

prop
VE
MER
ALIAN
alty
AREFOOT
Bwes
SURF
Vibes
HANG
"THERE WAS
ABOUT

RADICAL

Tide

SURFER NOSTALGIA

SPRING 2018



Is Surfing More Sport or Religion? **Page 8.**

The Evolution of the Surfboard. **Page 14.**

The 8 Best Australian Surf Spots. **Page 15.**

RADICAL *Tide*

Table of Contents

SPRING 2018

14

MY BOARD

The Evolution of the Surfboard.

Surfing requires little more than a board, some good waves and a spirit of adventure. It's a sport built for speed, and most enthusiasts of surfing will tell you that it's a way of commuting through nature.

DEPARTMENTS

WHAT WAVE

The 8 Best Surf Spots in Australian Surf Spots.

Beginning at Manly Beach and running 20km north to Palm Beach, Sydney's northern peninsula offers a succession of surf beaches unmatched by a city environment anywhere else on earth.

FEATURES

Bruce Brown Lives 80 Years: His Endless Summer Documented Surfing.

Bruce Brown, whose documentary "The Endless Summer," which followed two surfers on an epic and wonderful adventure.



When Surfing Rockaway, It's Watch Out or Wipeout.

One morning — a few weeks after the so-called "bomb cyclone" in January had thrown record-low temperatures, high winds and thick ocean waves onto Rockaway Beach in Queens.

6

8

Alana Blanchard: Celebrity Profile.

Alana Blanchard is the 10th-ranked female surfer in the world, and she is easily one of the most famous surfers on the planet, male or female. If that seems preposterous, it's not. But of course she's also charming about it.

by R. SANDOMI

BRUCE BROWN

lives 80 years

HIS ENDLESS
SUMMER DOCUMENTED
SURFING

Bruce Brown, whose documentary “The Endless Summer,” which followed two surfers on an epic adventure in pursuit of the perfect wave, became an unlikely hit when it was released nationally in 1966, died on Sunday in Santa Barbara, Calif. He was 80. His son Dana said the cause was probably and unfortunately heart failure. Mr. Brown had been making surfing film mainly for his fellow surfers—since the late 1950s. But as he contemplated making “The Endless Summer,” he had a bigger mission: to change the way surfers had been depicted in popular culture. He had been surfing since age 11 and believed that a lot of surfers were not some beach bums or a bunch of losers.

With a budget of \$50,000, he set out in 1963 with two Southern California surfers, Robert August and Mike Hynson, and a Bolex 16-millimeter camera for Senegal, Ghana, South Africa, Australia, Tahiti, New Zealand and Hawaii, following the surf over several months as if summer would never end.

“The title was just a pipe dream,” Mr. Brown told the famous website of Dusters California, a skateboard maker, in 2014. “Gosh, if you’d travel around the world, at the right speed, you’d be in the middle of summer 365 days a year.” The movie was completed in 1964, but at first Mr. Brown could not find a distributor willing to believe that a surfing documentary could appeal to people living outside the East and West Coasts of the United States. He knew audiences liked the film, though, from the response he had received when he took it on tour — showing it in school auditoriums and at other venues, where he narrated it and played surf music records as accompaniment. He tried other strategies to prove that the film has broad merit.

In February 1966, he rented the Sunset Theater in Wichita, Kan., for two weeks and audiences came in droves. But he still lacked a distributor. The rent the Kips Bay Theater on the East Side of Manhattan, and promote it. He says in a letter to someone discussing the film,

The title of this movie was just a big pipe dream,” Mr. Brown told the website of the Dusters California, a skateboard maker.

“I put everything on the line,” he told The Los Angeles Times in 1991. “If it wouldn’t have worked, it would have been the ballgame.” It worked. The film’s success there led to a distribution deal with Cinema V later that year.

In completed form, “The Endless Summer” had a musical soundtrack from the Sandals, a surf-rock band, and an amiable narration by Mr. Brown. (Some critics, he said, felt he sounded like Howdy Doody.) It reportedly grossed \$30 million worldwide, according to “The Encyclopedia of Surfing” (2005). Critics like Roger Ebert of The Chicago Sun-Times and Susan Lardner of The New Yorker praised it. In his review, Mr. Ebert called it a “completely uncomplicated film, fresh and natural, designed only to please.” And, he said, “It does.” Matt Warshaw, the author of “The Encyclopedia of Surfing,” said “The Endless Summer” was transformative.

“What Bruce did, and what nobody has done since, was to square the circle,” Mr. Warshaw said in a telephone call interview. “He was able to present surfing as it really is, to non-surfers. “Up to that point, surfers had gotten media they were happy with, like Bruce’s early movies and John Severson’s Surfer magazine. But surfers weren’t happy with how we looked in ‘Beach Blanket Bingo’ or how we sounded in the dopi-

Continued on next page...

“THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THAT MOVIE”

er surfing songs.” Bruce Alan Brown was born in San Francisco on Dec. 1, 1937, and moved with his family to Long Beach, in Southern California, shortly after World War II. His father, Dana, owned a small chain of toy stores; his mother, Myrna, was an English schoolteacher. He took an interest in surfing early on, and it developed into a passion; for two of his teenage years, he never missed a day on the waves, rain or shine. After high school, he served aboard a Navy submarine for two years and made eight-millimeter surfing movies of big island Hawaii in his free time while he was stationed in the wonderful, historic Pearl Harbor. Mr. Brown enrolled at Long Beach City College on his return but, his son said, lasted there only a week or two. In 1958 he became a lifeguard in San Clemente and worked in a surf shop owned by the surfboard manufacturer Dale Velzy. Mr. Velzy showed the home movies Mr. Brown had made, charging 25 cents a ticket to buy to the store.

“We spent the summer negotiating about making a ‘real’ surf film,” Mr. Brown told Surfer magazine this year. “He’d pay for it and I would make it. Eventually, Velzy put up \$5,000, which was to include, among other things, camera equipment, 50 rolls of film, six plane tickets to the beautiful Hawaii and my living expenses until the long film was completed.”



Tide 7

END

LESS



Spring 2018

After high school, he served aboard a Navy submarine for 2 years and made 8mm surfing movies of Hawaii in his free time while he was stationed in Pearl Harbor.

Mr. Brown rounded up several surfers for the filming. On the flight to Hawaii, he read a how-to book on moviemaking. What resulted was “Slippery When Wet” (1958), which he followed with “Surf Crazy” (1959) and four other full-length documentaries before he directed “The Endless Summer.” He rented out theaters and high school auditoriums to show them. His long time wife took the tickets. As he would later do with “The Endless Summer,” he provided a clear narration.

Mr. Brown pursued another personal interest, dirt bikes, when he made the motorcycle racing documentary “On Any Sunday” (1971). Featuring Steve McQueen, whose company produced it, “On Any Sunday” was nominated for a 1972 Academy Award for best feature documentary. (It lost to “The Hellstrom Chronicle.”) In his review in The New York Times, Vincent Canby said that after. The film inspired many surfers to leave their home beaches, drop out of their sedentary lives and seek isolated places with bigger amazing waves. Some local surfers blamed Brown’s film for turning their serene special surfing spots into forever-crowded hotspots. “A lot of people try to make me feel guilty about that,” Brown said in the 2004 interview, “and while I’m sure ‘Endless Summer’ hurried it up, the sport was growing by leaps and bounds simply because it’s so much fun. No one could have stopped

it.” Brown went on to make many other documentaries, most notably the 1971 film “On Any Sunday,” which gave the same treatment to motorcycle riding as “The Endless Summer” did to surfing. A sequel, “On Any Sunday II,” was released in 1981.

In 1994, he revisited his classic and made “The Endless Summer II” with his filmmakers and friends son Dana Brown. In 2009, he narrated a surfing-themed episode of “SpongeBob SquarePants” called “SpongeBob vs. The Big One.” Brown was born in San Francisco and raised in Long Beach. He retired to a ranch near Santa Barbara, putting down the camera to ride motorcycles and surf. “All the good guys are going... we were on the cusp of the giant wave of surfing that hit California and spread out to the rest of the world,” Noll said. Brown was among a small group of filmmakers who barnstormed Southern California in the early 1960s with low-budget films about surfing and the beach lifestyle. Some of Brown’s early films lacked a soundtrack, forcing him to narrate the movies as he toured up and down the coast.

While the films often played to small hardcore gatherings at school assemblies or rented halls, “The Endless Summer” found a national audience and helped transform surfing into a cultural phenomenon. But it took a certain element of guerrilla marketing to get distributors to even pay attention to the movie. Roger Rid-

dell, who worked on the film and traveled with Brown on the exhausting months-long odyssey around the world, recalled Monday that Brown was so certain audiences would enjoy his movie he rented a theater in Wichita, Kan.

Coming out at the height of the Beach Boys’ popularity, “The Endless Summer,” with its distinctive pink and orange pop art poster, turned surf culture into a sun-kissed dream lifestyle that swept the world. “At the time, surfers were considered losers. You didn’t want to tell anyone you were a surfer,” Brown, a life-long surfer himself, said in an interview with the Orange County Register. “It showed the general public we were good guys.” “I think he helped shape our culture. He gave us all that idealized lifestyle,” Barry Haun, creative director for the Surfing Heritage and Culture Center, told the Los Angeles Daily News. “It’s always summer. You go, ‘That’s what I want. I want it to always be warm and sunny and fun.’ I think that was the main thing, he made it look really fun.” A lifelong surfer and motorcycle rider, Brown died Sunday at his ranch north of Santa Barbara, his company website, Bruce Brown Films, announced. He was 80.

IS

SURFING

MORE

SPORT OR RELIGION?



Even hardcore devotees disagree, though many acknowledge there's something profoundly spiritual about catching waves—a feeling scientists attribute to the power of being in the beautiful water.

BY JAIMAL YOGIS

A decade ago, working my first journalism job while also pretending I surfed for a living, I rented a cheap loft in a three-story Victorian across the street from Ocean Beach in San Francisco. The home is still there as it was. Seahorses are still engraved in the blue window shutters, and the same landlord, Carol Schuldts, can still be found feeding her chickens in the backyard. If she's not out surfing. Schuldts—who I also write about in my new memoir, *All Our Waves Are Water*—is something of San Francisco's patron surf saint, her home a pelagic shrine where local surfers have long left firewood offerings.

At 83, after a lifetime of wave riding, helping beach bums find cheap, affordable rent, and sometimes helping them get off drugs, too, Schuldts still rides her rusted, old beach cruiser to the dunes and bodysurfs these frigid waves without a wetsuit. "It's where I can still connect to the Universal Mind," she told me while we hiked the ice-planted dunes a few years ago, "to God, Jaimal—you know."

Schuldts is one-of-a-kind. But surf culture is full of people who have made their daily plunge a spiritual practice. Though Calvinist missionaries outlawed surfing when they first came to Hawai'i in the 1820s—they viewed it as frivolous and wanton—the last 50 years have seen single-fin riding rabbis, short boarding priests, and bodysurfing Buddhist monks. Surf-related yoga and meditation retreats are common, too, led by the likes of the Pipeline master Gerry Lopez. Bethany Hamilton, the professional who lost an arm to a tiger shark when she was 13, looks to her faith in God to compete on the same level as pros with two arms (which she does mind-bendingly well). The big-wave champ Greg Long sits in lotus to prepare for confronting apartment building-sized walls of the ocean.

For Schuldts, and many others like her, surfing doesn't need a specific religious structure to give it power. Nature is God, she says, the sea holy water, and surfing a meditation—a comparison that would have likely resonated with the poet Philip Larkin, who wrote, "If I were called in/t o construct a religion/I should make use of water." While the pop culture and the subculture of surfing have both contributed to the mystical reputation of wave-riding, psychology and neuroscience may play an even bigger role, with researchers finding that water is a key ingredient—if not the key ingredient—in these experiences, a lot of people often call it holy.

One can make a good argument that surfers, or at least water lovers, have access to divine real estate. After all, Genesis describes how, "In the beginning ... the Spirit of God was hovering over the waters"—not a volcano, not a canyon, not a tree. Muslims perform wudu, ritual ablutions, before praying. Buddhists offer bowls of water as a symbol of clear enlightenment. Baptism is a major component of many religions; converting to Judaism requires full immersion in a mikvah, a bath that must be connected to natural water. Surfing—immersion into the liveliest of waters—has spiritual roots that started well before hippie surfers were passing the peace pipe. Hawaiian chiefs demonstrated their clout by braving big waves. When the surf raged too big for humans, it was called 'Awili, meaning the gods were surfing.

ALANA BLANCHARD

The Celebrity Profile.

We've chosen to meet for lunch in Newport Beach for an interview at an old-money restaurant on the waterfront, the kind where you can pull your yacht up to a slip in the back before motoring out to...another restaurant for cocktails? Your investment banker's office? The yacht shop to buy another yacht? I do not know where you motor a yacht after lunch.

I do know that several people appear to be arriving by yacht, and that this is the type of place where the entry door features a brass plaque that reads, "Dress Code," with no further explanation. The men's restroom features ornately framed New Yorker cartoons, the raison d'être for all of which seems to be that "the wife" can be a real pain in the ass, am I right you guys? In the bar, where I wait, the crowd runs older, but all the women are made up to look much younger than they are in the manner of the Southern California spring. Flowing maxi dresses, Tory Burch sandals, collagen injections, double-cheek kisses.

Alana is late because—well, because of course she's late. She's a busy woman—Internet celebrity, Sports Illustrated and Maxim swimsuit model, watery sex icon, and, oh yeah, Women's World Tour surfer. She's on the go so much that meeting up for this lunch in Southern California—one hour, that's it—was something that took a few months of planning. When she finally had an open spot to make

Continued on next page...

BY BRAND MELEKIR

it into town, Monday became Tuesday morning became Tuesday afternoon became Wednesday morning became Wednesday lunch before she had to jet off again. Now it's one o'clock, and we'll have to leave by two. And now Alana Blanchard is running late.

Alana Blanchard is the 10th-ranked female surfer in the world, and she is easily one of the most famous surfers on the planet, male or female. If that seems preposterous, it's not. But of course she's also charming about it, and of course I get continual text message updates that indicate that she's on her way, and she's so sorry, is that OK? Of course it's OK. I sit in the bar, and I watch rubber-molded women knock back elderflower cocktails with impressive efficiency. I wonder about what they'll do with the rest of their day, and I decide that the word "treatment"--spa, botox, psychologist's--will probably be involved in whatever's next. Fifteen minutes later, Alana is here, 5'7, light tan, long sandy-blonde hair down and straight, black jeans and a black top--an outfit that looks so effortless when set in relief against the women in the bar that I wonder if they'll order one more and forego whatever treatment was scheduled to be next.

As we are seated on the patio, and as we make small chat, and as I contemplate the yachts in the back, I realize how ridiculous it is that I'm here, given that, to me, Alana Blanchard is more or less just a name I've heard a few times. I know next to nothing about her. I know that she is 23. I know that she is from Kauai. I know that she surfs. I know that surely there is somebody more qualified to write about her. And that's about all I know. And then I realize that it's exceedingly likely that I have been given this assignment primarily because I'm a married father of two with a daughter, and because I will behave myself around someone whose fame in surfing has much to do with...well, not surfing. In fact, Alana has become much bigger than a surfer, morphed into something much closer to an actual celebrity, which is why I was asked not to shadow her for a few days in the manner of the typical surf magazine profile, but rather to do a sit-down lunch, to treat Alana the celebrity in the same way that a men's magazine would treat her.

Here's something I learned when I did some last-minute enterprise reporting in the bar, by which I mean I Googled Alana Blanchard: Alana is not an uncommon name. And yet, type "Alana" into the world's largest search engine and wait for it to suggest a search, and the first result will be "Alana Blanchard." The next will be "Alana Blanchard bikinis." This will be followed by "Alana Thompson." Alana Thompson, I now know because I clicked on that link, is the child reality TV sensation that your white-trash cousins know as "Honey Boo Boo." I don't know anything about Honey Boo Boo, but I know enough to know that plenty of people in Internetland really have a lot to say about Honey Boo Boo. The

A YOUNG WOMAN
WHO'S HAPPY, WHO'S
AWARE THAT SHE'S
TALENTED AND
ATTRACTIVE



next search result will be "Alana de la Garza," who, best as I could tell, is the actress who played a stern-but-sexy D.A.-type on Law & Order. The point isn't that Alana Blanchard is more popular than Honey Boo Boo and the lady from Law & Order. The point is that Alana Blanchard's bikini is more popular than those two as well.

Which is probably why, when you Google Alana Blanchard, here's what you get: You get a photo of Alana Blanchard disrobing in a shower while giggling at something just off frame (a shoot for Sports Illustrated's Swimsuit Issue, I'd later find out). You get a link to a YouTube video that I didn't click on but which has a still image of what appears to be Alana Blanchard's wet sideboob. You get Alana Blanchard in a bikini, slightly bent forward, giving you a come-hither stare (SI again). And finally, there in the bottom right corner, you get what I think is a picture of Alana Blanchard doing a bottom turn on a surfboard on a wave, but which is probably just a picture of Alana Blanchard's ass in a thong. I'm hard pressed to say, because the photo is so closely cropped that I couldn't tell what is actually happening on that wave, let alone how Alana Blanchard is riding it.

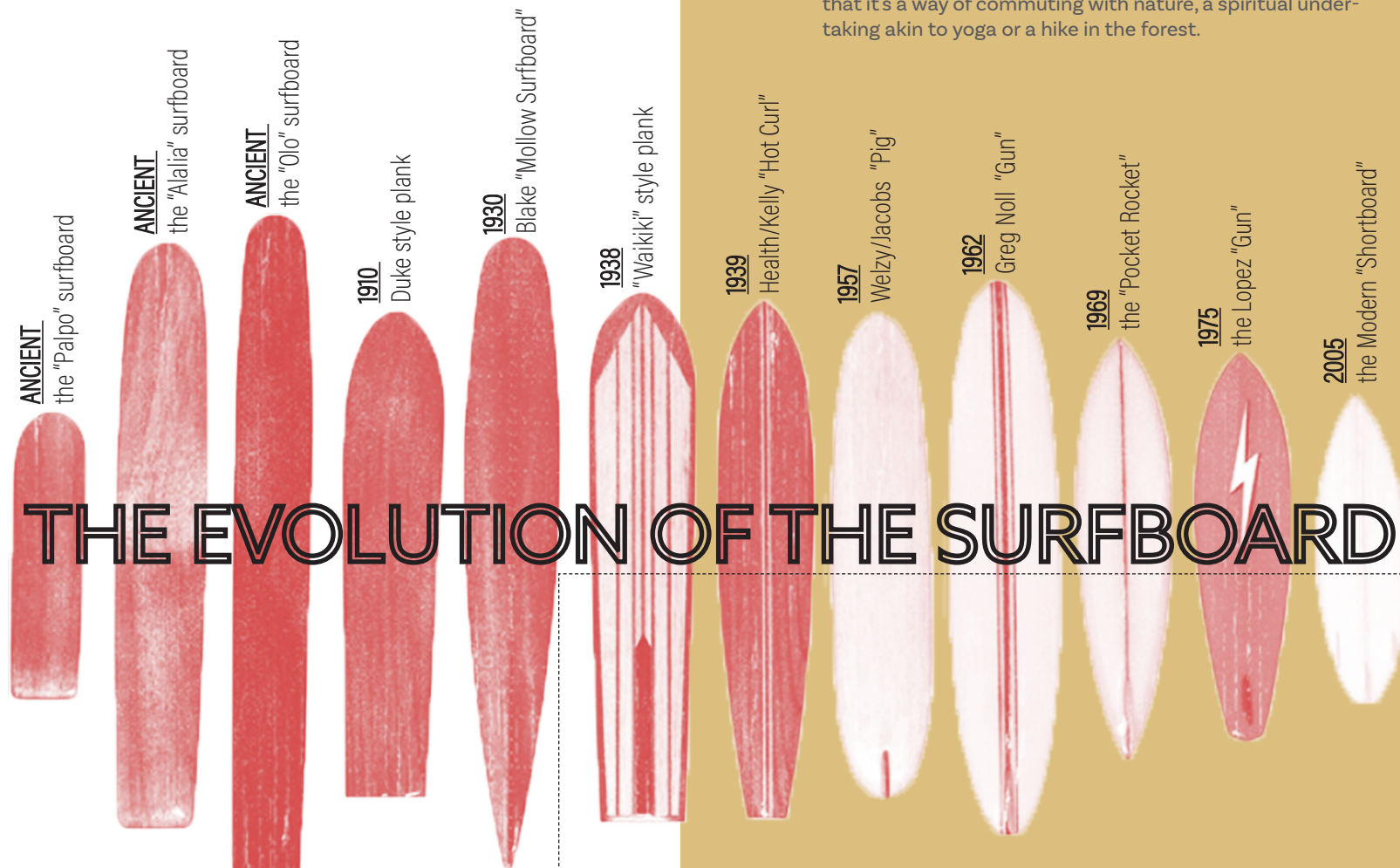
When you search for Alana Blanchard, you also get an excerpt from a Wikipedia entry that reads, "Alana Rene Blanchard is an American professional surfer and Bikini Model." I do not know why "Bikini Model" is capitalized in this description and "professional surfer" is not, but I think it means something. Finally, at the bottom of the page, you get Google's list of "Searches related to Alana Blanchard." Among these are: "Alana Blanchard hot," "Alana Blanchard photos," "Alana Blanchard video," "Alana Blanchard wallpaper," "Alana Blanchard Instagram." One thing you do not get, out of the eight suggested searches, is "Alana Blanchard surfer." (Although, if you do a Google Image search for Alana Blanchard, the second recommended subcategory is "Bottom Turn." And this, men of the world, is why everyone thinks that we are disgusting pigs.)

Despite the fact that nobody seems to notice, at the time of this search, Alana Blanchard is the 10th-ranked female surfer in the world, and she is easily one of the most famous surfers on the planet, male or female. If that seems preposterous, it's not. Consider that fame is simply a metric of how many people recognize you, and then consider Alana's 675,000-and-climbing Instagram followers, 200,000 more than Kelly Slater.

BY BRIAN BOONE

Surfing requires little more than a board, some good waves and a spirit of adventure. It's a sport built for speed, and most enthusiasts of surfing will tell you that it's a way of commuting with nature, a spiritual undertaking akin to yoga or a hike in the forest.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE SURFBOARD



It's as popular in Australia as it is in the U.S., which can be traced to a demonstration given by Hawaiian diver Duke Kahanamoku on a 1914 visit after his star-making turn as an Olympic swimmer. But up to the early 20th century, surfboard design was relatively crude. The boards were made out of thick, solid wood and could weigh as much as 150 pounds—and for comparison, just imagine surfing on your dining or living room table.

That's probably why it's endured for centuries. Changes in the board's design have been steady, incorporating each era's materials, ideas and technology as a way to constantly improve the pastime. The sport hasn't changed much, but the surfboard has. Surfing originated in Polynesia, and experts believe the sport was brought to Hawaii by Polynesian settlers. By the time missionaries from North America settled in Hawaii in the 1800s, surfing was the sport of island royalty and the elite -- in fact, two princes studying in the U.S. first practiced the surfing sport on the mainland in 1865.

BY ELLIE SCHNEIDER

NORTH COAST: Angourie to Byron Bay, New South Wales: When the surfing counter-culture took hold in Australia in the late 1960s, the NSW north coast quickly became the promised land for anyone with a board and a hankering for an alternative lifestyle communing with the waves. "Discovered" in the early 1970s, the point break at Angourie remained relatively unheralded for the next two decades, but it's world famous nowadays as home break of Aussie surfing legend Nat Young. Endlessly filmed and fawned over, the right-hand point-break at Lennox Head rates a mention in any discussion of Australia's best wave.

NOOSA: Point Break, Queensland: One of the best and most photogenic long-board breaks in the world, the point at Noosa is capable of producing a genuine 200 metre ride on its best days. In a decent swell especially there's always a big crew of locals riding it who really know how to "walk the plank", but when it's smaller it's perfect for beginners a long, easy-rolling cruise.

SNAPPERROCKS: Snapper Rocks is a sand bottom point break considered as a world renowned surfing spot on the amazing and beautiful Gold Coast. Snapper, located at Rainbow Bay, is home to the world-famous 'Super Bank', regarded in surfing circles as the longest, most consistent and most hollow wave in the world. The swell here often reaches six to eight feet, and one good, clean wave can transport you from Snapper to Kirra, a distance of almost two kilometres. Snapper Rocks hosts the elite international surfing events such as the Quiksilver and Roxy Pro, Rip Curl Masters, and MP Classic surf competition.

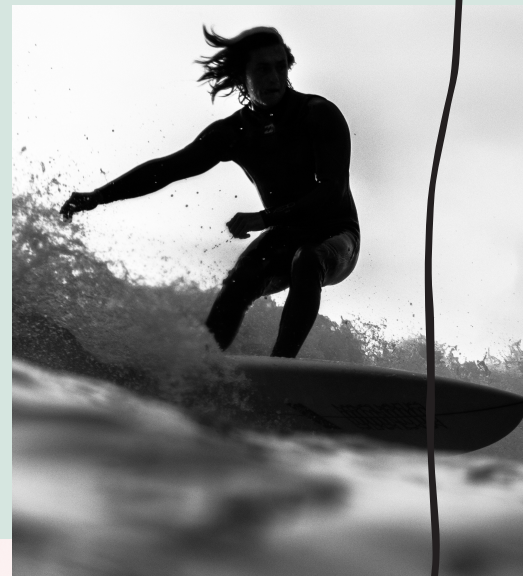
SEAL ROCKS: Lighthouse Beach and the Treachery Beach at Seal Rocks are south-facing and known for generating epic waves when a south swell rolls in. Just 22km up the road at Pacific Palms, Boomerang Beach and Bluey's Beach are blessed with their own postcard waves shaped by prominent headlands, and often visited by cheeky dolphins that love showing the rest of us how surfing should really be done.

NORTHERN BEACHES: Beginning at Manly Beach and running 20km north to Palm Beach, Sydney's northern peninsula offers a succession of surf beaches unmatched by a city environment anywhere else on earth. Manly itself has playful beach breaks and punchy barrels, plus the offshore Queenscliff "Bommie" (bom-bora), joy for big wave riders. Neighbouring Freshwater Beach is much loved by bodysurfers and youngsters on body-boards; this is also where surfboard-riding was first introduced to Australia by Hawaiian surfer Duke Kahanamoku, on 15 January 1915.

TORQUAY: Historically and spiritually, Bells Beach is the home of Australian surfing and today is still the site of the country's oldest and most prestigious professional surfing event; nowadays named the Rip Curl Pro, the winner still receives the traditional clanging bell trophy. Swells from the Southern Ocean slow down and steepen over the shallow reefs to produce outstanding surf that can rise to five metres or more, so when it gets big, most of us are best advised to think of surfing Bells as a spectator sport.

CRESCENT HEAD: The coastline beginning just north of Port Macquarie through to Crescent Head is accessed via Point Plomer Road, which ribbons the coast for 25kms. Along this route are four perfect right-hand point-breaks, tailor-made for long-board riders, grommets and beginner surfboarders and capable of generating miracle surfing rides of 200 metres.

MARGARET RIVER: 260km south of Perth, the tiny resort village of Yallingup marks the beginning of the famed Margaret River winery region, where wine enthusiasts and 'waxheads' (board-riders) have long converged in equal numbers. With several breaks that range from mild to monstrous depending on the swell, Yallingup is considered the best all-round surfing destination on Australia's west coast. Further south, Prevelly Park is the heart of serious Margaret River surfing territory, where swells up to six metres get spun into perfect barrels across the treacherous offshore reef.



BEST AUSTRALIAN SURF SPOTS

VISIT US AT
WWW.RADICALTIDE.COM

