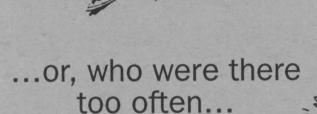
INSIDE

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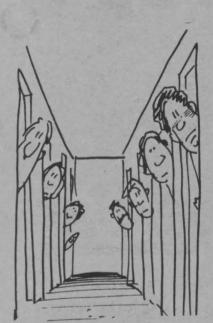
...think of all your friends who were there for you...



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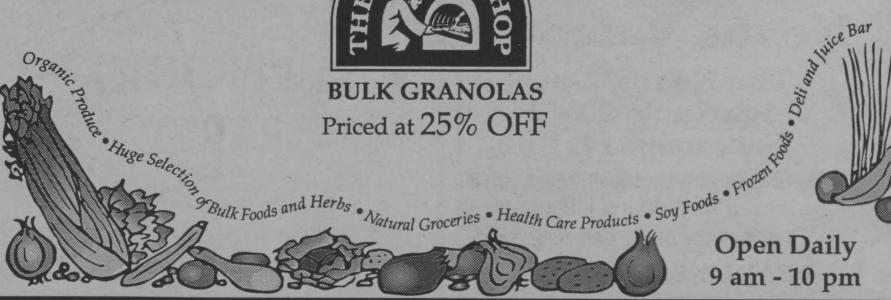


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Eat Right, Stay Tight

By Leopold St. Jimmy

ne of the things I like about these special issues is that it gives me a chance to write about my friend and former roommate, Scott. Out of all the people I know, Scott is most likely to try and eat something nutritious. Of course, it wasn't always this way.

Was a time, not so long ago, when Scott didn't really care what he ate. When he was in high school, he used to live at Taco Bell and Pizza Hut. Scott was a lot bigger then. He was big enough that we could have called him Big Scott, if we would have thought about it. Instead, we called him Koka, which he said was his Hawaiian name.

I think he was lying.

Anyway, it used to be fun to eat with Scott. We'd hit the ol' Taco Bell, and he'd get like three burritos and some tacos and maybe pintos and cheese. I used to get those cinnamon crispas, but I can't anymore, because now they're cinnamon twists.

Then came our graduation night. Our school held one of those big grad parties, so the kids wouldn't go out and get drunk. So we went to the party, and later we went out and got drunk. But that's not important. What is important is the palm reader that was at the party.

tant is the palm reader that was at the party.

The palm reader, I thought, was fairly bogus. I mean, all she told me was that I had soft hands and a big nose. I could have told myself that. But I guess she told some other people some good fortunes — you know, you're going to be rich, you're going to be popular, you're going to have a dog.

Then Scott went in, and she told him that he was going



to die when he was 50.

How cool is that? Here is Scott (maybe I should change his name to protect his identity ... aw, forget it), he's just graduated, he's on top of the world, getting ready to go to college, and this fortune teller says he's only got about 32 good years left. Not cool at all, I'd say. Now, we all thought it was funny. But not Scott. Back

Now, we all thought it was funny. But not Scott. Back then, and even now, Scott was a sensitive, caring, gullible type of guy. Hearing that he'd be kicking the bucket at about the year 2020 did not sit well with him, especially when he remembered that his family had a history of heart trouble.

Thus began the transformation of Scott. No more

Taco Bell, no more Big Macs at Mickey D's, no more greasy pizza at the Hut. No, Scott had ceased to become a fun eater. He became nutritious.

Suddenly, when everyone would head off to some gross fast food joint for a little grub, Scott would open a paper bag and pull out a shoot of asparagus. "Mmmmmm," he would say, "good food." Of course, we were appalled, and to make up for his healthiness, we would order double amounts of Kentucky Fried Chicken. And all the while, Scott would sit there, eating his own little piece of natural bran fiber or something.

See EATING, p.15A





Automotive



What to Wear?

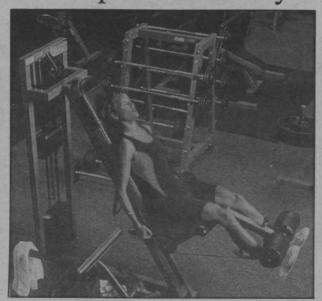
Fashion Makes a Splash at the Gym

By Donna DeMarchio

s if it isn't tough enough to put down the chocolate chip cookies, turn off the television and drag myself off the couch to go workout at the gym three times a week, now I have to dress the part.

What happened to the good old days when a pair of sweats was the standard exercise outfit? Weren't sweatshirts and T-shirts the norm of workout attire a decade or two ago? But here we are in the '90s and exercise fashion has evolved into an art form that challenges even the best runway fashion plates. But how did this style-consciousness make its way into something as serious and primal as working out?

Every time I show up at the gym, I am amazed at the fashion etiquette displayed before my very own eyes. I'll admit that it provides some sort of amuse-ment for me as I torture wouldn't say that I don't myself on a stair master take this health thing as with only the other masochists to entertain me. I find myself analyzing these people according to the clothes they wear - away and maybe two pairs



A nice combination of solid prints and designer shoes goes over well at the gym.

and that's when it hits me that these people are trying to make a statement as

they're shedding weight.

Here I am in a pair of shorts and (God forbid) a T-shirt, with nothing more than a \$50 pair of running seriously as the next guy, but my exercise wardrobe consists of nine T-shirts I would otherwise throw

of plain black spandex shorts. My taste in workout clothes matches my attitude: I'm here to get this thing over with and get on with the rest of my life.

But obviously, fashion in the workout place goes way beyond my sense of simplicity. I've found myself measuring my outfit up against the G-string, sports bra-clad women who have obviously been

See FASHION, p.9A

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Health Pitmess

Skin Care: How to Save Face

By Mrs. Jake Wylkatt

ow, there are a lot of important issues out there in the world — starvation in Somalia, ethnic cleansing in Bosnia-Herzegovina, the budget deficit — but take a moment from the troubles of the world to think about an equally important issue much closer to home: skin care.

much closer to home: skin care.

Have you looked carefully at your skin lately? Is your face pock marked from popped pimples? Are your pores veritable craters filled with grime and grease? Do your eyebrow hairs grow together? Don't answer those questions, to even contemplate them is just too gross.

Skin care is one of those ever-so important issues long ignored by our society, and if quality skin care does not begin to appear on the national scene as a top priority for our nation, then something is going to burst like a red, hard zit. But there is hope: Hillary Rodham Clinton has beautiful skin.

Quality skin.

Quality skin care goes far beyond soap and water and using upward, not downward, strokes with a cotton puff in cleaning ones' face to prevent later sagging of the facial tissues. To begin to address the well-documented problem of ignorance about good skin care, here is a list of products and suggestions to aid the individual who is dermatologically concerned, but still unsure as to how to address this troublesome problem. I use each of these products once a week, which, as you can imagine, makes for a very crowded wash basin, but space can always be found for the latest high quality skin care product.

• Dove beauty bar, in the pink wrap (\$2.74 for a two bar package at a local market). The benefit of this soap is that it has "One-fourth moisturizing creme." I firmly believe, and experts agree, you cannot get enough moisturizing creme.

• Soft Skin body wash-foaming creme. Just \$2.49 for two bars, and it has a shower hook. I love this stuff, and it doesn't crowd the bathroom sink.

• Caress body bar with bath oil in the "original peach," this fine product is only \$2.89 for two bars (that's only \$1.45 per barl).

• Clearly Natural, "biodegradable, hypo-allergenic,

cruelty free," glycerine soap in aloe vera, Vitamin E, rain forest and honeysuckle. This gem is only \$.76 per bar. And rivaling Clearly Natural in the see-through soaps is Neutrogena (\$2.99 for one bar, but well worth it). I use the Clearly Natural on Tuesdays and the Neutrogena on Fridays, just for variety.

• St. Ives Apricot Scrub with Elder Flower, \$4.95. This is basically soap with grit in it to purge your face of dead skin (using it also feels like it removes a layer or two of live skin, but isn't being beautiful worth the pain?).

And don't forget the astringents to force open those pores and scoop out that dirt.

Then there are the hand lotions, the Vaselines, the

Suaves (and suave it will make you too, in cocoa butter, aloe vera, Vitamin E and baby care), the Jergens (in original scent, Vitamin E and lanolin — that's the oil from sheep's wool so you don't have to knit a sweater anymore to get smooth hands — and aloe and lanolin), the Johnson & Johnson's, the Niveas, Noxemas and the Ponds, among the many forms of animal fat and vegetable oils you can rub all over your hands.

able oils you can rub all over your hands.

I, myself, am as old as my tongue and a little older than my teeth and haven't spent a day in the sun in my life. Any color I might lack I make up with Maybelline. But before I whip out my paint brush and pallet, I use Cream o' Wheat on the face as a base moisturizer. While it is more expensive than good old Quaker oats oatmeal, (\$1.99 for a 1 lb. 2 oz. container vs. \$3.29 for a same size container of Cream of Wheat) I don't believe you can cut costs when it comes to skin care. Do you want to be a wrinkled old hag at 18, looking more like a sharpei than Cindy Crawford? Well, if you don't (and who does?), then you will agree that pinching pennies only leads to pinched cheeks and fissures in the facial flesh.

After the oatmeal mask, I wash the tissues with any one of the aforementioned soap products and then put on my face, bright, clean and ready to meet the day as a member of one of the world's oldest professions, the homemaker.

Now, you men should not think you are exempt from good skin care. Taking care of one's skin is just as important for men as it is for women, perhaps even more because men must shave daily. When one I.V. resident was stopped while skateboarding and asked how he maintains such healthy color and preserves his skin from I.V.'s drying sea air, he confessed to a three-part skin care system. He begins with a hot, steamy towel to the face to open the pores. He then applies a layer of fresh mud from the Blue Nile River to moisturize the skin before rinsing with a cold Schaeffer Light to close the pores.

Taking care of one's skin is one of the most important things a person can do; if everyone took proper care of their skin, the world would appear a little more attractive, people would look and be nicer and there would be world peace.

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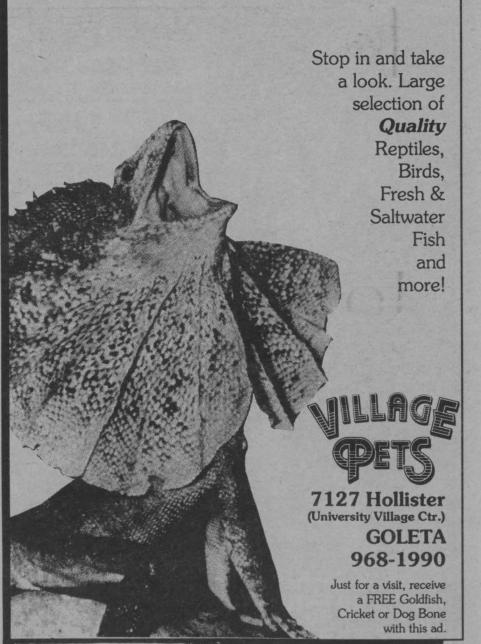
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WEDNESDAYS

Open Recreation Floor/Rollerblade Hockey
8-11pm in Rob. Gym (upstairs) • FREE w/UCSB Reg. card

FREE Karaoke!! 9-11:30pm at De La Guerra Annex • (food & drink available to purchase)

THURSDAYS

OTHER CHOICES meeting/FREE dinner party 5-6pm at Student Health Service Medical Library Students meet here to plan a weekly alternative to I.V. scene,

i.e. Magic Mtn., hiking, movies.
THIS FRIDAY (1/29): free opera "LA TRAVIATA"
(8:00pm at Lotte Lehmann).
Meet at 7:15 in Storke Plaza. Call 893-2914 for info.
• FREE Karaoke!!

8:30-11:00pm at F.T. Torres Room

Open Recreation Gymnastics
 8:30-10:30pm in Rob. Gym • FREE w/UCSB Reg. card

• The Annex (De La Guerra Annex on campus)
FREE THIS WEEK (1/29): accoustical reggae with Ras David, 9-11:30pm
• The Torres Room (Francisco Torres)
FREE THIS WEEK (1/29): The local band - Rogue Cheddar, 9:00-12:00am

Dance Away!!!

7:30-10:30pm at the Unitarian Church
1535 Santa Barbara Street (voluntary contribution of \$3)

 The Annex (De La Guerra Annex on campus) FREE THIS WEEK (1/30): The Graceful Punks (winner of the last ever Battle of the Bands at The Pub!), 9-11:30pm

SUNDAYS

Open Recreation Floor/Rollerblade Hockey
 8-11pm in Rob. Gym (upstairs) • FREE w/UCSB Reg. card
 The Annex (De La Guerra Annex on campus)
 FREE MOVIE NIGHT: This Sunday's Saga is COMEDY, 9:00-11:30pm

Horoscope

Aquarius (Jan.21-Feb.19) Ever wonder what it's like to be a member of the Polar Bear Club? Try skinny-dipping in the ocean at midnight.

Pisces (Feb.20-Mar.20) Take a personal risk... ask someone you've only just met to go on a date.

Aries (Mar.21-Apr.20) Have an opinion you want to express to the world? Send a message in a bottle and hope someone hears you!

Taurus (Apr.21-May 21)
Spend an evening under the stars and tell some spine-chilling ghost stories around the campling (don't forget the marshmallows!).

Gemini (May 22-June 21)
Cater to your other personality - change your hairstyle totally... from long to short, black to blonde or vice versa.

Cancer (June 22-July 22) Make someone's day... write a fan letter to your all-time favorite hero or heroine. Leo (July 23-Aug. 23)
Not feeling spoiled enough lately? Let someone feed you peeled, seedless

Virgo (Aug.24-Sept.23)
Get passionate about a cause and spend time helping it, instead of just thinking

Libra (Sept.24-Oct.23) Get off your trapeze and learn to juggle with at least three balls.

Scorpio (Oct.24-Nov.22) Reach for the galaxy... put your name down to be a passenger on the first tourist shuttle to the moon.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23-Dec.21) Now that the rain is gone... take a hike, discover a waterfall, and shower 'neath it.

Capricorn (Dec.22-Jan.20)
Curse it! |\$#@%sxdkj\$!#@! Don't let that happen again this week.

CHALLENGE YOUR MIND

Ad concept by: Student Impact & Design Sponsored by: Student Health Service, Communications Dept., Physical Activities & Recreation

Health Fitmess

Iron Willed

A Quixotic Trip to Muscle Beach

By J.G. Forrester

is name was Gino.
We had been friends for several years before we graduated from the same high school. Gino was one of those guys I saw in half my classes; we had a good rapport but I really didn't know him that well. We had worked on some projects together and had a common bond of obscene academic procrastination, but that was about the extent of our friendship. He was a good guy.

guy.

Between our sophomore and junior years, Gino returned to school with an amazing amount of muscle mass on his body. He had been lifting weights fanatically at home for a year or so, but the results were, of course, a gradual process. After the summer off from school, how-



ever, Gino returned in September as a granite slab of a man. He was big.

Despite our frequent Hanz-and-Franz jokes and jesting references to steroids, those of us who knew Gino recognized his commitment to health and weight lifting, and we respected him for it. The man liked to pump iron and purify his body with vitamins and health food. It all seemed a bit intense to us, but it was certainly a valid hobby. Also, with his new found pumpitude, Gino became very good to have around during campus altercations and was the bouncer of choice for many parties during our senior year.

"Rock on," Gino would always say,

"Rock on," Gino would always say, which was just his way of saying "that's cool," or "have a nice day." That's the way Gino was by the time we graduated, he just rocked on.

It was then — after our senior year but before we went off to our respective colleges — that I was fortunate enough to accompany Gino on what would become a pilgrimage, an almost religious experience for him. We, along with two of our friends, piled into a 1981 Buick and journeyed south from our Bay Area hometown for a week of fun and sun in the Los Angeles area. We had no set destinations, except that we would be meeting some guys at Disneyland at some point. We also wanted to see Hollywood and maybe spend some time lounging around the hotel pool.

Gino also mumbled something about "checkin' out Venice Beach."

This trip to the beach is what I would always remember about our journey. Not only did we witness an exhibition of leaping dogs, men dressed in seaweed and T-



Weight lifting should be done under strict supervision of a person stronger than you. If this is not an option, simply find two people of your approximate strength and have them team up.

shirts that read "Sex, Murder, Art" during our day in sunny Venice, but we also came upon the object of Gino's quest, the destination of the pilgrim's journey. The promised land lay in plain view there on the sand: Muscle Beach.

"Rock on," Gino said to no one in particular as he entered the fenced-off beach area, which was filled with weight lifting equipment and muscle-bound men and women pumping iron. Gino introduced himself to one nearby weight lifter and offered to spot him while he worked on the bench press. As Gino stood there, his finely toned muscles bursting out of his small tank top, I saw an expression of

sheer contentment and belonging cross his face; Gino had come to the mountain top, he was reveling in the sunshine and glory of the weight lifting mecca, surrounded by his own people.

The rest of us continued down the cement boardwalk, content to leave Gino in his own personal heaven. We came back to Muscle Beach a few hours later to pick him up, but when we saw him sitting there wiping the sweat from his thoroughly pumped up chest, we could sense that something was amiss. After lifting weights and talkin' health all day with those that

See WEIGHTS, p.13A



Health Titness

FASHION: It's Here

Continued from p.5A responsible for the success of Nike, Reebok and lycra. And don't forget color, after all, these outfits come in every color of the rainbow and you wouldn't want to be caught in the same outfit twice.

But I don't think these women are trying to impress the men who pump, eat and chew on iron for fun. These guys haven't evolved yet and they have as much fashion sense as I do, with one difference their torn and tattered tank tops look like they grew muscles in one sitting and busted out of their clothes like the Incredible Hulk (or at least that's what they would like everyone to think). You can tell that the last thing these neckless, oversized bicep men worry about is what shirt will match their gloves. And how could they be concerned about their clothes when they are coming face to face with 800 pounds of metal?

clear that they need to fill their heads with something to worry about during a workout. They look around as they prance on top of those steps and see other women, more evolved women, wearing pretty pink tights that match their pretty pink and blue G-strings that compliment their pretty pink socks. And they buy into the correctives

into the stereotype.

OK, so maybe I've caught myself reconsidering my outfits as I drag myself off the couch, but I am not entirely convinced that my clothes define me. Maybe once when I talked to my sister about working out, she mentioned that those shiny spandex tights I was wearing went out of style five years ago, so I stopped wearing those things. And maybe I did stop wearing those leotards I owned since I was 10 because they actually had a bottom. And maybe Nike has made a pretty

penny on my feet, but come on.

The women of the '90s who view working out as a social outlet spend \$90 on an outfit, and those outfits are saying something to me and the other people who show up at the gym. My guess is, these women put a lot of work into their bodies and working out is a way of life. I would even go so far as to say it is their life. They probably sit at home thinking about what they're going to wear as they watch "Oprah."

I would say, more power to them, to each his own (and her own). But the fashion norms of the gym are taking their toll. Soon I might be wearing the G-string and maybe men will start wearing them too. But who wants to see a 200-pound meat head lifting weights as his G-string shifts to the right? I just hope this fashion revolution has peaked before things get ugly.

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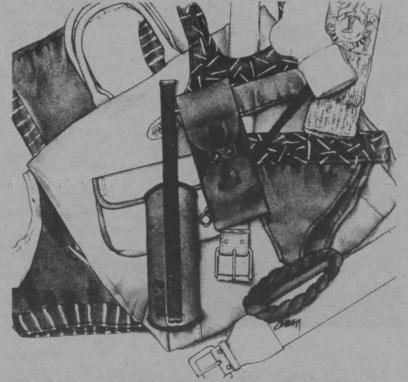
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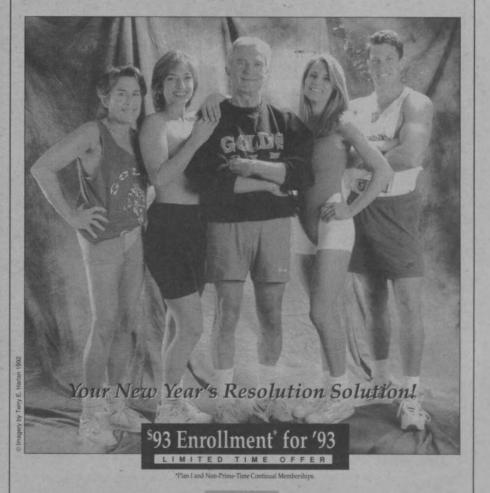


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Health? itmess

By Anselmo Watkins

'll admit it. I'm an amateur "rotter." Trapped on a campus filled with the "beautiful people," where volleyball, frishee and I Manager 19 bee and I.M. sports are the recreations of choice, I like nothing more than to escape class on Friday, pop five discs in my CD player, arm myself with my four remote controls and a dozen jelly donuts, and plop down on the couch and stay there 'til Monday.

This, pilgrims, is rotting. Now I can't claim to have originated this. In fact, I can't even call myself the greatest living ex-pert. A baseball player named Bob McClure has that distinction, having even written a book about it. Hence, my amateur status. My other problem is that I've never been able to pull off a full, weeklong rot, where you lay down on a Monday and don't move, except to fulfill the essentials of eating, relieving and preparing deli-cious microwaved dishes, for at least 168 hours. My problem is that those darn classes keep getting in the

So, if you're still reading, you've got to be wondering what a story about rotting has to do with Health and Fitness. It's simple. To rot effectively, you've got to be prepared; you have to train and practice so you can still do the important things, like get up and go to the



per: Ydelfonso De La Cruz

Photo: Joe Coonan

kitchen to heat up some Dinty Moore beef stew in the microwave, or roll over to grab the pillow that fell off the couch. Being able to make it to the bathroom without having to stop and

rest can also be important, especially after several tins

of Dinty Moore.
With this in mind, true rotters follow a training program that helps them be the best that they can

· Basic rolling over: Don't underestimate the power of this simple un-aerobic not pushing out the cush-activity. To do properly, ions of the couch while

be, and it's something that anyone can do. We'll start on your side, then without use of the arms, flip completely at least 180 degrees. The difficulty lies in

doing this move, which can disrupt the entire spirit of the rot and ruin your entire day. Some prefer practicing this move on their bed before advancing to the couch level.

• The newspaper page turn: Nothing is more frus-trating than laying on the couch and having to ask a neighbor or roommate to turn the page of the paper you are reading. This simple activity involves reaching for a page of the paper and flipping it without causing too great a roll in the shoulder, which can create enough torque to knock a rotter off kilter and hinder his or her ability to see the paper or the TV. To completely minimize this risk, some enterprising rotters have had friends hook up fans to the remote control system that, on command, will turn on and blow the pages over. However, unless you have quite generous friends, you should prob-ably practice this move. Basic finger agility: The key to staying on the couch for long periods of time is the ability to manipulate the world around. you without leaving the crater that you have carved into the cushions on your couch. Hence, good fingertip control for proper re-mote control use is imperative. One simple, but draining exercise is to touch all the fingers to your thumb in sequence, going back and forth, for-ward and back. Careful to

See COUCH, p.13A



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MILESTONE MOMENT

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Health Fitmess

Hair Care: A Dead Issue

Why Manage the Unmanageable?

By Marcy Galactitol

air.

Every year millions, possibly billions, of dollars are spent on the upkeep of hair. People, do you realize what you are trying to do? You are shampooing, conditioning, gelling, moussing and spraying dead cell tissue. Hello? Dead, did you get that part. Dead, as in not alive. These suckers are dead and we spend our hard-earned cash on making sure they smell good and look even better?

First thing to do is admit to yourself that your hair is dead. Go ahead, say it with me, take the oath. "My name is (insert your name) and my hair is dead." Don't you feel better?

Next, find your favorite shampoo out of the shelves and shelves of hair cleaner you know you own. Hiding that hair rejuvenator behind the toilet bowl cleaner under the sink is not going to stop anyone from thinking that you have been denying the real truth about your dead hair. Now that you have it, realize the contents of this bottle are probably not going to bring dead back to life. Throw it out.

Actually, now that we are to the trash, you might want a big bag because we are going to do some major dunking.

going to do some major dunking.
First, 86 the walnut leaf shampoo and conditioner. You really don't need your

highlights brought out, do you? What's the point. It's hair.

While we're on this topic, let's come to the acceptance that no matter how much conditioner you use, you'll still wake up with unmanageable bedhead every morning. (It will also still be quite dead, but we should be past that now.) If you are a guy, it just means that you can throw a hat on your head whenever you want. I've got a friend who wears hats all the time, simply because he just doesn't care to cope with his vicious, unmanageable, hate-filled hair. The plus to all this is the days that he doesn't wear a hat, people tell him how wonderful his hair looks and asks if he just got a hair cut.

And what about hair cuts? If you are not convinced of the fact that hair is dead, let me tell you a little something. If hair was alive, do you think millions of people a day would have theirs cut. I mean, extreme pain would be experienced if hair had life, we would feel it like we feel skin being sliced away when the knife cuts a little too close during chopping. Haircuts alone prove hair is lifeless and no amount of health-conscious, hair companies should be able to convince you that you should take care of something dead.

OK, now that we have come to the full realization of the meaning of hair, it is time to take that dandruff-control, 2-in-1

See HAIR, p.13A



When getting a hair cut, be careful of the barber who tells you to relax, then twirls scissors around your ear. Of course, hair cuts are not really necessary, since the hair on your head is very, very dead anyway. But we wouldn't recommend just yanking it out.

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Health Fitness

Continued from p.8A share his passions, our big friend seemed almost disillusioned.

"Dude," he said to us in a tone of bewilderment, "I came to Muscle Beach and pumped up ... and I was the biggest one here!" It was true; Gino's muscle mass surpassed that of all the other lifters we had seen there. But we didn't understand why this troubled him.

It was then that I realized the intention of Gino's pilgrimage. He had not come to this beach on this day to stand out as a man among boys, a big fish in the big Venice pond. He had come, in fact, to be the small guy of the field. Gino wanted to be outclassed, to be so overwhelmed by the superior class of weight lifting he hoped to find at Muscle Beach. He wanted to see how far he had still had to go to be in the major leagues, to stand in the company of the biggest of the big.

But the competition that day was poor - the real body builders Gino sought to measure himself against were somewhere else. Our friend had dominated a field of amateurs.

For Gino, the Venice pumping session was supposed to be a beginning, a new inspiration for him to reach for loftier heights back at home. Instead it was an end, an anticlimactic conclusion to just

another trip to a beach.

To cheer up Gino, we offered to drive by Gold's Gym in Venice, where Hulk Hogan was rumored to work out. But Gold's was closed, so we just went

Despite the let down, Gino would return to the weight set in his garage and continue to pump up for hours a day. The time came a month later for us all to go off to college, so in the years after our trip I only saw Gino a few times. He's still the biggest guy I know, and I'm sure he's still big on vitamins and proper diets. He even probably still mumbles now and then about meeting Hulk Hogan.

Gino just rocks on.

It's your planet... RECYCLE!



Continued from p.10A not get too tired out. One rotter broke his thumb when he missed his index finger and slammed it into the back of his hand. Memorization of the keys on the remote is equally important, since no rotter wants to have to switch their gaze from the TV screen to the remote unless they absolutely have

• The trash toss: The ability to throw trash into a nearby receptacle accurately is a must for the rotter who wishes to avoid difficult and unnecessary cleaning. An example: You've just finished off a delicious tin of Dinty Moore beef stew, and after slurping out the last bits of liquid fat, you flip it towards your trash can. You miss, however, and splatter little drops of brown fluid all over the wall. Now, unless your landlord enjoys this sort of decoration, you've got at least 15

minutes of cleaning ahead of you. What a pain! Now, can you see the importance of hitting these accurately? The best practice is to get a clean grocery bag, roll up your socks and flick them at the bag. This is relatively sanitary, and keeps you from accidentally throwing out your socks, which could happen if you actually threw them at a trash can.

• The bathroom scamper: You really don't need to practice this much, since if you eat a lot of Dinty Moore you'll be making this trek a lot anyway. But this drill is important simply to ensure that you can actually extract your-self from the couch and navigate your way to the restroom without getting lost or running into a wall. An escort can be beneficial while practicing, but the best insurance against getting lost is to lay duct tape on the ground from the couch to the bathroom. Follow the tape and you won't get lost ... unless somebody moves it.

Practice makes perfect, though, so frequent trips to the bathroom will help carve the route into your mind, making it second nature to you. If you feel silly going to the bathroom for no reason, a well-timed dose of Ex-Lax can make you feel a little less foolish. • The Flop: With luck, this will be the closest you come to actually getting up during your rot. It's also the closest you should get to true exercise, resembling a sit up. The flop merely is insurance against the formation of a youshaped divot in the cushions of the couch. To do this you simply have to sit up, swing your legs out in front of you, then collapse back on the couch on the side your feet just were. An important factor is to make sure there is nothing hard or sharp in the region where your head will land, so pay attention.

So aspiring rotters, work at these drills and someday you could be a championship caliber

Continued from p.12A shampoo-conditioner mixture and make a threepointer out of it. Come on, this goop is supposed to control how much your head sheds?

Whether you like it or not, when things die on alive things, those alive things will slough off the dead things. By controlling the sloughing off during the day all you end up with is a lot of flakes in bed with you when you sleep. People, I don't know about you but I'd rather have little white, dead flakes on my shirt that fall to the ground with one quick motion than rolling around for 7 hours plus in a pile of it. Please. The choice is yours.

Now, we move out of the shower and into the and again if necessary. endless cabinet rows of gel, mousse and hair spray. Folks, let's get this these things because no straight, we've just spent matter what I do, dead is five minutes and six bucks where it will stay!!" on cleaning our hair, now we are prepared to put yucky, gloppy substances back into it.

ness. Don't the shampoo about skin care?

people know that hair is dead? Maybe we all should write or better yet call one of the 800 numbers on the side of the bottles and say, "Hey, man, my hair is dead and so is yours. What's the point of caring for something that won't ever, ever, ever be alive again and is going to fall out the next time I brush it anyway, huh?"

People, people, when will you stop this addic-tion with hair? Not only do you try to keep it healthy but you make it defy gravity as if that will help to get blood to the ends and make it more shiny than it already is. Do you even realize that the shine is probably just from the second coat of sculpting mud? Your hair is not better off from these products, take the oath again "My hair is dead, dead, dead and I don't need

Healthy hair is a con-tradiction and caring for it is a waste. Find something There must be some else on which to direct method behind this mad-



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Health Pitmess

Aerobicize Your Life in 1993

By Tabitha McMurphy

erobics. Everyone does it it seems, and not just the tofu-pushing poobahs who exist to increase their cardiovascular fitness, either.

their cardiovascular fitness, either.
Four different tiers of this fitness activity are in place, and each one has its own merits, quirks and unmistakable be-bops.

Low impact aerobics

This limb on the aerobic family tree—it's a limb really, not a branch—involves generally mild movements with at least one foot on the floor at any given time during the workout. Cautious people find this reassuring.

While some speculate this form of the exercise loses some of its ferver when practiced too often, others maintain that the lower intensity of the bouncing action truly makes this a superior form of aerobicizing

makes this a superior form of aerobicizing.

The music for low impact aerobics is typically on a more Janet Jacksonesque scale than some of its relatives on the more intense limbs of the fitness flora. This quality enables participants to feel more comfortable in remaining at an individual pace during the workout.

There has traditionally been, however, grave dissent over whether the term "low impact" is synonymous with "insignificant results." This debate is easily squelched, they say, with a hardy reading of *The Little Engine that Could* and a healthy dose of sauerkraut.

High impact aerobics

Before diving into high impact, it is notable that advanced low impact is an intermediary level of fitness for cautious participants who are seriously considering getting both feet off the ground at the same time. Just a factoid.

This may seem oversimplified to some, but high impact aerobics is fun. It's all the excitement of low impact with more bounce. It's skydiving, Persian bizarre paratrooping and sliced bread all rolled into one. In a word, it's neat.

Historically, fashion outfits in this genre are more outspoken than those of the understated low impact types. Bold solids and an occasional breakthrough geometric pattern dominate the more assertive, high impact floor.

Some common exercises in this category include several forms of jumping jacks, variations of the bunny hop



A good step program combined with light weights makes filling out tax forms even easier.

and more frequent pulse-checking than in the low impact category.

Step aerobics

Presumably a step up from the more ancient forms of low and high impact aerobics, this particular exercise involves a prop — the "step," of course.

Whirling and twirling abound in this not-for-aerobicbeginners-activity. Foot to eye coordination is key here, and one small slip may result in, well, serious embarrassment.

It comes as no surprise, then, that taking a relatively basic instrument can make exercising revolutionary. Like running to keep balance on a log rolling over and over in a stream, step aerobics often result in an adrenaline-pumping adventure and a guaranteed happy time.

Oregonians are particularly fond of this form of aerobic excitement.

Funk aerobics

This is where it's at. Some may claim delirium can be achieved while bounding up and down the same stair with no particular destination in sight. But jamming to hip-hop tunes is at an aerobic zenith.

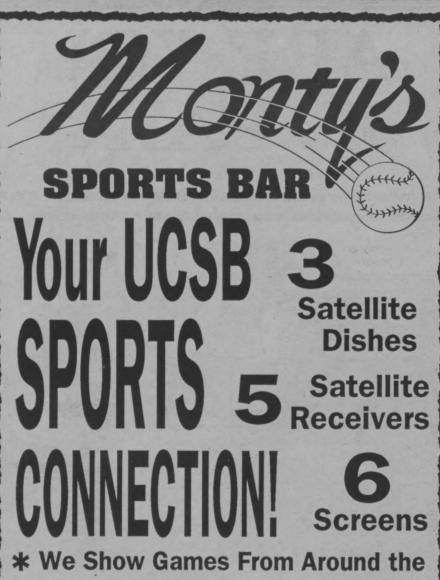
What can be better than executing the electric slide in perfect form to Marky Mark and his Funky Bunch at 6 a.m.? Fitness fun at its best. No comparison. Top this one. Mr. Schwarzenegger.

one, Mr. Schwarzenegger.

The excruciating hilarity alone of watching first-timers attempt the Roger Rabbit in a room with mirrors on all four sides makes the experience worth it, so they say.

Generally, though, those engaging in funk aerobics are introverts searching for a way out through the funnel-like opening of music with a *real* beat.

However aerobicizers choose to go about increasing their oxygen intake, the end result is likely the same — good people, good times, a great gig. So they say.



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Realth

i: It's Ha

Continued from p.4A

He began lecturing us on the relative nutritional merits of food. "You know," he'd say, "that little slice of cheesecake has 843 grams of fat in it." Now, I'm not really a be-liever in this whole fat/ calorie thing. My theory is, it's not what you eat, it's how much. Eating a pound of chocolate is the same as eating a pound of those tasteless rice cakes. And if it isn't, well, then it should be.

But getting back to Scott, he'd start looking at the food we were eating and tell us how gross it was. This practice quickly became old. I mean, I don't need to hear how sick Popcorn Chicken is when I'm scarfing it down. After all, Hammer eats it, doesn't he? It can't be that

for a couple of years, and we mourned the loss of our friend Big Scott, even though we never really called him that. We didn't call him Koka, either. It wasn't like Scott died or anything — after all, he still had three decades left to go - but we liked him better when he used to eat burgers and not broccoli. Now, he wasn't so big any more. He slimmed down quite a bit, and though he was never really Svelte Scott, which would have

or Normal Scott. But things change, and constant peer pressure from the guys took its toll on Scott. Soon, the broccoli and bran and aspara-gus started to disappear. He still ate kinda healthy, but occasionally the McDonald's and the Taco

been a cool nickname, he was at least Smaller Scott,

think Scott discovered that there are two ways of going about eating - you either eat nutritious, or you eat fun. You can't have fun eating cauliflower all the time.

So these days, Scott likes to let loose on occasion, and eat fun. Like the other day, when we were getting ready to watch the 49ers lose to the Cowboys, Scott called and said "I'm making a run for the border. What do you want?" This, of course, meant that Scott was going to Taco Bell. He was going to eat fun. We were all happy, be-cause it meant that Big Scott had returned, if only for a while.

I guess the moral of the story is this: You can eat as nutritious as you want, but if you're Scott, you're still going to die at 50.



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5pm

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- 9. Best Place to People Watch
- 10. Best Place to Buy Groceries
- 11. Best Place to Get Condoms
- 12. Best Dining Commons
- 13. Best Coffee House
- 14. Best Place to Drink Beer
- 15. Best Pizza Place
- 16. Best Mexican Restaurant
- 17. Best Thai Place
- 18. Best Chinese Restaurant
- 19. Best Barbecue Joint
- 20. Best Burrito Eatery
- 21. Best Hamburger Joint
- 22. Best Vegetarian Place
- 23. Best Breakfast Place
- 24. Best Restaurant With a View
- 25. Best Place to Eat if Your Folks are Picking up the Tab
- 26. Best Ice Cream Shop
- 27. Best Bakery
- 28. Best Gym
- 29. Best Beach
- 30. Best Surf Spot
- 31. Best Surf Shop
- 32. Best Way to Get Tar Off Your Feet

#### **UCSB Readers Poll Rules**

- 1. NO XEROXED BALLOTS.
- 2. Ballots must be dropped off at The *Daily Nexus* Ad Office, underneath Storke Tower, by **Wednesday**, **Feb. 17**, **at 5pm**.
- 3. ONE ballot per person.
- 4. Ballots must be filled out with reasonable completeness. Ballots with less than half of the blanks filled will be recycled with alacrity.
- 5. *NOTE*: The Nexus' "Best of UCSB" is intended to be a good natured contest among business groups and others in the community. In other words, this is not a cutthroat competition whose results are somehow of deep and lasting significance. Please do not take it as such.
- 6. Decisions of Ballot referees are final.
  - 33. Best Afternoon Getaway
  - 34. Best Car Mechanic
  - 35. Best Bike Shop
  - 36. Best Way to Save Money
  - 37. Best Secondhand Clothing Store
  - 38. Best Hair Salon
  - 39. Best Bookstore
  - 40. Best Music Store
  - 41. Best Computer Store
  - 42. Best Computer Game
  - 43. Best Place to Get Goofy Stuff
  - 44. Best Cheap Date
  - 45. Best Happy Hour
  - 46. Best Margarita
  - 47. Best Night Club
  - 40. Dood Dioce to Dioc
  - 48. Best Place to Play Pool
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  - 52. Best Stupid Thrill
  - 53. Most Nauseating \_
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  - 58. Best Professor
  - 59. Best Class
  - 60. Best Class to Sleep Through
  - 61. Best Reason to Miss Class
  - 62. Best Excuse for Turning in a Paper Late
  - 63. Best Excuse for Not Graduating in 4 years
  - 64. Best Answer to a Question We Haven't Asked

Daily Nexus

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(fill in both)