



Marathons Are the Way

"Runners to your mark ..."
BANG! This is it, my first marathon. I feel great. I could race this pace for 50 miles instead of the regulation 26.2. I think I'll try to catch those poseurs in the lead.

Mark Mesler, 26, ran his first marathon, the Saragat Marathon, six years ago in Michigan. His time was 2:25, very impressive for a first-time marathoner. Of course when one takes into consideration that he was training about 100 miles a week, including three 10-15 mile runs and a long, 20-miler on the weekend, it makes sense.

Funny, I don't remember these shoes being this heavy. What a ripoff, and I paid \$200 for 'em. God, I'm so thirsty. I haven't had a drink since I stole that little kid's Pepsi four miles ago. Almost halfway through — now why did I want to run this stupid thing again?

Diane Riedeman, 25, ran her first marathon just last year and finished in approximately 4:30. She considers running the L.A. Marathon the logical next step in her running career.

"I've run for a lot of years," Riedeman says, "mostly long distances but never that long of a

distance. I was a pretty decent 10K runner in college; my best time was probably about 37:00 and even that time takes a lot of training ... and when I couldn't train anymore (miles), I just thought I'd move up in distance."

Oh, why didn't I train more. I'm in no shape to run a marathon. But no, no I won't quit now. I've come this far and I'm going to finish. I'll finish and I'll prove to myself that I can compete with the best of them. I'll do it, all right — right after I get feeling back in my legs.

Since Mesler's first marathon he's run "about six more." He now runs about a 2:15 and his training hasn't really changed that much.

Mesler ran cross country and track at Michigan State and, like Riedeman, ran his first marathon as a "next step."

"I'd been running a lot before, in school," Mesler remembers, "and I'd been running well at those distances. I thought I could run well in a marathon and I did."

While both Riedeman and Mesler began running for relatively the same reasons, they had each set different goals for themselves.

"I just wanted to finish,"

Riedeman says. "I did and if anything it got me back into running again. I like to run, although there's a lot of people who don't like to run. That's why it's hard for people to understand why someone would want to run a marathon, but I enjoy it."

Rather than personal satisfaction, Mesler races for the competition. "I like to compete against others and I also like to compete against myself," he says. Mesler would like to hone his skills and qualify for the 1988 Olympics this July in San Francisco. With the qualifying time 2:20, he's well in the running to make it.

In order to give himself more time to run, as well as rest, Mesler recently cut his work hours at the Santa Barbara Research Center down to 30 hours a week.

If I just lay here a while I bet the rescue squad will come by and pick me up. Wait a minute. I think my grandmother just ran by! Am I going to let an 80-year-old woman beat me? Grandma, wait! Send the medics back!

Mesler has this advice for new marathoners: "I would say be prepared for (the marathon) so that you're not hurting those last six miles. A lot of people don't prepare and they don't like it that much." He also stresses the importance of patience and consistency in training. "Improvement is slow. A lot of people run for a week, don't see improvement and quit."

Riedeman agrees. "I definitely wouldn't say that you can go run a marathon without training." She remembers that for her marathon she was running perhaps 50-40 miles a week. "I wasn't seriously trying to train for it," she recalls. "But if I were to try and do it over again and try to have a decent time, I definitely would do things a lot differently. (She is planning on running again next year.)"

Almost there. I think I can even see the finish line, thank God. Yes, it's truly been a grueling test of my true mettle, but I think I've passed with flying colors. This is something that I believe everyone should experience at some time in their lives. Just four more miles. Three more. Two more. One. "Last stop." Oh, thank you, busdriver.

"Once you get to the 20 mile point, you think 'My God, I've only got six left and I'll be done with this stupid thing,'" Riedeman said. "But there are a lot of other people that are in your same position. I ran quite a bit of the first part of the race with these two guys; it was a good pace for them but I was running too fast for myself. When they went on ahead I ran by myself for a while then I caught up with this girl and I ran with her for a while."

Once finished, the pain and frustration fades and something new takes its place. "It's a great sense of accomplishment," Riedeman said. "There's not a lot of people that have had the desire to do it, but once you realize that you've done it it's pretty impressive. Even if you don't have a real great time."

—Patrick DeLany

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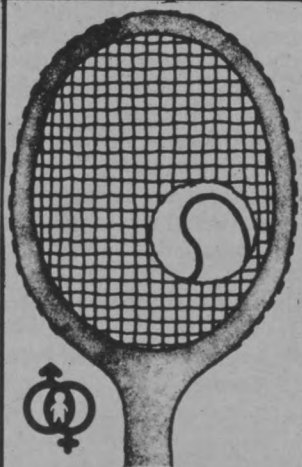
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Tanning? Think Again

The intentional darkening of one's skin is often looked upon as physically appealing in some cultures, while to others, the idea of laying in the sun to achieve a prescribed definition of aesthetic beauty is disgusting.

UCSB, the ultimate beach school, has been referred to as

Tanning Center U.S.A. for some time. *Rolling Stone* recently said we were the number one Surf School in the nation, and implicit with this characterization are all the stereotypes of California and the beach, namely tanning.

If our school did not have such a fitness/health/beach-crazy conscience, would more people want to spend a relaxing hour or two reading in the sun? Are we really forced to undergo bad, hellish stress because our lines aren't dark enough? Is there no justice?

While Coppertone, Hawaiian Tropic, Sea&Ski and countless other oil and lotion companies are capitalizing on America's tanning fetish, and the swimsuit companies suck in the big bucks, why don't we see the trap? While the media/advertising circle has told us tans are necessary to be chic in this society, big business is cleaning up. It often seems to me that it is no more than a game they're playing with our feeble, timid, easily-influenced and controllable minds.

Time spent tanning could be spent protesting the social problems facing our world, or finding a cure for AIDS, or writing that book you've always meant to write, or calling a friend on the phone, or... or... or... But admit it, you are a lazy piece of no good apathetic slime and would rather stroke your hedonistic pleasure pulse than do any of that. Anyway, economic analysis of the costs and benefits of saving the world versus the costs and benefits of gelling under a clear sky and mellow rays tells all of us which path to follow.

I recently had an in-depth conversation with a blonde, fair-skinned friend on many aspects of tanning in the university community. Sarah, an obvious pseudonym intended to protect her from the wrath of an angry mob of Gaucho tanners, had numerous explanations for her "shunning of the sun."

At first we joked about her job in the engineering building and her status on the Dean's List — academic solutions for her veritable whiteness. But when the silliness subsided, she made an intelligent argument for remaining inside while others are pursuing tan lines and receiving jealous stares from those aspiring to be dark-skinned.

"People don't think enough about the future," she told me. "This is true in all sorts of areas," including our lack of sensible treatment of the environment, air and water pollution and our failure to use space for positive purposes, Sarah continued.

She was on a roll, condemning mankind for all its mistakes in the name of an attack on Coppertone fiends. "Skin cancer is not pretty!" she explained from personal experience. While many students tan to "be seen," laying

out in the sun in partial states of nakedness, it is unfortunate they are not thinking of the consequences of these actions, Sarah said sadly.

"I don't really have anything against tanning. I'd probably do it if it wasn't such a 'thing' here," she said. This, alas, is the sad situation many students find themselves in. The infrequent beachgoer is unfortunately subjected to derisive looks and offensive comments only because he or she has not spent countless hours and a series of burns and peels to achieve "just the right look."

At this point I am forced to do a mean and nasty slash job on the infantile nature of all the idiots who spend big, big bucks to sit in a small booth under ultra-violet rays only to look good, because I thrive on that kind of terrible slander. Since we all know what ripoffs these places are, and since no one actually admits to going to them, all such establishments will hopefully soon be out of business.

A good friend of mine, who happens to be my personal physician and eats a "hell of a lot of cheese," vented his wrath over the nasty business. "Artificial tanning is just for those people who aren't secure enough to be who they really are. It's just like people who use makeup and get plastic surgery and breast implantations. Their inability to face up to their own reality will just perpetuate the myth that they have been trying to live their entire lives."

He went on to denigrate the mothers of all tanning salon owners, the evil snake pits they were hatched from, all wretched humans who frequent these parlors of the anti-tan and Ronald Reagan, a known phony tanning felon.

There is no doubt that arguments can be made for tanning as well as against it. A subjective argument says people look better with tans, while a pretty logical one tells us that being outside is basically healthy, and you have to be outside to get a tan. Therefore, tanning is healthy. It's not necessarily a perfect Socratic-style hypothesis and conclusion, but I suppose some may buy it.

What other arguments can be made for tanning? Well, let me think. I guess it is a social event, in that people often "lay out" together, exchanging conversations about numerous topics while baking their bones. And hey, everyone always brings their books out with them while they tan. Who cares if they all have their eyes closed behind those cool mirrored shades; at least they look like they're doing something, right?

I am brought to the tragic history of Zonker Harris, of Garry (See TANNING, p.10A)

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PSYCLING

Ah, the wind at my back, hair in my eyes. Cycling is the spring sport for me.

Of course I don't have the rad racing bike and the bitchin' psychedelic spandex to mark me as a legitimate speed racer, but that doesn't mean I don't have the right stuff. On the contrary, titanium frames and crash helmet does not a gonzo psyclist make. Besides, I've got one up on most wouldbe cycling freaks: I've seen the Tour De France, up close and personal. (Okay, so it was five years ago, but I was there.)

As is my approach to most things, I'm a one-hundred percent enthusiast as long as I'm at whatever I'm doing. Which means, on a given day, I'm a professional bed-roller, expert psyclist, and narcoleptic notetaker, and a commensurately efficient sleeper. And in my waking hours I live under Storke Tower.

But back to psycling. There was a time when I owned a ten-speed Centurian, but in my attempts at being a world-class dorm partier, it sort of slipped my mind that Mike the Bike was waiting helplessly in the hall for Mr. Bike Thief, who succeeded in his task, and poor Mike has not been seen or heard from since. In the interim, I borrowed a friend's killer cruiser, but after a quarter of use, he decided he wanted it back.

Which leads us to the present equipment, a friend for all times, Pee-Wee III. Now the cycling shops guys will tell you that what you really need is an 18-speed mountain bike with alloy wheels, top-of-the line derailleur, and a custom paint job. Take it from a real expert, all that's really needed is a custom paint job, courtesy of a can, a brush, and your very own able wrist. I used a spray can to give Pee-Wee that "just stolen" look, but a thicker and more durable coat can be had if you put in the effort.

All that gear-shifting on the high cost models just leads to headaches for the novice and is only comprehensible once modified to the stripped equivalent. Hand brakes are a pain because you can't carry anything important, like a Diet Coke, in your hand while you're riding. A one-speed coaster model is the only one a true psyclist would ever consider.

As for aerodynamics, nothing marks the hard-core psyclist like a good pair of streamers. I myself prefer that All-American look, with red, white and blue included, but this item is also available in a variety of colors; some even sport stylish end pieces like Snoopy or Garfield.

In my quest for the perfect psyche, I discovered that no Santa Barbarian is complete without a good quality basket. Some go for the shopping cart-sized doubles over the rear tire but take it from one who knows: this is *not* cool. One must opt for the extra large front loading model, one the perfect size for carrying a standard size grocery sack. The more psychically advanced may select the woven vinyl type with attached flowers, but this is purely a matter of aesthetic choice. In any case, a proper basket marks the cosmic master.

The supremely advanced, myself included, have sought long and hard for the crowning spot of glory marking Pee-Wee a certain cultural icon: spoke decorations. I remember finding said decorations in my breakfast cereal as a young tyke, but in searching long at the local luxury marts (K-mart being high on the list), I find that these souped up straws are no longer on the market. One company manufactures little balls that go up and down to cause quite a racket as they strike, but the purists will agree that they are a poor substitute for the day-glo tubes of our collective tri-psyling youth.

Of course it's quite easy to be a cyclist. All it takes is tons of bucks and the great physique that ensues after months of hard training. Psychists, on the other hand, are a calmer breed, content to race with the wind at our own speed, patiently awaiting the day when the fitness craze will end, and the superior attributes of cruising for pleasure will be properly recognized.

But until that day, psychists will remain underground, just a simple personalized license plate marking our faithful core group.

—Mary Hoppin

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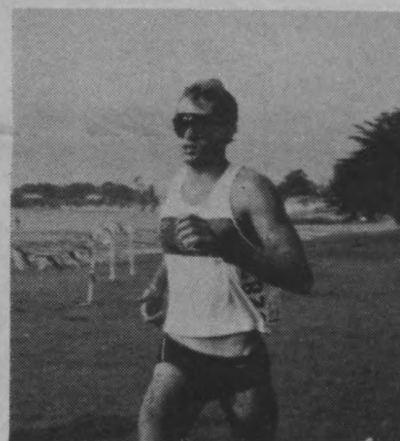


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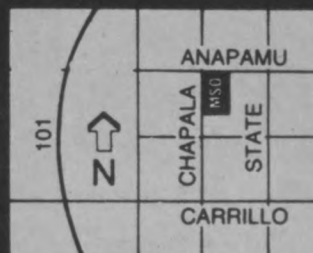
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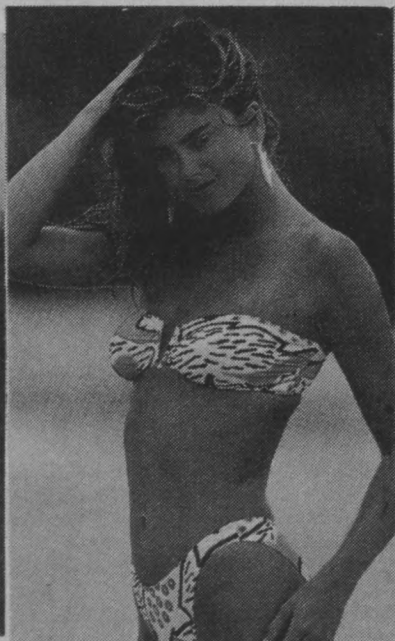
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Baseball Legacy Lives Long

I first began to follow the California Angels in about 1972, when I was four. My dad had sweet season tickets between home and first, which weren't hard to get, considering the quality of the ballclub, which was truly awful. When you field a starting lineup with mediocre never-has-beens like Joe Lahoud, Rudy Meoli and Winston Llenas, you know the season's going to be over by August. About the only redeeming players on that ballclub were a young shortstop named Bobby Valentine (whose promising career never had a chance to develop due to a severe leg injury) and a muscular pitcher named Nolan Ryan.

Despite the team's obvious lack of talent or promise, I became a loyal fan in a matter of games. My dad, however, was probably wiser and he stopped buying tickets the next year. One year is far too long to stay away from baseball, however, so in 1974 Dad purchased season seats again and has never let them go.

Over the years I've had the opportunity to watch the development of a few minor stars in the Angels' dull history, such as Frank Tanana and Jerry Remy. Like I said, minor stars. In the meantime, I learned to love mediocrity and hate the perennially great Dodgers.

In 1979, all that changed. That was a landmark year for L.A. sports teams and their fans. Magic Johnson was drafted by the Lakers and subsequently led them to a championship. Vince Ferragamo came out of nowhere to pilot the Rams to a Super Bowl appearance. The Dodgers had their worst year since 1973. And best of all, the Angels won their first American League West title.

I was right there for all of it, watching every game in September and seeing them get eliminated from the playoffs. It was a hard blow, but I figured it was the start of a new Anaheim dynasty. It wasn't.

The next two years the Angels floundered badly in the second division, trading, releasing or overworking their entire pitching staff, and trying to win with people like Butch Hobson in the lineup. In 1982, Gene Mauch came to the team

and began to turn it all around.

The Angels were in contention that whole year, and they ended up pulling away from the Kansas City Royals two weeks before the season was over. As a season ticket holder, my dad was able to procure eight tickets to the

about trivia and strategies and fun stuff like that. After a five-month season, baseball fans in October are as knowledgeable as any coach, and naturally feel the need to share their knowledge with brothers from their religion. Such was the case in the line,



first two playoff games against the Milwaukee Brewers at the Big A. The Angels won the both games pretty convincingly, and now needed one more win in three games to go to their first World Series. The Angels' management announced World Series tickets were going on sale the day after the second game.

I was in heaven. Baseball had always been my favorite sport, both to watch and play, and the Angels had always been my favorite team. After being with them through so many times of trouble and so many years of bad baseball, I felt a strong sense of pride in watching my boys reach the fruition I always knew they deserved.

My dad, brother-in-law Steve and I drove to the Anaheim Stadium parking lot on a Friday night. Tickets were scheduled to go on sale Sunday afternoon. Despite being almost two days early, our Pinto was behind about 4,000 other cars in the ticket line. We were all pretty excited that night, walking around from car to car, talking to vindicated Dodger-hating Angel junkies with "yes we can" bumper stickers on their station wagons. We had brought a few sandwiches and a thick pile of brownies to last us the weekend. I brought three baseball books, including a new one my coach had just bought me entitled "The 1982 Bill James Baseball Abstract."

We stayed up a long time Friday night, talking baseball, reading baseball and anxiously awaiting championship baseball. Finally, at about 2:30 a.m., my dad and I crawled into the Pinto for some sleep. This wasn't a comfortable experience. At the time, my father was a 240-pound man and the Pinto was a very, very compact vehicle with a big stick shift.

Somewhat I fell asleep, and stayed that way until my dad woke me up early the next morning. My first inclination was to urinate, so I wandered sleepily over to a row of outhouses. To my immediate horror, there were lines of at least 45 people behind each one. Every person seemed to be doing some weird dance. I couldn't wait that long so I found a nearby bush.

It was hot in Anaheim, but not too hot. Steve went home and my brother Joe replaced him in line. Joe and I spent the day playing catch in shorts with a baseball first and then a football. It was a pretty mellow day. I got in some exercise, read tons of baseball stuff and had interesting conversations with middle-aged men

as everything from the sacrifice bunt to the suicide squeeze was analyzed, dissected and argued over for the duration of the wait. These conversations, of course, would cease as soon as the games got underway on the TV. The Angels lost to Milwaukee that day, but nobody was really concerned. They still only had to win one of the remaining two left.



When the night fell, Joe went home, leaving my dad and I as the lone stalwarts in line. We went to bed fairly early that night. Sunday was going to be a big day.

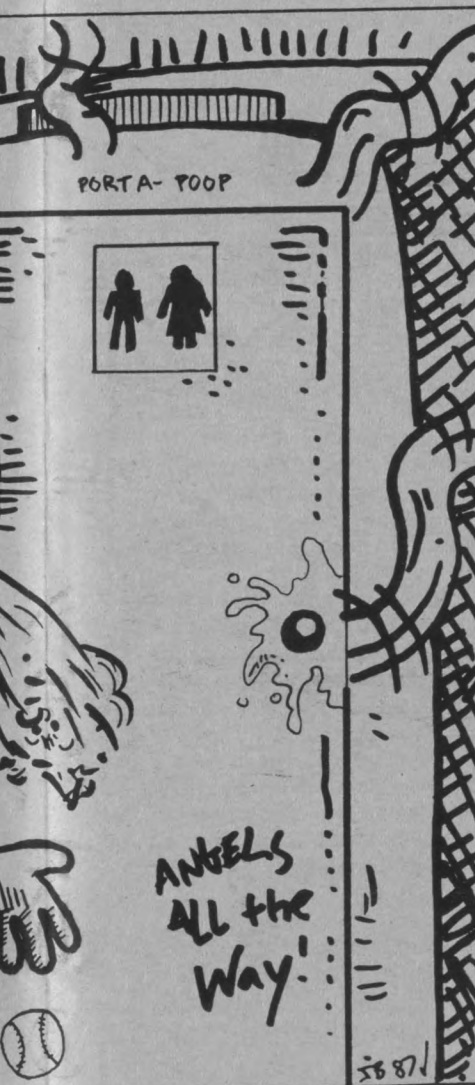
The day started, bright and early, on the wrong foot. Approximately 6,000 additional cars had parked behind us, so there were a lot of people, mostly dirty people, in the parking lot. When I woke up, my body told me it needed to do a number two. This meant I had to face the horrible reality of the outhouse line.

Long; Dies Hard

fun The wind was whipping around parking lot debris in a frenzy. The Santa Anas were just coming into season in a big way, and I had to squint my eyes to avoid serious retinal damage. I stood in line behind one of those women who never stop



complaining about something, so I got an earful and politely shut up. The line was just as long or longer than it was the day before, even though it was about 6:30 in the morning. By the time I was at the front of the line it was 7:30 and my bowels were screaming. The woman who was in front of me stepped out of the outhouse, looked around bleakly, and then threw up all



over the side of the structure. She muttered something about it being "gross in there" and then stumbled off.

I walked in and almost vomited myself. I don't want to belabor a gross point, but there was a pile of stuff that extended much higher than the actual seats. The smell was particularly foul and some of the substances involved were highly questionable. After I walked out of there, I knew the day was going to be a cruel one.

I walked back to the Pinto where

my dad was jabbering excitedly about the number he had just received. The ticket office walked through the line of cars and passed out numbers which they would call at 4 p.m. in order. We wound up with number 9,400 or so. There are approximately 65,000 seats in Anaheim Stadium, and each number holder could buy up to eight tickets, so we figured it was time to hustle us some lower numbers.

We walked off in different directions, promising to meet again in three hours. I was beginning to feel sick, mostly from the smog, the trash that had built up for two days, and the 100+ degree weather. I ended up sitting down in the shade with some men watching game four on a tiny black-and-white TV. The Angels didn't get a hit that game for six or seven innings, until Don Baylor broke it up with a grand slam. Even with that, they lost something like 10-4. The men started to get a little concerned, and one guy even said something like "see, I knew they were going to blow it!" He was quickly hushed and sent away. There had been too many years and too many times of them blowing it for all of us. We didn't even want to think about it this time.

I got up, light-headed, and wandered back to the car. To my horror and disgust, a major fire erupted less than a block away, and the wind was blowing all the fresh ash towards us. This raised the temperature about 10 more degrees, and added to the rancid smell that already permeated the heat and the trash. When I met my dad, he looked at me and shook his head. While I was wasting time, he had managed to buy a number in the low 7,000s for 10 bucks, and he had heard a rumour that the numbering had started at 4,000.

So we walked over to the main gate where they began announcing the numbers at 4,000. I sat in the shade for a while, but the smell and heat started to get to me in a bad way so I walked off. I ended up retching and gagging behind a trailer right when my dad bought the tickets. The purchase lifted my spirits beyond the sickness and we felt like we had accomplished something major all the way home.

Although I had undergone what amounted to subhuman torture, the struggle was worth it. I was going to see the World Series. And not just that, I was going to see my team in the World Series. My misery was a small price to pay.

The next day I sat at home very ill, and that night the fifth and deciding game came on. The Angels had a 3-2 lead all the way until the eighth inning, when Mauch let in a right-handed pitcher, Luis "Souvenir" Sanchez, to pitch with the bases loaded to a dangerous lefty, Cecil Cooper. Cooper drove home two runs with a single and the Angels lost.

All they needed was one win in three games. One win, and I would be in a box seat at four World Series games. I was pissed. Since then, the Angels have flirted with the Division title and even won it last year. As everybody knows, the scope of their choke was even greater last year, but I'm not ready to talk about that one just yet.

I've learned from my experience not to get my hopes up when it comes to the California Angels. But I know, I just know, that if it comes down to it again (and I'm sure it will) I'll be there, waiting in line, peeing in bushes and vomiting on trailers to see the gang let me down one more time.

—Matt Welch

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12:00-1:00 pm Intermediate Aerobics
2:30-3:30 pm Intermediate Aerobics
3:45-4:30 pm Go-Yoga (MONDAY ONLY)
4:30-5:30 pm Low Impact
5:30-6:30 pm Advanced Aerobics
6:30-7:30 pm Stretch 'n' Strengthen
7:30-9:00 pm Jujutsu

TUESDAY/THURSDAY:

6:15-7:15 am Stretch 'n' Strengthen
8:00-9:00 am Intermediate Aerobics
9:00-10:00 am Stretch 'n' Strengthen
12:00-1:00 pm Intermediate Aerobics
3:45-4:30 pm Go-Yoga
4:30-5:30 pm Low Impact
5:30-7:00 pm Advanced Aerobics/Stretch 'n' Strengthen

FRIDAY:

6:15-7:15 am Intermediate Aerobics
8:00-9:00 am Intermediate Aerobics
9:00-10:00 am Low Impact
10:30-11:15 am Aqua-Aerobics
12:00-1:00 pm Intermediate Aerobics
2:30-3:30 pm Intermediate Aerobics
4:30-5:30 pm Low Impact
5:30-7:00 pm Advanced Aerobics/Floor Work

SATURDAY:

9:45-11:15 am Intermediate Aerobics/Stretch 'n' Strengthen
11:15-12:15 pm Low Impact
3:00-4:00 pm Aqua-Aerobics
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Sailing, Sailing



The concept is simple: take a human, put him or her in a body of water in a structure designed to float, take a large sack attached to a couple of large poles, put a board in the water to steer the vehicle, and add the propelling element, wind. When the large sack fills with wind, off you go.

We know this simple concept as sailing, and although it has branched out to become anything but simple, it carries with it perennial appeal.

Think about it. Sailing has a great tradition — Noah, William the Conqueror, Christopher Columbus, John Paul Jones, and, of course, Popeye, stand as a few of history's great sailors — and it still holds a prominent place in sports today, as evidenced by a large television audience for the America's Cup.

But despite all the great sailors of history and its high-tech competitive aspects, sailing is still basically a simple sport that the masses enjoy. In the minds of most people, sailing still evokes an image of a couple of people in a small boat tooling around on a lake on a warm summer's day.

UCSB Sailing Instructor E.W. Smith, in his 21st year as the athletic department's man at the helm, believes sailing gains its popularity from its freedom. "Sailing appeals to adventurous people, people who like to get out and expand their area and consciousness," Smith explained. "They like to feel a lot of freedom and push themselves to the utmost. You really learn things about yourself."

The designs of sailboats vary with size, but all sailboats have inherent features. The hull refers to the boat itself, devoid of all its trappings. The mast is the long pole which comes up vertically from the hull, and the boom is attached horizontally, perpendicular to the mast. The mainsail is attached at the far ends of both the boom and the mast. This sail is usually the main wind gatherer and the jib sail helps mainly with tacking (turning into the wind). The rudder is the steering device; turning it changes the direction of

the boat. The centerboard is another board which reaches into the water, and its function is to keep the boat from drifting.

In junior high school I had a friend who had a Laser, a small (14-foot hull, single sail) but sleek boat which left other boats its size in its wake. We spent our days off trying to catch Hobie Cats until a beach manager with a few Lasers sitting on his shore offered us jobs as sailing instructors. We quit our other jobs the same day.

Soon my uncle invested in a Hobie Cat, a popular dual-pontoon boat with a jib sail, and I ended up sailing it more than he did. At the time I had a fascination with speed, and a Hobie gets going pretty fast in stiff winds. Unfortunately, it also tips over in stiff winds, and at 150 pounds I had a tough time righting the bulky beast. There were a few occasions when I just figured it would be easier to wait until it drifted back to shore, but somehow (usually with the help of a ski boat) I managed to get the mast pointing upward again.

But lake sailing, in spite of all its merits, cannot offer the true adventure of an ocean. "I think the ocean is better because it's bigger and more powerful," Smith said. "It's so wide open." Smith learned his respect for the ocean while serving as an officer in the United States Air Force Air Rescue Service. "That's where I got all my knowledge about the ocean and weather conditions ... That's where I learned my respect for the sea."

Any student of a sailing class here knows the feeling. Although the boats (Omega 14's) are dogs, once the sailor is out of the harbor and into the open sea, a feeling of endlessness envelops him. As the small boats cruise along at their modest pace, bobbing and rolling with the waves, land features become more and more faint and the color of the water changes from dirty green to a clear, deep blue. Schools of fish streak by, seals flop around, and every once in a while a whale or a dolphin is spotted. And the sun keeps shining.

The presence of the Channel Islands makes Santa Barbara a sailor's heaven for two reasons. In the channel between San Miguel, Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, and Anacapa Islands and the Santa Barbara coastline, steady (but occasionally tricky) northeasterly winds contribute to the 22 mile voyage taking only four hours. Larger boats with cabins are a good call for a longer journey such as this.

The beauty of the islands makes for a great sailing voyage. Santa Cruz Island, straight off the coast from Santa Barbara, features a rugged yet beautiful coastline which is home to many intricate coves and caves. Anacapa Island, south of Santa Barbara, features great fishing. The channel is also home to the most varied collection of seals, sea lions, and walruses in the world, plus more than 10,000 whales migrate through the channel every year.

Sailing is a sport that is easy to try but can challenge anyone given unfavorable weather conditions. But its principle attraction is obvious: sun, water, wind, waves, friends ... and fun.

—Todd Davidson

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Racquetball

Tennis does not appeal to my competitive instincts, but I do love racquet sports. When those violent urges to smash small balls around come upon me I invariably head to the nearest racquetball court. The reasons to play are simple: there is no other sport played by pure amateurs that tests the participants' athletic ability, agility, strength, speed and mind in nearly the same way.

Anyone who regularly plays racquetball can attest to the importance of all of the aforementioned attributes, but the beauty of the sport is that the infrequent player can understand it just as well.

The entire racquetball excursion deserves mention. It begins in the lobby of one of those yuppie health clubs, when you plunk down five or six bucks for the "privilege" of being a guest. Then you give some strange health-hulk your keys and wallet for the use of a small locker and a smaller towel. It always strikes me as a fair trade.

After this, enter a room full of naked 45 year old doctors, lawyers and business freaks, change into your most chic workout clothes, and hit the court. There is no sensation which duplicates the feeling one has upon entering an empty racquetball court. The brightness of white walls struck countless times by rapidly moving blue spheres, combined with the constant echoes emanating from other courts, create an overall feeling of immediate claustrophobia in any god-fearing weekend jock.

After a short warmup period, you are ready to square off in a contest sure to make you: 1) Grow to feel extreme hatred for your opponent; 2) Compete as if your life depended on it; 3) Very tired, and 4) Sweat. Don't get me wrong though. I think this is just what makes racquetball so fun.

After a few trips to the club you'll start to become more adept at newly-learned skills like the corner kill, two-wall/ceiling serve, and the dreaded behind-the-back return. Newly-addicted racquetball junkies hang out by the court with the glass window, watching the "studs" play, picking up tips through visual osmosis, and planning their first victory against the person who taught them the game.

I can still remember how shocked I was when playing a high school friend, who had only learned to play three weeks before, and having her very first serve blaze right past my outstretched racquet. She offered me a hand off the hard wooden floor, with a little ole smile on her face, and we proceeded to involve ourselves in one of the most wicked, cutthroat matches in history.

This is typical of racquetball relationships. Once someone teaches the game to another person, and informs him or her of the intricate wrist control necessary to make a good shot, or explains the importance of placement rather than pure strength, incredible rivalries develop. The size of the racquet and dimensions of the four-walled court make the game challenging, but the ferocity of the competition, on any level is my favorite part.

If you are a driven individual, prone to mad fits of competition, take it up. If not, stick to tennis.

—Larry Speer

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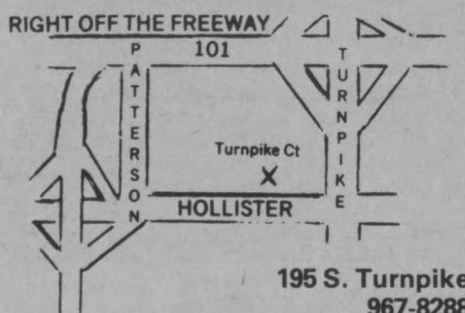


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Local Tennis Fun

School will be out before long. The summer months following will bring an excess of leisure time for those not planning to attend summer school.

Many will pass the time in the usual way — at the beach, with their preferred alcoholic beverage. Obviously there's nothing wrong with this, however even the most relaxing of pastimes tends to get a little old after a while.

After getting your fill of sand and surf, and after the last beer has been consumed, why not take to the tennis courts for your summer enjoyment?

An excellent exercise source, tennis is perennially one of the most popular summertime activities for students and non-students alike. Participation ranges from the extreme novice to the seasoned pro, but no matter what level your game, tennis is fun for everyone.

With sufficient facilities in the immediate area, finding a place to play shouldn't be the problem. For those who can brave the intense summer heat and find their way to a local court, competition and activity will follow.

In the Goleta-Santa Barbara region players can find more than enough places to play. On the UCSB campus itself, there are a total of 24 tennis courts divided into three groups.

Next to Rob Gym and the trailers, there are 8 courts, which are referred to as the east/west courts. These courts are not lit, and are accessible at any time of the day without reservation.

Across the street from Cheadle Hall there are 6 courts, commonly known by students as the "Cheadle Courts." This facility is also easily accessible at any time of the day, however, like the east/west courts, there are no lights, making night

play virtually impossible.

If you prefer the cool night air under which to sport your game, the stadium courts provide smooth surfaces and are illuminated by bright stadium-style lights. The lights stay on until midnight each day, and the courts are first-come, first-serve.

If you want to avoid embarrassment and wish to perhaps work on your game away from the critical eyes of your peers, there are other facilities in the local area to take your game.

The Municipal Stadium Tennis Courts are in Goleta (966-5255). Provided are 12 lit tennis courts at your disposal. Reservations aren't necessary, and the lights remain burning from dusk to dawn everyday.

For the more elite crowd, there is Cathedral Oaks (964-7762). A private club, Oaks provides several different membership plans and provides quality instruction for those members who feel like bettering their game.

One more facility is the Las Positas tennis courts (687-2560). Reservations aren't required, and the courts are open from dawn to dusk. Lessons are available for those who desire to advance their ability.

In terms of equipment, there are a number of choices on the market today. Probably the most popular rackets are the ones which Prince puts out. Prices run the gamut from about \$60 to about \$120, and some even higher. Depending on your level of play, you can choose a racket that best fits your game.

Other rackets to chose from are made by Dunlop, the ones used by John McEnroe, to the new Adidas rackets, used by Ivan Lendl. Dunlop is growing in popularity, with Wimbledon seeing

more Dunlop rackets than any other.

Tennis balls are a little easier to chose from. Wilson puts out the most popular ball, but there are other leading contenders, such as Penn and Dunlop. Balls range in price from about \$1.50 to up to \$5.00, depending on what kind of quality you want.

In footwear, the hot ticket is starting to be the new shoe put out by Nike, made exclusively for tennis. However, there are also good shoes put out by Avia and Reebok. Remember to make sure the shoe fits and feels comfortable before you take to the court.

Whether taken seriously, or played just for the fun of it, tennis is a great sport, providing exercise and fun for all who play. All you need is the time and the desire — you don't even need top-of-the-line equipment.

So if in the middle of summer, you get tired of just sitting on the sand with the surf at your feet and a cold one in your hand, pick up the dusty racket in the closet and get the lifeless tennis balls out from under the bed. With so much free time in the summer, there's no reason not to at least try it. Play once and you'll probably end up being addicted to it as are millions of other active Americans.

—Scott Lawrence



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**TANNING**

(Continued from p.4A)

Trudeau's Doonesbury comic strip. The former world champion tanner, now a retired millionaire lottery winner, was at one time a reigning guru in tanning circles. The guy had no limits, withstood tremendous amounts of pain and heat for the smoothest, darkest and baddest tan in comic history. His lines were the envy of the civilized world. The guy was on top of the tanning world and gave it all up.

One must look at this decision and ask the inevitable question: Why? Was he worried about skin

cancer? Did the pressure finally get to him? Maybe the time had come in the Zonk's life to hang up those shades and "walk the line" of the pale and healthy. For whatever reason he did it, his retirement changed the nature of the hobby forever.

We must see things in more of a future-dominated perspective, as Sarah has so eloquently stated. If all UCSB students are concerned about when discussing another person's attributes are the superficial aspects of a dark body, have we truly gone off the deep end?

Throughout this article you have been subjected to anti-sun worshipping, patronizing and con-

descending bull. The time has come for you to put my simple arguments aside and ask yourself, "Why am I really doing this?" If you decide it is in your best interest to continue tanning, check into the various sunscreens available to protect yourself. If you were previously opposed to tanning but have decided to go for it, don't be afraid to do so only for lack of a tan now. Everyone has to start somewhere. And finally, whatever you do, don't pick at it when it starts to peel — IT'S GROSS!

Larry Speer is a Daily Nexus editor who was at one time very tan, and now only manages to escape the pits of the office into the sun on infrequent occasions.

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