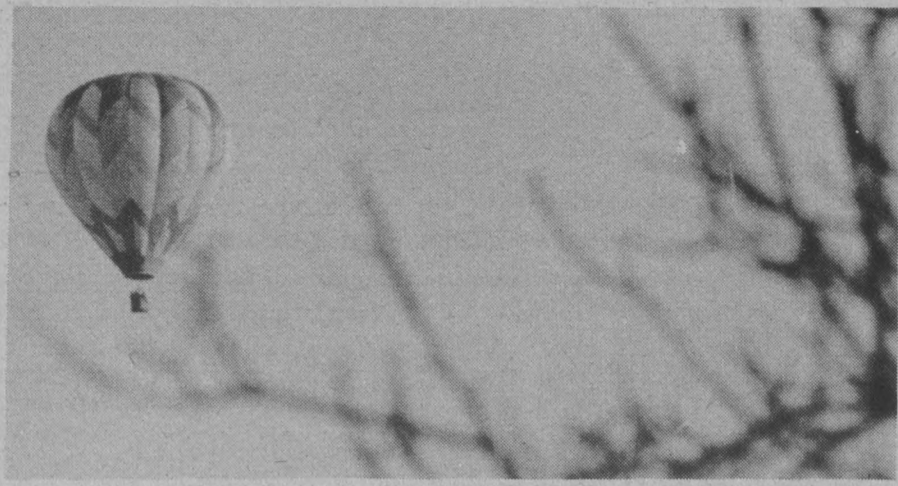


FOCUS

Magazine

New Marketing
for Old Discs





NEXUS/John Kriet

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Greg Harris**

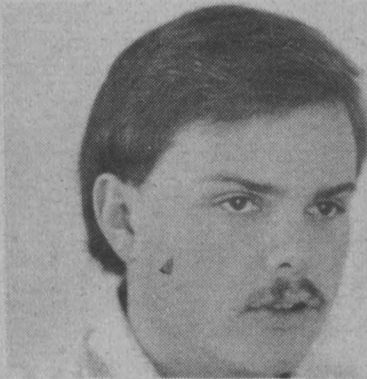
- Renting Records..... 3A**
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- Fighting Cocks 5A**
- Visions..... 6A**
- Ski Tales 7A**

**Cover Illustration
Rob Gray**

In My Opinion...

What should be President Reagan's New Year's resolution?

Erick Becker, Political Science, Sophomore



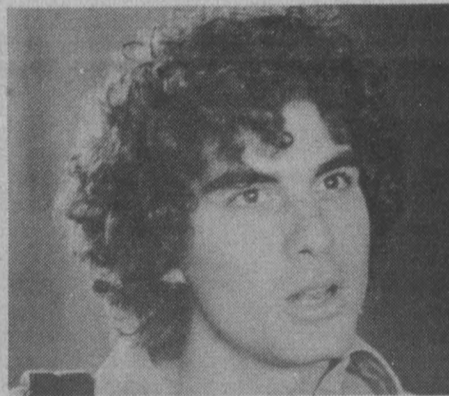
To lower the federal deficit, take all steps possible to ensure economic recovery. I believe he should cut the defense budget but not much; there should be more fat cut from the government. There is a lot of bureaucracy which is sad. Basically I think he should keep doing what he is doing. The economic situation is not his fault.

Anne Hansen, former UCSB student

Cutting off Nancy's clothing allowance and applying it to the nation's unemployment problem. If this were done Reaganomics would be unnecessary. Her clothing purchases are a superfluous expenditure of American dollars. The unemployed need it a lot more than she needs a new dress.



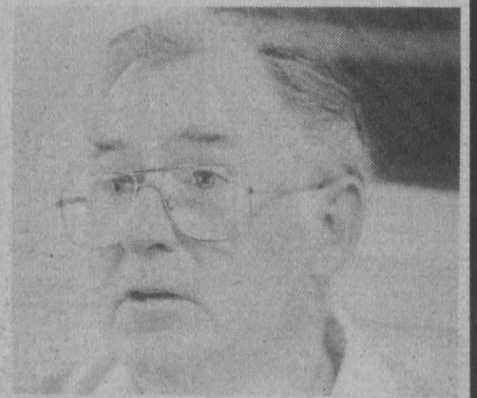
Jay Weiss, Political Science, Senior



Reagan should learn to empathize with those less fortunate in America. In part, he should look at unemployment and the poor and realize that he cannot turn back the clocks in a process that worked 50 years ago. He must learn to live in a world of harmony where our opponents cannot be destroyed anymore. Arming ourselves to the teeth is not going to make the nation prosperous.

John Reid, Santa Barbara resident

It could only be one thing, try to balance the budget. Government spending must be cut back. I hope it wouldn't be social security, disability or anything like that but you never know. I think some defense money should come off. I don't see how it is possible to spend that kind of money to keep the country running.



Debra Skeaton, Undeclared, Sophomore



I would say he should do something about unemployment, the present recession and the budget. It seems he has already cut a lot from social services but nothing from defense. He should definitely make an effort to look at the programs he is cutting. People are more important to me than missiles.

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COVER STORY

Record Rentals Increase Sales but Divide Industry

By GREG HARRIS

A combination of a poor economy and declining record sales has forced many record stores to look toward alternatives to high priced albums in hopes of boosting business. The latest concept, a record renting service, is popping up across the country and record fans are loving it.

According to the Record Industry Association of America, record sales in 1981 dropped 8.5 percent from the previous year, making it the third consecutive "off-year."

"The \$8.98 list price was the magic point when students stopped buying new albums," said Bob Barbier, manager of Morninglory Music in Isla Vista. "The prices kept going up and people stopped buying; that's why we started renting records."

Morninglory began renting records almost two years ago, and many trade journals had played with the idea before that, but Barbier said strong album sales made renting unnecessary.

Methods of record rental vary from store to store but the purpose remains the same, attracting customers.

Morninglory Music has created a membership club system in order to draw potential customers. Renters pay a \$10 introductory membership fee with their first rental. Each subsequent time the club member is charged close to \$2 an album. After a record has been rented eight times it is sold as a used record.

Rena Rent-A-Record, a Canadian based franchise with outlets in the United States, organized their system with less paperwork.

Here customers are required to purchase the album at full price and return it a few days later for a partial refund.

Renting records is all very simple but many people may wonder what one does with a record they've rented for only a few days. As Barbier said, "tape it."

Four years ago tapes accounted for only ten percent of the record industry, but today, "the percentage of L.P. to cassette sales are dead even," noted Bob Merlis, vice president and publicity director for Warner Brothers Records in New York.

Some record company executives admit that the quality of the manufacturers' cassette tape is usually inferior to the blank tapes on the market. Many music listeners prefer producing their own selection of music to insure top quality tapes.

"In the last two or three years we have spent a considerable amount of money to increase the quality of our tapes," said Robert Altshuler, vice president CBS Record Groups. Altshuler believes that the tapes his company produces today are superior in quality to any tape recorded at home.

This may indeed be true but consumers are also motivated by economic factors. "I would rather play records, but I'm willing sacrifice the better sound for a better price," said rental club member Stephen Burrill who tapes all the records he rents.

"I'm more willing to rent records of groups with which I'm unfamiliar, because the risk is far less," Burrill said. It is also the case that renters like only one or two songs on an album and have no desire to pay the list price for just a few good songs.

Currently Morninglory has about 800 members on file and nearly 1,000 albums in its rental bins, the largest selection in Santa Barbara. An average of 40 to 50 albums are rented daily at Morninglory Music with rentals accounting for approximately 10 percent of the overall business.

Representatives from Music Odyssey, a Los Angeles record outlet, remarked in a recent *Los Angeles Times* article, "the record rentals account for as much as 50 percent of our record business."

Retail stores like the rental system for several reasons. One, for the price of a single album record stores can gross as \$16, assuming they rent out each album eight times for \$2 each time.

Secondly, the system brings customers into the store twice—first to rent the record and then again to return it a few days later.

Both the merchants and the consumers like this new system. "Basically record renting is a better value than buying the new album," Barbier said in discussing the reason for its success.

Despite the growing popularity, especially in student communities like Isla Vista, at least some record companies don't expect rentals to become a major problem in the United States.

"It's a potential problem, though not as big a problem here as it could be," Merlis said, noting that since record renting began in Japan record sales have decreased by about 50 percent.

He explained that Americans put "convenience over everything else, (thus) they are willing to pay the premium," and own the album.

Altshuler, of CBS Record Groups, seems somewhat more concerned and noted the industry's ongoing lobbying efforts to recapture part of the lost royalties due to home taping.

Barbier recalled that, "about a month after we started (renting)...we received notice from CBS Records that either we stop renting records or they would stop our account." Morninglory did not stop renting and CBS did stop their account, but because Morninglory also buys from a distributor, Barbier said, there has been no major impact.

"We are putting them (the album renters) on record as dealing in an illicit practice," Altshuler said. "We take a very dim view of record rentals...it deprives the creative parties involved from getting their royalties."

Though at the present time it is not illegal to rent records in the United States, the situation in Germany is quite different. There a regional court recently confirmed that it is illegal for German retailers to rent records without permission from manufacturers. This did not, however, come as a big surprise. For decades German record manufacturers have printed on

labels and record covers that the renting and lending of their product is not allowed.

Record rental stores are dependent on the album manufacturers for advertising and promotion of the records. If the record rental continues to grow dramatically the retailers may experience a backlash from the manufacturers.

Shrinking record sales, attributed to rental operations, will lead manufacturers to decrease album promotion and thus reduce customer interest. This cycle will ultimately harm the entire music industry if it reaches substantial proportions.

Retailers are not thrilled with renting records. They would prefer to sell only new albums but feel that at this time renting is necessary for business.

In Morninglory's case, there is a substantial amount of paperwork resulting from the rental club which the store would rather do without. But for now it seems there are no alternatives. As Greg Sinclair, assistant manager at Morninglory Music summed it up, "it would be nice if record companies charged prices so that normal people can come in and buy records."



NEXUS/Greg Harris

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NEXUS/John Krist

Balloons Sweep Sa

By JONATHAN ALBURGER

A statement such as, "We go where the winds take us," may seem like that latest jingle line for an airline, or the latest lotus land buzz expression; however, Jan Jones of Piuma Aircraft was being neither glib nor disconcerted. The latest sensation in Southern California is hot air ballooning and when carried in a skyward-bound basket one literally goes where the wind blows.

Based in Malibu, Piuma is the largest and oldest California ballooning company between San Francisco and Mexico, and interest in this sport/hobby over the past two years has kept the 25 full and part time employees of Piuma riding high.

Record response to recreational ballooning in the Solvang-Santa Ynez Valley area, in addition to established lifts throughout the southland, tallied up an impressive 1,000-plus \$100-minimum-per-person rides in December.

Balloon rides are unique Christmas gifts and are commonly given to the birthday person who has everything.

Last weekend, a double birthday celebration took place out in the weeds of Los Olivos. Meeting at Mattei's Tavern and Restaurant at the approach of daylight, long before the sleepy little Santa Ynez Valley town comes to life, an eager party of eight was whisked off the ground in two separate one-hour flights, piloted by Frank Jones, 35, and ground-controlled by his wife Jan. Even the biting morning air couldn't put an unpleasant edge on a most unusual affair.

With graceful ascent, the "Guacamole" (with a Barnes triangular basket noted for its smooth, safe landings) cast a huge, elongated morning shadow over the

Americans Reach Superior States Through Sensory Deprivation

By ANDREA WOODWARD

"Altered states" may be reached in movies, but in real life "superior states" can be reached right in downtown Santa Barbara. At least that's the word from fans of sensory deprivation tanks.

Floating in three by ten feet tanks filled with ten inches of water and 800 lbs. of epsom salts, relaxation takes over the floater as he drifts into his private world of watery darkness for an hour.

The experience is gaining in popularity throughout the country with at least 60 floatation centers now in operation. And Shandon Gerdon, owner of Buoyancy in Santa Barbara, expects the number to double by next year. People are now paying \$20-25 a shot to soak alone, nude for an hour in lukewarm, salty water (if you mention this story at Buoyancy, you can try it for half price).

"Epsom-salt-filled water has a very silky and sensuous sensation, and it doesn't prune you out."

The preparation to reach ultimate relaxation and sensory perception is quite detailed but for most, the experience goes something like this: you will be led to one of the three tanks and given instructions on the procedure. After signing a release form and a promise not to enter the tanks unshowered or drugged, you must first cleanse yourself in one of their showers. After this Gerdon suggests you dry your face because "when your face is drying, it tickles." Next come earplugs to keep your ears from filling up with water. Now it's time to begin your "superior state," open the door to the tank, step in, and sit down facing the door. Close it and stretch out. Perhaps you'll be more comfortable with your arms extended over your head. Test the water a little. Try to sink; it's impossible. That's why floaters can relax even to the point of falling asleep.

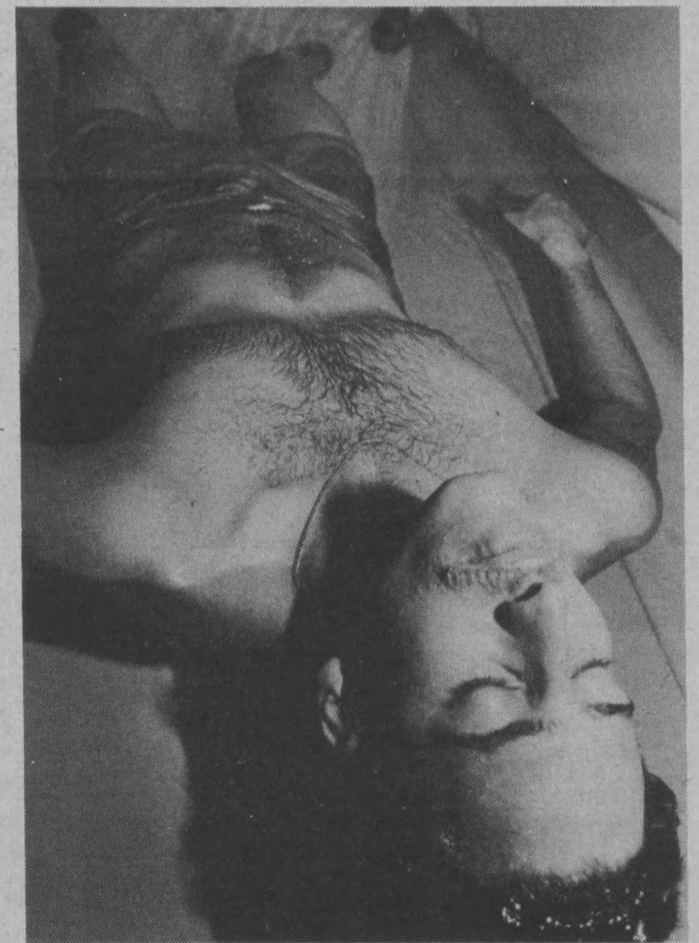
The experience is undoubtedly relaxing but for me it was also a bit disconcerting. The idea of simply shutting oneself in an enclosed space and floating in salty water with no clothes can make first-timers nervous. The first time I tried the tanks, I had the feeling that someone was watching me — maybe even shooting my reactions on film. During the second floating experience, the feeling of being watched disappeared for the most part, but near the end of the hour I began to get restless.

Epsom-salt-filled water has a very silky and sensuous sensation, and it "doesn't prune you out," as Gerdon put it. If one lies very still, the temperature of the body and the layer of water next to the body become the same. Then there is no sense of floating in water, only of floating weightlessly. After floating I felt rather invigorated, rather than simply relaxed. Sensory perceptions are supposed to become more acute afterward, although I did not notice a change.

Another first-time floater, UCSB Sociology student Lisa Brown said it was an experience she'd never forget.

"When I drove home I was aware of everything around me. I felt I didn't have a worry in the world. Also, I felt and still feel deeply relaxed, as if nothing could bother me. Shortly thereafter, I jogged along the beach and went much further than I normally do. My heart was not pounding and my breathing was much slower and easier. Altogether, a wonderful experience."

Some serious research on the effects of sensory



deprivation tanks has been done. In the 1960s Dr. John Tilly was into tanks, but the fact that he was into LSD at the same time brought sensory deprivation research into disfavor. However, more recent research has shown sensory deprivation to lower blood pressure. Furthermore, Gerdon said the epsom salt is good for the skin.

NEXUS/Greg Harris



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Santa Barbarans Off Their Feet

cheering half of the party which was still buzzing in awe over their recent experience.

"Bon voyage."

"You're gonna love it."

"I liked going up best — yes, that was definitely the best part of the ride," Penny Knowles, 39, of Santa Barbara said. Knowles' mother gifted her with the hour-long adventure.

"I felt like a bird skimming through the sky. It was my first time. My mother wanted to throw me a birthday party, but I said that what I really wanted was a balloon trip. I'm glad that I did."

Knowles' mother, Elizabeth Pringle, enjoyed the view most. "The effect was panoramic, because I could look down and see all the little ranches and cottages. You lose perspective and everything is so calm. I just loved it. The only complaint I would have is that the (propane fuel for heat) burner when used made so much noise that we couldn't talk to each other."

Equipped with two propane tanks which resemble large, old-fashioned milk containers, the Guacamole gained

altitude when pilot Jones triggered a burst of propane heat up into the 30-foot, chameleonic nylon "envelope".

The crude but effective method of judging wind patterns and velocities is spitting over the side of the basket and watching how it plummets to the earth. Strangely enough, the riders seemed to agree that this practice added to the romantic appeal of ballooning.

There are few if any dangers involved, and even something as minor as queasiness is a rarity. Jan Jones thought for a moment and finally said power lines would be the only potential hazard.

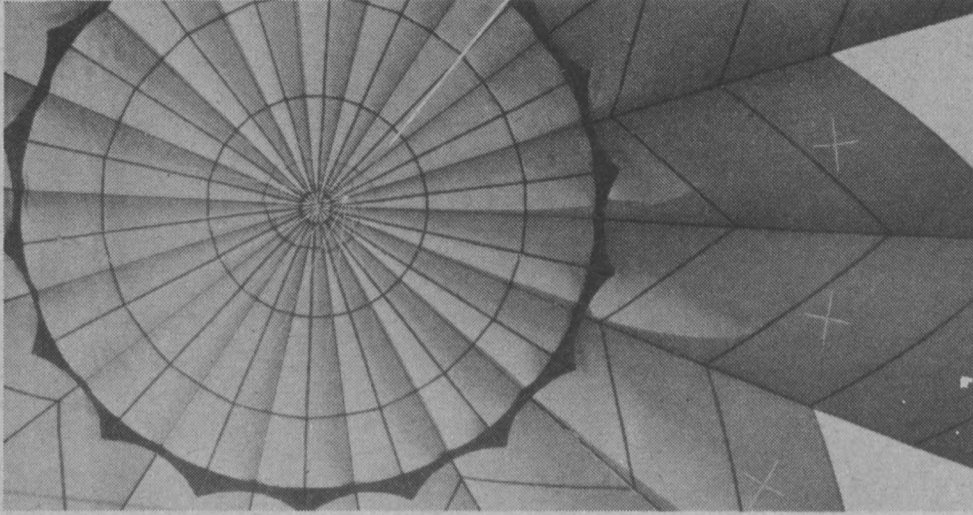
"My husband and I have been flying for six years. We have not encountered power lines nor do we know anyone who has encountered power lines. It's just something that has happened and could happen. We stay away from them," she said.

According to Piuma pilot John Williamson, weather presents the major problem because conditions can change quickly. "But it's more dependable in Southern California than most other places in the country, so it's not a bad place to fly. Still, we lose about 15 to 20 percent of what we've scheduled due to problems with weather — too much wind, fog or rain. Depending on where we're flying we usually limit to five miles per hour of surface wind before canceling."

Passenger balloons fly anywhere from 50 to 4,000 feet off the ground.

"50 feet is most fun!" Jones said. "Terrain flying is what it's called — hopping trees and buildings and hills, just skipping along. You get more of the sensation of motion that way. In other words, when you're in the air and moving with the wind, the higher you are the less perspective you have. The scenery doesn't change, it just stays the same and you seem to be floating in one spot. However, when closer to the ground, the more perspective you have; the more sensation of movement; there's a lot more action involved, but without any swinging or swaying."

"Frank likes to give a varied flight in altitude and



terrain," she continued. "Landing is the most fun. He'll try to land — though we do have to be away from livestock and crops and buildings — a couple of times to demonstrate the experience."

After the two morning excursions, Piuma compliments the already peaking excitement with a champagne party. "We're pretty hungry by the end of the rides. We just quench our thirst and stuff ourself. There's always a lot of good conversation. Oh, we have a great time," Jones said.

Piuma Aircraft owners Owen and Marilyn Keown, in addition to their nine passenger balloons, also have had considerable experience in display/advertisement ballooning, and special works for television shows and motion pictures. In 1980, they traveled to Brazil three times. Last year, they rented and directed over 100 hot air balloons in Mexico for a beer commercial.

An expensive operation, Piuma refurbishes at least one envelope and purchases another new one every year. The sticker price of a new basket and envelope runs upwards to \$25,000.

"I'd rather fly passengers or free fly than be tied to the ground by a rope at some shopping center," Williamson said. "But in a business that definitely has its ups and downs, it's the commercial work that affords the fun and play."

Bike Locks Create High Tension

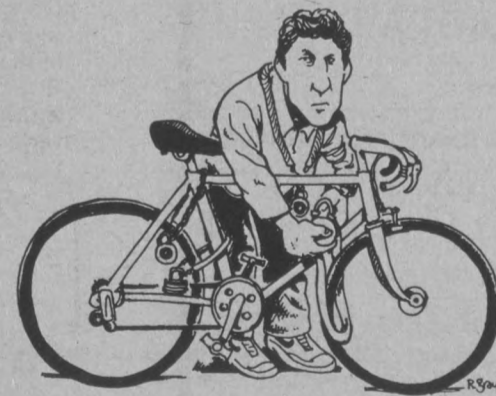
By DAVID ANTHONY

Of all the petty irritations with which I am plagued each day in my journey through the up and down world of college life, few things serve to exasperate more than the knowledge of the impending doom which awaits me each and every time I approach my bicycle. Indeed, each time I make toward my bike en route to class, my dorm room, or where ever, nothing seems as assured as the pitched battle I am destined to wage against the several inanimate and uncaring objects lying threateningly in wait for me — my bike lock and the rack to which I am about to attach it. Time and time again, I've found myself hopelessly entangled amidst a jumble of gears and spokes, straining to make my key fit into the preciously small hole which always seems to lie a good six inches or so out of reach — or just far enough to infuriate me almost beyond the point of rational thinking.

And this isn't a sometimes sort of thing, either; an occasional aggravation is easily overlooked on the lengthy course of a day's events — no indeed. The struggle I have with my lock is an on-going affair, plaguing me wherever I go, each and every day, seven days a week, 52 weeks a year. I even have to go as far as planning my schedule around how long it will take to lock my bike up. Sometimes, (and it's never often enough) there will, for some reason, be a lot of room on a rack, and I will be able to move

easily to get at my bike. When this happens, I never really have to give much thought to my lock and how much I hate using it. I'm in and out in a reasonable amount of time and on my way. In a lot of ways, I suppose you could compare how I feel about bike locks to what they say about banks on those commercials. You know, the ones that say the best bank is the one you don't have to think about.

Unfortunately however, those instances of smooth lock use are few and far between. All too often, I find myself thinking about my lock a great deal — especially when, following another aborted effort at reaching my lock hassle-free, I hear smothered laughter as I stand and watch the row of bikes I've just knocked down in domino fashion. I suppose some consolation is the knowledge that I'm not, by any means, alone in my problem. I've seen the red-faced exasperation on many a face at the racks, heard the labored breathing and the muttered profanity, and known that virtually all the students here are victims of this seemingly hopeless dilemma.



after day I go through the mechanized process of securing my bike as well. Before coming to school here, person after person implored upon me the same message time and again — "Don't bring a new bike down there; it'll just get ripped off!" And like just about every other person here, I accepted the risk as something I would have to live with, like the weather, or paying the bills. I talked to a friend about it once, and his comment seemed to sum up student sentiment on the problem. "I guess that's just the way things are," he said.

Following the first of what were to be many often embarrassing entanglements amongst a veritable sea of bikes however, I began to seriously wonder why it was that no one had ever really stopped to question the business of bike theft. A teacher I once had told our class that a close look at the tolerance which a given group of people shows toward various everyday injustices will give one a great deal of insight as to just what sort of society it really is.

(Please turn to p. 8A)



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VISIONS

A Beginning

By RIC PARKER

Everyone had thought him mad, and so he had decided to leave them behind to wallow in the evil they themselves had created and called life. It had been enough, once, to just scoff at the fools, but after realizing that there really were no dreamers among them, he knew it was time to make a journey and rid himself of their ignorance.

At one time he had dreamed of a place, it seemed so far away, and yet the rhapsody within his mind told him it existed. The vision was beyond the words of men, for he had once tried to describe it, using the loftiest, most unreachable expressions, but the description lacked in every form and was only a dim shadow of the ideal. So the

place of all his thoughts, all his hopes, lay elsewhere, away from the wretched humans that moved mindlessly about him. And thus began his search, a search for a Dream.

I

First he had to leave the others, those creatures of nightmares, behind him and seek alone. He gathered his possessions and sold them. All that remained were his books, for they seemed apart from humans, and closer to the realm in which he existed. With the money he accumulated, he bought a ship. A small, lightweight vessel with an able crew, and it would serve him well, for a time.

He stood upon the bow and looked across the water; it shimmered with hope from the light of knowledge. The sea opened before the traveler like a road to let him traverse its ancient and unknown ways. And so he left, to forget, but most of all to remember.

He traveled for years, but only once did he even slightly near his fantastic image. That had been in Egypt, on the sands of the long dead pharaohs. A cloak of mystery enshrouded that land, for only the ghosts remained of those who had built temples to the long dead gods. Among the ruins were echoes, left from those who had destroyed Egypt's people, and they rung harshly within his skull. They cried of the rape of Egypt, which appalled him so deeply that he vowed never to step upon the shores of Rome. But he forgot this hate, as it dissolved when he stood within the shadow of the Great Pyramid of Khufu. The tall, magnificent structure touched the zenith of civilization on earth, which would never be reached nor even neared again. How he had wished to have been alive during the reign of the Pharaohs, to see the might wielded by the kings of the strongest and most idealistic people ever to inherit the earth.

Years later the images would still invade his thoughts and inspire awe.

So long had he been on his travels that he had forgotten he

had ever possessed a home, a distinct place of birth. The world was his and he roamed amongst the foundations of places that had been, and would be.

Then, the dream re-occured, with a power that the first impression was only a fraction of. He was again in the place of his thoughts, and the images became clearer than he had conceived possible until he had actually stepped upon the shores of their realm.

When he awoke from the incredible vision, he realized that his method of search was wrong. The key had been present all along, but he had not previously guessed its existence. His voyages, illuminating as they were, had been modes that anyone of his time could have taken, they were a part of a reality that was not his. The Dream was so beyond mankind that to reach it he would have to surpass the meager minds they owned. But not only had his method been wrong, he realized that a dream, the True Dream, was timeless. It did not only exist "now," but forever, even before the dreamer had created the vision within his mind. So he had to seek a method where not only must he unleash the fetters of humanity, but pass the barriers of time itself.

II

He watched the ship, that had become so much an integral part of his life, slowly sail away. It faded in the space between water and sky, his last remaining link with mankind, dissolved.

He felt no remorse that his original means had been incorrect; one cannot arrive at a new answer without first acknowledging the old. The crewmen would sail back to the families they had left so long ago, and rejoin the world of men. He gave them the ship to sell or keep as they pleased, so their lives would hold no misfortune. He hoped that their travels with him had changed them enough so that his crewmen would not return to the same dreary lives they once had led.

The small island he now stood upon was far beyond the reaches of man, untouched and unscathed by their hands, and so was the perfect place to begin his voyages anew. But this time there would be no ship, no material methods, for the traveling would be within his own brain.

Realization came to him soon after he had found his mistake, for if the dream had come from his thoughts, then the means of finding it must also come from there.

The island would provide him with the limited amount of food he would need, but first he had to build a shelter of some sort to keep him from the unfavorable elements. Before their departure, some members of his crew wanted to help him tame the island, but he declined their pleas, for he wished the island to remain untainted by anyone truly belonging to mankind. So he undertook the task himself, and in the intervals between resting and wandering on the island he built a hut. And then, all was ready.

He sat within his hut, unmoving as a stone, and focused his attention inward. He fell deep into the darkness that was his mind, till he found the place where space and time were eradicated. It was from here that his journeys began. The durations of his travels were long, sometimes lasting months as he spanned the years and places that once were, to the centuries that would be. When his mind finally drifted back to his own age he could not determine how long he had been absent. The extent of time usually seemed to be but a few, short hours, and his body showed none of the signs of deterioration that would inform him of the actual length. In the periods between travels he would walk among the strange vegetation of the island and read the books he had brought with him. But soon after starting his journeys he threw the precious parchments into the sea, recognizing that they too were contaminated by the misconceptions of man.

Usually he could not remember the places he had been to, only that his Dream was not present. But some of the moments stood out, becoming memories of his stationary self, as if he had actually been there. These mainly consisted of events that history had failed to record, forgotten men and actions that struck him as the core of humanity—the evil, the saintly, and those who astounded him with abilities he had believed beyond mortals.

But this search to the ends of time also proved fruitless. He thought that possibly there was another method he had overlooked, some means he had not even an inkling of. He

(Please turn to p. 8A)

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Colorado Skiing: Survival of the Fearless

By DANIEL MILLER

Skiing in Colorado. To the seasoned "Ski Bum," these three simple words frequently cause frothing at the mouth. They spawn images of five mile ski runs, knee-deep powder, and swirling "fresh tracks" that turn untouched snow-covered mountains into awe-inspiring pieces of art.

For most ski aficionados, these images remain just that: images, destined to be part of exciting, yet hardly fulfilling, ski fantasies. For skiing in Colorado is like dining at Chasen's in Beverly Hills: it's prestigious, it's extravagant, and it's seldom affordable for most college students who live on fixed incomes.

How, then, did I, a college student living on a fixed income, afford to spend two weeks of Christmas vacation skiing in Winter Park, Colorado? Simple: I visited a long-time and recently converted ski bum friend who migrates every winter to Winter Park to work and ski. I thus avoided the stigma of "god-damn tourist" and instead was the friend of a "local," thereby entitling me to free lodge, free lift tickets, and free ski equipment.

Now I am certainly no expert skier; this trip, in fact, was only my second ski trip ever. You can imagine my surprise, then, when upon my arrival, my friend — I'll call him Leroy — greeted me with:

"Hey man! We got 32 inches up top...a little corny in places, but there's some dyno powder between the trees. Everything's open except Badger and Outhouse...Are you an air monger? I sure hope so, cuz makin' fresh tracks can get awful boring after a while."

I cracked a smile and told Leroy that I was looking forward to some "rad" skiing, well aware that neither my skiing skills nor my skiing lingo were of Colorado caliber.

My companion and I climbed into Leroy's car and we began our trip from Denver to Winter Park. One of the first things we learned was that serious skiers have a unique mentality. They tend to thrive on the thought of danger, believing that no mountain is too steep, no day is too cold, and no avalanche too threatening to prevent one from hitting the slopes.

Their passion for danger is not limited to the sport of skiing, however. As we drove at a speed of 60 m.p.h. along ice-covered mountain roads, Leroy told us with pride how "Bertha," his five year old Volkswagon beetle equipped with four semi-deflated, treadless tires, has held up great despite blizzard conditions. I nodded nervously, checked my seatbelt, and cursed myself for deciding to visit a friend whose childhood hero was Mario Andretti.

The drive to Winter Park seemed painstakingly slow, partly because I was freezing my balls off and partly because Leroy insisted on pointing out all the sites where driver fatalities had occurred in the past five years. Leroy always had a knack for tour guiding, but he chose to point out hairpin turns, avalanche slides, and smashed guard rails instead of beautiful mountains and resort areas. As he explained about the intoxicated lovers who plunged thousands of feet to their demise, I thought how silly I was for worrying about breaking a leg...I should have been fearing death!

After numerous back-end slides and heart palpitations, we arrived in one piece at Winter Park, elevation 9500 feet, population 856. It was nighttime and the prospect of a good night's sleep in an immobile bed was irresistible.

But sleep was not to be had. You see, when the sun sets in ski country and nighttime descends, serious skiers will not accept that there is simply nothing to do. Instead, they become belligerently intoxicated and then decide that there is simply nothing to do. So we sat around, drank numerous beers, and smoked more joints than I can, or for that matter care to, remember.

Just as water boils sooner at higher altitudes, so too does

the mind turn quickly to mush when getting high at 10,000 feet. After Leroy had recounted most of the major ski injuries which had occurred in the recently begun season, he flicked on Winter Park's own, and only, television station. Viewed with intrigue by practically everyone in Winter Park, this station features a 24-hour computer print-out listing the number of inches of snow, the open ski runs, and all the other vital statistics upon which any ski resort places its survival. While it was certainly informative, I couldn't help but wish for a commercial break.

Finally the time came to turn in. But just as I was about to crawl into my sleeping bag, the house began to shake.

"What the hell is that?" I asked.

"Oh, that's just the 1 a.m. train," Leroy said.

No big deal, I thought. So he lives next to the train tracks. At least it wasn't a big deal until the 2 a.m., 3 a.m., and 4 a.m. trains passed by.

After three hours of much needed sleep, I was violently awoken by a flying hacky sack in the face. Leroy doesn't believe in sleeping

in; he informed me that if we didn't hurry, we wouldn't get any fresh tracks.

By the time we made it up to the top of the mountain, thousands of skiers — mostly visitors from Denver and out-of-state — already dotted the slopes. To Leroy, the prospect of barrelling down the slopes at 60 m.p.h. and zig-zagging between nervous novice skiers produced so much adrenaline in him that the tiny icicles on his mustache began to melt.

"It's just like a Nastar slalom course," he said. "The only difference is that the flagpoles are moving."

Like locals everywhere, the ski bums at Winter Park single out one group — Texans — as the cause of all evil. If the lift lines are long, it's because of "all those fuckin' Texans." If the ski bum wipes out, it's because some "asshole Texan snowplowed right in front of me." It's become so popular for Winter Parkians to hate Texans, in fact, that bumper stickers, T-shirts, and even dinner entrees have been dedicated to the ostracization of Texans.

After a typical day on the slopes, most locals frequent one of Winter Park's three bars: The Slope, The Shed, or Shep's.

Although each bar has its own distinctive style, they have some common characteristics: they don't know how to make margaritas, they have skiing video games, they are frequently by locals who are all intimately acquainted with everyone's private lives, and they generally lack the presence of women. This latter phenomenon is not surprising, for the male-female ratio in Winter Park is seven to one.

No ski vacation would be complete without a snowstorm, but I quickly learned that blizzards are something to be avoided. Two days before Christmas and one day before our scheduled departure, the snow didn't just fall, it dumped. Four feet, to be exact. Fun to ski in, but impossible to drive, fly, or otherwise function in. Newspapers stopped printing, airports shut down, and major highways closed. Denver, operating only one snow plow for the entire city, was virtually dead.

(Please turn to p. 8A)

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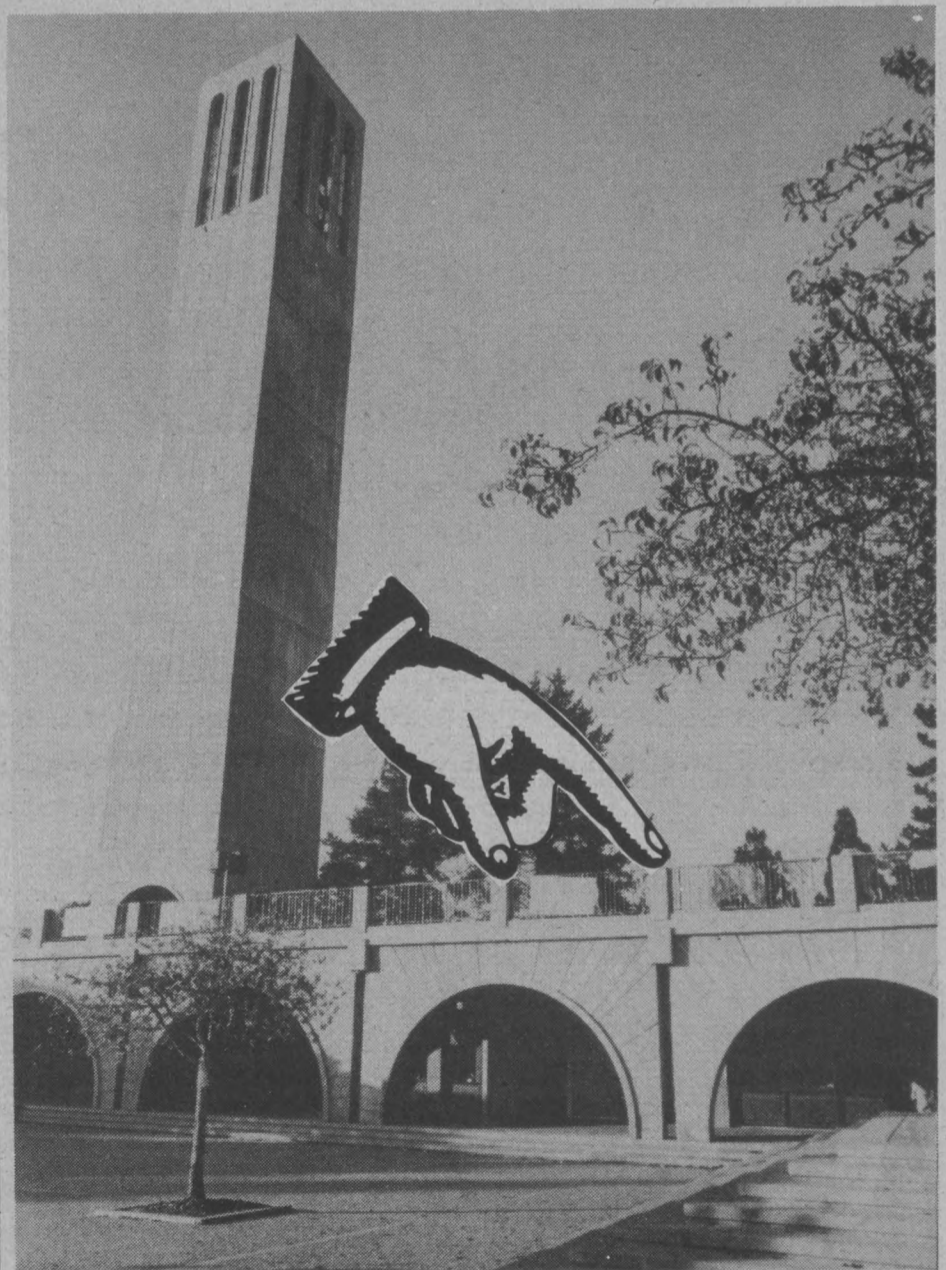
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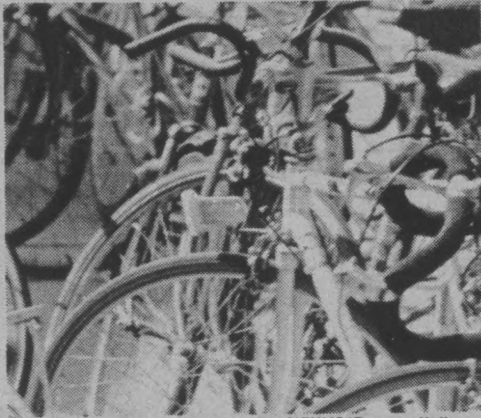
Biking ...

(Continued from p. 5A)

Now, I realize that a direct comparison between our bike theft problem here at UCSB and our society as a whole is somewhat out of context, but still, I can't help but wonder when it was that having to lock your bike everywhere you went became such an accepted social norm. I doubt very seriously whether it was all that long ago. In all likelihood, it was probably about the same time your parents stopped leaving the keys in the ignition of your unlocked family car and started locking the garage door at night.

Perhaps the saddest part about all of this is the fact that, for all the babbling I've done on the subject, the odds are relatively good that I won't lift so much as a finger to do anything constructive about it. Come tomorrow, I'll be right out in the thick of things again, struggling in vain to find a

smooth and easy way to lock and unlock my bike, and wondering all the while what sort of hassles I'll be putting up with next year just because, as that friend of mine once told me, "that's the way things are."



NEXUS/Brenton Kelly

Snowy Days ...

(Continued from p. 7A)

But the "Blizzard of '82" was not the dangerous part. It was driving to the airport after the storm had passed that was truly treacherous. Scattered along the road were abandoned snow-covered cars and trucks that resembled the carcasses of dead animals. They served as constant reminders of not just the power of Mother Nature but also the fate of any driver who dared to drive beyond the boundaries of safety.

Leroy, of course, was precisely this kind of driver. Unphased by the sight of stranded vehicles, he passed other cars with ease as the three other passengers, myself included, sat glued to our seats waiting for arterial petrification to set in. By my count, we nearly died three times: once when the famed Bertha almost completed a 360 degree slide, once when we were almost sandwiched between an ailing Safeway truck and a snow bank, and once when the icy tracks of some previous unlucky driver led Bertha involuntarily toward the freeway divider strip.

But we survived, and even the throngs of stranded travelers who jammed Stapelton International Airport could not diminish the quality of our trip. Skiing in Colorado has everything one could hope for: great snow, friendly people, and a romantic setting. It is no wonder that skiers froth at the mouth at the very thought of it.



Begin ...

(Continued from p. 6A)

sat for hours, to think, to invoke the presence in his mind to give him an answer. "There must be an answer!"

Again the Dream came to him, this time transcending the seemingly unsurpassable heights of the last appearance of his vision. The clarity was incredible; even the mind in the dream—state reeled under the power of the images.

When he awoke he felt a cold, icy fear within his brain. For finally he had realized that his dream-land lay even beyond the reach of his mind and that the task was left to the body. But it too held no hope of achieving the summit his

Dream had attained. For his place of imaginings, the land for which he had sought so long, lay waiting on the moon.

III

He was struck at this realization, all he ever wanted, all he truly was, beyond his grasp.

He had created the moon.

The fact that his Dream could be that powerful, to actually compose something so ominous, stunned him. The moon, conceived in but a dream.

Darkness reigned outside his hut; he stepped out to view the ancient with newly opened eyes, to view...himself, in the heavens.

A silvery light toyed with shadows, changing the outlines, leaving everything but a twisted and mad vestige of its former self. Above, enthroned, sat the moon, gloating in its immensity, overpowering strength, and unattainable

height. Standing there he was so far, far away from what he must have, from what he needed forever, to last a dreamer an eternity.

It was then he felt his soul slowly draining away. To think that all his life was spent on reaching the unreachable, to be part of something he created, but misplaced. He felt an ebbing within, and saw the strange light dancing across the endless water.

All that was, was not.

Such a long, long time.

The wind brushed slightly through the trees above him, the sound of water and air flowing through his dying brain. The sand felt good below his aging feet as he stared, unblinking, upwards for the long, but short hours that passed. His blood began to thicken, his eyes dimmed, as he tried to behold the Dream but one more time.

Just once.

The aged man fell to the earth as the water ineffectually pulled at his fingers, beckoning.

An End

When he awoke, or could it be called awakening? he felt strange. And yet he did not feel. Opposites flowed into one another, until there was only one. Looking about he saw presented before him his Dream. All his visions and images were now his, or more befitting, part of him. The unleashed euphoria he became was unbreakable, the Dream, attained.

He remained unmoving but for a moment, an eternity, when he heard a voice. It emanated from deep within him, the very essence of his being.

"Your Dream was strong, and true, and now it is yours for as long as you possess it, because you are dreams."

"You created not only the moon, but yourself and all else that exists."

"Soon you shall forget the truth and dream once again. Continue to conceive and imagine until you have fulfilled them all, become one with all dreams — of destruction, creation, good, and evil. And the universe shall be filled, glorified, by all you ever were, and all you shall ever be."

This story is dedicated to Dawn Dungworth, the best friend I could ever have.

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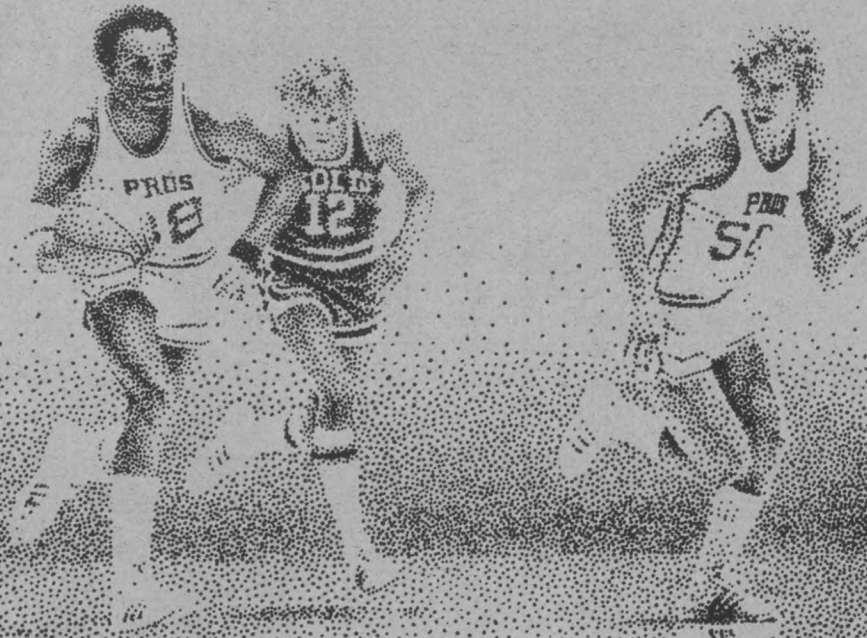
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