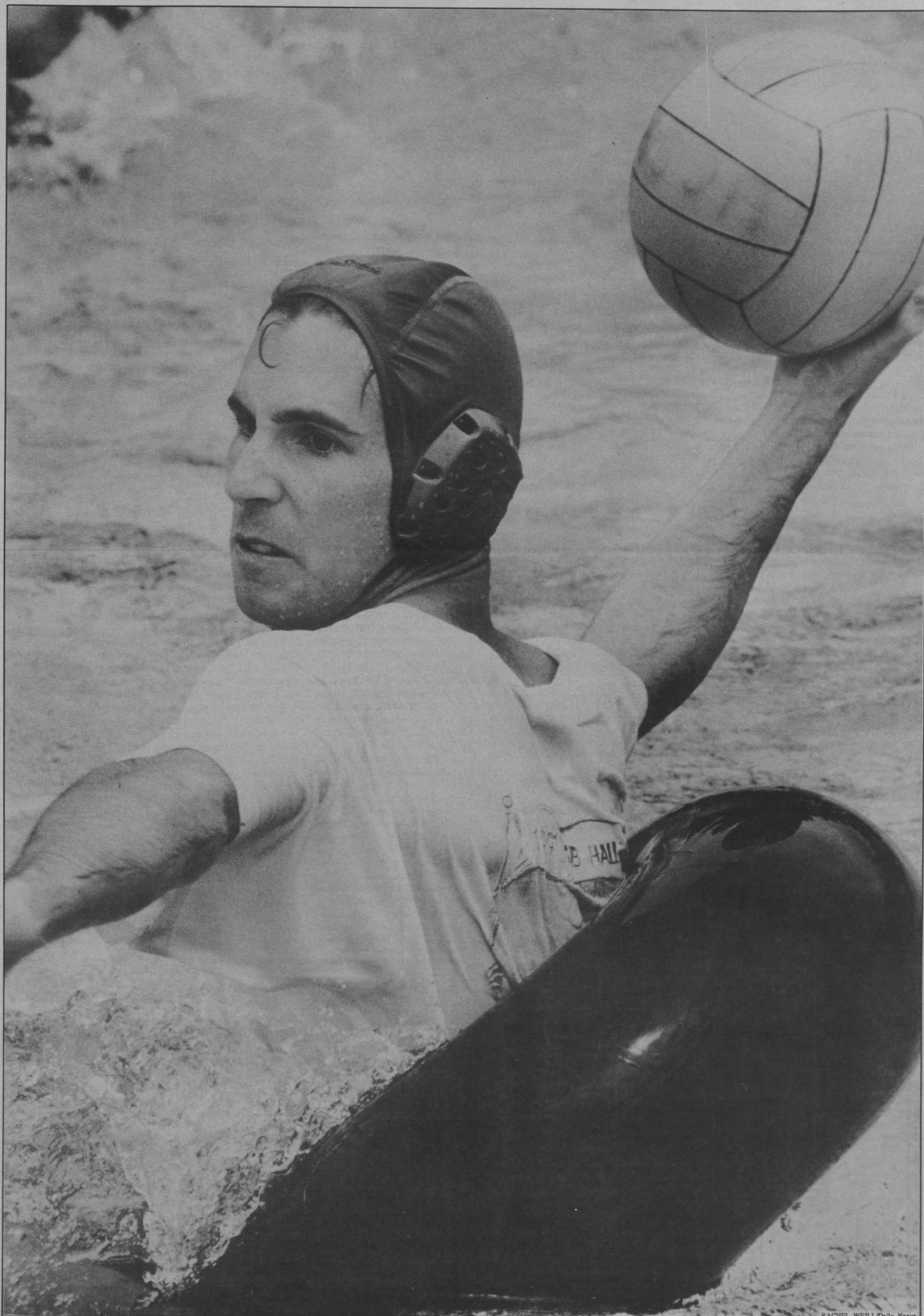


Spring Water Sports

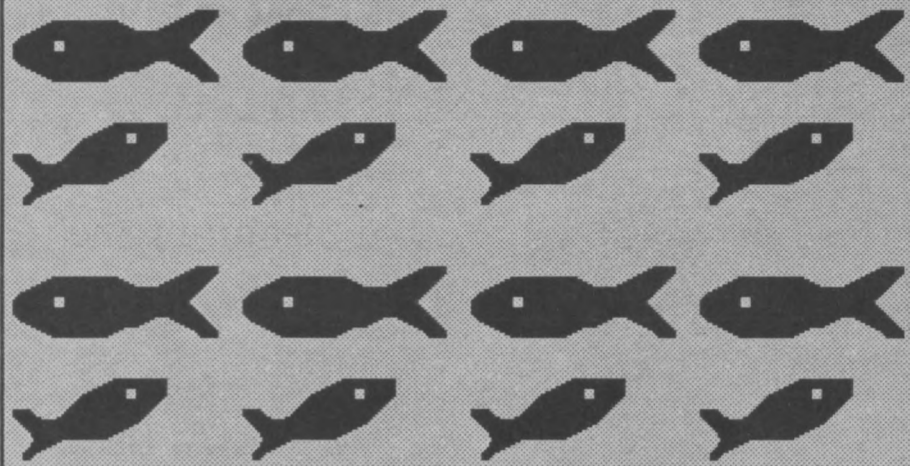
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May Twenty-fifth, 1994

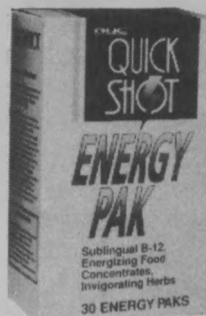


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By Fred Farnsworth
Staff Writer

Ah, the peace and solitude of scuba diving. Nothing can quite compare to the sensation of gliding beneath the currents as if a natural part of the under-sea ecosystem. Of course, the rubberized bodysuit and 35 pounds of mechanical oxygen equipment strapped to your back may somewhat disturb your sense of oneness with the sea creatures, but without them, it'd be a fairly short trip.

I was first introduced to the wonders of scuba while on vacation in Hawaii. Having never been the athletic type, I was desperately searching for an outdoor activity that wouldn't make me look like a complete doofus. First I tried surfing. After all, it looked rather easy on television. I had even seen Adam West and Cesar Romero doing it on an old repeat of "Batman," and

West was even wearing a cape at the time! Piece of cake! Of course, that was probably some renowned surfing champ in a blue cowl, but that thought didn't occur to me at the time. After losing the board around 17 times and swallowing at least a quart of salt water, I decided to leave the surfing to "Gidget" reruns.

Logically enough, I opted for bodysurfing next. We'll just remove that pesky middleman the surfboard, I thought. When the waves of Waimea Bay pounded me into the sand for about 40 minutes, I relented, and was off to search for a more passive activity. One that didn't require removing sand from some of the more remote places on my body.

Snorkeling was the next step. After paddling across the rocky reefs of Hanaua Bay for a mere five minutes or so, I knew I was on the right track. The steady, controlled brea-

thing through the snorkel calmed and relaxed me as I pulled my way across the coral reefs, watching brightly colored tropical fish swim directly past my scuba mask.

However, my newfound admiration for the sport began to wane as I travelled farther and farther out, with fewer large, safe-looking rocks to hang onto. As I looked down into what must have been a 50-foot-deep chasm, I had a revelation.

"You need an oxygen tank," I thought to myself, "and you need one now." My instincts for excitement and adventure have always been overruled by my overwhelmingly powerful survival instinct.

The next day, I tried scuba for the first time and realized I had found my calling. Underwater excitement and activity with minimal pain, injury or risk of drowning. Of course, I'd feel even safer in a submarine, but I can't quite afford that yet.

Daily Nexus

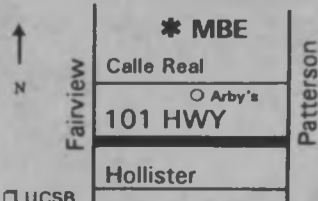
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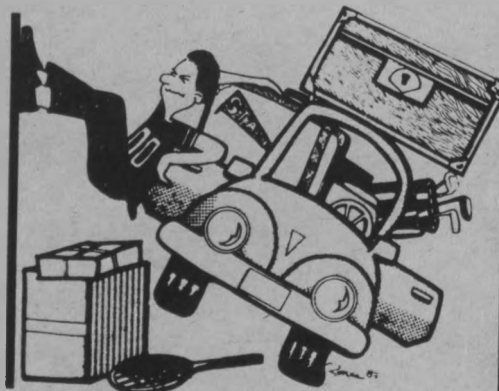
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Tickle Your Toes

By Cindo Bonaface

The socially enforced practice of shoe-wearing has deprived many a soul of the amazing joys found in texture and treading. Of course, some of the downsides of barefoot adventure are prevented by the donning of footwear—the painful penetration of broken glass, the dirty baking of hot asphalt, burrs. There is, however, a cornucopia of tactile morsels for the skin-soled connoisseur who is careful about where he or she steps.

Which brings me to the beach. Unless you are jogging or braving the lava-encrusted shorelines of the Pacific or preparing to swim in the realm of the spiny stonefish, it is probably common practice for most of us to doff our Docs, Reeboks or Birkenstocks upon hitting the berm. But how often do we pause and take in the sensual pleasures of the sand between our toes, with perhaps a shell thrown in for variety.

Yes, on a hot day the surface of the beach may be blistering like a Canadian stovepipe in December, but skilled beachcombers know that just be-

neath that sizzling crust is the cool embrace of the shaded grains of granite. Some people develop a walk to accommodate this knowledge, scooping their feet with each step to penetrate past the arid dry into the cool moist. You can see their prints, like the tracks of some shovel-wielding angel.

Naturally the podiatric pleasure is only increased as one approaches the foaming brine of the azure shoreline. As the sand gets wetter, need for careful step vanishes and the determined stroller can plant both of his or her five-toed friends into the squishy ground.

Closer to the dry sand, the earth springs back after each step, taking on the erotic texture of dampened flesh. Closer to the water, the little outline of the footprint fills magically with the water of several waves back. A few more steps and you might sink in right to the ankle, allowing the uncalloused tops of your feet to experience an even richer sensation than the toughened bottoms, if such can be imagined.

Then we are in the water, each step giving our feet the gritty stroke of wet

sand followed by the cleansing caress of wave-motion. Wiggle your toes, feel the tingle as the skin on your calves experiences the subtle thrill of anticipation—the expectance of the cool Pacific lapping at your leg in the same way it has lapped at the shores of five continents for millennia.

Perspective comes with each soothing squish of sand between each toe—an eightfold sensation, reminding us of Buddha's teaching of the eightfold path to enlightenment.

At this time it is important to stress the value of preparation for the wading experience. Shorts or a tasteful mid-thigh skirt, naturally, are the ideal clothing choices for the lower half of the body. If trousers are necessary for any reason, however, there's no need to panic if they can be rolled up to the knee. This can actually enhance the experience, giving it a certain devil-may-care appearance that can kindle a gleam of mischief in even the most tired eye.

If your trousers don't roll up, take them off. People might stare, but that's only because they don't

See WADE, p.7A

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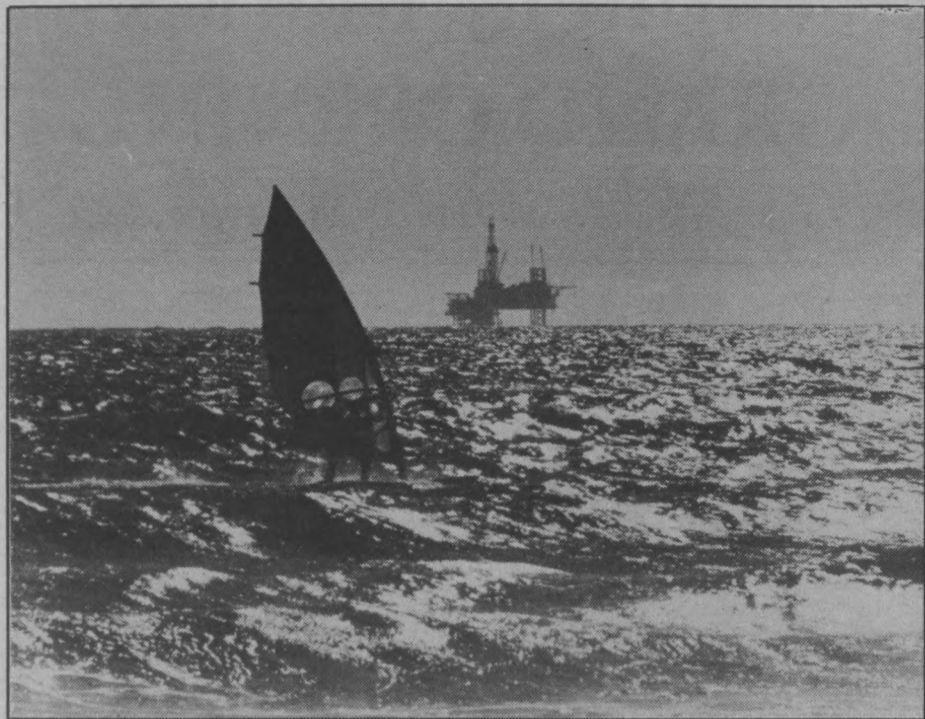
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Riding the Waves



By Odessa Robinson

The world of water sports has had many transformations. First there was the long board, which over time became smaller and lighter, basically easier to handle. During the surfboard's transformation, we had the introduction of the boogie board. Now the water vehicle has national contests. Along the same time period, windsurfing entered the picture.

Ah, windsurfing. I've never gotten good enough at this high-coordination sport to ride the waves. However, I've spent some

time enjoying the qualities of this combination surfing/sailing invention.

I'll never forget the first time I set out on a windsurfer on my own. Once you've practiced on land for a bit, learning to pull up the sail and walk around to switch directions, it's not so hard to get a start out in the openness of the ocean.

In fact, it was quite easy. I picked up the sail and headed out into the wild blue yonder. This is not to say I didn't take a fall or two. In fact, I'd have to say I took a few more spills than that. But with some good balance and a little

luck, I just hauled that sail out of the water and continued on my merry way.

So, this continues for a little while. After some time I decide it's about time to hike on back to the shore. Some things are easier said than done, if you know what I mean.

I do what I'm supposed to do, walk around, turn the sail around to face the opposite direction, but somehow it's just not working.

The wind is not always as cooperative as it's supposed to be. Again and again I attempted my trek

See WIND, p.7A

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Taking the PLUNGE!



By Hjenke Ludendorf

Just as the Napoleon is pastry in its purest form, the same can be said for bodysurfing being the purest form of water sport. There's no boat pulling you through the water at artificial speeds, no 6-foot fiberglass boards you have to drag through the waves, it's just you and the ocean.

OK, fins do make bodysurfing a little more fun, but I digress.

I first began bodysurfing at the ripe old age of 10, when my dad would take myself, my brothers and friends to the beach in Del Mar. When we would go out into the water with our bodyboards, I thought there could be nothing more exciting in the world. But when I was forced to use the bodyboard without the leash, my passion for the sport waned.

A big wave would crash and my 10-year-old skinny arms would sometimes lose control of the board and I'd have to make the swim into shore to pick it up. But one time I lost the board, and instead of being angry, I felt a certain freedom. There was no clumsy board to control, and I felt I could go where I wanted. So one day I went out into the water without a board. My brothers leashed up, but I wanted to go with my dad, who loves to bodysurf.

The first lesson began and I was apprehensive about letting the massive power of the wave have its way with me. There was no longer the safety blanket of the board preventing me from being hurled straight down into the sand and ending up with a broken neck. But with the encouragement of my dad and summoning up a couple

more ounces of courage, I finally was able to catch a wave, get into the correct body position and go for a pretty good ride.

For those that have taken up bodysurfing, they know the experience itself is exhilarating because there is a certain element of danger. Danger makes things exciting. Who was it that said, 'If there wasn't danger in race car driving, you'd just be watching traffic'? The bigger the waves, the farther you can go. But the big waves also mean big wipeouts.

Perhaps the best thing about bodysurfing is how you are able to glide through the water without any help from a board. You are dependent on your swimming strength and hope that a rip tide doesn't pull you out as you die a horrible death.

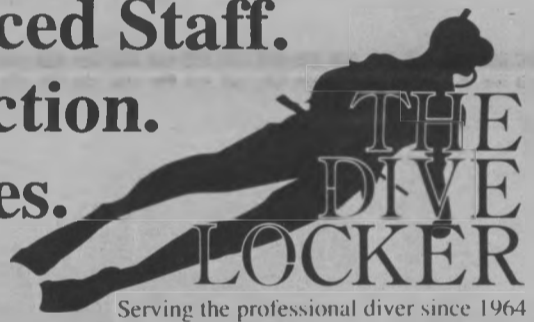
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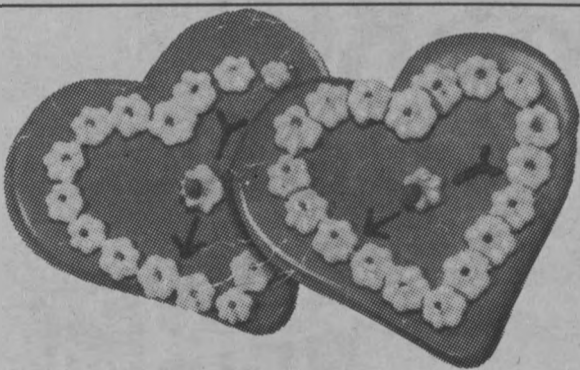
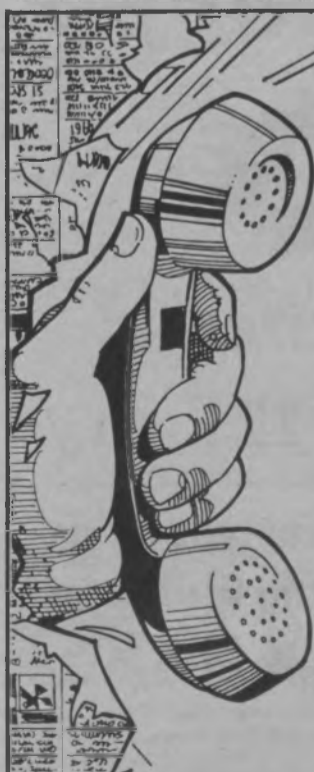


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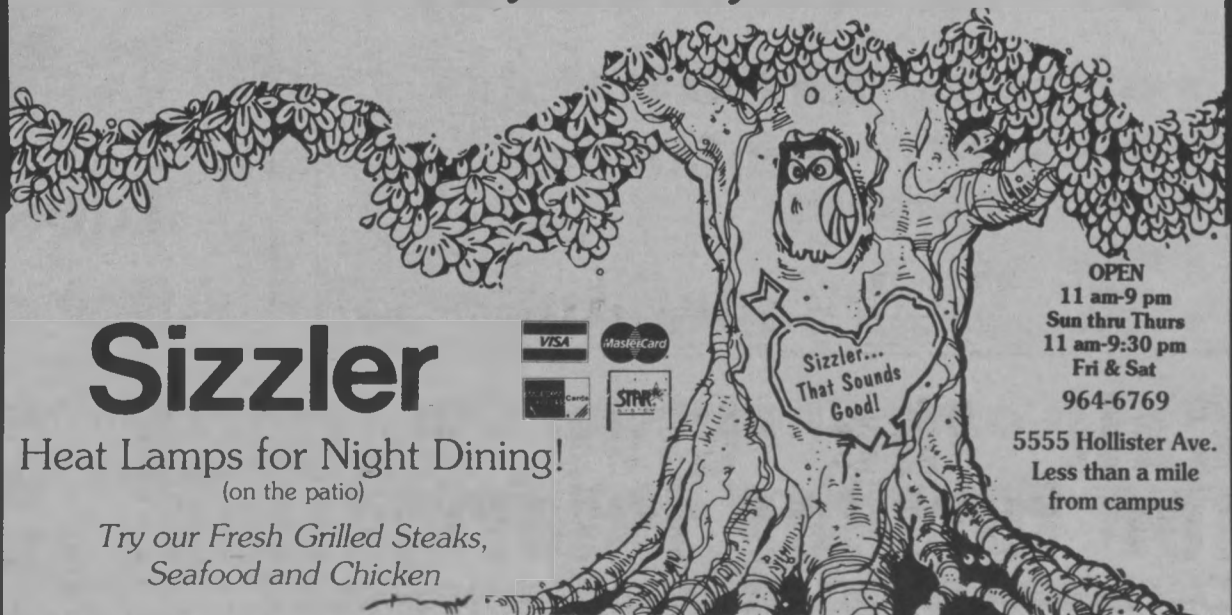
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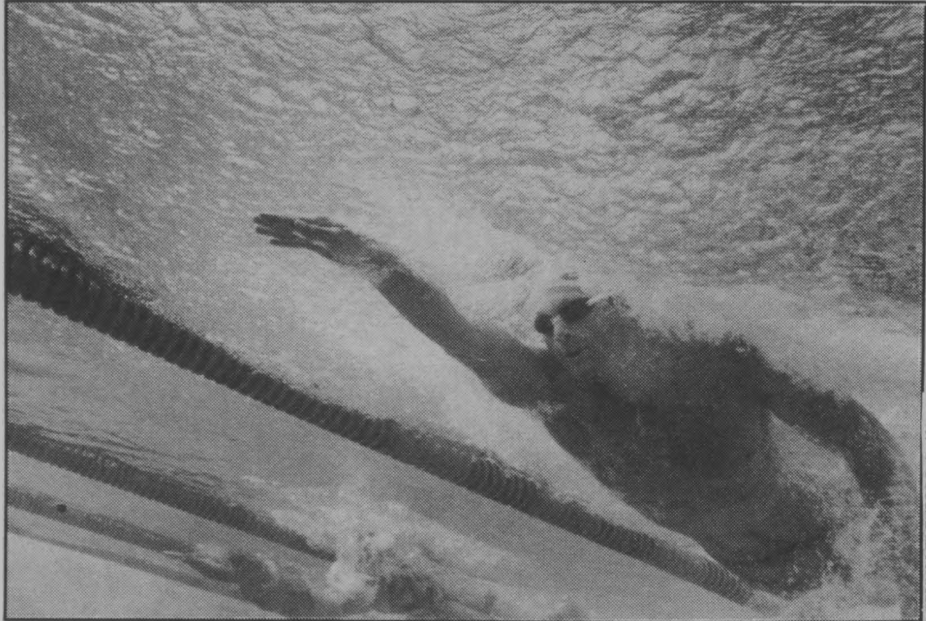
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WADE

Continued from p.3A
know how to have a really good time. Just be safe, and have fun. Watch out for stonefish.

Just kidding. Local waders tend to be safe for the wader — the only thing to look out for usually is accidentally treading on some icky rotting seaweed. That, and ... tar. Yeah, tar is out there and it does tend to inhibit some folks' enjoyment of the beach-walking

experience.

Those of us who truly love the sea, however, recognize the sign of distinction that is a mild tar build-up — a mark of prestige not unlike the barnacles that encrust the head of a veteran grey whale on his or her Nth trip along the migration highway. And cleaning off the tar, while often a wearying experience, usually takes off enough dead skin to leave your feet fresh and ready for another sojourn into the tactile wonders of the shore.

When taking a break between wading excursions and resting on the beach, sit near a clump of washed-up ocean flora if the sand-fleas (or, more accurately, their absence) allow it.

No simple jaunt to the shoreline is complete without a stop to pop those little airsacks connected to the leaves of kelp. I wish I knew what they were called, but I don't. I just like to hear them snap. Try it with your toes, and be sure to make a wish!

WIND

Continued from p.4A
homeward, but the gods of the wind were not smiling down upon me.

This was when I gained my true respect for those who made it all seem so easy. Those the wind gods smiled upon, those with great dexterity.

Riding through the

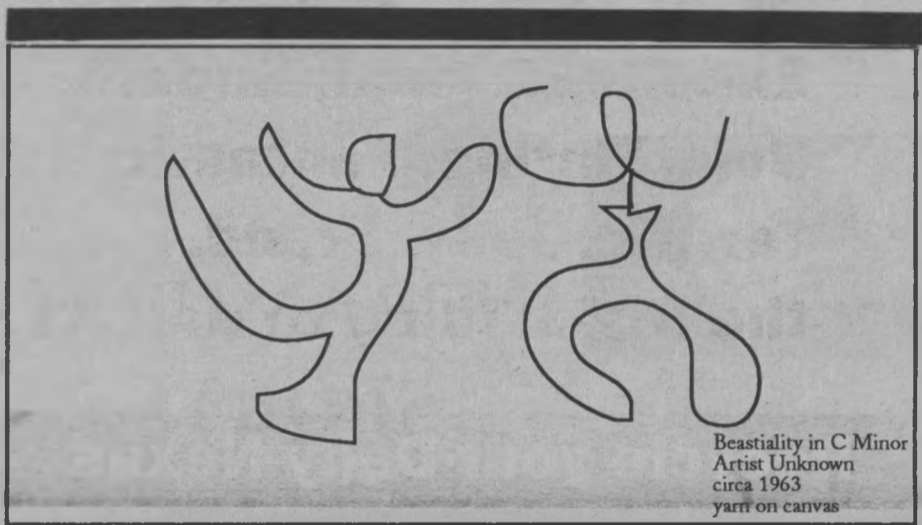
wind, on top of the wave, lets you feel the true power of the ocean; it gives you newfound realization of how helpless you are in this foreign domain. That's what makes it so exciting. Not mastering, for no mortal can master the direction of the wind or the pounding of the waves, but the ability to trust your instincts and be flexible to the decisions made by the

air and water.

Needless to say, I did not find my way back to shore by achieving such a state. Instead I jumped into the water and dragged the windsurfer back to the dock.

I've had few opportunities to experience the rush of the wind through my hair and the spray of the waves as of late.

I miss it.



Beastiality in C Minor
Artist Unknown
circa 1963
yarn on canvas



I turned down a date once because I was looking for someone a little closer to the top of the food chain.

-JUDY TENUTA

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