

## FRIDAY FINALE



Richard Ross *Self Portrait with Nick and Lela*, 1985 Silver Gelatin Print

## FACULTY EDITION

MAY 23, 1986

### ***Sterling's Calf***

— a short story by  
Max Schott

### ***Faculty Verse***

— poetry by  
Christopher Buckley, John  
Wilson and John Ridland

### ***About the Cover***

— the professional  
at work

# Sterling's Calf

Max Schott

College of Creative Studies

**I**t was early and still dark; Sterling was getting up. He sneaked out from under the covers. He didn't want his wife to wake. While he was just pulling up his pants, he saw the car lights coming down the road. It was a public road, but he was curious who it was.

The lights weren't tracking quite straight. Was this a fact or produced by his sleepy early-morning eyes? He kept watching. He began to watch so hard that he had to stop trying to button his pants. He never took his eyes off the car, which was certainly wandering.

The car veered so that it looked as if it was coming in the bedroom. The sound of wire ripping, a thud or two, and it still wasn't in the bedroom, so he knew it had to come to rest in the pasture, just under the window. There had been another flutter of activity out there too, so faintly perceived that he didn't know whether he'd seen movement in the dark or heard it.

A little later he guessed at what it was. Five or six calves often bedded down at night right there by the fence. He guessed they had probably been there asleep and must have scattered like a nest of struck billiard balls.

That was what he guessed. And later on, when he found a calf (the blind one) hiding in a ditch with a broken hind leg, then he saw how good his guess was. But that was later on, when it was light and he was out and around.

Now his wife was awake for sure. Well, it would give her something to thank God for, Sterling thought, that the car hadn't driven right on into the bedroom, that the boy wasn't hurt, etc. There was no end to the things you could thank God for, if you ever once got started.

By the time Sterling got out there, the boy was out of his car, standing and looking at the side of it that was bashed in. It turned out it wasn't his car but his father's, and this was his first day on a job at a dairy down the road, and he hadn't even kept awake long enough to get there.

Sterling led him into the kitchen and they mopped the blood off his face and put a band-aid on him. He looked dazed but from the looks of him that was probably the way he always looked, more or less. Sterling called the father, who sounded as if this was exactly what he had expected: as if he had known all the time that this was what would happen to his car and had just been lying there waiting for the phone to ring. Sterling told him that if he would just go down to the farm supply first thing this morning and pay for a roll of page-wire and two packages of steel posts, then Sterling would forget the whole thing. Get the heavy-duty stuff, Sterling told him.

When he built it the first time he'd been thinking of calves, but now he wanted to deflect cars.

That fence had been as rotten and rusty as you could imagine, so this was a break: he was going to gain fifty dollars or so.

Sterling got the boy back in his car and out on the road. He tried to remind himself that he was a boy once, too. He'd heard people say that: "I was once a boy myself!" and he had great faith in sayings, or maybe no faith at all but anyway he liked them. He looked hard at the boy's face and decided that he, Sterling, had never looked or been quite so stupid as that; but he had been a boy, hadn't he? Must have been. Actually he couldn't remember having ever been much different than he was.

He tried to remember doing something boyish. How about when he used to leave his horse saddled overnight so that he wouldn't have to waste time saddling him in the morning? Well, it still seemed worth trying, if he hadn't already. Either I never was a boy or I still am one, he thought.

Then it occurred to him that what he always told people — I'm just a boy come over from the old country (even if I do own four thousand mother cows and the land and leases to carry them) — was really so.

He watched the car receding back the way it had come. It was still dark enough that you could see the lights on in the neighbor's house and light enough now that you could see smoke coming out the chimney. Suddenly several thoughts seemed to meet, like colliding shadows. It was Wednesday. For him it was sale day; they started selling

cattle at one o'clock. He never missed it. He'd build the fence tomorrow. But he'd better saddle a horse and move the calves to another field, or they'd be straying through the gap and onto the road.

He used to tromp his own fences down, so that the cattle would get out and eat the tall grass along the sides of the public road — the long pasture, he called it. But that was before they had a phone. Now you couldn't keep the neighbors from calling every fifteen minutes to tell you your cattle were out — and if your wife was in the house, that was the end of it. God only knew the trouble they caused — neighbors, phones, and wives.

It was a long-haired, potbellied little orphan calf, the sorriest animal that Sterling owned, and blind as a mole. That's why it had been the last to try and get out of the way; the others had seen the car lights coming at them.

Last spring he'd given a dollar for the calf. No one had even wanted to bid, because it didn't look as if it would even survive the auction and get home. But it turned out to be a trying little thing and had managed to steal milk and keep alive. Lived, but hardly grew. So that Sterling often wished he'd never bought it, even for a dollar, because after all it probably ate as much grass as a good one. Now the calf was standing in the ditch and quivering, packing one leg. Well, if he had to lose one he'd as soon it was this one.

Then he remembered the insurance: of course the cattle were not insured, but animals struck by cars — that was different. After he got the calf up to the barn, he called the agent.

The agent said they needed a certificate from the slaughterhouse saying that the calf was dead and wouldn't make meat, and an estimate of value.

"There's not much to him," Sterling said. "Any more. There's not much to him any more. I don't believe they could make much of an estimate. Do you know what I mean? Could you tell me how big a rain cloud was, if you only saw the puddles left?"

"I see," said the agent. "They'll just have to do what they can."

"Tell me what you think of this," Sterling said. "What if I just average my other calves of the same age and come up with a figure. He came out of the same field."

"I don't know. That sounds possible, I suppose, though it's not regular. Mail us the death certificate and the estimates and we'll try to get a check out to you as soon as we can, Mr. Green."

"I'll bring the certificate by myself this morning and wait for the check," Sterling said.

"I'm not sure —"

"Why's that? Are you overdrawn? I'll give you the name of a banker too, if the company's up against it. I'll bring the calf too, if you like. I'll put the pieces in a bag and bring him in so that you can run an estimate on him yourself. I don't want to put anything over on you."

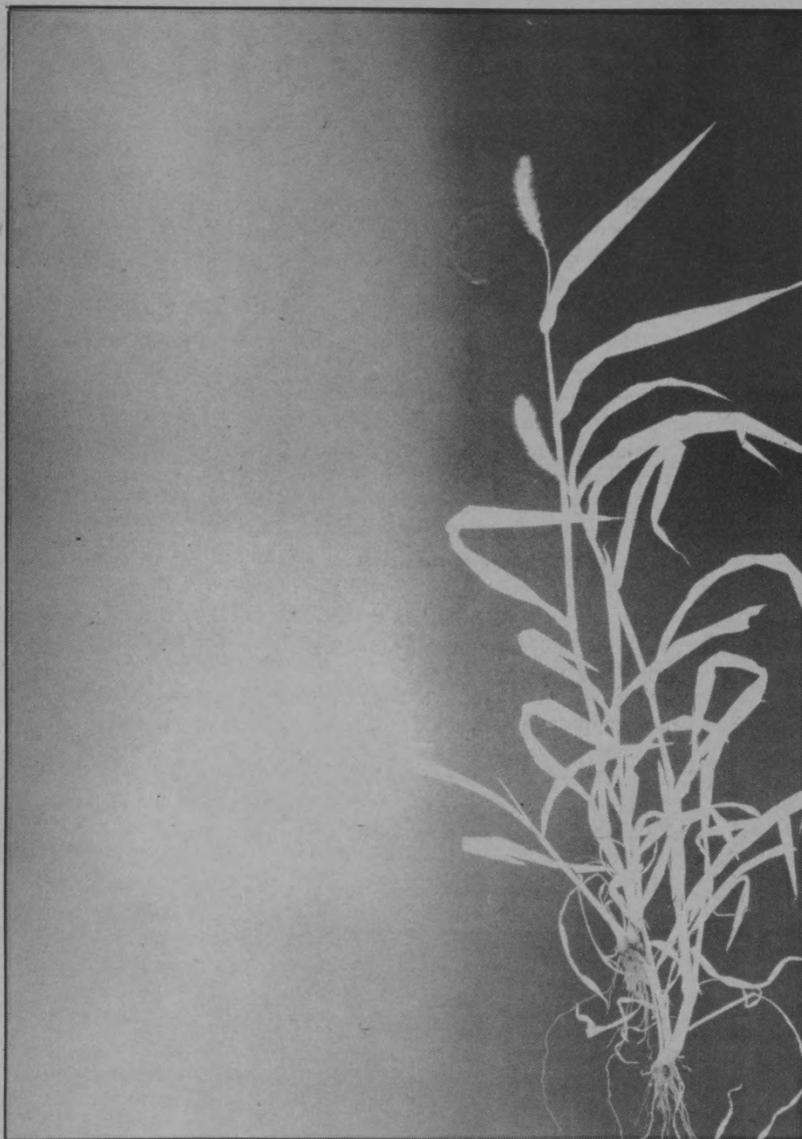
The man laughed nervously, for a long time.

"What kind of meat do you think he'll make?" Sterling said to the man at the packinghouse.

"He wouldn't make any for me, would he for you, Sterling?"

"Make me out a death certificate on him, could you? I've got some insurance to collect."

The man said there was a five-dollar charge for the



James Smith *Bahama Grass*, 1985 17"x22"

certificate and it included the favor of killing him and getting him out of the way.

"All right," Sterling said, and he was about to unload him when he looked through the slats and it dawned on him that if being orphaned and run over hadn't killed him yet, this broken leg might not either. Especially since his legs hadn't much but hide to carry anyway. Three ought to be good enough for that. "I believe I'll take him home and feed him to my dogs," Sterling said, "but I suppose I'll have to pay you for the certificate regardless."

The man blinked once and said he guessed that was fair enough. "You people make it hard for a boy to get by," Sterling said, laughing and paying for his piece of paper.

He stopped at the drugstore and bought some plaster of paris and a lot of gauze. When he got home he gathered up a bucket of water and some sticks and set the leg and casted it and closed the calf up in the barn. After that he went back downtown and spent an hour sitting in the insurance office. He didn't care much for that, and it was true they might have mailed it. But he didn't like to give them time to think. If they believed he wouldn't leave, they'd pay him off to get rid of him. Besides, he was a big customer. On the way out of town he picked up his wire and posts. By the time he got to the auction yard, the sale was just getting started.

Sterling sat down in one of the padded chairs in the front row — the one they kept reserved for him — and stared between the cables at an old cow. He heard the bidding and read most of her life story on her hide, but his head was full of figures. It was too bad he hadn't milked the boy's father for the calf. He should have made him pay for it. Of course he could have called him back and made him, but Sterling had feelings against that: he wasn't one to try to rearrange fate. He'd got fifty dollars worth of new fencing material and the price of an average fall calf — one hundred and seventy-five dollars altogether — and he'd lost a couple of rotten posts, spent five dollars for the death certificate and four for the plaster of paris and gauze, and he'd killed half a day. These figures penetrated his brain with such intensity that he almost forgot to notice who bought the first cow and for how much.

*Sterling's Calf* first appeared in *Spectrum*, 1971.

ANOTHER WORLD WAR III DREAM

Similar to everyone else's  
I am alive after the light goes off  
somewhere to the north or west of us —  
perhaps we've had the foresight  
to move to Venezuela or Brazil?

Nevertheless, it's evening,  
and there is my family  
surrounding a table,  
my father going on  
about politics and science —  
*light-years!* he declares,  
as if his mind has just spanned  
the vast troughs of space,  
but he has no idea of the cold,  
uncountable lifetimes between  
stars, or the way Time  
may only be hanging on  
this cinder in God's great eye,  
this quarter note among all the lost  
music of the universe ...

Day by day  
and from birth we've cherished it,  
the dusty slough of time passed  
through our blood and breathing,  
through the body's thin walls —  
this body, above all else,  
in and of this world. And so,  
we wore the skins of beasts,  
lifted rocks, took up a sword  
and the very engines of the sun...

Looking out to the deep-  
blue powder of the night  
so indeterminate with its light,  
I am reminded that Ptolemy too  
had a vision of this earth, centered  
among all the celestial motes,  
and some way, this same weak thinking  
has prevailed...

Now,  
we could each be our own systems  
loosed to meteoric winds,  
a snow of atoms blinking  
across the inscrutable dark —  
and so, perhaps these spheres  
are not so bright or far away  
as we contend — perhaps it's all  
much closer than we think?

— Christopher Buckley, from his third collection of poetry, entitled DUST LIGHT, LEAVES, due next month from Vanderbilt University Press.

HAVING A NICE DAY

Some days, when the sun gleams  
along a spider's trial line

and sideshadows that five-petaled  
nightshade-purple Brazilian flower,

and the motorscooter shuffling the street  
to read the utility meters

rouses the dogs to barking, and I write  
so many letters I'm caught up,

nearly, I think how this is a day  
like one I'd be willing to die on

(nearly all caught up), so long  
as everyone knows, including

God, that I don't mean this day,  
or any near enough to say.

— John Ridland

INK ON PAPER

IX

Art should give us back  
the world

that our living  
confiscates.

Put back birds  
there all along:

distinct,  
crooked-billed, scratching

at lice like  
old nobility

in their feather  
wedding beds;

the caged canary  
(whose clear

song dies  
covered with a cloth

of Ashberry's  
weave) put back

in its plain  
wooden casement

swung open on  
marguerites;

poisé,  
directness, vigilance —

an egret  
cocked in the reeds

absorbed in its own  
stillness,

a straight line  
of soaring geese.

Our traffic nowhere  
truly

affirms where we go  
as do tracks

of sanderlings  
in the sand.

We think, and worry  
retracts

ourselves  
like feelers drawn in

to our heads  
afraid of leaves

curling  
on a spring peach tree.

To turn and be  
turned seaward

when at sunrise  
the salt air

and sound of waves  
pull at us,

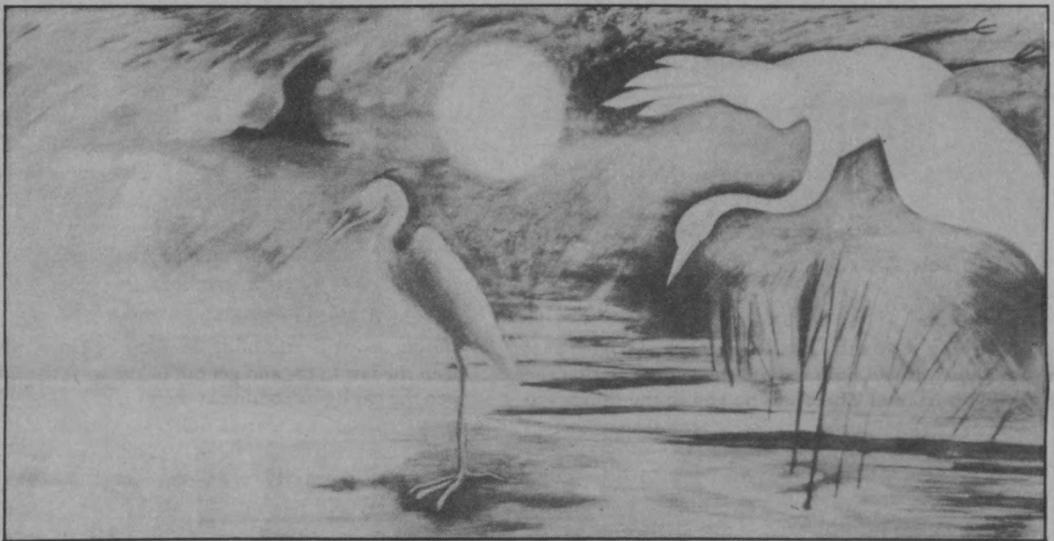
unrushed,  
stately as pelicans

indifferent to their  
decline

incising their own  
headstone

with a wingtip  
as they fly.

— John Wilson



Gary H. Brown Lagoon, 1982 pastel on Stonehenge 50x102

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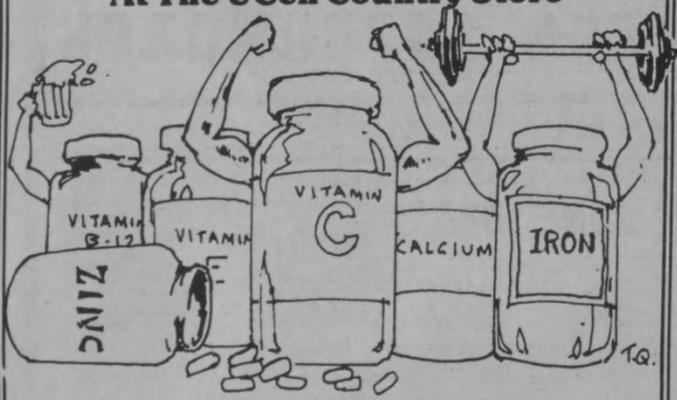
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registration form in the mail.

# At the Hairdresser's

*Kia Penso*

Visiting Lecturer in Literature,  
College of Creative Studies

It was not a good day to go to the hairdresser's because it was raining, but Mrs. Clark was taking herself and her nine-year-old granddaughter Leila for a wash and set. Tonight Leila's Uncle Larry, Mrs. Clark's eldest son, was having a big party and everyone was going to be dressed up. Leila had never been to the hairdresser's before, and she was excited at the prospect. Straight hair! It was one of her secret hopes, that she would have straight hair, and she did not want anyone to know just how much it would mean to her — she was a secretive child — so she sat quiet and intent in the back of the car while her grandmother arranged with the driver about when to pick them up.

"Before we go out in the rain, Leila, Grandma has a surprise for you," said Mrs. Clark. "I have it here, I put it in my handbag this morning."

Leila stood and looked over into the front seat and watched her grandmother sort through the contents of her large black handbag.

A bankbook, a hairnet, a comb with several teeth missing. Three bankbooks held together with a rubber band, a small red address book with pages falling out also held together with a rubber band. Hairpins, an eyebrow pencil with the cap missing, some papers folded together, tinted at the edges and along the folds with face powder, an empty envelope with a little window in it, a mirror off the top of a compact...

"Leila what ever became of that lovely ballerina doll that I gave you for your seventh birthday?"

Leila thought for a moment. "I think last time I saw it, it was under the house."

"Under the house!" said Mrs. Clark. "Under the house," she repeated, and laughing incredulously.

...a wallet sized photo album "Grandma's

Treasures", another hairnet, a checkbook, more folded papers, the bottom of the compact with the last scrapings of the powder around the sides, an old slippery powder puff, a new compact, some lipstick, pieces of paper, wadded up tissues, some air letters, a dinner mint, a pen from Ronnie's repairs on Molyne's Road, a book of matches from a Chinese restaurant, (Mee Wah's in Tropical Plaza), a guest-sized bar of soap, a small bottle of nail polish remover, more hairpins, an empty sample bottle of perfume, a pair of glasses, a huge wallet, a hairbrush all filled with hair, a small flat tin of aspirin, a toothpick in a plastic wrapper, a bundle of coupons from Hi-Lo Supermarket fastened together with a safety pin.....

"And your lovely gold bangles that I bought for you for fourteen pounds and put on you myself when you were two days old? Did you find them yet?"

"No,"

"Fourteen pounds I paid for those bangles."

"A bicycle costs twenty-seven pounds," said Leila.

"What are you talking about bicycles?" Leila did not offer an explanation.

Mrs. Clark took out of a paper bag two plastic rain bonnets, the kind that fold up like fans into little plastic pouches, and handed one to Leila. "One for you and one for me," she said.

Leila took hers wordlessly and took it out of the pouch. It had yellow polka dots. Maybe her grandmother would forget that she had given it to her and wouldn't notice her not wearing it. She wanted to lose it.

"This is the last thing Grandma will ever give you," said her grandmother, "because you don't know how to take proper care of your things."

The hairdresser's name was Rosemary. She worked

# The Woman Who Loved To Write

*Dan Sorensen* English

Her first essay was about swimming nude at Vic Tanny's Health Spa. A lot of the other women didn't like seeing her do a lazy back-stroke, sans suit, up and down the pool. Then she wrote about running into Wilt Chamberlain at a volleyball tournament in Malibu. She and Wilt became good friends. Another essay described an earthquake in California, her house sliding down the mountain, her children terrified, her husband calmly loading a pistol. She and her family moved soon after the earthquake to Grosse Point. Her son missed the ocean (he liked to surf) and her daughter was cold all the time. I think her husband had something to do with the mob.

The other students in the class didn't quite know what to make of her. Who was this woman? Why was she taking Advanced Expository Writing? There she was, wearing her designer jeans and her silk blouse, looking like she just got off the

plane from Palm Springs, talking about playing cards with Dean Martin at some place called the Riviera Club. It was a small class, mostly undergraduates, students like Earl, whose dad worked on the line at Chrysler, and Ng, a math major from Hong Kong who wrote incomprehensible essays on unreadable computer print-outs.

Usually she sat directly across the room from me. She wore expensive perfume, and I always imagined that I could smell it as I entered the classroom. Later she told me how much it cost, and what it was called, but I have since forgotten the name and price. The first whiff always made me slightly dizzy, and I had the sensation that if I fully inhaled the scent I might pass out.

One day she came to class with a broken tailbone: the day before she had slipped on the icy driveway while she was shoveling snow. She was still mad as hell at her sixteen-year-old son, who hadn't felt like shoveling. But she had to get to Vic Tanny's, so she went ahead and did it herself. The doctor told her to stay in bed and take it easy, but she didn't want to miss class. She couldn't sit down, so she stood the entire period over by the window, through which we could see the beginnings of a blizzard forecast for that evening. She said she had the chills, so she kept her fur coat on (it had a collar that reached the top of her head).

She waited for me after class everyday. She wanted to talk about the assignment, how could she improve her writing, did I think she had talent. Finally we had a drink in a dark bar in a shopping mall across the street. The bar had old pieces of wood stuck to the wall and thick ropes drooping from the ceiling. She told me she had an absolutely incredible experience

in a converted garage at the back of her mother's house on Lady Musgrave Road, one of those old Victorians. Rosemary's salon didn't have a sign outside; you knew about it by knowing Rosemary or someone who knew her. She was very exclusive. She didn't have fading pictures of out-of-date hairdos peeling off the walls, or even a stack of old issues of *Woman*; the salon was bare and uncluttered. It was windowless, and Rosemary kept the air conditioner on cold. If you wanted something to read she would take out of a cabinet a half-year of recent *Cosmopolitan* magazines. Rosemary was young and pretty and her hair always looked good. Her mother, a short, pouting woman who had lost a lot of her hair, assisted her.

It was as though the only ornament for the place was to be the sound of Rosemary's deep loud voice, booming out her gossip and observations and her personal wisdom, which adapted itself to the taste of the person with whom she was speaking.

"Well you know what I say Mrs. Clark: when you get mixed up with these married men, you better be prepared for some grief, because grief is what you get, one way or another."

She had already washed Leila's hair and was rolling it into big rollers the size of orange juice cans.

"My dear," Mrs. Clark assented.

"This child has good hair," Rosemary commented. "You must bring her in when she's a little older and let me straighten it. You see how fine it is? She's lucky."

"When she's older. I don't like this rush to straighten children's hair, I see so many children with their hair just destroyed by too much straightening."

"That's so true." Rosemary was a practiced hand at conversation. She knew how to take a rebuff. "Her hair is like her mother's," she said.

"She's the image of her mother," said Mrs. Clark.

There was a pause. The last of the rollers was in, and Rosemary led Leila to one of the dryers and sat her under it. She gave Leila the stack of *Cosmopolitan* magazines, and turned her attention to Mrs. Clark.

"I never cared much for the wife myself," said Rosemary. "She always struck me as a very cold person."

"That's how some of these English women are. It's no wonder that when he met a nice Jamaican girl he would be distracted. But you see as far as she, Sybil, is concerned, it all comes to nothing, because there is no future in a married man. Times have changed but that hasn't changed."

"But people just go through it again and again," said Rosemary sorrowfully.

"Her mother's heart must be breaking. A mother's heart..."

The rain had stopped when Leila and her grandmother went outside to wait for the car. Rosemary had pulled Leila's hair up into a pony tail which she had braided and tied at the end with red ribbon. From time to time Leila passed her hand over it to feel how smooth and straight and soft it was. She was happy.

"Grandma, guess what, Mummy said her hair is turning red."

"Your mother's head is going to catch on fire," said Mrs. Clark.

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Steven Cortright *Guide to Glamor*, 1983 Altered bookwork and Cibachrome photograph 16"x20"

during class that day. She found herself breathing in when I breathed in, and out when I breathed out. "Isn't that fantastic?" she said.

When it was her turn to present an essay to the class, she read, in her breathy, almost hoarse voice, an account of life inside the Tiger clubhouse. She had met Lance Parrish at a party, and he had gotten her a press pass that gave her access to the lockerroom. Neither the owner, pizza king Tom Monaghan, nor manager Sparky Anderson were happy about her interviewing naked players. Earl kept shaking his head. "I can't believe it. You know Lance Parrish?" Not only Lance. Gaylord Perry, Yaz, Reggie, even Al Kaline. "I've been a baseball fan for as long as I can remember," she said.

One afternoon after class she told me she was looking around for another doctor. The guy she had been going to for her back was coming on to her. He kept asking her out for a drink. "I finally told him my husband would kill him. He hasn't called for a while," she said. She wrote more than anyone else in the class: every Monday she turned in her perfectly typed pages (faintly scented). Playing tennis with Lee Iacocca (she was surprised at how skinny and hairless his legs were). Meeting her husband at Lake Tahoe (she was sixteen years old, a waitress, and he was older, with very black hair and the most elegant hands she had ever seen). Fretting over her overweight daughter (who refused to go to Vic Tanny's, and instead stayed home eating candy bars and sipping diet colas).

One day Earl was going on about Jimmy Hoffa, who had disappeared the day before from a mob hangout not far from the university.

"He was a sweet man."

"You know Jimmy Hoffa? I can't believe it."

She said she played gin rummy with Jimmy while her husband was out on the golf course. "He told the funniest stories. And he read books. People don't know that. We talked about *The Mayor of Casterbridge*. It was his favorite book."

While another student, an education major, read her essay on childhood development, Earl kept staring at his classmate who played cards with Jimmy Hoffa.

By the end of the semester we were meeting almost every afternoon at the bar in the shopping mall. It was no longer dark when we walked to the university parking lot. The last week of class I invited her to my place. I met her for breakfast at a Howard Johnson's just outside of town, then drove her back to my house. It was spring: we tracked mud into the living room (I remember wondering how I would explain the mud on the carpet to my fastidious wife). It was just ten in the morning, but we both wanted a drink, so we had bloody marys in the kitchen. Finally we went upstairs. The dog hid under the bed. Later she wanted me to guess how old she was. I underestimated by several years. This made her very happy.

"I love to write," she said. "My husband thinks writing is silly."

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THIS IS THE LAST CONCERT OF THE SERIES

sponsored by



AND

*Miller*  
MUSIC  
PLAYED THE AMERICAN WAY

### About the cover

Richard Ross, the photography instructor at UCSB, shoots this self portrait like he does everything else in life — with "subtle" wit and charm; his constant zeal for life makes this the perfect introduction to our final *Friday Magazine*, devoted to the faculty of artists and writers on this campus. We thank the faculty members for their support.

As editors, we especially thank the students who have contributed work throughout this school year. *FM* provides a much-needed forum for *diverse and original* forms of creative expression; we hope that the next editors are allowed the opportunity to maintain this tradition.

Luke Trent & Jeannie Sprecher



Editors:

Jeannie Sprecher  
Luke Trent

Staff:

Cheryl Bowers  
Christopher Buckley  
Gary H. Brown  
Steven Cortright  
Kia Penso  
John Ridland

Richard Ross  
Max Schott  
James Smith  
Dan Sorensen  
Timothy Steele  
Guy Williams  
John Wilson

# La Cumbre 1986

The Yearbook of UCSB  
A CHRONICLE OF OUR TIMES

## The Yearbooks Are Coming!



Photo by Richard O'Rourke

6,000 COPIES • 676-PAGE BOOK!!

Distribution will begin at 9 a.m.

Tuesday morning - May 27

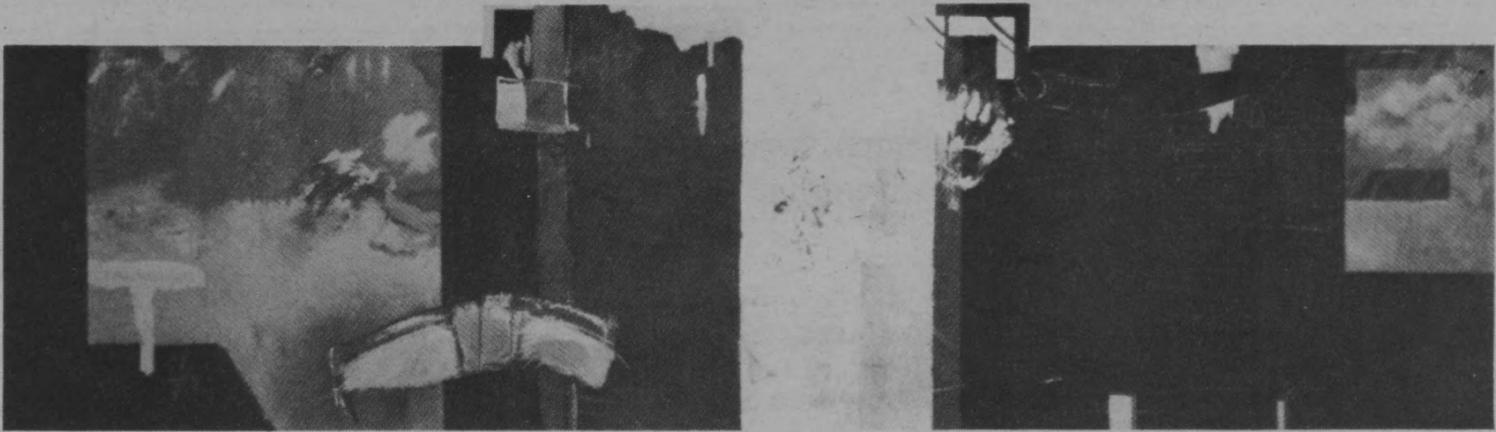
in front of the UCen

Also 8:30 a.m. - 5 p.m. May 28-30

• PLEASE bring a photo ID  
to pick up your book

• Some books on sale for \$20.00

STAFF MEMBERS: Please come to the office and sign up  
to help with distribution!

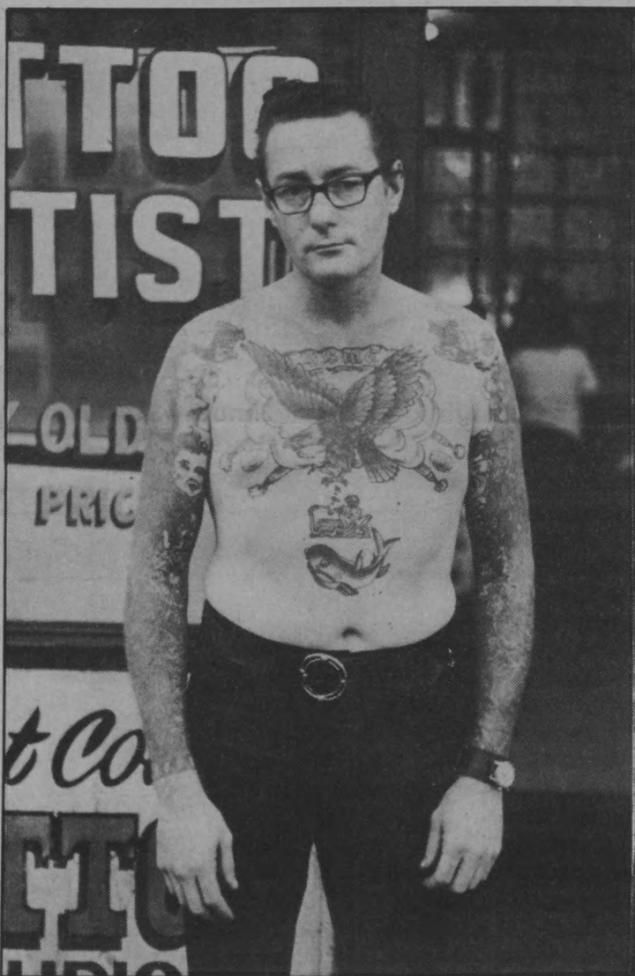


Cheryl Bowers *Red Fence*, 1978-79 oil on canvas and linen 73 1/2" x 264"

UCSB Pastoral

O, wild and savage walkways, where a lapse  
Of vigilance can kill!  
If bicyclists don't cream you, then perhaps  
A sidewalk-surfer will.

— Timothy Steele



Guy Williams Silver Gelatin Print 11"x14"

MOVIE SCHEDULE FOR FRIDAY, MAY 23rd THROUGH THURSDAY, MAY 29th.

# the movies

**SANTA BARBARA**

**Crime is a disease. Meet the cure.**

**STALLONE COBRA**  
The strong arm of the law.

2:15, 4:10, 6:00, 8:15, 10:15  
No passes, Group Sales or bargain nights.

**LIVE ARLINGTON ENTERTAINMENT**  
5/26-Jose, Jose  
5/30-Philadelphia Orchestra  
6/3-Siouxie and the Banshees  
6/10-Chic Corea  
"SPACE CAMP" IS COMING JUNE 6th.

**ARLINGTON CENTER**  
1317 State Street  
966-9382

**THE BEST OF THE BEST.**

**TOP GUN** PG

12:30, 3:10, 5:30, 7:50, 10:10  
Sorry no passes, Group Sales or bargain nights.

**Nothing felt better.**

**LUCAS**  
It's about falling in love...

3:30, 7:15  
upstairs 1:30, 5:15, 9:00

**GOLETA**

**THE BEST OF THE BEST**

**TOP GUN** ★ Tom Cruise

5:35, 7:50, 10:10  
Sat & Sun (1:15, 3:25)  
No passes, Group Sales or bargain nights.

**"They're back"**

**POLTERGEIST II THE OTHER SIDE**

2:15, 4:15, 6:15, 8:15, 10:15 Fri & Sat (12 Midnight)  
Sorry no passes, Group Sales or bargain nights.

**6:00, 8:00, 10:00**  
Sat & Sun (2:00, 4:00)  
No passes, Group Sales or bargain nights.

**#1 CINEMA**  
6050 Hollister Ave  
967-9447

**#2 DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS**  
7:45 Sat & Sun (3:45)

**JO JO DANCER**  
Your Life Is Calling

5:45, 9:45  
Sat & Sun (1:45)

**"They're back"**

**POLTERGEIST II THE OTHER SIDE**

1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 8:00, 10:00

**#1 FAIRVIEW**  
251 N. Fairview  
967-0744

6:00, 8:00, 10:00  
Sat & Sun (2:00, 4:00)  
No passes, Group Sales, bargain nights.

**STALLONE COBRA**  
The strong arm of the law.

**ALAN ALDA**

**SWEET LIBERTY**

5:30, 7:30, 9:40  
Sat & Sun (1:30, 3:30)

**965-6188**

**RIVIERA** MAGGIE SMITH  
2044 Alameda Padre Serra  
Near Santa Barbara Mission

**A Room with a View**

7:00, 9:10  
Sat & Sun (2:45, 4:50)

**5:25, 7:40, 10:00**  
Sat & Sun (1:00, 3:15)

**#1 PLAZA #2**  
DE ORO  
349 S. Hitchcock Way  
682-4936

**SEAN PENN** **CHRISTOPHER WALKEN**

**AT CLOSE RANGE**

6:00, 8:00, 10:00  
Sat & Sun (2:00, 4:00)

**MY BEAUTIFUL LAUNDRETTE**

**EVERY SUNDAY 7 A.M. to 4 P.M.**  
Sellers & Buyers Welcome!  
Information: 964-9050 after 7PM

**SANTA BARBARA SWAP MEET**  
907 S. Kellogg Goleta

**MISSION** Santa Barbara  
618 State Street  
962-8616

**MIERCOLES 2x1**  
DE MIERCOLES 5/21  
A DOMINGO 5/25

EL HIJO DE PEDRO NAVAJA  
EL CAFRE

**FIESTA FOUR MIDNIGHT ONLY!**

**THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW**

© 1979 20TH CENTURY-FOX

**All Programs & Showtimes Subject To Change Without Notice**

**CHUCK & WAYNE**

**AL DIMEOLA**

**THE CHICK COREA ELECTRIC BAND** **WAYNE SHORTER QUARTET** **AL DIMEOLA SOLO ACOUSTIC GUITAR**

ARLINGTON THEATRE - SANTA BARBARA  
TUESDAY, JUNE 10 8:00PM

Tickets: \$16.50, \$15.00  
Tickets available at Arlington Theatre box office, Morninglory Music, all Tri-County outlets and at all TICKETMASTER including Jailhouse Records in Ventura and Leopold Records.

TO CHARGE BY PHONE (805) 583-8700

ANOTHER PACIFICONCERTS PRESENTATION



The University community joins together to give praise and thanks to those graduates who have demonstrated excellence during their years here.



The Thomas More Storke Award for Excellence, symbolized by a bronze medal forged by Francis Minturn Sedgwick, is given to the outstanding graduating senior. This year this distinction is awarded to:

## Bruce M. Stark

The Jeremy D. Friedman Memorial Award is presented in grateful recognition of outstanding leadership, scholastic excellence, and innovative contributions to student and community life at the University of California, Santa Barbara, in memory of Jeremy D. Friedman, undergraduate 1979-1983.

## Kelly Lyn Brown

The following Seniors have been selected as recipients of this year's University Service Awards, given in recognition of unselfish and dedicated service to the university, its students, and the community.

Christine Maria Bosson  
Christina Denise Bowe  
Kelly Lyn Brown  
Randall Jay Carson  
Jillian Margaret Chelson  
Ann Elizabeth Clark  
Christopher Steven Clasen  
Anthony Jon de la Rosa  
Deborah Ann Fleming  
Johnny Preston Flynn  
Neil Eric Goldman

Ruth Elizabeth Haas  
Kerry Fitzgerald Jones  
Heidi Marie Keller  
Nemia Bangeles Lebrilla  
Mari Lynn Luna  
Gregory Scott Lynn  
Rucel Valmores Mangrobang  
Victor Manuel Marquez  
Melinda Jane Murray  
Carmen Ponce

Susan Glynis Price  
Gustavo Romero  
Jo Lynne Russo  
Barbara Sandoval-Kissee  
Hillary Beth Selesnick  
William Lyle Shay Jr.  
Todd Alan Smith  
Bruce M. Stark  
Richard William Triplett  
Joy Camron Williams

The following Seniors have also been selected by their campus organizations to receive awards for scholarship or special achievement.

Alpha Lambda Delta Award  
Emerson F. Fang

Outstanding Fraternity Man  
James A. Linn

Outstanding Sorority Woman  
Julie Elizabeth Metzger

Warren E. Schutt Memorial Award  
Mary Ann Doll

Mortar Board Award  
Laurie Elaine Skaer

Golda Marshall Honoraria  
Michelle Judy Hermon  
Melinda Murray  
Bridgette Charmaine Wattiez  
Julie Metzger  
Monique Claire Dugard

National Student Speech,  
Language and Hearing Association Award  
Linda Susan Bowen

Award winners, their families and interested Faculty and Staff are invited to be the guests of the Vice Chancellor Ed Birch at the University House

Friday, June 13, 1986 from 4:00 p.m. to 6:00 p.m.