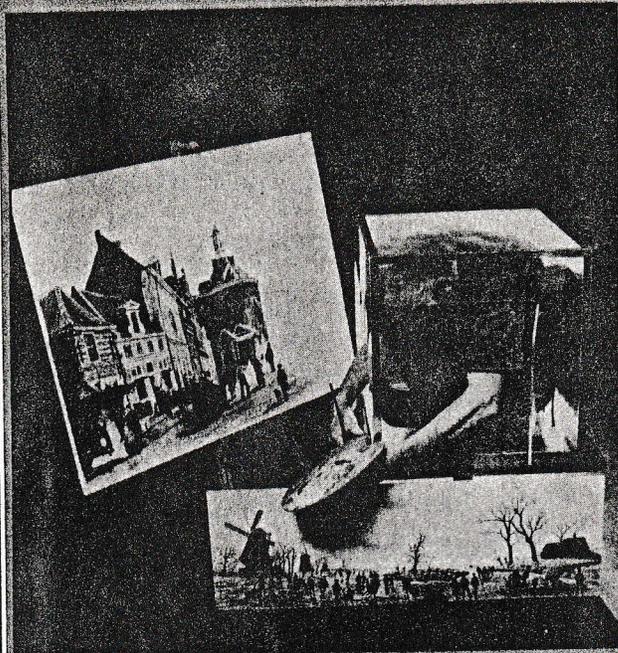


NEW FRONTIERS IN CUBISM



"I soon found out that, if you want to become a well-known artist, you must have a very original act. And so I invented the box act. My recipe? Training, muscular practice, yoga and perseverance!" — MAURICE DELMONTE, 48-year-old Dutch artist/contortionist

Down to the Sea on Sticks

**U**NDER A SKY like a bucket of vichyssoise, a considerable number of the curious gathered a month or so back at Redondo Beach Pier to watch the "Epoke Beach Classic"—actually the Second Annual World Sand Skiing Championship. The infant sport was recently invented to promote an all-season awareness of cross-country skiing among the general populace—and possibly also to encourage unsuspecting participants to trash their equipment on the rock and grit of the beach.

NorTur, Inc., sole importer to the U.S. (from Norway) of Epoke Nordic ski equipment, was the major sponsor of the competition. Larry Harrison (known to his friends, it is said, as "the Father of American Sand Skiing") and Peter Graves (known to everyone as NorTur's director of marketing) are insistently

enthusiastic about their contribution to new wave sports. They went around describing the Redondo Beach event, in fact, as "The Kentucky Derby, the Fourth of July and Halloween all rolled into one."

Bjorn Arvnes, a Norwegian

design engineer for Scandinavian Airlines and a world-class Nordic racer (winter division) had been invited to compete. Even without previous experience schussing the sands, he was favored to win over last year's world champion, David Moe. Moe, from Dana Point, is senior editor of *Powder Magazine*. He talks about all skiing, sand or snow, with the fervor of a born-again Christian.

Amidst the gaggle of giggling press, Bob Raser and a video crew from NBC's *Real People* were trudging about the beach, questioning other eccentric participants. Among these was the NorTur rep from Colorado, Mike ("Ayatollah") Adams, who was outfitted, for reasons that remain unclear, in Arabian robes and head-dress. The majority of the competitors agreed that the best possible training diet was "lots of beer."

At post time, the 56 entrants were off and skiing the three-kilometer course looking rather like a herd of pelicans in stiletto heels. For while sand skiing may well be terrific exercise, a good cross-country training aid or what have you, it is clearly missing the grace of its winter-bound sister.

As Arvnes crossed the tape 12 minutes and 38 seconds later, he gasped, "It's all running, no skiing." He was

awarded a pair of (guess what?) Epoke skis for his efforts. And a good thing, too, as it turned out, since his own skis were broken in the course of his mad, beach-long sprint. Moe came in second at 14 minutes and 4 seconds, looking none too pleased in spite of his disclaimer that "the better man won."

Last year's thirty-sixth place finisher, Jon Arnerich, returned to successfully defend his title as last-place loser. To ensure such luck, he wore last year's costume—yellow bermuda shorts, black evening tails and a plastic Trojan warrior's helmet. He attributed the success of his loss to "premature release," presumably from his bindings. He was appropriately rewarded with a copious quantity of XL-1, a high-energy drink given to the most needful participant.

Why all this apple-cheeked, wholesome excitement? Just further evidence of America's seemingly ceaseless quest for the grail of physical fitness. And if the dust of doubt still clouded any mind, one had only to follow the *Real People* crew to their next assignment. Ten feet away, roller-ski aficionados were schussing the Redondo Beach bike path.

What ever happened to golf?

—HUNTER DROHOJOWSKA

