

# Health & Fitness



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Some would say that Edward Scissorhands isn't using the proper creams, lotions, balms and astringents when shaving. What do you think?

# Skin Care for Workout Lovers

By Haden Guest

Please allow me to state, for the record, that I prefer several hundred thousand things (saying the word "pumice" in public, for example) to working out.

Now, once I get out on the floor or court or weight room or operating table, I'm fine — it's a pleasant enough feeling. But what really irks me is the locker room. Not because I hate the smell or because I can't stand the sight of people working hard for their bodies, but because most men neglect the finer details of personal grooming.

The thinking goes like so: what good is getting pumped up if your skin is as spotty and wrinkly as a used-up Nexus?

The choice is yours. You can either look like Ernest Borgnine or George Hamilton. Here then is a tour of my post-athletic workout skin care regimen:

**Face soap** I start off with a good clear soap for-

mulated for male skin, like the Aramis Lab Series or Clinique for men. The right soap is important to prepare the pores for shaving.

**Scrub** A good vigorous scrub will remove dirt from the pores but also leave the skin feeling pretty dang fresh. Blocked pores and (yecch) ingrown hairs can often be prevented by using a scrub, which makes shaving more comfortable. Using your girlfriend's scrub isn't too good of an idea because they're formulated differently. Again, the Aramis stuff is pretty good, expensive but worth it.

**Shaving** Believe the hype. The Gillette Sensor razor gives a quite good shave, close but not abrasive or nicking too often. I recommend it. Depending on how sensitive your face is, you may want to consider one of the more exotic gels available at the men's counters of the department stores. The idea behind shaving cream is pretty simple. Make the hairs stand up and provide lubrication so the razor won't dig into your skin. So a bunch of the foams from the super-market don't quite do the

trick.

**After-Shave** The better after-shaves don't just have alcohol to tighten the pores. You see, shaving's a pretty harsh process for the skin. Often, in a close shave, the razor removes the skin's protective layer of oil. So you have to put moisture back. A gel after-shave has the alcohol to tighten the pores, but also some emollients to keep you smooth.

**Moisturizing** Sure, it seems a bit odd. But moisturizing now, especially around the eyes, is a good way to prevent crow's feet later. It's probably not such a good idea to use the Vaseline under the sink, 'coz it's not too compatible with your skin chemistry. There are, however, some really good ones, and again, the Aramis Lab Series is tough to beat.

This may seem like an elaborate after-workout process, but believe me. The idea is to feel the burn in the muscles, but not the skin. Another good idea is to keep a photo of Ernest Borgnine on your mirror to remind you of what can go wrong.

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# Keeping Fit at UCSB

By Charles Gomer Scott

Students at UCSB are in shape — all you need to do is look around — and it may be that the university has something to do with this.

But can it be true? Has the university suddenly begun to demand vital statistics and photographs with all applications, as one A.S. presidential candidate some years back recommended in a jesting letter to the *Daily Nexus*? Have morning calisthenics suddenly been instituted as part of the regimental life in the dormitories? Or are we all finally learning here that it's just plain good to sweat in the name of health?

The answer to the first two questions is a resounding "No!" And while it may be true that fitness is promoted by some of the biology classes (Who would want to end up a research cadaver?), that is not the answer I was looking for.

Had you listed the UCSB intramurals program and/or the Department of Physical Activities and Recreation as tangible ways the university had improved students' health and physical fitness, you would have been closer to the truth.

According to John Spaventa, director of physical activities and recreation, this year is the 26th that UCSB has provided its undergraduate students courses to keep in shape. Enrollment in physical ac-

tivities classes for credit averages approximately 4,000 students per quarter, in everything from basketball and golf to sailing and badminton courses, Spaventa said.

Another two or three thousand students participate in the Living Arts Programs every quarter — classes for which no credit is offered — Spaventa said. Aerobics, dance and martial arts courses like Akido are among the more popular courses offered in this category.

"All together there are somewhere between 18-20,000 students a year who are involved in some sort of course or class in the physical activities program," Spaventa declared.

Intramurals are the third avenue by which the university helps students stay in shape. Paul Lee, director of UCSB's intramural sports program for the past 12 years, stresses involvement, not competition, when he philosophizes about IMs on campus.

We try to make the rules stress participation rather than competition," which is evident throughout the IM program. "Softball is one example of this," Lee said.

"We don't want the games to become pitcher-batter duels," so teams pitch to themselves, allowing everyone the opportunity to actually hit the ball. It's what Lee calls "the spirit of competition and participation."

And participate we do. At least 16,000 students played intramural sports in the 1989-90 academic year.

UCSB is a residential campus — most students live on or near the university — leading to the high participation rate, Lee explained. Unfortunately, the facilities available for open recreation come nowhere near meeting the needs of a residential campus, Lee said.

Basketball would be one of the more popular sports for drop-in play, but it is currently impossible to use any of the university's indoor courts for impromptu pickup games. Why? "There are about 250 teams in the officiated basketball leagues this quarter. Students are only allowed to play on one team," essentially giving them one hour of court time per week, Lee asserted.

"Eventually, we would like to have a program where you can play your hour each week and get to go play open recreation whenever you feel like it. Of course we can't really improve on that until we upgrade our facilities," he added.

Another area Lee has marked for improvement is the level of participation by UCSB's female population, currently out-intramurals in a ratio of two-to-one.

Spaventa called his role as director of physical activities "gratifying." "What we hope we're doing is educat-

ing students as to the merits of an active, healthful lifestyle. Second, I hope we're providing an active, vigorous release from the rigors of the academic lifestyle."

Anyone who has ever taken a physical activities class or played intramurals knows what it feels like to be tired and satisfied after a tough game of hoops or a fun game of co-ed softball. It reminds me of the "good old days" of high school PE, all the way down to the prerequisite blue t-shirts we used to wear.

Here at UCSB the shirts are yellow, but I prefer our team to go "skins." No matter what we're wearing I get a kick out of playing, and whether we get a win or loss, the experience of being out there, reliving those "Glory Days" Bruce Springsteen is always singing about, is more than worth the effort.



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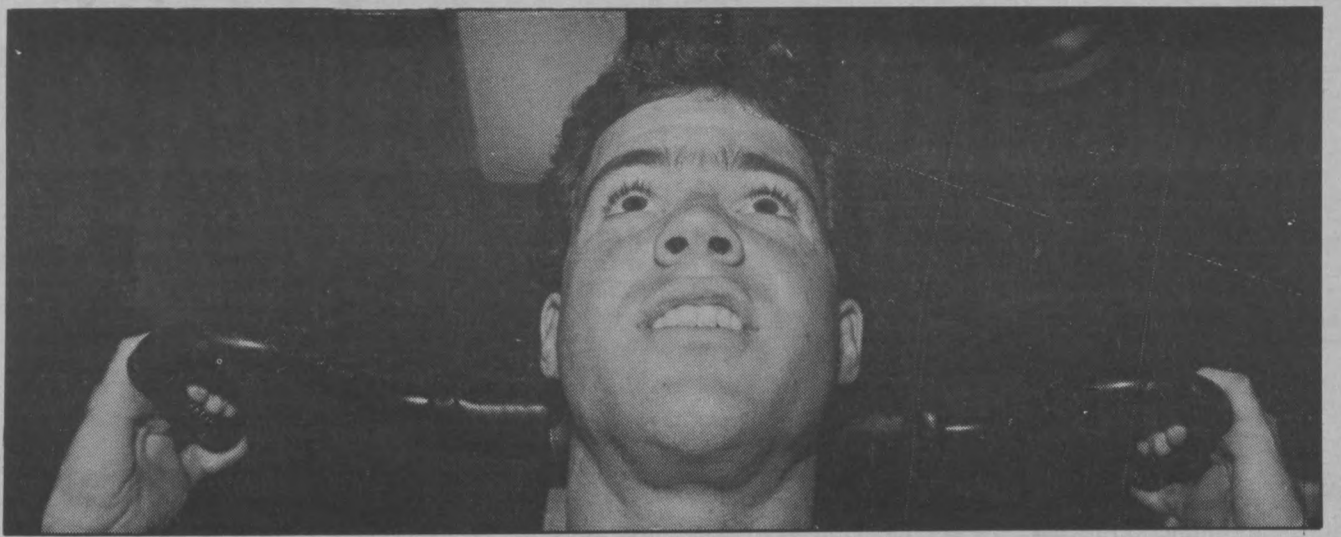
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The author of this story gets sore when he exercises. Do you? Explain.

# A Film Noir Workout

By Dirk Dan Dave Dunhill

Name's Dirk Dan Dave Dunhill. I'm a private investigator. You know the rest.

I was sitting in my office, drowning my irritation in bourbon and Dr. Pepper and Cheetos, when I heard a knock on my door.

I hid the Cheetos — I don't like to share.

I had scarcely got them in the drawer when she threw the door open. It was her. It was Sasha Strongbody.

"Dunhill," she said, "you were eating Cheetos."

"Was not," I said, known for my quick gun and my even quicker come back.

"Were to," she replied.

She couldn't get me that easy. "Was not," I argued.

"Were to, *infinity*," she said. This battle of the wits had taken an unpleasant turn for the worst. She got me.

"Dunhill, you're fat. You need to get in shape," she said.

I took a good look at her. Underneath that clingy, sequined running suit, she had a shape good enough for the both of us. But I didn't say that. Dirk Dan

Dave Dunhill knows how to talk nice to dames, especially classy dames like this one.

"Shut-up," I said.

"No, you shut-up," she had gotten me again. Slowly, she leaned over my desk. I stared into her big round eyes. "Will you come to the health spa?" she asked.

I knew how this woman worked. She was a real femme fatale. She would build a palace around me, and just when I was comfortable, she would eat it up like a gingerbread house. I could use some gingerbread right now. Nothing she could say would sway me into her trap.

"Nothing doing," I said.

Slowly, her lips parted. Out of that perfect mouth came one word, "Please."

"Sure," I said. I grabbed a towel. We were out of there like a greased golf ball out of a clenched fist.

The spa made me nervous, real nervous, nervous like a guy named Joe at a convention for guys named Bill. But I could take it.

A guy named Heinrich was at the front desk. He was a real slab of meat! He was also a turkey. He called me "Porky." That got my

beef, so I told him he was full of bologna and then I laughed at my joke. I'm a real ham.

Just when I was about to make chopped liver out of him, Strongbody pulled me away. She led me to the nautilus machine.

"Not a chance," I said. I wasn't touching this oversized mouse trap with teeth.

"If you can't handle this, you're not a man," she said.

Five minutes later: "Not a problem, I can use this machine all day." And I was gonna.

But that wasn't the end of it. Strongbody and a succession of men with Germanic names took me for a hands-on tour of the joint. This health stuff was easy. Nothing that a well-trained P.I. can't handle. Nothing.

By the end of the day, I was in top form. I was healthy, real healthy, like properly-prepared rye bread. That night, I fixed myself a scotch and carrot juice, and fell asleep watching "Mr. Belvedere."

The next morning, I woke up and felt real good. In the interest of this whole health thing, I thought I might take jog. I got up to get my sneakers.

No, I didn't. I just sat

there.

At first, I thought maybe Milhouse "Lu-lu" Isenbouer or Amal "Elvis" Brown had broken into my office and tied me up, but there wasn't a strand of rope on me. I just couldn't move.

My mind raced. Terror ran rampant like a grease fire at a hair show.

"Relax, Dunhill" I thought. I had to get to a phone. In the process of reaching, I stumbled to the ground and pain took on meanings that are illegal in some states, especially North Dakota.

Fortunately, I had cheated and not finished climbing my 200 floors on the Stairmaster, and therefore I could still sort of move my left foot. With it, I dialed 911.

"Hello," said the receiver.

"Help!" I replied. "I've fallen, and I can't get up."

A few months later, the pain passed (in my body, that is). But one pain didn't leave. It came to me on a cold July night, as I sat eating Ho-hos and playing Tetris. It ripped through my soul, calling out across my desk from bright red lip stick: "Let's go play racquetball."

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# The Pleasures of Pumping it Up

By Timmy McCarl

It makes you high. It makes you strong. Clean, safe, and good, its one of the few legal and socially acceptable means to a superior sense of well-being. And better still, everyone — the young and the old, athletes and non-athletes — even your aunt Eunice who never left home and has a strange fear of grocery stores — can do it.

To what do I refer? The answer, my fellow thrill-seekers, is weight lifting. The triumphant "pump" and rush one receives from pushing the bodily machine to the very edge of its intended potential. For those who have or have ever had a love for their bodies and a desire to experience it in its most pure, untethered form, exercise is the only answer.

Friends, I want to tell you I have fallen from grace with my body. I have smoked. I have drank. I have sat about and generally neglected. I have gone on binges of snack cake consumption and fast food intake that would make gluttons cringe. And — yes — I have suffered and regretted and returned in the end to one of the only and purest forms of physical satisfaction — the Work Out.

And if you wonder why I preach, it is because exercise is for me a religion. It is a religion where dumbbells and pull up bars are the

icons, the body is a temple and where salvation comes on individual terms to those who truly want it. It is also a religion of forgiveness, where everyone is welcome and it's never too late.

Sound a bit heavy? Well, it is. But it is only by lifting something heavy that we become stronger and more capable than before. Heavy is as heavy does.

Working out offers possibilities for virtually everyone. All that is required is desire and time. For those who hate the showy public gym/health club environment, a routine can be established for the home. By devoting just one hour, three days a week, the exercise newcomer can experience a drastic change in health. Using a set regimen of basic exercises: push ups, pull ups, sit ups, curls, squats (some like to just say the word "squat" and then do some deep knee bends, which is basically the same thing) and military or over the head lifts, the novice can reawaken a body long ago stagnated by lethargy and lactic acid.

For those with a little money and more confidence, the possibilities for working out are even greater. A membership at a local gym provides a wide array of equipment to more fully achieve a Pump. In addition, the gym is a setting where individuals can meet friends who share a positive sense of self and a desire to

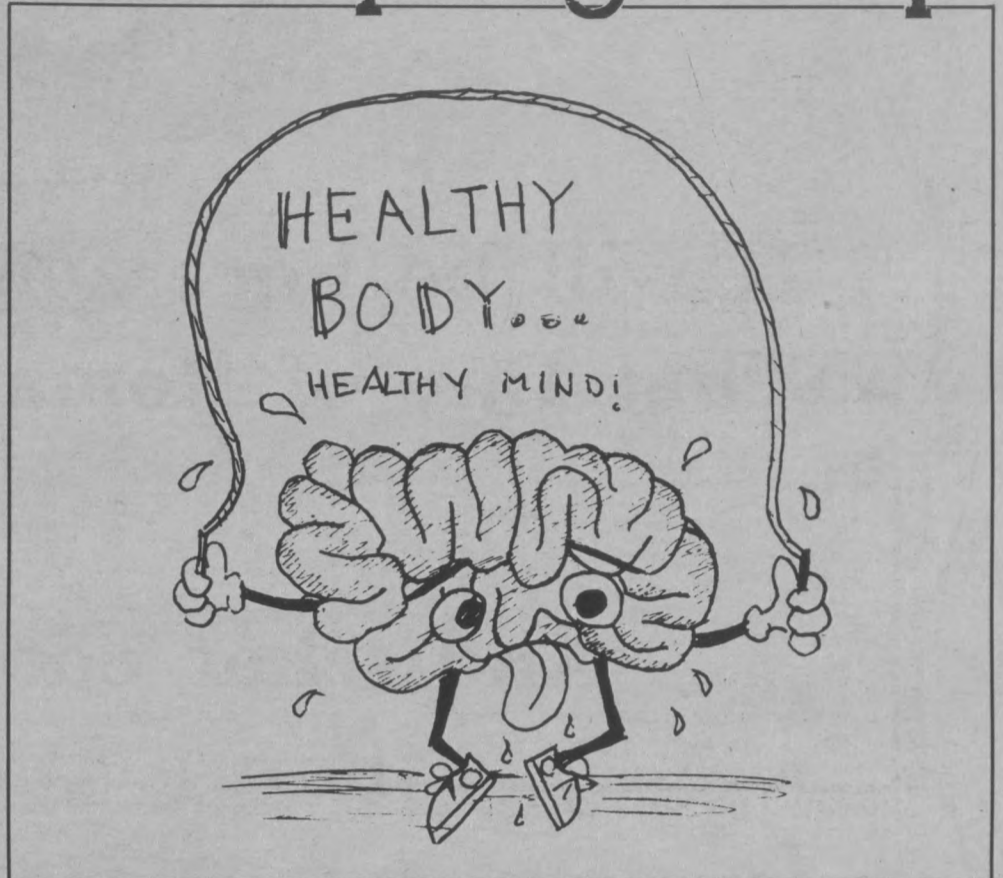
feel good. What could be better? Think about it.

The payoff is twofold. Certainly greater energy, sexual stamina, endurance, improved concentration, increased attractiveness and overall improved health are in this day and age familiar pluses to exercise. But in addition, people who decide to free their body from the prison of modern abuses get the ultimate gratification of having achieved an individual goal. Exercise, beyond the actual Pump, reinforces the "I can" attitude that is so fundamental to a successful life.

And the next time that Aunt Eunice leaps from the couch and latches on to your arm as you stride for the front door, you can state proudly and with conviction, "No, Aunt Eunice, I can go to the grocery. I'll return soon with the goods."

Indeed you will find yourself eating the goods more often. That short hour, three times a week, will strip you of the desire to guzzle Yoo-Hoos and engulf bakery items by the bushel. You will no longer crave Little Debbie snack cakes, but will yearn for those delectable veggies from Mrs. Toberlee's fresh garden.

You might be thinking that pumping those weights for three hours each week will mean sacrificing 180 minutes of leisurely lounging about. But, although this is true — in no uncertain terms — you will find



DAN KERN/Daily Nexus

Some people say working out gives them a "high." Does weight lifting qualify as "operating heavy machinery?" Why or why not?

that while leisure begets a lummox, pumping iron will transform you into a human being with drive, potential and the three V's: verve, vim and vigor.

Although a newfound devotion to dumbbells may change your wardrobe some, it is guaranteed to raise your level of consciousness. Feeling better

about yourself, you will treat others better; and soon your closest friends will be telling you, "You are a different person."

You may snicker and blush, but you will not be able to conceal the secret behind your spritely figure and fresh confidence. Once you have felt the glories of weight lifting, you will fore-

ver testify publicly to the simple philosophy that working out is.

Now, I tell you. Get out there.

Find a resource, find a friend, join a gym, just get to pumping iron. And you will soon see life open up before you.

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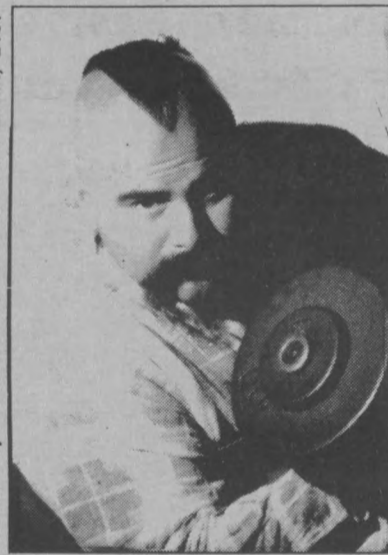
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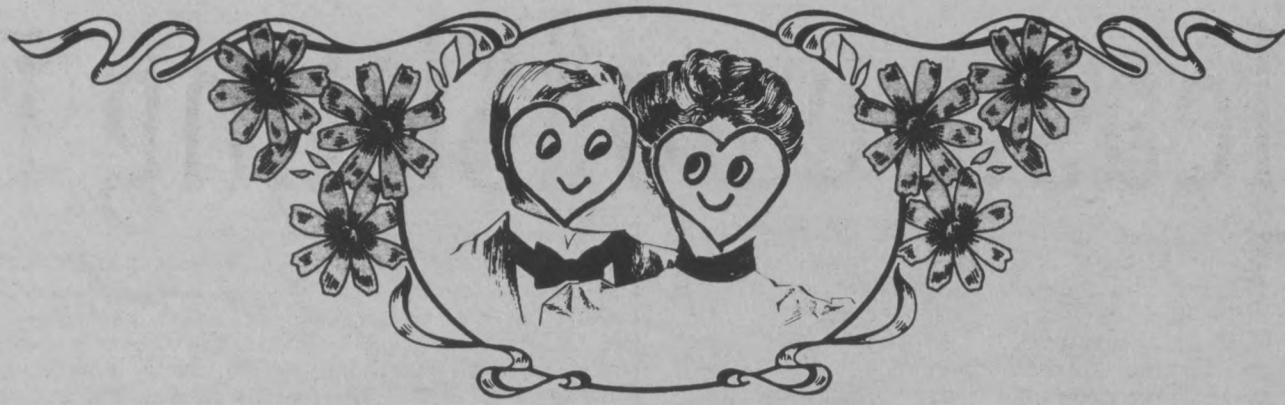
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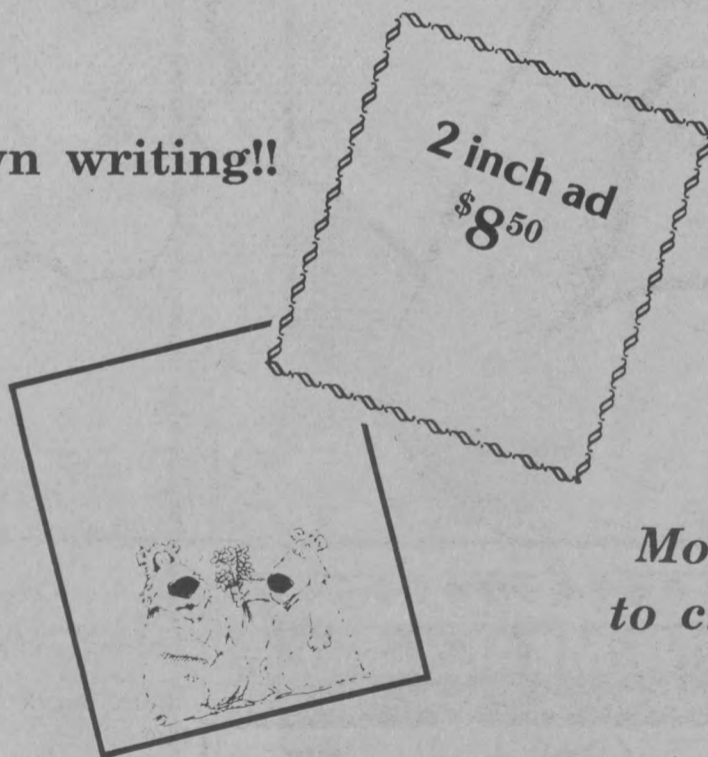


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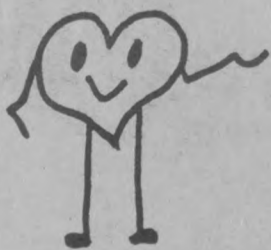
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# The Pleasures of Sitting Down

By Stephen Lynne-Bachelor

Somebody said that I was in worse shape than a scalene triangle. They said that my body was built worse than the Bay Bridge. They said that they would bet that I couldn't run five miles. They went too far, my friend. I could run five miles.

I started an intense regimen of training to prepare for the run. I won't go into the details of the training — let's just say that it was damned hard to catch that chicken. Anyway, I didn't know how I could possibly miss. Ha! Five Miles? That's just greasy kid's stuff!

But, as is to be expected, the fitness monkey chose to throw his moral wrench of pain into the works when I finally got around to running the five miles.

I started to run, and I felt fine. The air was fine and I was breathing and running and smiling and waving to the old ladies eating fudge and yelling "Go man, go!" Damn, what a fine, fit world I had wandered into!

I had been jogging around for about 10 minutes, and suddenly I felt strange. The concrete levitated up to pound my sad, innocent feet, the soles of my shoes

already reduced to the transparent thickness of a MacDonald's hamburger patty. The bones in my feet rubbed and bounced against each other and then my ankles broke clean off.

My lungs were literally heaving up and down, rejecting this dirty dishwasher soup that Californians call "air." Dollop after unrelenting dollop of phlegm rose insistently in my large, funny biscuit of a throat.

I was so freaked out I had to stop for a smoke. I slowed down to a walk and parked myself on a bench by a frozen yogurt store. I stirred the contents of my fanny pack in search of some cigarettes, and finally came up with a crunched-up, filterless, broken Camel light. I lit up, sat back and relaxed on the bench.

After a few moments, I asked a particularly Bob Hope-looking man in a white'n'fruity bodysuit for the time of day. He answered with a smile. HEY! — I was late; I gotta get moving.

I propped myself up and pushed myself over to a standing position. I stuck the cigarette in my mouth and began jogging once more. Almost immediately, the pain returned; a brilliant, thick, constraining wetsuit of sharp, rubbery

pain. The shooting pain in my knees was using my ankles for target practice. I was in rough shape.

In some kind of inner, psychological, Darwinesque working of my mind, I was suddenly overcome by a collage of inspirational mental images. In my vision, I saw Carl Lewis running around and smiling and endorsing the law offices of Slate and Leoni. I saw Bruce Jenner running around with an American flag and dancing and hitting on Puerto Rican women. There was FloJo. There was Sebastian Coe eating chips and watching telly and playing the Benny Hill theme on a saxophone.

Then the visions started to get dark and disturbing. Mary Decker was crying and Zola Budd kept poking her with her finger and yelling, "We want divestment now!" Tai Babalonia was ordering a monster chicken with extra sour cream and fidgeting with a big Jimmy Dean smoked sausage. Jane Fonda: "FEEL THE BURN! FEEL THE BURN!" Jim Fixx was dressed in a red sweatsuit with huge bellbottoms and a Rollie Fingers moustache.

My mind went reeling and swirling, mixing reality with some sort of Double Chocolate Malted Krunch-

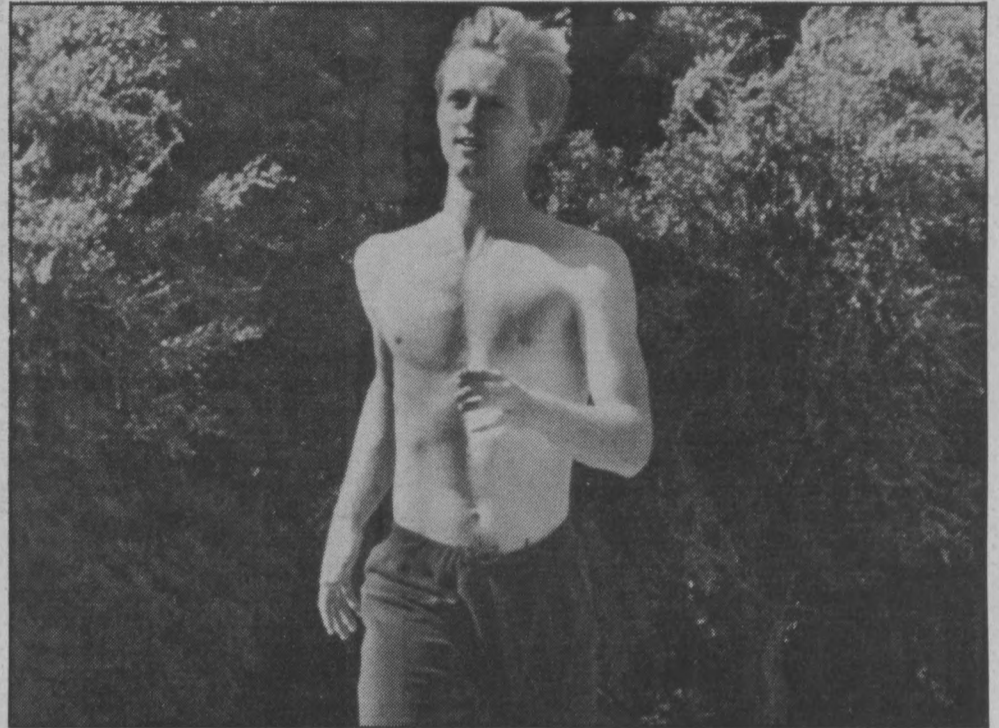
like substance. With my last remaining nubbin of energy, I found a relatively soft-looking patch of concrete and collapsed.

Where was my neat little American flag? Where was that nice woman with the Gatorade? Where was my

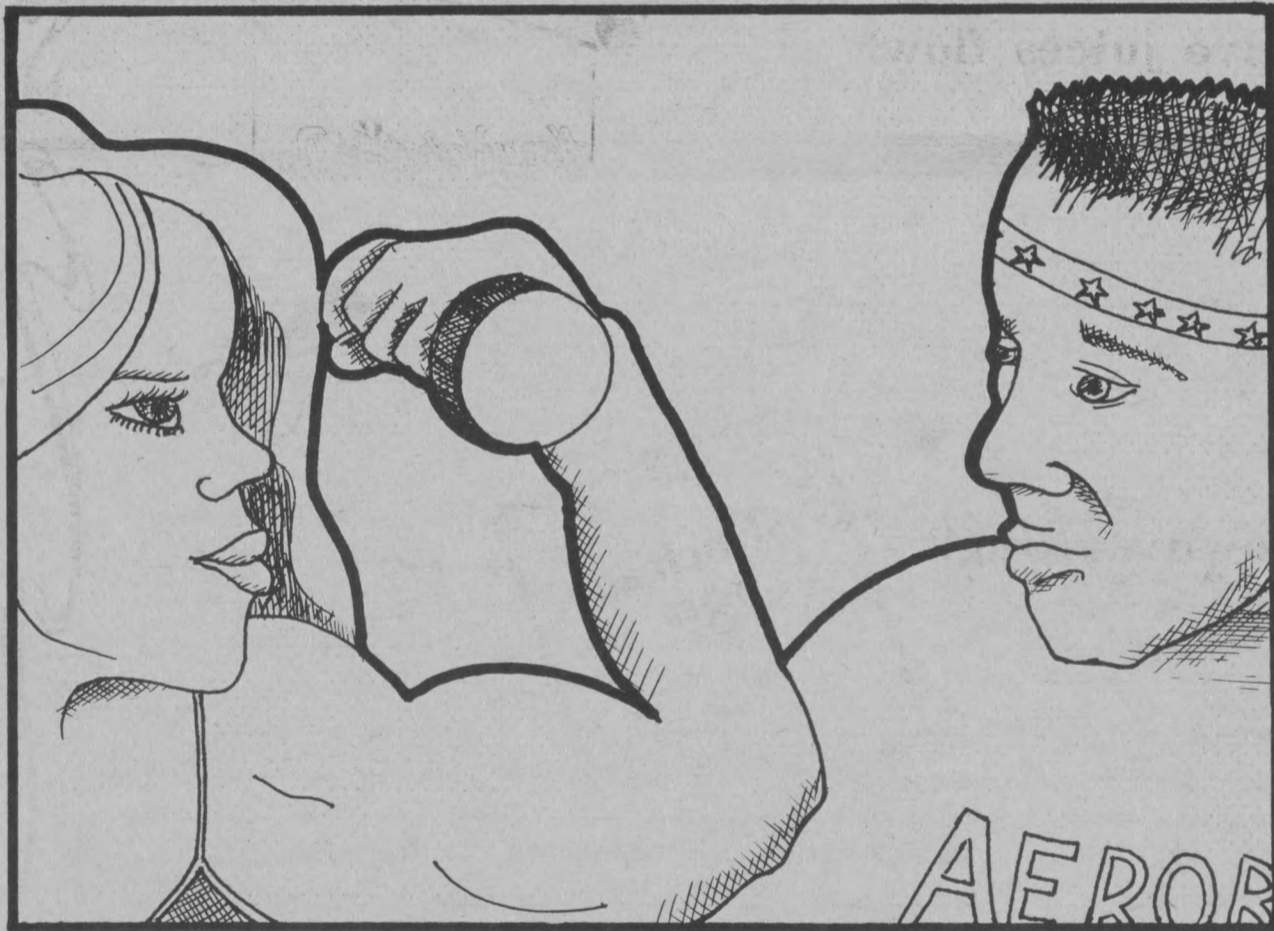
house?

I finally sat up and looked around. It was getting cold in this strange part of town. Never since I got that nasty sunburn while innertubing had I been so hot and so cold at the same time. I fished 20 cents out of my

fanny pack and called my roommate, Lex, who is a jerk and thinks it's funny when somebody's in pain and won't go pick somebody up when they're lost and cold and just has 20 cents that he just spent calling him.



Do you think the author of this story likes to run? He says that he doesn't. What does this mean? Explain.



DAN KERN/Daily Nexus

**WOODSTOCK'S PIZZA**

presents... with this ad **\$1**

**THE FAR SIDE** By GARY LARSON

**OF ANY PIZZA** \*Except Plain Cheese

Although history has long forgotten them, Lambini & Sons are generally credited with the Sistine Chapel floor.

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\* Buy your meal ticket when you have \$\$\$, use it when you don't! \*

Get \$30 worth of El Pollo Norteno food or beverages for only \$25.00

**THE HEALTHY CHOICE!**

**Look what you get!**

- Whole Chicken ..... \$9.50
- Half Chicken ..... \$4.75
- Quarter Chicken ..... \$2.75
- 1 lb. Tri-tip ..... \$10.50
- Half lb. Tri-tip ..... \$5.25
- Quarter lb. Tri-tip ..... \$3.35
- Combo ..... \$5.25

All above include Frijoles • Tortillas • Salsa

\* Makes a great gift \*

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**W/O VELO PRO**

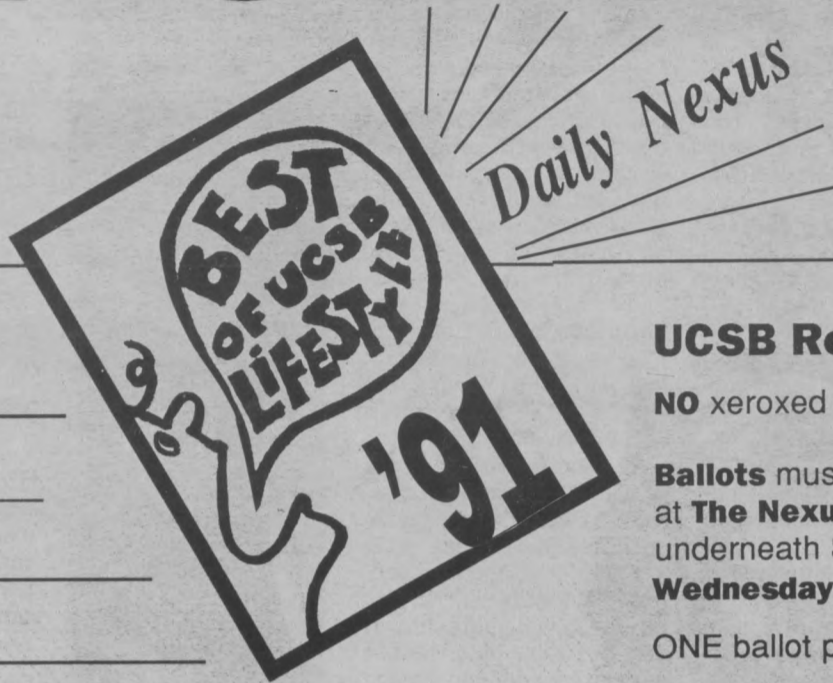
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# 2nd Annual • 1991 BEST OF UCSB



NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE # \_\_\_\_\_

### UCSB Readers Poll Rules

**NO** xeroxed ballots

**Ballots** must be dropped off at **The Nexus Ad Office**, underneath Storke Tower by **Wednesday, Feb. 20, 5 pm.**

ONE ballot per person, **please.**

**Check One:**  Student  Staff (optional)  Faculty  Other

- 1. Best Exercise Club \_\_\_\_\_
- 2. Best Dance Club \_\_\_\_\_
- 3. Best Local Band \_\_\_\_\_
- 4. Best Breakfast Place \_\_\_\_\_
- 5. Best Sandwich Place \_\_\_\_\_
- 6. Best Pizza \_\_\_\_\_
- 7. Best Happy Hour \_\_\_\_\_
- 8. Best Place to Drink Pitchers \_\_\_\_\_
- 9. Best Restaurant to Take Your Parents \_\_\_\_\_
- 10. Best Chinese Food \_\_\_\_\_
- 11. Best Mexican Food \_\_\_\_\_
- 12. Best Burgers \_\_\_\_\_
- 13. Best Frozen Yogurt \_\_\_\_\_
- 14. Best Ice Cream \_\_\_\_\_

- 15. Best Place to Drink Coffee \_\_\_\_\_
- 16. Best Music Store \_\_\_\_\_
- 17. Best Bike Shop \_\_\_\_\_
- 18. Best Hair Salon \_\_\_\_\_
- 19. Best Place to Buy Groceries \_\_\_\_\_
- 20. Best Bookstore \_\_\_\_\_
- 21. Best Place to Buy Condoms \_\_\_\_\_
- 22. Best Dining Commons \_\_\_\_\_
- 23. Best Line to Get a Woman/Man in Your Bedroom \_\_\_\_\_
- 24. Best Reason to Miss Class \_\_\_\_\_
- 25. Best Word for Vomiting \_\_\_\_\_
- 26. Best Excuse for Not Graduating in 4 Years \_\_\_\_\_
- 27. Best Kept Secret on Campus \_\_\_\_\_
- 28. Best Radio Station \_\_\_\_\_

# LIFESTYLE