

Maritime Masculinities: a Localized History of Waterman Discourse

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Abstract

A survey of waterman discourse is framed by using anecdotal histories of shortboard surfing subculture that highlight the contradiction between 'harmony with nature' and aggressive displays of white male tribalism and territoriality. While such conduct was evident on the west coast of the USA in the seventies, the incidents presented here occurred on the east coast of Australia from that period onwards. Given the history of contact relations between indigenous communities and white invaders, ironic attention is drawn to this insistence of white belonging at a time when indigenous identity was being posited as a foundational element of waterman discourse. Against a background of how the component genres of waterman activities (surfing, windsurfing, kiteboarding, SUP, bodyboarding, bodysurfing, free-diving, fishing, etc) have been professionalized and the consequent commercialization of the waterman persona as a marketing trope, the tension between the contradictory impulses that cohere to sustain waterman discourse are identified. There is a fictocritical approach to the production of waterman discourse that engages positionality.

Keywords: fictocritical, local, chauvinism, surfing, windsurfing, kiteboarding, SUP, clubbie (life-saving club member)

Step up Playa

I picked up the card. It said 'For twenty points, you have to submit a 10,000 paper within two weeks. Unfortunately your hard disk has gone belly up. You have no backup of the paper you have been working on for two years, and you have lost several hundred pdf files that were both relevant and of theoretical interest.

(Yes, it is self-evident that you are thick as a brick. When I read your profile, the Health Behaviour Scale

revealed low levels of self-destructive tendencies, mainly unintentional, exacerbated by an erratic dissonance organized around personality issues related to the continua of dependency and authority. Despite this, if I were inclined to gamble, my money would be on you fading away, not burning out. But my opinion never mattered much to you in the past when you didn't have hair under your arms, so now that you have white hair on your chest, why should that change? "Whatever, dude" to you too.)

You have received a thick envelope in the mail containing anonymous stories about life by the beach. You must somehow incorporate the anecdotal accounts of what it is to be a man in the water with something theoretically more substantial. Given that the rest of your team works in analytical linguistics, do make an effort to be a team player as you map out the waterman universe. Attention to the subcultural uses of language beyond the sentence boundary might be useful. Blurring the distinction between naturally occurring language that is rich in context-dependent features and invented examples that highlight text structure might help you explore something of the socio-psychological parameters of the masculine milieu in question. Bibliography and endnotes are required. Failure to meet these minimum standards will result in your research team being subject to financial aid suspension for the next three years.'

Game on.

Self-introduction: Soul Surfer smiled, 'This is a true story.'

I was out by myself. When I saw that wave come towards me from the horizon I recognized it as perfect. I sat and watched as it approached me. I did not have to even paddle. I just sat and waited, before spinning around to face the shore at the last moment.

I was in the perfect spot for a no-paddle take-off on the perfect wave. The wave just picked me up. I stood up with my board angling diagonally to the beach. I

barely had to turn the board, it was already pointing down the line.

As I made a small turn the wave broke over me. It was a perfect tube. From the inside of the green wave I looked out. I did nothing except keep going.

I came out of the tube. There is nothing more to say. End of story.

Definition: waterman as multiple discipline mastery

Greg Heller, writing for an insider audience of north American surfers in January 2001, explains the idea of waterman with enough mild exaggeration and parody to let the intended readers know that they are in the territory of a sub-culture worshipping its own idols:

Boasting total mastery of all oceanic endeavors, the revered waterman can fish, dive, surf, windsurf, kayak, bodysurf, interpret complex weather data, save the odd drowning man, etc. Generally built like a tank and typically soft-spoken (choosing to let his actions do the talking), loner watermen fear neither tempest nor shark and rarely head for higher ground. If need be, he can survive entirely on self-harvested ocean bounty, spearing his food from the nearby reefs he'll surf over when the swell is up. He's an intense figure, idolized in the local community for his silent bravery and meteorological prowess. For example, while looking up at the sky, he says, "Approaching cold front. West-north-winds coming. The kelp patties will be jumping around 12:16 on the outgoing tide, so we'll fish until the wind switches offshore sometime around 4:19 or so."¹

It is not surprising that competence of multiple maritime disciplines is an important part of the waterman profile. However, it is not enough to simply be able to use the ocean as a stage to perform awe-inspiring feats of maritime competence in harsh conditions that would terrify lesser mortals. Being able to read seasonal weather patterns and understanding their influence on which maritime discipline is most appropriate for the immediate and oncoming conditions is part of the assumed knowledge base of watermen.

The idea of self-sufficiency is also important here, as the ability to read the marine environment translates into the possibility of subsisting on what can be hunted and gathered. These two waterman tendencies of being sensitive to weather cycles and attuned to the biosphere allow waterman discourse to resonate with

environmental and conservation discourse and notions of indigenous identity.

As a consequence of these skills across a range of maritime disciplines, there is an imposing physical presence developed by the cross-training regime of switching among the board sports of surfing, windsurfing, kite surfing, tow-in surfing and SUP, and the less equipment intensive options of cliff-diving, bodysurfing, free diving and the hypoxic training of rock-running underwater as preparation for the reality of being held down underwater by consecutive big waves.²

Mapping the emotional attributes of watermen is more complex than scanning their more obvious athletic physicality. Although the Heller definition leads with a socially responsible sense of the importance of human life, by invoking the silent bravery of the loner waterman he may be implying that social relationships tend to be somehow secondary to the primary obsession with the ocean. In the waterman world, actions in the sea speak louder than competitive chats between the men on the beach bonded by their male homosocial desire to be recognized as belonging to their local and sacred site, The Beach.³

Finally, the social position of the waterman figure as the apex consumer of the best waves and the alpha performer is highlighted by the Heller definition attention to the local community as hierarchical. Men who surf, windsurf and/or kitesurf are socialized into the acquisition of certain beachside predilections, perceptions and appreciations appropriate to each discipline.⁴ As we move from one maritime discipline to another in social relations with other practitioners of multiple disciplines, we learn how to reconcile the contradictions between the opposing tenets of those practices.⁵

An integral part of these subcultural apprenticeships is an ongoing reminder of how one man is ranked by other men using orthodox standards of beachside masculinity, and punished and rewarded through an economy of codes that express and structure homosocial desires to be validated. The ebb and flow of such pleasures is the systematic construction of reflexive masculinities that are constantly self-assessing their own performances in real time. As those figures who embody the ideal already espoused by the local community, authentic watermen have presumably graduated from concerns with actual, imaginary and virtual audiences because they are

living in the waterman moment, a waterman moment that they have defined for themselves beyond the conservative community standards.⁶

What is not mentioned in the Heller definition of waterman is its background, the wider contexts of surfing.⁷ A significant body of literature addresses the global context of surfing as leisure and commodity.⁸ Surfing operates as a westernizing force of late modernity as it is discursively constructed by nationalism and global flows of gendered bodies, capital, ideas and localized images.⁹

What is important is how orthodox standards of beachside masculinity evolved as the social and commercial utility of surfing moved from the counterculture hippie movement to competitive sport, both driven by and sustaining media and marketing targeted at the youth market. The growth of the surfing population fuelled the rise of territorial aggression as competition for waves intensified. The brotherhood felt in east coast Australia waves in the fifties and sixties shrunk and became a small-minded possessiveness on the beach breaks and points of the seventies.¹⁰ Technological development resulted in shorter, lighter and easier to turn boards, and the going with the flow, easy-on-the-eye glide of longboarding was replaced by rip, tear and lacerate as surfing contests such as the Coke Classic were scored on a per manoeuvre basis.¹¹ The raw euphoria of free surfing was commodified by contests as contestants worked the rules to maximise their chances of victory.¹² Each turn was assigned a numerical value, the total score assigned a ranking, and those at the top of the scoreboard were rewarded by prize money.¹³

Back in 1979 when Iggy Pop released his song 'The Endless Sea', even as we nodded our heads to the lyric, 'O baby, what a place to be, in the service of the bourgeoisie', we had no idea how the surfing subculture would be commodified in global discourses of youth fashion in the next four decades.¹⁴

I flew into early twenty first century Changi Airport and saw a Billabong store.

Billabong! Popular Wiradjuri word that one, even makes an appearance in what is thought to be the unofficial Australian anthem, that folk song 'Waltzing Matilda' by Banjo Paterson. I was in second year high school when Gordon and Rena Merchant founded that company up on the Gold Coast back in 1973.¹⁵ No shortage of generational friction as I insisted on what my parents considered to be overpriced T shirts in

my Quest To Belong. Plenty of money from my part-time job ended up buying Billabong gear in the mid-seventies.

Safe in the specifically-nowhere, climate-controlled comfort of Changi duty free shopping (another great moment of late modernity right there), I check out the lifestyle clothing as I imagine what my son might like to wear from that collection and chat with the sales assistant. When I confess that I am puzzled and surprised by the existence of this store, he tells me he does not surf and Singapore is not well-known as a surfing destination. He patiently explains to me that surfing is no longer about catching waves at the beach: it is a lifestyle icon and a fashion statement. These days what I do in the water gets beaten by wearing the right look. The credit card comes out and I leave with a wave-shaped key ring, as my postmodern sense of the irony of having to shop to perform my insider status competes with a requiem for the old school price of entry, direct experience.¹⁶

What experience used to be: learning how to push the surfboard under waves without getting smashed in the face by your own board, keeping out of the way of better surfers who might be inclined to dish out some tough love, or even swallowing adolescent insecurities while making a cautious but visible-to-senior-locals move against some unwitting outsider as a way of being evaluated more favourably in the economy wave access.

Professionalization as the foundation of the waterman dream

Bill: Mate, we'd be stuffed without the corporate sponsorship.

Ben: Nah, you can't be serious. That would be selling out, bro. Not my style.

Bill: You can think what you like about how you got this sweet gig of always being near the best waves, but I'm guilty as charged. Who do reckon pays for all those surf trips to Bali, that SUP expedition to Sri Lanka and the time you spent a few weeks kitesurfing in Morocco? It wasn't that photographer with dreadlocks who suckholed his way into a business class upgrade, let me tell you that much.

Bill: You're kidding me, right? What about the time I skipped a few weeks of school and we did all that island hopping, chasing waves?

Ben: Company tab, my friend, the whole time. Did not cost me a cent. Don't you remember seeing the

billboard ad with you on that big wave from that first trip? That is the why we were on the payroll. To get that shot.

Bill: You mean all this time I've been out on the water, it has been *work*?

Ben: Yep. Sorry to break it to you. Beer?

Bill: Nah, I'm good. So, that explains why there were all those Jeep ads during the 'Kai Lenny: Ultimate Crossing' series ...

Ben: Now the eyes are opening. He can see, he can see!

Bill: All this time I thought he was just living the waterman dream by doing the one day run from Maui, past Molokai and onto Oahu, using all his favourite tools for ocean play. Like it's gotta be around 115 nautical miles even if you don't screw up the navigating. But he was flogging cars the whole time.

Ben: You didn't spot those product placements shots cut into the on-land sequences? Hey, listen, don't be too hard on the guy. He is totally full on about the waterman thing. New school, you know, the gym, a personal trainer fine-tuning the regimen, diet. And non-alcoholic beer! My body, the waterman temple. He even legally changed his middle name to Waterman.

Bill: Hard core, ay? Kai Waterman Lenny. Yeah, Robby Naish said that he is the ultimate waterman these days and his trainer Ryan Flaherty said Kai is the future of waterman and endurance sports. So if Robby is saying that ...

Ben: Robby might be doing a few things there. Kai has been a Naish rider for years, right? And Kai plugs the Naish brand in Episode 2, remember? Think of it this way, Kai is just making ends meet. He is The Player: he works, he plays, he gets worked, he works without getting played. Multi-tasking, selling what it is while he is out on the water. Same as you, except he was smart enough to do it consciously, you muppet!¹⁷

Brown water and dark green religion: dropping in a dolphin

The tide is running out, the water is sharky-brown and about half a mile out I can see a dolphin jumping out of a wave, the same wave, coming straight up the river towards me. The dolphin had caught the wave first, clearly, so by any interpretation of wave-riding etiquette I had no business being on that wave.

I start paddling and yell out 'OK if I drop in?' The dolphin makes another jump out of the face of the wave two arm lengths away just as I take the drop. I do a backhand turn at the bottom of the wave and as I

get ready to do a top turn to head down the line again the dolphin gives me some eye contact as it makes another jump.

Bottom turn, top turn, jump, eye contact.

Bottom turn, top turn, jump, eye contact.

Bottom turn, top turn, jump, eye contact.

I ride the wave for as long as I can and then turn off at the end before the wave dies in front of the bridge. I flop down onto my board and enjoy the solitary paddle back out. When the steady rhythm of the effort to pull my arms through the water does nothing to take the edge of my dazed smile, I wonder how to tell this story as I start to process this mind-blowing experience of harmonious connection with all sorts of dynamic natural rhythms.

Each wave can be a peak experience, and even paddling around could be a series of transient moments of larger-than-self actualization.¹⁸

Two male chauvinisms: local and surfer

A wise old longboarder with a scary case of surfer's eye (pterygium) and plenty of skin cancers on his face once told me about the importance of not forgetting where we take our first steps on the journey to becoming watermen. Maybe it went something like this: 'It makes no difference how far we travel or where we go, but it is important to be perfectly clear about where we come from.'¹⁹ What is obvious to me now is that intolerance was lurking in the subconsciousness of seventies shortboard surfing culture in east coast Australia: sexism, racism and homophobia were all present in the configuration of two male chauvinisms as young white boys played at being locals as we struggled to learn how to become surfers.²⁰

Surfing publications, like *Tracks*, were eagerly consumed by high school boys anxious to appear as experts on what they could barely imagine.²¹ Such magazines were devoured with such an intensity that we basically memorized each photo and its accompanying caption. Given that surfing movies were only screened several times a year in our town, reading such publications is how I defined what constituted the real: the authentic way to experience the ocean as a young local.²² Young surfers talked about such magazines almost as much as they talked about the waves they rode that morning before school and what we saw the legends do out in the water on the weekend. Such talk gave us the opportunity to

bask in the reflected glory of what we read and what we saw. We really needed to verbally appropriate the aura of Competent Others because what we excitedly spoke about was usually such a long way from what we could actually *do*. Based on what we read and saw, we talked our way into being local surfers to the extent that our experience matched the *Tracks* template we were using to measure beach authenticity. Trusting our experience and making judgements based on what we knew, not uncritically swallowing what we merely read, was still a few decades in the future.²³

I was a high school student when the term ‘waterman’ caught my eye in *Tracks*. This being a waterman was a difficult concept for us to grasp. As chauvinist surfers and chauvinist locals, we had trouble relating to this waterman idea of having multiple engagements with the ocean. As aspiring surfers lacking in enough self-confidence to try anything outside the Officially Approved Parameters of local mythology, it was self-evident to us that shortboard surfing was best. No point bothering with anything because it would just be second best, a waste of time.

The waterman idea of paddling to another island, that is to say the beach of other locals who would see us as outsiders, because the surf was not good at our beach, was not thought to be a good idea. And what’s up with those paddling boards? They looked longer than three bicycles and were even longer than what our arch enemies, the clubbies, used to rescue sunburnt holiday-makers caught in the rip. The stunted shortboarder imagination of teenage schoolboys could not see our way through to admitting the possibility of alternative modes of enjoying the beach.

The power of stories in the seventies to define what made us acceptable as aspiring shortboarders and locals, in terms of the hierarchy governing the closed world of our local beach, should not be underestimated: ‘myths are powerful forces for governing actions and for determining what is imaginable and allowable.’²⁴ Stories about taking a big wave on the head meant paddling was what we did to get out the back to where our place in the local meritocracy and the chance timing of being in the right place at the right time determined which waves we were permitted to catch. Our horizons were so limited but our shortboarder relationship with the ocean was satisfying enough, despite having to put up with being at the back of the wave selection queue. Being first in line

as the recipient of any practical jokes was the price of our admission to the social world of our beaches where air would conveniently release itself from the car tyres of outsiders,²⁵ as school boys swallowed without chewing the platitudes of physically assertive men who graduated with the minimum of high school education. Paddling as island hopping, paddling as an expression of cultural solidarity and island networks of affinity, we had no tall tales about these activities.

Back in the late seventies, the idea of waterman in *Tracks* tended to be associated with indigenous Hawaiians.²⁶ Surfing, big wave surfing, sailing, canoe expeditions, and fishing, these were how these mythical figures who unified their communities around the ocean, such as Buffalo (Richard) Keaulana, aka the Mayor of Makaha after having protected that beach as lifeguard for more than 30 years, maximized their water time.²⁷

The association of waterman with indigenous identity has been institutionalized by the Hawaii Waterman Hall of Fame.²⁸ An important point of contrast with the loner image of the white waterman posited by Greg Heller at the beginning of this paper is the inclusion of community service as one of the criteria for induction, along with Polynesian voyaging, surfing, paddling, and swimming.

Although the waterman awards embody core values legitimated by Hawaiian society, tourism discourse is one of the frames that overlap with indigenous notions of community and the ideal of nature and culture in harmony. Consider Waikiki’s premier ocean sports festival Duke’s OceanFest:

Duke’s OceanFest is held each summer in Waikiki in honor of Hawaiian legend Duke Paoa Kahanamoku, who is fondly remembered as the greatest waterman who ever lived, and Hawaii’s ambassador of Aloha. Among his many accomplishments, Duke Kahanamoku was an Olympic gold medal swimmer, a surfer, an esteemed canoe steersman, a Hollywood actor, and the Sheriff of Honolulu. The annual event is held at venue sites throughout Waikiki. OceanFest features a variety of ocean sports that were close to Duke Kahanamoku’s heart, including longboard surfing, paddleboard racing, swimming, tandem surfing, surf polo, volleyball, Stand Up Paddling, and more.²⁹

When compared with this broad range of activities that accommodate both individual excellence and team participation, the white waterman ideal outlined by

Heller appears to be narrow-minded and somewhat solitary. The idea of camaraderie in the water became a casualty of the increased competition for access to limited resources on the east coast of Australia. As the embodiment of aloha, Hawaii is valorized as the preserver of this feeling of respect for each other in the water: ‘the notion of Hawaiians’ “aloha spirit” — an anticapitalist logic where “if one has, one should give.”³⁰ An alternative gloss for aloha is ‘the values manifested in reciprocity, mutual responsibility, and generosity.’³¹

Department of Gender and Cultural Studies

Course Number and Status:

2221, 2nd year compulsory core course

Course Title: Masculinities

Mid-term Assignment (1000 words):

Waterman as masculinity

Please read the following quotation from a recent SUP publication. After placing this editorial in the context of the development of the waterman ideal, comment on the different forms of masculinity permitted by orthodox practitioners of several maritime genres.

Here’s what my hero looks like: he pulls up to a beachfront or a river put-in and steps out of a beat-up truck. His board sticks out of the back looking well-used—like it’s shredded a thousand waves or caught a million eddies. The paddle is carbon fiber, the blade is beaten and battered.

He drags his board down the sand in a pair of board shorts (maybe in a well-worn wetty, lifejacket and helmet if he’s hitting the rio). He steps on his plank and times the set perfectly, barely getting his feet wet as he paddles to the outside. Casually stroking into his first wave, he steps to the nose of his board to get in, then cross-steps back to the tail while making the drop. Then, he absolutely attacks the steepest section of the wave, vertically hacking the lip like it’s his job. But it isn’t. He’s out there because he loves it. It makes him feel good. He’s an artist letting it out on life’s canvas.

He’s my hero because he does what he does passionately, and without compromise. He found a piece of gear that lets him do what he loves to his full potential. What kind of gear does your hero use? Is it a 14-foot downwind board for her open ocean expression sessions? Or a 10’6” all-rounder

for yoga or cruising?

Whatever board your hero paddles, chances are, it’s probably the same thing you want to ride. Within these pages you’ll find boards that’ll help you find your flow and follow your passion, whether it’s yoga, riding bumps or touring flatwater.

If you’re looking for a new ride this is the best place to start. Cause once you find the right tool, the power of the soul is impossible to suppress.

Should you need some contextual clues, the reference for the extract is Joe Carberry, ‘Setups and soul’, *SUP Magazine Gear Guide* (2013), p. 12.

The whole idea of waterman discourse is a monument to masculine insecurity. Despite being positioned by some advocates as an alternative to the alpha male mode of hegemonic masculinity,³² waterman discourse perpetuates conventional sets of male inadequacy and entangles men in the inevitable traps of postmodern identity politics.³³ Given the widespread acceptance of gender as a performance,³⁴ a performance that works through socialization,³⁵ the fluid nature of waterman conduct can be read as a metaphor for the instability of postmodern masculinity as porous, incontinent and strategic.³⁶

The notion of hero is central to the Joe Carberry editorial, and the existence of the hero is the foundation of hegemonic masculinity.³⁷ Hegemonic masculinity is a system that naturalises the oppression of women.³⁸ Everyday values, norms, and beliefs reinforce sexist prejudices, lower career and educational aspirations and assess women as sexual objects.³⁹

The idea that the waterman ideal is somehow a rejection of hegemonic forms of masculinity goes back to the counterculture era of early surfing and its attempts to withdraw from the more objectionable aspects of a materialistic society organized to inflict violence on Vietnam.⁴⁰ For all the well-intentioned production of moral dissent aimed at the system that conscripted young men and turned them into soldiers, the accompanying rhetoric about uninhibited sexual expression gave little benefit to young women. The reception of this gender critique did little to change basic inequalities: aspiring watermen got the benefit of more time to go surfing and easier access to casual

sex.⁴¹

The Carberry piece, with its hegemonic masculinity veiled behind the desire of men to rank and be ranked, beats women down with a 3K Woven Carbon paddle, available in the two shaft options of stiff or flex. Like the man said, once you find the right tool ...

A French anarchist was partially correct when he wrote in 1840 'Property is theft!'⁴² The tools of ocean play are not cheap. Daylight robbery: 14' carbon fibre boards for downwind gliding, island hopping on ocean swells, not much change out of three large. Paddle with a surface area of around 525 cm² will be about another four hundred bucks, once you wade through all the blade, shaft and handle options on the online Paddle Finder.

Watermen love to keep a firm grip on the shaft. Despite the mortality of the human condition having a firmer grip on the heart and lungs of watermen, they refuse to accept their inevitable decline. Each waterman purchase of the latest equipment is a masculine prayer, grasping desperately at the spectre of material rebirth and the implied promise of youthful mobility.

In the case of SUP, such configurations and material acquisitions do an adequate job of overcompensating for male anxieties and inadequacy. The boards and paddles owned by men who SUP are extensions of their own bodies. SUP magazine editorials are marketing the sport, attempting to legitimate the sport by advertising its charms and benefits. This is especially the case in the annual buyers guide edition which follows the Joe Carberry Foreword: eighty-five pages of glossy gear porn for the cashed up shopper, supported by infomercial articles tied to full page ads with website details provided.

By buying into the whole gear-is-great fetish, the waterman mentality is not so much a victim of grand larceny as it is seduced by the waterman imaginary, a world of perfect waves, Class Three rapids, perfect lake glass, or rolling ocean swell to appease the Inner Downwinder ... See it, dream it, do it. Regardless of your preferred hit, those moments of *flow* that keep men running away from work and other social intimacies and headed for the water, these moments

are all mediated by the technology of board and paddle and those peak moments of shop until you drop are made possible through online marketing and credit systems. The desire to possess more of these tools of waterplay is further fanned by magazines, online footage and SNS.

In possessing such property as the boards and paddles that will leverage masculine strength and expand their territory and repertoire, there is a surrender of autonomy, an embrace of the seductive charms of the authentic being peddled in print and on the cathode ray screen. Wanna-be watermen can resist anything, except the temptations being marketed by the figure of the hero.

The dominant presence in the editorial is not the joy of the various pleasures of SUP, it is the projected identification with the *he*, the hero. The lexical items of 'he' (15 occurrences), 'his' (7 occurrences) and 'him' (2 occurrences) total 24 occurrences. This overwhelms a total of 13 appearances of others, cast in support roles: 'my' (2 occurrences), 'your' and 'you' (both terms referring to the reader, 5 occurrences each) and 'her' (once, a token appearance to keep the feminist undergrads like me at bay and strategically placed to avoid any gender stereotyping about SUP and yoga).

He, the hero is presented as the active master. You, the reader, must be content to be in awe of his performance. This idealized hero of Joe has a board, he rips, he is an artist, he is passionate and he does not compromise. The intended role for the reader is to be The Shopper of SUP Gear. Having consumed the spectacular fantasy of hero identification, your job is to Get Ready to Buy Something.

Watermen who can, do. Those who can't, read and shop. Waterman discourse is riddled with the scars of commodity culture. Online discussion sites are awash in the thrills and agonies of The Great Gear Hunt. As maritime masculinity is caught in the sticky net of consumer practices, the ocean is the last frontier to be colonized by conspicuous displays of masculine leisure.

The final sentence of the editorial tries to be the hook, but it cannot compete with the testosterone wafting down from the previous paragraphs. Plus it ends up sounding like some lame hippie nonsense, unless 'the

power of the soul' is code for that libidinal excess often displayed by packs of insecure schoolboys at the beach. (Such groups are hiding places for white boys too scared to walk across a few metres of the warm sand of no man's land to talk to the girl they secretly like. We girls have already figured that much out ... duh!)

What the editorial does not engage is the reality of SUP life. A significant proportion of SUP men are just bored surfers, windsurfers or kitesurfers who are waiting for waves, wind or waves plus wind. Welcome to SUP world: no waves, no wind, no worries. Let's just get out on the water and paddle.⁴³ (Then there's those mid-life crisis blokes, just trying to trim the beer gut down and improve their posture after the second divorce, but that is an angle for the final paper about Corporeal Masculinities.)

The existence of this multi-tasking marine population helps explain the sudden growth of the sport.⁴⁴ The obvious 'no wind, no waves required for maximum fun!', and the assorted health benefits attributed to being out on the water help account for why SUP has grown so much quicker than the seventies-ish upstart windsurfing or that late nineties invention kitesurfing.

Additional factors contributing to the popularity of SUP include those companies that were involved in windsurfing and/or kitesurfing used their accumulated experience in establishing and marketing new sports to accelerate acceptance of this new addition to the waterman oeuvre. Further, above the level of individual companies are associations and community-based organizations that promote a range of water-based activities.⁴⁵

In contrast to the vicarious identification with the *he*, the hero in the Joe Carberry editorial, the tenth year anniversary edition of *Kiteboarding* has an alternative approach that is more inclusive. This piece captures more of the joys of being on the water and harnessing the force of the wind than the 'I SUP-shop, therefore I am' hero worship.

In an article entitled 'This is your life', Michael Behar has identified ten moments and milestones that define our sport in terms of how we progress individually and the possibilities explored by others: Love at First Kite;

Boarding School; Power Broker; Safe Passage; Making Waves; Size Matters; Off to the Races; Continental Drift; Speed Seekers; and Data Storm.⁴⁶ What follows is the Love at First Kite section, and many kitesurfers, especially those who 'graduated' from windsurfing, would recognize the accuracy of the portrayal of the addictive charms of the relative ease of kiteboarding jumps.⁴⁷

It starts with serendipity, a day at the beach when you can see it for the first time: the kite, its canopy swooping and diving in rhythmic arcs across the sky. Tethered to this contraption is a pilot who tames his sail with gentle tugs on a bar. Harnessed to the wind, he skims the water like a mayfly in heat. Suddenly, he's airborne and for a few seemingly endless seconds his silhouette floats weightless. A cerebral switch flips, neurons fire, angels sing. You must do this sport. A few lessons later and you're riding confidently. Then the craving to kite becomes insatiable. You have been reborn. Girlfriends and boyfriends, husbands and wives are tossed aside, rendered kite widows whenever it blows. It's this consuming addiction that fuels our sport, fostering a feral enthusiasm that seduces other into its clutches. The fever spawns relentless innovation in the industry and compels us to transcend the boundaries of our own bodies. It's been 10 years since this magazine began chronicling kiteboarding on a journey that's just getting started. If history is prophetic, we're in for a wild ride to come.⁴⁸

In contrast to the reader frozen in static worship of the SUP hero, all premised on the equipment fetish, this kitesurfing article has more active agents: it starts with an emotion that most experienced kiteboarders remember feeling, and the kite (aka the sail, the confused nomenclature is all so deliberately retro and catches the challenge of trying to name the new in a comprehensible and accurate way) and pilot (again, the terminology might appear to be a little overdone but there was a time when fly-surfing was one of the terms used to describe what we do).

The piece is not all accuracy: having struggled with the basics for five months before I signed onto a week course with KB4girls,⁴⁹ I can testify that it is not only young women who struggle with an initial learning curve more challenging than windsurfing. When I

came back from that KB4girls week, some of the younger kite dudes were somewhat dismayed by how much further ahead of them I had progressed. Even low intermediate kite-boys are competitive insofar as they instinctively rank themselves against their water peers. However, given the co-operative nature of kiting, including the practice of helping others launch and land their kites, kitesurfers appear to be up at the softer end of the waterman continuum.

Shortboarders are the hardcore surf nazis who are much more aggressive and less supportive of those lower in the hierarchy, at least until nature becomes life-threatening. Shortboarders compete individually for each wave; kiteboarders expect others to help them through any problems because kitesurfing access to beaches could easily be denied by local councils after any complaints or major incident.

Given that SUP tends to be as social as kiting, when everyone is back on land, and if the dominant SUP genre is flatwater touring, because is fun to chat as the scenery flows past, SUP would be closer to the orthodox forms of maritime masculinity permitted by the softer kitesurfer subculture than the brittle intolerances of the shortboarder version of watermen.

In conclusion, for all the waterman discourse promises, implied and explicit, about the relative freedom of maritime masculinities, life in the ocean largely mirrors life on land.

(1096 words)

Local, and not urban

As a role model for progressive and equal gender relations, *Tracks* had an appalling influence on our curious minds in that delicate formative period. Despite our town being too small to be blessed with the presence of fast food chains, back in the day we all thought it was hilarious that an account of Gold Coast grommet action ran under the memorable headline ‘Youse chicks can come to Pizza Hut but yez can pay for yourselves.’⁵⁰ At that time, we could not understand why the manager of the one retail surfboard shop shook his head so disapprovingly of such retrograde content.

Thirty five years after I needed it, *Notes for a Young Surfer* appeared. According to the back cover blurb,

this 2010 book by Clifton Evers

taps into the beauty of surfing and also tells the truth about the dark side of surf culture where young men come into contact with violence, misogyny, sex, racism, turf wars and homophobia. This book reveals the unwritten codes and rituals that rule all aspects of a young man’s life in the surf culture, from body image and notions of national identity, to politics and mateship.⁵¹

This important book extends his earlier critique of surfing masculinities as strong and austere by writing for an audience of late teenager boys and men in their early twenties. As a piece of activist scholarship that is a great advertisement for the pleasures of competent and considerate surfing, it is an engaging read for both its primary intended audience and also those older men who surf and could do more as mentors to reduce violence and intimidation in and around the water.

In contrast to the mainly urban focus on Sydney beaches of Clifton Evers, the fictocritical stories I tell are more rural, in a south-of-the-Gold-Coast way. Localism up that way back then sometimes lacks the intensity of life in Maroubra and Cronulla now but the reign of fear and inadequacy out on country beaches in the seventies was just as pervasive as it is now appears in *Notes for a Young Surfer*. Perhaps the consequences of misreading local codes require more immediate punishment in the Big City.⁵² Urban beach localism apparently condoned violence as an activity that intensified group bonding. However, any enforcing of local lines drawn in the sand was done by those men at the top of the local surf hierarchy, Up-there, Back-then. In the seventies, group participation was typically limited to witnessing the charge, conviction and sentencing of any outsiders who ignore our common sense. This is not to deny that there was one brawl between locals and groups of visitors from a town not too far away ...⁵³

Maritime desire = (Beach longing) divided by (belonging)

Local, I thought I was a local once. Local meant having gone to a certain school, or having a particular set of family relations: “My father surfed here, your old man did, so you better get outta my wave. This is my wave.”

Our pleasures of being local are denied to outsiders. Actually without the tourists who came to our country beach for an hour, a weekend, or as long as the dole cheques kept piling up, most locals were

just angry labourers. Usually toiling in construction jobs that depended on the destruction of what they claimed as their birthright, local invented a sedentary revenge on the mobile class. Locals were blessed by the existence of one set of regulations that gave us a finely calibrated permission to steal waves normally guaranteed by a more universal code. Local forms of power devoured conventional codes governing access to waves and demanded that certain rituals reinforce these local rules.

Several thousand kilometres away, or even a couple of hundred miles away, the wind blows. The ripples become swells that cross the continental shelf before lining up in shallow water. Even top surfers riding in optimum conditions at the most world famous locations can duel and dart on these waters for usually less than a minute. The far-removed squalls that produced these dynamic stages upon which to dance, dive and fall with delight are subject to a most base alchemy: in-your-face squabbles about ownership of something about to melt into the sand.

Surfboards are magical rhythm sticks. Surfboards convert the visual pattern of closely packed isobars meandering across a distant ocean into a euphoric blend of adrenalin, tang of the sea on the thirsty tongue, stinging eyes as you dive under a huge set that cleans up the whole gang, and the gritty grate of sandy wax under the paddling chest. These physical cadences of riding waves of joy were the basis of the hippie imperative to “Take off, tune in, and drop out”, but locals jab to the beat of a different swing. In certain localities, surfboards are instrumental in transforming this cosmic play with natural forces that exceed the scale of human power, reducing all that energy into the occasion of a rudely unannounced introduction to a local’s fist. From the late seventies onwards, those knuckles were invariably a male, and often lower middle class, fist.

My generation surfed before female high school students were given role models by the admittedly inadequate professionalization of women’s surfing from the late seventies and the later growth of surfing magazines for women. My high school memories are from the sepia-toned era when local kids who surfed referred to themselves as ‘the boys’ and we called the non-surfing boys ‘the poofs’, unconscious of any sense of homophobic irony. Fast forward forty years away from that nostalgia to now when women compete for waves with men, and imagine the possibility of a local

cocktail of humiliation and a beating: the spectacle of an out-of-town weekend wave warrior cowering as he bleats “Not the face.”

Surfboards are the work of the devil. World War II military research supplied the requisite technologies of polyurethane foam, fiberglass, and finishing resins, and these toxic beginnings linger.⁵⁴ Polyurethane foam contains the carcinogenic chemical TDI. An Orange County-based company, Clark Foam, which held a ninety percent monopoly of the surfing world’s polyurethane foam market, concedes it produced more than 4,000 pounds of styrene fumes per year.⁵⁵ Toxic chemicals and a frightening disregard for industrial safety resulted in three former employees of Clark Foam being awarded full Workman’s Compensation disability allowance for the rest of their lives. Legal documents alleged that as Clark Foam workers carried TDI in open buckets, TDI would routinely splash on their unprotected arms and legs. It was also claimed that workers warmed their lunches in the same microwave oven that was used to heat TDI.

A wrongful death suit was filed against Clark Foam in the Orange County Superior Court in July 2006, citing the death certificate for Martin Barriga that lists the causes of his death as cardiac arrest, respiratory failure, scarred and inflamed lungs, and arterial inflammation. A cancerous chest tumor was discovered in a postmortem examination of the father of two who worked at Clark Foam for 16 years on an hourly rate \$14, before Martin quit the company in 2002. Clark Foam founder Gordon “Grubby” Clark cited the costs and impracticalities of complying with environmental and occupational health regulations, pending and/or potential civil and criminal liabilities, and his desire to avoid going to prison as reasons why Clark Foam suddenly ceased trading on December 5 2005.

In a letter sent to his customers on December 5 2005, Gordon Clark noted: “When Clark Foam was started it was a far different California. Businesses like Clark Foam were very welcome and considered the leading edge of innovation and technology. Somewhere along the way things have changed.” By the time “Don’t Worry Baby” by the Beach Boys had been sampled by Garbage for their “Push It” song,⁵⁶ Californian government policies were aiming at more than good vibrations. In his letter Gordon Clark gives a history of the complex relationship between various legislative agencies and Clark Foam, and praises the overall initiative:

The State of California and Orange Country California are trying very hard to make a clean, safe and just home for their residents. This is commendable and I totally support their goals. They are putting an incredible amount of resources into their effort. This is a tough job and they are doing a good job of meeting their goals.

At an unspecified level of the planning process, it appears like toxic businesses like Clark Foam became candidates for being cast out of Californian dreams. Improving the Californian environment demanded attracting corporations that left smaller footprints than those of an innovative local business catering to an emerging leisure industry which had become an international icon. Local and federal powers consume the exorcised corporate body.

True to its roots in pre-Bush War One, Bush War Two military technology, the surfboard industry continues to play footsie with manufacturers of weapons of mass destruction. A laboratory affiliated with Lockheed Martin Corporation has produced a TDI-free foam that was developed to insulate the electronic components of nuclear weapons. The US Department of Energy has been exploring the licensing of this particular foam, with the intention of cashing in on the monopoly formerly maintained by Clark Foam.

Imagine this future: as you slowly carve a deeply satisfying turn off Your Wave of the Day, your board announces “Your tube ride was brought to you by truth, justice, and the All-American way of permanent warfare against weaker nations.”

Locals vs The Rest of the World: performing maritime masculinity

Being a local, having a local beach, these are claims I have no authority to make for myself in the southern hemisphere. Sitting in front of an iBook as I pass through Sydney on sabbatical from two decades in the tearrooms of Japan has given me the space to feel *not* being owned by the land and its sandy boundary fraught with bliss and bluster. I can see the rules and recognize the gambits of the players but I feel no desire to pull on a jersey for the game of passing as an almost-local of an urban beach.

The adventure and bliss of walking to a city beach: for hunters and gatherers before Captain Cook arrived in 1770, it would have been the start of a day at the office. For lucky whale hunters, my leisurely stroll

to check how the tide change had affected the beach break could have been the start of the chase from the late eighteenth to late nineteenth century. For urban criminals the crumbly margin of the not-land and not-sea can be a drop-off, or a place to lose incriminating evidence. Around the eastern suburbs of Sydney sometimes a larger item of evidence is reported in the papers as a possible suicide. At a rural headland, if the number of these larger items is sufficient, these piles of evidence may be written up as genocide: losing ground, losing contact. Or later, after the sea has consumed these piles of evidence, massacre denied.

Sydney police sometimes recover objects from the edge of water and earth. Not unlike their partners in crime, some police manage to lose incriminating evidence about certain larger items of evidence. Strands of hair clenched in the fist of a murdered man and other articles that could identify attackers had the habit of disappearing from official police files. In the late eighties and early nineties there were whispers about dead gay men being hamstrung by police negligence and falsified documents. Victims of gay hate crimes at Mark’s Park, a headland beat between Bondi Beach and Tamarama Surf Lifesaving Club, were then subject to police foot-dragging: the officers in charge of these murder investigations appeared to be on permanent vacation.⁵⁷ Falling off the cliff of professional competence can be an occupational hazard.

Health fanatics are too busy to walk to the beach. Beware of the tribe that wears boxing gloves: their idea of a good time is 6 a.m. three times a week, jabbing the padded palms of their personal trainers. Make mine yoga, with a bodysurf chaser.

Having to lock the door on the way out to a city beach is a tedious concession to urban trust. The green of screeching rosella parrots, pink sunlight on the bark of white gum trees, and a silent jet signs the morning sky. By the time that rumble descends I have crossed one road, braving the cool breeze on the cheeks. Glad I have the wing-nuts wrapped in a Coles \$4:50 beanie. Dog walker ahead, and another behind: ‘Come here you BAD DOG! BAD! GET over here!’ Sydney Morning Herald folded in half under the arm confirms middle class authority ignored by canine rapture of marking territory. Two plumbers racing to get wet before work in a beat up van, and confusion at the narrow corner. ‘Back that luxury sedan up mate.’ First glimpse of the swell, small but clean lines! Swing into the car park and propelled down the hill by legs whining ‘Should

be out there.’

Some Bronte lifesaver out on a big yellow rescue board, kneeling up and scratching for a close out, catches it and speeds into the glare towards the rocks.

Flashback to a rural place without a postcard, the rocky headland of Main Beach, 1977. The connection here is the iconic image of the Australian lifesaver, visible on many of the more populated east coast beaches back then and still there now but with more ethnic diversity.⁵⁸ These days the animosity between shortboard surfers and clubbies is generally mellower than back in the day.⁵⁹

We all chuckle as two lifesaver club guys look like they are about to get hammered by a fiendishly huge set of waves. We’re summoning a vengeful monster from the deep by wisecracking at their expense as they both struggle to paddle their surf skis over the first two waves. The third wave is a much bigger rogue and this demon breaks even further out. We complete our incantation by laughing as the furious whitewater catapults them backwards and steals both of their skis. Their fiberglass surf skis roll and flip towards the bobbing rocks as the clubbies double toil and trouble around in the white wash, hoping for a wave to bodysurf back to shore.

Longer than three metres, their sit-on surf canoes were the pre-JetSki version of speedy rescue craft. Typically the surf skis came out during the gentle swells of summer, when the beaches were clogged with tourists who often needed rescuing because they could not read the flow of water along the beach.

Clubbies were always wearing weirdly ecstatic grins as they power-paddled their way out through the break. Each paddle stroke was accompanied by a sighing grunt. Clubbie self-esteem was enhanced by a couple of firm metres of sleek white fibreglass protruding from between their legs. Good thing they failed to realize how vulnerable they looked with the odd gonad peeking out of the side the of their cozies, faces steeled with fear when they try to avoid nose-diving as they take off on waves that close out with a horrible vengeance.

Local spell: two unaccompanied surf skis have the power to unfix the earthbound cliff. The boys start rocking the two skis as the waves hammer the skis into an introduction to headland barnacles. The braying pack mentality of locals, ya gotta love it. Intoxicated by our own sorcery, we are pissing ourselves laughing as we scramble down closer. Bigger

chunks of basalt appear before us, pleading to become that sacramental rage best launched at the skis of these two clubbies. Serious teamwork is evident, as an unspoken agreement among our covenant sees a large bolder being rolled down the hill. Anticipation feeds momentum our drive to mark our mastery of the foreshore. An outburst of invective most foul when the boulder rebounds, splashing three feet left of the mark. Is there no justice!

The two clubbies are locals but dickheads. Two wankers too fond of nicking surfboards that have washed in between the flags that mark the summertime area reserved for bodysurfers. In the amoral era before leg ropes sanctified the union of boards and their riders, the clubbies exercised their own fine print claims to beachfront possession. The interpretation of clubbie rights to confiscate unattended surfboards loitering with intent between the flags was occasionally subject to ad hoc hearings. Two decades before media coverage of coward punch deaths, a bunch of fives and a kick to the Speedo-wrapped cods was the trademark reflex of an experienced repo man, the local alpha male retrieving his board. Those lower in the pecking order had fewer options.

Two surf skis snogging the rocks is the official proclamation of a long-awaited season: payback time.

Let’s delay our vicarious gratification of the anarchic pleasures of property destruction by a gaggle of baying locals laughing so hard they can barely stand up straight. And let’s put the self-righteous incomprehension of these two clubbies, appalled by the chronic shortage of appreciation for their civic attempts to protect those temporary members of the beach-going community from the terminal consequences of not understanding the maritime power of what they want.

If we really want to catch the local colour, perhaps we could also set the tone by remembering the integrity of local councillors, once praised by a local property developer as “The best council money can buy.” Once certain councillors had traded their access to planning decisions, the cult of localism was doomed to be consumed by the waves of new settlers crowding into beach hinterland developments that town planners call growth corridors.

Localism on the east coast of Australia in the seventies was an adolescent cult damned by its use-by date. For lower middle class surfers in a beach

town with a population of 3,000 residents, localism was their collective display of individual powerlessness, masquerading as masculine assertion, when their mastery of the economies of waves and women were being obliterated by the demographic changes driven by state planning bureaucrats who liked the target population of 30,000 rate payers and 10,000 visitors.

Fast forward from 1978 to 2006, as we recall Clubbie 1 fancied himself as a real estate speculator from the late seventies onwards. Number 1 wanted to put a bicycle path through Black Head, site of an indigenous massacre. The real locals objected, citing oral accounts passed down in their communities. Number 1 countered by proposing a memorial be erected in Pioneer Park and so onward with the bicycle path through Black Head.

The right wing revisionist fantasy: white invader perps and their indigenous victims sleeping peacefully together under polished granite, as if nothing objectionable had ever taken place. Never being one to take rejection as anything more than an invitation to proceed as planned, Number 1 starting telling other town residents that he remembers his grandfather telling him that no massacre ever took place at that steep basalt headland.

From the late eighties onwards, the Australian history wars raged, debating the double-header: Was Australia settled, or invaded? In favour of acknowledging the seizure of traditional land, Ross Gibson weighed in *Seven Versions of an Australian Badlands*, followed by *Bluff Rock: Autobiography of a Massacre*, the explicitly fictocritical work of Katrina Schlunke. To crudely summarize the outcome of this struggle over the meaning of a white national past, right wing historians answered in the affirmative on the questions of Australian *settlement*. Meanwhile, historians on the left in Japan, like their Australian colleagues, were also using the word “invasion” as part of a Japanese effort to revise mainstream versions of their imperial history that silenced its regrettable excesses in China, Korea, and Taiwan.

As he swam to the rocks, chances are Clubbie 1 was not calculating how early millennial changes in social attitudes to indigenous history would impact the 1978 returns on his local real estate portfolio. His paddle poised, ready to lever the skis away from the worshipping attention of a herd of smartarse school kids. Not one decent set of pubes among the lot of them. Braying exorcists armed with fist-sized Mt

Warning projectiles competed as they sought to cast out the invading clubbie devils.

You can strip a clubby down to their budgie-smugglers but their right-of-centre urge to ride the economic waves of urban, tourist and rural development remains intact. Clubbies cannot help themselves as they bow down to an idolatrous fetish of state authority, social responsibility that benefits their friends, and profit-taking, but their beachfront transgressions do warrant an occasional reality check.

Young locals consider it a duty and an honour to enthusiastically provide such a services. Satisfactory performance by peach-fuzzed faces in this rite of passage marks their competitive progress into slightly higher echelons of beach hierarchy. Such might translates into the aquatic right to catch better waves. In a landscape dominated by the exploded crater of Mt Warning, the metaphor of eruption supplies the vocabulary for a border-marking act of revenge against the clubby tribe. As young locals ritually re-enact a pyroclastic event that sends clubbie minds into meltdown, they unleash a concoction of non-negotiable forces. The trajectory of basalt boulders maintains a buffer zone between these self-appointed insiders and those who should be cast out.

Two bodysurfing clubbies are given a chance to reflect on alternative modes of manliness as they squint up the hill from the whitewater. From the perspective of their moral plimsoll line, the spectacle of group activity coalescing around the activity of reminding clubbies that the beach is local surfer territory is a terrifying denial of common sense respect for private property and community service. Tools such as a clubbie paddle can simplify the retrieval of surf skis from such a contact zone. However, even in the firm double-fisted clubbie grip, these devices are too primitive to deflect charges that a certain clubby had a financial incentive to influence public interpretations of local history. Granite strafing operated in 1978 as a law of payback against clubbie presumptions of ownership and this local aggro anticipated the nuanced conclusions of left-wing historians two decades later.

Locals exercise a divine right to partake of natural sacraments. This authority is the basis of the local claim to possess waves that result from a particular combination of seasonal wind, tides, swell, and sandbank formations at their preferred locations. If the rituals are tools for the suppression of time, the anger of a local god is power situated in time. When

a local gang of surfers consistently steal waves from some Johnny-came-lately who bought a house in the forbidden zone of a new subdivision, this local ritual invokes a nostalgic past that existed before the development brigade profited from turning coastal heath and bird habitats into discreet deposits made in offshore banking accounts. Before hordes of newcomers invaded those suburban developments with beach views, locals had a range of short and mid term techniques to ensure they took the waves they wanted. Stopping an outsider from getting an uninterrupted takeoff on a nice wave is a ritual attempt to turn back the hands of time.

Thicker versions of the Came-latelies temporarily ignored signals that their presence is unwanted. Under these circumstances local wrath is obliged to deliver an unambiguous time-stopping TKO. A less vengeful local deity may inspire more incremental forms of obstruction and nuisance. Schoolboys on bicycles whose rights of access to mid-quality waves at their beaches have been consistently impinged upon by stropy outsiders are motivated to liberate the air from other-than-local tires. The slashing of tires is a significant escalation because it incurs temporal and financial penalties, and is best administered by more senior members of the local hierarchy. The complimentary addition of sugar to the petrol tank of the ride of an offending outsider generates copious amounts of local laughter, and although this mirth has less intensity than the joy produced by the anti-clubbie combination of granite projectile and gravity, it is a well-known remedy for that salt-slaked my-face-is-a-dry-mask feeling that marks the end of a great day inside our territory.

The repetition of these local rites of possession and casting out, and their spasmodic cycles of appearance, underline outsider identity as a difference that cannot be erased from the unwelcome body. After drawing a line in the sand to separate in from out, the convulsive communication of exclusion denies the possibility of ever turning the clock back. In a particular rite that marks their territorial dominance, locals elevated excrement to sacrament. No fresh starts.

Time to forget about local power chomping down on clubbies and the over-compensated surf toys. Perhaps we can also put to one side the possibility that the cost-performance question of the innocent pleasures of catching a few waves with local friends may soon be improved by the technology of mass destruction.

Instead we should remember the body. Let's sniff around for the one scent that repels outsiders. Pushing these unwanted interlopers towards participating in their own ritual of cutting and running.

College Cat was one such smartarse, doing a Teacher Certificate at the local college of advanced education. Labourers working for bricklayers have a low tolerance for outsiders with pretensions to tertiary education big-noting themselves. The way College Cat swung his arms at the bottom of the wave, trying to make the turn look more radical, just increased the amount of local head-shaking and sealed the unspoken local agreement that his time had come.

College Cat arrives at a local beach with his girlfriend, just as a local dog lays some choice barker's eggs in the sand hills. One of the crew spots a crushed Coke can, and a curly-headed young initiate delicately scoops up that dog turd and thoughtfully places the welcoming sacrament under the driver's seat of College Cat's ride. Easy in, easy out: no point being malicious by smearing the dog's logs everywhere. The windows are wound up, signifying extra consideration on a perfect summer afternoon. No wind, three foot waves peeling from the point and thirty degrees C.

The crew hang around after their final session of surfing but it is too frigging hot without shade. This ritual of forcible evacuation runs on remote control and the presence of the spectator-participant flock is an optional bonus. Truer than life, this ritual deployment of the surprise gift unleashes a punishing array of codes and emotions. Local wavelengths of theory demand that insider bodies eat communal power, and that power consumes the outsider body by pillaging the lower senses.

Schlep the gear up to the heavily potholed car park, and just tying the boards on the roof racks. The dog barks as College Cat walks over to his car, telling his girlfriend about his rip, tear and lacerate performance on the uncrowded waves.

No one looks, no one smirks at his fury. Impotent rants in the face of terrible forces that cannot be denied. College Cat was the only driver to get his car airborne in fourth gear, bouncing out of the rugged car park. Granted, he could have been the only sponsored rider for Free Flight, the local surfboard label of choice, who was powered by a biodegradable accelerant. We fell about ourselves laughing as he sped off, desperately trying to get that flow-through air freshener effect happening.

Congratulations College Cat. You have just entered an important rite of passage as you continue your quest towards olfactory fatigue. The local hex has a momentum more immediate than the spectacle of granite leaving a headland in jubilant jumps at the prospect of bombing clubbies. Never mind the tyranny of the visual, this curse belts you in your less-than-local nose as it drags you back to a pre-modern dilemma of being guilty once charged.

Anyone who arrives at our rural beach with the idea that they could become one of us obviously has shit for brains. If you had been smart enough to read the early intimations of your indelible status as an outsider, at least you would have been expelled with nothing more than your own crap filling your head. Instead, the vengeful wrath of local gods punishes you for your desire, your self-seduction by your impossible fantasy of belonging.

In this local rite of expulsion, the fun for us starts when the witches holding up those nasal receptors that compulsively perceive an aroma as stench get tired. As a result of being so frazzled, the frontal cortex of the College Cat brain drowns in the perceptual pond of that bouquet. For someone with aspirations to tertiary learning, this cognitive brown-out must have been acutely felt. As the distinction between your nasal duct and the terminal end of a canine intestinal tract collapses, the humiliation of being marked as an outsider fades. A nice match: your nose and the bum of a dog.

Metamorphism is the final victory of the local spell: those portions of grey matter devoted to the conscious perception of smell by the outsider assume the richly textured form of that distinctive canine fragrance. As far as locals are concerned, you will never smell like roses. Good luck with your higher education, College Cat.

The line drawn in the sand by the ritual of giving you the bum's rush has been inscribed in the corporeal memory of outsider flesh. The sediment of that pungent sacrament works its spell. The body of College Cat is consumed by the antagonistic social world, the fragmenting chaos of his senses, and sub-cultural desires of wanting to belong. According to local legend, the dry heaving exit of College Cat as he drove off towards the safety of a sun setting faraway from the ocean marked his final appearance on local turf. Call it ritual expulsion or peristalsis, either way that turd will never show his face here again. East coast Australia, a rural beach, and communal digestion: local power eats

the outsider body.

Back to the now, with the arrival of a set at an urban beach. That Bronte clubbie has safely slid off the back of that wave, without hitting the rocks. The current spins him around and he faces the outside as the bigger waves start to line up. Self-appointed Sydney locals sounds like a chorus of seagulls from Finding Nemo, freckles blazing at they scream "Mine!" "Mine!" "Mine!" In the sandstone cliff above, a stone engraving of two overlapping fish remains from the rituals of previous generations of the real locals. The larger fish leads and protects the smaller fish, and together they weather the storms of history.

Department of Gender and Cultural Studies

GCS 4207 Understanding Australia: Sport is our religion, mate

Class feedback on final paper

'Waterman discourse: gendered leisure as disciplined commodity'

At this point of the course, I typically give you individual feedback on your final paper that will hopefully help you prepare for your final examination next week. However, after considering the amount of attention paid to the communal aspects of waterman practices and mentalities by most of your papers, I have decided to address you collectively. A little innovative, to be sure, but at this stage of my career, as I hope you might appreciate, keeping it fresh is part of the fun.

The general trajectory of waterman discourse, that began with the respectful acknowledging of Hawaiian indigeneity in the mid-seventies by white shortboarders, is clearly understood by everyone. Most students outlined how that arguably post-colonial impulse to remember the cultural position of the ocean in the texture of life in the Hawaiian islands was subsequently appropriated by the marine and adventure sports industries. As these different modes of engaging with the ocean from the cultural basis of Hawaiian life transformed into a commercialized subcultural practice, a certain balance shifted. In the more communal Hawaiian mode, it was waterman but as marketing departments produced images of their products, primarily targeted for men of the white leisure classes, the notion of waterman became more obviously gendered as a solitary waterman.

(Incidentally, given our interests in the gendered category of the corporeal, it was a little surprising

that no one commented on how Hawaiian longboarder specialist Rell Kapolioka'ehukai Sunn, lost her sponsorship after a mastectomy in the early eighties. As evidence of the conservative nature of the subcultures formed and nurtured by the marine and adventure sports industries, this exclusion shows how narrowly gendered ideals were defined. To historicize that moment, some comparison could have been made with the Stand Up For The Cure, a SUP-based initiative established in 2011 that won the Philanthropic Award at the 2015 SUP Magazine Awards for its organized efforts to overcome breast cancer. And as you would expect, a commodity for every cause. Shoppers with a social conscience, get ready: Standup for the Cure Limited Edition Riviera Boards are available in limited quantities, in the SUFTC trademark hot pink. 10% of the \$1,099.00 purchase price will be donated to Susan G. Komen® for the Cure, an organization originally known as The Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation.)

As the ocean-based leisure of men began to diversify because of the explorations and innovations that established the genres of tow-in surfing, kitesurfing and foil-boarding, new product lines and markets fed each other's growth.

Explore: the seventeenth century nuance is important here because the rhetoric of expanding the boundaries of the possible became important criteria for defining authentic watermen. Although the stereotypical definition of the waterman often appeals to the image of a loner, the expansion of the menu for water-based leisure was driven by small homosocial cliques of men obsessed by the sea. To take the example of tow-in surfing, which grew out of the desire to catch bigger waves that were too fast to paddle into, it was a team effort. Not only did the technology of board and fin design have to evolve but the development of piloting techniques by jet ski drivers was crucial to the survival of all participants. See youtube for details provided by practitioners explaining what can go wrong.

(To be accurate, it was not probably such a linear progression from surfing to tow-in surfing. Windsurfing was one way to catch bigger waves than paddle-in surfers could manage but the problem of windsurfing was how to deal with the sail while riding the wave. Although some riders competently managed to deal with the sail while surfing mast-high waves, others felt more could be done with less equipment. As a result of

their dissatisfaction, we now have tow-in surfing and open ocean foil boarding.)

Marine sports companies sought to strengthen customer identification with their particular brand as those companies made products for a wider range of ways for men to engage with ocean. (For example, rumour has it that a downturn in the yacht sales market, initially driven in part of unfavourable exchange rates, led yacht sailmaker Neil Pryde to enter the windsurfing market, from where it developed the RS:X Olympic class windsurfing board, wetsuits and carbon fibre racing bicycles. Starboard had a reputation for innovative windsurfing boards and has now diversified into boards and apparel for surfing and SUP. Naish also started as a windsurfing company and now offers kiteboarding kites and boards and SUP boards and paddles. As an aside for the Commerce and International Business majors who are intrigued by the nuances of product differentiation, it is interesting how the production of these different brands of windsurfing, kitesurfing and SUP boards are concentrated in one factory, run by the Cobra Company in Chonburi, Thailand.)

In those dark ages before product diversification within a company's line of ocean toys, when professional athlete of the ocean was more of an idea than a lived reality, probably about the time most of you started going to school, the issue of brand loyalty was complex for international competitors. At the 2000 Production Board Worlds won by windsurfer Wojtek Brzozowski, he rode Starboard boards while using Pryde sails. Windsurfer Eduardo Bellini won the 2000 Formula Windsurfing European Championships with gear from Starboard and Pryde.

In contrast to the single focus on one maritime discipline before the category of waterman became professionalized, these days sponsored riders typically ride products from across the company's range of boards. As the public face of his company, Robby Naish windsurfs, kites and does SUP on Naish boards. His sponsored riders compete across a range of disciplines but specialize in certain events that play to their individual strengths. Other companies have sponsored riders who do not compete. Their task is to 'Live the dream.' As they travel and excel in their elected disciplines, they generate endorsements of the company products. Typically these lifestyle advertisements include magazines articles, visual clips for online sites, and social media. This is a

technologically intensive mode of masculinity. Being a waterman of this class demands a certain familiarity with hand-held filming devices and editing techniques, and having a substantial on-line presence.

Most students understood the importance of sports professionalization to the development of waterman discourse. The concept of waterman was commercially useful to the marine sports and adventure sports industry. As the population of men playing in the ocean increased, so too did the pressure on the scarce and precious commodity of surfable waves. The shortboarder impulse to colonize beach as My Local Turf become a public forum for the physical display of aggressive masculinity. The marketing of the multiple disciplines of waterman practices as a preferable ideal to the shortboard specialist took some pressure off wave demand in some locations. However, in areas of coastline with only a limited number of breaks, shortboards, longboarders and SUP wave riders would be competing to access to quality waves before the wind came up. Once the wind was strong enough to deter these surfers, kitesurfer and windsurfer rivalries replaced the competition between the board tribes. In Australia, local councils that tend to be dominated by white men struggle to balance public safety and beach access to a wide range of marine sports.

Outside the marine sphere, ways of speaking about the environment and a more accepting approach to indigenous forms of knowledge intersected with emerging forms of waterman discourse. Over the long term, these less confrontational modes of conduct will hopefully temper the aggressive territoriality that has traditionally been the mark of a true local.

Another true story: no need to give an impression of realism.

Against my better judgement, I was out by myself. As I was paddling out, and after taking a couple of decent waves on the head as I struggled to make headway, I took a few anxious looks back to shore. A quick glance or two, just to get in touch with my Inner Piker, that cowardly impulse that was insisting it was not too late to head back to the beach before

- (a) my leg-rope broke and I had to swim against a treacherous rip current
- (b) my board hit me in the head
- (c) a rogue wave snapped my board
- (d) all of the above, but not necessarily in that order

Not even a friend in the car park to rely on, if

something went seriously bad. The surf was that edgy combination of too big and not predictable enough which always made me more scared than usual. Having to dive under some biggies on the way out did not help matters but even though I was tense, when I saw that wave come towards me from the horizon I recognized it as perfect.

Perfect: perfectly lethal, perfectly beautiful and perfectly fearful. The question facing me then was: am I gonna man up and take it?

Thousands of miles away (yep, this is a pre-metric tale, based on actual events) the wind had been blowing, strongly and consistently. The wave had advanced across deep waters, slowing down as the shallower waters were felt by the wave. That journey was about to end and I was presented with this possibility: would I choose to accept the honour of sharing the last ten seconds of that life cycle?

I sat and watched as it approached me. The closer it got, the tenser I felt. I did nothing. Sometimes I panic and paddle a few strokes towards the outside, 'just in case', but this time I did not move. I did not have to even paddle. I just sat and waited, before spinning around to face the shore at the last moment.

I was in the perfect spot for a no-paddle take-off on the perfect wave. The wave just picked me up. Maximum economy, perfect fear. I stood up with my board angling diagonally to the beach. I barely had to turn the board, it was already pointing down the line.

As I made a small, almost instinctual turn, all I did was lightly caress the face of the wave with a couple of fingertips of my left hand. Mere microns of contact, not enough to scar the face of the wave. More for my psychological balance as I confirmed my perfect position on the perfect wave. Smooth as glass, soft as silk, my fingertips reassured me I was in the right place at absolutely the right time.

The wave broke over me. It was a perfect tube. From the inside of the wave I looked out, recognizing the view from the George Greenough film *Crystal Voyager*. I had a strange feeling in my stomach as my experience of looking out and that image from the big screen melded. I did nothing except keep going straight.

I came out of the tube. I was so blown away by what had just happened to me that I did not even try to cutback towards the power spot. I cruised out onto the shoulder of the wave and turned off into the deep water, numb.

Fired up by this feeling of being absolutely one with the ocean, I started catching more waves. Nothing as flash as that big drop into the green cathedral but a lot more relaxing. Five confident waves later, as I was paddling out, a set wave broke right in front of me. I could have held my board and duck-dived under that wave but I shamelessly bailed. Sliding off the board I headed down, hoping my leg rope would hold my board. Turned out to be just a quick rinse inside the washing machine and I popped straight up without even feeling like I had held my breath, relieved to find my board right next to me.

My board was fin up, so I had to turn it over before I could paddle out again. As I grabbed the rail of the board to flip it over, I noticed a message from that wave. From nose to tail, my board was scarred by stress marks that ran the width of the whole board. My favourite board, six foot six McTavish flyer pintail, structurally ratshit but still strong enough to float me and be paddled and turned.

Time to rethink that wishful illusion about being logged into the dial tone of the maritime universe, you hippy wanker.

The ocean rules. Player down. Game over.

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Endnotes

¹ Greg Heller, January 2001, 'Surfing A-Z: Waterman explained', surflife.com.

Accessed December 12, 2014.

Incidentally, this paper is skewed by a bias toward surfing. This one-sidedness is partly autobiographical because of forty years of paddling around beachbreaks, but also reflects the speed at which surfing became professionalized. For an account of how Australian and South African surfers struggled to enter the Hawaiian surfing contests of the seventies as professional surfing was developing, see the documentary directed by Jeremy Gosch, *Bustin' down the door* (Los Angeles: Fresh and Smoked, 2009).

² When Heller speaks of watermen as being built like tanks, the image of Greg Noll, aka da Bull, charging at Waimea Bay in 1957 when indigenous Hawaiians regarded that wave as unsurfable comes to mind. In more recent references to strong bodied watermen, Laird Hamilton is often cited as the archetypal waterman with Kai Lenny being the more lithe exception to the rule. For an account of how the waterman mind, body and soul function in the Laird Hamilton pursuit of surfing, the upbeat heading of 'My injury map ... A tour of all my wounds: all things considered it's not too bad' introduces eighteen categories of injuries, including the spinal damage of a herniated disk and crushed vertebrae: 'A Jet Ski landed on my back. I was surfing outside Hanalei Bay in Kauai with Nelly towing, and he caught in the lip of wave. I looked up and saw him coming, so I bent over, but it was basically a pile drive. It just plunged me into the water. There was a big dent in my back.' Laird Hamilton, *Force of Nature: Mind, Body, Soul (and, of course, surfing)*, (New York: Rodale, 2008), pp. 94-95. With Laird Hamilton being born in 1964 and Kai Lenny being born in 1992, there is perhaps a generational component in this broadening of the idealized

waterman type and training regimen away from the being built like a brick dunny.

For an intense alternative to underwater rock running, underwater wrestling with empty lungs, see Nicholas McElroy, 'Trainer Nam Baldwin trains surfers like Ryan Hipwood and Mick Fanning to handle stress underwater',

<http://www.goldcoastbulletin.com.au/lifestyle/beaches-and-fishing/trainer-nam-baldwin-trains-surfers-like-ryan-hipwood-and-mick-fanning-to-handle-stress-underwater/story-fnk744sw-1227453846996>

Accessed 17 October 2015.

For another indication of the importance attached to mind-body conditioning as preparation for the inevitability of big wave wipeouts, see Marcy Fitzpatrick, 'Waterman's Survival Extended: Be prepared for the worst':

'The Waterman's Survival Extended (WSE) course offered by Freediving Instructors International (FII) is a three-day course covering academics, open water training, depth drills and pool exercises, to provide a better understanding of blackouts, drowning and breath holds. Throughout the course, you are trained in proper water safety and technique to confidently dive depths up to 66 feet and complete a breath hold of up to three minutes.'

<http://www.theinertia.com/gallery/watermans-survival-extended-be-prepared-for-the-worst/>

Accessed 17 October 2015.

³ Clearly this idea of the solitary waterman as someone who speaks softly as they understate their own aquatic achievements is something that distinguishes the watermen from those groups of individuals called 'the boys' who talk themselves into the position of being surfers, locals, and men. For an account of the centrality of verbal pleasures as an arena for the creation of shame and pride for shortboard surfers in east coast Australia, see Gordon Waitt and Andrew Warren, '“Talking shit over a brew after a good session with your mates”: surfing, space and masculinity', *Australian Geographer*, vol. 39, no. 3 (2008), pp. 353-365.

For an account of how homosociality works in the competitive hierarchy of the fluid pleasures of shortboard surfing, see Clifton Evers, '“The Point”: surfing, geography and a sensual life of men and masculinity on the Gold Coast, Australia', *Social and Cultural Geography*, vol. 10, no. 8 (2009), pp. 893-908.

It is important to emphasise the socially conservative nature of the shortboard surfing milieu of east coast Australia in the seventies, an atmosphere dominated by 'might is right' mentality of brickie labourers, plumbers, carpenters and electricians. The Clifton Evers gloss of homosocial is important here: '“Homosociality” is meant to be distinguished from “homosexual”, and can be characterized by intense homophobia. Male-only bonding will often involve homophobic jokes and references that work to distance homoerotic desire. There is an ever-present overt homophobia in surfing spaces.' Clifton Evers, '“The Point”: surfing, geography and a sensual life of men and masculinity on the Gold Coast, Australia', *Social and Cultural*

Geography, vol. 10, no. 8 (2009), p. 896.

⁴ The work of Bourdieu and his exploration of how society shapes individual sensibilities and corporalities is important here. For an account of masculinity across generations of snowboarders that uses the Bourdieu notions of habitus, field, capital and practice, see Holly Thorpe, 'Bourdieu, gender reflexivity, and physical culture: A case of masculinities in the snowboarding field', *Journal of Sports and Social Issues*, vol. 34, no. 2 (2010), 176-214.

⁵ As a concrete example of how what is appropriate for each specific discipline, wearing boardshorts over a wetsuit is a tribal mark, typically identifying a man as a kitesurfer, and not a windsurfer. Head out for some windsurfing first thing because the wind is not really stable yet, come in for a break and then decide to go kitesurfing. Off with the harness, on with the boardshorts, put the harness back on and out onto the water. Have fun kitesurfing while the wind is predictable, get tired from all that jumping and spinning, and come in. The wind gets really gusty and shifts to offshore. Too risky for more kiting, so take off the harness, take off the boardshorts and then put the harness back on. Ready to windsurf and enjoy the straight-line speed and carving gybes. These costume changes are all part of the hard work of performing waterman-ness. Sartorial distinctions of this nature are important inside what Bourdieu calls the fields, those social relationships inside which we structure our version and vision of the waterman ethic as we co-operate and compete to acquire certain forms of capital that will define our position in that networked structure called The Beach.

⁶ I am acknowledging and appropriating the 'living in the moment' phrase of Bob Randall, Uluru Traditional Owner here: 'When Caesar was walking the earth, we were living here, living in the moment. When Cleopatra was ruling on her throne, we were living here, living in the moment. For thousands of years, these things you think ancient, we were living here, living in the moment.' Melanie Hogan (director), *Kanyini* (Glasgow: Hopscotch Films, 2006). The inherently conservative nature of the teenage version of shortboard culture should not be underestimated.

⁷ For an overview of the politics of aquatic play, including the rise of the surfer as activist, see Scott Laderman, *Empire in Waves: A Political History of Surfing* (Berkeley, University of California Press, 2014).

For a gendered analysis of how American women who surf are part of the discursive construction of California as a local and global subculture, and how this operates as bottom-up globalization at the intersection of tourism, ecofeminism and surf trips south of the border, see Krista Comer, *Surfer Girls in the New World Order* (Durham and London: Duke University Press: 2010).

To get some sense of the utility of blogging in the study of women who surf as a way of enlivening dialogues between culture as experience and theory as something that can be brought to life in research, see Rebecca Olive, ' "Making friends with the neighbours": Blogging as a research method',

International Journal of Cultural Studies, no. 16 (2013), pp. 71-84.

⁸ For an overview of how personal, sociological and economic factors operate as tourist motivation in the case of surf tourism and how surfing lifestyle is commodified, see Patrícia Reis and João Paulo Jorge, 'Surf tourism: segmentation by motivation and destination choice', *Proceedings of the 2nd International Conference on Tourism Recreation*, 7th to 9th November 2012, (Peniche: ESTM, 2012).

In the case of surfing tourism, see, for example, Brooke A. Porter, Mark B. Orams, and Michael Lück, 'Surf-riding tourism in coastal fishing communities: A comparative case study of two projects from the Philippines', *Ocean and Coastal Management*, no. 116 (2015), pp. 169-176.

⁹ To see how these forces play out in the case of Great Britain, see Joan Ormrod, 'Expressions of nation and place in British surfing identities', Doctor of Philosophy thesis, School of the History of Art and Design, the Manchester Metropolitan University, May 2007.

For an analysis of the tensions between indigenous and other modes of belonging, see Dexter Zavalza Hough-Snee ' "You have the right to surf!": riding waves of modernity, decolonization, and national identity in Peru', in Héctor Fernández L'Hoeste, Robert McKee Irwin and Juan Poblete (eds.), *Sports and Nationalism in Latin/o America* (New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2015), pp. 201-226.

For a survey of surfing and windsurfing in the context of the socio-historical development of corporeal cultures, see Cathal Kilcline, 'California Dreaming: Surfing Culture in the French Mediterranean', in Philip Dine and Seán Crosson (eds.), *Sport, Representation and Evolving Identities in Europe* (Oxford: Peter Lang, 2010), pp. 67-87.

For an account of how South Africa was implicated in the Californication of surfing culture and how the incorporation of post-apartheid Zulu surfing into the global surfing narrative depoliticized surfing, see Glen Thompson, 'Otelu Burning and Zulu surfing histories', *Journal of African Cultural Studies*, vol. 26, no. 3 (2014), pp. 324-340.

For an analysis of the 1999 indigenous surfing documentary, *Surfing the healing wave*, directed by Tim Burns, which reads that film in terms of how it emphasizes the indigenous nature of surfing and resists becoming part of the global surfing order by rejecting the dominant white interpretation of the Australian beach as integral to national identity, see Colleen McGloin, 'Aboriginal surfing: reinstating culture and country', *International Journal of the Humanities*, vol. 4, no. 1 (2006), pp. 93-99.

For an alternative to the Hawaiian origins of surfing narrative, see Dexter Zavalza Hough-Snee, 'Was Surfing Actually Invented in Peru?' <http://remezcla.com/features/was-surfing-actually-invented-in-peru/>

Accessed 15 October 2015.

For a brief but nuanced account of the decline of surfing and other Hawaiian cultural and political practices, see Jeremy Lemarie, 'Calvinists, germs, wars, sandalwood and horses:

Debunking the myth that missionaries nearly killed surfing in 19th century Hawai'i, *Trim*, no. 4 (2015), pp. 44-68.

¹⁰ For an overview of this transition see Bob McTavish, *Stoked!* (Sydney: Hyams Publishing, 2009) and his later *More stoked!* (New York: HarperCollins Publishers, 2013).

¹¹ The objective point scoring system used at the Coke Classic from 1974 to 1976 was subject to criticism for the way it destroyed something precious about surfing.

Michael Peterson was surfing brilliantly before the contest began, ripping every available wave to absolute shreds. Back when I'd been living in Byron & making regular trips to the Gold Coast, I'd watched his development with interest. On a solid easterly swell at Kirra, his performance in & around the curl was flawless, & the amount of spray he'd put in my eyes and the size of the wake created by the drive of one of his cutbacks at Burleigh were awesome. Watching him from the top of the cliff at Bells, I was thinking that he'd be the one to take my place & not Wayne Lynch as I'd once thought would be the case. Wayne simply didn't have the temperament to win consistently, only on the rare occasions when all the variables came together: a desire to win, good waves & the right board. I had a weird feeling about Peterson filling my shoes on the contest front. He was a real street fighter who'd do anything to win & sometimes watching him ride a wave I felt as though I was looking in a mirror. Michael was making all the same moves as I would, but cleaner & sharper, with more power & direction. It was a very eerie feeling watching him attack a wave, especially on that particular day—looking down I could sense every move before he made it; it was like watching a movie of myself out in the water—I knew exactly what he was thinking.

But watching Michael surf in the heats at Bells also caused me to lose faith in both him and the new scoring system. He took off on a bad wave—which was his excuse to me later on—made a turn & the wave closed-out, but instead of flicking off & getting another wave, he went straight in the foam, moving forward in a crouch position & dangling one foot over the nose all the way to the beach. Under the new system this gave him the necessary points to win but I thought it was a shocking display not worthy of his talent. I was angry at a system that had forced Michael to compromise his surfing to the point of making it look like a game of pinball. I marched down to the officials tent & gave Stan an earful of how shithouse the new system was & how I felt sick having to watch Michael Peterson performing like a trained seal.

Shortboard pioneer Nat Young, commenting on the 1974 Coke Contest, won by Michael Peterson, from his 1998 book, *Nat's Nat, and That's That* available online as 'Passing of the "Torch": Michael Peterson vs. Nat Young ... Two perspectives',

<http://theelectricsunshine.blogspot.jp/2012/08/passing-of-torch.html>

Accessed 29 October 2015.

¹² For a sense of the importance of equipment in contests, see a survey of the career of Mark Richards in the section entitled 'Rip, tear and lacerate: the return of the twin fin', in Matt Warshaw, *The History of Surfing* (San Francisco: Chronicle Books, 2010), pp. 340-342.

¹³ Although the professional Coke Classic contest used points per manoeuvre judging from 1974 to 1976, according to Kevin Fisher, this judging system was adapted by the National Scholastic Surfing Association (NSSA) in the eighties:

This atomisation of seventies flow into a serial iteration of "manoeuvres" followed from the contest judging criteria propagated by the NSSA. These focused primarily on quantity of turns and length of ride, relegating "style" to a subordinate and un-defined category. The 70s icon of the "fly-away" (shooting one's board triumphantly into the air after the wave closes out) was replaced by the practice of "groveling" (riding the closed-out wave all the way in to shore while gyrating the board as much as possible to accumulate the maximum number of points).

Kevin Fisher, 'Economies of loss and questions of style in contemporary surf subcultures', *Junctures*, no. 4 (2005), pp. 19.

In the case of the Waterman League judging criteria for the Stand Up World Tour which was established in 2009, the judging criteria is more holistic:

A surfer must perform radical controlled maneuvers, using the paddle as a key tool, in the critical sections of a wave with speed, power and flow to maximize scoring potential. Innovative / progressive surfing as well as variety of repertoire [maneuvers], wave negotiation and use of the paddle to increase the intensity of the maneuvers, will all be taken into account when awarding points for SUP surfing. The SUP surfer who executes these criteria with the maximum degree of difficulty and commitment on the waves will be rewarded with the higher scores.

Traditional long board surfing compared to progressive SUP surfing techniques: Because the paddle allows large SUP boards to be turned with high rates of speed and power, stand-up paddle surfing is deemed to be, at the competition level, a performance-centered branch of surfing, much like conventional shortboarding. Footwork, nose riding and style points will be scored, but this will be done in their relationship to the criteria of degree of difficulty and critical nature of wave positioning. If a rider cannot sustain the standing position throughout the heat [in transition and surfing], this will be regarded in the same manner as improper use of the paddle and judges will only allocate average scores to his / her performances at best.

<http://watermanleague.com/stand-up-world-tour>

Accessed November 1 2015.

¹⁴ For an application of Georges Bataille's 'gratuitous expenditure' to the SoCal surfing scene of the eighties onwards, and the idea that the uselessness of surfing activity is the only utility that can be retrieved from the real heart of surfing, see Kevin Fisher, 'Economies of loss and questions of style in contemporary surf subcultures', *Junctures*, no. 4 (2005), pp. 13-21.

¹⁵ Australian companies were often criticized by the indigenous community for their shameless appropriation of indigenous visual culture. For a sustained analysis of the complexities of commercial and bureaucratic relationships between Aboriginal and white Australia, see Rosemary Van Den Berg, *Nyoongar People of Australia: Perspectives on Racism and Multiculturalism* (Leiden: Brill, 2002).

For a very rough and incomplete history of Aboriginal surfing written for non-academic but surfing specialist audience, including the importance of the 1993 Billabong Indigenous Invitational surfing contest, and the personal relationships formed between Billabong-sponsored Aboriginal surfers and their Hawaiian brothers in the Da Hui Blackshorts club (which is also mentioned in the *Bustin' down the door* documentary), see Mark Thornley, 'Surfing the Dreamtime with Australia's Vibe Tribe', in Mark Thornley, Veda Dante and Peter Wilson (eds.), *Action Guide: Surfing Australia* (Clarendon: Tuttle Publishing, 2003), unpaginated.

¹⁶ Kevin Fisher identifies the key contradiction of surfing commodification: surfing companies run teams of sponsored surfers whose mission is to do nothing, surf. Assuming that surfing is supremely unproductive in material terms (admittedly, the production of tweet stats and Instagram followers of online surfing media is the new wave), hardworking corporate johnnies in the marketing section are attempting to position their companies as basking in this glorious teenage fantasy of not having to work:

Some observers of surf culture, notably Dave Parmenter, have been critical of this [retro soul surfing] revival. He writes: 'Looking at them, it is tempting to dismiss this "retro" trend as little more than boilerplate "soul," where overpaid surf stars dabble in the 70s fashion revival by posing on garage sale single-fins as a sort of foreplay to fireside guitar jamborees.' The threat against which surf subcultures truly militate is not that of cultural rejection but of commercial appropriation. As Parmenter's remarks suggest, the surf industry of the new millennium is not only selling professionalism, but also anti-mainstream and even anti-corporate imagery and personalities. There are an increasing number of surf companies paying surfers renowned for their style and courage to be living enactments of an economy of loss, thereby attempting to commute the prestige conferred through such performances to the aura of a corporate brand.

Kevin Fisher, 'Economies of loss and questions of style in contemporary surf subcultures', *Junctures*, no. 4 (2005), p. 20.

¹⁷ On the role of corporate agency in pre-teen sport, see Alissa Quart, *Hothouse Kids: How the Pressure to Succeed Threatens Childhood* (New York: Penguin, Jul 31, 2007).

On the extent to which extreme sports are nothing but performances staged by corporations to manufacture wonder, see Jeff Ostrowski, 'Corporate America cozies up to the tattooed extreme world':

'In the world of extreme sports sponsorship, pierced and tattooed skaters and skysurfers mix quite amicably with buttoned-down corporations such as AT&T and Toyota. Call it the commoditization of attitude. For all of the counter-culture cachet associated with ESPN's X Games and NBC's Gravity Games, the truth is that the events were co-opted from the start.' <http://m.sportsbusinessdaily.com/>

Accessed 4 November 2015.

The 'Kai Lenny: Ultimate Crossing' series is major eye candy for the waterman tribe, and is available online

<http://www.outsideonline.com/2011771/kai-lenny-ultimate-crossing-episode-1>

Speaking of the Kai Waterman Lenny's crossing, legendary waterman Dave Kalama says it is 'a throwback to that real original waterman sense of adventure. To me, the waterman is the guy that wants to get out into the oceans and this endeavour that he is going to do speaks really well of his mentality as a waterman.'

Accessed 1 November 2105.

¹⁸ Abraham Maslow, *Religions, Values, and Peak Experiences* (Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 1964).

Bron Raymond Taylor, *Dark Green Religion: Nature Spirituality and the Planetary Future* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2010).

¹⁹ Xiaolu Guo, *Village of Stone* (London: Chatto and Windus, 2004), p. 180.

²⁰ For example, in the case of sexism, girlfriends were permitted as ornamental towel warmers provided they fulfilled their duty of watching their boyfriend surf, but women were not allowed to surf. *Puberty Blues*, the 1979 novel by Gabrielle Carey and Kathy Lette, catches the sense of how oppressive the shortboard surfing culture was for teenage girls. Kathy Lette criticized the 1981 Bruce Beresford film *Puberty Blues* for its bland whitewash of the grit of the original novel because 'the film sanitised the plot by omitting central references to miscarriage and abortion. The movie depicts a culture in which gang rape is incidental, mindless violence is amusing and hard drug use is fatal, but it was unable to address the consequences of the brutal sexual economy in which the girls must exist.'

Kate Gleeson, 'Show true *Puberty Blues*, not whitewash', <http://www.smh.com.au/it-pro/show-true-puberty-blues-not-whitewash-20120117-1q4j1>, January 18 2012

Accessed 30 October 2015.

For a reading of the various receptions of the 1979 novel, the 1981 film, a new edition of the novel in 2002, a DVD release in 2003 and the 2004 Nell Schofield monograph *Puberty Blues*, see Elizabeth McMahon, '*Puberty Blues* takes feminist

generationalism to the beach', *Australian Feminist Studies*, vol. 20, no. 48 (2005), pp. 281-289. Kathy Lette, speaking of the second series of the TV series says

Watching the series, I am torn between side-splitting hilarity and nausea to the point of projectile vomiting. This is because the boys I grew up with disproved the theory of evolution. They were evolving into apes. Yes, they had serious pecs appeal and twinkly eyes, but also a three grunt vocabulary of "na", "dunno" and "ergggh." They were emotional bonsai — you had to whack the fertilizer to get any feelings out of them. And, as I mentioned earlier, they also thought 'sex drive' meant doing it in the car — possibly because of that little sign in the rear vision mirror which said "Objects in this mirror, may appear larger than they are."

The Insider, 'Then and now: *Puberty Blues*' Kathy Lette answers your questions',

<http://tenplay.com.au/blog/the-insider/kathy-lette-interviewed>
Accessed 2 October 2015.

As far as racism is concerned, twenty years after the White Australia policy of the fifties, most surfers were white and lived close to the beach. As an example of the intolerant chauvinism inside surfing, 'cripples' were surfers who rode waves by kneeling on their boards. Anytime we saw someone kneeboarding a wave, someone would yell out 'Stand up and have a go!' Apart from two friends from school who were kneeboarders, the only exception to this ridiculing treatment was waterman and world-class innovator of a range of surfing, windsurfing and surf filming technology George Greenough. For an alternative to the aggressive intolerances of the shortboard mentality, see Gordon Waitta and Ryan Frazera, "'The vibe" and "the glide": surfing through the voices of longboarders', *Journal of Australian Studies*, vol. 36, no. 3 (2012), pp. 327-343. Given our interest in the connections between the multiple disciplines of waterman activity, it is important to note that Laird Hamilton, Kai Lenny, Dave Kalama, and Gerry Lopez feature in a SUP film called *That First Glide*, directed by Mike Waltze.

²¹ For an analysis of how *Tracks* magazine evolved across from a core value set based on the hippie misogyny of country soul from 1971-1974, to a more blunt interest in competitive surfing after Phil Jarratt became editor in 1974, see Margaret Henderson, 'A shifting line up: men, women, and *Tracks* surfing magazine', *Continuum: Journal of Media and Cultural Studies*, vol. 15, no. 3 (2001), pp. 319-332.

²² In the outtakes of 2009 documentary *Bustin' down the door*, when Shaun Tomson describes how he devoured each issue of a surfing magazine when he was young, most seventies grommets would recognize that textual pleasure, an intoxicated identification of reading about our heroes.

²³ The internet was also somewhere in the future, so all our surf talk was face to face and we read the weather maps in the newspaper to guesstimate when the next swell would be here.

Footage of ourselves surfing was rare because it was still the age of 8 mm film. The impact of SNS as platforms for distributing images produced by handheld and wearable devices, and the prevalence of the phrase 'pix or it didn't happen' in online sites for surfing, kitesurfing and SUP have received recent attention.

Clifton Evers, 'Masculinity, sport and mobile phones: A case study of surfing', in Gerard Goggin and Larissa Hjorth (eds), *Routledge Companion to Mobile Media* (London and New York: Routledge, 2014).

Clifton Evers, 'Researching action sport with a GoPro™ camera: An embodied and emotional mobile video tale of the sea, masculinity, and men-who-surf', in Ian Wellard (ed.), *Researching Embodied Sport: Exploring Movement Cultures* (London and New York: Routledge, 2015).

Jasmin Heiderich, 'Bodies between the real and the virtual: The relationship of digital photographic records of the self to contemporary digital and physical modes of existence on the example of GoPro selfies in surfing', (2015), Master's Dissertation, Cultural and Creative Industries, King's College London.

²⁴ Sasha Davis, *The Empires' Edge: Militarization, Resistance, and Transcending Hegemony in the Pacific* (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 2015), p. 132.

²⁵ In the case of kiteboarding, the cultural pattern of hazing grommets appears to be much milder, with an intoxicated veer in the general direction of mentoring. Not quite the ideal espoused by *Notes for a Young Surfer* but a definite improvement on the humiliation and physical abuse of grommets in shortboard surfing:

Ian [Aldredge], Ben [Wilson], Jason [Wolcott] and I decided that it would be much more entertaining for us not to tell Bear [Karry] exactly what we had planned, leaving him in anticipation to what his fate would be. We arrived at the restaurant where Ben and Jason had been waiting for us. Ben was sitting at the head of the table with a Bintang in each hand and a smirk on his face. He wasted no time and addressed the rookie, 'Welcome young Bear cub. Welcome to the 1st right of passage into the adulthood of a traveling kitesurfer. Now suck up and pound this beer you little ginger-headed girl, cause there are plenty more where that came from. Welcome to Bali! Wait till you see what we have in store for you tomorrow!' We spent the night breaking the lad in with past travel stories and a mixture of Bintangs and Jam Jars that resulted in nothing more than a downward spiral for the rest of the night.

Reo Stevens, 'Shades of green', *Australian Kiteboarder*, vol. 10, no. 2 (2009), p. 48.

²⁶ I would give endnotes for all the *Tracks* references but I threw my complete collection out, as part of big clean up after a death in the family. Just for the record, I could still recall the Nat Young comment about Michael Peterson turning surfing into pinball, referenced in an earlier endnote.

²⁷ 'I love fishing. I love sailing, surfing, canoeing—whatever you

do in the ocean.'

Paul Drewes, 'Hawaii MVP: Buffalo Keaulana'

<http://www.kitv.com/news/Hawaii-MVP-Buffalo-Keaulana/32166534>

Accessed 2 October 2015.

²⁸ In 2010 and 2011, ten men and three women were inducted into the Hawaii Waterman Hall of Fame in these disciplines: surfing, swimming, paddling, Polynesian voyaging, and community service.

The women inducted in 2010 (one woman out of eight inductees) and 2011 (two women out of five inductees) were:

Rell Sunn: Surfing and Paddling

Revered as the "Queen of Kakaha," Rell Sunn was a champion surfer with a legacy of pioneering triumphs for women in ocean sports.

Ethel Kukea: Surfing and Paddling

Ethel was a surfing champion, pioneer, competitive paddler, and role model who inspired a generation of women to follow her lead.

Aileen Soule: Swimming

At age 14, Aileen became the youngest Olympic gold medalist in 1920, in springboard diving, before becoming the only Olympian ever to medal in both swimming and diving four years later.'

Unattributed, 'Hawaii Waterman Hall of Fame', <http://dukesoceanfest.com/waterman-hall-of-fame>

Accessed 2 October 2015.

²⁹ Adapted from the event homepage <http://dukesoceanfest.com> Accessed 2 October 2015.

³⁰ J. Kēhaulani Kauanui, *Hawaiian Blood: Colonialism and the Politics of Sovereignty and Indigeneity* (Durham and London: Duke University Press, 2008), p. 109.

For an account of the struggles over the concept of aloha as part of a colonial mentality, including the complexities of gender relations between the Hawaiian beachboys and mainland women on vacation, see *Radical: The Image of the Surfer and the Politics of Popular Culture* (Ann Arbor: ProQuest, 2008), pp. 104-111.

For an account of the 1897 petition opposing annexation signed by ninety five percent of indigenous Hawaiians, see Noenoe K. Silva, *Aloha betrayed: Native Hawaiian resistance to American colonialism* (Durham and London: Duke University Press, 2004).

For an overview of the cultural politics of the 1989 performance at the Smithsonian Folklife Festival that both concealed colonial history and empowered indigenous Hawaiian performers, see Heather A. Diamond, *American Aloha: Cultural tourism and the negotiation of tradition* (Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 2008).

³¹ Eva Bischoff and Elisabeth Engel, *Colonialism and Beyond: Race and Migration from a Postcolonial Perspective* (Münster: LIT Verlag, 2013), p. 64. The context for this Bischoff and Engel discussion is the pre-colonial past when social relations of reciprocity and exchange were still intact and aloha was useful in maintaining social harmony.

For an transnational approach to the coercive use of aloha

discourse to perpetuate the disenfranchisement of indigenous Hawaiians, see Donna R. Gabaccia and Dirk Hoerder (eds), *Connecting Seas and Connected Ocean Rims: Indian, Atlantic, and Pacific Oceans and China Seas Migrations from the 1830s to the 1930s* (Leiden: Brill, 2011).

³² Nick Ford, David Brown, *Surfing and Social Theory: Experience, Embodiment and Narrative of the Dream Glide* (London: Taylor & Francis, 2006).

Victoria Robinson, *Everyday Masculinities and Extreme Sport: Male Identity and Rock Climbing* (Oxford: Berg, 2008).

³³ Michael A. Messner, *Politics of Masculinities: Men in Movements* (Lanham: Altamira Press, 1997).

³⁴ Judith Butler, *Gender Trouble: Tenth Anniversary Edition* (London: Taylor and Francis, 1999).

³⁵ Marlene Mackie, *Constructing Women and Men: Gender Socialization* (Ottawa: Holt, Rinehart and Winston of Canada, 1987).

³⁶ See for example, Douglas Kellner, *Media Culture: Cultural Studies, Identity and Politics between the Modern and the Post-modern* (London and New York: Routledge, 2003), p. 231: 'In modernity, identity becomes more mobile, multiple, personal, self-reflexive, and subject to change and innovation. Yet identity in modernity is also social and other-related.'

³⁷ Kelly Poniatowski, 'NBC'S portrayal of U.S. and Canadian hockey players on the Olympic stage: A textual analysis of gender, race and nationality issues in the commentary', (2008), Ph.D thesis, Graduate School College of Communications, Pennsylvania State University, p. 24: 'Hegemonic masculinity is rooted in the form of the hero.'

See also Kelly Poniatowski and Marie Hardin, 'The more things change, the more they ...': Commentary during women's ice hockey at the 2010 Olympic Games', in Kim Bissell and Stephen D. Perry (eds), *The Olympics, Media and Society* (London: Routledge, 2013), pp. 119-142.

This is not to deny the utility of the distinction between violent and heroic masculinities as one way to commence an interrogation of hegemonic forms of masculinity: 'In the analysis of violent masculinities what is noted is that manhood is proved by endurance and perpetration of violence, marked on the body. ... By contrast, the social construction of heroic masculinity entails that manhood is proved by locating oneself in history, identifying the significance of history and working for a vision of a better future. Heroic men do not mark bodies, but instead make their mark on historical time.' Cecile Jackson, *Men at Work: Labour, Masculinities, Development* (London and New York: Routledge, 2013), p. 173.

³⁸ Richard Howson, *Challenging Hegemonic Masculinity* (London and New York: Routledge, 2006).

³⁹ Gary R. Brooks, *The Centerfold Syndrome: How Men Can Overcome Objectification and Achieve Intimacy with Women* (Hoboken: Wiley, 1995).

Ross Krawczyk, *Media that Objectify Women: The Influence on Individuals' Body Image and Perceptions of Others* (Tampa: University of South Florida, 2013).

Naomi Zack, *Inclusive Feminism: A Third Wave Theory of Women's Commonality* (Lanham, Rowman & Littlefield, 2005).

⁴⁰ See Matt Warshaw, *The Encyclopedia of Surfing* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 2005), p. 679: 'The surf press had an antiwar slant in the late '60s, breaking from its longstanding political neutrality.'

⁴¹ See Alice Echols, *Shaky Ground: The Sixties and Its Aftershocks* (New York: Columbia University Press, 2013), p. 34:

Certainly, for women, the so-called sexual revolution was a mixed blessing. Women were having more sex (and with less guilt), but they were also more sexually more vulnerable. Instead of undoing the deeply rooted sexual double standard, free love only masked it in countercultural pieties. No did hippie households pioneer an alternative to the traditional division of labor. Although many hippie guys managed to avoid nine-to-five jobs, few hippie girls avoided housework.

⁴² Pierre-Joseph Proudhon, *No Gods, No Masters: An Anthology of Anarchism*, Daniel Guerin (ed.), Paul Sharkey (trans.), (Oakland: AK Press, 2005), p. 56.

The translated title of his 1840 book could be rendered as *What is Property? Or, an Inquiry into the Principle of Right and of Government*.

⁴³ According to Keahi De Aboitiz (born 1992, started kiting in 2003 and SUP in 2008), who, even in 2012 was being referred to as 'Australia's most respected waterman', refers to himself on his website as 'new generation waterman' the crossover aspect of waterman life was an important way of maximizing water time.

I grew up surfing and I've always loved everything about the water. I've always been into water sports and stand-up is perfect as it filled a big gap for me. It really compliments all the other sports I do and riding a stand-up makes certain conditions more fun. With a bigger board, smaller and less powerful waves are fun and now I have all the bases covered. When it's smaller I SUP, when it's big and hollow I ride a short board and when it's windy I kite. Because you're standing you can see the waves coming and position yourself unlike you could on a short board. You can also use the paddle to accelerate through turns and pop airs. Sure there are limitations but when it gets too big or hollow it's not hard to go grab a short board and surf that. For me surfing a short board on big hollow waves is still my favourite thing but without stand-up I'd miss so many days when I wouldn't even surf.

Keahi De Aboitiz, 'Contents', *SUP Mag*, no. 7 (2012), p. 3.

⁴⁴ The following comparison with surfing is helpful:

Look at how surfing started out: very small and organic. Hardcore group of guys, in Hawaii and California. It has taken 40 years to get to the point where it's at now. It grew slowly. There weren't a billion people trying to make boards. Everyone was content to just ride the boards and the sport grew slowly like it should.

Paddleboarding, for some reason, just exploded. So many companies flooding the market with boards and brands with no soul. It's not a healthy way to grow. It's like taking a kid and pumping him up with steroids. The sport hasn't had a chance to grow organically. At least not modern paddleboarding that we know now.

It's a tough balance, though, because it does seem to me that it's cool so many people got into it. But then you have so many people barreling out into lineups with no surf etiquette. And at the same time, it's made a lot of people happy. People who couldn't surf for one reason or another are able to get out into the water.

Jim Brewer, 'Unfiltered: Jim Brewer', *SUP Magazine Gear Guide* (2013), p. 194.

⁴⁵ See, for example, Tristan Boxford introducing the Waterman League:

The Waterman League was founded in 2009 to serve as a global body of representation for the complete cross section of Ocean Sports. With an advisory board of some of the world's most respected Ocean Sports figures (Archie Kalepa, Robby Naish, Brian Keaulana, Peyo Lizarazu, Luke Egan, Chris Bertish), the first focus was on an emerging sport called Stand Up Paddling, with the proposition to create a World Championship Tour for the sport.

TotalSUP, 'Tristan Boxford, the man behind the Waterman League',

<http://www.totalsup.com/en/articles/item/536>

Accessed 2 November 2015

The values espoused by the Waterman League are founded on an environmental premise.

At the heart of the Waterman League are its core principles:

Respect (for the environment and others)

Versatility (the ability to be open minded and adapt)

Tradition (it is always important to look back and learn, to be able to look forward and advance)

Innovation (progression both in sport and thinking)

Passion (passion drives everything we do here at the Waterman League and is the driving force behind all sports entertainment and practice)

Our Mission is to represent the global world of Ocean Sports as a unified collective, and to revolutionize the connection between its cultural dynamic and a mainstream audience. Through inspirational and responsible messaging, the Waterman League seeks to provide a positive example for future generations by promoting the protection and preservation of our precious home ... the Ocean itself.

<http://watermanleague.com/stand-up-world-tour>

Accessed 1 November 2015.

⁴⁶ For an overview of current kiteboarding styles, see the English edition of the Italian *KiteSoul* magazine:

Air Style or Big Air are synonyms for flying, hangtime,

variability, show and style ... strictly hooked in.

Wave Style instead means surfing wave after wave, ripping the lip and carving the bottom.

Freestyle stands for freedom of doing whatever comes to mind, no stress and open mind.

Wakestyle equates to air passes, powerful manoeuvres and pure aggressiveness.

Racing means racing along a pre-established course, speed and tactics.

Speed means trying to achieve the maximum speed in special, super flat spots.

Strapless consists in realizing tricks with a directional surfboard, rigorously strapless.

These are all sides of the same coin: each style has a precise market target and specific and dedicated gear; but in the end they all share the love for training in the fresh air. This should be the only motivating factor of our sport: an advantage for everyone.

Renato Casati, 'Airstyle—Back to the origins', *Kite Soul*, no. 8 (2015), p. 99.

<https://www.yumpu.com/en/embed/view/oQpNxaGDaIRAENck> Accessed 16 October 2015.

⁴⁷ The experience of Don Montague as designer, instigator, and kite power evangelist is indicative of why the steeper learning of kiteboarding did not dissuade windsurfers from crossing over.

'Windsurfing sucks,' proclaims Don Montague to a stunned crowd of sailors in 1998 at the prestigious Aloha Classic windsurfing competition. 'I windsurfed for 20 years. That was my life, but when I first started kiting, I was like, "This is 3-D!" ' Shortly after Montague became obsessed with kiting, he invited pioneer Legaignox to stay with him in Maui so they could brainstorm. Their pivotal brainstorming session led Montague to develop the first software program for designing inflatable kites, set up the first large-scale kite production facility and invent the chicken-loop and trim-strap system so kites could depower. 'I brought in the capability to design something for production because we were doing that for windsurfing, and we had the designers,' he says. 'I also set up the whole facility for production in China, which now makes most of the major kites.' Equally important is whom Montague taught to kiteboard and inspired to be passionate about the sport: Robby Naish, [Pete] Cabrinha, Ken Winner (North) and Tony Logosz (Slingshot).

Cimeron Morrissey, 'Meet your makers: The 10 most influential people in the history of kiteboarding', *Kiteboarding*, vol. 10, no 3 (2009), p. 72.

Imagine if the four dominant car manufacturers produced their cars at the same factory. In the case of kitesurfing, this was the case for some time. Naish, Cabrinha, North and Slingshot are the dominant players. Concerns about intellectual property rights and the rise of Chinese companies manufacturing kiteboarding equipment prompted Slingshot to bring some aspects of its

production back to mainland US factories. For an overview of the activities of Don Montague since leaving his Head of R&D position at Naish International, see <http://project.kiteboat.com/team/>

⁴⁸ The whole article runs for eight pages (p. 63 is a full page Ocean Rodeo ad), but the Love at First Kite section is on p. 57. Michael Behar 'This is your life', *Kiteboarding*, vol. 10, no. 3 (2009), pp. 56-65.

⁴⁹ The KB4Girls mission statement and history follow:

Established by world champion kiteboarder Kristin Boese in December 2009, the KB4girls Foundation is a 501 (c)3 non-profit association driven by the passion to help others and unite females around the world through the sport of kiteboarding.

Striving to reach out to a broad audience of girls and women, KB4girls gives females more recognition in the world of watersports but also reaches out to those women and children in need around the world through fundraising events and other programs. "KB4girls" stands for both "KiteBoarding for girls" and "Kristin Boese for girls" (founded by 9 times World Champion Kristin Boese).

The KB4Girls Foundation's mission is to empower girls and women through the sport of kiteboarding. Our goal is to give females around the world a platform in the sport, help them to take up the sport, improve their kiting skills and even get to a competitive level. Through our events and through the KB4girls local chapters we want to further the motivation, self-confidence and courage of the participants and through fundraising we support women in need around the world.

Key Objectives:

1. Bringing together females of all ages, social groups and riding levels.
2. Helping to create local communities to support female athletes.
3. Raising funds for women in need around the world.
4. Raising awareness about environmental impact on oceans and beaches and contributing to the cause.
5. Generating interest and awareness in the sport and being proactive in our approach towards its growth.

<http://www.kb4girls.org/>

Accessed 2 November 2015.

⁵⁰ For a definition of grommet, see Matt Warshaw, *The Encyclopedia of Surfing* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 2005), p. 238: 'Broadly defined as any young surfer; more specifically, an insolent, hyperenthusiastic and frequently underfoot young surfer. While it the Australian-coined "grommet" came into the American surf lexicon in the mid-1970s, it's derived from "gremmie," a popular American surf world from the '50s and '60s used to identify either a young surfer or surf poser of any age. The grommet experience is defined in large part by hazing rituals.'

⁵¹ Clifton Evers, *Notes for a Young Surfer* (Carlton: Melbourne University Press, 2010).

⁵² For an overview of the Maroubra beach localism and its representation in *Bra Boys*, a documentary directed by Sunny Aberton and released in 2007 after the Cronulla race riots of December 2005, see Kelly Jean Butler, *Witnessing Australian Stories: History, Testimony, and Memory in Contemporary Culture* (Sydney: Transaction Publishers, 2013), pp. 217-240.

For a nuanced account of the complexities of how localism was implicated in the Cronulla race riots, see Clifton Evers, 'Locals only!', in Selvaraj Velayutham and Amanda Wise (eds), *Everyday Multiculturalism Conference Proceedings*, Macquarie University 28-29 September 2006 (Sydney: Centre for Research on Social Inclusion, Macquarie University, 2007).

http://www.crsi.mq.edu.au/publications/conference_proceedings/

Accessed 2 October 2015.

For a sense of how Cronulla localism, the status of lifesavers as icons of Australian masculinity and a shared commitment to 'protecting' women coalesced in the Cronulla race riots, see Clifton Evers, 'The Cronulla race riots: safety maps on an Australian beach', *South Atlantic Quarterly*, vol. 107, no. 2 (2008), pp. 411-429.

For a deep reading of the attack of two Cronulla lifesavers by several Lebanese-Australian men on Sunday 4 December 2005, see Cameron White, 'Representing the nation: Australian masculinity on the beach at Cronulla', in Selvaraj Velayutham and Amanda Wise (eds), *Everyday Multiculturalism Conference Proceedings*, Macquarie University 28-29 September 2006 (Sydney: Centre for Research on Social Inclusion, Macquarie University, 2007). http://www.crsi.mq.edu.au/publications/conference_proceedings/ Accessed 2 October 2015.

For an account of surfing as sensual and sentient, which includes a tale of escaping to uncrowded waves far from urban crowds, see Clifton Evers, 'How to surf', *Journal of Sport and Social Issues*, vol. 30, no. 3. (2006), pp. 229-243.

⁵³ Violence was not limited to the local/outsider division of shortboard surfing. Other areas of friction include shortboard/longboard, shortboard/wave SUP, and windsurf/kitesurf. For a sense of the universality of white territoriality, see the Californian account of Santa Cruz windsurfers versus kitesurfers: 'Historically speaking, the few forays into Davenport by kites have typically ended in shoving matches, petty property destruction and fistfights.' Brendan Richards, 'Engine 2.0', *The Kiteboarder*, vol. 12, no. 3 (2015), p. 28. Typically windsurfers are thought to be more conservative and less aggressive than surfers who can paddle out to catch big waves, the assumption being that the more gear you need to have to get your kicks in the ocean, the less likely you are to wantonly wreck the fun-in-the-sun property of others. Whereas a moderately good second hand surfboard might be \$500, a windsurfing board or two, and the necessary set of masts, booms and sails to cover the expected wind range can easily total over \$2000 for last year's model. However, the physicality of the response of windsurfers

to the unwanted presence of kitesurfers in California in 2015 resembles the conduct of shortboard surfers on east coast Australia in the seventies. In a *Kitesurf* magazine interview, Robby Naish explains the inevitable kitesurfers versus surfers and windsurfers friction that occurs in waves:

KS: You seem to have things pretty well ordered on Maui [where regulations define when and where kitesurfing is permitted], but elsewhere in the world kitesurfers aren't always that well received at the main waveriding spot — what are your thoughts on this — is there any way of resolving the "kites vs windsurfers" issue?

RN: That is a tough one. The problem with kites is the lines. Even a good guy will at some stage drop his kite. When you combine that with waves and potentially other people in the water (like surfers) there is potential for some really ugly accidents. I have seen some first hand. A kite dragging in even a small white water makes enough force that a flying line will cut through just about anything that it comes in contact with. Like a surfer dunking a wave, a finger, hand, arm, leg etc. And that path of potential hazard is pretty big: 20, 24, 27 meters. The sharing of waves is less an issue to me as what can happen when things go wrong. And it is hard to say the 'good guys' can ride there but the beginners cannot follow them out. It is not an easy problem to solve, and in some places it works out better than others. Once sharing, as long as kites don't take all the waves (because you can pretty easily with the mobility of a kite) you can have wind[surfers] and kites at the same spot and deal with it. You just have to be cautious and cool.

KS, 'Robby at 50', *Kitesurf*, no. 80 (2015), pp. 57-58.

⁵⁴ For a more extensive analysis of how military technology made the surfing experience part of mass culture, including the incorporation of Hawaiian waterman skills as part of the specialist training of US Navy Combat Demolition Units, surf forecasting, the development of wetsuits before that technology was commercialized by Jack O'Neill in 1952, and the application of hydrodynamic theory to new surfboard materials, see Peter Westwick, Peter Neushul, *The World in the Curl: An Unconventional History of Surfing* (New York: Crown Publishing, 2013), pp. 81-102.

⁵⁵ The following account draws heavily on the following Surfer Magazine article, which includes the 7 page fax Gordon "Grubby" Clark used to explain to his customers why he was closing his surfboard blank business, and two other articles.

Surfer Magazine, 'Clark Foam closes its doors', <http://www.surfingmagazine.com/news/clark-foam-120505/#QsjOp8fGhVT1lorJ>, 97 December 5, 2005.

Accessed November 17 2014.

Jennifer Delson, 'Widow of worker sues foam factory',

<http://articles.latimes.com/2006/jul/27/business/fi-foam27>, July 27, 2006

Accessed November 17 2014.

Patricia Leigh Brown, 'Surfers in turmoil with the loss of a major supplier', http://www.nytimes.com/2005/12/30/us/surfers-in-turmoil-with-the-loss-of-a-major-supplier.html?_r=0 December 30, 2005

Accessed November 17 2014.

⁵⁶ John Pecorelli, 'Garbage system upgrade', *CMJ New Music Monthly*, no. 58 (1998), p. 35.

⁵⁷ Victoria Clarke, Sonja J. Ellis, Elizabeth Peel and Damien W. Riggs, *Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Trans and Queer Psychology: An Introduction* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2010), p. 110.

⁵⁸ Douglas Booth, *Australian Beach Cultures: The History of Sun,*

Sand and Surf (London and New York: Routledge, 2012)

Christine Metusela and Gordon Waitt, *Tourism and Australian Beach Cultures: Revealing Bodies* (Bristol: Channel View Publications, 2012).

Shirleene Robinson (ed.), *Homophobia: An Australian History* (Annandale: Federation Press, 2008).

⁵⁹ See Richard Giulianotti, *Sport: A Critical Sociology* (Cambridge: Polity, 2005), p. 164: 'surfing's meaning has been subject to struggles between different *strata* within the pastime, including more orthodox life-saving groups, hedonistic surfers, consumer-focused surfers, triathletes, and those promoting surfing's general professionalization.'