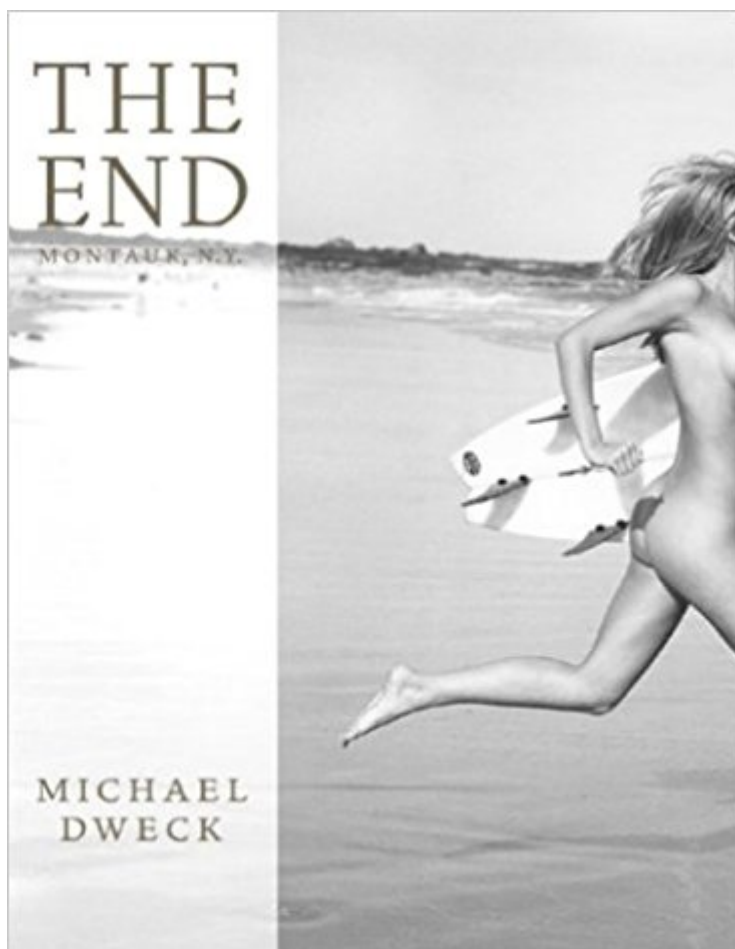


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# The End: Montauk, N.Y.



## Synopsis

In the 1960s, the fishing village of Montauk became the surfer's paradise of the United States' East Coast. Located at the tip of Long Island's South Fork, the easternmost point of the Hamptons, this paradise existed primarily for locals - not surfers who migrated to the beach for the summer, but those who were out in the rocky reefs every day, year round. Today, a new tribe of surfers exists - a group of young locals who live by their own rules. Rule number 1: Never tell anyone where the good surf spots are. Rule number 2: See rule number 1. In the 1990s, photographer Michael Dweck rented a house on Ditch Plains beach (site of the best surf break) and struck up a friendship with one of the local surfers, eventually gaining unprecedented access to the insular local surf community. Dweck's photographic essay follows the surfers through their daily rituals, from early morning wave reports to evening bonfires on the beach, capturing their youthful hedonism. Through portraits, nudes, and photographs of the landscape, this book celebrates lives lived only to surf, and captures an endless summer of perfect weather and languorous beauty.

## Book Information

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## Customer Reviews

The dominant subject of this ode to Montauk's surfer community is the cadre of surfer babes; so "beautiful and sexy and tribal," says Dweck in his intro; that apparently run the beaches topless. Playfully leaping, rolling in the sand or pouting on their beds sans their string bikini tops, they look like Victoria's Secret models in training. If this attire, or lack of it, seems contrary to surfing, Dweck, who rented a house one summer at Ditch Plains beach expressly to infiltrate this hedonistic clan, rarely shoots anyone on a board. Nor does he choose to capture the

quiet fishing village he hopes will remain unspoiled by the tourists who have overrun other Long Island spots like the Hamptons and Fire Island; instead, Montauk is reduced to a couple shots of fishermen and a beachside snack wagon. The rest is girls, girls, girls. B&w photos. Copyright © Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved.

Michael Dweck grew up on Long Island. He earned his BFA from the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, where he studied photography and fine arts. He began his career in advertising, and received a Gold Lion at the Cannes International Advertising Festival. Two of his long-form commercials are in the permanent collection of The Museum of Modern Art, New York. His first solo photography exhibition was a Sotheby's, New York, in 2003. The End is his first book.

Worth the wait!

I love this piece of work, beautifully taken photography, love the black and white prints. Will be keeping it forever and ever.

The item received was as described.

The book's title is, "The End." Let's hope that it is just that...the last of a sorry attempt of portrayal to nowhere. We don't need anymore of this crap shoved on us via a misleading cover photo on a dust jacket solely designed to sell a bad product. Most .com people probably did purchase this book because of the nude surfer chick on the front cover. This is as good as it gets. From the intro double-truck pic of a rear shot of 4 completely nude males, it becomes apparent that photographer Dweck has a jones for males. Lotsa males...128 at first count throughout this large coffee table size book. Had other reviewers pointed this out, I would not have wasted my \$12 on a used copy of this \$60 book. Why photog Dweck has several one-page deals of a close-up of a rear of a male's head is anyone's guess. Is he also a barber? Or is it just a rear head fetish? Or does Dweck just simply not know what to do with a camera? As far as one reviewer stating "Naturally beautiful women so gorgeous my teeth hurt", where has this person been? Hiding in a cave? Locked up in a basement? Yes, some of the chicks look ok, some are down-right hot, but I see them everyday. Readers will tire of watching lower to lower-middle class males, some festooned with tatoos as visual crutches for identity, as markers for self-esteem to nowhere. Nor did the one or two shots of drunken derelicts still desperately clinging to the cup that did them in make an impression. I know, this is supposed to

be artsy, but don't you outgrow this after art school? And I don't think photog Dweck has been to arts school. Now, if you want a craggy, dried up leather face that appears to have baked in a 120-degree desert for 100 years? Drink-up, but don't waste good paper and print on someone else's ill-begotten lifestyle. People bought this book sight-unseen in the anticipation of seeing others having fun, not on a slow ticket to suicide. The photog appears to be an amateur and is grappling with what to do with a camera. From the wasted color shot (the only color shot in the entire book) of a double-truck of a blue sky with some clouds to an entire page devoted to a plastic shark.....what is the point? And then there is this chick riding her bicycle in another double truck scene, meandering to nowhere faithfully staying in the photog's viewfinder with an expression of "When is this going to end?" Please read the other reviews as I have done. Where are they coming from? You might ask are they reviewing the same book as I have? What in the hell is going on?

I was very fortunate to see Michael Dweck's exhibition "The Surfers Life" here at the renown Blitz Gallery in Tokyo last week and I was very impressed. The show was an astonishingly beautiful collection of images by a very gifted photographer who presents his subject with great sensitivity and warmth. And, though many of these images have been seen before in his book *The End: Montauk, NY*, it was worth a trip to Blitz to see the show live. *The End* is Michael Dweck's breakthrough debut collection of extraordinary work. The true first. I believe *The End* was published to accompany an exhibition at International Center for Photography New York in May 2004. With its handsome production designed by Jeremy Miller and oversize-volume format, the book is a virtual stand-alone mini-exhibition in its own right. It is not really a book, but an art object: one that transcends the notion of a mere "book." It is an object of intrinsic beauty and the mere holding of it in one's hands conveys the good taste, fine quality, and the superb craftsmanship that were blended to create *The End*. Sand-colored silk cloth boards with titles embossed on spine. Photographs and texts by Michael Dweck. Poetic fragment, "From Montauk Point" (from "Leaves of Grass"), by Walt Whitman. List of Plates appended at the end. Printed on thick coated stock paper in Singapore to the highest standards. In pictorial dust jacket with very large flaps, black titles on the spine and elegant glassine vertical band. This book presents the photographer's nostalgic (and erotic) tribute to the legendary beach community. Montauk is one of America's best-kept secrets: The ultimate surfer's paradise, it has remained largely unchanged since it was discovered in the 1960's. It has miraculously been shielded from the crass commercialism and corrupt hedonism that have ruined the magic of the Hamptons. There is something almost mystical about the fact that it is located at the tip of Long Island. "This paradise has existed primarily for locals, not surfers who migrate to the

beach for the summer but those who are out in the rocky reefs everyday. In the 1990's, Michael Dweck gained unprecedented access to this insular community. His book follows the surfers through their daily rituals from early morning wave reports to evening bonfires on the beach. Dweck has an eye for the women but it is misleading to label him a female-nude photographer, as many commentators have done. There are photographs of Sonya, Shannon, Katarina, Lilla, Genelle, Jessica and other beach beauties but Dweck is also fascinated by a teenager surfing phenomenon named Kurt, who has been surfing since he was a little boy. Kurt is the Bruce Weber ideal: All-American, blond, blue-eyed, beautiful. What sets him apart from the fashion or commercial model-type is his care-free attitude and complete lack of narcissism. He looks like the young Peter Beard, who stays in Montauk when he is in the United States. Dweck pays tribute to the great artist/photographer with a lovely full-page portrait. A gorgeous book. Lavishly illustrated with black-and-white and color plates and 2 stunning foldouts. In my opinion, one of the most accomplished living American photographers.

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