



MTV

MICHAEL VELASQUEZ / DAILY NEXUS

the daily friday magazine

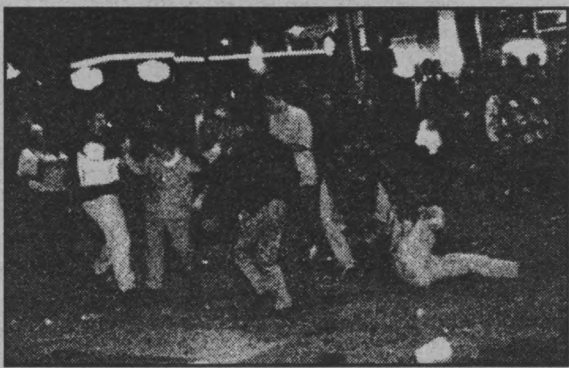
Providing UCSB with
Humor, Fiction, Satire
and Gonzo Journalism

Friday, January 16, 1998

Vegas, baby, VEGAS!

Experience Las Vegas New Year's Eve 1997 through
the eyes of five daily friday correspondents

Renee Heyming, Jason Karpel, Nick Robertson,
Matt Slatoff, and Alan Traeger



ALAN TRAEGER / DAILY NEXUS

With fifteen minutes to go before 1997's demise, Las Vegas Boulevard was already so crowded that it was impossible to puke without soiling three pairs of shoes. Moving from one casino to the next was like elbowing your way from the ticket counter to the stagefront mosh pit at a Gwar concert. Empty bottles were hurled through the air, drunken youths climbed light poles to dangle for a better view, and the cops got involved only to pose for snapshots.

This was Las Vegas, New Year's Eve 1997 — and if this tumultuous gathering was any indica-



ALAN TRAEGER / DAILY NEXUS

tion of the future, then the next century would be full of debauchery and unruly revolution. Hundreds of thousands flocked to this city from around the globe this week, but not to take part in any march, protest or demonstration. Indeed, they came to soak in the flashing lights, to wander through the masses, and to get fucked up.

And fucked up they got, in every respect. Picture Isla Vista's own Del Playa Drive on a heinously crowded Friday night. Now widen the road and multiply the mob by a dozen, replace the substandard housing with massive casinos, and give every reveler booze to carry down the street. Now you've got Las Vegas on New Year's Eve, but as different as the circumstances are, the frenzied mob mentality of Del Playa is more or less the same ... but as the city of Las Vegas encourages such behavior, since the drunken participants funnel millions in cash to government coffers, the people enjoy a freedom they would never find in Isla Vista — or the rest of the world, for that matter.

As much as the media tries to hide it, we live in one of the most conservative decades in America's history. Political correctness governs our actions and speech without a single law in the books, casual sex is once again taboo thanks to a new plague, and though drugs and drunkenness are tolerated, they still belong to the underworld of social behavior.

So when a massive army congregates on one metropolis just seeking a chance to get royally blitzed and ignore all the rules, even just for one night, it's a strong indication that there's a lot of pent-up aggression and confusion out there. It won't be long before the seams of society burst once again and the next massive uprising begins; but until then, Vegas New Year's will have to do.

We began the trip with a pre-party at a friend's house the night before we were scheduled to leave for Vegas. We had all the essentials ready and packed for the next morning: a megaphone to yell at passersby, straws for spitball fights with other cars in bumper-to-bumper traffic, wallets filled with crisp C-notes and condoms, and an ice chest for booze in the hotel

room. I took a bar of soap and wrote "VEGAS, BABY!" and "Follow us, we have beer" all over my car. Needless to say, we were well prepared for this trip ... so we thought.

We arrived in Las Vegas on the evening of Dec. 29th, well before the masses showed up. As my Mustang finally crept over the last rise before the city at ninety miles per hour, I found a certain phrase echoing in my mind:

"Indeed, they came to soak in the flashing lights, to wander through the masses, and to get fucked up."

You will never find a more wretched hive of scum and villainy. "Vegas, baby, Vegas," my boyfriend murmured.

I shuddered in the anticipation of squandering countless quarters, of smoking in restaurants, of funding the rest of my college career with gambling winnings, of partying Vegas-style.

A Harry Connick, Jr., song came on the radio as we rolled into the City of Babylon, keeping the moment real. The strip was even more brilliant than I remembered. What wonders lay inside these glowing buildings? To what lengths would I go for a good time? The night and the week were still young.

The giant techno-umbrella that hovered ninety feet above Fremont Street hung triumphantly over the pedestrians below. Its presentation beckoned all within

See VEGAS, p.3B

the Skinny

by Nick Robertson

They're watching us, y'know.

I imagine you *Skinny* readers are getting kinda sick of this "Big Brother is flying overhead in a chopper" routine, but now the situation's getting ridiculous.

Not only do we still have police helicopter traffic continually disturbing the calm airs over Isla Vista, but now they're scanning the coastline, flying low alongside Del

"...I thought we were being invaded."

Playa Drive. I'm not the only one who's noticed the whirlybirds buzzing our community's dangling houses, and on one day, I saw them fly so close I thought we were being invaded.

It was Dec. 29, 1997, around 3 p.m., and I was just passing through I.V. for a few hours to pick up necessary items for my Las Vegas New Year's excursion. I was walking peacefully toward campus by I.V. Theater when I heard the distinctive chopper sound, only loud, damn loud.

When I got to the border of campus, I could see a dark green chopper with no discernible markings heading west, flying by the bluffs alongside Isla Vista, no more than 250 feet from the sands below. Suddenly I was gripped by flashbacks from my army days; uh, or at least my two-unit military science history courses.

Anyway, the flying machine of death buzzed back toward the Santa Barbara Airport a few minutes later, still hanging dangerously low to the ground. It whispered off into the distance and I didn't see it for the rest of the afternoon, but my mind was full of questions.

Was this one of Sheriff Jim's toys? If so, why wasn't it painted white, black and blue like the one he always shows off, his "patrol car in the sky"? And why was it scanning the Isla Vista coastline so closely?

I took all these questions and more to Sgt. Bob Rogers, head of the county Sheriff's Aviation Bureau. He was a very friendly man, and he confirmed that Thomas does have two choppers at his disposal, and that one of them is a dark olive green

See SKINNY, p.3B

Stuck in Sludge (and love)

A young Romeo who thinks too much finds fruth in the snow

by Brian Lubocki

My alarm nudged me awake at 7:30 a.m. with genteel classical music. Nestled in the sanctuary of warm sleepiness, I asked myself why I should get up; it was Sunday.

I thought of the books I had to read, papers to write and bills to pay ... but what I really thought about was her new "man." Things had gone drastically downhill since she left, but now the girl I had been in love with told me that she started dating someone and it was "serious," and that I couldn't stay with her over Christmas in London.

I hit "snooze." I dreamt of her. The music woke me and I hit "snooze" again; there she was again. The third time, I almost hit "snooze" again, but I couldn't. Had to get up. Today I was going to a Sweat.

The only Sweat Lodge I have actually seen was in an old "Beverly Hills 90210" episode. Like many of the shows, the characters would all-of-a-sudden gain complete awareness and understanding of another culture or lifestyle and then completely forget about it by the next show. I would not be that way.

My presumptions about a Sweat are these: By not eating and sweating profusely, you were supposed to cleanse your body and soul of impurities and, like most religions, you were to suffer in order to gain humility and a greater appreciation for the basic necessities of life. Indian cultures believe in Vision quests, in which they go on a journey to find enlightenment - to have visions, whether awake or in a dream.

I left my parent's house in Los Angeles at 9 a.m., hoping to get to my destination by 11. There was little traffic on the way to Santa Barbara, and the sun was shining so bright that I had to wear shades. The royal blue sky held puffy, white clouds, and the air was crisp and fresh. My mind raced with stresses and sadness, but the day was nice.

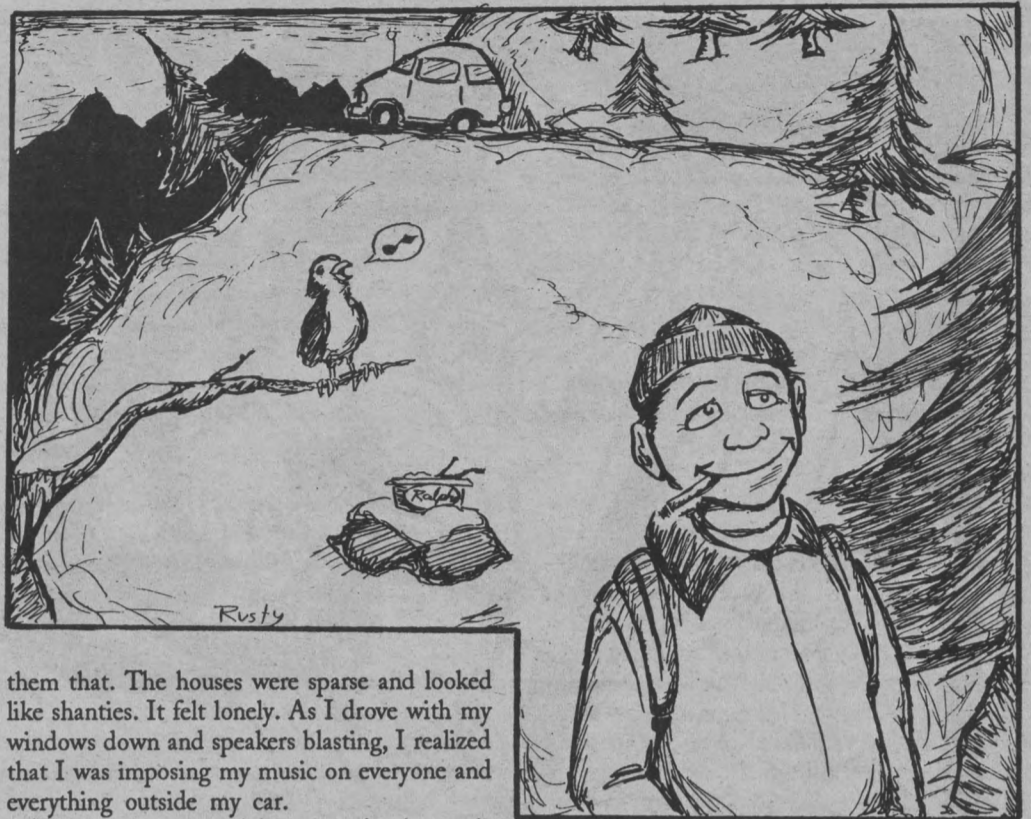
I turned on a hip-hop radio station to drown out my thoughts, but the background noise just lulled me deeper into a trance where my emotions got the best of me. Her and him, her and him. Where did I fit in all this? I would have cried - I wanted to cry - if I only remembered how. I stopped crying when I left home for school in Santa Barbara. Maybe it had something to do with leaving the safety of the proverbial crib, or not wanting to be so outwardly vulnerable in front of people who didn't care too much about me, i.e. Isla Vista's convenient friends.

I turned onto the Ojai freeway, following the directions that had come with my friend's invitation. He told me to bring the following: American Spirits rolling tobacco, two gallons of water, shorts, two plates of food and a change of clothes. He also told me not to eat before coming. I had carefully planned what to wear a few days before. I would wear my thickest pair of cotton shorts and my most worn-out shoes, the closest thing to moccasins I had.

The shirt was a more difficult choice. It needed to be something that could be sweated up. Maybe the rasta shirt that read "who feels it, knows it," or a shirt from the Church of Skatan that had all the religious symbols on it. I felt so naive. Did it really matter what I wore? I did not know what was appropriate or what would be offensive.

I chose to wear an old track shirt, the one from my state championship, because there was a scene from the movie "Pow Wow Highway" where the main character was told that he should be proud of, and show off, a necklace he had earned for bravery (or something along those lines). Besides that, the shirt was part of my old t-shirt collection that piled up in my closet.

I got into the Ojai mountains that were sprinkled with small houses, if you could call



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them that. The houses were sparse and looked like shanties. It felt lonely. As I drove with my windows down and speakers blasting, I realized that I was imposing my music on everyone and everything outside my car.

The music was techno, or technology, although any modern raver would scoff at the term; you now had to use a more specific term like "drum and bass" or "jungle." I turned off the music and the silence relieved some of the pressure in my head. It's funny how soon I forget the serenity of nature, how comfortably I get wrapped up in the city and its things. That's all they really are ... things ... stuff, products, modern-magic. I always thought this way when I got into nature. I liked it.

Ceci and Alana, two friends I had just met, recently read me my tarot card based on my birthdate. Now my feelings on astrology are this: There is a little truth in everything, and, so far, my experiences with astrology (and I don't mean the daily horoscope) have been mostly accurate. I consider myself fairly skeptical and, as a writer, am sensitive to the manipulation of words and can appreciate how the Psychic Friends are as vague as fortune cookies. In this instance with the tarot card, however, I was fully convinced.

One of the significant points of my card was that I needed to stop worrying about my future

"It was the hopeless romantic in me, the eternal optimist, that held on to a seemingly impossible relationship. Maybe I just wished that I had found someone else first."

and past, and deal with the present. The card instructed that it is my personal quest in this life to learn through experience. I wondered if this wasn't everybody's mission, but, perhaps not.

I started comparing the mountain road I was driving on to the proverbial road of life. I was being lame. I decided to just enjoy the morning and stop thinking so hard, and found that I could feel happy again by just being.

I was finally on the last line of directions: "Pass the 4000 ft. sign. Five minutes down road, turn right on Chorro Grande." I saw the 4000 ft. sign and threw my hands in the air and cheered. Only five more minutes. Five minutes past, but no sign. Then ten minutes. I drove and drove and still didn't see the sign. Maybe I had passed it. I pulled off the road to make a U-turn, and there it was - "Chorro Grande 6 miles." This must have been a sign. Well, it was a sign, but also metaphorically speaking, it was a sign. I happily started my ascent up the one-way weather-broken cement road.

"Park where you see all the other cars," my friend had said. There were no cars, but maybe they were further up the road. Again I thought of things, stressful things, in my life. I wouldn't call them trivial, but they were, by no means, as difficult as many people's problems. After all, I had food, shelter, a loving family and friends, education, even a car. What did I really have to stress about?

Her.

She had replaced me. Deep down, I suppose I couldn't blame her. Spending every day with the

one you love, only to be ripped apart and shoved on a completely different continent, made us both extremely lonely. It was the hopeless romantic in me, the eternal optimist, that held on to a seemingly impossible relationship. Maybe I just wished that I had found someone else first.

The road was winding and now had snow alongside it. I must not have been paying attention to how long I was driving. Before I knew it, I was so high in the mountains that I was driving on a snow-covered road. I was off-roading in my little Geo Storm in the middle of nowhere and probably needed tire chains.

The snow reminded me of all the snowboarding trips I had taken in previous years; I reminisced and felt good. It's interesting how familiar things, such as a snowboard trip, can put your mind at ease. It was a false friend, however, because I stopped short in this winter wonderland.

Slush. My car revved, but wouldn't continue forward. I took my foot off the brake and the car slid backward. I pumped the brakes, pumped the brakes. My heart pumped fast. The road was small. I put the gears to second, but nothing; then first, and still nothing. That was it, I couldn't go any further.

The trip was only supposed to take two hours, but it was now going on three. I reversed and made a 15-point turn, like the ones you make getting out from the row of cars when you park in Isla Vista. I found a pullout in the snow and figured I might as well make the most of my situation. I loaded my backpack with the water, food and tobacco, donned my snowboard jacket, and walked until I found a warm spot in the sun.

I was on some rocks and it was quiet. I took a deep breath and exhaled warm clouds into the chilled air. I closed my eyes and the sunlight massaged my face. Water drip-dropped from melting snow that stuck in all the tree branches. Flies and bees buzzed and birds chirped to one another. It sounds like a contrived poem when I write about it, but it really happened this way.

I rolled a cigarette and smoked it like I had watched some Native Americans do in the movies. I thanked God, or whatever greater force was out there, for my life and promised not to take myself so seriously, and to take other things more seriously - the things I did have control over. I made chopsticks out of two small tree branches and ate my Ralph's potato salad, the only thing I ate and would eat all day.

It took an hour to drive back down that mountain road. I still had two more hours to Santa Barbara, but I was exhausted. I pulled over to get some sleep. As I slept, I dreamt. I dreamt of not just her, but of her man and me. The two of them were paired up and I was watching them watch me. They almost had pity in their eyes, but they were too happy together for that. I felt an emptiness that was much more painful than missing her, the pain of losing her.

And I woke up. And I realized that I had already lost her. That's when I knew that it was finally over, and there was some comfort in that.

The next day, I saw my friend who invited me to the Sweat, and told him how I got lost. I explained how I followed the directions and exactly where I was. He said it sounded right until the very last part. He said I should have been right there and that it sounded like I entered the Twilight Zone at the end. I said to him, "All things happen for a reason."*

VEGAS

Continued from p.1B

sight or ear and ignited the night with such a fervor that any wayward individual would feel compelled to alter their destination and head to downtown Vegas.

The dimensions, the vertical lines, the volume and the open-air canopy gave the space a feeling of mythic proportions and unapproachability, yet its aura was as inviting and hospitable as a grandmother.

So, as we charged through the scene past all the flashing lights, all the open doors, all the ringing bells, and all the people toward the degrading carcass of an outdated, bankrupt casino, we understood.

Everything made sense, and for that brief moment we too were Vegas.

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The days before the big night flew by in a blur of money-grubbing slot machines, booze, chain-smoking and taxi cabs.

One night happened to be my old roommate's 21st birthday. She knew these guys in town that had a stretch limousine (nicknamed The Fishbowl), so we cruised along the Strip in style for a few hours. That same night my best friend and I saw Jenny McCarthy at the Hard Rock Cafe, and we tried to get her to drink with us. She didn't, and so we found our friends and bragged to them about what had happened.

Limo guy #1 said, "I had that whore in The Fishbowl last month."

Limo guy #2 (named Johnny Fever) said, "My ex-girlfriend had her while I watched."

For some reason we hung out with these guys until they tried to take us to Olympic Gardens, which we soon discovered was a gnarly strip club. That ended our snazzy (sleazy) night on the town.

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The first night we had dinner and cocktails at the Hard Rock Cafe, followed by dancing at The Drink. Everything was going well — until New Year's Eve. We had tickets to attend an exclusive dinner and dance party at the New York, New York Hotel. The ladies dressed in their most elegant gowns and the men wore suits.

After dinner and several drinks, the fellows decided to ride the hotel's roller coaster. In line, we encountered four hoodlums making derogatory comments to women nearby. My friends, in an act of modern-day chivalry, confronted these guys and told them to lay off the women. The other party responded by head-butting my friend, who seemed bewildered.

At once my cohort answered the derelict's confrontation with an overhand right hook, sending the assailant to the ground. Seeing this unruly attack, we all jumped in for some backup, and a half dozen pimped-out buddies went eye-to-eye with these baggy bastards right there in the hotel arcade. Surprisingly, we walked away with only one black eye among the bunch of us.

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"LUCK, BE A LADY ... TONIGHT!"

Frank Sinatra's voice pulsed from Fremont Street's public address system with some kind of hypnotic intensity. His smooth stylings flipped a switch, tripped a wire, lit a blaze, and sent something

fierce whirling through me. It was that classic Vegas-style — bright lights, no frills, hardcore straight-up slick livin' — and there was nothing we could do but dance.

My friend and I stepped off the bus to hear Ol' Blue Eyes in the heart of his fantasyland downtown. Fremont St. is a totally different Vegas than what you'll find on the Strip; there it's about putting on a show, but downtown it's all about the cash, and if you have some — even a little bit — you're a king, but without it ... "Sorry, kid."

Here, we were just a couple of tourists that might, with some encouragement, part with some of our hard-earned coinage. Sidle up to any bar and you'll meet all sorts of types. Street pimps offered us attractive dates at reasonable rates. Toothless bums explained how they were really college graduates with Ph.D.s in economics who got caught up in the glitz and glamour of Vegas — only to end up alcoholic and living on the streets. Other degenerates looking for an ear talked of how they got fucked up by their parents, or drugs, and it all was just a setup for the inevitable plea for alms.

That didn't matter now though — nothing did. We were on a high. A pure energy kick that held on to our minds tightly and surrounded our whole being.

We walked on.

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As we gazed down from our glass tower, we witnessed the chaos brooding below. Thousands of people appearing from every angle crowded the streets around us. In the distance, the glow of millions of flashing lights illuminated the main boulevard, and explosions could be heard over the screams of the crowd. Neither the lights nor the sounds could disturb the energy of the people.

The hour hand was approaching 11 p.m., and the "authorities" were beginning to shut down the street. Roadblocks sprang from the hands of the police, and reflections of blue and red shined everywhere. This may sound like a scene from a movie or a CNN news clip, but this was no war zone. The land of mystery and excitement is only a six-hour drive east.

The night rolled on, and the alcohol flowed freely. Our adventures began in the Tropicana Hotel, overlooking the intersection at Las Vegas and Tropicana Boulevards. Champagne corks shot from their pressurized homes, sometimes smashing into the ceiling mirrors over "magic fingers" beds (only in Vegas). Pictures were taken and glasses emptied; now it was time to venture out.

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The last night of 1997 was without question the best. It started at 2 p.m., when we woke up ruined from the previous night. We began early, making margaritas and getting our buzz on by six or seven.

All the girls dressed up in serious cocktail lounge numbers that left little to the imagination. These were meant to turn heads. (These were also meant to be returned to the store in three days.) By the time we were ready to hit the crowded streets, it was already 10:45.

We walked out of the Flamingo lookin' like swingers with our bags of beer and snappy clothes. Unfortunately, no one noticed because there were about a thousand drunken revelers milling about in front of us. I was handed plastic cups by a security guard who slurred, "Have fun, ladies," with beer-breath. It seems that on New Year's one can drink in the streets as long as the beverage is in a plastic cup. What a city.

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We inspected the intersection and just took in the scene. There are not many places in the world you can be looking at New York's skyscrapers with a medieval castle next door. Not to forget the 5000-room green monster MGM Grand, and a giant pyramid in the distance. Just to add to the fun, the Las Vegas Police were handing out drinking cups, in case you did not come prepared. Vegas is a place like no other, and people were getting ready to explode with excitement.

We stationed ourselves in front of the Monte Carlo and awaited the

magic moment. After purchasing a couple of bottles of overpriced sparkling wine from the local liquor store, midnight was just around the corner. The lights and people were all beginning to blur, but the evening was at a climax. We had already lost a couple of people from the group, but we knew they would manage without us.

One guy went so far as to climb up a light post and try to rally the troops. Another few party-goers torched a palm tree further down the strip. The chaos was at a peak, and people took full advantage.

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At around 11:30, as fireworks exploded overhead in a bizarre and irregular countdown, the streets were not unlike a war zone. But in any war-torn region, most of the people in the streets are running away, or at least for cover — in Vegas on New Year's they're just wandering, but with an unnamed and gripping purpose.

Nobody can say exactly what that purpose was, but with everyone's brains riding out the most intense highs of the year, nobody felt like figuring it out. As the clock ticked toward 1998, the thousands of Vegas hotel rooms were host to all types of heavy drinkers, dope smokers, coke snorters, smack shooters, speed freakers, crank tweakers, opium fiends, pill poppers and psychedelic messes. Then these people flocked to the streets to stumble with abandon.

Although it's chaos, Vegas New Year's is probably one of the most socially integrating world meccas. People of all races and statuses brush by each other in their quests for debauchery, from international jet-setters in Armani suits to local vagrants wearing Burger King crowns. It makes a world of difference inside the casinos, but nobody cares if you're rich or poor when you're stumbling down the streets.

Getting a beer was like trying to get a passport out of a belligerent nation. Lines stretched for blocks at outdoor liquor venues, and in the casinos, people huddled around the bars as though they were serving free liquid platinum. Dozens of people begged the overworked bartenders to serve them "just one drink," while newfound friends teamed up orders to draw attention their way. In some countries people line up to get bread; in our country, we stomp each other to get booze. Go figure.

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One might say that the night degenerated into an alcohol-fest of major proportions. I saw gyrating drunks stripping on top of street signs and found long lost friends on every corner. A member of our group was forced to relieve herself squatting in the middle of the Strip, as the males conveniently peed in foot-long margarita glasses. There were just too many people. The exact moment of midnight was lost in the mix, but there were lovely fireworks, and happy mobs shouted tidings of the New Year. Viva Las Vegas! Viva Las Vegas! Viva Las Vegas!!!

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But the action on the streets was hitting its peak. People screamed randomly, everyone slobbered a "Happy New Year" to everyone else, confetti sprinkled through the air, a man strutted buck naked on a pillar above, women flashed their chests from atop their boyfriends' shoulders, people set fire to the center street palm trees, drunkards climbed on top of every statue or light pole they could find, the lights kept flashing, the fireworks kept booming, the sounds kept spinning the sirens started wailing the screaming never stopped the stars were barely visible the people were everywhere and chaos filled every atom — my god, it was the end of civilization and the downfall of America itself ...

Or maybe not, not yet, at least ... people kept wandering up and down the streets, but within a half-hour into 1998 the roads were clearing up. Before long a fleet of street sweepers drove through Las Vegas Boulevard and traffic started again, move it along, people, get back into the casinos and start off the new year by losing your children's college fund ...

Which was scary enough to send many back on the I-15 for home before the sun rose, to never look back at the center of world heinousness until they could forget the chaos or until the revolution really begins. Then all the freaks will name Vegas as the new capital, and the casinos will be ready for the future's endless night. ❄

SKINNY

Continued from p.2B

color, although he maintained that Sheriff's Dept. markings are clearly visible on the craft.

Apparently, the choppers will only be sent over Isla Vista for surveillance if a ground patrol unit calls for it, but the vehicle still flies over the student community en route to many destinations, Rogers said.

"We haven't had a whole lot of calls in the Isla Vista area," he said. "We haven't had a whole lot going on out there. We haven't been out there."

Although the choppers are stationed at a heliport in Santa Ynez, they sometimes fly out of Mercury Aviation's facility at Santa Barbara Municipal Airport, and that is why they would be

flying alongside the Del Playa houses, Rogers said.

"When we take off from Mercury Aviation, we usually fly between 500-1000 feet," he said. "It's all dependent on airport traffic; [police helicopters] could be as low as the water."

Are the officers checking out the activity of Del Playa's blufftop homes?

"They're just moving along," Rogers said. "The guys are probably looking down, but not for anything specific. ... If you see [police helicopters] circling over in the area, then that means they're there and they're looking for something. ... It's a patrol vehicle."

Rogers maintains that the flying presence is not an invasion of privacy to Santa Barbara County residents, even though private yards previously invisible to police

are now scanned casually when a chopper flies overhead.

So now we know that there's two of them out there, and that one is painted in camouflage, although I can't understand why ... but at least it's good to know that Sheriff Jim will be ready when Red Dawn strikes the central coast. Bring on the Hueys — we'll take 'em!

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And speaking of taking on threats, an activist group of awesome, dedicated I.V. chargers took on the proposed Del Playa seawall Saturday, Jan. 10. "Hands Across Del Playa" was a truly awesome spectacle, with well over 100 people joining hands on the I.V. beach to create a human wall

in protest of the seawall.

For at least an hour we stood together in opposition, chanting and reveling on our community's primary recreation area. I think we made the message very clear that we don't want a seawall, and the excellent local news coverage made sure we were heard.

But the struggle is still far from over. On this next Tuesday, Jan. 20, the county Board of Supervisors will be voting on the proposal in downtown Santa Barbara, and once again we need to come together as a community to make our opposition to the project loud and clear. The item will be on the supes' agenda at 2 p.m. or later that day, and there will likely be a caravan of chargers leaving from Bagel Cafe that afternoon.

The hearing day falling

right after a three-day weekend is kind of lame since students will be out of it after three days, but we need you out there once again. Miss class and show our representatives the way you feel!

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Classes, by the way, are in full swing again (and if you haven't noticed, then it's also time to clean your bong). However, if you're anything like me, they tend to be a drag.

All these tests and papers and attendance records can really damage a GPA, and also decrease motivation toward academia. So if you're a few units short of a full load but don't want to try to catch up with two weeks of work, it's not too late to consider a California

Public Interest Research Group internship.

Juniors and seniors are eligible to earn Environmental Science units by helping out the campus CALPIRG chapter in a variety of ways, including registering voters, distributing petitions, organizing campaigns and working with the media. In other words, it's like a crash course in grassroots government.

Holly Ross, the campus CALPIRG organizer, has plenty of information regarding this opportunity and would be happy to share it if you call 893-8319. According to her, it's a great way for students to take what they learn in the classroom to real life, and "You actually get to make a difference." ❄



CALL FOR NOMINATIONS

1997-98

The UCSB Foundation Academic Senate
Distinguished Teaching Award

AND

Academic Senate Outstanding Teaching Assistant Award

PURPOSE OF THE AWARDS

A purpose of the Academic Senate Committee on Effective Teaching and Instructional Support (CETIS) is to recognize and enhance teaching on this campus. In carrying out its function, the Committee annually presents eight awards, consisting of one UCSB Foundation Academic Senate Distinguished Teaching Award and one Academic Senate Outstanding Teaching Assistant Award in each of the following areas:

HUMANITIES & FINE ARTS ~ MATHEMATICAL, LIFE & PHYSICAL SCIENCES ~ SOCIAL SCIENCES ~ ENGINEERING

FACULTY AWARD

All members of the Academic Senate, Santa Barbara Division are eligible for consideration for the Distinguished Teaching Award, regardless of their level of appointment, their field of academic endeavor or their most characteristic mode of teaching. Previous award winners, and current members of the Committee on Effective Teaching and Instructional Support (CETIS), are not eligible. Faculty nominated must have taught at UCSB a minimum of three academic quarters, current quarter included.

Fifty-nine faculty members in twenty-six departments have been recognized for distinguished teaching since 1976.

TEACHING ASSISTANT AWARD

Nominees must have been a Teaching Assistant at UCSB for a minimum of three academic quarters at the time of nomination, current quarter included. Previous award winners, and current student members of the Committee on Effective Teaching and Instructional Support (CETIS), are not eligible. Nominations must be based upon responsibility as a Teaching Assistant, not a Teaching Associate. Nominees must be individuals, not teams.

Forty-six Teaching Assistants in twenty departments have been recognized as outstanding since 1978.

Submitting Nominations

Nominations for the Distinguished Teaching and for the Outstanding Teaching Assistant Awards may be made by any member of the UCSB community—an individual student, faculty member, academic department, instructional unit, or student organization. A brief letter of nomination, outlining the reasons for the particular nomination, should be sent directly to:

TEACHING AWARDS
COMMITTEE ON EFFECTIVE TEACHING AND INSTRUCTIONAL SUPPORT
ACADEMIC SENATE OFFICE
1230 GIRVETZ HALL

DEADLINE FOR NOMINATIONS

Friday, February 6, 1998

Upon receipt of a nomination, CETIS will request that the nominee arrange submission of information from the academic department, as well as from the nominee.

Distinguished Teaching Award Recipients

ESTABLISHED APRIL 8, 1976

NAMES IN BOLD INDICATE LAST YEAR'S AWARD RECIPIENTS.

Anthropology

David Brokensha, (1980-81) SENATE AWARD
EVE DARIAN-SMITH (1996-97)
Social Sciences Award

Art Studio

Richard Ross, (1990-91) ALUMNI AWARD
James Smith, (1992-93) HUMANITIES & FINE ARTS AWARD

Biological Sciences

Stuart Feinstein, (1990-91) MATH, LIFE & PHYSICAL SCIENCES AWARD
Dennis O. Clegg, (1991-92) MATH, LIFE & PHYSICAL SCIENCES AWARD

Black Studies

Claudine Michel, (1992-93) SOCIAL SCIENCES AWARD

Chemical Engineering

W. Henry Weinberg, (1994-95) SOCIAL SCIENCES AWARD
Orcille C. Sandall, (1995-96) ENGINEERING AWARD

Chemistry

Paula Yurkanis Bruice, (1979-80) SENATE AWARD
Bernard Kirtman, (1982-83) SENATE AWARD

Classics

Robert Renehan, (1981-82) SENATE AWARD
David Young, (1988-89) HUMANITIES & FINE ARTS AWARD

Communication

James Bradac, (1995-96) SOCIAL SCIENCES AWARD

Ecology, Evolution & Marine Biology

Alice Alkredge, (1995-96) MATH, LIFE & PHYSICAL SCIENCES AWARD

Electrical & Computer Engineering

Glen Wade, (1977-78) SENATE AWARD
John Skalnik, (1985-86) ALUMNI AWARD
Roger Wood, (1988-89) ENGINEERING AWARD
Nadir Dagli, (1989-90) ALUMNI AWARD
John J. Shynk, (1991-92) ENGINEERING AWARD
Alan J. Laub, (1992-93) ENGINEERING AWARD

English

Lawrence Willson, (1978-79) SENATE AWARD
Eloise Hay, (1980-81) ALUMNI AWARD
Donald Pearce, (1985-86) SENATE AWARD
Anne Pidgeon, (1987-88) ALUMNI AWARD
Barry Spacks, (1989-90) HUMANITIES & FINE ARTS AWARD
Julie Carlson, (1991-92) HUMANITIES & FINE ARTS AWARD

Film Studies

Charles Wolfe, (1986-87) ALUMNI AWARD
EDWARD BRANIGAN, (1996-97) Humanities & Fine Arts Award

French & Italian

Genevieve Delattre, (1983-84) SENATE AWARD
Jacqueline Simons, (1990-91) HUMANITIES & FINE ARTS AWARD

Geological Sciences

ARTHUR G. SYLVESTER, (1996-97) Math, Life & Physical Sciences Award

Germanic, Oriental & Slavic Languages

Ursula Mahlendorf, (1981-82) ALUMNI AWARD
Keiko Mochisuki, (1983-84) ALUMNI AWARD
Kenneth Pai, (1984-85) SENATE AWARD

History

C. Warren Hollister, (1982-83) ALUMNI AWARD
Sears McGee, (1988-89) SOCIAL SCIENCES AWARD
Alfred M. Gollin, (1990-91) SOCIAL SCIENCES AWARD
Albert S. Lindeman, (1993-94) HUMANITIES & FINE ARTS AWARD

Mechanical & Environmental Engineering

Grant R. Johnson, (1989-90) ENGINEERING AWARD
Eikehard Marschall, (1990-91) ENGINEERING AWARD
Mohammed Dahleh, (1993-94) ENGINEERING AWARD
KEITH KEDWARD, (1996-97) Engineering Award

Molecular, Cellular & Developmental Biology

Kathy Folts, (1994-95) MATH, LIFE & PHYSICAL SCIENCES AWARD

Music

Betty Oberacker, (1987-88) SENATE AWARD

Philosophy

Herbert Fingarette, (1984-85) ALUMNI AWARD

Physics

Paul Hansma, (1988-89) MATH, LIFE & PHYSICAL SCIENCES AWARD
John Carby, (1989-90) MATH, LIFE & PHYSICAL SCIENCES AWARD

Political Science

Marguerite Bourcaud-Nash, (1989-90) SOCIAL SCIENCES AWARD

Psychology

Aaron Ettenberg, (1992-93) MATH, LIFE & PHYSICAL SCIENCES AWARD
Diane M. Mackie, (1993-94) MATH, LIFE & PHYSICAL SCIENCES AWARD

Religious Studies

Gerald Larson, (1988-89) ALUMNI AWARD
Richard Hecht, (1994-95) HUMANITIES & FINE ARTS AWARD
Phillip E. Hammond, (1995-96) HUMANITIES & FINE ARTS AWARD

Sociology

Thomas Scheff, (1978-79) SENATE AWARD
Richard Flacks, (1991-92) SOCIAL SCIENCES AWARD
Beth Schneider, (1993-94) SOCIAL SCIENCES AWARD
Richard Appelman, (1994-95) SOCIAL SCIENCES AWARD

Writing Program

Muriel Zimmerman, (1991-92) ALUMNI AWARD

CITATION OF EXCELLENCE

ROBERT G. RINKER, (1996-97)

Outstanding Teaching Assistant Award Recipients

- Established by the Alumni Association in 1978-79.
- Second Award Established in 1979-80 by the Academic Senate.
- Effective January 1, 1992 the Alumni Association will not present the "at-large" award in conjunction with the Academic Senate Award.
- Effective 1993-94 academic year, one award will be presented for each of the four academic areas.

NAMES IN BOLD INDICATE LAST YEAR'S AWARD RECIPIENTS.

Anthropology

Mathea Cramers,* (1991-92) SENATE AWARD
DAVID CRAWFORD, (1996-97)
Social Sciences Award

Biological Sciences

Jan Hess, (1980-81) ALUMNI AWARD
Lyndon Foster, (1988-89) ALUMNI AWARD
Jackie Stevens, (1993-94) MATHEMATICAL, LIFE & PHYSICAL SCIENCES AWARD

Chemical Engineering

EDWARD B. RINKER, (1996-97)
Engineering Award

Chemistry

Joachim Richert, (1989-90) SENATE AWARD
Kathleen Anne Robins, (1990-91) ALUMNI AWARD

Dramatic Arts

Valjencia Limar, (1993-94) HUMANITIES & FINE ARTS AWARD

Electrical & Computer Engineering

Hua Lee, (1980-81) SENATE AWARD
Arvind Keerthi, (1993-94) ENGINEERING AWARD
Jeffrey Wilder, (1994-95) ENGINEERING AWARD
Jonathan Lang, (1995-96) ENGINEERING AWARD

English

Crystal Downing, (1984-85) SENATE AWARD
Kyle Elsmann, (1985-86) ALUMNI AWARD
Jody Patterson, (1984-85) ALUMNI AWARD
Gloria Bowen, (1991-92) ALUMNI AWARD
ROZE HENTSCHHELL, (1996-97)
Humanities & Fine Award

Film Studies

Anna Brusutti, (1987-88) ALUMNI AWARD

French & Italian

Lauren Friedlander, (1979-80) ALUMNI AWARD

Geography

Nathan Gal, (1981-82) ALUMNI AWARD

Geological Sciences

Hilary Dervin, (1994-95) MATHEMATICAL, LIFE & PHYSICAL SCIENCES AWARD

History

Stephanie Mooers, (1981-82) SENATE AWARD
Robin Fleming, (1982-83) SENATE AWARD
Katharin Ray Mack, (1983-84) ALUMNI AWARD
Cheryl Riggs, (1984-85) ALUMNI AWARD
Miriam Raub, (1985-86) SENATE AWARD
Barry Ryan, (1987-88) SENATE AWARD
Marylou Rusak, (1988-89) SENATE AWARD
Rob Babock, (1989-90) ALUMNI AWARD
Gaston Espinosa, (1994-95) HUMANITIES & FINE ARTS AWARD

Law & Society

Phillip Brown, (1995-96) SOCIAL SCIENCES AWARD

Mathematics

Michael Mahoney, (1979-80) ALUMNI AWARD
Ibrahim Sedak, (1982-83) ALUMNI AWARD
KAREN HORTON, (1996-97)
Math, Life & Physical Sciences Award

Molecular, Cellular & Developmental Biology

John Mehew, (1995-96) MATH, LIFE & PHYSICAL SCIENCES AWARD

Music

Selina Glater, (1986-87) ALUMNI AWARD
Alison Louise McFarland, (1990-91) SENATE AWARD

Political Science

Nicholas Dungey, (1993-94) SOCIAL SCIENCES AWARD

Psychology

Gary Namie, (1981-82) ALUMNI AWARD
Marivosa Donist, (1986-87) SENATE AWARD
Valerie Sims, (1992-93) SENATE AWARD

Religious Studies

Roger Rapp, (1983-84) SENATE AWARD
Kathryn McChymond, (1995-96) HUMANITIES & FINE ARTS AWARD

Women's Studies Program

Mathea Cramers,* (1991-92) SENATE AWARD
Madelyn Detloff, (1994-95) SOCIAL SCIENCES AWARD
Patricia Ingham, (1994-95) SOCIAL SCIENCES AWARD

*Joint appointment