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# Summer Swimwear: Seasons Change

By **Garrett H. Omata**  
Non-Surfer

Here in Santa Barbara we are fortunate enough to be witnesses to the awesome handiwork of Nature as the seasons flow from the stormy chaos of Winter and Spring and into the steady warm and sunny Summer months. Likewise, the forces of Nature take their hold upon the human dimension, and we see the human animal shed its heavy coat and take on more practical apparel.

That's right sportsfans, it's swimsuit season.

The significance of this event should not be taken lightly. For example, the Sports Illustrated annual swimsuit issue has world-wide influence, as exhibited by the controversy that erupted when a UCLA college co-ed was photographed with an anti-USC sticker in her dor-

mitory. Many testy Trojans took this harmless act very seriously.

Closer to home, Santa Barbara witnesses the unveiling of the season's fashions, which results in thousands of dollars going into the swimsuit industry. Stacy Brown, part owner of Rio Sunwear in Carpinteria, sees this year's trend definitely leaning toward the traditional bikini.

"One-pieces have been real popular," Brown says, but she has seen bikinis making a bigger resurgence in the past four years. Deborah from Peaches and Cream in Isla Vista agrees, stating that two-pieces make up 80 percent of her sales.

And as many people know by now, neon colors are making a comeback. While many who have survived the neon explosion of the early Eighties may be cringing in nausea, many are exuberant. Kim Makature says that "everyone" in Newport Beach last weekend was wearing neon, and she thinks it is "neat!" A UCSB student who would only be identified as "Lisa" said that she likes neon swimsuits too, because "it really shows off your tan."



"You either love 'em or hate 'em," says Deborah. She added that though neon suits have often included black, the fashion now is to "color-splice" two different neon colors together.

Fashion versus function has always been a dilemma in choosing the right

swimsuit. Kathy Chin says that she prefers to swim in a one-piece, but two-pieces are much better to get a tan. Lisa likes bikinis that tie around the front for a better tan and for swimming as well.

Rio Sunwear has solved this problem partially with their "bandeau" bikinis,

which are worn just around the chest, but also have a detachable strap if one wants to go swimming. Brown sees the underwire — a type of support for the bikini top — to be a popular item with today's beachgoers. "Fashion and function," she says, "are both strong."

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# Surf History in S.B.

By **Jeff Kass**

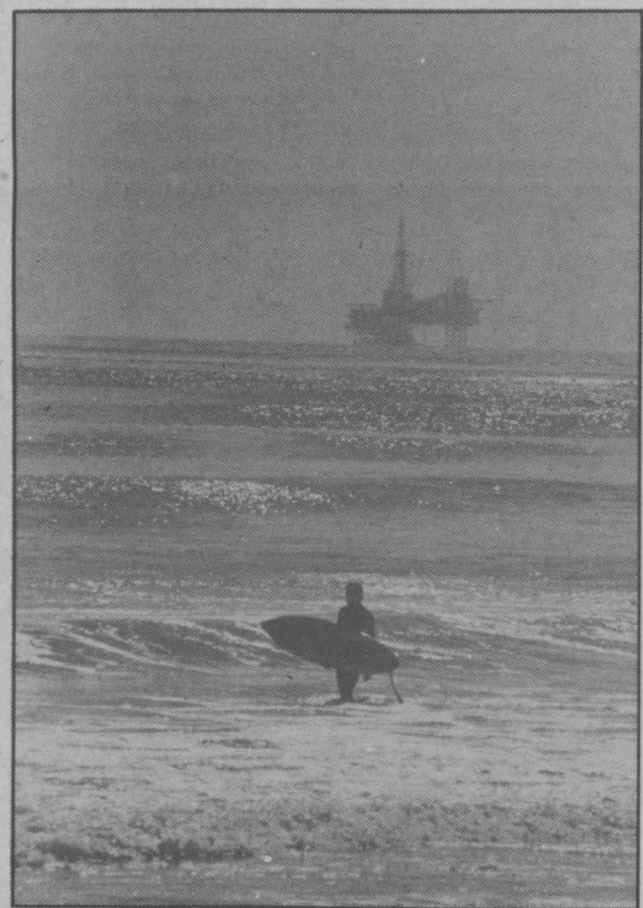
Almost everywhere one looks in Santa Barbara, there is a t-shirt that proclaims, 'I surf,' or 'you surf,' and indeed, any out of towners walking down State Street or across the UCSB Campus, might exclaim, it seems like 'everybody surfs.'

While it is not true that everyone in Santa Barbara does actually surf, the fact remains that the 'surfing image' seem to pervade the area, which is seen in the

clothing people wear and the 'laid back' attitude often associated with surfers. Yet for Santa Barbara, unlike other parts of the U.S., the popularity of the surfing is nothing new. "Surfing has been going on (in Santa Barbara) since the '50s, maybe even earlier," according to General Manager of Channel Islands surf store, Kim Robinson, who believed in the abundance of quality waves as one factor affecting surfing's popularity in Santa Barbara.

Dave Johnson, owner of Progressive Surfboards and a Santa Barbara resident for 18 years, believes that surfing did not emerge on a grand scale in Santa Barbara until 1980, when the "trend towards competition helped pick up the industry." While the surf industry of the past has been dwarfed by the sales and marketing efforts of the current multi-million dollar industry, its popularity in the '60s and '70s was still relatively substantial. Robinson believes, "In the '60s, surfing really became big, there was the Beach Boys, Gidget, etc.," and Johnson noted that the first 'surf clothes'; Hang Ten, came out in the late '60s.

In the mid-70s, as new attitudes and public perceptions about surfing started to take root, the surfing industry began to change. "A more professional attitude started in the mid-'70s," according to Robinson. Inherent in this 'professionalism' was the beginning of a new image, which regarded surfers as competent and respected athletes. While the association with drugs and non-conformity linked with surfers of the past began to fade, the complete transformation of the surf industry and the surfers themselves, on a grand scale, did not take place until the early 1980s.



"In 1982, when Tom Curren, (a native of Santa Barbara), won the first pro contest, Santa Barbara recognized surfing on a worldwide, professional level," according to manager of Ocean Rhythms surf shop Jeff Lawson. A couple of years after the new era of surfing had taken root in Santa Barbara, the rest of the nation also caught on. "Santa Barbara sold out in '83 or '84, and the rest of the national followed a little later — maybe '85," Lawson added. Yet others feel that Santa Barbara was not necessarily at the forefront of the burgeoning surfing industry, "Santa Barbara went along with the national trend, there was nothing to keep it (surfing), from taking off (in Santa Barbara)," according to Johnson.

In the 1980s, a new type of

surfer emerged; the true professional. Due to the high commercial visibility of the sport and the chance for surfers to win large amounts of money, one could now make a living by becoming a professional surfer; it was no longer just a hobby or a lifestyle, it was a career. "Kids started dreaming of becoming surfers," said Johnson.

Yet the changes occurring within the surfing community affected people in varying degrees. The surfer of the past, known as the 'soul surfer,' did not completely disappear. Compared to the bright neon designs and flashy moves of today's competition surfer, "Soul surfing was going straight and fast in a black wetsuit," according to Johnson. This outward style reflected an inward (Please see HISTORY, p.4A)

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# A Little Style, Please

By Gary Byrd

"...and that's it for me. Now to Jake the Snake for weather and sports." I woke up and reached over to turn off the obnoxiously loud radio alarm. I noticed the time. It was 8:00 a.m. I stumbled out of bed. Then I took my surfboard from its designated area within my room and unlocked my bicycle. With my board under my arm and my wet suit in my backpack, I rode to Sands.

I was close. I could hear the pounding of the surf and felt the warm sunshine on my face and arms. My mind was racing with thoughts of clean, four foot barrels. By the time my destination had been reached, I was excited. I locked my bicycle to the fence. I walked around the fence and to the clearing. I could see the water.

And my excitement turned to animosity; There were 40 or 50 people out in the water. When a nice outside wave would come in there would be no less than three people on the same section. I sat down. I put my backpack under my head. With my board beside me and my toes in the sand, I began to think...

It seems every time I am in the water people are just too damn serious. Surfing is not a religion, and the water is not a church. Surfers are similar to skateboarders in that they both have an off-beat way of dealing with their sport and each other, or they used to. Today, people are too concerned about fitting in while in the water. The wet suits and the boards, especially, are all alike.

Even when surfers modify their equipment to try something new they are criticized by the surfing community. For instance, Cheyne Horan came out with a new design, the keel fin, and soon after he was labeled a kook. While in the OP Pro Cheyne decided not to wear a leash, and once

again labeled a kook by the surfing industry. Cheyne Horan a kook? Let's be reasonable.

Trying a new design and doing something different should be no basis on which to define a kook. Just look at the recent past. In the 70s new board designs were as common as McDonald's. As

surfer. Mickey Dora was one of these surfers.

One time Dora caught an outside wave, and while he rode it close to shore he hung a BA to the judges. These same judges had just named Dora surfing's world champ. Today, in the water, you will see a group of kids being



far as trying something a little different I think that would be good for us all. It is time to indulge in creativity. The water is not a church, but rather a place for experimentation.

Surfing in the late 80s has a clean cut image. This image is fed to us and the younger generation by magazines and stereotypes which people just eat up. It used to be that parents didn't want their kids to surf because only the "bad crowd" surfed. Parents would say, "Why don't you play football? Now that's a real sport." Today parents' attitudes are far different, and understandably so. Gone are the days of the rebellious

shouted at by a coach on the shore. This is a team that competes with other teams on a regular basis. They are trying to make it like football, but it's not.

I woke up from my daydream. I removed my backpack from under my head. I opened it up and pulled out my blue wet suit. After I put it on, I grabbed my six foot, thruster, squash-tail surfboard and walked down to the beach. I paddled into the line-up. There were 20 people on my left and 20 on my right. I raised to a sitting position on my surfboard, staring silently at the horizon and waiting for a wave.



# She Surfs Sea Shore

By Michelle Hebbs

Probably the greatest thing that ever happened to me in high school was surfing. There were no limits — and I don't mean wave size and stormy surf, I mean there were no limits when it came to getting there. Mrs. Schmidt would pick me up at 5:30 a.m. so Jill and I could surf before school. It didn't matter that we'd get to class with wet hair, runny noses and salty eyebrows because we had just experienced a whole world that had nothing to do with school, or responsibilities, or cliques of people we hated anyways. There was this sense of accomplishment that came from feeling free — truly free in a time in our lives when there seemed to

be a guideline or boundary for everything.

There was an entire year, or maybe two, where Jill and I didn't even acknowledge authority because these people had no clue as to what we were doing when we weren't in school. They would not have understood that we had to forge notes to get out of class because Topanga was on fire; we didn't have a choice. We were drawn by a force outside of ourselves and there was no way to describe this feeling, you either had it or you didn't.

I can't imagine not having surfed back then. There may have been a four or five day span where Jill and I weren't in the water but it wasn't without validation: either we were sick or there had been some kind of oil spill.

Whether we actually surfed or not, every day involved the intricate process of wave-checking and calling to see where a swell was hitting. I wouldn't call this a process except for the fact that this was a ritual that occurred every two or three hours. It was embarrassing at the time to explain to my parents how I'd racked up so much mileage on the car. Sometimes we'd sit and watch the surf for up to an hour or more so we wouldn't have to drive back. If there was an onshore wind at 11 a.m. with a negative tide at 12:30 p.m., we'd call it a day because Topanga doesn't work well under these conditions — especially with its characteristic two-foot swell.

(Please see MEMOIR, p.4A)

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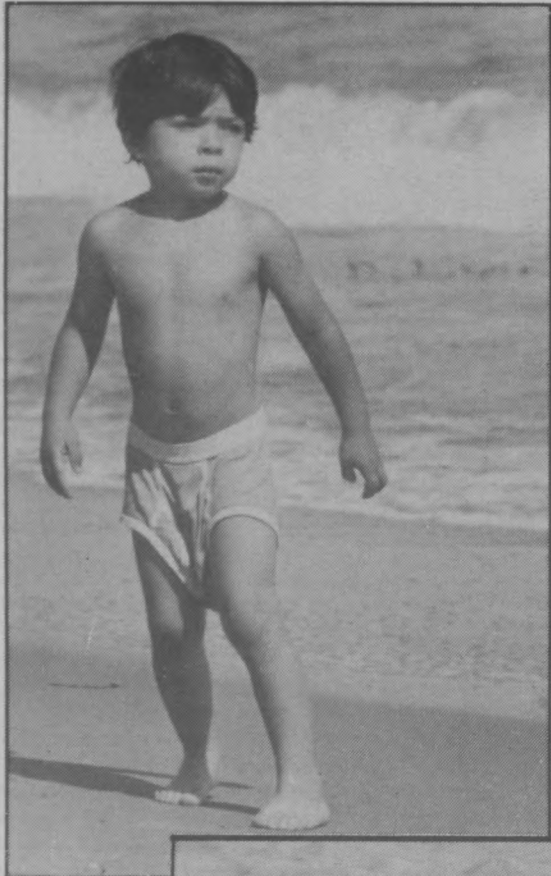
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# A Day at the Beach

Photos by Tony Pollock



## Memoir

(Continued from p.3A)

If Shane or Murph or one of the Richards were around, we'd ask them to tell us how it used to be, when the beach wasn't public and the houses were still there, and the waves were always unreal. The infamous "you shoulda been here yesterday" never ceased to amaze, but it didn't matter because it always blew me away to see grown men talk like kids.

If there were no locals around, we'd go home, or back to school depending, and figure out how we were going to get our next boards shaped. When we finally did come up with a design and put a deposit down, the actual anticipation was mind-boggling. I kept having these visions of my new Zuma Jay flying off Jill's racks and getting smashed and run over on PCH. God, 17 days never seemed so long... when we finally went to pick up these precious creations, I felt like I had just given birth because there was no way anyone was going to touch my new board.

The incredible amount of time and money spent on surfing are irrelevant when you finally wake up to corduroy on the horizon. There's no better high than the sleepless night of an-

icipation before it and the actual materialization of a five to seven foot swell the next morning. These are the kinds of mornings that turn into whole afternoons and evenings of surfing and eating and sleeping just so you can surf again. At the end of a day like this, when a bunch of us would be in the parking lot talking about how much bigger it was going to get in the morning, I realized the purpose for my existence. All I needed to do was surf.

When I look back at this now, after four years at UCSB, it's not the same. Even though the waves here are much more consistent and there are a lot more breaks, I don't have the same undiluted passion I had for it when I was sixteen. I still go out now, but only if the conditions are perfect and if I have the time. I think the reason I'm so selective now is because I don't want to taint something that's meant so much to me in the past. Since my time seems to be getting increasingly limited and my responsibilities are skyrocketing, I want every minute I have in the water to be worthy of my best memories.

I guess the difference now is that surfing then was a matter of survival, and today it's a privilege.

## Surf History

(Continued from p.2A)

philosophy which might be called 'surfing for its own sake.' The soul surfer "wanted to get away from society and be at one with nature," added Johnson. A natural outgrowth of the soul surfer's philosophy was a suspicion regarding the exploitive nature of surf contests and the people that competed in them.

An overview of the surfing subculture of today consequently reveals two different types of surfers; one who is involved in competition, and the 'soul' surfer, according to captain

of the UCSB Surf Team Darren Madrigal. "The trends within surfing go through the 'competition side,' while "soul surfers will stay the same forever," added Madrigal.

In accordance with the long history of surfing in Santa Barbara, the amount of surfers continues to increase. "When I started on the UCSB surf team in '72, 12 men (made up) a surf team, and it was hard to find people — now 40 or 50 will be at try-outs," observed Johnson. Madrigal noted that not only are there more surfers 'out in the water,' but

"there is a greater number of people who want to learn." Other people interviewed also predicted an increase in surfing and other beach-related sports, such as beach volleyball, as coverage on such stations like ESPN, and sponsorship money increases.

For example, Lawson noted that in 1988 the total 'purse' for surf contests was about \$1,555,000, while in 1989 it is estimated to total \$2,600,000, but added, "The trend will eventually die."

Despite the enormous growth of the surf industry, many believe that surfing

overall has not been 'sold out' to people who do not really understand or care about the sport. This is due in large part to the fact that many of the big surf companies such as OP, Quicksilver, Gotcha, and Billabong, (referred to by Madrigal as "the top four"), are owned and run by surfers themselves. Yet Madrigal acknowledged that some of the companies, such as Stussy, are trying to return to the 'roots' of surfing and will subsequently refuse to deal with people who may exploit the surfing subculture.

## Staff Box

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Garrett H. Omata

Contributors:  
Gary Byrd  
Michelle Hebbs  
Jeff Kass  
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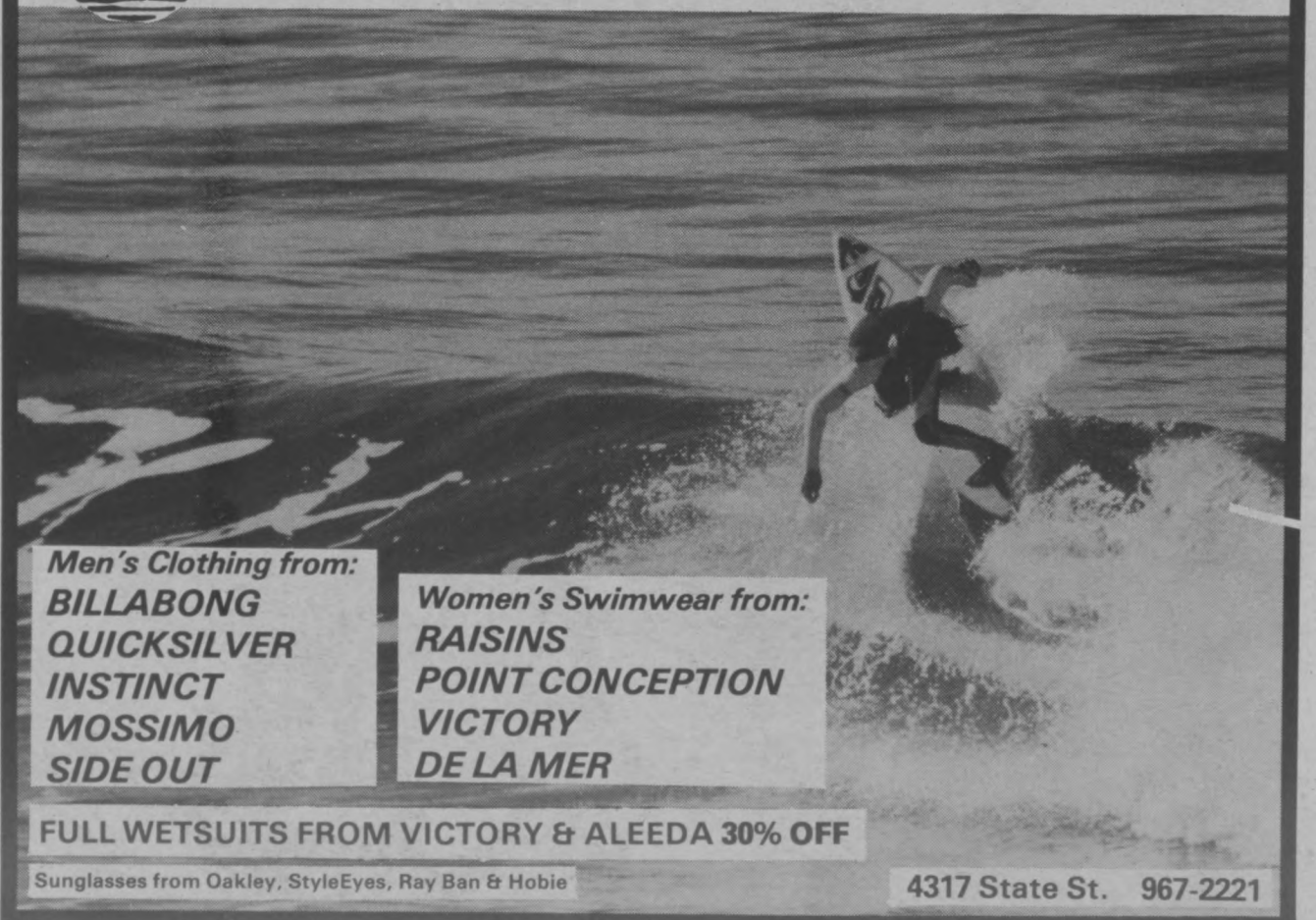
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