

FLIP OVER TO

DINING AND ENTERTAINMENT

FOOD DRINKS PIES NIGHT SPOTS ISLA VISTA ITALIAN

FMM

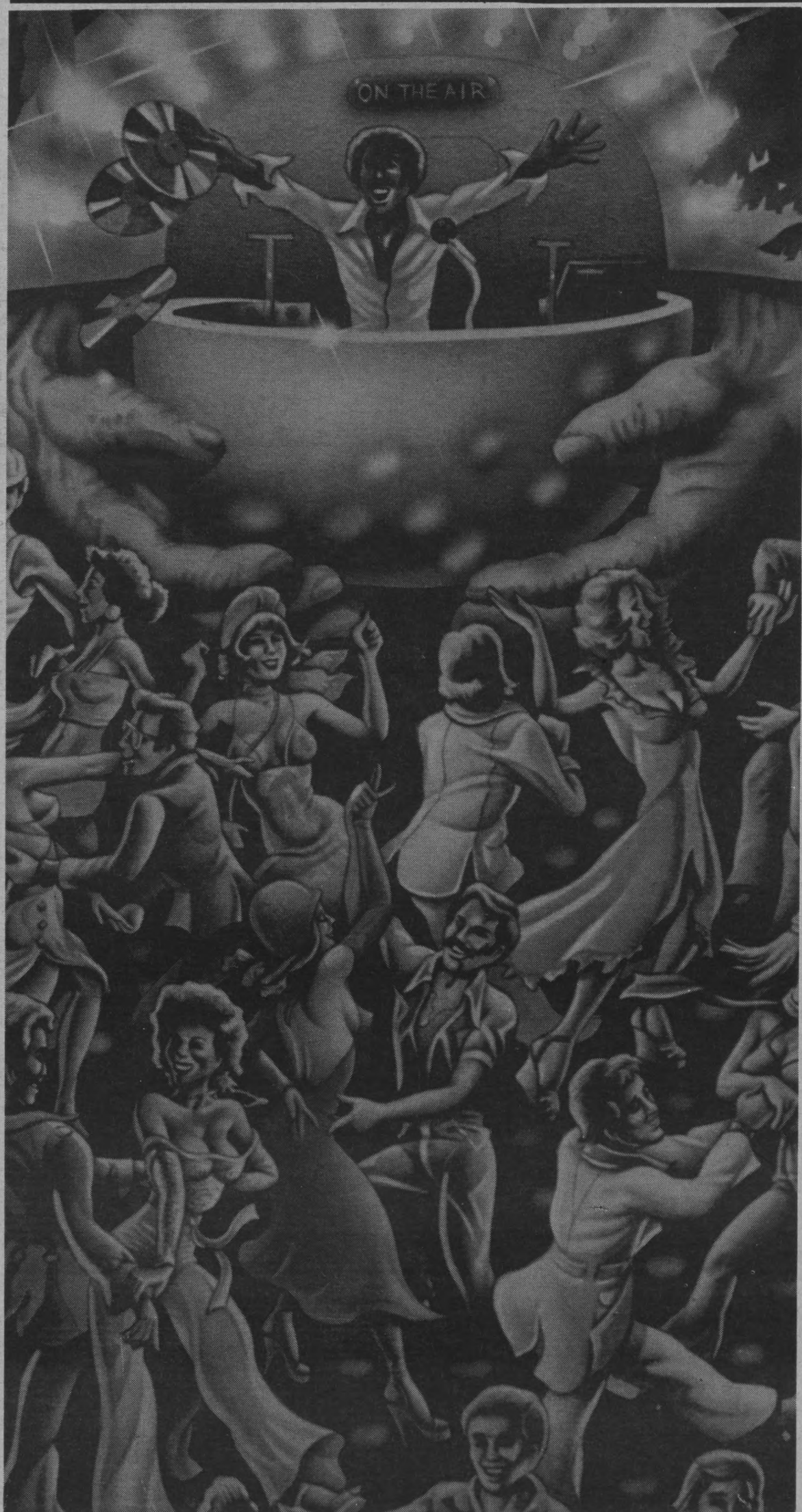
THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY.
Magazine

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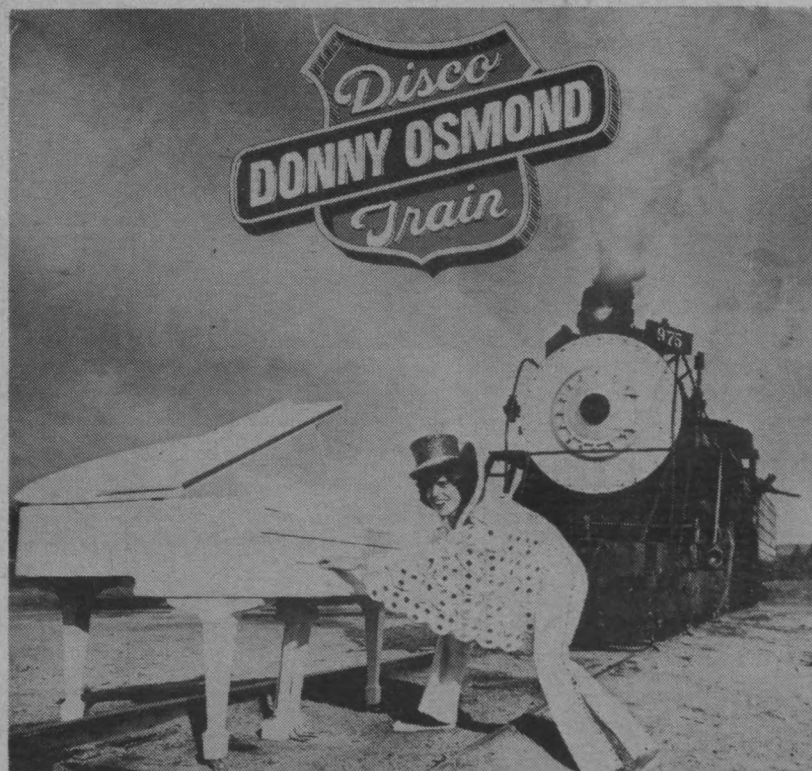
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DY- NO- MITE!

The Seventies



**T H E
70s**

As covered by
the Daily Nexus

Compiled by
Michelle Ray, and
Doug Arellanes

1970

Thursday, January 30

A dozen campus police waving billy clubs charged a crowd of 1,000 students who had gathered at the Administration building yesterday to demand an open hearing for Bill Allen.

(Allen was a popular anthropology teacher who was fired from UCSB because, in the words of Associate Professor Thomas G. Harding, Allen hadn't "pleased the right people." The Anthropology department gave as reasons Allen's failure to "keep proper social distance," the insufficiency of his research and publishing, and his general attitude toward the department. 7,776 students signed a petition calling for his return to the faculty.)

The police, who had been stationed inside the otherwise evacuated building since before the noon rally, broke through the glass doors after Dean of Men Robert Evans appeared and announced to the students, "You are in violation of University regulations."

In the aftermath of the charge, two women had to be treated for injuries suffered during the scramble from the police.

Sunday, February 1

A stand-off between 3,000 to 5,000 students and 300 police from six separate agencies lasted 2 1/2 hours Friday, with the result that the UCSB Administration Building remained closed for the second straight day.

The day's action was marred by the unprovoked beatings of several students by, in some cases, unidentified (non-badge wearing) officers.

But these were the only incidents of violence. Students remained calm and non-violent throughout the day, as police repeatedly attempted to disperse the crowd.

Continuing protest over the firing of assistant Professor Bill Allen led to Friday's demonstration, and, according to the many people who addressed the crowds during the police occupation, the demonstrations promise to go on this week.

(See SEVENTIES, p.3A)

No Static at all ...

Friday Magazine

Contributors: Wade Daniels, Mike Lupro, Jared Becker, Michelle Ray

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The Seventies: What the Hell Were They Thinking?

By Jared Becker

I was born in the Summer of Love, but I spent most of my childhood in the 70s.

A decade that bridged the intense social ferment of the 60s and the reactionary conservatism of the 80s, the 1970s are often maligned as a time that encompassed the worst of both.

Moral bankruptcy and weak liberalism in the government, stagnation in the music industry, irresponsible hedonism, bell-bottoms and polyester.

In retrospect, most people look back with embarrassment. But, being a child at the time, I didn't usually see the big picture, or concern myself greatly with the socio-economic or political events unless they directly affected my insulated childhood world.

Disco, the big musical movement of the decade, is still scorned and belittled. Indeed, disco was the lowest common denominator of popular music. It was mindless, without any social conscience whatsoever. But for a time it held the entire nation in its rhythmic, grooving beat.

I remember the Christmas of fourth grade, when I unwrapped two shiny Shaun Cassidy albums. On the back of one of the covers, Shaun stood next to a white grand piano that had a photo of John F. Kennedy on it. I still don't know what that meant.

I remember the girls singing "Love Will Keep Us Together," and swooning over the Captain.

I remember watching the "Donny and Marie" show.

And, even though Donny Osmond has drifted into obscurity in Irvine, California, his music still lives on.

Last summer one of my roommates brought home an album from the Salvation Army. It's called "Disco Train," by Donny Osmond, yet it rocks with the best of them. It includes such forgotten hits as "Marianne," and "I Follow the Music (Disco Donny)." In fact, it would have to be included on my personal Ten Best List. It was produced by former California Lt. Gov. Mike Curb, whose impact on the Disco culture has been sadly forgotten. He's producing country albums by the Judds and others now.

But there was much more

to the Seventies than "Saturday Night Fever." Remember "Slime," that gooey, green, gross stuff that came in a green plastic trash can? You could pour it on your hands, or on the floor or in your hair, which would piss off your Mom, prompting her to take it away from you.

My friend Brian and I both had cans of green slime. Then one day, Brian came over and he had The Orange Slime with Purple Worms in It! It was the most incredible thing I had ever seen. I asked my Mom to buy a can for me. She laughed and said if I wanted to play with worms I should go out into the garden.

Or how about "Pop Rocks?" Those little candies that exploded in your mouth

were all the rage for a while. Then rumors started spreading that if you ate too many "Pop Rocks" and then drank a carbonated beverage, your stomach would explode. I don't think that it ever really happened, but suddenly "Pop Rocks" were yanked off the markets, only to reappear again in the last few years.

In 1976, the nation celebrated the Bicentennial. I was in Third Grade, but I remember being very excited by the whole thing, as I was a very patriotic little tyke. In my class, we all made little Ben Franklin tri-cornered hats and wire glasses. Then our mothers dressed us in long coats and britches, and our whole school marched in

some kind of Bicentennial parade, waving little American flags and singing patriotic songs.

In the same year, Jimmy Carter was elected the 39th President of the United States. I remember being really pissed off when the networks interrupted "The Return Of Lassie" to televise the signing of the Camp David Agreement between Israel and Egypt, with Carter smiling his big cheesy smile, and Sadat and Begin shaking hands. Then there was the hostage crisis thing with Iran, and everyone was getting on Carter's case for not "standing tall" against a bunch of crazy Iranian fundamentalists.

One of the first things people say when you mention the Seventies is "Oh, gross. Total fashion victims." Yes, I'm sure we all remember the horrible prints, patterns and plaids, the velour and of course — gasp — polyester. I must admit that I am sometimes embarrassed when I look back at pictures of my childhood.

Those in their late twenties and older have no such excuse. They must be truly horrified to look back in their photo albums! Stomping around in platform shoes, shirts unbuttoned to the navels and that oh-so-chic layered and feathered haircut.

If it were me, I would burn every picture and tell my children that I spent the Seventies studying Aborigines in the Australian outback.



DISCO!

By Mike Lupro

So it's been a long hard day of existence here in Gaucho territory. Administrative hassles here, boring class there, this went wrong ... that's all screwed up, and so on.

You return to your palatial Isla Vista estate and put on a record while you debate with yourself. "Should I buy one 12-pack of Schaefer beer or three 40-oz. bottles of the aforementioned amber, holy nectar?" you ask.

Suddenly, a backbeat rises out of the speaker, a backbeat that even the most arrhythmic nimnutz can groove to.

Then the bass kicks in ... buh-dum-buh-duh-dum-bum-bum ... and you start to sway a little as you check out the size of the bell-bottoms worn by the person on the album cover. You may even start tapping your feet now but it's not until that rousing chorus of "B-b-b-boogie fever, boogie fever baby, you got to boogie down, just get on down, get on down," that you really feel the disco inferno burning deep within you. It's too late now. You're up. You're boogie'n. You're looking stupid. And you're feeling good. Sure it's mindless, but then most good clean fun is.

There are many accounts of some of the rad fads of the decade we spent in elementary school. I know you're laughing. If you aren't laughing then you must have missed that front cover spread of the Donny Osmond "Disco Train" album.

Polyester is funny stuff. The scary part of all this is that the love of disco creeps up on even the most sarcastic cynic. I know. It happened to me. It will happen to you. Don't worry though, you're in good company. Even the likes of the Rolling Stones and Rod Stewart fell for it (and their reputations have been tainted ever since).

For me it all started a few years ago when my friend Mark and I were having one of our numerous discussions on the state of music today. Mark is one of those people who refuse to believe that 1964 has ended and that the Beatles no longer exist. He harkened back to that brief period in high school when the Stray Cats ushered in a rockabilly revival. Following that was the period in which Vespa sales soared and Quadrophonia became a midnight movie staple. He said that he had noticed a small resurgence of tie-dye shirts and longer hair and that he had actually seen a paisley shirt for sale in the Broadway.

Mark got this worried look on his face and said pensively, "The thing is that the polyester moguls are behind this, plotting our fashion demise. Do you think the people in the seventies realized how stupid they looked? Of course not. The polyester moguls have it planned so that it creeps up on you. Slowly but surely, you start getting into it thinking you're cool but not realizing how stupid it is until the polyester industry has milked you for all you're worth."

"No," I said to Mark, "It's a funny theory, but people aren't dumb enough to actually buy and wear polyester print shirts and listen to The Sylvers and Brass Construction again."

The next thing I knew I was shopping for Bermuda shorts in a thrift store when I noticed the ugliest garment I had ever seen. It was a polyester montage of Disney characters portraying famous paintings from throughout history like Whistler's Mother and the Blue Boy. I purchased it thinking that if they ever hold an ugliest shirt in the world contest I could whip this thing out and come away with at the very least an honorable mention.

I didn't know it then, but looking back now, I realize that that was the point where I became infected. From there it was all downhill. Soon the number of disco albums I owned surpassed Led Zeppelin and the Clash put together. At this point it was still a joke to me, but it was becoming a big one.

It caught us all by surprise, but it's happening and I love it. I don't bother to fight it anymore. I just get up and boogie. I suggest you do the same.



At a disco, 1977

It is one a.m. and the disco is just filling up. Recent arrivals — a solitary woman in a metallic tube top, a twosome in tennis shorts and orange caps, a male pair in satin jump suits — drift toward the dance floor, a cavernous space drenched by sound from a dozen overhead speakers and riddled with multicolored strobes.

In an elevated enclosure a DJ wearing earphones times the smooth transitions from one turntable to another and orchestrates the lights. The disc he spins is hot; the spots flash crimson and purple; the floor pulsates as hordes of dancers — maybe four or five hundred on a Saturday — bounce, sway, shimmy, and rock through steps with no names or some version of the Hustle.

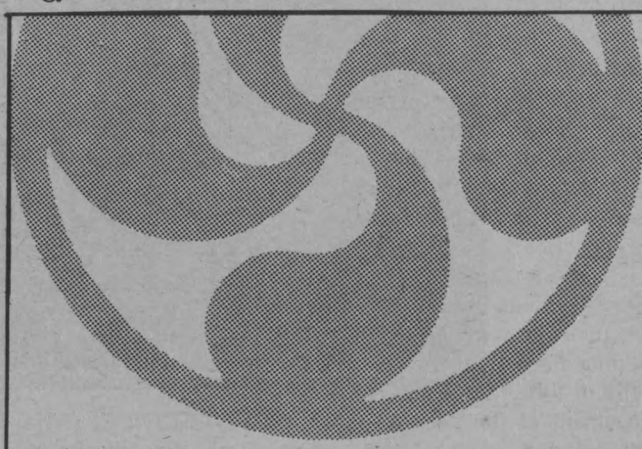
A mustachioed man in a white "Clyde" suit shoulders a Lolita in black lace, flails his arms, and whoops out lyrics: "Dazz, dazz, disco dazz — Dazz, dazz, disco ..." A large bedenimed girl swirls with a middle-aged woman dressed

in an argyle sweater and cashmere skirt, blue-gray to match her tinted hair. An Edwardian pair — he in a pale yellow collarless shirt and vest, she in ivory eyelet with pink ribbons — throbs in a close embrace. Stragglers float through the pungent air — tobacco tinged with perfume and pot — toward seats near the mirrored walls. A microskirted mannequin glimpses the reflection of a rangy black man. His shirt

draped over his outstretched arms, he has been soaring around the room in ever-concentric circles. Now he orbits around her.

Fourteen (or is it forty?) songs later it's five a.m. and clutches of sated revelers glide outside to the empty street. No one sees those who spent the night being seen.

— from Horizon magazine, May, 1977



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DY- NO- MITE! SEVENTIES

(Continued from p.2A)

Monday, February 2

In the event of injuries today, a corps of student medics has been organized to provide medical aid. They can be identified by white armbands printed with a blue and white circular emblem. Many of these students have received Red Cross training; these will also wear a Red Cross emblem.

Thursday, February 5

Striking students marched through the campus yesterday afternoon chanting "On strike! Shut it down!" A campus-wide strike was called for, beginning at 8 a.m. today.

(A number of classes were moved off-campus, to various locations.)

Thursday, February 26

At three o'clock this morning approximately 200 to 300 law enforcement officers moved on Isla Vista following a second night of rioting during which one police car was overturned and burned, realty offices vandalized, and the Bank of America building completely destroyed by flames.

The riot, which immediately followed a gathering at Perfect Park at 5:30 p.m., intensified until approximately 2:30 this morning when the crowd was warned by a police helicopter to disperse or face arrest for unlawful assembly. At 3:30 a.m., police reportedly were arresting and clubbing students who had failed to disperse. They also searched apartments of students believed to be involved in the riot.

Friday, February 27

Governor Ronald Reagan declared Isla Vista yesterday a "state of emergency." This announcement came at a press conference following an emergency meeting with the Santa Barbara Board of Supervisors.

Along with placing the student community in this extreme state, the governor promised to provide the California Highway Patrol, National Guard and whatever else is necessary to provide protection.

"I can promise full protection of this state, as this cannot be allowed to continue. I will not let this get out of hand as it has in other communities.... So help me God, we will provide everything that needs providing," Reagan said.

(See SEVENTIES, p.4A)

SPRING REGISTRATION

PRIORITY REGISTRATION FOR SPRING QUARTER:

WED. FEB. 10 - FRI. FEB. 12

PRIORITY DAYS ARE ASSIGNED BY CLASS LEVEL.
CONSULT YOUR REGISTRATION FORM AND THE
SCHEDULE OF CLASSES.

TURN IN YOUR REGISTRATION FORM AT THE DROP-OFF POINT IN FRONT
OF THE MAIN LIBRARY, OR CHEADLE HALL IN CASE OF RAIN.

• LOOK FOR THE BLUE AND WHITE STRIPED CANOPY •

SEVENTIES

(Continued from p.3A)

1971

Monday, May 3

An array of about 2,500 anti-war demonstrators marched up State Street Saturday afternoon to open the May Offensive against the war in Indochina.

Braving damp weather, the marchers, complete with dogs, bikes, musical instruments and placards, ended in Alameda Park, where they heard a dozen speakers representing different organizations berating American involvement in Indochina and imploring further action from the crowd.

High points of the three hour demonstration were a fiery speech by Maurice Zeitlin, visiting professor from the University of Wisconsin, and a draft card, war medal and dollar bill burning in which almost 100 people contributed fuel.

Monday, May 10

Hold on to your shorts ... or drop them. Such was the case for 12 brave souls who participated in the first annual Nude Fun Run last Saturday night.

In the dark shadows behind the UCen it was John (name withheld to avert over-exposure to the police), from Anacapa Hall, who lunged through the toilet paper finish line to victory.

October 11

Appearing this week for the first time in the Daily Nexus is a new column, "Dear Ronnie," which features dialogue between Governor Reagan and the college students of California...

QUESTION: How do you see your political popularity on college campuses?

REAGAN: Political popularity has never been a prime goal of my administration. In view of widespread student feeling that they should be left alone, and not interfered with by government, it seems that many of them would agree with my philosophy that state and federal governments should only be big enough to do for people what they cannot do for themselves, and the real control should be with people at the local level.

QUESTION: Would you accept the Republican nomination for vice president in 1972 should you be offered it?

REAGAN: I have said time and again that I am not a candidate for either president or vice president. I will go to the 1972 GOP convention as head of the California delegation pledged to the nomination of President Nixon.

1972

Wednesday, February 9

A dearth of well-thought-out, probing questions from California college students necessitated a moratorium to be placed on the "Dear Ronnie" column.

The column is the brainchild of Chip Goodman, publisher of the Claremont (Mens' College) Collegian. "Dear Ronnie" debuted last year as a feature of 30 college newspapers.

Thursday, September 21

On the 4th of July this summer, acting under orders from officers of the Regents of the University of California, the UCSB Administration seized control of a regular issue of the Summer Nexus. The edition, which appeared on Wednesday, July 5, was written, edited and printed by the administration's Office of Public Information.

The takeover came after Nexus editors refused to print a University-written retraction of several news stories which appeared in June issues of UCSB's student newspaper.

Those news stories reported that Santa Barbara District Attorney David Minier, City Attorney A. Berry Cappello and former 3rd District Supervisor candidate Jim Worthen have financial ties with local real estate speculators who are charged with civil fraud. Minier, Cappello and Worthen demanded the Nexus retract the articles, under threat of a

costly libel suit against the Nexus and the Regents. The Regents, pressured where it counts — their pocketbook — took steps to make sure a retraction was printed.

Thursday, September 28

Two UCSB students were arrested Tuesday at Campus Point on charges of possessing marijuana and marijuana paraphernalia. The nature of the arrest, declared to Bill Meller, one of those apprehended, can serve as a learning experience for students about campus police conduct.

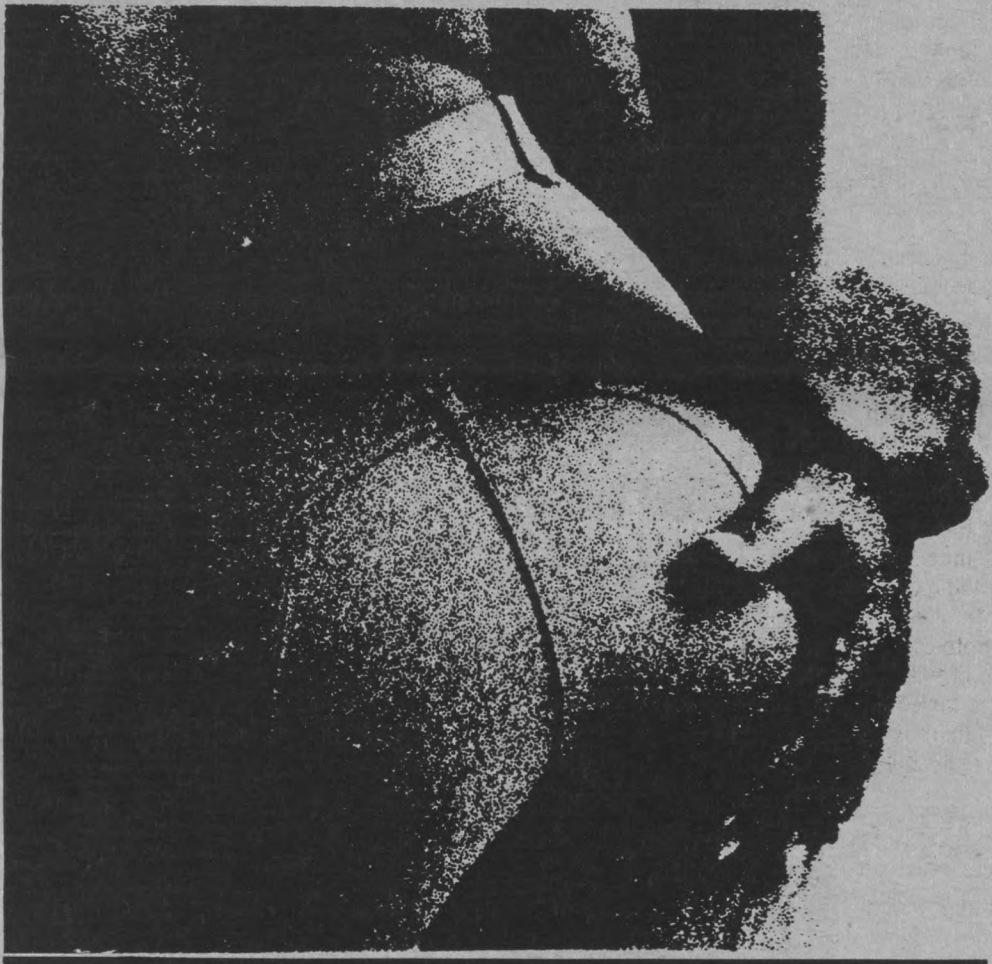
Meller reports that on Tuesday at 10:30 a.m. he and a friend were sunbathing nude and smoking cigarettes. Officer Blair of the Campus Police summoned aid, and then descended upon them from the cliff. At this point, Meller asked, "is it illegal to sit here nude; if so, we'll leave." The officers then informed them they were being arrested on marijuana charges, not for nudity.

Thursday, October 26

The United States and North Vietnam

DITTOS

Saddle Pants. Feel the Fit!



Advertisement from November 21, 1975.

announced earlier today that "basic agreements" on a nine-point peace plan had been reached. Radio Hanoi said a ceasefire would take effect next Wednesday under the terms of an agreement to be signed on Tuesday. A general confirmation from Washington was made public around noon.

The United States in turn said that one more negotiating session would be needed to clear up the details and that the agreement would be signed within "a matter of weeks, or less." Henry Kissinger, who did the secret negotiating for the United States, also did the talking for the Nixon administration. Both Kissinger and Hanoi officials agree that the accords call for an immediate ceasefire after the signing of the formal agreement.

Wednesday, November 8

Richard Nixon was reelected President in what most newscasters call "the greatest landslide ever," as he captured 49 states and a huge majority of the popular vote.

Early this morning, with 80 percent of the popular vote counted, Nixon led George McGovern, 62 percent to 37 percent. The vote in the electoral college was 521-17 in Nixon's favor.

1973

Wednesday, January 10

Classified advertisement: M or F own room \$65 per month 6575 Segovia No. 5

Wednesday, March 7

Last week, A.S. President John Grant, Vice President Mike Freed, Student Lobby Chief Steve Wade and Academic Affairs Chairman Dick Bowen attended the National Student Lobby Conference in Washington, D.C.

Yesterday they returned gloomy and disillusioned.

"The NSL," commented Grant, "has the political tact of an elephant and the social consciousness of a dinosaur."

Beforehand, the four representatives buttonholed Ralph Nader after his address to the Senate Appropriations Committee. Nader confided that his speech (scheduled here in April) will intermesh with the students'

away from recent student history. (However I have seen examples of outrage recently, notably when something goes wrong with the soundtrack at Campbell Hall Saturday night films.) But the rise and fall of cultural artifacts isn't what irks me. (I like dancing and beer.)

The return of apathy is what I am concerned about. Not just the rampant apathy we have known for the past few years. This is an uglier, more sickening apathy. It is the apathy that is a trend. Like the '50s, it is becoming, I think, "in" to be apathetic.

There are some people who are resisting this trend (myself not included). For them I have respect and hope. It is the rest of us that scare me. Can Nixon get away with a repeat of the "Checkers" speech? Can he and his cohorts take away the few things (like a small measure of civil rights and decency) that have been won for all people? Yep, if we let him. And I fear we will.

By the way, have you seen the new Postal Service stamps (Postal workers in various Dick and Jane motifs, painted by the same artist who did the baby on the Farina cereal box)? There's the '50s, as blatant as Barbary Coast Days.

JAY HOWARD CLOWES

Tuesday, May 8

Letter to the Editor

I must confess that I am quite disturbed at recent trends in student interest at UCSB. Monday's Nexus carried a letter decrying our campus' return to the '50s, and while I feel this analysis may be somewhat shallow — the '50s, after all, were quite different from what we are suffering through now — still, the overall trend is not encouraging.

I came to UCSB three years ago in the wake of intense student rioting. Violence had died down, but political commitment had not — witness the incredible political events of the past three years in Isla Vista. Now I look out on a campus practically devoid of political interest. The farmworkers' struggle, the incredible corruption revealed by Watergate, the continued American bombing of Cambodia — where's the righteous indignation that would have erupted but three, two, even one year ago? Drowned in beer and Carole King, that's where.

I am not advocating a return to the absurdities of the late sixties, but it seems to me that some sort of self-renewal is going to be necessary if our entire generation is to avoid a repeat of our parents'. Don't you agree?

NAME WITHHELD FOR PERSONAL REASONS

Tuesday, October 23

With the announcement last Saturday that President Nixon had fired special prosecutor Archibald Cox, a couple of UCSB students decided that they were fed up with Nixonian politics.

Stating that "things have gotten to the point where we had to do something," Steve Aizanstat, along with political science major Terry Harwack, have begun a committee entitled CREIP, the Committee for the Restoration of Ethics in Politics.

Setting up shop in front of the UCen, Aizanstat and Harwack have dittoed off a large number of form letters asking for impeachment proceedings to be started against Nixon. The two are providing these letters in hopes that students will find it convenient to write their congressmen (impeachment proceedings must begin in the House Judiciary Committee).

Thursday, November 8

Bob Woodward, the Washington Post Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter, who along with colleague Carl Bernstein uncovered the Watergate scandal, said yesterday that most White House correspondents are "no more than sophisticated stenographers," and are not telling Americans what's going on in Washington.

Woodward, 30, spoke yesterday to a crowd of approximately 400 people in Campbell Hall and said that Washington reporters concentrate too much on the official version of events and don't do enough investigative reporting on the "underbelly" of government.

(See SEVENTIES, p.5A)

Monday, May 7

Letter to the Editor

Someone commented in a national magazine that "if you liked the '50s, you'll love the '70s," and the sentiment was expressed again in the S.F. Chronicle a few days ago. I am sure there is no more obvious example of this trend than our own campus.

The return of beer, the Beach Boys, sororities, fraternities, dancing and docility are evidence of our present sojourn into the late '50s (and I think we will go back from there). The demise of "thinking," outrage, long hair and not washing (none of which I'll be fool enough to support herein) also point

SEVENTIES

(Continued from p.4A)

1974

Monday, March 4

Former UCSB alumnus of the year Robert C. Mardian has been formally indicted in connection with the ever-burgeoning Watergate affair.

Mardian was honored in 1971 by the UCSB Alumni Association for excellence in government service. He was then Assistant Attorney General for Internal Security.

Mardian served as a political coordinator for the now-infamous Committee to Re-elect the President in 1972. After the Watergate break-in, he was assigned to investigate the extent of involvement by White House employees. The report he made to campaign manager John Mitchell was grim. The cover-up had begun.

In 1971, Mardian transferred 17 tapes from the FBI office to Domestic Advisor John Ehrlichman's personal safe.

Mardian attended UCSB in 1943, where he was active as a cheerleader for Gaucho teams. At that time UCSB was located at the Riviera campus in downtown Santa Barbara.

August 1974

President Richard Nixon resigns.

Orientation Issue, September 1974

2-page advertisement

Are you looking for a Christian roommate? Would you like to live in a situation where there are a lot of other Christians around? Are you wondering if there are any Christians at UCSB and I.V. when you get here? Wonder no more! We are waiting for you and wish to meet you. There is action aplenty awaiting

you.

You are invited to meet the rest of the new Christian students at dinner Sunday 6 p.m. Where? 1000 El Embarcadero, Isla Vista.

Jesus Christ is Lord of Isla Vista

Thursday, October 3

Letter to the Editor

Your article on the coed dorm, Santa Cruz, is most disturbing. It is obvious that the residence halls are causing boys and girls to live in close proximity because it's financially good business.

But what about morals and privacy? I have heard frightening stories of what sometimes goes on at coed dorms; even house mothers in coed dorms have been known to encourage comingling.

Since 1966, there has been a steady decline in morals at UCSB. Now that there are no segregated dorms, where, would you suggest, nice girls can live during their stay at UCSB? Don't forget nice boys also need a place to live where they will not be constantly assaulted by temptations of the flesh.

For an end to coed dorms,
MISS THELMA B. ROGERS
Chairwoman, Students Committed to Uplift Morals

1975

Wednesday, April 30

South Vietnam fell Wednesday to the Communists, thus ending 14 years of U.S. involvement. President Duong Van Minh has ordered all government troops to stop fighting. The end

of the war came after the United States spent \$150 billion and more than 50,000 lives in trying to prevent a communist takeover of South Vietnam.

Monday, May 9

An early Saturday morning fire gutted two rooms of an Isla Vista Christian apartment house, injuring two. One of the victims is listed in critical condition at Cottage Hospital.

According to Dan Gaither, public information officer of the County Fire Dept., fire units were called to a structural fire at 1000 El Embarcadero, on the corner of El Embarcadero and Sabado Tarde, at 1:15 Saturday morning. The first unit arrived to find the bottom floor of the two-story apartment fully engulfed in flames, with the two victims lying in the street....

Cause of the fire is still under investigation, but Gaither noted that it appeared that a faulty fluorescent light ballast was the cause. When asked about the fire, one of the residents said that he didn't know that the Fire Dept. might be right, but added that "there's a lot of people here in Isla Vista who don't like the Christians."

Monday, November 3

Saturday night, Nov. 1, Bruce Springsteen performed in front of a sellout Robertson Gym audience. The event was probably the finest concert sponsored by A.S. in the last four years....

The show opened with a backlit form hunched over a harmonica — it was Springsteen beginning the energy climb that

would build for the next three hours ... nonstop. Springsteen belted out "Thunder Road," with Roy Bittan on backup before the balance of the band took the stage. With the notable additions of David Sancious on organ and "Miami" Steve Van Zandt on guitar and back-up vocals, it was the same core members that had cut the latest release on "Born to Run": Clarence Clemons on saxophone, Gary Tallent on bass guitar, "Mighty" Max Weinberg on drums and Roy Bittan on piano.

It's difficult to describe the energy of Springsteen, very difficult ... catapulting himself off the stage, into the audience and back onto the stage to hit the second chorus ... pouring his heart into the microphone, veins swelled on his forehead, hemorrhaging every internal organ. The guiding power of the lead singer can be seen in his credible ability to catch up the trailing ends of his lyrics with a unifying refrain — saving the poetic structure like catching water in his hands.

1976

Wednesday, February 25

With 80 percent of the anticipated New Hampshire votes tallied, former Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter held a six point lead over runner-up Arizona Rep. Morris K. Udall in the Democratic primary.

Carter claimed 30 percent of the vote while Udall took 24 percent. Indiana Senator Birch Bayh tallied 16 percent, followed by Oklahoma Senator Fred Harris with 11 percent and 1972 Vice Presidential candidate Sargent Shriver with nine percent.

(See SEVENTIES, p.6A)



November 8, 1976.

By Wade Daniels

A seven or eight year-old kid can suffer permanent emotional damage when he is deprived of his Cartoon Carnival fix every day after school for months on end.

Suffice to say that I still hold a grudge against Ehrlichman and the boys for their lousy Watergate hearings pre-empting Bugs and Porky during that crucial period of my life.

This, despite the daily urgings of my Norwegian babysitter, Mrs. Yang, that this was "history being made." Bullshit.

Television is naturally one of the best social documents of modern times. By examining what was popular during a given period one can catch a glimpse of what society was thinking.

Witness The Brady Bunch, probably the proto-est of prototype 70's shows. The era saw a strong return of nuclear family formula shows such as the Bradys who were hailed as the new Ozzie and Harriet. They were a perfect family who wore bell bottoms, had a maid and ran into real soupy problems.

Even in the late 80's they're still perfect as we recently saw in The Bradys Get Married revival — none of them had gotten maimed or fat or had a coke problem.

Happy Days somewhat chronicles where the nostalgic mood of the nation was, and for a while addressed some stronger family issues. There was the episode where Richie got hammered at a bachelor party and came home to do bed orbits. Now that's growing up. The Brady kids didn't even get acne.

The best episodes probably came in the first season or two. That was before the producers decided to tape the show before a studio audience. It was quite different. At first the Fonz wore a beige khaki jacket before he got heavy into the leather thing. However, probably the biggest cover-up of the decade was the mysterious disappearance of Richie and Joanie's big brother — Chuck.

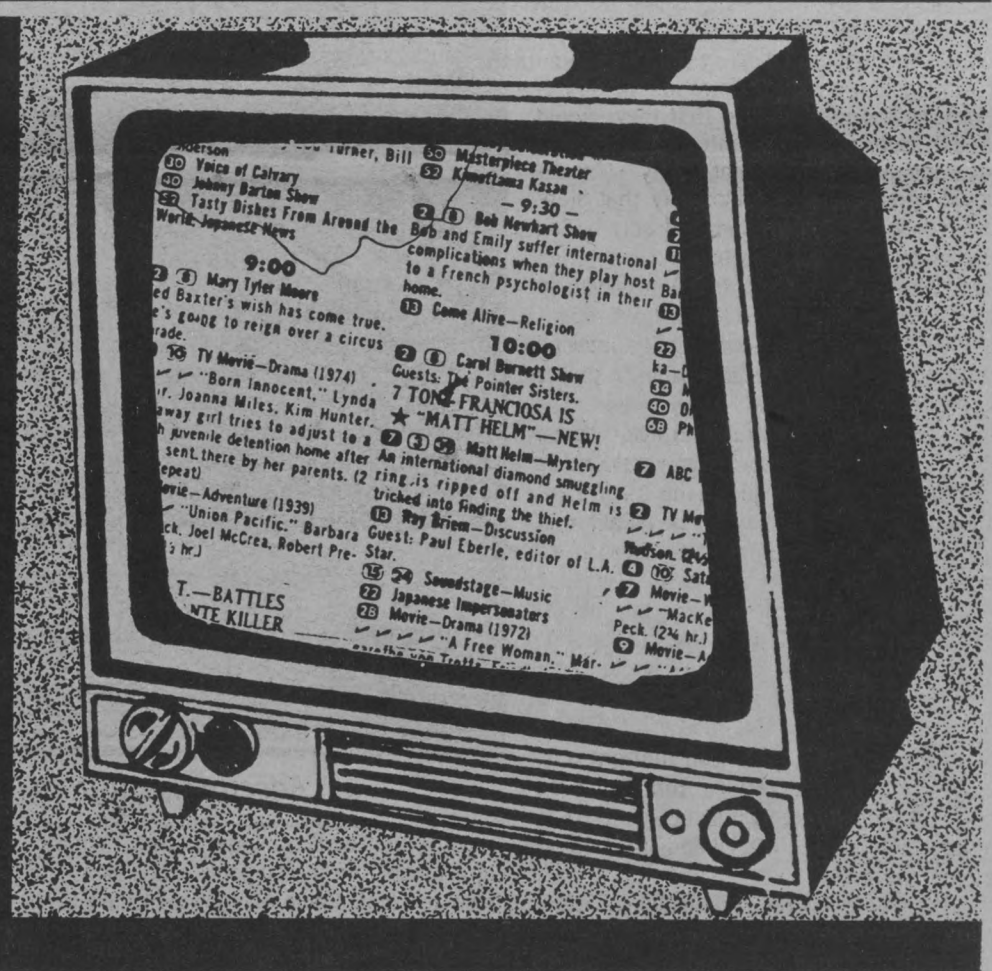
Remember him? He was tall, played basketball and looked kind of like Richie — what happened to him? He played a big part in the first handful of episodes, and from then on not a word about him. There was no Chuck-gets-drafted or Chuck-gets-killed-in-a-hostage-siege episode, he just vanished. This could have been bigger than the "Paul Is Dead" mania of a few years earlier.

If you think about it you may realize that, hype and coolness aside, Fonzie was really an egocentric jerk. Sure, he got lots of chicks but he treated them like dirt and did a real good job of intimidating his friends.

How about his seemingly magical powers (a snap of the finger or thump of the juke-box) and magnetic attraction to women? Can this be attributed to some sort of double-life he led and would have to pay for when his soul passed on? He must have had some morals. Note that neither Ralph, Potsie nor any of the Cunninghams walked into his loft when he was getting anywhere past some heavy necking.

The show had far-reaching effects on our culture well into the decade. Later seasons produced Mork from Ork and the immortal "Nanoo-nanoo." However, the series failed to survive the transition into the early 80's (another great era) and was probably dealt its death-blow with the advent of Chachi and his

The Seventies Through the Groove Tube



inine "Wa-wa-wa."

As is true with all television periods, sitcoms in general ran the gamut between quality and cheesiness. Of course there were the heavyweights which, it seemed would last forever — All In The Family and M*A*A*S*H, which, although it was set in another time period, didn't have the nostalgia draw. It was of course the overall chemistry and quality of the characters and writing.

On the other end of the spectrum was the sure-fire jiggle / giggle formula typified by Three's Company — sex equals ratings. Notice that WKRP In Cincinnati wasn't popular just because it had good writers....

One trend that withered out with the 60's was the glut of doctor shows. Marcus Welby M.D. was cancelled early on in the decade and there was a healthy transition to the street-cop and rescue shows with Emergency, which was sort of a hybrid of doctors and public service heroes.

Notice that, unlike cop shows of nowadays like Miami Vice and Magnum P.I., police shows of the 70's were a lot less glitzy and focused around superhunks. James Garner's Jim Rockford character was one of hard work and hard luck — and unlike Sonny Crockett or Magnum who scarcely have an eyelash out of place, Jimbo regularly got his ass kicked.

Other police shows of the period were also built around much more normal people such as Adam-12, The Rookies,

and SWAT; Cannon is also a solid example. The big turnaround towards gorgeous-guy syndrome came around '78 whence came CHIPS, complete with disco theme and incidental music. Erik Estrada was certainly the forerunner of the pinup T.V. cop and it must be said that he has been sadly missed ever since his ballyhooed voodoo scandal broke.

The tabloids ate it up back in the early 80's when his wife was blabbing that he was trying to manipulate her with the aid of voodoo. He's hardly been heard from since.

A format which seems to have seen its heyday in the 70's is that of the variety show. This was begun in the late 60's with The Smothers Brothers Show, but reached its peak with The Sonny and Cher Show, Flip Wilson, The Captain and Tennille, Donny and Marie, and of course the unforgettable Tony Orlando and Dawn.

An ongoing mystery is that nobody knows why these sorts of things work sometimes and don't at others as we have seen with the new and improved Dolly's recent and only marginally successful try.

It would seem only natural that probably somewhere around the mid-90's, nostalgia will demand T.V. shows about life in the seventies. That's right, you'll be sitting there in your leaky bean-bag chair sipping a Cactus Cooler, watching a show whose polyester-clad hero will drive a great big Duster with chrome mags and an 8-track player perpetually on the blink.

SEVENTIES

(Continued from p.5A)

Thursday, April 22

Movies showing in Santa Barbara this week:

One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest; Next Stop, Greenwich Village; All the President's Men; the Bad News Bears, with Paper Moon; Lipstick, with Once is Not Enough; Gable and Lombard; Alfred Hitchcock's Family Plot, and Sleuth; Skyriders, and Race With the Devil; The Eiger Sanction; The Three Musketeers, with The Four Musketeers

Thursday, June 30

Although the People's Bicentennial Committee has been allowed to enter a First Amendment float in the Santa Barbara 4th of July Parade, the American Revolution Bicentennial Committee has denied them permission to use certain quotations in the parade. The ARBC is the official Bicentennial committee of Santa Barbara.

Ward Jenks, coordinator of the parade, stated that the quotations were too negative. "We want to observe a Happy Birthday America, glorify its accomplishments."

Some of the quotations Jenks and his committee feel are unacceptable for the parade include:

"We have too many high sounding words, and too few actions that correspond with them." — Abigail Adams

"It is the duty of every good citizen to point out what he thinks erroneous in the Commonwealth." — James Otis

"I sincerely believe, with you, that banking establishments are more dangerous than standing armies." — Thomas Jefferson

"It is not that I am opposed to people having a different point of view than I have," Jenks stated. "We are trying to build a respect and regard for the nation by this parade, not criticize it. The very fact that there is tax money does not give people a right to tell us what to do," he concluded.

1977

Monday, January 10

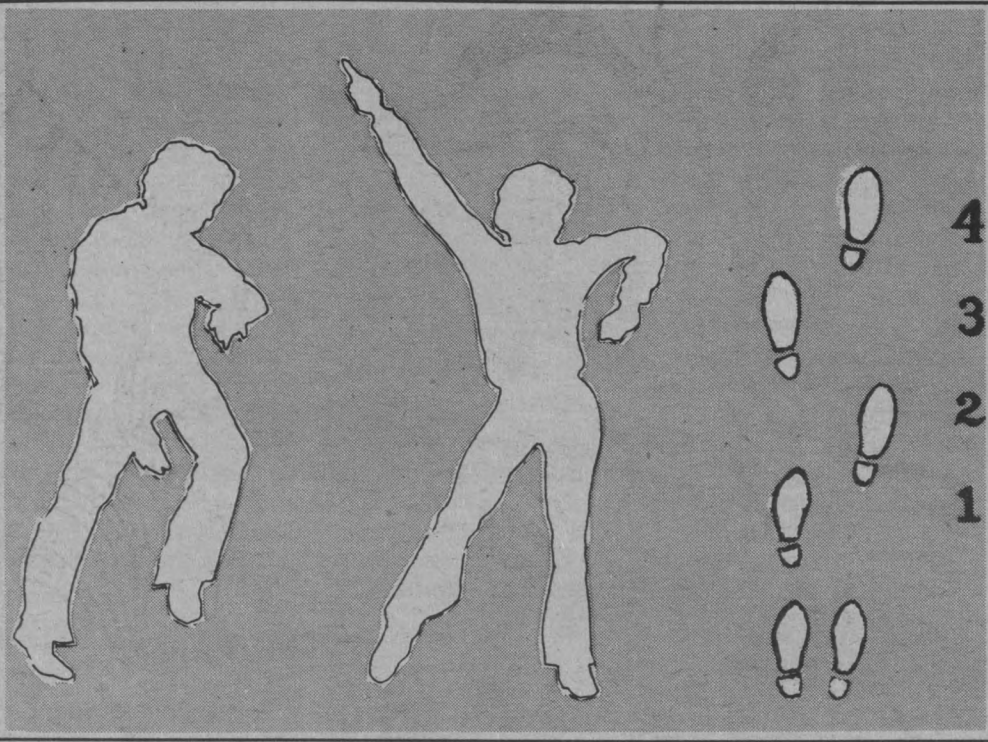
A new federally-financed study has found that California's liberalized pot law has saved the state's taxpayers at least \$25 million in police and court costs during its first year on the books.

California's new marijuana law, which went into effect last January, reduced penalties for the simple possession of up to one ounce of weed from a felony to a mere violation, carrying a maximum \$100 fine. The state's Office of Narcotics and Drug Abuse, armed with a \$20,000 federal grant, has just drafted a 70-page report on the effect of the new law. The survey of state-wide law enforcement agencies and court records has discovered a dramatic drop in the number of Californians being charged with pot violations.

Monday, April 25

On Saturday, April 23, the UC Regents met in executive session in Los Angeles to confirm the appointment of Dr. Robert Huttenback as Chancellor of UCSB. Huttenback's appointment came some two months before the retirement of Dr. Vernon I. Cheadle, who had served as Chancellor since 1962.

The selection of a new Chancellor culminated a process which began a year earlier. It was a process which had both its ups and downs. The excitement however,



began in January when the Committee to Advise UC President David Saxon on a Chancellor for UCSB began narrowing down the list of names under consideration.

"I'm delighted, enthusiastic and I feel damn pleased," said Huttenback in a Nexus interview.... "I'm pretty open-minded," Huttenback said, "so you'll have no trouble talking to me, and I'm pretty tough-minded, so I won't always make the easy decision."

Monday, March 7

This season of UCSB Basketball had to be the most disappointing year in recent history.

The team's record of 8-18 was the worst since the 1958-59 ball club was 4-19. It was a season in which the team could produce only three conference victories followed by a crushing 19-point embarrassment in the first round of the PCAA playoffs. Turnovers, poor shot selection, invisible rebounding and lackadaisical play all played major roles in the demise of the 1976-77 squad.

Wednesday, July 13

Movie listings for Santa Barbara this week:

Annie Hall; Viva Knievel; Silver Streak; A Bridge Too Far; Star Wars; The Deep; Sorcerer; The Rescuers; A Star Is Born; The

Other Side of Midnight; The Island of Dr. Moreau

Tuesday, October 25

KCSB Radio Collective will present an interview with James Cederlof, practicing psychic, "new age mystic," and representative of the Universal Life Alliance.

The interview will deal with psychic phenomena and the problem that exists when an individual claims to possess psychic abilities.

1978

Thursday, February 16

I feel compelled to confess that I neglected to take notes when I saw "Saturday Night Fever," and thus will not be able to supply credit where credit is due. However, to be honest, the credit that is really due in this movie goes to one individual, the one who made the film alive, sparkling, intense, and rich; and that is none other than John Travolta. Surprised?

... Whatever else may be said about "Saturday Night Fever," it may be sincerely said that John Travolta has a great deal of talent, and only needs to prove that he can play a role other than a dumb kid to become a great star.

Wednesday, June 28

For the first time in Isla Vista's history, liquor stores located a mile within the University will be allowed to sell distilled spirits and wine.

The current law which prohibits the sale of beverages containing over four percent alcohol (penal code 172J) will be repealed at the beginning of next year, permitting the sale of hard liquor and wine, according to Stan Griffith, district administrator for the Department of Alcohol Beverage Control.

The Six Pak shop, located on Pardall road, and S.O.S. on Embarcadero del Norte, are already planning to expand their stores to include wine and hard liquor.

Friday, September 1

After eight months of active service as Chancellor, Dr. Robert Huttenback already feels he has made progress in introducing his style to the campus administration.

"We've done a lot in the last eight months, and also in a general sort of way, had a more open relationship with the academic departments and everyone in the place," said Huttenback.

1979

Thursday, January 25

Nexus Editorial

State Assemblyman Willie Brown is taking steps to bring marijuana laws out of the middle ages and into the 20th century.

Brown (D-San Francisco) has introduced legislation which would reduce the penalty for growing pot at home. Presently, cultivation of any amount of the drug carries a potential penalty of three years in prison.

Under Brown's bill, however, the penalty for growing three or fewer plants would carry a \$100 fine.

Decriminalization of marijuana is a slow process. Hopefully, if approved, Brown's measure will speed up the wheels of common sense and justice.

Tuesday, July 3

I don't like hype, and the main problem with the debut album by The Knack, a Los Angeles-based band, is that there is too much of it. As shown by Robert Hilburn, the L.A. Times' main critic, "Get the Knack" has too many similarities with "Meet the Beatles," to be coincidental. The front and back covers, the song titles, the songs themselves, in fact everything has been done by either the Beatles or some other band. And since such copying is the lowest form of hype, I don't "Get the Knack." Neither should you....

... With titles like "Oh Tara," "My Sharona," and "Lucinda," there's really no hope to begin with. Yet with lines like the chorus of "Oh Tara": "Oh Tara, oh oh 3/4 you squeeze my heart and then you let it go. 3/4 Ooo Tara, my-o-my 3/4 I cannot fall though I would not try."... the song might become a sugar-coated AM hit.

What else can be said? Hype does strange things. It can make poor albums winners. It can make The Knack rich. Big whoop, I say.

Wednesday, September 6

The music that brought you the generation gap in the 50's has broadened it in Huntington Beach with its latest variation — Punk Rock.


Punk rock, which originated in England, is a modern adaptation of rock music with often violent lyrics reflecting discontent with the government, the economy or parents.

In a recent incident, punk rockers reportedly forced a Huntington Beach teenager to carve a swastika in his left leg with a dull paper clip.

Police Lieutenant John Foster says swastikas are popular but as a general symbol of violence — not anti-semitism.

Foster said the punk phenomenon surfaced less than two months ago, but has already shown signs of fading now that school has opened.

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER



7, 9, 11 pm
February 16th
Campbell Hall
\$2.50
\$2 if you wear polyester

plus: FREE cans of cherry 7UP after the show!

...another great event by
A.S. Program Board!



AVOID \$50 LATE FEE

CONTINUING GRADUATES and UNDERGRADUATES

You must turn in your Official Registration Form by February 12 or you will be billed a \$50 late registration fee.

Contact the Office of the Registrar if you have not received your registration form in the mail.

HOTLINE
— The Sylvers

I'm calling on the hotline for your love
Baby, 'cause I'm burning up
Like a house on fire
My desire
Is climbin' higher
Baby, ooh.

Girl, the way you move your lips
I can tell you have fire in your kiss.
Girl, the way you flash your eyes
It's like lightning lighting up the skies.

chorus
Stop every phone in the world
'Till I get you girl, get you at home.
I had to see your face
The said it was o.k. to use the private phone.
Oh Baby, Baby.

Hotline, Hotline, I'm callin' on the Hotline.
For your love, for your love.
Hotline, Hotline, I'm callin' on the Hotline.
On the Hotline.

Operator, excuse me please
But this is more than an emergency.
Take those phones off of your ears
This is only for my baby to hear.

repeat chorus
Baby, where are you, here tonight?
Should I get in touch with the other side?
I know my call will be accepted
There's no chance of being disconnected
On the Hotline.