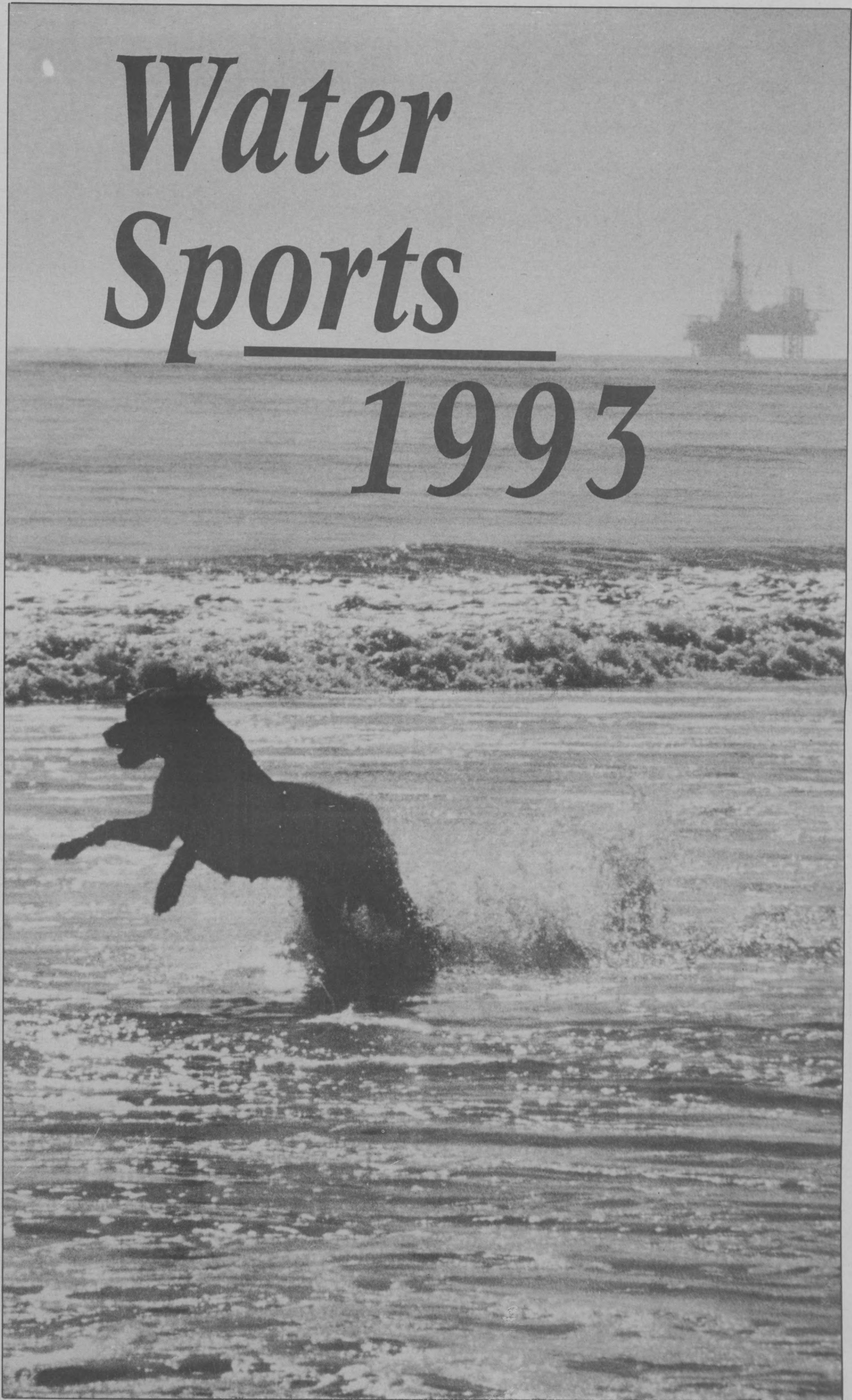
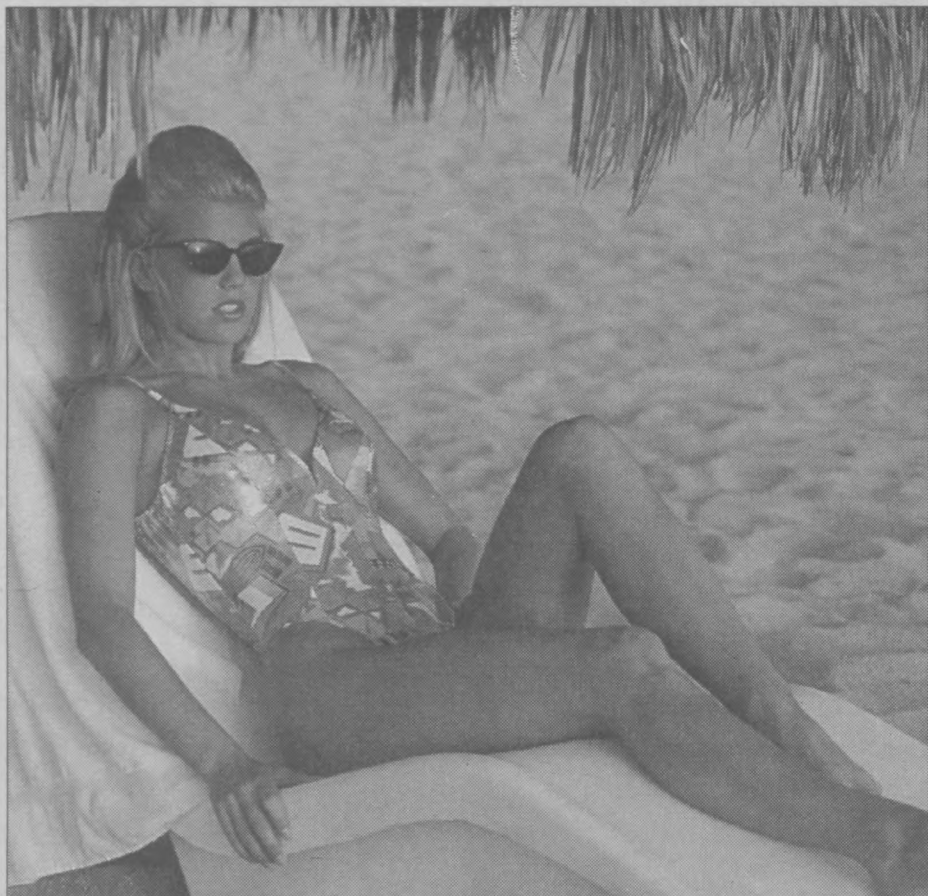


Water Sports

1993





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-Mark Twain

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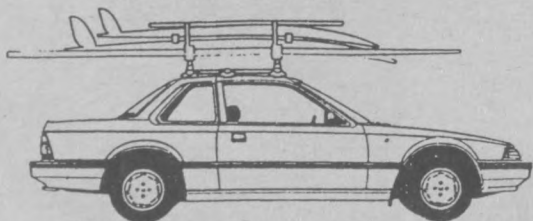
Many questions have been raised as to the safety and credibility of water sports. But if people are going to knock windsurfing or waterskiing, then they might as well take shots at the Constitution of the United States of America, which guarantees everyone freedom of the sails and the right to bear surfboards. In this issue, we celebrate all water sports, for without them, our ocean would be a lot less exciting.

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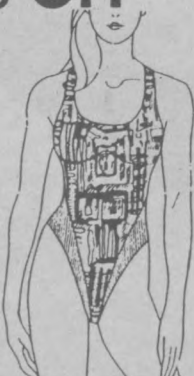


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WATER SPORTS

Everything I Really Need to Know I Learned From 'Baywatch'

David Hasselhoff Can Teach Us About Water Sports



By Dino Wayne Thorne

When my friend Paulo and I think of water sports, our minds always go back to one place — "Baywatch."

"Baywatch" is a television show. It's one hour long and focuses on a sturdy bunch of Los Angeles lifeguards who face six or seven of the most unusual beach hazards in each episode.

Paulo likes to call the show "Babewatch," because he says the program lets him "watch babes." For the same reason, I'm now referring to "Welcome Back Kotter" as "Gabewatch," because the show lets me watch Gabe Kaplan.

Each episode of "Baywatch" stars and is executive produced by David Hasselhoff, whose job as executive producer is probably nothing more than approving swimsuits. Hasselhoff is an unintentionally humorous actor; watching him suffer an emotional breakdown on camera is as moving as a military haircut. The scary part is he is a better actor than singer, and they love him in Germany for his *singing*.

Anyway, "Baywatch" is the closest Paulo and I get to

water sports. The show lets us partake in scuba diving, water skiing, snorkeling and surfing without ever leaving the comforts our twin Lazy-Boys. Just last week, Paulo and I went windsurfing and sailing without ever putting away the Pringles.

The decision to make these activities strictly spectator sports is a conscious one on our part. We just don't understand most of these sports flashed before our eyes each week. Sure, if they're easy enough for David Hasselhoff we should be able to get them, but somehow it's not that simple.

Take scuba diving, for example. The word is actually an acronym, which means that each letter stands for a different word. S.C.U.B.A. — while being a potentially cool name for an action-adventure TV show about danger-seeking underwater divers — describes the unit used in the activity. It stands for Self Contained Underwater Breathing Apparatus. It's fortunate that the unit was not called an Isolated Submerged Respiratory Machine, because not a lot of people would go isrm diving.

The point of scuba diving eludes Paulo and me. "Baywatch" once tried to do an episode about this subject, but once we got a glimpse of David Hasselhoff in a Speedo, we were disoriented for the rest of the hour.

Apparently, scuba divers swim beneath the surface of the water for an extended period of time while breathing into their oxygen gear. This allows them to see living organisms underwater. Haven't these people ever heard of glass-bottomed boats? Nobody ever had their oxygen tube cut off by a wayward octopus arm while riding in a glass bottomed boat.

Windsurfing is another one. On "Baywatch" last week, David Hasselhoff had recurring nightmares about a woman who once died while windsurfing. There's a ringing endorsement! Not only can the sport be fatal, but it can also haunt guys like David Hasselhoff.

This did not seem like an accurate picture of windsurfing. Obviously, the woman was not following the necessary safety procedures, or else she, too, caught a glimpse of Hasselhoff in a Speedo and was momentarily dizzy.

Windsurfing actually seems like an exhilarating sport. It combines two of the water's most popular activities — sailing and surfing. This is better than, say, a sport which combines scuba diving and backstroke swimming. Windsurfers have control of the ocean; the tides are at their feet and they are able to walk on water better than

See TV, p.7A

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WATER SPORTS

By A.P. Saget

Some things just don't make any sense to me.

I have used a telephone, television and a telescope, but could not even tell you how any of these work. I just figured out recently how a telegram works. But I am not the type of person who asks too many questions about those things. I just accept them for what they are.

However, there are some things I cannot accept. For example, I cannot accept swimming.

I've come to terms with it and do admit that it does exist. What I can't accept is that people willingly engage in the act of swimming.

I should clarify. I can understand how people can engage in swimming on a pure recreational level. On a hot day, I can see someone jumping in a swimming pool and floating around, maybe swimming a lap or two. And maybe even trying out a few different strokes besides the crawl — backstroke, breaststroke, or for those expert swimmers, the butterfly.

But what I cannot understand is how someone would willingly want to swim lap after lap after lap. At some point, it is no longer recreational. Rather, it has become training for competition.

Competitive swimming



SWIMMING!

Why Is This Man Grimacing? Because Pool-Length Laps Can Drive Aquatics Freaks Crazy. But They Love the Sport Anyway

in itself seems fine. Nothing wrong with a few people racing against each other to see who is the fastest swimmer.

But what is up with the practice sessions? Lap after lap after lap.

I must admit, I was once on a swim team. Yes, I know, lap after lap after lap, but listen, I was young. I didn't know any better.

Now I do.

Let me draw a little picture for you of a typical swim team practice. Actu-

ally, let's begin with a reenactment of one of my first practices.

The coach started off practice by yelling, "Everyone in the water for a little warm-up!"

Warm-up. That doesn't sound too bad. What's that, two laps, down to the other end and back?

"Everyone do a 500 warm-up!"

500? He can't be talking 500 laps. Obviously I misunderstood.

"Uh, coach, uh, how many laps is that?"

"A 500 son. Come on, it's a 25-yard pool, give me a 500 warm-up!"

A 25-yard pool. So 25 into 500 is...

"Uh, coach, uh, isn't that 20 laps?"

"We got Einstein over here! Yes, kid it's 20 laps, now get a move on!"

And that's just the warm-up.

Now after I finish the warm-up laps and take a minute to catch my breath, the coach is right there waiting to yell out further instruction.

"Let's do eight 200-medleys on the 60! First group, ready, go!"

Eight 200-medleys on the 60? What is that mumbo jumbo all about? I didn't realize there was so much swimming jargon. Maybe they should start off practice with a refresher course in all that jargon.

Anyway, I decided not to ask Coach what that all meant, so my lane partner (more swimming jargon) translated for me.

"It means we do eight

sets of a 200-medley, which is two laps of each stroke — butterfly, backstroke, breaststroke and free style!"

"Oh, thanks," I said. "No need to yell, though. Hey, and what does 'on the 60' mean?"

"It just means when we finish each set, we leave for the next medley the next time the clock gets to 60.

"And sorry about the yelling."

So, not only do we have to swim a mile or two, but we are getting timed as well. Just dandy.

Practice continued along those lines. Swimming lap after lap after lap. Why anyone would voluntarily put themselves through that, and I don't mean just the yelling, is beyond me.

But then came the first meet. This was a chance for the swimmers to show that all of that practice was worth it.

I remember one of my first meets. I was swimming in a 50-butterfly. That's right, two laps. I didn't win the race, nor did I come in second, and no, I didn't finish third either. But the point is that I finished the race.

I would never have been able to swim two yards, let alone two laps if it weren't for swimming lap after lap after lap in practice. Maybe all of that swimming is worth it and does make sense.

And maybe I can accept it.

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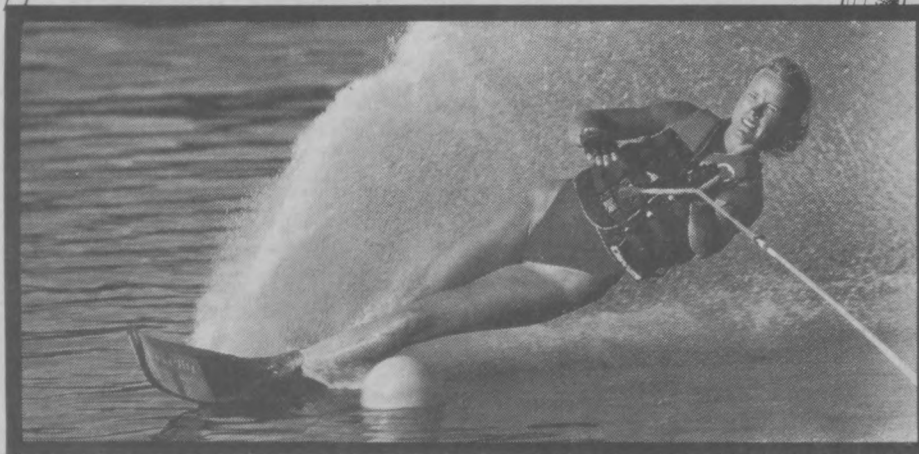
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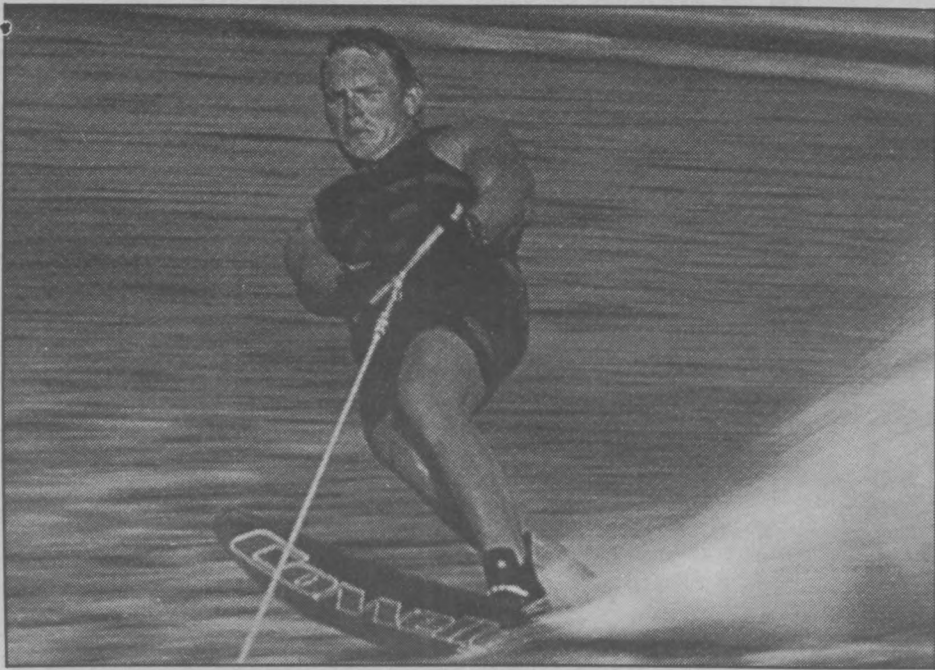
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WATER SPORTS



Nuts on Skis

Get Two Snow Skis. Rent a Boat. Tie Them Together. You're Waterskiing!

By Arnulfo Schmid

I've always been impressed with people who can water ski.

And I'm not just talking about people who can water ski with no skis, with one ski or even backwards. I'm talking about your run of the mill both-skis-facing-forward types.

The entire thought of gliding across the water upright while being pulled in circles by a fast boat is utterly fascinating. It is proof once again that the human race can think of something to do for its own enjoyment that the human body was not intended to do.

It makes you think sometimes. Who exactly invented water skiing?

I mean, snow skiing is one thing. It's a mode of transportation in addition to being an exciting activity. Someone, probably a Swiss gentleman named Gustav, found that gliding on boards across the snow to get from point A to point B was much easier than simply trudging along foot by foot.

It was probably a very solitary activity that caught on when someone noticed that Gustav was gliding along while everyone else was digging their feet out of the snow.

Water skiing takes two people, however. And in the beginning, that was probably one crazy person and one stupid person. That first conversation probably went something like this:

"Hey, Michele! I'm going to attach a rope to the motor boat, put some snow skis on and hold onto the other end of the rope. You drive the boat around in circles and drag me and we'll see if I float!"

"Okay, Rob! That sounds like fun!"

After several tragic at-

tempts, the sport and its equipment were refined until it evolved into its current form.

But that wasn't good enough, was it? People weren't happy just going around in circles behind a boat. They had to get inventive. They became Water Ski Nuts.

Anthropological note: Water Ski Nuts can be easily identified by the people either on their shoulders or under their feet while water skiing or by the flaming hoop in front of them. Fortunately, Congress passed a law in 1969 quarantining most of these people [at least the really dangerous ones] to places like Sea World.

Now we pay admission to see people like that. Swear to God.

Of course, some of them weren't caught in the net. These are the people who eventually came up with the idea of one ski, no skis, backwards deviations.

"One more pass around the lake," they call to soon-to-be-former friends who have been driving the boat around in circles since dawn.

And as these people got older, they invented things like Jet-Skis so they could still water ski without having to have friends to drive the boat for 12 hours.

The day finally came for me, too, to make my attempt at water skiing. Yes, the word *attempt* is there for a reason.

I was at a beautiful lake with my friend Stephanie and a bounty of others, and I decided to take the plunge. Stephanie, who has always been on the fringe of being a Water Ski Nut, helped me on with the gear and watched as I jumped in the lake.

Needless to say, my first attempt was unsuccessful. I lay floating in the water for a few moments, working up the gumption to try again. The scene was poe-

tic — the sun shining, the tow line drifting slowly out in the water, Stephanie holding out the red flag that let others know there was someone in the water.

And then it happened. A speedboat came roaring by, slowing down only slightly when they saw me in the water. Their propeller caught our tow line, pulling it taut and whipping it quickly across the surface of the water.

They told me later I missed getting decapitated by about three inches. I took it as a message, got back into the boat and decided to leave this wonderful sport, of which I am in such awe, to the Water Ski Nuts.

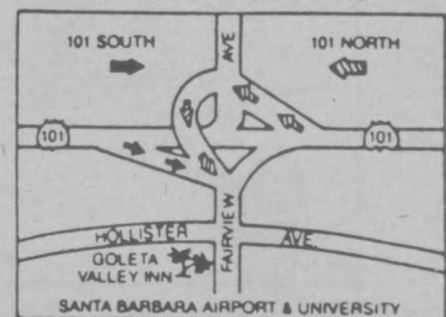
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Surfing is not only a challenging activity, but a terrific way to meet sharks.

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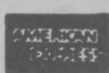
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WATER SPORTS Wiped Out

in Hawaii

One Large Tidal Wave on the Islands Sends This Land Mammal Back to the Pool

By Anselmo Watkins

I don't surf. On top of that, I really don't even like going out into the ocean. Snorkeling is out. Scuba diving, maybe, but only in a swimming pool.

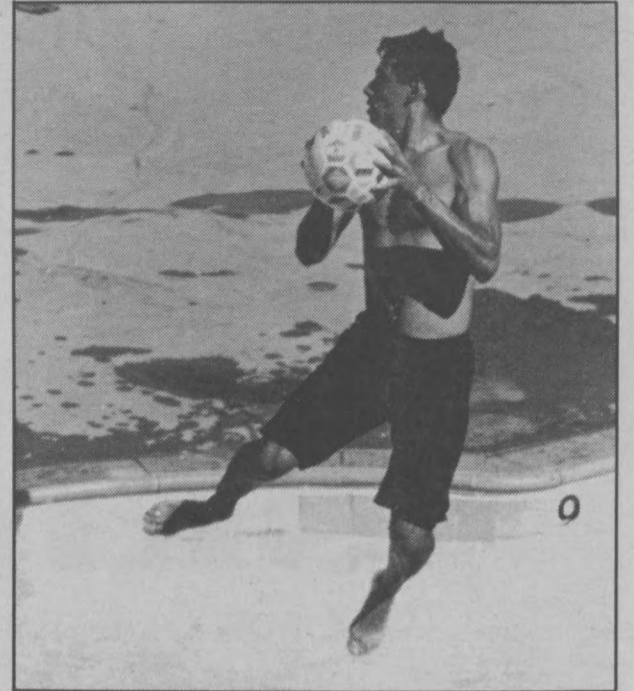
Basically, it's all Steven Spielberg's fault.

See, if Spiegelburp hadn't put out *Jaws* when I was such an impressionable young lad, I'm sure that I wouldn't have this horrible vision of a 90-foot great white shark leaping out of the water and devouring me in one massive chomp. I still might have pictures of hundreds of jellyfish floating around me, waiting to sting me to death, but that's not his fault.

Those are pretty much the only reasons that I wasn't real big on going out in the ocean. That, and the fact that I was raised in Los Angeles, where the water is a color that not even Crayola could conceive and about as thick as oatmeal, and where you risk contracting a disease from swimming in L.A.'s sewage.

But when I went to Hawaii last summer, I decided that I had to try the ocean. The locals told me that it was safe from all manner of harmful creatures as long as you stayed close to the beach. Plus, if a shark did come by, the water is so clear that you'd see it right away.

"Great," I thought. Now I could work out my phobias and quit looking like an idiot when my friends went out for an ocean swim as I cowered in fear at the very thought of tip-



GERRY MELENDEZ/Daily Nexus

Tired of the ocean? Try the serenity of a nice pool.

toeing into the water. It was a foolproof plan.

I started out small, walking along small tide pools and in shallow areas so that I could get accustomed to the water. It felt nice on my feet, and it was cool to see little fishies swimming along nearby. I figured that if they were swimming around in the three-inch deep water, then no sharks must be around. It was great.

As the days went by, I got more and more ambitious, venturing out into the water up to my nipples, and nearly to my shoulders. I still looked around a lot, but I felt I had this thing beat. It was like the locals had said. There was nothing to fear from critters in the water.

The problem was that the locals forgot to tell me just how powerful the breakers were. I had been

nice riding the swell of the waves as they went by, always finding the solace of solid ground under my feet at the end of my ride. My girlfriend, who was far more water-ambitious, beckoned me a little further out in the water.

It was just when I was considering going a little further out that it hit me.

In retrospect, it seems as if the ocean was telling me something. Old Poseidon was telling me that my ground-pounding presence was not welcome in his sea. He felt my fear, and he decided to strike.

I looked up to see a wall of water rushing toward me. Sure, it wasn't traveling any faster than the other waves, but it was big, and I was just another piece of debris in its way.

The wave simply picked me up and spiked me onto the beach. I didn't feel as if I was going to die. I just asked myself what I — a mammal who is not a seal, otter, whale or manatee — was doing out in the water.

As the wave energy receded, I stood up to get my bearings. Looking towards the beach, I adjusted my trunks, and was promptly smashed again.

After doing a very acrobatic somersault, I just let myself be pushed up the beach, where I lay like a piece of driftwood. My ears had about a gallon of water in them, and my trunks were filled with rocks from the beach. It wasn't pleasant.

Since returning to Santa Barbara, I haven't gone out in the water. It's not that I didn't like the Hawaii water. In fact, I love nothing more than to go out and watch the waves break at Campus Point, or to just hear the roar of the ocean from my apartment, six blocks away from the water. I just don't want to go *into* the water. I'm not going to trespass where I am so obviously not wanted.

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WATER SPORTS

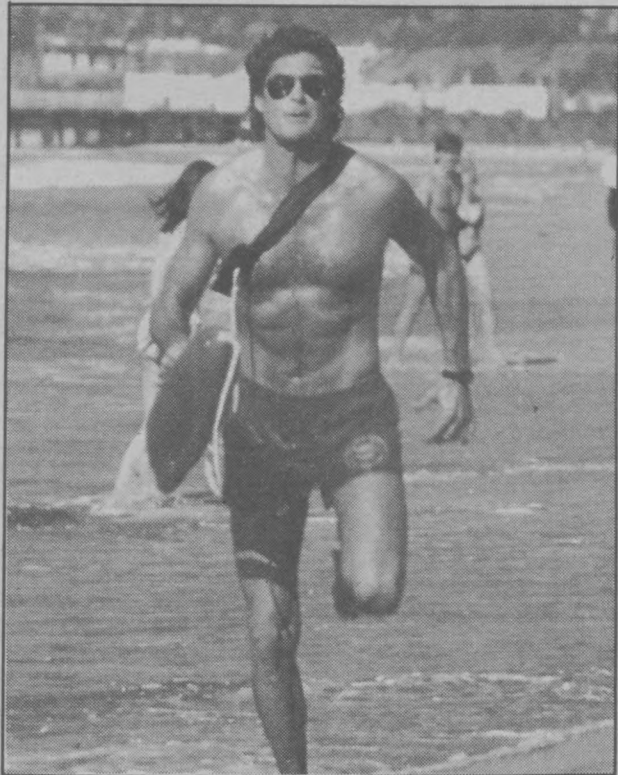
TV: The Easy Way to the Water

Continued from p.3A anyone since Ally Sheedy starred in the off-Broadway production of the all-female *Jesus Christ Superstar*.

One very special episode of "Baywatch" dealt with speedboats, which offer heightened thrills to anyone willing to take the wheel of a light water cruiser traveling at more than 70 m.p.h. In this particular episode, one racer had his boat flip up and over while riding the ocean. To Paulo and me, this would seem like the best part of the ride, but the man did not seem to enjoy sitting in a body cast for a couple months.

The moral — and "Baywatch" always has a moral — is that sometimes even the best speedboat racers get hurt if they are careless. We decided that we could experience the excitement of speedboating without any of the danger simply by moving the adjustable Lazy-Boy foot rest up and down very quickly.

At the end of each of "Baywatch" show, the whole cast gathers around to hear a final joke and then freezes in hearty



Could the sight of David Hasselhoff in a Speedo have been the cause of death for a female windsurfer? Her fatal dizzy spell had to be caused by something!

laughter as the credits roll. This is how Paulo and I feel every time we see someone out in the ocean taking part in a water sport. It's just funny that they go through all that trouble when Paulo and I

can get similar action by flipping on the television. Nothing will get us up from our seats when "Baywatch" is on.

Unless David Hasselhoff starts singing.

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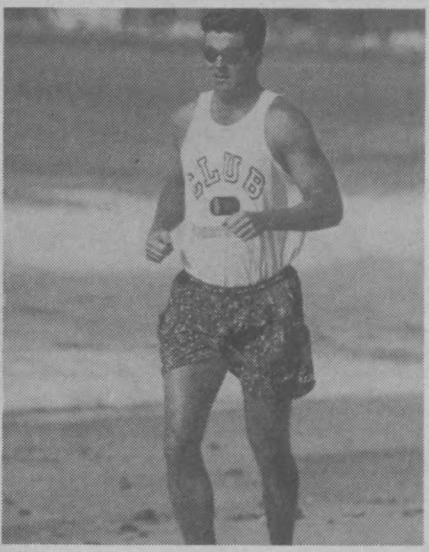
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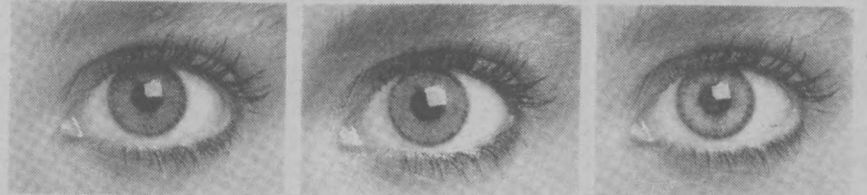


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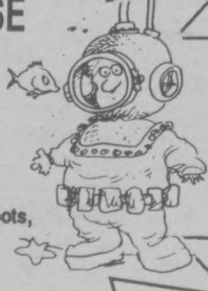
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