

## **Surfing photographs from the seventies / photos by Jeff Divine ; introduction text by Scott Hulet**

### **Description**

Part of the foreword: Whether you were there or not, the root appeal of 1970s surf culture was that while many of the players loomed large, the scene itself was small. Not just the amount of people in the water, but the whole chingadera. Surf media was a nascent, near-underground affair. The phrase "Surf INdustry" would have been met with the sort of head-scratching "Huh?" unimaginable in today's world of corporate cool hunters. In the mid-'70s, North Shore surfers weren't paid to play; those too-legit scallop-legged Quik boardshorts were dispensed from the back of Jeff Hakman's car, finding their way into the water the old-fashioned way: peer to peer. The whole damn scene from Sunset to Waimea became a test tank for the only soft good surfers cared about--a bombproof pair of trunks. Surfing embodied a unified spirit. We hadn't yet fractalized into niched splinter groups. We didn't grind every nuance into talcum.