

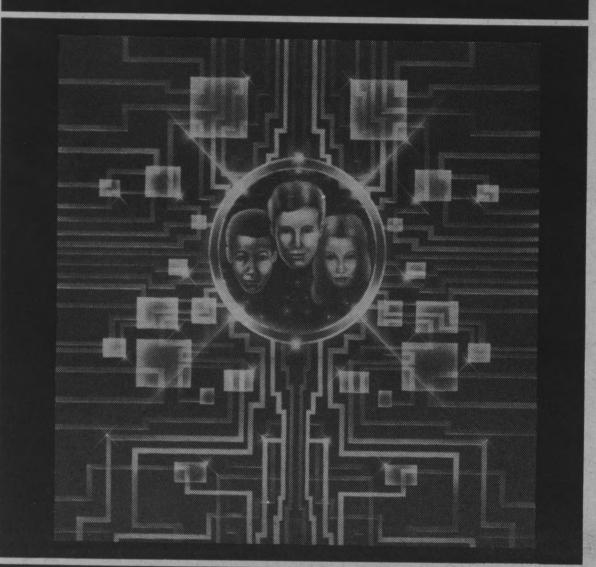
Walking the Tightrope

with

DOUG EDGE

Doug Edge is an artist with a shrewd sense of the unusual. His work ranges from the outlandish to the pensive, from wood and wory to oil and watercolor. Edge's ability to convey his fears, defeats, and aspirations through 'Toto', a symbol, a figure, an alter ego perhaps, is certainly exceptional. 'The Life and Times of Toto'', Edge's current exhibit, is a personal journey through the esoteric meridians of the obscure. See Page 5A

TOP ENGINEERING AND TECHNICAL GRADUATES



LETTERS HOME

Send oranges and glass beads to the natives, and tell them that I love them.

Tell them here,

on the shadow street corners, the frost lasts long into the day. And we wrap our feet in the morning news and are none the wiser for it.

After it rains,

we look out of clean windows at the sky reflected in narrow gutter puddles.

On the outside tables of an empty cafe, light dances in abandoned glasses half full of rain water.

Tell them hardly anyone stops to watch; Passersby are too lost in the aimless wandering of their own faces.

Send oranges and glass beads to the natives, Tell them that I miss them and in my mind, I will always aimless wander in their eyes.

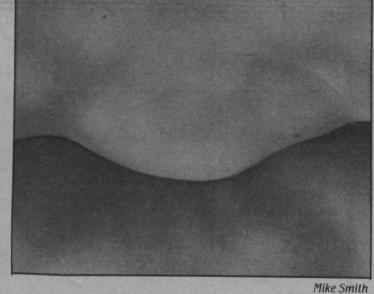
Arwen Mohun

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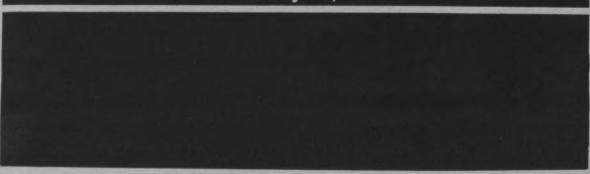


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CAMPUS INTERVIEWS February 10, 1986





Editors: Jeannie Sprecher / Luke Trent

Valerie DeLapp PM Scott Lewis Mike Smith Arwen Mohun Deirdre Wilson

Friday, January 31, 1986 3A

Black Sparrow Press

20 'quiet' years

High quality books and a low profile — these are the two trademarks of Black Sparrow Press, a small, independent Santa Barbara publisher. At a time when publishing is increasingly dominated by large conglomerates intent on selling millions of copies of cheaply-made, sure-thing, lowest-common-denominator tripe - thereby shutting out good books - Black Sparrow bucks the trend. What they do do is sell well-made literary nonfiction, fiction, and poetry; and nothing else. The publisher, John Martin, 'would never publish a book he didn't like," said Assistant to the Publisher Julie Curtiss. Martin founded Black Sparrow in 1966, when he brought out the novel Post Office. Fittingly, this debut was by the writer who became Black Sparrow's mainstay, Charles Bukowski. Bukowski has been translated into more than ten languages with over a million copies of his books in print. The most recent of his forty books are War All the Time: Poems 1978-1984 and There's No Business, a story illustrated by comix artist R. Crumb. One of Martin's current favorites is the late British artist and writer Wyndham Lewis. Lewis's controversial iconoclasm (as in his novel Snooty Baronet and his magazine, Blast) has been treated with enthusiastic neglect for some time in this country. Martin aims to change that - he has reprinted a dozen Lewis books so far (with Rotting Hill, a collection of stories, being most recent), and plans eventually to exercise his options on the remaining thirty-three.

Another author whose work Black Sparrow has revived is John Fante. They have published six of his books so far, and plan to bring out all the rest. Just two months ago they published 1933 *Was a Bad Year* (one of the finest short novels I have read in a long time), which has been picked up for translation by the Norwegian Book-of-the-Month Club.

Black Sparrow has also published notable works by D.H. Lawrence and Joyce Carol Oates.

Black Sparrow's low profile results partly from their small size and partly from what Curtiss calls "the Black Sparrow style."

And they are very small indeed. With a tiny staff of six, they publish 38 books a year -18 new and 20 reprints. And it is quite a large sale if the one-man shipping department sends out 10,000 copies of one of their titles (a mediocre sales figure for a big New York house). The small dimensions impose limits. They limit themselves to one advertisement per month. And if they found themselves with a bestseller, they would have untold problems with printing, advertising, and distribution on the scale required.

But part of the reserve is by choice, not necessity. Many publishers welcome publicity after all, it sells books. But John Martin prefers his privacy and dislikes giving interviews. Black Sparrow has an unlisted telephone number: very unusual for a publisher in Santa Barbara (or anywhere else, for that matter). And they have no plans to publicly celebrate their twentieth anniversary.

But they have gone their own way and survived for twenty years, and if they maintain their standards, they will easily survive twenty more.

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Deirdre Wilson

nobody knows nor shall know

i ain't gonna do what he did if i can help it. if i can stop myself from blowing my face away into the ocean waves i will. but if you don't think you got a family a good people or two secretly in love with you and their just not showin' it. well alright then i can see why a person might tighten his talk and not get by by staying high and keeping his hair clean and cool lookin' and jokes feel like claws across your eyes and not one soul smiles straight into your cherry red blood and says You do wheelies in my head and make me dream of you sleeping with me when your not here.

At nine she made no sense confused left for right a severed tree for death and mourned over her simplest mistakes. Would go to her bedroom window to watch imaginary friends run from one tree to the next like playing hide & seek. She knew their shadows, and awkwardness to introduce themselves to anyone outside the Sun.

Her Small Face Mirrored The World

Writer's Block

Wasting paper, hours, thoughts over the girl who sneered at the cowboy who just flew off Apache and skinned his boyish heart fast and he didn't see the girl turn her mouth side ways and spit out he ain't no cowboy, but i saw her and right then i wanted to jump her and make her do all the rope tricks and see she don't know a cowboy from a tree a love that can endure a bucking or two for the best riding.

Media Maze

The master of paradox revealing a day in the country coarse and kind like haystacks transmitted through electrical

wiring and the hot yellow sun everywhere like this t.v. program on channel infinity connected up

with micro-discs embedded underneath my hair and green eyelids.

Poor People Better In Heaven

Oh we know poor people poorer than us and their grand like a piano playing a song

A doll with one green eye cradled the girl and sky till all the soldiers organized their births.

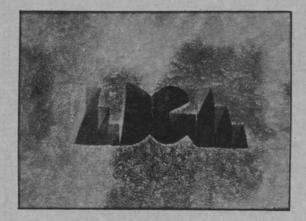
I've been to Ant City It's busy on every corner, red hills, black hills across your hands and feet In Ant City I get antsy in my head and march to the drum beat of the dead. about the plain face people who can't see poor people got dreams bigger than the sun poor people got trees on sale for them in heaven hoping for their death.

Sky Inversion

Grass and nothingness went on a vacation picked up Snoring along the way fell asleep inside the Earth.

A Friday Magazine interview with

AND AND A Valerie De Lapp



The Origin of Toto

It all came about because I was tired of just signing my name Edge on a drawing. I didn't know how to do it right, it just kind of looked like my signature, and I didn't like that. We saw this movie called Paper Moon where the titles were this certain type of Art Deco lettering where the e's were staircases. I'd been doing all these staircase images, kind of a symbol of ascending, a staircase image or ladder image, and I really liked the way I could use my name and there'd be two staircases in it. Then I turned it on its side at one point. I was looking at it and said God, that kind of looks like a totem. That really fit into this whole philosophy I've been trying to develop for about 15 years of the ascending person, of the idea of someone constantly trying to better oneself, of trying to make oneself stronger and smarter.

The Totem

The totem is an ancient symbol of ascending for primitive peoples. The totem is also the word *edge* on edge, so it's kind of a play on words. 'Toto' is short for totem. He's kind of a vehicle for expressions. He can be anything.





Bad Dreams

I did this series called "Bad Dream" where I fall off the tightrope; I lose my equilibrium. I crash to the ground.

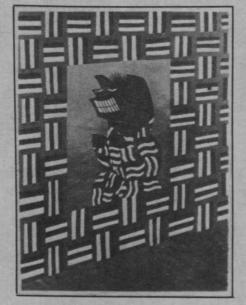
Dancing

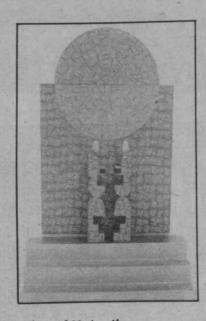
Sex and death are the reasons to dance. I love to dance. It never struck me before that in primitive cultures dance is extremely important. Warriors dance before they go fight somebody, and the women dance when they plant the corn. Dance is such a powerful thing, people in our culture think it's frivolous, but I think dance has power. Dance releases you; dance makes you feel good. I've always felt that Ladderman was kind of a dancer.



Babylon

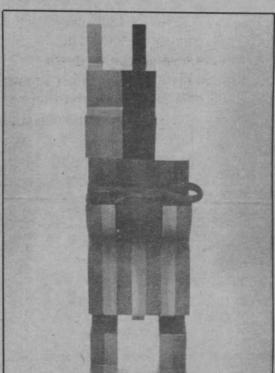
Babylon I see as our kind of society, where you can get into any kind of trouble you want to get into, there's numerous pitfalls. It's like what the rastas mean when they talk about Babylon every big western city is Babylon.





The Guardians of Abstraction acrylic on canvas and wood, 1981

I didn't really know exactly how I could connect the tableau with the abstract paintings, it kind of seemed like I was schizophrenic. I was doing this heavy symbolic thing and all of a sudden I'm doing abstract paintings and everybody kind of gets left in the dust. I had a key, but had no door that it unlocked. I love to play basketball, so I got this idea of a basketball key doorway. Every basketball court has two keys, that's where you make the freethrow from. I put the basketball key with the doorway to abstraction, and the Totos are the guardians of abstraction.



The Use of Color

Because of family problems, I was in this black mood and that's why the 'Rasta Totos' are black, it has nothing to do with black people. I'd like to make a bumper sticker that says We're all colored people, cause that's where it's really at. We're not black people and white people, we're just all different shades of brown. I'm going to do more rastas, but they're going to be red rastas and blue rastas and green rastas and so then they'll put the black in context, because I'm not in a black mood anymore.

Sense of Humor

I really felt the need in my life to learn how to have more of a sense of humor, so I wanted to develop this sense of humor. At the same time I was doing it with myself, I wanted to somehow try to do it with objects and paintings. "Tightrope Toto" is the first one with a sense of humor to it. I wanted to express that sense of humor in a painting with a totem. It also conveys this symbol of everybody walking a tightrope and balancing positive and negative.

Comedy vs. Tragedy

Life is kind of a comedy on a certain level and it's also tragic, but somehow we have to remember that we have to keep on aspiring toward something, even though we get slapped down all the time. I really hope that what gets conveyed in 'Toto' is that there's a serious side to these things and a frivolous, humourous side to these things. I don't want to make something that's just completely slapstick comic, like a oneliner joke. I want to set up this thing that regurgitates in somebody's head, like the longer you look at something the more it makes you think about yourself.



Life beyond Toto

This isn't all I do, this is something I go back to when I get slapped down real hard by life. This is something I do that reminds me of who I want to be and what I want to do with myself. Almost every piece in the show has this significance for me. None of it has been made as a saleable object.

'The Future

I'm going to keep on doing this kind of work, I'm really very committed to it. It seems like the more that I do, the more it becomes accessible to other people. When I first did the 'Toto' paintings in 1974, I don't think many people got it and they took it the wrong way. This is the first show where I've been able to put all my 'Totos' together, and they seem to round out each other. The exhibit gives the feeling I want, the different incarnations Toto's been through. He's been through a lot.

Photos by Jeannie Sprecher

6A Friday, January 31, 1986

Daily Nexus



ANDREW WYETH POEM

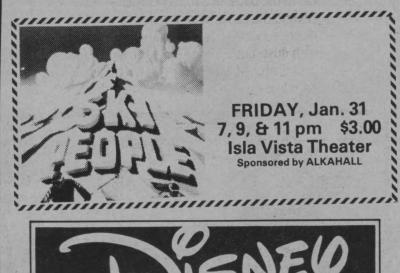
A killed deer drawn and gutted hangs on a naked branch to become frozen stiff and frosted white

Silent as the house with pulled blinds and dark halls where the smell of woodsmoke grows stale in quiet gasps like wind mentioned in a closed room

Strange

it is not like this in summer when a clapboard house is a live thing when it is all one can do to keep the long grass from growing everywhere sweeping as it does, a rippling carpet to the front porch and the deer come softly on warm evenings to eat the wild roses and the house smells sweet of great red peaches and wood aging away in sunlight

Arwen Mohun







Searching for Steinbeck

In between the shop laden canneries and two blocks before the kelp line on a gull ridden beach - at a stern right angle to the aquarium's new concrete and paralleling the stucco "Steinbeck's Grotto," there is a store. wooden, false fronted and run by several Chinese women. Once, when sardines ran like quicksilver through fingers, once, when the canneries bellowed smoke and stank of scales, once, when the train tracks shone with use and the weed strewn shacks boasted fresh paint and promising flowers; once, when he pursued the otter with pen and paper and a sea wizard of a man who kept bottles of wine of a living ocean — once, before tourists, before faked grottos or restored antiques, or restored boilers, he came here, to this rickety door.

Inside, paper kites lower the low roofed ceiling, uncomplicated tokens of the eighties citrus shaped trinkets in orange and yellow, key rings, brass seals, brass crabs - ornament polished glass cases and stuffed toy whales and black velvet paintings have settled on the walls and on the shelves — and most of all his books, outshining their competition with strictly Californian messages extoling in bold orange letters a time when whiskey passed through these aisles like cans of soda and people bought and robbed and were forgiven by the place and time ... There is a new time now in Monterey — it sheds the canneries and hides the beaches and promotes Doc Rickett's Place as a place for cocktails and barroom dancing ... Once, it was easy to remember ...

Far in the back, in a musty corner beyond the eager, dimpled clerk there is a window, cracked and stained with dust, but etched - like the abandoned boilers etched with rust - by his celebrated, even line. PM.

Rippled Wood

From farmland to jagged rock land you have traveled, riding the edge of California down, down at last to a cabin surrounded by redwoods overlooking a river - it is cold and rustic and you have been here before, but in a similar cabin, one with many gaps in the wave lined wood spacing, a smoking fireplace, one with a rickety deck above a freezing water, oh one with a queensize bed ... That time you traveled not by sleek roadster, but junk car, The Green Bomber, and the river raged like an angry mother and wind beat through the trees to enter your parlor, forming a mist it awakened

in the four narrow cornersyou slept in socks and wool sweaters and somehow, on the first night, for the first time at last you became lovers, lovers although you arrived without permission from her father and you scared her in the morning with your wild hair and you seemed taller and larger ... Two nights of discovery fashioned as a celebration of favorous gods were spent in that cabin, and now you see how she stares at it from your new porch, wondering if it ever really happened: It was a holiday, there was excitement and a rosy cheeked awareness hung around both of your faces.



Jeannie Sprecher



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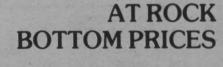
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