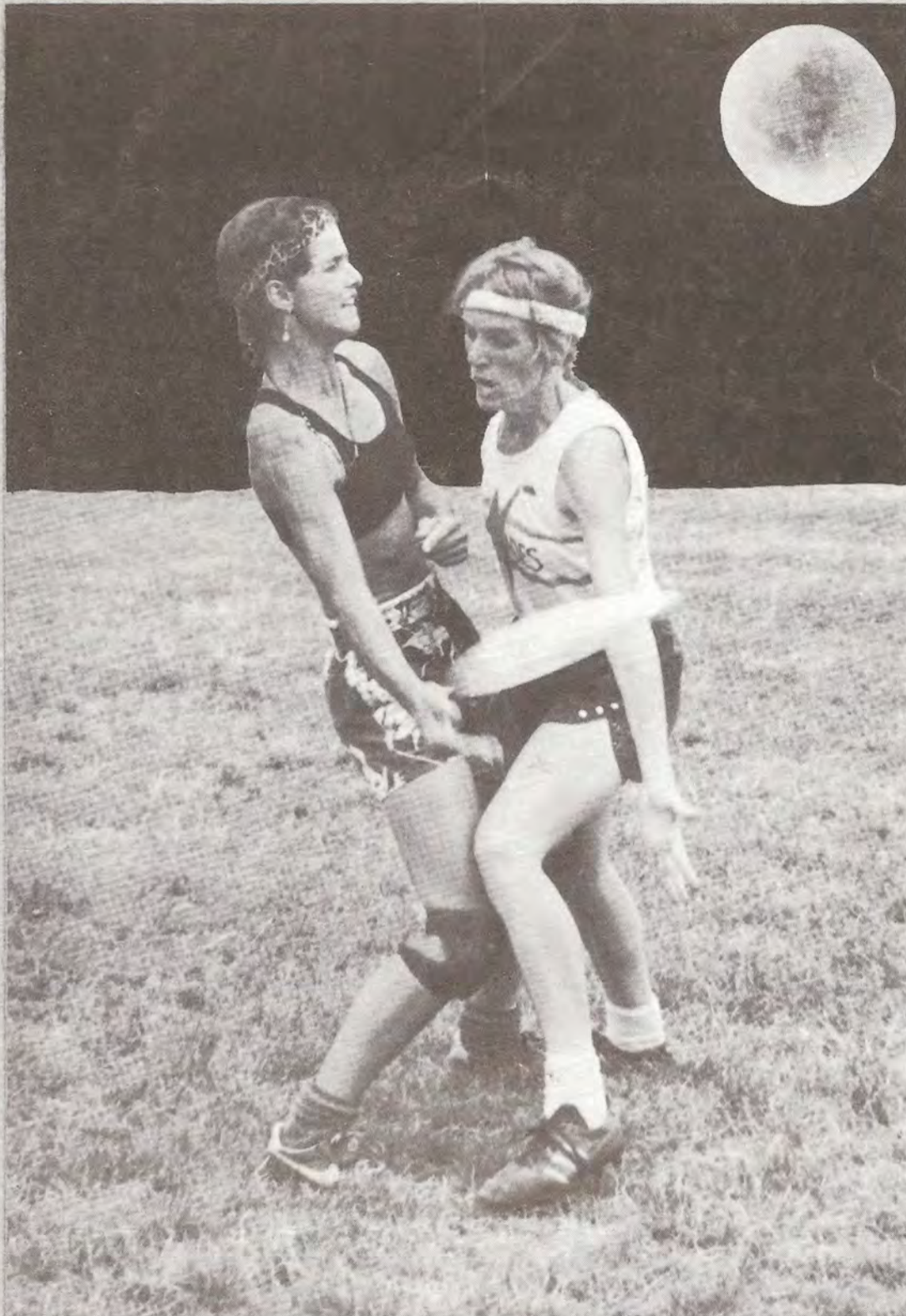


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1988

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**Welcome  
to  
Santa Cruz**

Once again I have the distinct pleasure of welcoming both players and spectators to the Cal-State Ultimate Championships here at UCSC. This year marks the return of the Cal-States back to UCSC's East Field. Last year, because of the major construction around our athletic facilities, the tournament was held elsewhere to accomodate the large number of teams that participate in this well liked event. In any case, even though the construction continues, the UCSC ultimate club is anxious and excited to host this event once again.

As you prepare to play or watch the tournament keep in mind that this year is the 20th anniversary of Ultimate. From those humble beginnings at Columbia High, we have seen that new game evolve into an exciting sport played around the world. In 1988 the Cal-States celebrates its 11th year, the 6th in Santa Cruz. This tournament has often featured some of the best ultimate played in the country, and no doubt this year will be no exception. Enjoy the games.

Dave Munoz  
Tournament Director

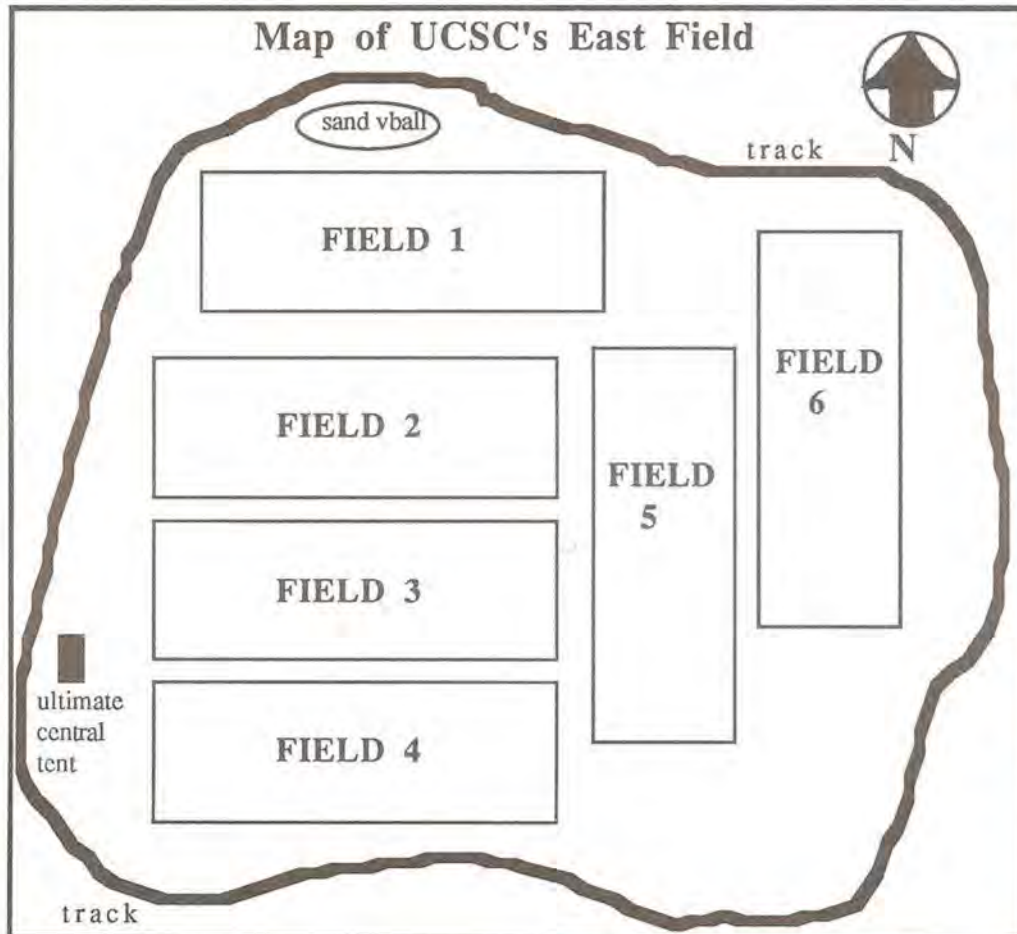
### Tournament Staff:

Dave Munoz- Tourney Director, program, ads  
Bob Pallares- Assistant Director, ads, program  
Alison Jones- Media Contact  
Shelby Graham- Artistic Consultant, photos  
Thad Nodine, Bill Kisliuk, Jack Lynch,  
Martha Lambertson - Writers  
Jason Trout- Artwork (disc & shirt)

### Special Thanks...

We would like to thank many of the people behind the scenes, who help us with this tournament in one way or another: Drew, Nancy, Karen, Jill, Karin, Sue, Terry, Mark, Phil, Andrea, Trainers Cathy and Stephanie, Bob, Service Center crew, Jane at Patagonia, Tom at the Whole Earth, our other advertisers, and of course UCSC's Office of Physical Ed., Recreation & Sports.

### Map of UCSC's East Field



### TOURNEY PARTICIPANTS:

#### Men's Division:

UCSC Slugs  
UCB Bears  
San Luis Obispo  
San Diego  
Santa Barbara Condors  
KAOS  
No Worries  
South Bay  
Stanford  
Portland  
Chabot 101'st Airborne  
UCSB  
Fresh Kids  
L.A.  
Hammerheads  
Palo Alto

#### Women's Division:

UCSC  
Peasant Women  
Davis/Yeti  
Santa Barbara /L.A.  
San Francisco  
UCSB  
San Diego

**FOR GAME TIMES & FIELD ASSIGNMENTS GO TO ULTIMATE CENTRAL TENT**



## About the Sport...

When you watch ultimate frisbee played you might get a bit confused. Why is everyone running around, stopping, then running around again? Well to state things simply, ultimate is a game of movement; players are trying to move the frisbee up the field so they can throw it to a teammate in their endzone to score a goal. The person who catches the disc must stop, you can't run with it, and establish a pivot foot (like basketball). Once covered by a defender (the mark) s/he has 10 seconds to throw a pass. The receivers make cuts and moves to lose their defenders so they can get open for a pass. If the disc is dropped, hits the ground, goes out of bounds, is caught out of bounds (first point of contact must be in the field of play), or is intercepted by the other team, a turnover takes place and possession of the disc changes. There are no officials in ultimate, the players call their own fouls. If a player feels a foul has been committed s/he will make the call. Players involved will often "discuss" the foul, then check the disc back into play. If they can't come to terms on the foul call, the team captains will often step in to settle the matter. Each goal is 1 point and games are played to a predetermined number of points.

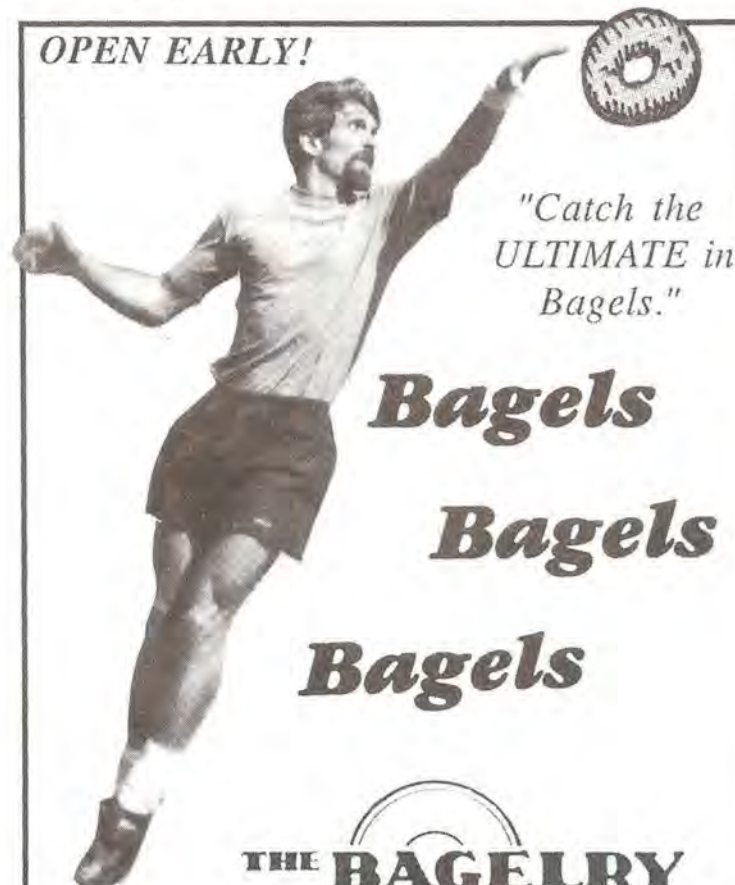
If you are curious about the rules, a particular situation, or the strange names used in the game, feel free to ask some of the players on the sideline who look idle. Often these players are more than willing to share with others the unique nature of this sport. If in doubt visit the big tent where we might have some info for you, or we can at least answer your questions.

Remember that ultimate frisbee features many true athletes, the only difference from other sports is that they use a ball and ultimate a disc. In anycase you should find the sport an exciting one to watch, whether you have a true grasp of the rules or not.



CHRIS PERRY PHOTO

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## POOCHIE the Greek's Inside Info:

Its our pleasure to present this year's Inside Info from the sport's most knowledgeable ambassador to Vegas, POOCHIE the Greek. We must remind our readers that this column is printed solely for the enjoyment of our readers and not for betting purposes, or anything icky like that.

### THE MEN

**UCSC-** Who invited these guys? Oh yeah its their field. A fun bunch of dead heads who often live up to their mascot's style of play. (odds depend on if Jerry is playing this weekend)

**Kaos-** An old bunch of cags and hoads or the Santa Cruz All-Stars? You make the call. They may be old but they are a sure bet to win the party. Look for them on the dance floor Saturday and on the sidelines Sunday. (odds \$5 w/no π)

**Fresh Kids East Bay-** As fresh as curdled milk on a hot summer day these guys can really surprise the best of teams. With John Fike at the helm they'd be favorites in a human bowling ball tournament, but unfortunately this is an Ultimate frisbee tournament. (odds 300-1)

**L.A.-** With a population of ten million to draw from this team has the best of those ten million. Is it enough? Let's see if that famous Laker "O" has rubbed off. (odds 5-1)

**UCSB-** Another strong college contender, but with the Condors appearance this weekend will we see all filler and no beef? With Doug the Bum ruling the ground and Vince Void controlling the sky this team should be playing on Sunday. (odds 23-1)

**Santa Barbera Condors-** A Condor by any other name would be just as endangered. A team built on pride but lacking in substance. Though their feathers are ruffled look for them in the final four. (odds 4-1)

**Portland, Calif?-** What can you say about a team from a town that does not exist. Well one things for sure is that they are "nuts" about Ultimate. I mean anybody that will lie and cheat their way into a tourney must want to prove something. Technically they can't win cause they're not from here. (odds who cares).

**Stanford-** The best and the brightest? Maybe so, but can they play disc on the open level? National caliber on the college circuit but is there life after college? (odds 9-1)

**UCB Bears-** Another team running in the proud tradition of Berkeley Ultimate squads. As noteworthy as their football and basketball teams these guys should really enjoy the party. (odds 100-1)

**San Luis Obispo-** This team is another one of those college contenders trying to polish their disc skills in an open tourney. Good Luck! (odds 18-1)

**Palo Alto-** It must be tough living in the shadow of Stanford U. ultimate. They rage in NCUL, but will they rage here? Only time will tell. (odds 40-1)

**Santa Clara Hammerheads-** What is a Hammerhead anyway? Does anyone care? They do and I heard they are all close relatives to Masher. (odds 50-1)

**San Diego-** Teammates do not always make good friends, and conversely friends do not always make good teammates. If love conquers hate then they'll have a good chance. (odds 10-1).

**South Bay Tsunami-** A close second to the Chabot college team, these guys are known for their spew and hammers. Led by Captains of spew Howie Jaffe and Bob Pallares, no one talks louder or longer and no one makes you feel better when they cag it away in the finals. I guess its lonely at the top. Look for them in the finals. (odds 2-1)

**No Worries-** Talk about a contradiction in terms, this bunch breaks into a cold sweat the minute they step onto the field. The only time they don't worry is when they have a drink in their hand and the A's have a five run lead. (odds 16-1)

**Chabot 101st Airborne-** The defending Cal-State champs. This team has been the dark horse of the Frizbee world since they goose stepped onto the scene years ago. With the cagiest of veterans Coachy Woachy and Ken Foote, the Valley boys K.K. and Mr. Chabot, and the mellowing influence of Davey Hill and Lefty Jeff this team could swoop and pummel to the finals. (odds 7-2)

## THE WOMEN

**Peasant Women-** South Bay whores, women from hell, call them what you like, they don't mind. They just want to win. The "we're #3" cheer is getting old. One day Pegs will throw completed sidearms, and Sam's backhand will be caught and Sarah will be there and playing and then watch out! These girls will romp and stomp. (odds 1-1 Ask them who's #1)

**San Diego Safari-** Everyone wants to watch these kids. Is it Wendall and her throws that put Springer to shame, or is it Amy and her legs, or Chris and her tan, or Katy and her wrinkles? It's a combo! (odds ask Peasant Women who's #1)

**San Francisco-** Who says the 60's are over? The love bead syndrome/scene is still haunting these women. They ride that fine line between winning and losing. (odds 100-1)

**Santa Cruz-** You can't not like them. They're, young, cute, and restless. This weekend they'll have their full squad so watch out. Sure they've got their share of stoners and deadheads, but does that prevent a team from winning? Sometimes it does. (odds ask S.F.)

**Davis/Yeti-** How do you spell pick-up. They have their core but who's their filler this weekend? If they team up with Yeti for this tourney we can count on a weak showing Sunday. (Yeti doesn't know most tourney's last two days) (odds 10-1)

**Condors/L.A.-** They're ladies not women and these ladies are National Champs as well as defending state champs. Kelly and Ann definetly help this team. Since the older Condors have stopped to marry and reproduce, the team has picked up players from L.A. who now carry the team. (odds ask Peasant Women who's #1)

**UCSB WOMEN-** A fine bunch of women who can look forward to upsetting a couple of teams this weekend. Definetly the wave of the future wherever that may take us. (odds 15-1)



Dear Editor,

Why, and I must stress why, are so many swillbags playing this game and why are they all on my team? Why can't they dump instead of throwing swill? People who turnover shouldn't play this sport!!

"Bullet"

Dear Editor,

Why, why does Bullet turn? When's it going to stop Bull, when?

Zeke Zabel

*Zeke and Bullet these questions can only be answered by yourselves. You must reach inside yourselves and there you will find the answer. -ed*

Dear Editor,

Hey, I wanna know who's running the party. They better not be like that bum Loius Burke and take away two kegs of good keg beer just because its getting late.

Danny O'Hayes

*Don't worry because Mr. Keg Beer himself is in charge of the party.-ed*

Dear Editor,

For Sale: Two kegs good keg beer. Its around here somewhere. Still cold.

L. Burke

Dear Editor,

I've been waiting patiently for the 9th edition rulebook to come out so I can figure out what's going on with the rules of the sport. Is their such a thing, and can I get my copy autographed by Martha, Pegs, and the other Peasant Women? Will they pose with me for a Buick ad? Do they like large cigars?

G. Burns

*George, of course their's a 9th edition. It is scheduled to be delivered by the tooth fairy later this year. And yes the P.W.'s like large cigars if they're handled right. -ed*

Dear Editor,

When are you going to do a full feature spread on the "men" of ultimate? What's a matter, chicken, or just can't find any "men"?

P. Women

*Well, seems we can't get Springer, Pooch, or Reggie to agree to terms. Sorry. -ed*

Dear Editor,

We need to set up a day care centers for players with infants at each tournament. Especially UPA funded tournaments. If this is done then women's teams won't feel obligated to leave on Sunday. This would also relieve some of their guilt and make games run smoother.

A. Jones

Dear Editor,

I've been visiting from the mid-west and have a few questions about this sport. I'd like to know where the San Diego women's team is staying, and do they need help with their bags? Oh yeah, is this that sport with the dogs?

Fuzzy Zoeller

Dear Editor,

I'm really upset that ESPN refuses to carry the Cal-States LIVE! I mean, who wants to watch All-Star Australian Rules Midget Bowling anyway? Can you do something about this?

B. Mustburger



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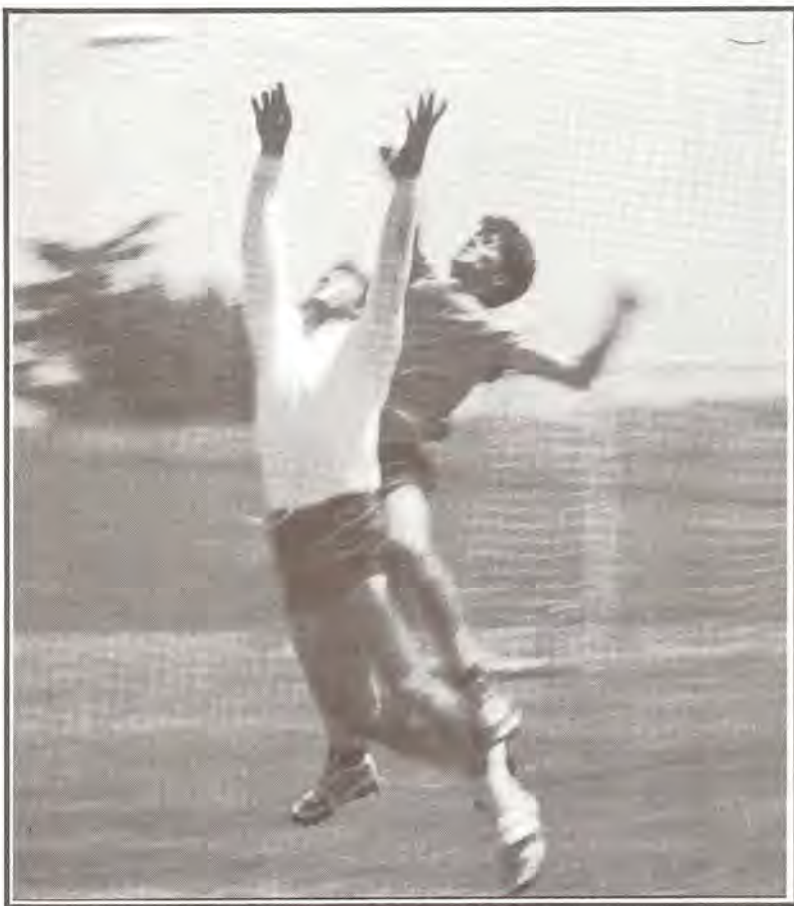


**Food for here or to go**



**Congratulations to the  
1988 Cal-State Ultimate  
Champions!**





## REDRAWING THE BOUNDARIES

by Lodes O. Raunch

You know, my cousin Bob wrote about this in the UPA newsletter, and he said we got to balance three factors when we talk about splitting up the regional boundaries: strength, depth, and geographic dispersion. But hey, those words sound like a war strategy to me, or maybe some sex manual. When he started talking about 'objectives' and 'interests', I expected to hear something about 'penetration', you know, words like those businessmen use when they're talking about markets, but you know they're really talkin' about something else. Like why do they call it Burger King, home of the Whopper? It couldn't be Burger Queen you know, not with a Whopper.

So I think we should watch out for the language we use when we split up this country. What do we want to be, another U.S. Congress? They've been splitting up the country for centuries. This guy Jeff Zabel, he used to play frisbee. Now he's an economics professor at some big university. He said maybe we ought to open up the sport to a "lazy fair" economy, or something like that. The way I figure his plan, we could have these big fairs, as well as ultimate tournaments, and Masher would run the wiffleball booth, Bullet could trade insults for a buck, and Muddy would run a video arcade. Maybe we could have a wax museum too, with T.K. and Yogi staring at you from out of the past. Whichever region makes the most money could divide the country however it likes. That's the way the real world works.

But environmentalists are against that one. They want to divide the country the way it's always been divided, along natural boundaries. The Appaalachian mountains, the Mississippi River, the Rockies, and the San Andreas Fault seem to be logical borders. That way Santa Cruz, Santa Barbara, and parts of L.A. get their own region, and the whole East coast has to slug it out however they want.

But the last thing I want to say, if we're really talking about boundaries, is that maybe we should care more about future growth than about mapping the present status of the game. Who's in on the borderland of this sport anyway, and what is our customs policy? As far as I know B. Pallares is still one of the only American Indians playing ultimate competitively. The number of blacks and hispanics is growing, but those groups are still underrepresented. Much of the problem has to do with "white man's disease," which many minorities fear is contagious. We need to dismiss this myth, which whites perpetuate in order to minimize the jumping competition. It is true that, with the exception of a few Laabsheads, Ians, and Jim Daddy's, whites can't jump. But the disease is only passed genetically, not by contact, which makes me question the genetic make-up of those big jumpers. One thing that's pretty clear, though, is that Howie and Springer have undisputed bloodlines.

## BUM RAPS

by Thad Nodine

Bill walks out of the redwoods, the drums beating in his ears. Pine straw stuck in his hair and on his clothes, he reaches into his pants. He likes to scratch himself when he walks. The pain itches as much as it hurts, especially in the morning after he gets up. So he scratches. But it's not morning; the sun's too far overhead, and it blinds him. The drumbeats reverberate between his ears.

"Put it up," someone yells. Bill stops, looks across the field at the sparse crowd, staggers, falls down.

"Huck it, West," someone yells. "I'm your worst nightmare."

On the ground, on his back, Bill swirls in circles as the pulsing sounds of the crowd reach him. When he lifts his head, the fields stop spinning, and he watches as a dog approaches and sniffs him, draws away, and barks. Bill reaches for the bottle in his greasy coat pocket. Empty. The dog melts away.

"West, that bum over there, that's you!" someone yells. West looks deep, sets, and throws another one away.

"Foul," he calls.

"No way," Jester says as he walks in a tight circle in front of West. Someone throws back the disc and Jester grabs it before West can pick it up.

West paces back and forth. "You hit my arm," he says.

"No way," Jester says.

"Ah come on, ya threw it away," someone calls.

"He always calls a foul on the follow-through," someone explains.

Blowout, dressed like a clown, dances in front of the drums. He shakes, rolls onto the ground, dances on his back, gets up again. In unison Potatolady, Fuss, Peach, and Crayfish take swigs from their five-dollar-club drinks. Flush, Zora, Blade, and Yman exhale sweetsmelling smoke. Lorbs chases Elsie, tackles her, and they roll on the ground, bumping over and over each other drunk with laughter. They kiss, Elsie on top, then Lorbs.

West gets the disc again.

"Stalling, one, two, three..." West winds up and throws it out-of-bounds.

"You're sooo predictable, West," a voice calls.

West pretends to run downfield.

"Yer joggin', West," someone yells. "Play defense, ya bum!"



## SPEWIN' DOWN

by Rap Master C.C. Pik-L Scratch, Jr. III

Listen all you frisbee hounds  
Cuz Rap Master Pik's about to throw down  
I'm gonna tell y'all  
'bout playin' disc  
my second favorite game  
after playin' RISK  
King of 'Stralia, Europe, Madagascar  
but when a play disc I'm a shinin' star  
Forehand, backhand, scoober, too  
best not blink 'less you a foo'  
Cuz I'll take you to town,  
show you around,  
leave you in a box  
by the lost and found  
And then, oh yeah, when I'm on D  
I'll leave ya' in 1970  
You'll be lucky to get one open dump  
You just a beggar  
I'm Donald Trump  
If we play zone  
and it comes my way  
You'll be a wishin' you was  
in Mexico Ci-tay  
When the earth was shakin'  
the ground I was breakin'  
don't throw that pass,  
cuz I'll be waitin'

Like a tiger prowlin'  
round your door  
A rattler slidin'  
across the floor  
In the dark of night  
like a wise 'ol owl  
I'll stuff your pass  
then call a foul  
Travel, screen, ten second, STALL  
I'll leave you danglin' from the Berlin wall  
Your team will fall  
you will see  
You'll be layin' next  
to Humpty-Dumpty  
If you can't dig  
what I got to say  
then you ain't no handler  
anyway  
Don't look back,  
don't look ahead  
I'll grab your wallet,  
steal your bread  
Don't pass go  
go straight to hell  
Cuz you lined up across  
from Rap Master Pik-L!



Portrait of the artist  
as a  
young frisbee dog.

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