

# A Nostalgic Look at the Seventies

Greig Dymond

"The best thing you can say about the 70's is that they didn't happen."  
—Abby Hoffman

"Come, it's pleased so far," thought Alice, and she went on. "Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?" "That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the Cat.

—Lewis Carroll, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland"

It may be quite simple, but now that it's done, I hope you don't mind, I hope you don't mind, that I put down into words how wonderful life is while you're in the world.

Hey there you guys and gals ladies and gentlemen kings and queens and just downright persons! That was Elton John with an old one Your Song from 1970 and I want to thank you so very much for tuning in o' Terry Dale (that's Me) on or around number 84 on your CKLY in Toronto it's a chilly 0 degrees Fahrenheit (I don't know what that translates to in celsius) and it's five after the hour of eight o'clock this December 31 and I just know you're all out New Year's Partying tonight with that special friend bringing in those 1980's well I'm gonna be with you until midnight tonight Partying right along this

New Year's Eve '79 less than four hours left in the swinging 70's and I'll be counting down the top 50 hits of the decade along with taking a look at the top headlines of the past ten years it's been a tremendous decade both musically and news-wise so there should be a lot of memories and a lot of tears flowing tonight across Metro WHERE WERE YOU IN '72? so stay tuned with Terry 'til twelve and take a trip down memory lane and remember folks don't drink and drive there's free public transit tonight so take advantage of it we all want to make it into 1980 don't we? darn right so let's move along with our 70's countdown spinning the discs that made it happen the last ten years we'll pick it up at #49 with Barbara Striesand and this monster smash from 1973

Memories... light the corners of my mind  
Misty water-coloured memories of the Way We Were.

(The scene takes place in the living room of a well-furnished Toronto apartment. It is the home of Paul and Debbie Stewart. Everything in the room is the height of current fashion, from the gl' top coffee table to the red shag carpeting, to the neon bar at the end of the room. This splendidly-done room was decorated by Debbie, 31, who took a night class in interior decorating a couple of years ago. Now, however, she is very pregnant, and not enjoying it. She's the kind of woman who was that popular, giddy, teen-queen type we all know, and she has retained that quality. Debbie is still very concerned with what people think of her, but she feels frustrated. She thought that life was going to be more glamorous than just dallying with her hobbies and having children. (This is her first). All around her she sees old friends doing worthwhile things, like being presidents of feminist societies while all she does is stay at home. She worries that her friends ridicule her behind her back for not doing anything worthwhile. Wrinkles are now appearing on her once girlish face, and she thought she saw a grey hair a couple of days ago. Debbie attended the University of Toronto from 1967-1970, obtaining a general B.A. degree in English. She didn't know what else to take.

Her husband Paul, 33, is also frustrated, but in a slightly different manner. He is a corporate lawyer, and things have not been going too well at the office lately. The work is boring, and Paul thinks he is wasting his life. He doesn't worry about other's opinions of him though; the only person he feels he has to answer to is himself. Lately, he can't even do that. When Paul was younger, he felt he had a unique contribution to make to society. Now, he feels that society has drained every ounce of creativity and commitment out of him. Paul

studied at Toronto (where he met Debbie) from 1965-1973, first working for two years on a philosophy degree and then transferring to law school. Paul and Debbie were married in 1972. Paul's once-athletic frame is looking a little flabbier all the time, and he thinks he's going bald. The thought of starting a family brings him little or no joy. The last day of the seventies has made Paul depressed. "It's 1980 already," he reasons, "and I still haven't done anything."

Debbie has just entered the living room from the kitchen, using a kind of waddle-walk. She is carrying a heavy tray full of cups, and is having difficulty holding on to it. Paul is sitting on the couch. Two signs in Debbie's lettering hang on the wall. They say "SO LONG SEVENTIES" and "HERE COME THE EIGHTIES".  
Debbie: "Damn it, Paul, turn off that radio! It's after eight now, and the people are going to start arriving anytime. We've got to have the place ready. What's the matter with you? Don't you want to have this party?"

Paul: (lackingadically leans over and turns off radio) "Hmnnpph..."  
Debbie: "Well, at least help me with this tray before I drop it." (Paul gets up off the couch, takes the tray from Debbie, and sets it on the coffee table. Paul resumes his position on the couch, and is joined by Debbie.)  
"What's wrong, Paul? You never want to party anymore."

Paul: "This isn't a night for partying. Do I have to drink and dance all the time just to prove to you I'm still young? New Year's Eve... what a stupid premise for a party. And these hokey signs you've put up... (gestures to the signs on the wall)... I mean, God, it's embarrassing."  
Debbie: "Well, if you'll remember, the party was your idea. Ten years ago, New Year's 1969, you said that one of us should have a party in ten years so that we can see what the years have done to us. Besides, we never see our university friends anymore. We're always holed up in here. Let's have some fun."  
Paul: "It's going to stink. I don't want to see these people. Everyone'll be acting, carrying on pretending that they've done something with their lives. (raises voice) That's the problem today—everyone's acting! Playing games! I act at work all day, do I have to act in my own home?"

Debbie: (whispering to her plants) "Shhh! Shhh! That's all right, that's all right babies. Don't worry, Daddy's not going to hurt you, he's just a little upset right now. (to Paul) For God's sakes, Paul, lighten up. The party's just for one night, you know."  
Paul: (muttering unbelievably to himself) "She talks to her plants!" (doorbell rings)

Debbie: (smile appears on her face) "First guest... I'll get it!"  
If ya want my body, and ya think I'm sexy, come on baby tell me so. If you really need me just reach out and touch me come on baby, let me know.

It's almost that time folks just about ten minutes it's late the seventies are almost over but weren't they great? I'm feeling a bit tired but weren't they great? This is Terry Dale on CKLY It's very cold out now very cold but weren't the seventies something? I mean Skylab and Joe Who and Jonestown and test-tube babies and Gary Gilmore and wild and crazy stuff tut tut 1984 is still four years away so don't worry Superman came so the war ended Deer Hunter Coming Home are we not men Prime Minister Who that's who and Annie Hall and Manhattan are so hip and Elvis is still king Apocalypse Now so this is how the world ends and Teddy Kennedy's leading all the polls and Haley's Comet is returning soon you've gotta buy that 1980 model gotta meet the challenges gotta grab that gusto and THE COST OF LIVING will probably go UP UP UP here's some music by ex-Beatle Paul:

With a Little luck  
We can make this whole damn thing work out  
With a little love we can lay it down  
Can't you feel the town exploding?

Ned: (a discophile with bad breath) "Look Paul, I'm sorry we're so early. I mean, we didn't want to arrive so early, in fact we wanted to be a bit late. We thought some other people would be here before us, you know?"  
Paul: (bored) "It's all right, Ned. You and Candy are here right on time. Thank you for coming."

Ned: "Hey, it's ok. Candy looks great tonight, eh? You know how old she is? (pause, no answer from Paul) Twenty-one. Hot little thing, eh? Makes me feel twenty-one, even though I'm thirty-two. We're always out dancing or doing something. Hey, we're over 30 now, eh? We always talked about being 30 and now we are. Well, how are you, Paul? How do you feel about being this old?"  
Paul: "Older."  
Ned: "Yeah, yeah, I know what you mean, good buddy. I know what you mean. I used to worry about growing older, right after my divorce a couple of years ago (got two great kids). And then I just decided, right there and then, never to grow old."

Paul: "Like Peter Pan?"  
Ned: "Something like that. I got contact lenses, a new hair-style, new clothes, you know."  
Paul: "Yes, I do. What are you doing now?"  
Ned: "Well, that's kind of a secret. I'm into bugging people. You know, electronics.

Great money. You want to see some pictures of my kids?"  
Paul: "Who do you work for?"  
Ned: "Look, I'm just not at liberty to tell you, good buddy. How about you? Did you finish law school? Do you have a firm all set up?"  
Paul: "Yes, I made it. (quickly) Say, you kept in touch with a lot of people. Do you know whatever became of John Davies? He was always a great prankster."  
Ned: (trying to remember) "Davies, let's see. Oh, he became a dentist in Winnipeg."  
Paul: "Oh. That figures, I guess. And whatever happened to Sidney Allen?"  
Ned: "He's a tailor out in Scarborough."  
Paul: "That figures, too. Daphne Carroll?"  
Ned: "Ummm... a waitress at Banff, I think."  
Paul: "Bill Dryden?"  
Ned: "Went to Europe in 1972, never heard from him since. I don't think anyone has."

Paul: "Derek Robinson?"  
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Ned: "Oh, he died ice-fishing about five years ago. Fell through the hole, and that was it for old Derek."  
Paul: "Well, I can't remember any other names."  
Paul: (Long pause)  
Ned: "Do you do coke?"

(By this time, most of the guests have arrived at the party. The living room is very crowded.)  
Paul: "Good to see you, Lucy."  
Lucy: (wears slacks and red hair) "I wish I could believe that, Paul. Tch, tch, Sagittarius... such cynical people. Debbie looks well. Are you going to do natural childbirth?"  
Paul: "Yes, we took a course."  
Lucy: "I don't know, it's just that I always pictured her doing something more with her life than becoming a baby machine."  
Debbie: (Slightly drunk, slurs words) "I've hardly seen you all night, Paul! The party's doing well, don't you think?"  
Paul: (gestures to guests in the next room) "They all seem to be having a good time."  
Debbie: "And you're not?"  
Paul: "I'm not complaining, it's been interesting. You've been drinking, haven't you?"  
Debbie: (disgustedly) "Oh, come on... I'm just happy."  
Paul: "I'm not being a prude, it's just that you shouldn't be drinking when you're so pregnant. Especially when you get drunk on one beer..."  
Debbie: "Look Paul, there's been something I've been meaning to say for quite a while now, and I haven't been able to. I'll say it now because I can only do it when I've had a bit to drink."  
Paul: "Well, say it."  
Debbie: "We haven't been getting along too well lately, I guess you know that... Maybe... after I have the baby, we could try a trial separation. I could take care of the baby. (Paul is taken aback and

obviously hurt. He has no reply.) I've been talking to Lucy tonight, and she says her separation from George is working really well! (pause) Well, what do you think?"  
Paul: (speaks disjunctedly, thinking out loud) "No, no. We can't even try it. We'll just have to try harder... understand... it'll work, something has to work."  
Debbie: (with a puzzled look) "Well, think about it. I have to check out the party now." (quickly leaves kitchen for living room.)  
Paul: "Don't be so hard on her, Lucy. If there were no baby machines, you wouldn't be here to spread your sunshine."  
Lucy: "Come on now, no low punches, Paul. Keeping busy?"  
Paul: "Oh yeah, how about you? Still working for that women's society?"  
Lucy: "If you mean the Anarchist-Feminist Society of Toronto, the answer is yes. Plus I'm writing another book. I'll probably have to publish it myself, though. It's so hard to be an author in Canada!"  
Paul: (muttering to himself) "Especially when you have no talent."  
Lucy: "This one's going to be a sequel to the novel I did in '75. You know, 'Life On a Leash', about the quiet, unassuming legal secretary who finally blows up her oppressive boss' office. I'm going to call this one 'Caged Serpent', and in this one, Elaine has a part-time job as a stewardess..."  
Paul: "Excuse me, I think I have to refill the punch bowl."

Love... love will keep us together  
Think of me babe whenever some sweet-talking guy comes along  
singin' his song  
Look in my heart and let love keep us together  
whatever

That was the Captain and Tennille with song number 23 whatever happened to them I don't know I'm Terry this is CKLY and it's 10:20. I'm looking back on the last ten years it's incredible it's gone so quickly without a hitch with a smile Jimmy Carter Farrah Fawcett Bicentennial Star Wars Rocky gee that was a million-to-one shot Entebbe Taxi Driver discover your Roots Bay City Rollers the Silver Jubilee plus Sex Pistols Rene Levesque Sadat/Begin peace of Saturday Night Fever time for a Close Encounter the Liberals are looking for a new leader aren't we all here's song 22 by Blondie:

Once I had love  
and it was a gas.  
Soon turned out had a heart of glass.  
Seemed like the real thing but I was so blind.  
Mucho mistrust  
Love's gone behind.

Paul: "This is the moment I've dreaded all night."

Robert: (a holdover from the sixties) "I know. You've been avoiding me. We really should talk, though. We used to have some good talks, and I don't have anyone else to talk to."  
Paul: "You're the one I have to answer to. You're my conscience."  
Robert: "I wouldn't go that far. We were pretty close, though, once upon a time. How are you?"  
Paul: "Happy."  
Robert: "Really?"  
Paul: "No."  
Robert: "Didn't think so. You don't fit in with any of this. Look at these people! They're the kind of people we laughed at when we were 20! And now we're them!"  
Paul: "Well, how are you?"  
Robert: "Different from these people. Happy, content, I think. Doing what I want to do. I've got a health food store, at least I'm my own boss. I've still got my ideals... those things we used to talk about."  
Paul: "That's odd."  
Robert: "What's odd?"  
Paul: "That you could maintain your ideals during the last few years."  
Robert: "Why?"  
Paul: "Because everyone's so damned self-centred today. Looking out for number one. Trying to survive. You can become cynical, you know; disillusioned. I mean, my job, my marriage..."  
Robert: "But if you believe in the truth, that can never stop. You'll always be able to see through all the crap."  
Paul: "What happened?"  
Robert: "I don't know what you mean."  
Paul: "What happened, Robert? Where are the modern heroes? We had the Beatles, the Stones. Who are the kids of today going to look back on?"  
Robert: "But who are the kids of today?"  
Paul: "You're right. It's a blank generation. They don't give a damn about anything except themselves. Something's got to change. It can't go on like this."  
Robert: "I was talking to a girl named Candy here tonight. She says she's going to kill herself when she reaches 30."  
Paul: "Figures. She's Ned's escort."  
Robert: (smiling) "They weren't all bad, the seventies."  
Paul: "Pretty close, though."  
Robert: "Well, at least in the seventies you could sit back and do whatever you wanted to do. Sure, they were boring years, but we might appreciate them later on. In a few years there'll be a war or famine, or something unforeseeable. Then we'll look back on the seventies nostalgically."  
Paul: "Maybe you're right, but something's still got to change. Everything's so cold, it all goes by so quickly. No passion anymore... it's all synthesized. Everything's pre-programmed."  
Robert: "Don't be disillusioned, Paul. Be strong."

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graphic P. Creelman