begins to undergo his creative genesis as a surfer. We are given insight through the words of MacGillivray, Freeman, Billy Hamilton (who, in the film, Mark encounters in Europe) and Mark himself.

Europe: Genesis

Photos: Greg MacGillivray and Jim Freeman

Story: MacGillivray, Freeman, Mark Martinson, and Billy Hamilton





(Top left) Arc de Triomphe.

(Above) Biarritz belle le button: naval recruit.

(Top right) The VW bus passes the castle on the promontory: Cote des Basques.

(Right) Mark at La Barre with the Vee tracking.



MACGILLIVRAY:
July 29—Europe Bound

The drone of four giant Rolls Royce engines is nearly unbearable, like an orchestra of jackhammers, but somewhere along the eleven-hour flight from New York to Luxembourg, my head has stopped rattling and I've mentally added up the money we've saved by flying on Icelantic Airlines (fare: \$319 round trip). Then, multiplying the savings times four because Jim Freeman, Mark Martinson and Bill Hamilton are vibrating in nearby seats, I forget about the noisy engines, claustrophobic conditions and bad service. It is the cheapest flight to Europe, and we're making a film, "Waves of Change." We don't have a colossal Hollywood budget. Just enough for two months of beautiful European surf. Then the pitch of the orchestra changes, and the plane sinks into a hard landing.

Luxembourg: starchy customs men greet us with a glint in their eyes. We are suspect. All the elderly tourists have been allowed through. We are the last. "What's in the cases and boxes," a young agent translates his senior officer's demands in monotone. "Just film and cameras," we shrug, hoping they will assume the usual tourist Instamatics. "How much is it all worth?" they ask. "Oh about, er, \$3,000?" I answer, feeling hot needles. They take my question as a statement. "You will place a \$300 bond which will be refunded when you leave the country." A gasp, then the realization that there is no other way to get into the country. We place the bond, glad we'd minimized.

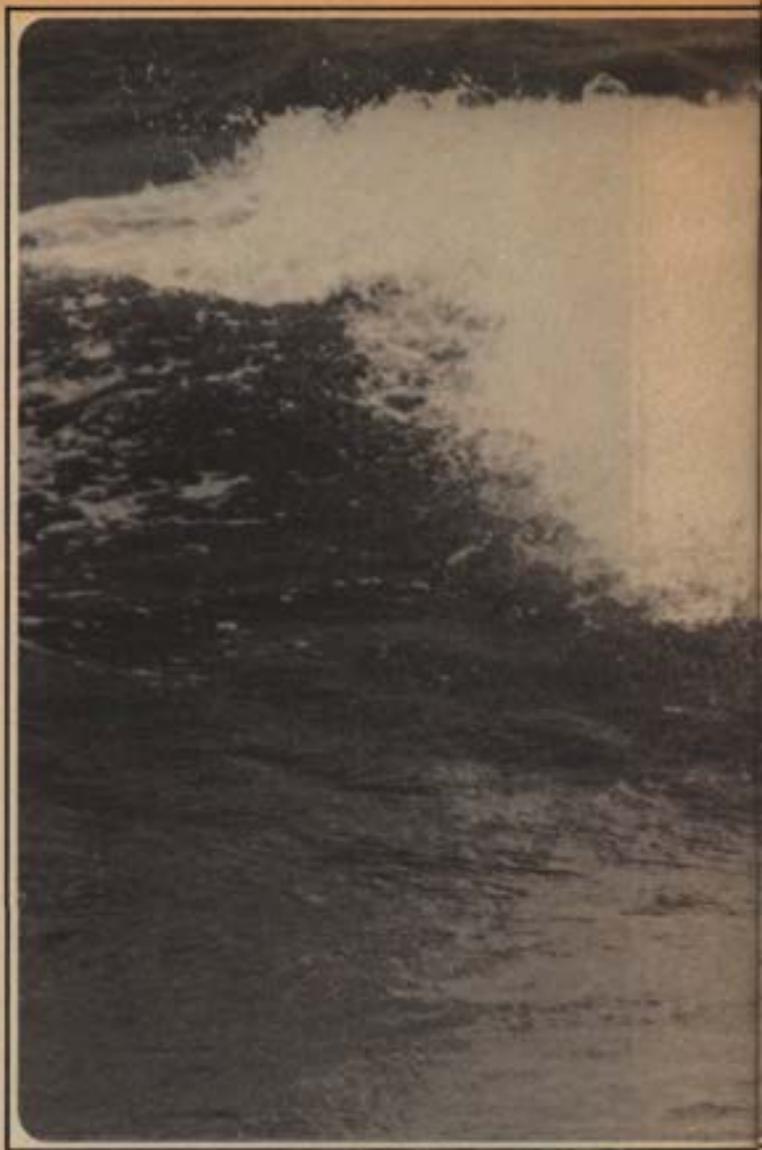
Next a phone call: the Volkswagen van (ordered from California) is, amazingly enough, ready for us, and in no time we are wheeling around Luxembourg lost in a painted dream: red brick farm houses, rolling green fields with gray stone hedges, so much open, lush countryside. It's difficult for Californians to imagine such a beautiful place escaping for centuries the bulldozer, concrete and prefab houses. It seemed unreal to us even in the center of it. But the inland blues are affecting the surfers, and "Biarritz or bust" is repeated over and over. We aim south.

July 30—Biarritz or Bust

We cross the border into France, collecting the \$300 as we pass Go, and reach Paris with little time to stop and sightsee. We inadvertently pass the Arc de Triomphe and Eiffel Tower when we lose our route signs in the city's labyrinth. We have our first taste of combat on the streets of Paris, one of the most impressive cities in the world, and escape with the feeling we would be caught from behind and downed. But what surfer likes any city?

We are again traveling through the fertile French countryside, past the unearthly precision that is the Versailles Palace, through rich Monet landscapes: streams crowded by weeping willows, fishermen sitting in row boats upon glass, perhaps waiting for a fish, perhaps not. Other Frenchmen ride their bicycles along the road's shoulder wearing coveralls and berets. Cars are stopped at intervals along the side of the road for lunch-time picnics: tables, chairs, checkered cloths, bottles of wine, French bread and salami are set up a few feet from each parked car.

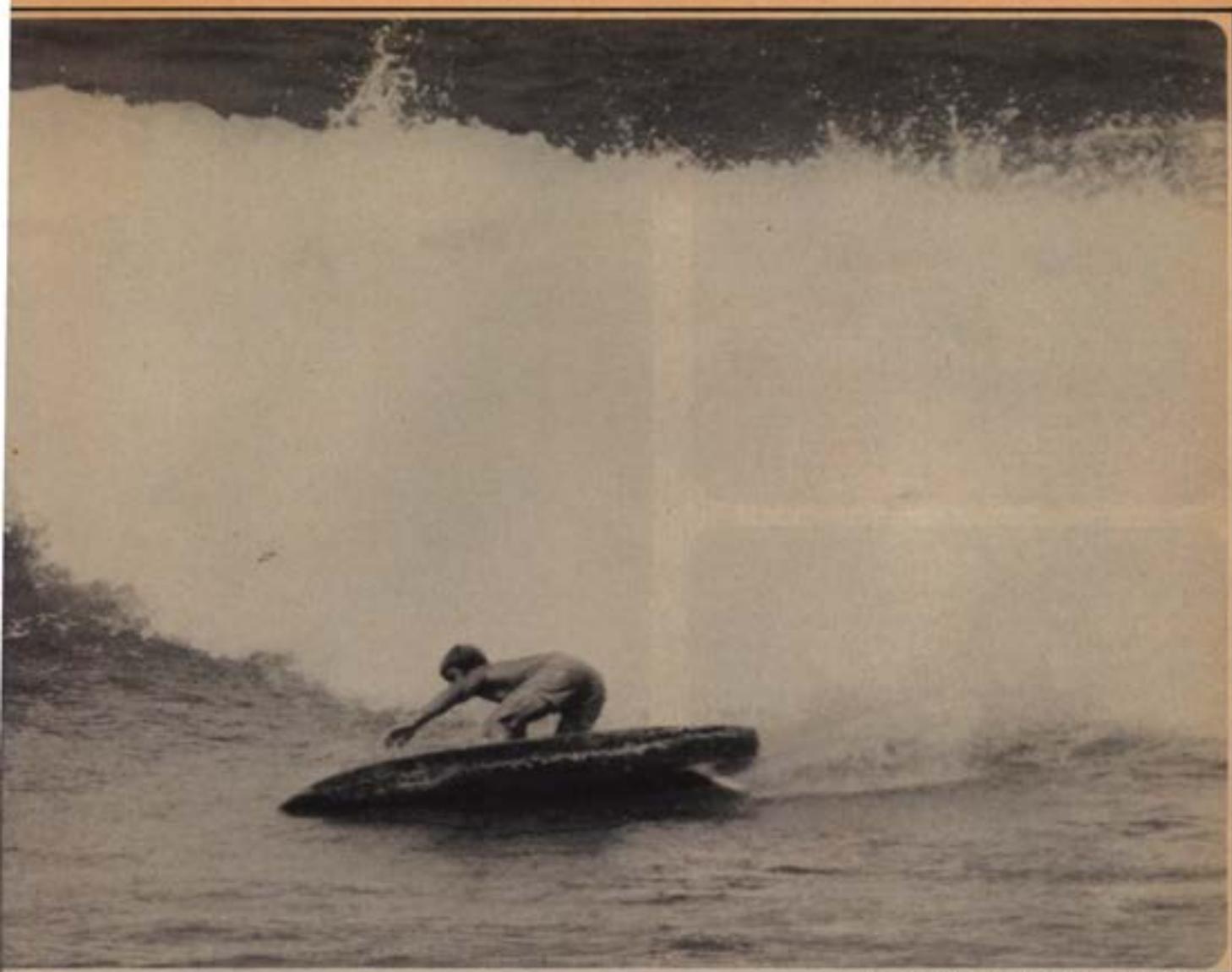
Hamilton takes the wheel in rotation. The road is two laned. Bill will pass three slow, tiny Citroens. "I'll just pass them," Bill says, when a truck approaches from the



opposite direction. The driver of the Citroen beside us, instead of slowing and letting us in genteel-like, is hanging out of his window, shaking his fist and shouting unrecognizable French slurs. The truck grows closer—larger. We scream easily recognizable English at Hamilton. Bill swings off on the left-hand shoulder (it could be a backside at Cotton's): "What's all the fuss about?" he asks, retaining his constant cool. We slouch in the VW seats and take a deep breath. Mark takes the wheel in rotation. Bill pouts because he didn't get a long turn.

FREEMAN:
August 1—Biarritz

Mark gets us there. Biarritz is in southwest France, on the Atlantic near the Spanish border. It crouches between the land and the sea like a gentle afterthought. The town is like Laguna or Carmel, stacked high above cliffed coves, with weaving roads and an architectural heritage rooted in the Napoleonic ethos. Now it is a fashionably busy French summer resort. We cruise through the town's complex of shops and displays, a bit lost, but with a direction: the Surf Club de France, where we're to meet Joel de Rosnay, our contact in Basque land.



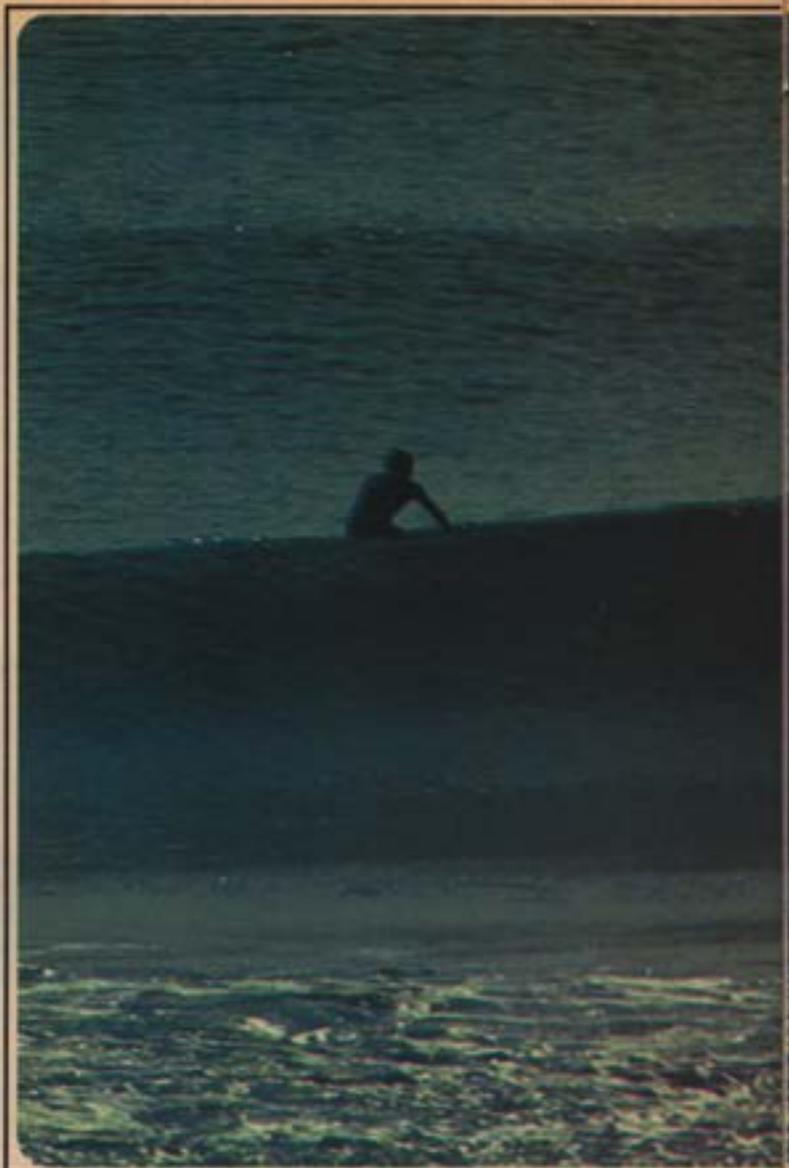
Full-on rail turn: Mark at La Barre.

We find Joel with Australian Keith Paull. The timing is so good we once again feel that we've found a groove: Joel has a villa for us to rent for the months we'll be in Biarritz, and Keith has agreed to appear in the film. Mark and Billy immediately explain the rudiments of movie life, complete with rates for joining their union. Then Keith and Joel explain the basics of the bota bag: how to squeeze the wine into our dry mouths.

We leave the surf club for our new home. Picture a two-story, white plaster house, red weather shutters on the windows, a red tile roof. Put it above a secluded cove with a nice wave, far enough outside of Biarritz to be peaceful at night, and close enough to be interesting by day. Call it Villa Isabel. It was ours for 1600 Francs per month (\$340). But other cottages are not as nice, and it is worth the extra to assure the morale of the crew. The five of us settle into Villa Isabel for the night, and we get acquainted with the newest member, Keith Paull: blond, but reserved, well built, 22 years old, with ambitions to see the world and shape the perfect surfboard. "He also eats a lot," Joel warns, as he bids us a good night, "Bon soir." He also, like most Aussie surfers, takes a lot of showers. "He's very clean," Bill says. "Yes," Mark frowned, "isn't he."

August 2

Morning. Our first in France. The sun rises over the hills, filtering through the sheer curtains. I rise and grope to the veranda for a look at the ocean. The blue stretches for miles, ending in a ruler-edged blue horizon. Small curls collapse at Isabel's reef. Not a day for filming, but a good day for getting to know Biarritz and her people. The crew rises like green shoots from dark soil. Mark is last, as always. He is the "fairest flower" and is slow in the morning. We down a few gobs of "Freeman filler," library paste oatmeal, and we're off for Cote des Basques, the main beach of Biarritz. Along the way Keith shows Mark and Bill his board. It is a roundtail, the first we've seen; and as Keith explains its freedom, Mark becomes more and more stoked. The van winds through the streets, past the old gabled castle on the promontory, to the long, yellow surf club headquarters perched above the steps leading down to the beach at Côte des Basques (coast of the Basques). A group of surfers are gathering at the club for coffee (small cup, black, strong) and pastries, before heading into the water. It turns out this is a ritual part of the Frenchman's daily dash to the sea. A sign on the sand reads: Temperatures de l'eau 20, de l'air 26 (water: 68 F, air: 78 F) and lists the outside





(Top left) Surf check at Castles shows hollow lefts at medium tide.

(Mid-left) Mark rocks off the top at Cote des Basques.

(Left) Low tide at Castles: rights and Keith Paull working.

(Above) Mark and the Hossegor experience: beginning to accentuate the vertical.

(Right) Local and a wasted Castle left.



times for the four-meter tide (13 feet of change). Conclusions: the water is pleasant, warmed by the gulf stream, and the tides are so radical that a surf spot can change 100% with the tides. Mark, Bill and Keith have no difficulty circulating among the French. Almost everyone speaks English well. They are treated as celebrities, offered pastries, and given calculating looks by a couple of girl surfers. Our surfers began to groove on the whole scene. The pastry was delicious!

While sipping coffee, Jean-Marie Lartigau (the French Champion), "Murphy" Lartigau, Alain Bernard, and Joel launch into a glorified description of the French surf: "Ah, you see, we have waves of, how do you say, curling power? Very strong and large, perhaps twenty feet . . ." Then they go on to predict waves for tomorrow. We look blankly at each other, raise our eyebrows and nod, knowing from experience that surfers always overrate their own surf and invariably predict its thundering arrival at least every other day. We slowly back out of the conversation, lure away a couple of the calculating surf chicks and explore Biarritz. We find a surf shop near the Grande Plage wedged into a row of tiny shops, selling everything Biarritz' 300 surfers could want. Nearby, Michel Barland has a factory where he produces surfboards for the natives.

The after-dark hangout for surfers is a quaint establishment dubbed the "Steak House," a restaurant-bar said to offer a tasty wine drink called sneaky sangria (it sneaks up on you), owned by surfer Jean-Pierre Renaud. The Steak House seems quiet now amid the afternoon bustle of the other shops. We find the Surf Club de France building with swimming pool, lounge chairs and front-yard surf. Our new friends squeal with delight. The French of Biarritz are shorter than Americans, and have clear, olive complexions, long, stringy, dark hair, wear brightly colored clothes, sweaters wrapped around their necks, no socks, pointed Italian shoes, and an always functional umbrella (frequent downpours). They smoke strong cigarettes (Gauloises, Gitanes), and drink wine and smooth beer (Kronenbourg). After touring, we take the girls to their homes, where they squeal with delight. Then we return to Isabel.

MARTINSON:

August 4—La Barre

Morning . . . I got up and opened my window to a cloudless sky, and was about ready to flop back in bed when the noise caught me and immediately gave me a tickling sensation that made my body quake for a second. Then my eyes watered. I've surfed long enough to recognize the sound: the surf was pounding across Isabel's reef like the French predicted. Breakfast turned into a rush deal. Freeman came in and gulped his usual two quarts of apple juice and about a dozen hard candies, which all went down in less than a minute. Greg had his usual coffee; no time for oatmeal. Everyone was in the VW within fifteen minutes with La Barre centered in the crosshairs of our minds' eyes. Just by the surf at Isabel, we could tell that La Barre would be best.

La Barre is situated in front of a ping-pong center. I think its real name is La Barre's Ping-Pong Center. The La Barre setup includes the nearby go-cart and horse race tracks, too. There is a jetty to the north, and a river flows beside the jetty causing the waves to be extremely hollow. It breaks both right and left, with an occasional

great straight-offer. I caught a lot of those, but thought they were rights. Keith, Bill and I surfed the waves, eight footers, while Greg and Jim wound and punched their cameras. I took a short lunch break, and Greg gave me one of those delightful shortbread cookies. You know, the kind the astronauts eat. Don't eat them after you've surfed for four hours straight; your mouth turns into the Mojave Desert. I was close to suffocating. It was pitiful. Despite the "dries" the surfing went on all afternoon. The drive back to Isabel seemed to take hours, but it was just because my body was completely exhausted from so much good surf. The walk up the stairs to Isabel seemed like eternity. I flopped into bed, sunburned, hungry, aching, not even brushing the sand from my feet. The dried salt on my back felt rough against the sheets, but I didn't care. The discomforts were overshadowed by the great surf and fun we had had that day.

August 8—La Bulle

The sun was out, no surf. Most people would mark the day off as a loss and soak rays. Not when you're traveling with two movie fanatics. Sure enough, it was one of those days with perfect sun when my pals Greg and Jim were going to want to film some of those general interest shots. The kind of day I like to pretend I'm asleep or sick or something. But my room was right next to the kitchen, and it's impossible for anyone to even pretend to be asleep when Greg prepares the morning oatmeal. Anyway, he makes so much noise banging the pots and pans around that it drives you crazy. I know he does it on purpose. He doesn't know I know, and I'll never give him the satisfaction of knowing it aggravates the hell out of me. But anyway, he did this so I'd be sure to be awake. Then he opened my door and screamed, "Hey, I'm making some oatmeal; you want some?" Now, he knows I hate oatmeal. I know oatmeal is good for you, but when I was a kid, there was something about that guy on the container that bugged me. Not to mention the container itself. Why couldn't they just put it in a box like other cereals—it had to come in a round container. Anyway, by the time Greg screamed his question, there was no chance of getting more sleep, so I got up. They planned to take us to a wine festival in Bayonne. "It will be interesting and fun," Greg said. When we arrived in Bayonne, we bought the tickets. They had two tickets for sale: the blue for the stands, and the yellow for the participants. We bought the yellow. "Participant?" says I, "participant in what?" "The bullfight," says Jim. "You're drunk," says I. "Good idea," says Jim. We then went to the nearest bar to talk things over. After a couple of rounds, Greg explained that they had these leather pads on their horns so no one gets hurt. "But why do they have all the first-aid stations?" says I. But before Greg answered, Keith ran into the arena with two beer bottles at the side of his head for horns, and Bill grabbed Greg's black film-changing bag for a cape. I had a few more beers, shed a few tears and entered the arena. The bullfight scene had to be the biggest fiasco of the century. They let one bull loose at a time, and the people chase it around before the bull chases the people around. Now I have nothing against animals. But bulls are different. I don't like them, and they know it. They can just sense it. When they let the first bull loose, I knew exactly what his idea was: to search and destroy guys who don't like him. This left me in bad shape. There were three hundred people to choose



Mark ducks under La Barre's silver presence.

from. The bull lowered his head, and charged at me. He tossed me against a retaining fence. I played dead, which I thought I was, and the bull went away merrily searching and destroying. Greg came running up, face flushed with pleasure. "I got it; I got it, but could you do it again so I can get another angle?" I played dead, and Greg went away. Just as I was crawling to the nearest bar, I saw Bill head for the bull with the black cape (you probably thought that black wouldn't work . . . well, they don't like black either). Then the bull charged Bill, who turned and ran and was picked up under the butt and launched ten feet in the air. Bill then joined me in crawling to the bar. The bull now knew that surfers were easy pickings, and Keith was chased and clipped by our friend the bully. Needless to say, Greg and Jim were completely stoked about the afternoon's filming, and in the bar, they talked about the shots, arms tired from cranking the cameras. They were really filmed out. Bill, Keith and I were absorbed in imported German beer. Or vice versa.

August 10—La Solex

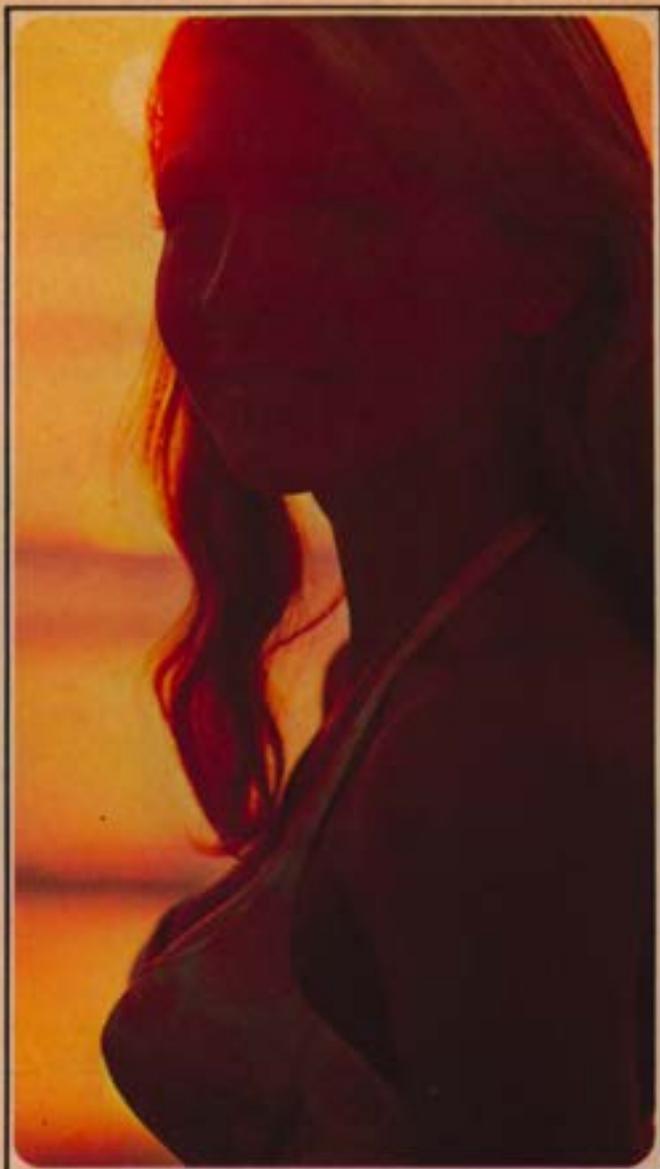
The surf was still flat, so Greg and Jim decided to film me riding around on a Solex with a board under my arm. If you don't know what a Solex is, I'll explain: it's a cross between a Honda 50 and a full-on heavy duty, knobby-tired paper boy's bike . . . and all the French ride them because they cost only \$80. They have a 5 cc. engine.

That's about the size of a model airplane engine. It has pedals, too, just in case. These pedals are neat for traveling when the engine breaks down in places where not many surfers hang out—like Czechoslovakia, Hungary or Rumania. There is no throttle, just two speeds, slow or fast, depending on what situation you're in. Like on the open road, they go slow; but down a narrow one-way street with a wide truck coming the wrong way, they really move fast. Take my case: I was carrying the board under my arm as Greg and Jim filmed from a moving car. The road had barbed wire on both sides, and when I went to turn around, the Solex wailed and I went through the barbed wire, puncturing the tire and wrapping the spokes and wheel around my neck. I told Greg and Jim how stoked I was about the idea to film the scene again, so I got to go back to Isabel and recover.

MACGILLIVRAY:

August 11—Cameras and Castles

A slight offshore stirr in the hollows of the waves, as the morning sun squints over the cliff. The surf is small, but well formed; and the speedy breakfast plan goes into action: the VW is loaded with carefully cleaned cameras and lenses, then with carefully cleaned surfers. "Keith's very clean," Bill would say. The swell, too small for La Barre, could be just right for the sand bars a quarter mile south of Isabel. The dirt road is navigated, and the tubes



(Above left) Villa Isabel: Mark, Bill and Keith.

(Above) Girl from Cote des Basque: getting set to squeal with delight.

(Left) Castles: Mark and hairy little cylinder.

(Above right) Keith at La Barre: The ping-pong center.

(Right) Mark at Sagres: Vee release.



are there and working at "Castles." Near the beach is a huge campground cubed up with bright blue tents—French Army surplus camouflage variety. A group of swimmers play in the shorebreak at the tail-end of a perfect sand bar break. For years they've played here while millions of perfect little coils unwound without a scar. Mark, Bill and Keith quickly paddled out and begin mauling the "hairy little cylinders." Jim and I set up still and movie cameras on shore. The waves are extraordinary—repetitious perfection, breaking in the same spot with the same shape every time. Mark is trying new things, but the square-tailed Vee is giving him some problems. He borrows Keith's roundtail for a few rides and doesn't want to give it back. But the situation changes rapidly, and in an hour the waves are eaten by the tide. High tide, often 13 feet, can cause sand bar breaks to vanish or go someplace else. The cameras and boards are gathered up, and we search out Joel to tell him of our discovery. We find him at Jojo's, a sidewalk cafe at *Chambre de Amour*. We take a seat at the sidewalk table with Joel, his wife Stella, Jacques Valls, Philippe Gerard, and Marianne Nicolas. The cafe owner, Jojo, promptly steps up to the table with a stack of porcelain dishes and proceeds to toss them out like he was dealing cards, all the time belching out a great front of laughter. A few are dropped and break, but Jojo continues dealing until everyone has one. He then heaps a gigantic mound of spaghetti on each plate; and, still laughing, tells us that surfers are his worst customers . . . they don't catch very well. We tell Joel and friends about our new discovery, Castles, and then they tell us about a similar spot to the north called Hossegor. "Not many surfers go there. It is about an hour's drive," Joel adds, as we begin back to Isabel to prepare for the trip.

Tonight Mark writes home to Rich Harbour, giving him the first specifications of a new roundtail board tuned to Mark's surfing demands. Mark mails the letter immediately; and, just as quick, is anxious for a reply. "Chances are," says Bill, "you won't hear from Harbour tonight."

HAMILTON:

August 17—Hossegor

Rolling out of sheets of sleep, I found my way to the shower and threw my naked body into a cold awakening.

Ahh! Another day of barrel rolling. Carving arcs, silver slices in thick blue green. A warm wind came through the window, off the land it blew. Swinging the doors open, I took a stand on the balcony, searching the horizon and the wine-dark sea for her secrets. There it was, blue, rolling, eight-foot mountains brushed to perfection by wind's hand. This was going to be a happening day.

"Martinson!" I rang out. The ol' soul brother was in the land of Z. His head jerked up. "Yeah, what in the hell's happening?"

"Take a look," I said, pointing seaward. A white smile cracked on his face: "Let's shoot to La Barre."

Keith Paull rose from his slumber and ambled over to where I stood; he eyed the horizon with falcon-like concentration. Quiet excitement filled his eyes, and he too was off to the cold awakening.

MacGillivray collected his senses and camera gear, and studied himself with a cup of coffee for the long day ahead. Freeman sucked up some apple juice and studied

a new lens. The light was perfect and the sky cloud-free. Like the surfers, the photographers were jazzed to the gills.

The engine gave a groan, the road gave way to tire, and we were off for La Barre—the finest surf in France.

Our VW bus found its way in and out of the crowded streets of Biarritz, towards our destination forty minutes away.

At La Barre, remnants of World War II could be seen scattered along the seacoast. Old bunkers and pill boxes stood solemn and alone.

A set peaked on the horizon—a stack of three. Ten feet of curl collapsed on the outside sandbar, then dissipated as its force reached the deep-water channel running just inside. The strong Atlantic swell gathered momentum in the deep; and then, like a wild horse rearing on his haunches, the wave jumped up and crumpled forward. The long line sectioned unevenly. Still too much high-tide water on the inside sandbar. We booed Nature; La Barre's force wouldn't show its face until the yellow ball neared the horizon.

We pondered our situation. We wanted curling power; the beach to the south was rocky reef surf; to the north, surf with more power and virtually unexplored potential, but possible wasted hours of driving time. The road required a forty mile detour inland, then another forty to get back to the coastline.

The decision was made; to the north it was. Driving inland, we stopped at a small grocery for a bite to eat—pears, crisp apples, peaches, apple juice and yogurt. We pitched our francs forward and received an adios in French.

The countryside above Biarritz is fantastic. Much like the northern area of California or Oregon, with a taste of Mexico. The soil is like sand and resembles snow. The people seem young and vigorous. Sailing, water skiing, fishing, volleyball, paddleball, tennis, golf—the sporting passion of the French shows its face at every turn.

We peeled our eyes for signs pointing towards the beach land. MacGillivray spotted a sign planted on the side of a building: "Hossegor La Plage." Our French had much to be desired, but we certainly weren't lacking in the basics. "Agosh via la plage Hossegor?" MacGillivray wittily directed our course in French with a "Quick! Turn left! There's a beach at Hossegor."

Suddenly, the foliage and greenish hues were left behind, and what appeared before us was a scene from the Sahara Desert. Towering mounds of white sand stood untouched as far as the eye could see.

Freeman maneuvered us up to the base of a large dune. The quiet was deafening. Sun blazing, wind rushing around our silent forms, we attacked the dunes.

Mark and I reached the top, our eyes glued to the sight that confronted us. The sea was in its fullest glory. We stood motionless. Before us stood a sandbar point. From the horizon we saw lines pouring in from one solid direction, each swell in perfect cadence with the others. One wave broke, then another, then another, all in the same spot. Royal blue, cleansed by the hands of the wind. As each curl descended, the sun sparkled its hollowness with a ray of shimmering light.

Our blood churned with excitement. Turning in our tracks, we surfed the dune back to the VW. Paull, one glance at our emotion-packed grias, stripped off his gear, replaced the pear that hung in his mouth with a bar



Keith punches the tail at Cote des Basques.

of wax, grabbed his board and took off in a cloud of dune dust.

The panatonic duo unraveled their equipment. Walkie talkies in hand, one camera to the north, one to the south—the professionals had it wired.

The fine grain beach was solid under the feet. I stopped my stride for a short moment to rear up into a head stand. This yogi posture sent the blood churning to the head, instantly relaxing the limbs and torso. By controlling my breath, the senses burst with awareness, warmth suffused my entire form, confidence beamed in my brain—I was ready. Sock it to me sea!

The surf and her children moved like clock work. Keith Paull, powerful and flowing, uptight with five feet of green. Slipping vertically, trim turning, his white wake was swallowed by the hissing curl.

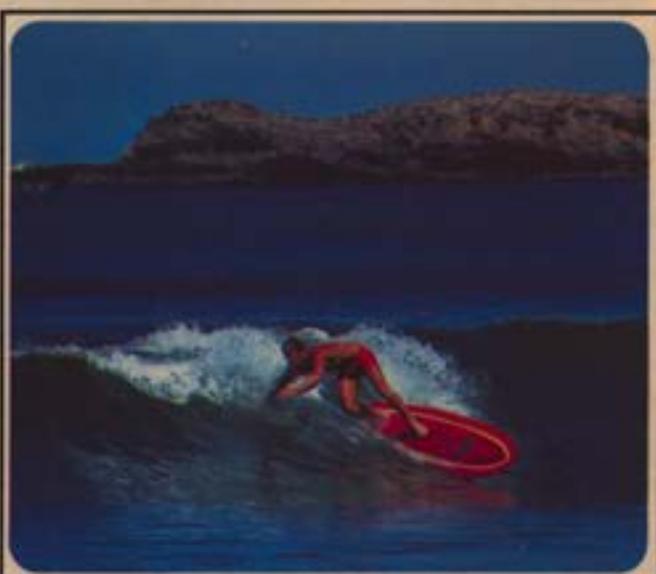
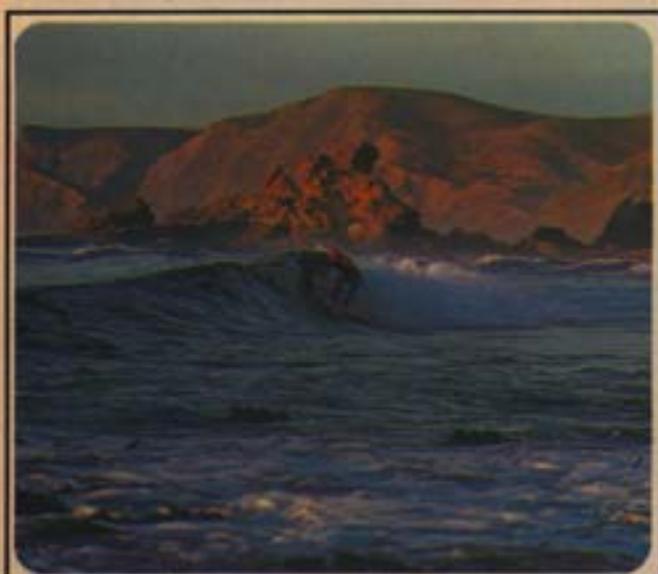
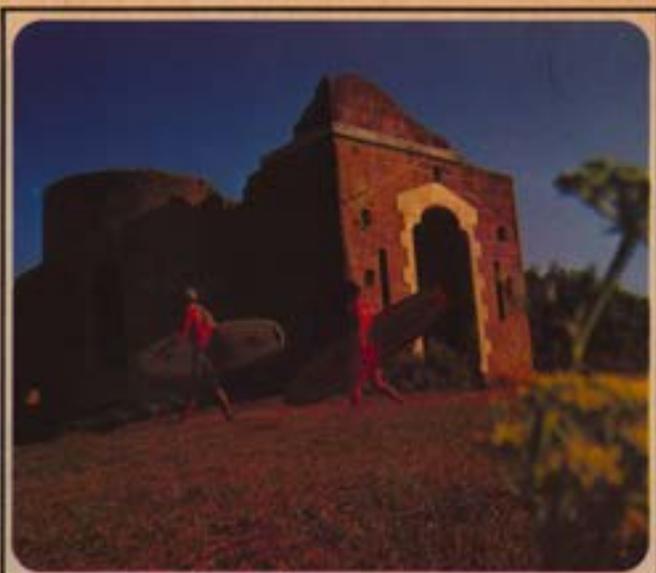
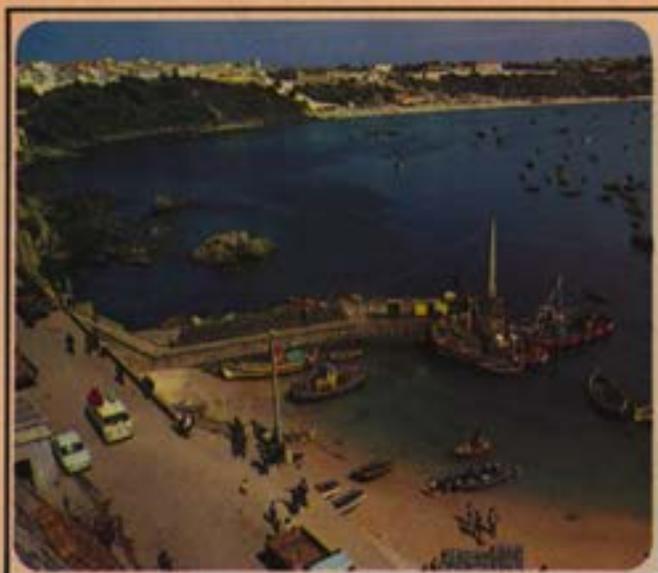
Martinson, next on the line: fade, you mother, fade! No, man, not so far! Ahh, experience rules. One sweep of aggression and some magic is displayed. The iron stance prepares for the fall line. Crack! The curl explodes. Mark disappears into the green cathedral. Three seconds, another confession for the stocky king, then he reappears, cleansed. Mark surfs as never before, constantly trying to put it all in a new dimension. He seems a completely different surfer in the few days since we met Keith.

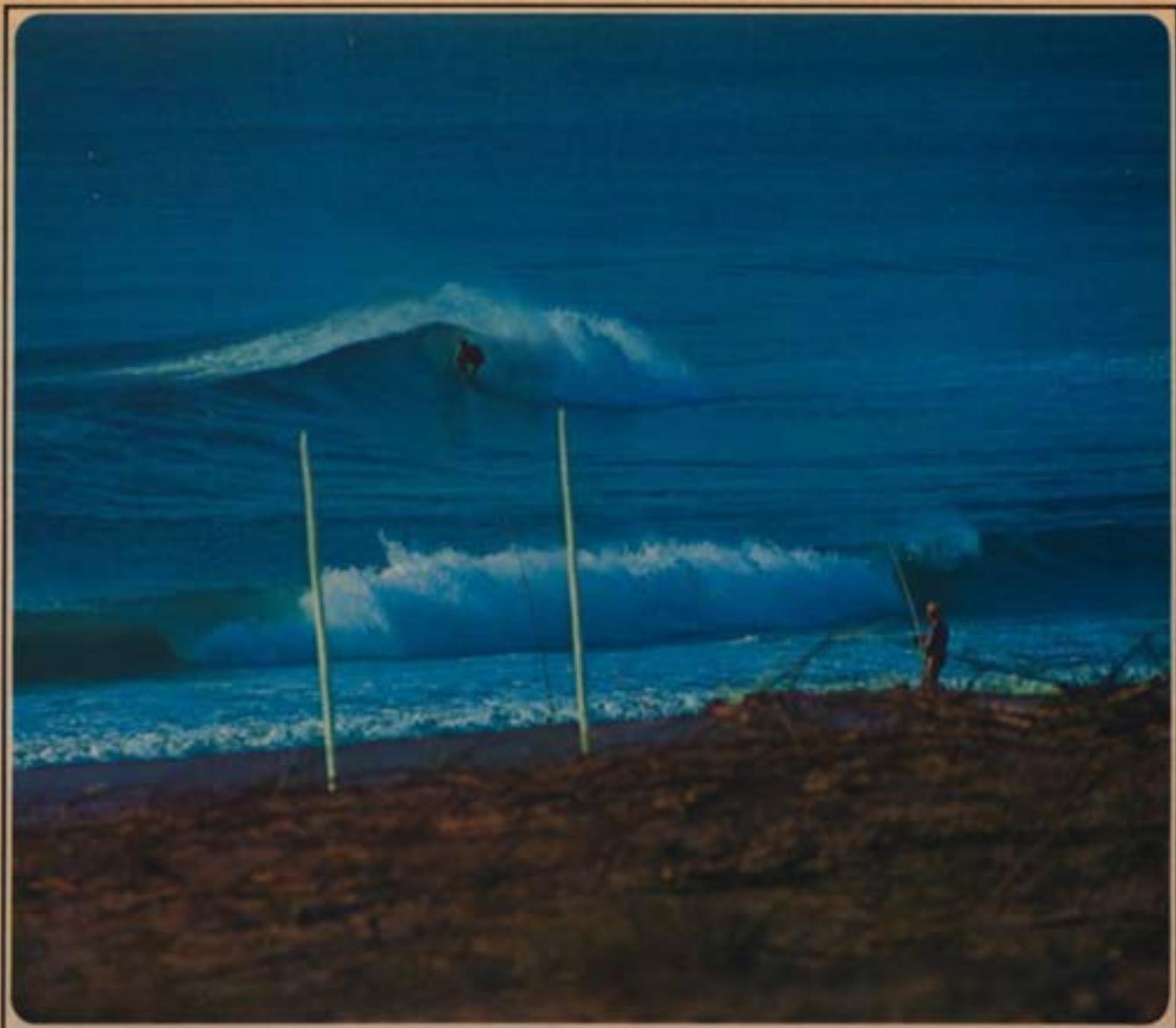
Another set rolled forward . . . three blue mounds. The first one? No, let it go, use it as a sweeper—cleans the trough for the next one. This one? Yeah, do it. Two strokes? Oh, the late late show huh? Okay, no strokes. The vertical sweep of the wave had too much to offer for my vee. I began to slip straight down, the skittering foam and fiber losing its bond with every second. Instinct took over. Reaching for something to hang on to, I grabbed the face of the wave. The upward charge of the curl brought a churning of foam about my fingers. Directionless for a second amidst the void, my board seemed to steer its course true. Ahh, the exalting feeling of being completely snapped!

A day of days! Blue virgin sky, warm crisp barrels glistening like there was no tomorrow. Hours passed, our bodies aching from the briny pleasure. One by one, we strode from our blue-green canvas to the cobra-ray sands of rest.

"Free" and "Easy" organized their rolls of action, feeling a good flush of accomplishment—knowing that this day, like ones before, could be communicated to others.

We sat in the sand for awhile, savoring the wine of the French from a bota-bag, and discussed the day and its elements. Toasting the decision we had made that morning, we relaxed with a feeling that can only be expe-





(Top left) The bus passes through a fishing town on the way to Sagres.

(Top middle) Castle at Castle.

(Mid-left) Bill bumps along at Sagres.

(Middle) Mark: putting it together at Cote des Basques.

(Left) That time of day: Sagres, Portugal.

(Above) Mark shoots the poles at Hossegor.

(Right) Bill on a full bender at Sagres.





Mark slices Hossegor slick.

rienced after a full day and a couple of belts of rich, warm wine.

The day was ending. The hot yellow ball shortened its radius of light to the horizon line. The air puffed around us, smelling of the land, shadows cooling sandy pockets with lengthy strides.

A day with the earth had passed. Packing our weather-weary bodies into the bus, we weaved our way into the darkness, leaving the ocean and its life behind. The morning would find us elsewhere, living out another chapter in the book of our travels.

FREEMAN:

September 10—Leaving Biarritz

We have plenty of film for the France sequence, so plans are made to leave. The villa is cleaned: our trash, which has been accumulating for a month in the garage, is left for the trashman in large bags that stretch twenty feet down the drive; broken lamps are glued together; the toilet, which has never worked very well, is rigged so it will flush once for the landlord's inspection. We hope no count is made on the China cups, as Hamilton's birthday party took its toll. The Volkswagen is packed with the boards, film, cameras and food; we kiss the girls goodbye, thank Keith for helping us with the film production (he is off for South Africa), and sadly pull away from Isabel and Biarritz on our way to Portugal.

September 11—Portugal

An hour later we have passed the frontier into Spain. In another day we cross into Portugal; Europe is amazingly compact. Lisbon is our first stop, and we stay at a beautiful hotel on the ocean for only \$12 a night—for four of us. We sleep well, and in the morning try for surf at Guincho (10 miles north of Lisbon). After a six-foot surf, we buy fruit from a bunch of screaming female vendors who attack the VW, blurt their Portuguese sales pitches and flash toothless grins.

Traveling: the countryside is clean and free of litter, the homes are cased in bright pastel adobe, bordered with neat rows of stone-hedge fences. In four hours we reach Nazare, a divided city—half crowded onto a cliff above the sea, and half squeezed onto the beach below. A cable-operated railroad connects the two. We check into a hotel, then take a tour of the town, visiting the

open-air market where farmers bring their chickens, wheat, eggs and fruits, and fishermen sell octopus and shell fish along with more palatable wares. We hit the beach just as the wind sighs into an evening glass-off. Mark and Bill weave through a crowd of beach sitters and paddle out. The Portuguese, though familiar with the ocean, do not use it recreationally. They gather at the water's edge to watch. Mark and Bill proceeded to amaze the Portuguese in the six-foot surf. Some fishermen use oxen to pull the red, white and blue boats onto the sand for unloading. Then surfed out, they return to shore and are immediately surrounded by the curious Portuguese. Bill takes it in stride and casually exits stage left; leaving Mark to the question and answer session, which he laughs his way through with: "But no speaka Portuguese!"

Mark speaks to an Englishman, who says there's surf at Sagres, a village at the southernmost corner of Portugal where the Iberian Peninsula juts back to meet the Mediterranean. Out from Nazare, the VW rips up the southern highway, across the Ponte Salazar (a bridge patterned after the Golden Gate) to the tip of Europe.

One-hundred-foot cliffs rise like stone hulks over a crescent-coved beach. Four-foot waves break across a reef. Mark and Bill pick their way down the cliff and into the sea—only to return in five minutes for wetsuits and booties—the water temperature is a chilly 55 degrees. The beach is infested with cute little crabs and aggressive sand fleas. The afternoon, sunny and blue, is spent shooting comedy surfing in the lumpy fun surf. Afterwards, the VW radio is tuned to one of the local classical musical stations, wine is squeezed from the bota bag, and we begin our return trip to Lisbon to film the ending sequences to the European adventure.

France and Portugal are more than words to at least five of us now. They are real places with extremely real people. Inadvertently, the filming in Europe had changed all of our lives, especially Mark's. We had come to film Mark's development; we had come with a script. We didn't need it. That development became reality. Mark's European genesis was a turning point in his life. Now he could look ahead to Puerto Rico and Hawaii with confidence and understanding. Mark's experience there, and the experiences of the rest of the "Waves of Change" crew, will be the subject for the next articles. Later . . .



A tourist at Guincho checks Bill on a framed left.





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Shorebreak



David Henderson

California

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LISTING



EX-AUSSIE CHAMP

Scores Big Upset in Clean American Suburb

By Keith Paul



Confrontation at Sebastian Inlet: Gary Hook, Mike Tabeling, and Keith Paul attempt to reason with the sympathetic local power structure. Photo: Kiwi White.

Florida... hot, early morning; Mike Tabeling, Kiwi White, Gary Hook and myself flowing happily down A1A, laughing and envisioning the swell and the surf we were about to have. It was a rare day, one of those days that live forever in a person's mind.

Sebastian Inlet... an inlet opening, black breakwaters contrasting with the whiteness of the beach, and... tubes! Righteous Rights, tight... heavy rhythmic peaks.

"Wow... Unreal... check the power in that wave, Mike."

"Yeh! This place really gets it on!" Tabeling was stoked.

Five kids...

Super stoked! Playing and digging in mother ocean's gift: a complete fun happening.

"Hey, lookie! We're being photographed," Mike said.

"You better do something with that ski or you'll fade out of the lime-light," I told him.

"Hey, you guys! That officer told me to get you in on the beach; he wants to see you." It was one of the men from the jetty.

We went in. He led us to the conservation officer, who sang out our rights as he started writing out his first ticket, all in a meticulous, organ-

ized manner (after all, this was America).

Arrested... surfing within 200 feet of the jetties, one Mike Tabeling ordinance 24... etc.

"Hey! I'm an Australian, mate! Been in Florida two days; don't know anything about this law. And besides, there's no sign."

"That's no excuse for ignorance, Skipper!" the man from the jetty said.

"Skipper? My name's Kiwi, sir."

"Listen, Skipper! We've dealt with your type here before; just tell your buddies about this after you've paid the \$20 fine."

"Oh! Are you a plain-clothes cop or something?"

"I'm off duty now, Skipper."

"It's Gary."

"This officer's arresting you all," the plain-clothesman said.

"Why didn't you tell us about the law when you were taking the pictures of my friends surfing? I could have gone back in and told them."

"Look, now, Skipper!"

"My name's Kiwi, sir."

Afterwards, bestowed with receipts for our mortal sins and using Kiwi's talent of photography to capture our hunters in their natural element (every time he pressed that

shutter, we all hoped to see if fire poison darts), we found ourselves firing up that damned freeway, a black gloom caving in.

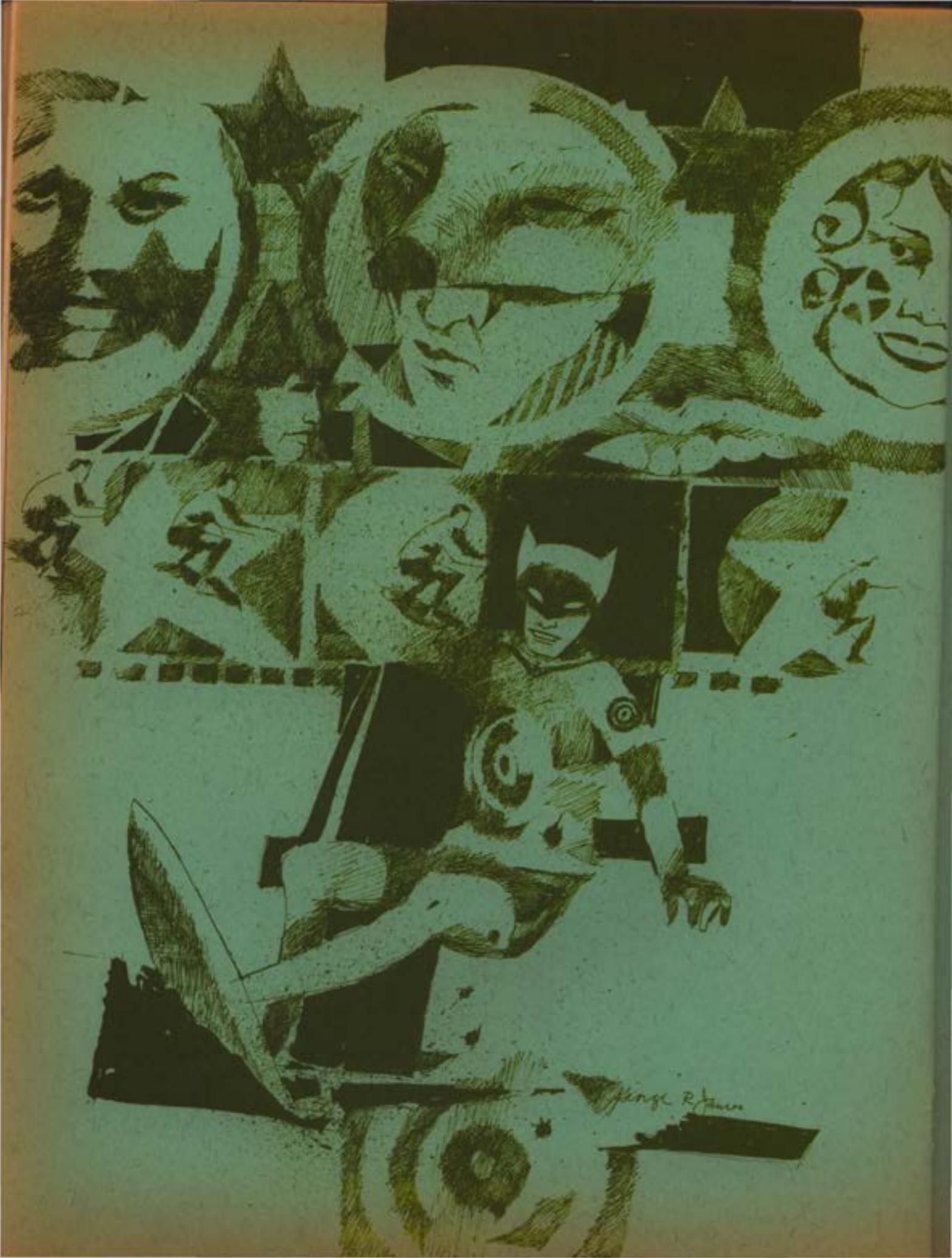
Then: laughter?... someone's cracked?... "Let's fight this! The press! We'll write an article and use Kiwi's pictures."

Then came the acceptance... newspapers got behind us, and the public sympathies were at once aroused and outraged. We not only received the public's support, but the support of people who were willing to help. One was a Mr. Michael Mark, a Cocoa Beach realtor. His sponsoring of us with his lawyer, Mr. Headmann, won the court's sympathy and the judge's decision, "acquitted."

Makes one see the balance, and why we have our organization. It's so hard to stand alone these days.

We were involved; we stood up for our thing; we cared. Other people cared, and they stood beside us.

Now, what's that you say about a California surf shutdown? If other surfers will test the laws in their areas, these laws can be reversed in court. If we flow with the illegal ordinances, we will be erased from the scene. We must make a stand, and save our surf!



George R. Raimi

The little man in the loose fitting grey suit shuffled out of the wings, stuck his hands in his pockets and rocked from side to side. Slowly, he addressed the audience, "Tonight... you're in for a... really big show... about a surfer... and people... and life. Later on, we'll be hearing from some... really top performers... and in a... special guest appearance... GOD! I'm sure you're all going to... enjoy it. It has... violence... surf... sex... everything that real life has... and... you don't even have to... get involved... And now...."

THE REALLY BIG SHOW

By Cort Gifford

Finding a parking spot on the highway above the dirty sand of Huntington Beach was about the only thing that had gone right for Homer in the last six months since he quit his job, sold his furniture and made the first payment on a van that broke down four times and left him in Santa Maria with a fifty dollar repair bill, which forced him to hock his tent, Coleman stove, catalytic heater and portable AM-FM transistor radio that cost over two-hundred dollars, but only got him a loan of forty-five bucks. Things were looking up. Ordinarily he would have pulled his battered Jacobs off the top of the battered van, but someone stole his board carrier in Santa Barbara. Instead, he opened up the back doors and picked up a pair of dirty jockey shorts that fell onto the ground and started to blow into traffic.

The water wasn't too warm even for the middle of July, but Homer drove out past the swells without the slightest discomfort, and waited for a decent set.

Everyone thought splitting the working scene and living out of a van for the rest of whatever was cool and

"Outasight," Tony said, wishing he could go.

"Beautiful," Karen sighed.

"God, I wish I could do that," Howard laughed.

"It's stupid," Maxwell said. Maxwell was a grunt.

Four solid strokes and he was in. A vicious bottom turn lifted the nose over Homer's head and dumped him. It wasn't too bad. Like the broad in Cambria, the town's only hooker, who put him up for a week, providing room, and bored him to death with the stories of how she was supporting her mother who was nuts and running up a hell of a bill at Camarillo State Hospital.

The mellifluous curl ambled by while Homer stroked its wall with his right hand, gaining a little speed before the section in front of him closed out. He roared up and smiled to himself as he floated through an impressive roller coaster. A slight north current carried him and two other guys, who were trying to pick up on his loose style, about a mile away from where he had entered a few hours ago. So what was a mile walk? It was five and three quarters to the station in San Luis Obispo that wouldn't take a harmonica as a deposit on a gas can. He told the attendant how hard up he really was and offered to leave his entire wallet as security. The guy said it was okay, and would trust Homer, who burned the can.

Walking back down the coast, he spotted a long line of humanity that ended or began at a small house

trailer resting on the sand about fifty yards away from the water.

"What's happening, man," Homer asked, getting in line behind the last kid in the file. The kid didn't answer but pointed to a large sign painted in big red letters on the side of the trailer.

HOLLYWOOD EXTRAVAGANZA!! EXTRAS NEEDED FOR SURF FLICK.

It took a long time for the line to dwindle down, and the kid who didn't speak got tired of waiting and left without speaking.

"Can I help you, young man?" the casting director said from behind his granny glasses and scarf that disappeared into his tan, silk shirt.

"Yeah."

"Yeah, what?" the man said.

"Yeah, you can help me," Homer said, wondering how the casting director got to be casting director. "I want to be an extra."

"Well," pawing out a dainty left, "why didn't you say so? What do you do?" Homer shrugged his shoulders, not knowing what he was supposed to be able to do. "It doesn't matter anyway, we don't need any more male dancers."

"I don't dance," Homer replied. "I surf."

"Don't be silly," the casting director said. "Now *there's* a surfer," he said, pointing off to a youth who was

"I was finally able to play my
own song on a wave, and I felt
really sunny inside." – Cheer Critchlow



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testing the pressure of the slicks on his yellow Ford Econoline. "You can tell. See his mustache, the white bulky knit sweater that shows off his tan. And the beads, don't forget the single strand of beads around his neck, with the long, blond-haired girl combing his not-so-long, not-so-blond hair."

"I'm not being silly. I surf," Homer protested.

"Prove it," the part-time agent said, folding both arms around a clipboard he held.

"I just came out of the water," Homer said, pointing to the ocean that wasn't there. "The water! It's gone," the surfer said, his stomach half on fire from the shock.

"What's the problem," another, older man said, approaching the two.

"The ocean's gone," Homer said, still looking at the huge expanse of desert that spread out like a brown table cloth behind him.

"I wasn't talking to you," the new arrival informed Homer.

"Oh, Sir, it's you," the casting director said, bowing and apologizing with his tone of voice.

"C. D., if this boy says he's a surfer, then I see no problem in including him as a member of the group." The new arrival put an arm around Homer's shoulder and led him toward the trailer.

"Don't let it get ya down, kid. He's new around here." The man and Homer walked into the trailer and threaded their way through the crowds. There must of been over a thousand people there. Lights, props and a parking lot full of brand new Camaros, just across the street from the saloon which was a part of another set. Homer turned around in circles a couple of times, unable to believe his surroundings. "I thought we were in a trailer."

"We are," the man said matter of factly. "Oh you mean the size?" He leaned toward Homer, looking around first, and whispered. "It's all done with mirrors." Homer nodded and continued until both of them were stopped by a booming voice that overshadowed the entire production group.

"Will the teenie boppers please come to the parking lot? Will the teenie boppers," the voice said, putting the emphasis on the 'nie' and the 'bop,' "please come to the parking lot?" The area suddenly bristled with small, screeching voices and

bikini clad girls who walked, waddled and strutted by in a mass of bulging, post-pubescent mammalia.

"Wow, isn't this a gas, Cher?" one of them asked a friend.

"I don't know," the other whined. "It's not as much fun as I thought it would be." The parking lot came alive as the cavalry of feminine flesh started the engines and drove off every which way, causing no less than a hundred separate accidents, and sending the property master into a cardiac arrest. Homer's escort shook his head and gave out a dying sigh as they both passed a big door with a star on it. It swung open violently. A tall, well-tanned man in his middle twenties, Homer judged, pushed his way past the two and onto a set that had a big white screen as a back drop.

"Hurry it up," the star said briskly. "I have to get back to my shop and start work on some more planks." He was instructed to stand on the prop surfboard that was on controllable springs in front of the screen, as the house lights went out and a huge Pipeline curl appeared behind him in 90mm panavision.

"You know, I don't have to do this stupid bit," he said arrogantly, trying to act as if he were surfing. The camera kept rolling. "I really *do* surf, ya know." The curl gathered all the kinetic energy it could, and threw out clusters of diaphanous sheets of gnarling, bone crushing, ear shattering diamonds that ricocheted off the jagged reef below in a profusion of blue and white.

"As soon as this pic is over, I'm getting the hell out of here," the surfer protested, still trying to act as if he were surfing. "You're all a bunch of cruds that are messing up my ocean." He sat down on the board, his legs dangling over the side a few inches from the floor of the set while another wave broke behind him. "I'm going away where there's no crime, no violence, no surfers, no nothin'. Just me and my waves," he cried. "Who needs ya?"

"When do we start surfing," Homer asked the man as they continued through the enclosure, heading for two giant double doors at the end of the sound stage. He began to answer the question when a shrill siren stopped everyone in their tracks. Through the crowd rushed two men carrying a stretcher. On it lay a sea gull covered with oil, bravely

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and instinctively struggling for breath.

"Boy," Homer said, watching the men run out of view. "I sure hope that poor thing is okay."

"Okay? What's to be okay?" Homer's benefactor said, looking at his watch. "It was messing up the ocean shot. We had to get it off the set before it smelled up the whole show."

The double doors before them opened and the sound of surf played in the distance. They walked onto the sand where a fat, cigar-chewing sergeant was passing out surfboards to the extras. Homer received a brand new 7x8 mini gun. He wondered if there was a way he could rip it off after the filming. On the board were some words. Homer read aloud. "And the time will come when you see we're all one, and life flows on within you and without you. G. Harrison." The sergeant spoke out of the side of his mouth that wasn't occupied with the cigar. "We feel it imparts to the production a modicum of avante garde intellectualism. Don't you agree?"

"Yeah. It's outasight," Homer replied.

"No, actually it's right there on the board," the supply sergeant mused, pointing to the stick. Homer and his friend took their boards and reached the shorebreak. Outside, it was six plus and walling up. Just right for the mini gun, Homer thought, although he had only used one a few times. Together they hit the shorebreak and knee paddled slowly through the surf. Homer was about to swing around and wait for instructions, but turned to see a Negro youth, wearing a tattered shirt and black arm band, standing on a raft about fifty yards away. A surfboard floated nearby.

"Isn't he in the show?" Homer asked innocently.

"In a surfing picture?" the escort answered rhetorically. "It just doesn't play, baby," he said, flicking at the water near his board. "He just stays there 'til we need him." The man looked toward an incoming set and motioned to Homer. "Hit it!" Homer caught the driving sixer and went left. He felt the earth pulling down on him while cutting a long bottom turn. Then right, through a perfect liquid crescent. He continued in a series of smooth "S" turns and a hard kick-out.

Flying toward them from down coast, a helicopter moaned a path past Homer and his friend as a camera crew was filming the action.

"They're sure shooting this from all angles, aren't they?" Homer said, sitting back down on his board. His friend laughed. The chopper turned at the end of the lineup of surfers in the water and made another pass. USMC was printed in big, white letters on the side as twin 50mm machine guns strafed the area just past Homer. Surfers fell from their riddled boards in a rain of death, leaving dismembered bodies floating white and lifeless in the water. Slowly a red hue came over the face of the ocean around the two. Homer tried to lift his legs out of the crimson froth and onto his board. The man continued laughing. "Don't let that bother ya, kid. It's just the red tide. We get it every year on the coast."

"God! Doesn't anybody around here care what the hell is going on?" Homer asked in a flurry of indignation. He began to paddle towards shore.

"Where do you think you're going?" the man yelled. He didn't reply, but pruned out in some white water that carried him in. Homer threw down the board, not bothering to give it back to the supply sergeant; and ran through the sand, in and out of the large set and back out onto the sands of Huntington.

Crossing to a large rock where he had left his board, the exhausted surfer sat down, resting his head on his knees.

"Hello." A small man with a big smile stood looking at Homer. A pot belly was straining at the belt, which at its furthest hole, was holding up a pair of pink bermudas.

"Hi," Homer said, not ready for the sight.

"Why are you leaving?" the little man asked. "Aren't you enjoying yourself?" The surfer stood up arrogantly.

"Enjoying it? Are you kidding? Man, that place is a madhouse. People doing things that other people tell them to do, saying things that someone else writes. And the worst part," Homer's hands clenched in maddened despair. "The worst part is that nobody gives a damn about anything." The fat arrival stood smiling calmly, taking the words without a ruffle. "I saw people being killed by the hundreds, and nobody did a thing

about it," Homer said, breathing heavily.

"Did you do anything about it?" the small man asked.

"Me? What could I do?" Homer pleaded. The little one looked down at his feet, a small laugh was evident.

"Well," he said, patting his flaccid gut, "you're welcome to stay . . . or go if you wish. It's up to you." He turned to leave.

"Hey. Who are you, anyway?" Homer asked, ready to walk after the man.

"Me?" he answered shyly. "Oh, I'm the director."

"The director!" Homer said, his voice nearly cracking.

"Yes. That's me," he said as if it were a small thing.

"How come you're not on the set directing?" Homer asked logically. The little man looked around at the scenery; beach, sand, sky. "I just set it all in motion, and it seems to take care of itself."

"Oh," Homer pondered. "That's cool."

"No. Actually it's seventy-six degrees Fahrenheit," he said, leaving the surfer to ponder the involved simplicity of his exit line.

"Thanks just the same, but I think I'll go!" Homer yelled to the director, who, without turning, waved as if to say "Okay."

The board was still waiting for its owner and soon was picked up and began a journey to the highway above. Homer reached the road a few cars away from his van, and walked over the uncomfortable asphalt toward a man who was standing next to the vehicle. It was the other guy. The one who was with Homer during the filming.

"Howdy," Homer offered. "What-cha doin' out here? I thought you were back in the set."

"Hell. It wouldn't have been much fun without you there," the man said, taking the board and shoving it through the rear doors he already had unlocked.

"You know, you never did tell me your name," Homer said.

"You mean you don't know?" the friend said, opening the passenger side door and getting in.

"No," Homer replied, sliding onto the driver's seat. He turned toward the stranger who wasn't there. Homer sat still for a moment. Reaching forward to adjust the rear view mirror, Homer looked up and realized. ■



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In seven days of beautiful Western Australia surf, SURFER Poll winner Nat Young regained the Australian title he'd lost to Keith Paul last year. Wayne Lynch, whom Nat describes as the "best surfer in Australia," took all five events in the junior competition. New names are emerging, though; surfers like Butch Cooney, Richard Harvey (third men's), and a revitalized Peter Drouyn (second men's). The "Animal" herein records the week-long proceeding in which he got it on to win the thing, and let it out when it was over.

ANIMAL ON - ANIMAL OUT

By Nat Young

After leaving Sydney, crossing several mountain ranges, the state of South Australia, and 1,000 miles of desert, we arrived in sunny Perth, the capital of Western Australia, and the state chosen for this year's Australian Championships. Western Australia was entitled to this honor simply because all the other states, except South Australia, have taken this, the foremost Australian contest, in turn for the past five years.

On the way over, we were all on the plane together: Judy Trim, the 15-year-old girl that has won every contest this year, and surfs exactly like Margo Godfrey, possessing that same drive and enthusiasm. She should win the women's without much trouble, except for Josette Lagardere, who, I understand, will be



competing for Queensland since she has left America for an indefinite period. Four rows behind me to the left sat Ted Spencer; he has done exceptionally well this year, and talks confidently about his boards. This, in turn, was boosting his personal confidence. Next to him, Doctor Robert Spence — he is an amazing person, responsible for practically all the good things to come from the Australian Surfriders Association. Directly across the aisle sat Butch Cooney; he does well if the surf gets up to any size. "Twistle," one of the not-so-well-known Manly kids, was in there somewhere, as well as "Muscles" from Maroubra, and a couple of the Newcastle kids — that was virtually all of the New South Wales contingent.



The Animal shrinking in a right pocket. Photo: Alby Falzon.



Margaret River surfscapes. Photo: Falzon.



(opposite) Richard Harvey vaults into reentry. Photo: Rick Chan.

Col. Hammond buries it as deep as it'll go. Photo: Chan.

In Adelaide, the plane swelled, taking on more surfers. Some South Australians joined our flight, and we saw the Victorians and Tasmanians dashing for another flight. It seemed the Queenslanders and a couple of guys that drove across the Nullabor were the only ones already in Perth, along with Glen Ritchie and Richard Harvey, who left Sydney a couple of days earlier.

Upon arrival, it seemed everyone was suffering from the normal lack of communication, probably due to Western Australia being so far away from the major surfing populace in Victoria, New South Wales and Queensland. Perth itself is an extremely beautiful city, compact and working efficiently, with two main streets crossing three of slightly lesser importance. The people are a mixture of English, Italian and Asian immigrants existing easily with the typical Australian. The enthusiasm for surfing here is strong, possibly because of the relative newness of the sport. Everyone was excited over the prospect of five separate contests with aggregate points taken into account to make up a grand final of the seven best surfers in Australia. Rumor had it that the surf had been good — 12 foot, maybe larger — a couple of days earlier.

FIRST DAY

I must say that Sunday, the 11th of May, was not very good contest surf. The swell was small, and lots of people clambered all over one another in order to watch the surfers try to find a little valve in the tiny Scarborough lefts. A problem arose

when Ted Spencer failed to qualify for the final, and two guys who have never made a final in major surfing contests came through easily. Richard Harvey was surfing well, and the final seemed to have been won by either Richard or myself. Drouyn just couldn't find the waves. With the element of luck running too high, Sunday's surf wasn't considered good contest surf. The small, inconsistent lefts were very nice for those who managed to be in the right place at the right time, but for the other competitors — disaster. In the juniors, Wayne was perpetually covering himself in two feet of falling curl.

SECOND DAY

On Monday, the teams drove 180 miles south of Perth to Yallingup. The drive down was a collage of greens, spotted with farm houses and cattle. Yallingup Beach is an amazing first sight, nestling quietly in a thousand rugged curves each commencing on the horizon and melting evenly into the ocean; they are so rugged, but so smooth when viewed from any distance.

I felt it to be the ideal of Australia, away from the everpresent clutter of buildings. That afternoon at Margaret River, everyone was jubilant; the swell was 8' - 10', the skies clear and the wind off the land. That night at the pub, the morale was high and everyone drank and made merry in preparation for the following day.

THIRD DAY

As on the day before, the best surf on Tuesday was at Margaret River, some twenty miles from Yallingup. The surf in size was 6' - 8' with an



Nat Young and Ted Spencer. Photo: Falzon.

occasional 10' clean-up set, but it didn't seem to bother anyone because of the basic excitement of being given a chance to surf these big beautiful tubes with only a few people. It was easy to feel that the waves had come from a long way off, having an amazing amount of power for their size. I managed to snap my big-wave board clean down the centre, and then really had a job trying to increase the range of my hotdog board. I had done this once before in Hawaii, and it had worked perfectly — by mixing a paste of flour and resin and laying it up around the rails, you can make an edge that can be used to make the board turn easier or just hold in better. This is what I was doing. I coupled this improvement with a new, deeper fin with slightly more area, sanded with a straighter foil to get more direction out of a turn, and I had increased the board's



The Animal: full rail, turning up. Photo: Chan.

range to around 10'. I made these adjustments after my first heat because the board felt extremely negative, breaking the line on every turn under almost any amount of pressure. Luckily, Terry Jacks had brought resin and a sander, and someone else had glass and lots of willing hands. "Dog" cut the glass, Terry mixed, and I applied. I felt complete exhaustion that evening after six hours in the water and the mental and physical pressure from tuning a board during such an important day.

FOURTH DAY

On the fourth day, it was a consistent 10', maybe even bigger. The day before, the competition had been good—no hassling in the final, almost too good to be true. Now everyone was still very happy. They announced that the contest was at Margaret

River, and the twenty miles seemed to go very slowly as we sped through a terrain of gum trees and kangaroos. After being sucked across the rocks during my heat, I suffered minor injury to both my board and body. On the beach, I carefully placed the board in what I considered to be the perfect spot for the dings to dry before I could cover them with tape. After lunch, I returned to find the board had slipped down the embankment and into a fire.

The front three feet were badly charred, and part of the foam had disintegrated. I was slightly perturbed, and while I was ripping at the burned glass, the announcer called for resin and glass. Ian Canes' father produced the necessary materials, and it was off to the local storekeeper to see what he had.

His garage revealed an emery wheel which could be used as a

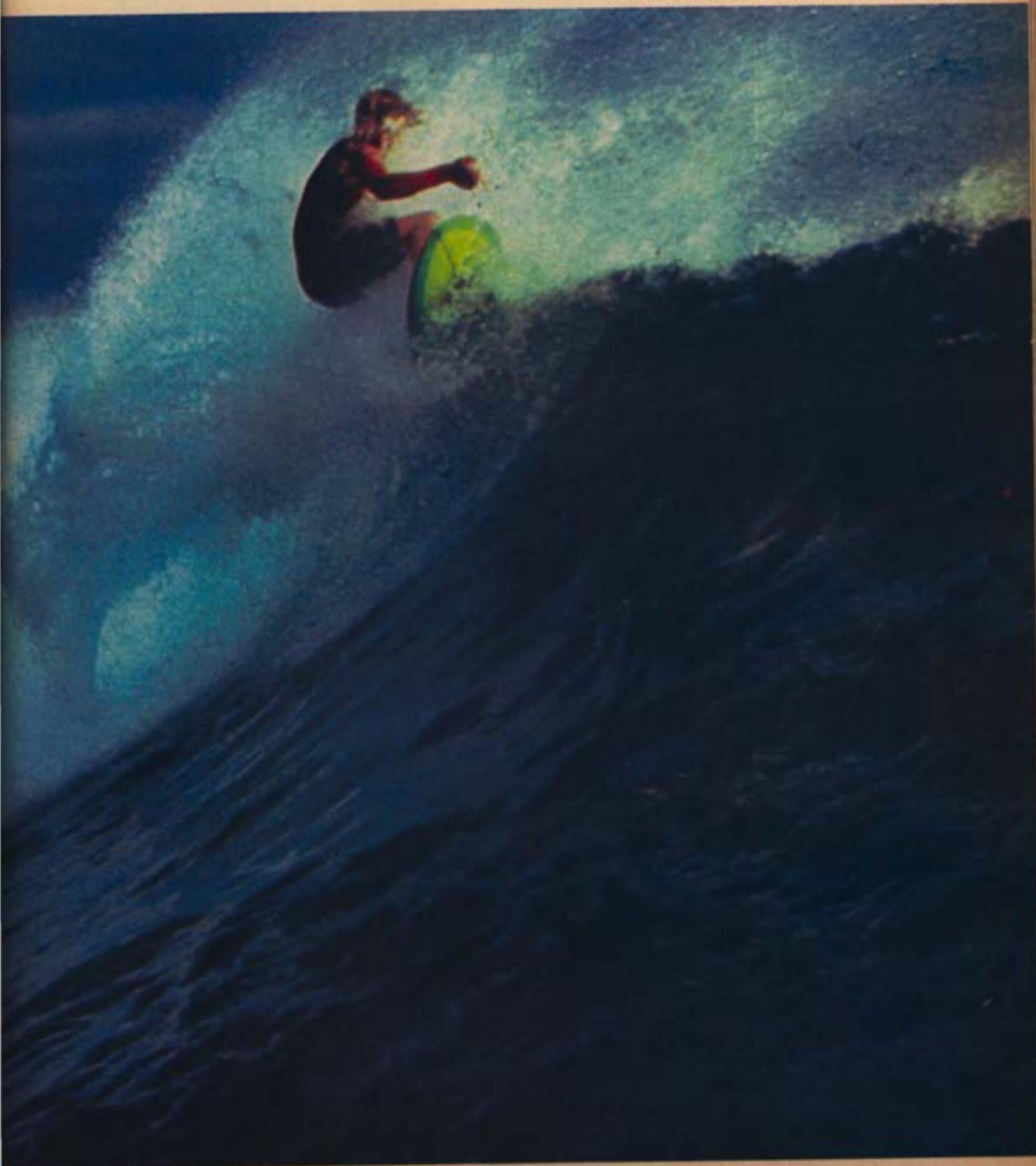
sander if I was careful. After grinding the whole thing as smooth as possible, we globbed the rails to hold the thing together. The officials gave me an extra ten minutes to let the resin go off; and, in fact, I was still applying the masking tape to the deck when the semi paddled out.

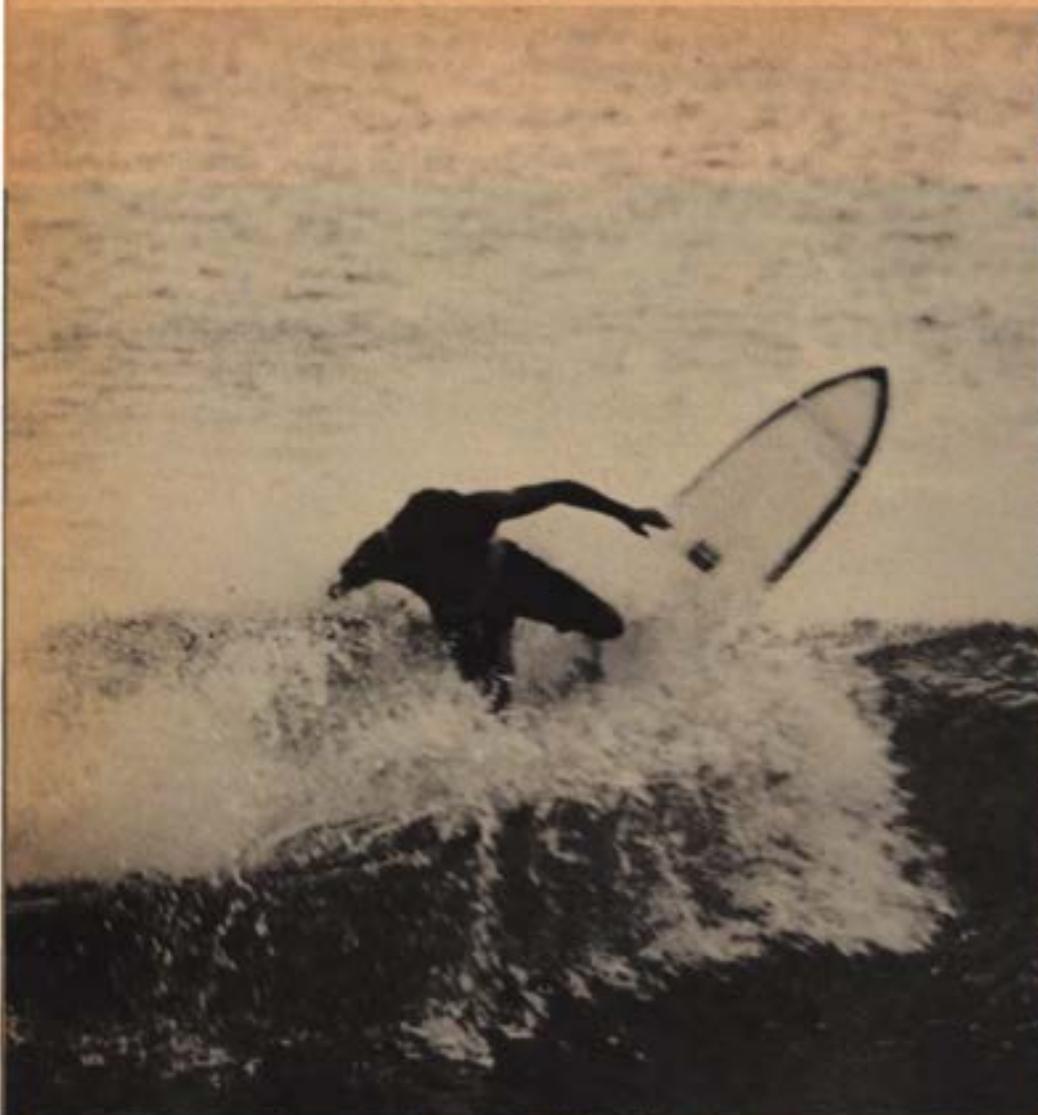
At the bottom of the first wave, I felt the whole board out of balance, the consequence being a long swim to think the whole thing over. After managing one good tube and two quite reasonable ones, I had just about enough points to make the final. After more frantic taping, I was surfing in the final. Big, fast and hollow—the taped down nose section kept filling up with water, and after every wave I had to point the nose in the air and make a hole to let the water escape. This procedure followed before and after every wave. I thought it was all over when the

Wayne Lynch: up high and tight at Margaret River.



Lynch rebounds off a steaming lip. Photos: Falzon.





A rejuvenated Drouyn aimed at the sky. Photo: Chan.

horn blew, but the final was cancelled because of poor light caused by the sun setting.

That night was spent in a hut with heaters, a lot of resin and glass, and a couple of friends: Terry Jacks and Greg Lorenson.

FIFTH DAY

The next day's competition began in slightly bigger surf at Margaret River again. Everyone was beginning to get a little tired of 10' lefts, and it was showing in the surfing. The final resumed from the previous day, and a difficult position presented itself when I had a drop-in marked against me. This decision put me from first place to last in the final. The cumulative results up till then were Richard Harvey first, Peter Drouyn and me equal seconds.

Finally the wind came in, and we were all given the remainder of

Thursday to look around, finding all sorts of good things to discover. "Yallingup," like all the other names of towns in the immediate area, ends in "up" — this being the aboriginal word for water. The whole area is deep in aboriginal culture probably because it is the second oldest plain above water in the world, and the Aborigine is one of the oldest races. All about are caves and faults in the earth's surface. The terrain varies a great deal from the magnificent rocky crags we surf beneath, to a petrified forest where some space movie was shot. Close to the hotel is a dense, tropical jungle, and every night during the contest week everybody was playing ghosts.

Now there were only two more contests to go, and the week was getting longer. The pressure and fatigue felt from constant competition was starting to get through to everyone.



Nat: picking up the pieces. Photo: Chan.

We all knew that the five separate contests were the only true way to find the Australian Champion. However, when you start to count the heats, there were fifteen separate events in each division. That, I believe, is simply too many events in one week.

SIXTH DAY

On Friday, the winds changed and with this, a change in the contest to Yallingup Beach. They completed all the day's competition except the open men's final, which, after the first five minutes, was cancelled due to adverse weather conditions.

SEVENTH DAY

On Saturday, I won the Australian Championship, winning the final of the fourth contest, though losing the fifth to Peter Drouyn. In general it felt good — my mind and body were completely thrashed. I would have



Peter Drouyn in a full lean at Margaret River. Photo: Chan.

loved to catch the midnight flight for Sydney. However, I had an obligation to see the contest through; and, like most good contests, the contest is just beginning when the presentation night begins.

The invitation was for a buffet dinner at 8 a.m., in the dining room of Caves House Hotel. This was a lovely idea, but Australians can only be Australians under all circumstances. The buffet dinner was given by the Australian Surfriders Association, led by Tony Olsson. It was the newly elected president's way of expressing his thanks and ending the competition in good spirits. It occurred to me that this dinner was of a very similar, in fact, exactly the same style that Eduardo Arena used in Puerto Rico for the closing of the World Contest.

However, one thing Tony forgot was that Australians are animals.

The minute the table was full, the surfing priest gave his blessing, someone called "one, two, three, buffet," and the table was alive with grasping hands feeding hungry mouths. The food was good; the table was clean in precisely five minutes, and Tony and the officials were flabbergasted, not to mention hungry. It was at this point that the first A.S.A. Banquet instantly became the last.

The things I remember after dinner are vague. Everyone consuming literally gallons of anything alcoholic and the party had really started to move. Some guy executed a perfect "hambone," dropping his pants, and the food and beer started to flow freely from one room to another through the air. Ted Spencer was suspended across one end of the room, while beer and food of all descriptions were hurled at him. Drouyn splattered tomato sauce all

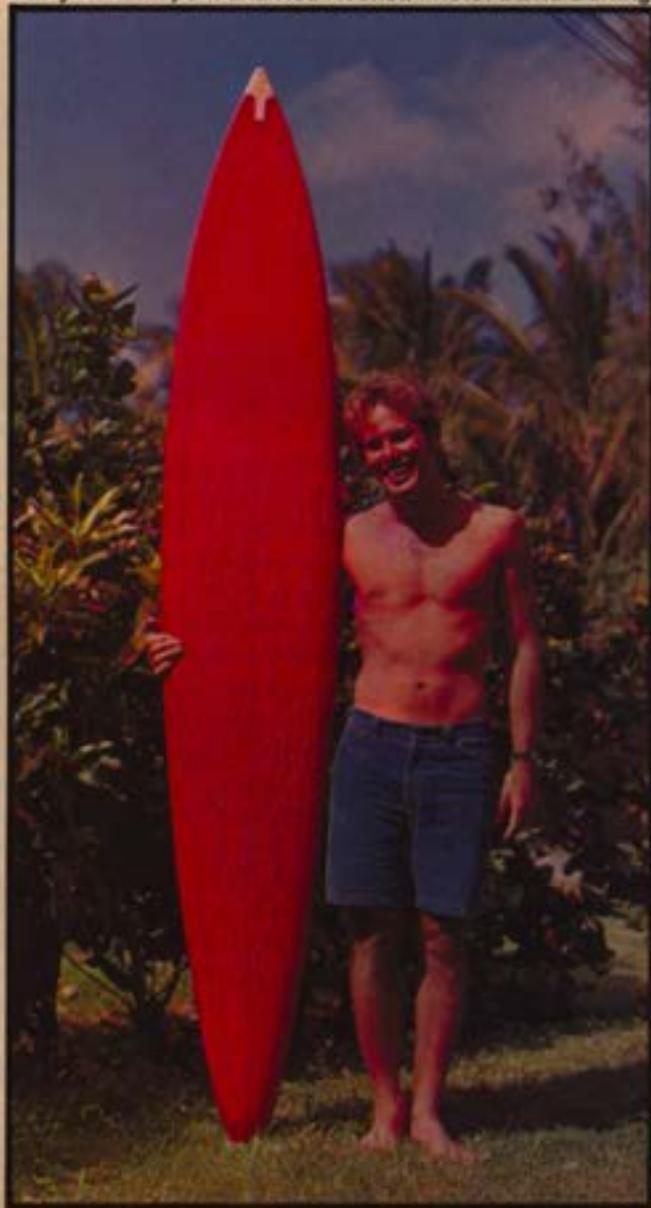
over everyone. The Queensland judge never managed to get down his glass of wine, because every time he lifted glass to his lips, he would see someone who would look better wearing it, so he immediately would throw the lot over them with just enough time to fill it up and repeat. The record player ground to a stop in the middle of "Cheap Thrills"—further inspection revealed the needle clogged in tomato sauce. Woody urinated all over some girl that had been asking for it all night. Now the party was in full swing, everybody was drunk and covered in food, so we moved to the New South Wales hut where, to our amazement, we found a quite serene little folk singing group. About this stage, Glen noticed my coat was a little less clean than his. Due to my state at this stage, I responded by pouring a half bottle of claret all over myself. Immediately, hands full of rice, cream and baking soda filled the air, and everyone was covered; mass hysteria broke out among the women as Drouyn opened the door and emptied the rubbish can into the atmosphere. In response to this, the windows and doors were crammed with people gasping for breath. The party continued later, and much later I arrived home and considered myself extremely lucky.

You may very well be disgusted by all this, or you may be amused, but it really doesn't matter, because it was fun. Everyone was in the same state, and I am quite sure I have never experienced an "animal out" like the close of the 1969 Australian Championships. ■



Photo: Stoner

Barry Kanaiaupuni and Red Rocket. Photo: David Darling.



LIVE CLEAN SURF CLEAN SHAPE CLEAN

By Dick Brewer

Surfing has been going through a good many changes. We've found out that what we thought was valid a few years ago, really wasn't. It was an illusion. We were vain prima donnas posing on giant, heavy, stable platforms. That scene is all over now. Now we are going full speed ahead, making three times as many turns and cutbacks. We must pay attention to what we are doing. If you can't stop thinking long enough to pay attention to what you are doing, you're hung-up. If you're hung-up, then read Alan Watts.

I find when I live clean, I surf clean and shape clean sticks. So I'm honest and sincere, and find it pays off in the long run.

Surfboards are beginning to look like water skis. Reno Abellira's been riding a 7'4" long, 16" wide board since the World Contest. Barry Kanaiaupuni now rides an 8'1" long, 16" wide dart at Velzyland and Sunset. At Ala Moana, Jerry Lopez is riding a 7' x 18½" board. In general, everyone in the Islands has been going this same way. The thing is, at full speed ahead, a narrow tail is needed to lay full power into a turn on a low drag machine. As tails get narrower, the boards have to get narrower or the rails are not parallel enough.

Round tails are the most popular. Surfing a round tail is similar to a soft square tail but much freer.

Bottoms are flatter in the center for less drag. We can expect to see less "wobble-waggles" and more definite changes in directions.

The key is light weight. A small, heavy board is dead in the water. Three years ago, "Grubby" Clark predicted the lightweight thing. Hats off to Grubby and the foam guys. They're doing a magnificent job. We can expect to see five-pound boards common in California competition this summer. At the present time, my commercial weight averages around nine pounds, this with a layer of six-ounce and a layer of four-ounce cloth on the top, with one six-ounce on the bottom.

Fins are getting smaller as rails get thinner and sharper. With a small fin, there is so much more freedom it's unbelievable.



Jackie Baxter, Haleiwa,
and a lean stick. Photo:
Stoner.

Tiger Espera and sliver at
Ala Moana. Photo: Rich
Wilken.





Livin' clean. Photo: David Darling.

On big waves, an 8', 10-lb. board does the job up to 12', after that a 9', 13-lb. more radical does the job very well. Over 20', I personally prefer something around 9' 8" to 10', 18" wide for ease in catching the wave. Once a small board is into the wave, it has no hang-ups, but catching a really super-big wave is extremely difficult to do with a short board.

V-bottom tails are dominating. The V in the tail gives just enough roll to free the edges up in the back. V's are working so clean right now, I expect to see them stay.

Surfboard designs will appear less freaky this year, as this past season when everyone was experimenting with the whole spectrum of design. As each shaper establishes his values and evolves his personal shapes, and surfers get them wired, we'll see different styles come from each general area. Reno's low drag, full speed ahead, and Jerry Lopez's climbing and dropping like a yo-yo, appear to be the most polished trips at the present time to me. Keep your eye on Hawaii—we're still moving ahead! ■

Do any of you realize that the "system" has had its grip on surfing for over ten years now. Ten long years of contests every weekend, of systematic progression for the elimination of the objective, and of magnificent rebellious change! During this time we have turned, burned, head-dipped, nose-rode, climbed, dropped, walked, talked, revolved, evolved, been up, down, in, out, back, forth, high, low, good, bad, long-boarded, short-boarded, trimmed, slimmed, wiped-out, psyched-out, easted, wested, we're the bested, we've been Phil'd, drilled, Nat'd, flatted, boned, stoned, geeked, freaked and Beatled 'til we're blind! In other words, we've been through all kinds of hell.

Foam boards started it all, but not everybody was quick to make the switch. That's where I was at! I lived with my parents in Surfside Colony then, and I was a full surf gremlin. Dick Barrymore had made me a pintail balsawood board, and I was sure that the foam "flexie flyers" wouldn't last. But they did, and soon you didn't see anymore wood boards at all, except in the San Onofre time tunnel.

Martinson's mom used to drop him off at our house on weekends because we lived on the beach and they lived a couple of miles inland. Anything in those days that was east of Pacific Coast Highway was "inland," and anybody from there was a "ho-dad." But Mark wasn't a bad ho-dad, so he was accepted by the "in" beach rats.

Anyway, one day we were listening to a few hot records (the big bopper was on fire then), when somebody laid a poster on us advertising the First Annual West Coast Surfing Championships. We were stoked, but a fight developed over who got the poster. I forget who got it. Anyway, we had seen all the surf movies to date ("Surf Safari," "Cat On A Hot Foam Board," etc.), and we figured that all the big names would be down at Huntington Beach for the contest. That was the first big contest in California, the beginning of bedlam! I didn't know what I was getting myself into, but nevertheless went head-on to last in my heat. What a blow to a then-inflating ego. Jack Haley won because he shot the pier and then unshot it! Joey Cabell, very skinny, won the tandem.

Phil Edwards and Dewey Weber were the leaders in those days; Velzy and Jacobs built most of the boards, and "fly-away kick-outs" were the extent of involvement.

Hotdogging was the official terminology for the times. Mickey Munoz was seen doing his celebrated "El Quasimoto" by five thousand bottle-cap-flipping surf fans at the Santa Monica Civic during a screening of

foamies to freaks

By Corky Carroll

It's started again, but somehow it's not the same. New guys, new boards, new attitudes. I can't seem to revive the old competitive spirit. Has the system finally strangled me after all these years? The kooks are running me down, my wax is melting.

"Surf Fever." And hundreds of gremlins yelled "ole" as Mickey Dora flashed across a wave at Malibu tweaking his nose. Gidget was even there!

Mike Doyle did a "standing fin first" takeoff during the San Clemente Surf Capades in 1961, and it was glorious. Munoz even sniffed a little victory at the D. & W. contest. SURFER Magazine was diggin' it all with Murphy decals and everything. Midget Farrelly did a "kangaroo crouch," and won at Makaha; where was he from? Austrailwhat? Hmmmnnnn!

Up 'til then my career had been confined to losing a heat in every contest, and a photo from the readers shot in SURFER that I had taken with my mother's box camera. Oh yeah, Mike Doyle had picked me up hitchhiking once, too! But then I won a contest at San Clemente, and my head left on its journey through the clouds on ego airlines. Little did I know that Butch was already eating the Pipeline alive.

Up 'til then, surfboards were fairly stereotype machines of foam and glass. Phil Edwards changed all of that with multi-stringered, super-long, in-trim signature modeled glide sticks. He was the major influence on surfing and was voted No. 1 on the first SURFER Poll. His surfing was radical and hot, though most people thought he was smooth; but then most people never saw him. He was the greatest and most

copied surfer ever; they even had a "Phil Edwards look." But Phil wasn't too competitive, and soon the system forced him out into the arena and he was sacrificed to the lions. *Progressive elimination of the objective!*

The first World Championships were held in Australia, and I didn't get to go. The USSA had just got its sweaty hand into things, and they figured that I was too young. "But you guys, I won all the contests!" "Shut up kid, you'll get your chance." "Damn Fascists!" That was the beginning of a long and heated relationship with the establishment. Midget won the contest; Cabell should have, but was a wave hog and got third. Doyle was second, and in the middle of endless consistency. But those Australians were starting to get it on.

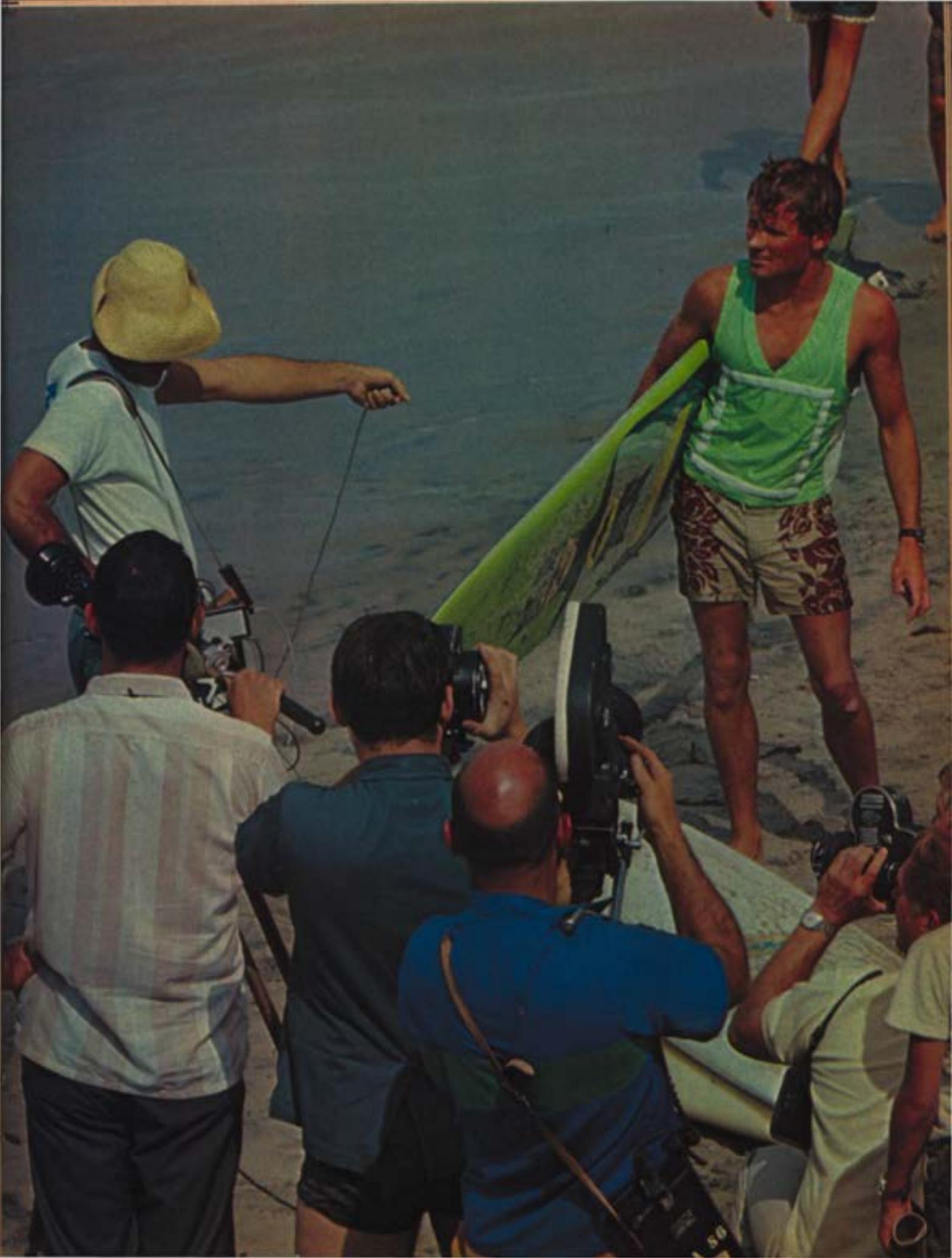
Nat and I first met at Makaha in '63. We were the hot juniors, but we both lost. That was a good year in Hawaii. McTavish had even stowed away on an ocean liner to get there. Cabell took Makaha, and Butch got spit out of the tube switch stance at Sunset Beach. Paul Gebaur had a black gun, Flippy Hoffman wore a wetsuit, and Greg Noll came out with those stupid striped trunks. But M.G.M. went surfin' with Mickey Fabian Frankie Avalon Dora, queen of the silver screen! Even Tab Grigg made the scene. Maybe that was '62?

Meanwhile, back in smogville, the plot was thickening. Hoppy Swarts was rolling, and California was rolling with him: Oceanside, Carlsbad, Hermosa, Huntington, Pacific Beach, Laguna Masters, D. & W., Santa Monica, even Pismo Beach was having a contest. Hang five, stretch, even the reverse bird was there. Bruce Brown made the "Endless Summer," and some idiot discovered surfers on the East Coast (fool!)

Edwards, Cabell, Hynson, Bruce Brown, Hobie and I went back there in a mobile home to check it out, and Gary Propper was there. What can I say about that? Anyway, explosions took place within the surfboard industry and then, and then, and then came the fantastic, magnificent, eternally ugly, super colossal magic surfboard of the ages. Voila!, the noserider! Edwards invented it (and don't any of you out there write in and say he didn't) just before he hung it up.

They even had a noseriding contest which was the brain child of Tom Morey. Munoz and I won it on Phil's boards, regular and goofy-foot divisions. That was the first pro contest for money. Yes, folks, meat for the animals! Attack and retreat!

David Nuuhiwa was unbelievable, the greatest noserider ever. The crowds came to their feet as he danced across





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wave after wave perched firmly on the tip. He hit the contest circuit and arched his way to victory time and again in the juniors, making the men's division look poor. Along with David came soul surfing and flower people. All the beautiful surfers cheered as King David hung ten toes over the nose for eight, nine, ten; yes ten point seven seconds on the nose to win the first day of the World Championships in San Diego. Glory for the West Coast; the Australian animal was eaten alive. But he didn't die, did he? Smack! Nat Young won the world title, Jock was second for the Hawaiians, and I was third. The Aussies let go with full power, and we were tongue-lashed from all sides with evilness and pure Witzigism. I still can't figure out who John Witzig is; but anyway, we lay bleeding. *Progressive elimination of the objective!*

Nat was dynamic, powerful, great and really loud. He beat us down to the ground in the magazines; in fact, he almost beat me into the ground in the flesh, but I got away. You know what they say, "never mess with an angry animal."

David seemed to lose his momentum after that in competition. Also, noseriding ate the big banana. Nat had a 9'4" board at Makaha, but lost. More and more attention was focused on the surfboard; it was time to change things around. The Duke did it that year, and Ricky Grigg ripped Sunset. I almost drowned.

Things started to shape up for me about then, and I knew that I needed to make some sort of move if I was going to be remembered as a part of it all. So I made a completely flexible board, extremely light and super maneuverable. Breakthrough? No, a good step, but didn't quite make it. Then, about the spring of '67, I began to experiment with a short board. Completely jazzed, I built an 8'6" and a 7'6" board, and got a model out. There were other people beginning to go along these lines then, too; Joey Hamasaki was one of them. I don't know if I was the first one or not; but, as far as I knew then, I was. At first it was hard to convince people that there was any merit in the thing. The first ones were blobs for sure, but beautiful-new-different blobs and out of sight. The Aussies came to Hawaii the next winter with the "V's" and then the whole scene exploded. You all know what happened then. Cabell came back, wowie on Maui, McTavish: "the chicks are friendly, but hold on to their pants tightly," Jock does his Duke thing. Pintail and wail man, grab a vee and wheee! Bitchin' surfing, new boards, new moves, groovy trips, new tracks, new planes, psychedelic brains,



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Corky and the color TV he won at the 1965 Laguna Masters. It burned up with his house and trophies shortly thereafter.

square tail, pintail, round tail, fun, gun, ride, slide and do your thing, man!

And I got married: the full trip, kid and all. Groovy, so we split to Puerto Rico with the baby in our belly; gonna stay 'til the World Contest. Groovy waves, February, March, April, groovy waves and Tom Morey was there. Warm water and even Machuca; Maria, too! Wonderful, complete training for the World Contest. Stoked out of my brain. Then the letter from the WSA, the system was after me. I had been on top of it, and the natives were getting restless. "You must come back and compete"... "Why?"... "You have to qualify for the team!" "What?" "You heard me."... "But I won all the contests, again!"... "So what, you gotta win some more." "Damn Fascists!" So there I was again. Goodbye groovy Puerto Rico,

hello smogville, hello Hoppy, hello men in the white coats, goodbye sanity!

Contest after contest, board after board, misery after misery. Win, win, eat 'em boy, no slacking off, YOU MUST WIN, WIN, WIN, AND THEN WIN AGAIN! Has anybody got my brain? Win, and then to Puerto Rico... "What?"... "Puerto Rico"... "Oh yea"... "AND WIN OR ELSE!"... Has anybody seen the surf?

They completely sent our brains to the electric chair. Contest after contest in one-foot slop, East Coast-West Coast and all around the town. Then, after we were so screwed up we didn't know what was happening, they at last sent us to Puerto Rico. They finally picked the team two weeks before the contest, and had the gall to expect us to win. There just isn't enough space here to go into the bad taste of the

WSA; all I can say is good luck to future victims.

Anyway, we went to the World Contest and made a gallant try, but our strength went left and the contest went right. And as the sun slowly sank in the west, we all hung on those now famous words uttered in that deep, Spanish voice of our hero, Eduardo Arena, "Today the contest will be at Domes." Eduardo, beautiful Eduardo! How they loved him at the "Racket Club!" It was so good to be in Puerto Rico with the complete knowledge that all of California was pulling for us; yes, I fondly remember the remark of one well-known California gremmie as he waxed up Nat Young's board and fed Wayne Lynch his wonder bread... "You West Coast kooks don't have a chance anyway." Now that's real spirit! And with all this going for us, we came through and lost in flaming color. I could feel the whip of death when that kick-out wound up on the beach. Oh well, wish us luck next time.

Back in smogville, the plot was thick, and so were "Rent-a-Aussie's." They came to Santa Cruz and lost, to Hawaii and lost, but it didn't matter because they had once again won the World Contest. Doyle did the Duke and Ricky was second; Joey came back again at Makaha, and somehow I fell into third. And in the midst of all this, Hemmings was sliding through. He is a serious contest man, and he did it well and won.

The boards in Hawaii were functional this year, at least the ones ridden by the top guys. The parasites were sinking, but they should. Jock defied gravity, Barry always does, and Ben Aipa was great! Nat ripped the North Shore apart, and that was noticed by all. For a brief while it was really pure fun, and I even blew up Martinson's board to top it off. But then, back to smogville.

The boards I see now are pretty freakie looking, and so are the people on them. Most of the people can't even get outside on them, much less ride them. But they are pretty happy about it all; could they at last be escapees from the system, rebels without a cause, or with one? Can I escape, or is it too late? Probably too late; once you've gone through it from one end to the other, bottom to top to bottom, you are awarded sanctuary. Somehow after all of this, I feel glad, and maybe there has been a lot of goodness in it all, who knows? Whatever, I'm not going to stop doing it or diggin' it. California will rise again, I hope! Australia has kangaroos, Hawaii beautiful waves, and us, well, God Bless our happy smogville, and may we all live to see lung cancer cured! Peace, at last!



The Surfer, The Land & The Sea

By DREW KAMPION

*He goes alone to meet the sea on its own terms:
Fugitive from the familiar hostile land,
seeking an extension into the beyond,
a better perspective to gauge his fears,
his worth, his finite kinesthetics.
He goes to watch the puppets on the shoreline
from the eye of something greater.*

*The cornered animal flattens himself to concrete —
The hunter confidently closes...
Then the wall falls away, wind
rushes at the beast's back —
he falls through the forest of air to water.*

Beneath the cracked signs and negative pulse
the turbulent flow of haunted ghosts
sets up cacophony like a gel
beneath the rotting stars and dusty cardboard.
An eye at the hole in the wall squints
and backs away in laughter — echoing outside
while the game of roulette goes on
with the cursory cartridges of 8 to 5 annihilation.

The animal rages in exile:
An imminent hawk takes out a gull,
a fish dangling floppy in its mouth.
The hawk is taken by a bolt of fire...
the cycle of the fittest and chance.
Beneath, the rampage of headlights
burn out the dusk and destroy the night.
The eagle hunches in its cave, chattering with the cold.

Civilization burgeons to the exclusion of all else...
beacons burn in the paperback menagerie,
tabloids scandalize the soul of fir,
two dollars bring celluloid thrills to
unfunctionable glands.
The caged ape works his toes solemnly,
eyes rolling, glistening to his feeder's
crisp step — dinner.

Halls of meditation crown experience with boredom,
dust bequeathed from father to son.
To take out the ashes or leave them?
The windsor knot? Bow ties? Turtle neck?
To eat a peach? Trousers rolled? Unrolled?
Left? Right? Or channel four?
Chicken? Roast? Pork chops?
Left? Right? Or channel 4?

The treasure drives now board champagne flights,
while Eden is subdivided into Hell.
The legacy of our forefathers a handful of olive branches,
a handful of arrows.
Red? Green? Yellow?
Left? Right? Or channel 4?

The surfer, more animal than he knows, is animal
by situation.
He falls through the forest of air
to water...

At sea the coruscating mania is quiet...
upon the glass the pulse rages thinner,
the lapping of a distant yawn
becomes another's bark. He sits, they sit.
Upon the glass reflection is swallowed in
green insulation.
The pointed tool rests: it floats
upon the glass and rests its length
in loose solidity.

Far out to sea,
beyond baptism or communion,
within the forest of melancholy nightmare,
the beast slouches his heavy way,
lantern left behind — uncornered, moving out.
The beast and other beasts slouch low to keep
the horizon clear — compressed.

The beasts came hairy and green
in welter parade —
Sober confirmation, essence without stigma...
the air sucked low before them,
a well of absent space.
The blessed moment of upheaval,
the Mona Lisa calmness of its face.

The surfer waits in fear, then considers the
alternative:
the iron claw clamped around its leg,
the lion rolls in the terrified bliss of agony.
Its heathen jaws contort in pain,
its blood measures out in frustration
and roars of rage:
caught by chance in a fox's trap.

But here, now, at sea,
the beast is the hunter...
and the hunted, his own animal,
flattens himself to fiber and glass.
The beast confidently, unalterably,
closes.
Then the wall and the beast are one,
the glass falls away...
wind rushes at the animal's face
he falls through the forest of air
down the face of water
the beast of water.
No longer slouching
it rises bear-like above the hunter
and his pointed weapon of foam and glass —

Rises bear-like in sacrifice to the
hunter's scaring tool —
The beast is traced and carved,
opened at the bleeding bowels.

The hunter hunted finds a beast to hunt.
While the cursory cartridges of 8 to 5
annihilation
crack the bone of sacred temples
and carve profanities on the face of god,
the hunted hunter bleeds with his slain beast...
bleeds for joy, the slouched thing destroyed,
a pallid white turmoil against the beach,
its glory ravaged. Totally.

He comes to meet the sea on its own terms
fugitive from a familiar hostile land.
The cornered hunter, the cornered animal
falls away to water and sees.

The beasts of waves slouch low and alive,
rise angrily against the land and die.
The hunter-animal, who would die on land —
who would die at sea —
finds his life on this bleeding margin.
The battleground of peace,
where the animal-man-surfer draws life
from the rough beasts of the sea.

The animal surfer is man in exile:
squeezed from the womb of a land
gone foul with plastic prognosis,
burgeoning with the blue plague,
uniformed and constricted, CO'd to death,
bludgeoned with self-indulgence and the
proliferation
of a single species; the land ferments
like a rotten piece of fruit.

Alone enough to care and know,
the animal surfer seeks out his kind:
the roughhewn cuts of sea
that defy the crazed stupidities of transistorized man.
The animal surfer is a higher form of life:
he makes his nest among the acts of god.

where bikinis bop, sydney's hood and salads bowl

by tim murdoch

Somewhere off the California Coast—say about 7,500 miles southwest off the California Coast—is one of surfing's last frontiers. A frontier where surfing is still a fun game.

Our scene is good. The music of Bob Dylan has its place, along with the Iron Butterfly and the Beatles, in New Zealand. The surfing population is now about 22,000. During the summer months it is supplemented by an annually increasing number of Australians. Some come to surf; some to beat the draft; some to work us over. Time was when the surfing of Russell Hughes, Bob MacTavish and Wayne Lynch really took us. But, after five successive winters in Queensland and New South Wales, Wayne Parkes comes on very strong. His determination and will to win have won him four consecutive titles as National Champion.

His surfing is good. It is now.

Auckland is the biggest city in New Zealand with its 685,000 people. It is also the center of action. There are more surfers in Auckland than in the rest of the country combined, but Auckland has no beaches to call its own.

The closest waves to town are inner harbour breaks at Takapuna.

Parkes lives at Takapuna and is King. Taff Kennings lives there, too, but has to work five days a week—so he's only a threat after five, and on weekends.

The coasts are affected by different currents, resulting in the East Coast warming up earlier in the summer, and the West Coast maintaining its warmth a lot longer—usually comfortable without a wetsuit into May from New Plymouth north.

The geography of New Plymouth makes it probably the best area in New Zealand. Currently it is run by Nigel Dwyer, a former Sydney hood. Dwyer builds boards, races motorcycles, flies airplanes and runs the local surfing movement. We all know the type.

Among the locals, a few stand out. Robbie Walsh, Robin Bull and Tommy Waite in particular. Another top performer, Doug Hislop, is actually a used car shark. When Robbie Walsh's '59 Vanguard was making better times to local spots, Hislop sold his '37 Chev to Walsh, who also paid Hislop \$100 for the privilege. Still, they both work for Dwyer, so I guess it's okay.

Waiwakaiho, near New Plymouth, was the scene of this year's New Zea-



Taff Kennings, the weekend threat.

NEW ZEALAND

land contest. The waves were unreal. Six to eight feet and looping. No one could take their eyes off them, so the contest got off to a four-hour delayed start.

Yet there's so much more. The color is blue, and the people are all colors.

The surf of Raglan is still as Bruce Brown found it. Long and left. Whangamata, two-and-a-half hours south of Auckland on the East Coast, offers a screaming left at low tide, and a savage peak at high tide. Whangamata is great. During the summer vacation, the population explodes. Bikinis bob. Kids wail... you know how it is.

The Gisborne area has a geographical look about it much the same as Southern California. Burned and brown. It's generally referred to as "The Salad Bowl" of New Zealand. The surfing population is pretty much a salad, too. You can run across Australians, Californians, and Aucklanders. It's a nightmare 347 miles from Auckland.

Generally, the roads in New Zealand are not so hot. Gisborne nests on the south side of the East Cape protrusion of New Zealand's North Island. Between Gisborne, Chile and

Antartica, there is nothing but ocean, and if you check that out on your Reader's Digest Atlas — that's one hell of a lot of water.

Gisborne cops a lot of swell. Some days you remember... like driving through the Gorge in early January and reaching Makorori about 2 p.m., and 105° with near-perfect rights.

But if you live in Auckland, the scene is north. North to beautiful beaches... north to the sun and warmer water.

North to Mangawhai and its bar.

North to Waipu Cove and right-handers.

North to Lang's Beach, and north to Pataua. Contests are always on at Pataua. No judges... only surfers trying to get more out of every wave and their boards.

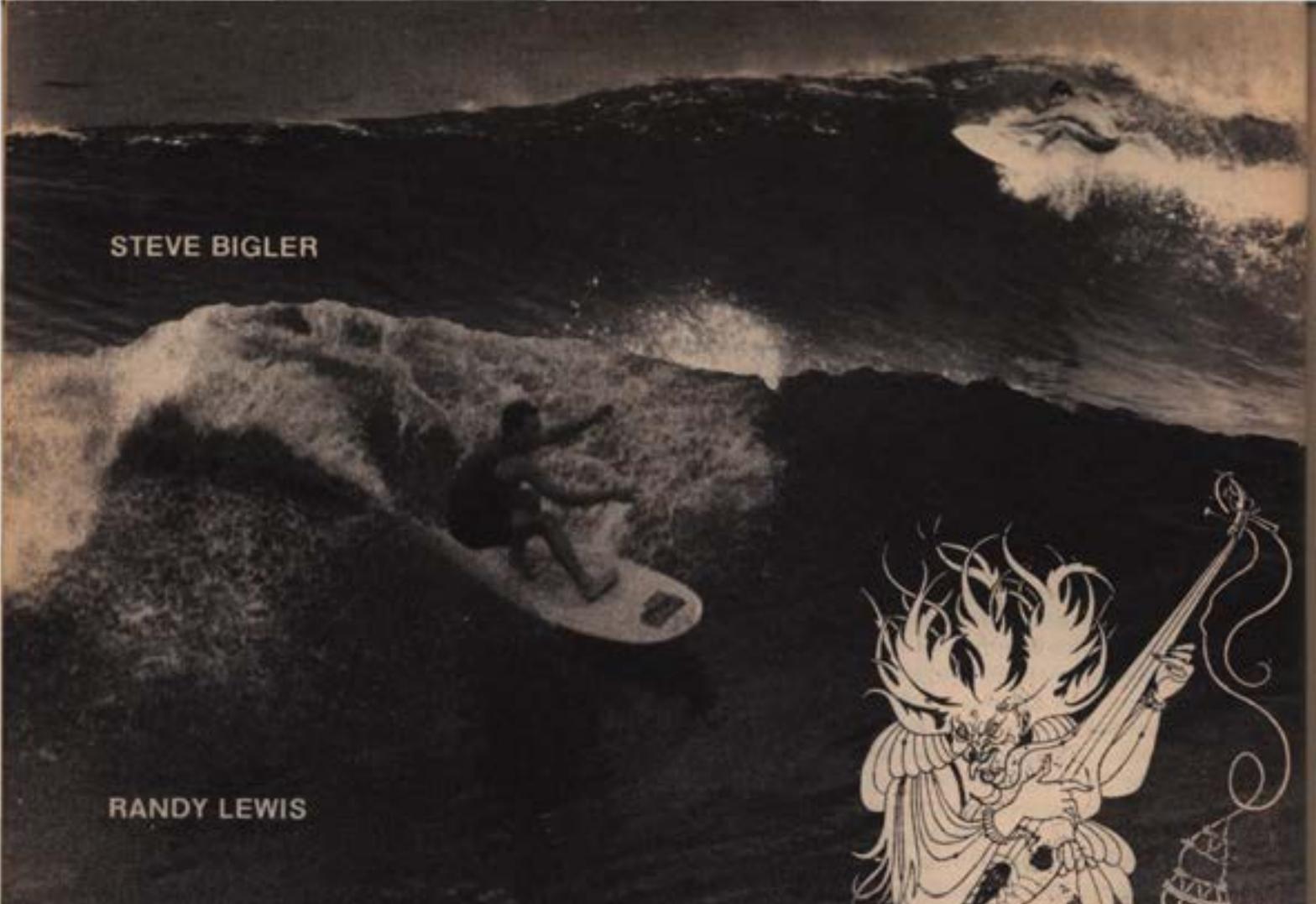
But New Zealand isn't only a bunch of pretty surfing spots. After all, some computer put New Zealand fourth after that Puerto Rico Contest, and it's also en route to some place or other you might want to go to. The itinerant should read up on the seasons, though. Water is at its best December through April.

New Zealand is a lot of things to a lot of people, but most of all, it's a lot of waves for a few people. **3**

Wayne Parkes.



Wayne Parkes and Waipu Cove: head-on.



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The Legend of Spyder Wills



Who is Spyder Wills? You don't know, do you? Well, he's probably never heard of you, either. The fact that he is the best Frizbee thrower in Laguna Beach might not excite you . . . but that's only because you haven't been watching him. So listen closely: With his flexible plastic Pluto Platters, Wills is probing into the outer limits of Frizbee performance as yet undreamed of by the High Performers on their conventional surfboards. And these are not simply the outer limits of Frizbee performance. What Spyder Wills dreams today may one day affect us all!

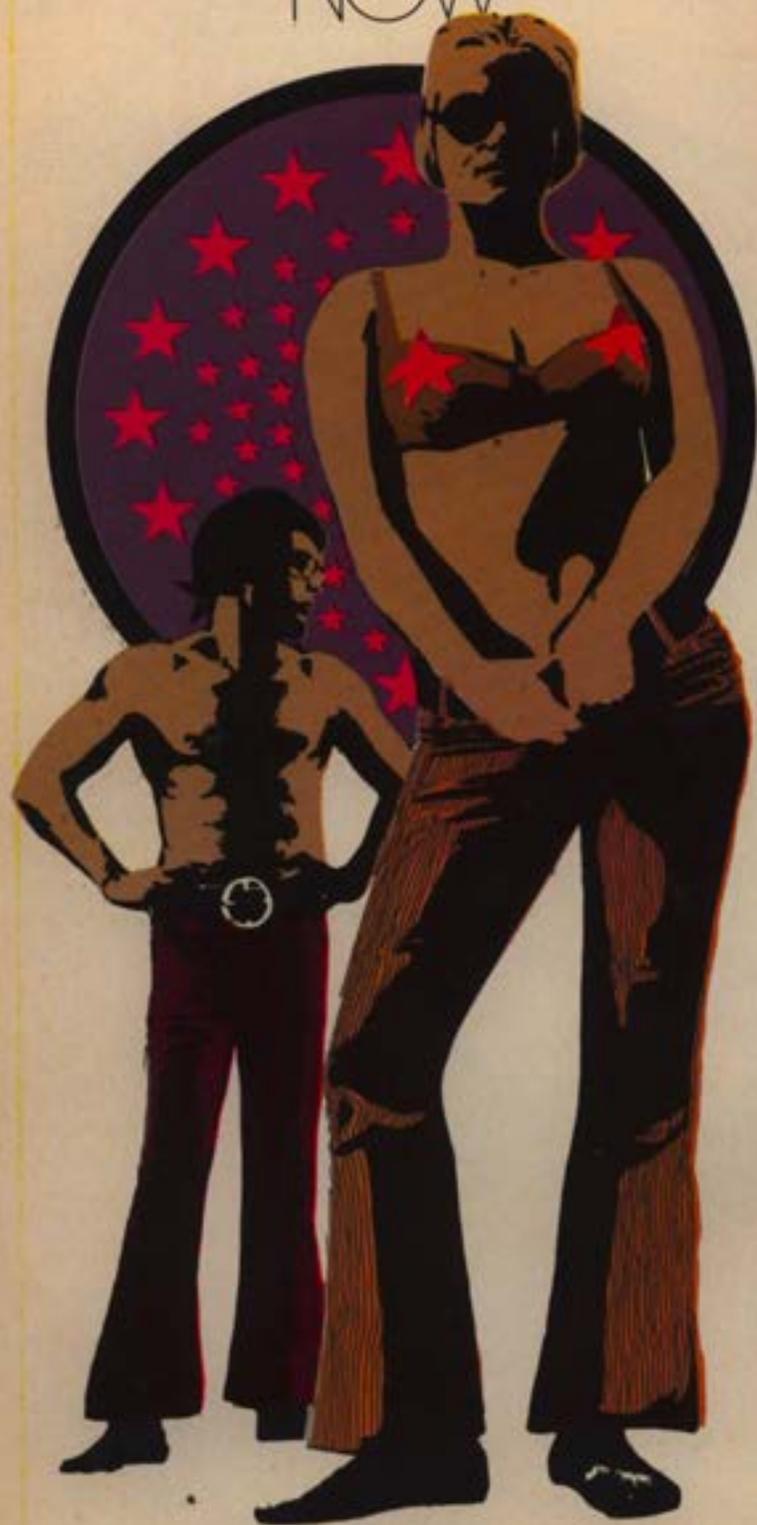
Wow!

by Drew Kampion

Photos: Brad Barrett



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WHALER'S

"...aerial ballet with a plastic butterfly."

Spyder Wills uses a \$30-a-month room in Laguna Beach as his knapsack. The room is tucked away very inconspicuously at the rear of an art studio that opens onto the Coast Highway. It's wedged into the recess between two larger protrusions in the building's architecture, and is easy to pass without notice. Nestled discreetly in the ivy shrubbery opposite the door to the room is a convex mirror with which Spyder can scrutinize approaching bodies from his lair.

The outside of the room is camouflaged in the flat grays and tans of World War II combat aircraft. An eight-millimeter camera scans the area around the doorway; the door itself is a maze of decals, posters, souvenirs, warnings, street signs and the like, as well as a pad and pencil with which visitors can leave word of their visits.

The \$30-a-month room is low, crowded and neat. It is also very small: six feet by nine feet. With the maybe six-and-a-half feet of height, the room adds up to three hundred and fifty cubic feet of visual assault. Posters, maps, calendars, discharge papers from the Air Force, photographs of Spyder and friends, his flute, bongos, a bombsight from a B-24, skis and magazine clippings. Everything is packed into the room the way equipment is packed into a knapsack: "It has to be neat. I clean the place every day," Spyder says, "otherwise it'd get out of control, and I wouldn't be able to handle it." The room is so packed with stack after stack of neatly organized items that the only convenient place for Spyder's paipo board is behind the window. To get it out he unlocks the window from the outside and takes the board down from where it hangs. Even with the board gone, you still can't see through the window because the pile on the inside fills the entire wall.

Tall, thin, affectionate, mustached and sinister in a benevolent kind of way, Spyder is one of the best paipo boarders in California, but paipo boarding itself is so unobtrusive that reputations are seldom made using the stubby little board as a vehicle of expression. Yet he is a much better body surfer than he is a paipo



B. Barrett's famous in-the-tube shot of S. Wills.



A man-hole view of Spyder's nest.

boarder, probably one of the best anywhere. But body surfing, though popular, is so obscure that a criterion of good and bad hasn't really been established on a large scale.

Wills is also one of the best photographers in surfing, though he's never done a surfing movie for the tour circuit and doesn't even own a 16mm camera. He uses an 8mm Bolex, and keeps exactly one reel of film in his collection. The reel is called "Odds and Ends;" and, says Spyder, "It's always changing. When

I get a new shot that I like, I cut out one that I've gotten tired of and put the new one in. It's always the same length, but it's always changing." "Odds and Ends" is a collection of some of the best 8mm photography you'll ever see. There are shots of Sunset Beach and the Pipeline that are every bit as good as the best 16mm shots. The film also includes hundreds of Spyder's surreptitiously filmed movies of the Laguna Beach subculture through the medium of telephoto subterfuge.

"...smoothness, motion, focus, and color..."



Spyder, the man from neon, lurks in the web at positively Brooks Street.

Like his paipo boarding and body surfing, Wills' photography went unnoticed for quite a while. He shot pictures of Corky Carroll for Hobie Surfboards, and put together an 8mm promotional film. But besides this, his photography was all in fun. Until Greg MacGillivray needed some help in the filming of TV coverage of surfing:

"We needed a photographer," MacGillivray recalls, "and Spyder had past experience with telephoto lenses and surfing. Besides that, he's easy to work with and technically his stuff was near to perfect."

MacGillivray first lined Spyder up to cover the local surf in California while he and Freeman split to France to work on the new movie. "He didn't shoot anything," Greg remembers, "because he didn't want to shoot anything that wasn't perfect." So that the first time Spyder saw commercial action was actually in Puerto Rico. "He did a great job," Greg says, "but he really freaked-out the guys from ABC. He can't work with crowds around, and kept moving off down the beach by himself.

When we finally got him situated on the judges' platform for the finals, the director of the ABC thing was sitting right next to him and kept trying to run Spyder's camera for him."

"What are you *doing*???" the ABC chief exclaimed at one point during the Rincon finals.

"Oh, I'm just freakin' out," Spyder smiled. Through the rest of the finals, Wills just smiled and nodded at everything the director said. "The people at ABC really hate our guts now," MacGillivray notes with some remorse.

A two-and-a-half year veteran, Spyder "learned a lot about people in the Air Force." They also taught him "to be neat, to be clean, and to be on time. If you say you're gonna do something, do it, or have a good excuse. I got away with a lot of things because I was always on time: mixed uniforms, clothes never pressed, unshined shoes. After two-and-a-half years, they decided I was a freak and let me go."

Spyder started body surfing seriously in 1959, and really got into it heavily in '65 after his discharge. He

discovered the paipoboard in '63, and has become one of the most advanced practitioners anywhere. "But," Spyder muses, "I enjoy body-surfing more than anything else in the water because you're right in with it. It's a beautiful blend of timing and total cooperation with the water. Fantastic sensations! Very pure, very independent, very stoney!"

"I like it best," he adds, "when the waves are so good that you're just giggling. You ride inside laughing and cackling like a turkey laying eggs."

"The only time I go in the water now is when the surf is really good. If you go out when the surf is crummy and you don't do well, you wonder why. It's the waves. So when it's junky, I take an eight-mile walk back in the greenery: do a twelve or fifteen-hour thing." The greenery that Spyder is referring to is the hills and mountains behind Laguna. Partially as a carryover from his "war days," partly as an expression of his individuality, Spyder enjoys to get away as much as possible, yet under the optimum conditions. "Actually,"



Spyder and his fluidhead.

he points out, "for me it's not just the ocean, but the total natural environment. Both the mountains and the ocean are powerful influences on me."

Besides his definite aquatic talents, Spyder is also the top Frizbee thrower in all of Laguna Beach and a member of the Frizbee competition-demonstration team. "The Frizbee," says Wills, "is an intermediary between the ocean and the hills. I use one set of muscles in the sea and another set when I'm hiking in the mountains. The Frizbee throwing keeps both sets of muscles coordinated and working together. It's really helped me out, too. Before I started on the Frizbee, I'd have a heck of a time in the hills. This is besides what it really is in itself: aerial ballet with a plastic butterfly. It's hypnotic: an independent thing riding on the wind like a surfer rides a wave."

On off-days, when the hills are far away and the surf is poor, Spyder "keeps my records straight, and when the camera's working and the color's good (and everything's per-

fect?), I shoot pictures. I spend a lot of time watching the town with binoculars mounted on my fluid head tripod. Then I go out with a friend of mine who flies falcons: automatic Frizbees. They go so fast you can hear the wind whistle off them."

It is appropriate that Spyder Wills is a photographer as well as a body-paipo-Frizbee surfer. All that he does is influenced through a peculiarly perceptive and specially photographically oriented mind. "Photography has taught me about smoothness, motion, focus and color," he summarizes. These have combined in his crowded (though organized) head to produce a distillation of a constantly metamorphosing vision of reality and life: a life that is not preoccupied with survival, but survival that is preoccupied with life.

Now, with a Hawaiian filming season behind him and the long, hot summer ahead, Spyder has found employment at Laguna's Burger Nook where he is duly compensated for his variegated talents. "I'm paid," he sighs, "in hamburgers." 

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Vol. 7/No. 3	Vol. 9/No. 1
Vol. 7/No. 4	Vol. 9/No. 2
Vol. 7/No. 5	Vol. 9/No. 3
Vol. 7/No. 6	Vol. 9/No. 4
Vol. 8/No. 1	Vol. 9/No. 5
Vol. 8/No. 2	Vol. 9/No. 6
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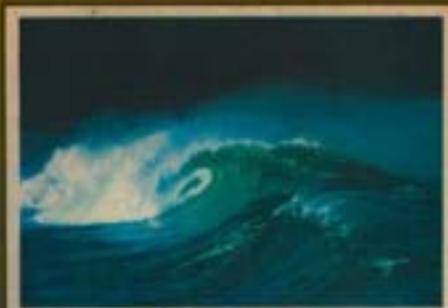
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#34 In The Tube (Pipeline), \$2.00



#27 Greenwich Tube, \$2.00



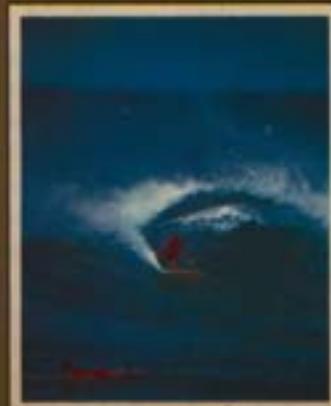
#39 Delany Sunset, 2' x 26' x 1/2, \$2.00



#38 Rinck Sunset, \$2.00



#26 Col Bark, \$2.00



#31 Neil Young at Sunset Beach, \$2.00

*all murals
approximately
20" x 26"
unless noted*

THE 4A's IN SUPPLY

Wine, Waiting and Rolf

Professionalism and money appear to be highlighting the 4A circuit more and more. This is producing both good and bad results in the sport. The addition of pecuniary reward has somehow sanctified the 4A ranks and sealed their fate as professionals, which, in turn, has made the presence of surf a necessary criterion of the contest structure. This new consideration had all the 4A men and women in a state of elation for a time, till they discovered that a certain necessary evil resulted: if a contest cannot be held without good waves, then chances are a contest will be postponed.

So far only Oceanside has produced waves on schedule. The Malibu 4A Invitational was a groove. Everyone arrived to find the beach two hundred yards further out than usual, and ruler-straight from the point to the pier. When there are waves, this becomes an unmakeable beach break. On the weekend scheduled for the Malibu 4A there were no waves.

In spite of the lack of surf of late, a new interest has arisen which would very much like to be associated with surfing. The liquor industry suspects it might fortify its waning

youth image (aren't the kids drinking anymore?) through an association with surfing. They wish to promote this association by sponsoring contests and awarding cash or trophies in the names of their great and sprawling malt-hops-barley-grain-potato-mash works to smiling, tanned and dripping faces obviously in the peak of condition (from drinking regularly?). Smirnoff will sponsor this year's \$3,300 Santa Cruz Pro-Am Invitational in November. All well and good. But Lucky Draft was the sponsor of the Santa Cruz Underdog in July. It seems, in a contest such as the Underdog which essentially appeals to the under-age, a Draft Beer Boogie is a bit off.

As we go to press, however, non-drinking, non-smoking, ruddy, healthy, exuberant, smiling, straightforward Rolf Aurness is the current WSA number one. Rolf has taken both the Redondo and the Oceanside 4A's, and in the process has unseated Corky Carroll from the WSA throne. Perhaps just for the time being.

Happily, right behind healthy, clean Rolf is just as clean and healthy Mike Purpus, who's evolved dramatically over the past few months and, at present, seems the most likely con-

tender for Aurness' top spot, though it's doubtful Rolf will be going anywhere.

Dale Dobson wants to do better than eighth this year on the WSA top 20 chart, and just might. He took a third in the miserable Redondo affair, and picked up fifth place, plus the best-wave-of-the-day trophy at Oceanside. We suspect Dale is serious.

Margo is off to her usual start: first in both contests, and Linda Benson (second, Redondo), Joyce Hoffman (second, Oceanside), and Nancy Emerson (third in both) are her most prominent contenders.

Still, there's so much talent in the water this year, predictions are guesses and guesses are useless. Dru Harrison is developing into the surfer he promised as a junior, George Sziget is coming ahead strong, Nuuhiwa could be smoother, better and more beautiful this year than ever before. Leslie Wong and Tom Overlin are moving up; Donald Takayama is becoming amazingly vertical in horizontal situations, and Corky will always be there at the top.

In the first big East Coast 3A-4A at Wrightsville Beach, North Carolina, Bruce Valluzzi took first place



Rolf Aurness rockets to the top at Oceanside.
Dru Harrison: a new phase.

in both divisions, with the familiar ranks of Proper, Miniard, Tabeling, Roland and Codgen right on his heels. In the women's there, Janice Domorski, surprise sixth-place finisher in Puerto Rico, was at it again, copping the distaff 4A.

So far, in the West, both Santa Cruz and Malibu have been postponed. In Malibu's case, the postponement was double-edged: to wait for surf, and to wait for Malibu to become Malibu again. At present, there is no point to Malibu at all. Santa Cruz will be rerun in September or October if not preempted by a Presidential address.

Then there's the big-wave circuit, which will get off to a big start if there is a swell sometime this year, which is doubtful. At which time, of course, all big-wave contenders will have to return from the hard road of door-to-door sales in the East to fight it out for the gaudy metal and stuff like that. Then Puerto Rico in February for the run-off for a part in the most best popular surfer in a world context. Whatever sponsors that one better be at least a hundred proof. ■



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FUN IN FEENIX

"You won't believe this machine here in the desert," says *Fred Hemmings*, current World Champ. "The concept is simple, but the complex electronic and hydraulic systems they have are unreal. If this works in the least, it is going to be a tremendous *commercial* boom to the sport!" Fred is working with the Big Surf, Inc. people in the desert near Phoenix, Arizona. He's helping them with the wave machine and technical advice on surfing. The \$2 million family recreation center was due to open in July. The undertaking, underwritten by Clairol, Inc., will produce four- and five-foot waves for such people as *Miss Sue Barclay* here, who is supposedly practicing her balance in the photo. Wonder if she's underwritten by Clairol . . .



Sue Barclay gets it on. Patton Agency photo.

PRESNIX STOX SURF WORLD

Yessir, good old *PresNix*, who has been called "the first father of his people," has now become "the first father of surfing." "Dad" received a two-foot mock-up of a Hobie surfboard from his daughters for Father's Day. His manner of acceptance is important because it reflects the Executive Branch's outlook on the sport of surfing. If *PresNix* thinks surfing is good, then surfing will be good. If *PresNix* wants six hundred artificial reefs built between Jacksonville and Montauk Point, six hundred reefs will be built. So you can easily see how rewarding Mr. Nixon's (Dad's) response was to all of us concerned. And, as you all know, he really won us over with that first comment on receipt of the model board: "I'll never ride it," followed by: "I rode a surfboard thirty years ago. It doesn't impress me a bit," and "I'll loan it to people. I'll loan it to members of the press." If surfers weren't stoked enough by now, he followed it up with a story of a Presidential Aide who broke his leg surfing within twelve hours of his Honolulu arrival. All may not be lost, however, as *Art Buchwald* noted in a recent column: "White House Press Secretary Ron Ziegler announced that the President was leaving for Key West next weekend with Bebe Rebozo to find the 'perfect wave.'"

HONEY, WAX AN' MACHINES

Steve Bigler's Original Machine Scene has taken to wheels. Now you can pull up to Malibu or Rincon and buy wax, trunks (if you forgot yours), a wet suit or a fin, then go surfing, and at lunch time come back to the same place and pick up some juices, nuts, honey, wheat germ and other health foods. "I'll go wherever the swell is," Bigler says. "At a place like Trestles, the swell can come through for up to two weeks at a time. I'll just set the truck up in San Clemente, surf all morning with the kids, then come back to the truck and do business in the afternoon." The truck is a '50 Chevy in cherry condition and will eventually handle a stock of the finest surfboards

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WILL GET YOU

6



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for the surf in a particular area. Bigler put all the work into the truck himself: "It's what I've been wanting for years; I can be mobile to surf with the kids and yet do business at the same time."

ETERNAL SUMMER

"In international surfing circles," writes *Harold Latimer*, "Cape St. Francis has the reputation of having some of the best surfing waves in the world, and you may know that the place figured prominently in *Bruce Brown's* movie 'Eternal Summer.'" (We do remember something like that . . .). Anyway, Mr. Latimer goes on to get to the point: he owns 13,600 square feet of land on high ground overlooking the Cape area which he wishes to "dispose of" to one of our readers. Mr. Latimer would like \$12,800 for said disposition of his lands, but (and here's the clincher, gang!) he's offered SURFER a 5% agency commission. Now, big hearts that we are, we will pass this 5% savings along to any prospective buyer, making the cost of this quaint plot of earth a mere 12,160 buckeroones! Just forward all down payments, reservations, questions and the like to us, care of Pipeline.

IN MEMORIAM

"I am writing to inform you of the death of *Ken Rocky*. He was involved in a fatal automobile accident in Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico on March 29, 1969 . . . During his life Ken loved to surf. The sport gave him more pleasure and personal satisfaction than any other activity in his busy life . . . Ken traveled whenever he could throughout California, Hawaii, and Europe. He sampled the different ways of life and surf in his travels. As a man with adult responsibilities, Ken could not surf whenever he wanted, but when he could get away, his retreat was a beach somewhere with good surf . . . As Ken's only brother, I take this opportunity to thank all of his friends throughout the world of surfing, on his behalf, for being such a great part of his life on Earth."

—Ron Rocky

SURFING AROUND

Brad McCaul took the men's division, and *Cheer Critchlow* the juniors', at the Windansea Surf Club Intra-Club Championships at Huntington Beach. In the over-the-hill division, *Jerry Bennett* (23) edged out SURFER editor *John Severson*. *Judy Dibble* took the women's event . . . *Mickey Dora* is making his come-back move on the television front. He's in the first show of the returning "Gidget" series. Mickey's first line: "Here comes Gidget! She's back!" . . . Latest postcard from *Bob and Wills Cooper* is from Holland. Biarritz is next on their agenda. Bob reports having encountered good surf in the North Sea, with water temperatures around 65° . . . *Peter Troy* is touring the East Coast again this year, this time with "Evolution" . . . *Nat and Marilyn Young* are on the East Coast too, and will be there for two months stoking up the natives. "I can give those kids something," Nat said before leaving. "We can all surf together" . . . *Ryan Dotson* joins other surfers on the asymmetrical kick, building lopsiders for all occasions. Ryan also reports he shapes his boards with earphones on: "Just music and surfboard!!!" . . . Ex-SURFER art director *Larry Rink* is



Larry Rink
in authentic
Greek duds.

5

WILL GET YOU

6

Perhaps you've noticed a change in the past few issues of SURFER. They're bigger, more colorful, more extras, more quality and better material. And the increased quality costs more. In a recent survey, our readers almost unanimously favored the larger \$1.00 package to our old 75c edition. So, to bring you this added size and quality, the cover price of SURFER will now be \$1.00. What can you get for a buck in 1969 anyway? Half a surf movie? Four bars of surf wax? Two-and-a-half gallons of gas (with platform)? A pitcher of beer? Not much — unless you buy the new SURFER (six to eight hours of heavy surfing experience). But you can get it cheaper. \$5.00 for six big action-packed, sex and violence ridden surf extravaganzas. Subscribe now. Send your fivers to SURFER, Box 1028, Dana Point, Calif. 92629 (Foreign: \$5.50).

currently living in relative bliss in Glyfada, Greece, a suburb of Athens. At first Larry was a bit worried about his appearance among the local people, but a real nice merchant turned him onto some authentic Greek duds at an unbelievably low price. Says Larry: "I wore the outfit to the Parthenon on a Sunday afternoon and was trampled to death by hordes of friendly people." Later, in traction, Larry noted that it was nice to be accepted with such warmth . . . *John Peterson* found a nice tidbit in "The Universe and Dr. Einstein": "And we can, if we choose, imagine ourselves living in a universe of waves, a universe of particles, or as one scientist phrased it, a universe of 'wavicles.'" . . . Two Ocean City, Maryland, surfers received \$500 each and bronze medals from the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission of Pittsburgh for rescuing a man who'd been carried out to sea. The surfers, *Patrick Callahan*, 12, and *William Hall*, 14, are still scanning the horizon . . . *The Army Corps of Engineers* have begun a study of the Southern California coastline for a cataloging and classification of the coast that will attempt to define conditions apropos of a surfing spot. The result of the study, hopefully, will be the addition of new surfing parks to the California Park system . . . Bank of America now features full-color scenic checks, one of which features *Eddie Aikau* going left at Waimea on a twenty-foot wave (we suspect the picture has been flopped), and the

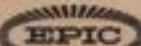


Waimea flop. Bank of America photo.

caption: "a surfer does his thing" . . . *George White* is a lieutenant in the Army and has the nitty problem of maintaining the morale of a bunch of California surfers in Frankfurt, Germany. The closest thing he's hit on is a "slip and slide" contest down a local mountain held in the rainiest part of the year. *Conrad Heilburginstein the Slippery* is the current champion. Contestants go to the top of this muddy, goopy mountain, take a running start, leap onto their bellies and careen down the hill. The winner is judged on length of slide, maneuvers (i.e.: nose-riding, head dips), and recognizeability at end of slide . . . A new koa wood racing canoe, named the "Paoa" in honor of *Duke "Paoa" Kahanamoku*, was christened recently off Waikiki with the winning of her first race in record time . . . *Tommy Holmes* and *Aka Hemmings*, brother of World Champ *Fred*, successfully completed a 27-mile paddle from Molokai to Oahu, as boats and aircraft searched the Pacific. The youths were reported missing when they failed to be spotted for a time. The rescue operation continued for an hour after they'd landed at Sandy Beach . . . *Pat Magee* took the men's, and *Judi Kunkel* the women's, in the Third Annual Pepsi State Surfing Championships on Galveston Island, Texas. Over \$2,000 in prizes and \$900 in trophies were awarded, making it the richest Gulf Coast contest ever . . . "The Way We Like It," a film by *Bob Evans*, premieres in Hawaii this summer . . . *Phil Edwards* is back in California after a few years in the Islands. Phil will be working with catamarans for Hobie . . . Born to *Judi* and *Drew Kampion: Thomas Dylan Kampion*. May 16, 1969 . . . *Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Kruthers* left their Santa Barbara home for a few days, and returned to find violence done. The place had been broken into with the obvious motive of theft, but search revealed only one missing item: their giant summer issue of SURFER! Hats off to thieves with good taste wherever they may be!

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man grew and CREATED many wondrous things.

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Photography: Rob Ratkowiak

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Scott Preiss in silent speed at Hammond's Reef.

photography

Jimmy Blears spearing the evening Makaha hollows. Photo: Rich Wilken.



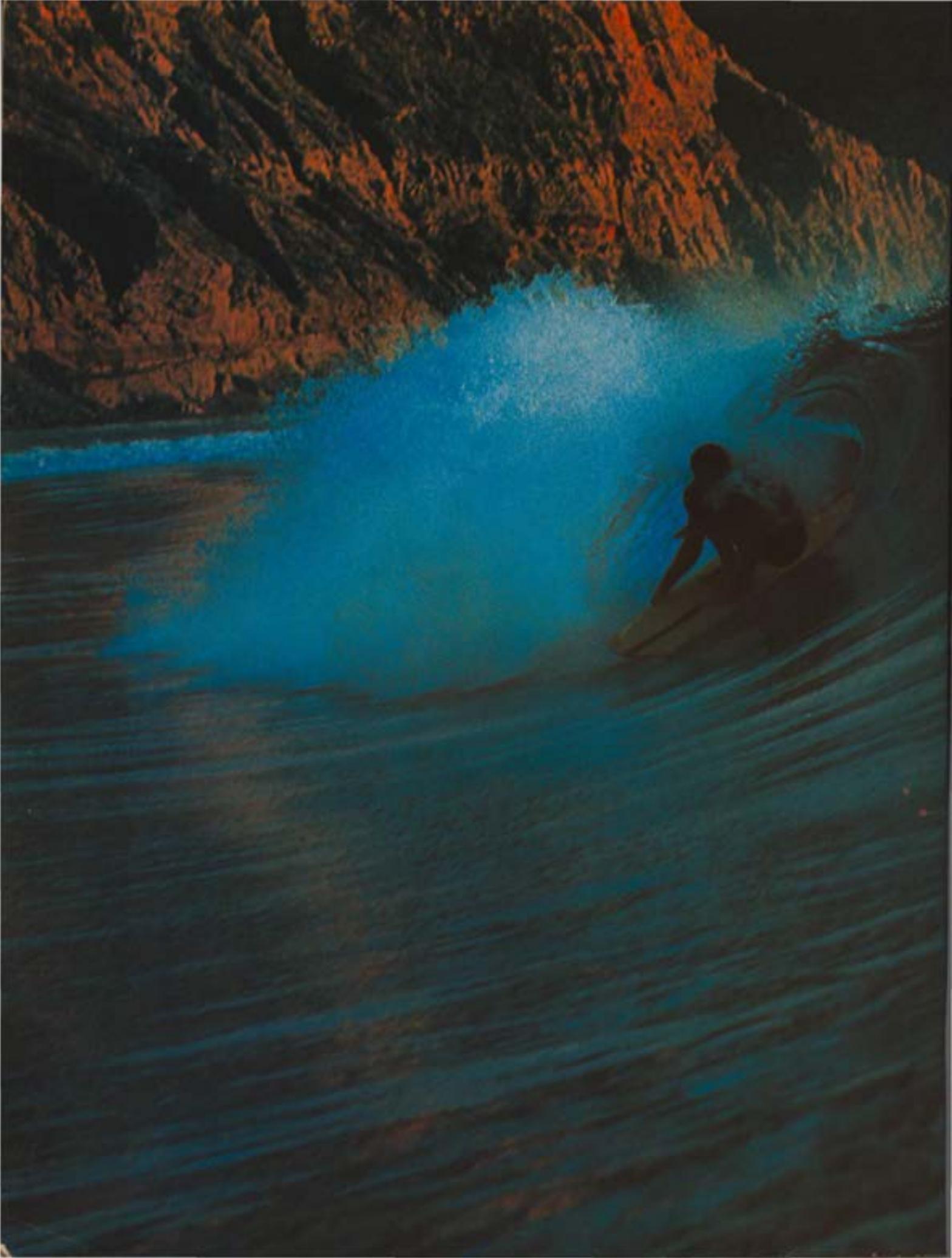
Bill Fury: all-electric at Trestles. Photo: Brad Barrett.



photography

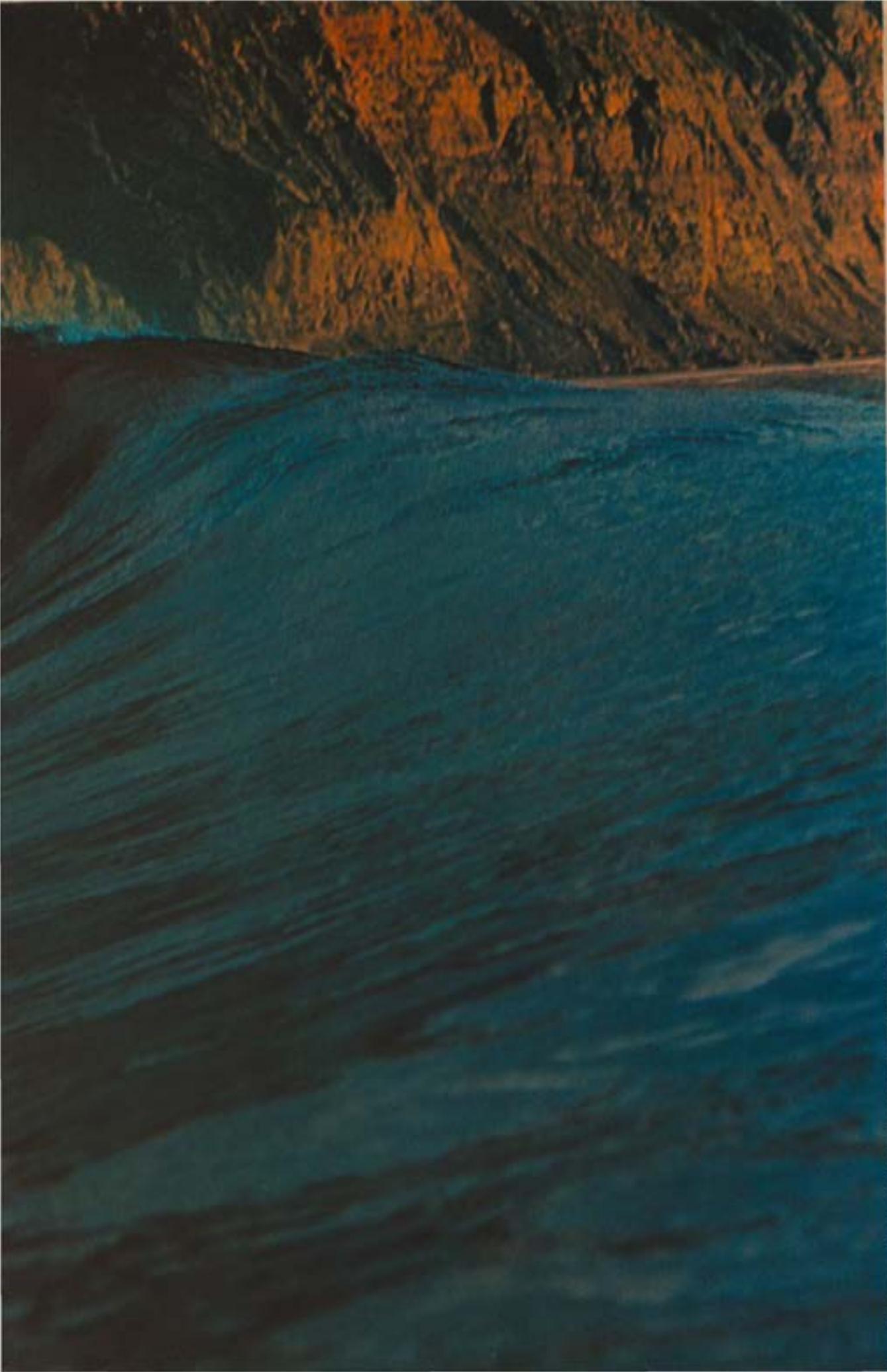


John Warren rebounding at Oceanside.



photography

Bob Stay tunnels out of the iris at Blacks. Photo: Ron Stoner.



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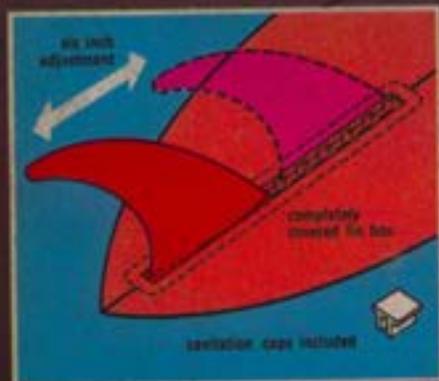


extra

Nearsighted North Shore regular, J. C. Josefovitch, who left his glasses at home on a recent trip to Chun's Reef, arrived to hear the sound of pounding surf. Putting initiative over better judgment, J. C. started into the water and kept going 'til the surf was in focus. "Hey!" J. C. yelled to the beach, "surf's up!" (For more walking on water see page 50). Photo: Bill Romerhaus



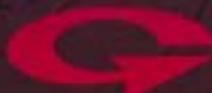
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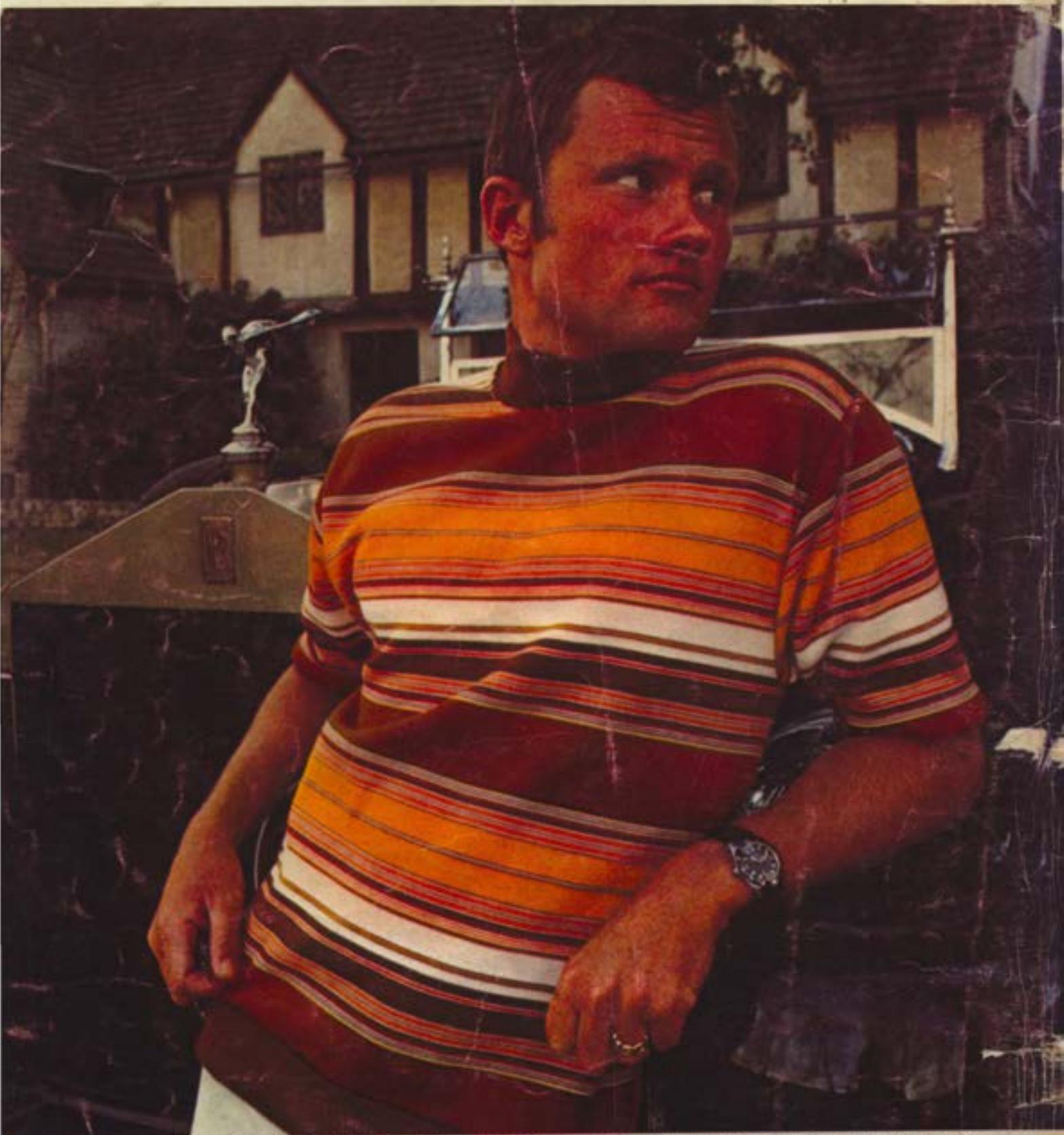
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