movies... 'Endless Summer' is a surf spectacle

By Sheery Gelman
For an experienced surfer, an amateur wave watcher, or even a land-locked lumber, 'Endless Summer' is certainly an unfor-gettable movie-going experience. The film starts out like a Pan Am travelogue. The narra-tive is honey at best and often in the true surfer film style, a bit corny, but the photography is fantastic.

The 'Endless Summer' follows the adventures of two surfers who shun the crowds and encourage the winter of Southern California to follow the surfer's secret stowaway around the globe and seek out the world's best surf spots. Their first stop is Dundo, West Africa, where they surf right in front of their hotel under the watchful eyes of curious natives perched on the rocks. Travelling by plane, car, and boat, the surfer proceed down the west coast of Africa to Cape Town, South Africa, and then up the other side. Their next stop is Australia and then New Zealand from there, to Tahiti. In Tahiti, where there supposedly 'aren't any waves,' the surfer find waves which, because of the 'perfect wave.' A surfer's dream, these waves maintain enough perfect shapes forever for the surfers to ride. This then breaks, or breaking at more than one point on the wave. From Africa, the action moves to Australia and in New Zealand, from there to Tahiti. In Tahiti, where there supposedly 'aren't any waves,' the surfers find waves which, because of the 'perfect wave.' A surfer's dream, these waves maintain enough perfect shapes forever for the surfers to ride. This then breaks, or breaking at more than one point on the wave.

For someone familiar with sur-fing, this is a chance to see some really amazing waves. 'The Endless Summer' will show you some of the fascination and excitement of a sport that is catching on in coastal areas all over the world.

WHO SAID 13 IS UNLUCKY?
COME TO THE COOP ON OCT. 13th

Don't just sit there, Wallace Middendorp.
Make a noise. Or drink Sprite, the noisy soft drink.

What did you do when Joe (Bozcar) Brancamp kicked off the football team just because he flunked six out of four of his majors? What did you do, Wallace Middendorp?

And when the school newspaper's editors resigned in protest because the Chancellor wouldn't allow the publication of certain salacious portions of "Night in a Girl's Dormitory" you just sat, didn't you? You've made a mockery of your life, Wallace Middendorp! You're a vegetable. Protest, Wallace Middendorp. Take a stand. Make a noise. Or drink Sprite, the noisy soft drink.

Open a bottle of Sprite at the next campus speech-out. Let it fizz and bubble to the maximum. Let its juicy carbonation echo through the halls of Ivy. Let its tarty, tingling essence infuse the crowd with excitement. Do these things, Wallace Middendorp. Do these things, and what big corporation is going to hire you?