



Nixon's phony 'withdrawal'

Whatever Nixon said in his Nov. 3 speech it would be wise to keep in mind the record of performance. Here are the official Pentagon figures for the number of troops in Vietnam during a recent six week period, as reported by I. F. Stone's Weekly:

Aug. 31	509,800
Sept. 4	509,600
Sept. 11	508,000
Sept. 18	510,200
Sept. 25	511,500
Oct. 2	509,600
Net withdrawal	200

At this rate it would take 294 years to withdraw all U.S. troops from Vietnam.

editorials

by Davis Catton

Both the government and the radicals are getting hip to what confrontation politics are all about. In Chicago we have the Conspiracy Eight, who know they won't get a fair trial in the courts so they've taken their trial into the mass media and are treating it for what it really is: theatre--and theatre of the absurd, at that.

The government, too, is beginning to understand the game of images. The Noxin Administration is currently doing its level best to whip up national hysteria over all the fearsome radicals coming to Washington this Saturday to kill the cops, burn the city, and overthrow the government. Tricky Dick and his merry men are, of course, doing all in their power to provoke a violent confrontation and insure their dire predictions of violence come true. They are flooding the media with stories of police preparations for violence, making sure that the images of violence and radical youth are firmly linked in the great Middle-American Mind.

The Noxin men are also playing the old American-as-apple-pie game of red baiting, making rumbling noises about a certain similarity of purpose between Hanoi and the New Mobe Committee marchers. This is one of Noxin's oldest ploys, though lately he's been talking through the delphic mouth of Spiro T. Agnew. While it's true that Agnew has nothing higher in mind than pandering to the lowest common denominator of American middle class fears and prejudices--still there is a certain amount of truth in what he says and we ought to have the courage to own up to this truth. Against the spectacle of the great "liberal" doves fudging the issues and screwing their constituents in their haste to declare their loyalty, we must stand up and point to the emperor's nakedness. We must confront the American people with the fact that we have lost the war, and that yes we agree with Hanoi when they say that the American Army must get the hell out of Vietnam.

The government, and the government controlled and influenced media, however, have pretty well succeeded in obscuring the simple fact of a lost war, and the simple immorality of legalized murder, and instead are seeking to turn the march this Saturday into a test of whether or not young Americans can gather together without violence. This is indeed theatre of the absurd when they can get that worked up over our puny potential for violence in the face of all the atrocities they have committed on Vietnamese, or closer to home, on black Americans.

So if you go to Washington this weekend, don't worry about giving aid and comfort to the "enemy." The enemy is war and the insanity of war--and the insanity of politicians who play their political games while men are dying. And if there is violence in Washington, let the police start it. We are going to Washington not to raise hell, but to confront it.

GOD BLESS AMERICA



Editorial review

WOODSTOCK NATION

a talk - rock album

by abbie hopman

Woodstock Nation, Abbie Hoffman
A Talk Rock Album

"I am a lonely minstrel, come reward me for my tale, All my comrades are insane or else they are in jail."

--David Rea

Somebody once thought up this really neat idea of starting out a review with a quote, sometimes from the work being reviewed, sometimes from another work the author was pushing, and sometimes from something that was totally irrelevant, but sounded good anyway. David Rea has nothing to do with Abbie Hoffman, but Abbie Hoffman has a lot to do with insanity, jails, and the Woodstock nation. As attempted head of Movement City, and later supervisor of the hospital, Hoffman had almost complete access to the Woodstock festival, and as one of the Conspiracy 8, he faces ten years in jail for confronting pig insanity in Chicago.

Woodstock Nation is Hoffman's view not so much of the festival itself as it is of what he sees as the new nation created there.

"We shall not defeat America by organizing a political party. We shall do it by building a new nation--a nation as rugged as the marijuana weed born from the seeds of the Woodstock Festival. The nation will be built on love, but in order to love we must survive and in order to survive we must fight. The styles of our struggle might look strange but the spirit is time honored--Victory or Death." The Woodstock nation was 400,000 people struggling to survive against the rains, lack of food and sanitary facilities. It was for Hoffman the founding explosion of a new life style which had begun several years ago in scattered enclaves and had finally reached the proportions of a viable nation. I wasn't there; I'll take his word for it. All those people living in that little space in those conditions with so little serious trouble must mean something.

Most of the reports in the movement press did not share Hoffman's optimistic view of the Festival, fearing instead that the media and business had uncovered fantastic new means to exploit the new culture (J.C. Penney company is even trying to figure out how to exploit honesty.) It is certainly true that adventures like Woodstock can create fantastic profits, if someone manages it properly (No one is saying how much was made off Woodstock, but I've heard that the movie rights should leave the promoters well set. Maybe Mike Quatro should make movies of kids tearing up Olympia.) The other ways in which the capitalist entrepreneur is learning to use you for his benefit is obvious to all, but if you need

further evidence Hoffman provides a few bits.

Hoffman is confident that advanced rip-off techniques will cut deeply into the profit makers and that pig society cannot really tolerate the Woodstock nation. Can it? Much has been made of the American youth culture as a reaction to a post-scarcity economy where money is plentiful in nearly all classes of the society. There is some reason to believe that in advance stages of technological development, the need for a restructured view of man's relationship this production will require the abandonment of the work ethic. There is some evidence that the children of the middle class are doing a lot of people a favor by not having jobs and spending a lot of money anyway. With the Nixon administration's plans to increase unemployment there may be a place in pig America yet.

A weekly allowance from parents does wonders for the economy of Woodstock nation, but what of Woodstock's poorer citizens? There is a great deal of difference in the post-scarcity of goods in the post-scarcity economy. Many of the children of the working class are really getting into the hip culture; dope is going strong in Ogallala, Utah, and people are driving down from Flint to hit the Grande and the Eastown. I suspect (from what small evidence I have seen) that serious conflicts are produced by the discrepancy between the desired lifestyle and the financial means to attain it. Class conflict in the Woodstock Nation?

Another serious possibility with which Hoffman deals is the success of the mammoth political repression which is going down. Hoffman and fellow conspirators face ten years imprisonment. Sinclair is already serving his ten; untold numbers face terms for dope, not the mention the frequent hassles that never get to court or get thrown out when they do. The only answer Hoffman or anyone else has come up with is self-defense and defense of the community (which is really only by extension a defense of the individual's lifestyle.) And this is one point where Hoffman's revolutionary doctrine (if it can be called that) becomes more real than any of the left-wing political rhetoric of what is known as "the movement;" its all self-defense, the establishment of one's own lifestyle against the repression of pigs who think they can tell you what to do. At one point Hoffman states that the only difference between him and the pigs is that he likes his work. "See, it's humble when you let people know you're only in for kicks and stuff..." I try walking into a PL meeting and telling them that revolution is fun.

I'd give it an 85; its got a good beat and you can dance to it.

-Michael Hitchcock

REFLECTIONS ON DETROIT AND WHITE AMERICA

Those of us who are not a part of, or do not wish to be a part of, the utterly corrupt, unjust subterfuge for the maintenance of predominately Mc-Waspish supremacy have been brutalized, scorned, ridiculed, and murdered.

We have been the victims of a decadent barbarism that eats away at, and depraves the human soul under the guise of a hypocritical, puritanical nothingness. We are the "minority" that the "majority" exploits and then inanely asks for 'Christian charity'!

You, the carnivorous meek, the shameless hordes, the one-dimensional fool, the american--the salesman of human flesh and used cars. The turf that you 'rule' is stained with the blood and sweat of those you have incarcerated and stoned.

Detroit is but one example of your sickening charade of justice. You know not the meaning of the word. To you nothing has value except your own insecure security. Land of the free, home of the brave. Where did you get the temerity to utter such a lie? Spineless destroyers of trust, electronic box consuming the labor of those who have to come home at night to an inhumane hovel that you built and maintain in ignorance, selfishness, contempt, and greed.

You ask me--Do not be bitter. Well, you are foolish--you haven't got that Goddamn right. And in your disgusting vanity you chose to believe you have that obligation you have begun to bury yourself.

A cop is now mayor of Detroit while the property-value mentality feeds upon the carcass of the defeated remains. In the lower depths of the ground lies evidence of your disease--your cancerous existence.

Michael Pollard is gone, bruises occupy the spots where black youth was beaten by a drunken pig earlier in the year and Detroit's slimy hand extends its filthy thanks to Mason, Michigan.

Malcolm used to live in this state, and Martin marched in Grosse Pointe where he was stoned and hooted down the streets filled with angry people. . .

your disease knows no geographical boundaries.

How can one look at Detroit and look at the sullen graves and faces with any hope? Hope?--americans strangle its dying life everyday.

Peace?--who gives a Goddamn about tranquility when all of these split-level people with their split-level minds sit in their split-level homes after having bulldozed its way over everything unlike itself.

Politicians grunt and ghettos decay. Pigs cry out and have trouble walking--weighed down with artillery. Between 100 bucks, coca-cola, rats, 10 kids, and a decaying roof, one man lies broken in his 60 hour work week.

He is Black and he is tired. Tired of dreaming and tired of struggling. His burned-out mind rings with a dull ache and the decrepit hole he is forced to eat, sleep, and live in is quickly melting his once strong determined resolve to survive. He is one of many.

He lives not in Detroit, but on 12th street, not in New York but in Harlem--not in Chicago, but on the South Side.

I am not a citizen of this country, for this nation refuses to believe that thing to offer besides idiocy and depravity. In all of my 19 years on this planet, I have wondered how this place I have reluctantly called home continues

to perpetuate its stupidity. Maybe now I know the answer. The answer, ironically, lies in a question a person had the contempt to ask me--Are you saying this to make me feel guilty?

Michael H. Ray
Black and Bitter

EDITOR'S NOTE-- (These two articles were submitted in response to our request for writing from the student body outside the Observer staff. Ken Rabac and Michael Ray, roommates, asked that the articles be run together.)

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DETROIT'S BLACKS- THE VITAL GENERATION

(Note: As I have retired from so-called orthodox press (an embellishment which glazes the staid institution of newspaper for bucks and utter contempt for audience) I have no other vehicle for expression than campus papers. I would kill then, to offer here my impressions of a man whom I admire.)

If you don't refer to Detroit as a ghetto, Stop reading right now. You are humanly lost, baby.

I would just like to say that Art C. McPhaul is probably the person who could have spared Detroit the tragic future that awaits her. Mr. McPhaul would have been the one politician whose concern for Detroit did not vanish with the election returns. Because whether or not anyone believes it, Mr. McPhaul was sincere. That distinguishes him from nearly every other candidate in the election with the half exception of Richard Austin.

I volunteered to work gratis for Mr. McPhaul because I believed in him. I thought there would be other people who gave a damn about the 1 million 600 thousand people of Detroit. I thought that by now, more people would have realized that a ghetto that ensnares gifted, intelligent, vital human beings into subjugation, is not only inhuman...it is morally, humanly, Christianly, insanely, selfishly . . . GOD DAMN WRONG.

The ghetto of Detroit just frigging should not exist. But it does with all its furor:

-City signs heralding the advance of the Twentieth Century, that is, promising an improvement in a certain area that hasn't been touched by City hands since the whites left years ago.

-Job improvement and advancement for GIFTED Black men who work for 20 years picking up frigging nails while illiterate, gutteral white men build cabinets in heated kitchens on the same job.

-Job improvement promises for black men who work on a fierce and insistent assembly line for thirty years and get double their goddamn perspiration for wages.

-Rats in the living rooms, kitchens, basements.

-Garbage trucks that won't even pick up garbage in the inner city.

There is no desire to humiliate the ghetto dweller intended. The desire is to ask this ignorant, selfish, arrogant, affluent, sickeningly wealthy white society WHY they let this deplorable environment exist.

How the hell can we expect this fat, overpowering society to care about the innocent people we murder in Viet-Nam, when they don't even give a damn about fellow human beings who live ten miles away?

Someday, I hope people like Art McPhaul will be elected to office in the city of Detroit. If not I hope someone comes and shoves the beloved "property values", "open housing amendments" and ingrained patronizing bigotries down the throats of this white power system. Not for revenge, but because they know it is the only way to make Detroit livable IN ALL AREAS not just the white ones.

I may be white, but I am not hopelessly frigging blind. Why can't these people see?

In conclusion, I would venture that after this election, there is good reason to believe that the city of Detroit is dead.

Yet there is a man (that's capital M for Man) who just cannot bring himself to believe or to admit that this liscentious, depraved Detroit is dead. Men like Art McPhaul cannot say "frig Detroit."

They have guts and character and moral strength. These are qualities their white counterparts do not even dream of.

McPhaul will not quit. When he runs again, we will work with diligence. His dream is humanity in Detroit and the destruction of the ugly ghetto.

Why? Because there is still something to speak for humanity in the city of Detroit. There is something left under the future cement-encrusted state. Beyond rampaging policemen and wealthy "civil servants" is a voice still human---it is Art McPhaul's.

Someday, someone will realize this or gifted men will keep losing elections till they can run no longer and the city itself will die--probably in smoke.

I would like to thank Mr. McPhaul for the short-lived opportunity to help him and ask that in the future the opportunity remain open.

I think over the summer, I've come to the vivid realization that Martin Luther King is far from dead. He is alive as Stokely Carmichael, Eldridge Cleaver and especially as the courage, and will of Arthur C. McPhaul who will not be convinced that they or their brothers are somewhat less than human. For that is a goddamn rotten lie to say that black men are... and they will prove that in the end, one way or another, white ignoramuses across the United States will witness the remarkable impact of a new and vital generation of humanity...who ARE YOUNG, GIFTED, AND BLACK... like Art McPhaul.

Ken Rabac
White and Angry



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POPCORN FOR THE CIRCUS

by Ruth Louisell

THE SCHOOL DISTRICT OF PONTIAC Proposed Policy Regarding Student Discipline - Revised 10/16/69

The Board of Education has established procedures whereby pupils can be denied the privilege of attending school for approved reasons. It is proposed that the following be added to the list of reasons for which a pupil can be denied the privilege of attending school, which was adopted on August 21, 1969:

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>8. Disrupting the normal functioning of the school.</p> | <p>The act of creating a disturbance, engaging in a demonstration, or promoting disorder which disrupts the normal functioning of the school or a school sponsored activity. "Disrupting the normal functioning of the school" includes, but is not limited to the failure of a student or students to do the following when requested by a teacher or administrator:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> a. Cease blocking the entry into a portion of the school grounds, the school building, an exit room or hallway in the school building. b. Go to an assigned classroom or schedule station. c. Leave the school building or school grounds. d. Stop making loud noises, singing, chanting, cheering, which are not a part of school sponsored activities. |
|--|---|

It is also proposed that the following guidelines be approved:

"Under certain conditions it can be in the best interest of a student or the other students of a school for the student to be placed on probation. Probationary conditions may be established by school administrators in terms of the welfare of the student and the general welfare of the school. A conference with the student and his parents or guardians shall be conducted prior to determination of the conditions of probation."

A student who has participated in a student disturbance or disorder and who participates in a second student disturbance or disorder may:

- a. be suspended for the remainder of the semester, and/or may
- b. be recommended for exclusion by the Board of Education.

School officials shall have students arrested if they violate a city and/or state law when participating in a student disturbance or disorder. School teachers or administrators who witness such violations shall file complaints against such students with appropriate authorities.

*This paragraph is new and replaced a paragraph which appeared in the proposed policy statement of October 16, 1969 which authorized the school to require a student to sign an agreement regarding his future behavior.

I. CRITERIA THAT MAY BE USED IN MAKING DECISIONS TO PLACE A PUPIL ON PROBATION.

- 1. He has failed two or more academic subjects the previous semester.
- 2. He has dropped out of school for reasons other than illness, physical disability, or change of address.
- 3. He has violated the Policy for Denying the Students the Privilege of Attending School.

II. CONDITIONS OF PROBATION

Any reasonable condition agreed to by the student, parents and the school, in accordance with school rules, board policy and administrative procedure.

III. VIOLATION OF PROBATION

Violation of probationary terms may result in closed classes or suspension from school for the remainder of the semester.

IV. ADMINISTRATIVE PROCEDURE

- 1. Conditions of probation agreed to in a conference with parents and students.
- 2. Provide parents and students with appropriate rules and regulations regarding school and board policy.
- 3. Letter to parents outlining conditions of probation.

The Pontiac School Board is no different from any other inner-city school board; the majority of its members are white middle-class professionals who have little in common with the black working-class citizens whom they supposedly represent. The Chairman, for example, is a teacher in the Bloomfield Hills district with little preparation for Pontiac's educational problems. The major problem and the source for many disturbances in the school system is racism. Last spring, a Human Relations workshop was held to try to relieve this problem. Sensitivity training was attempted, and suggestions for new policies were introduced by teachers and parents. One suggestion, presented by the teachers, was to hire a black man, Mr. Purdue (who is presently Assistant Superintendent of Schools) as Director of School Human Relations.

This position was created for a black man, and the teachers and parents felt that Mr. Purdue was the best man for the job. The School Board felt otherwise. It seems that they were not happy with Mr. Purdue because of his failure in "keeping the black people quiet." Ignoring the more than 600 parents and teachers who attended a school board meeting earlier this fall, they hired a man from outside the community. From as far out as West Virginia, in fact.

The seething racism in the schools continued and culminated in explosions between black and white students at Central and Northern in October. Since that time discussion groups of parents and administrators have been formed to deal with the problem. Their solutions were: locks and chains on school doors, parents patrolling the halls, and suspension and civil trial for the "trouble-makers."

On November 6, there was another board meeting to discuss a list of new rules for the high schools. By 7:30 the room was packed with black parents, reporters, high school students, some white parents, and a group of Oakland students brought together by Mr. Bram, head resident of Hill House. In the best seats in the house filling most of the first two rows, were some of the more conservative white parents—clearly in the minority. As the board members filed in to take their places behind a courtroom-type barrier separating them from the people, Mrs. Carol Sweeney—clad in dungarees, T-shirt and button saying "Somebody got to go."—stood up and began throwing bags of popcorn to the audience, shouting "Get your popcorn for the circus." Most of the audience was with her, though the Two Front Rows tsk-tskd, and otherwise showed their disapproval. The Board gave no recognition of the event and opened the meeting for business as usual.

First came "Introduction of New Teachers." About five were introduced and asked why they had chosen Pontiac Schools. One young black teacher replied, "This is my first year teaching, and I guess if I can teach in Pontiac I can teach just about anywhere." He also told the people that his students let him know every day that "Things just ain't right." Someone questioned Mr. Lewis Crew, Director of Teacher Personnel, about how many black teachers were in fact hired. When he gave the figures he used the word Negro, and continued to use it, although the audience requested he say "black" instead.

The meeting then proceeded to a discussion of the proposed new rules. It was noted by Mr. Dana Whitmere, Superintendent of Schools, that discussion groups had been formed at both high schools to "air student complaints." It was clear that Mr. Whitmere saw the political necessity for such token dialogue, but that the matter of choice had been neatly put out of reach. One of the board members, Mrs. Lucille Marshall, made no attempt to hide her philosophy. She requested that the words "and/or, may" be deleted from the rules and replaced with "shall." With this revision a typical rule would read: "A student who participates in a disruption shall be suspended." After the white members of the board had approved of the new rules, the chair requested the opinions of the two black members.

Dr. Robert Turbin stated, "It seems premature to pass rules now, before causes of the trouble have been discussed." Mr. Christopher Brown was more to the point: "I am not in favor of rules which are designed to push students out of school."

Both opinions were promptly ignored and discussion was opened for the audience. The Front Two Rows supported the rules, while the black parents and University people pleaded that they be abandoned.

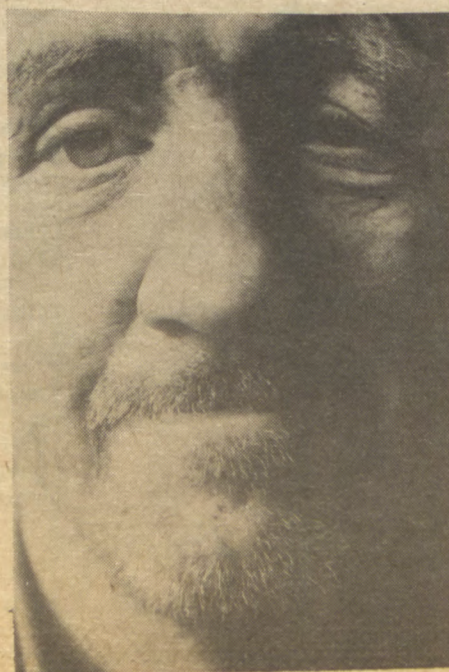
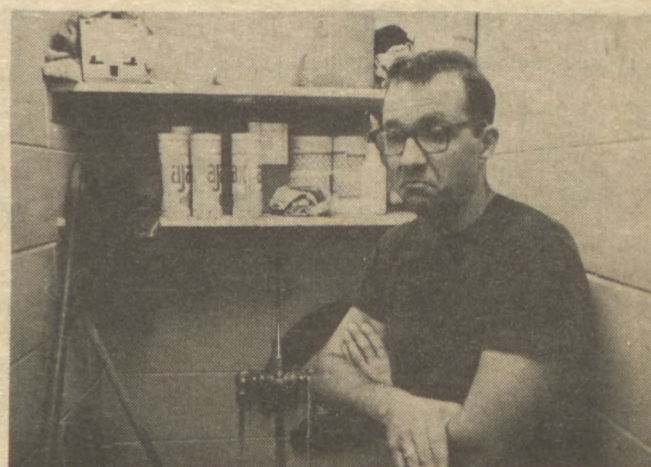
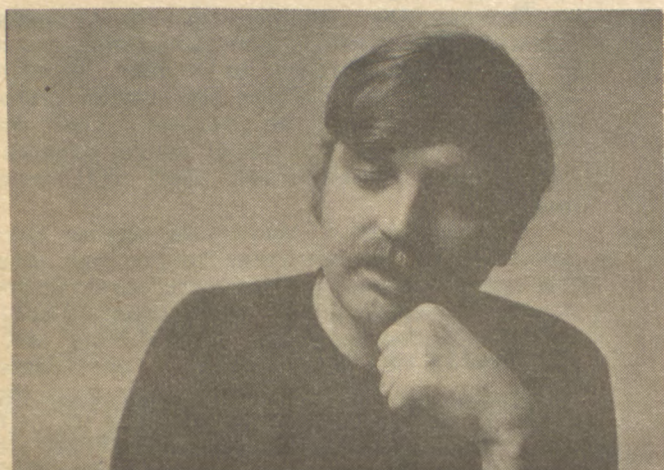
Mrs. Nichols asked "Are you going to recruit your teachers from the Police Academy if you institute these rules?" You can keep trying to hide your shame, but it will always come out! You're not interested in educating students, but in training good soldiers for the army!"

Mrs. Sweeney later remarked during an interview that the racism displayed during the meeting was the saddest kind, in that the reactionaries are so wrapped up in suppressing the black people that they can't see that the real problem on the school board is the elitist power that keeps all the people down, whether black, white, red, or yellow.

Needless to say, the "rules" were passed and go into effect immediately. Mrs. Sweeney had it right: it was a circus, full of tricks and clowns.

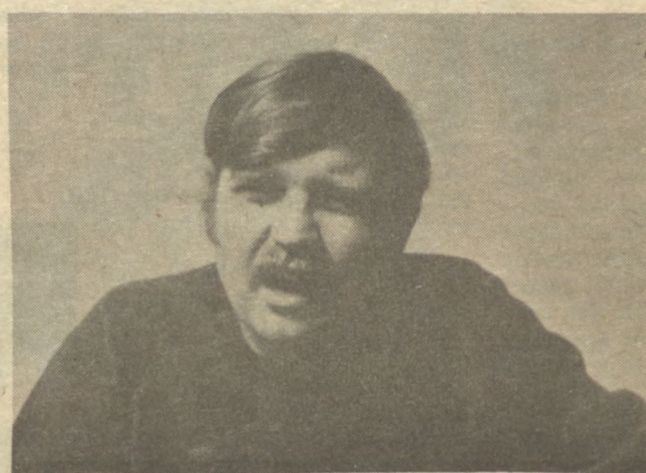


by c. campbell





by c. campbell



by bill stanton

LOSING THE WAR ON POVERTY

Being poor in America is like owning a '47 Ford when all your neighbors have Cadillacs; it has to be frustrating as hell.

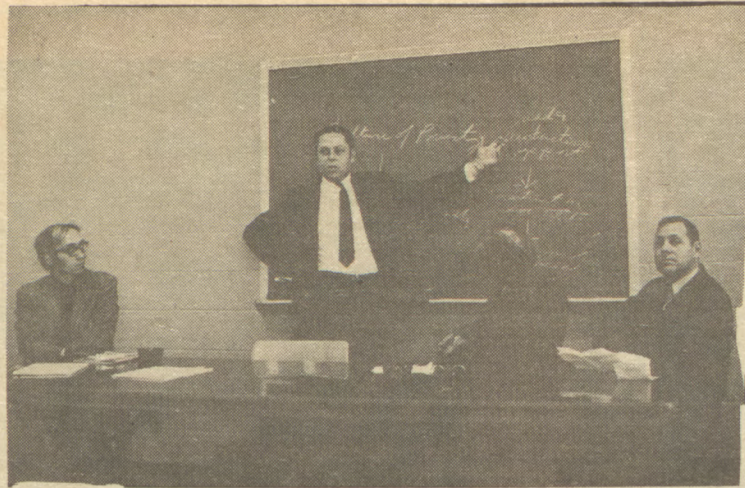
Last Wednesday in room 128 OC, a professor from the University of Michigan, Louis Furman, led a discussion on poverty in America and what this nation's government is doing about it. The basic question he raised was whether the apathy and disillusionment most often associated with people in ghettos is a by-product of a culture of poverty or of the inadequate number of job opportunities open to the poor. In dealing with this question he focused mainly on the reasons for the failure of the War on Poverty, with which he was associated during the Johnson administration. He blamed the faulty assumptions, narrow scope and insufficient resources of the program for its relatively small gains.

Consistent with the traditional American assumption that poverty is primarily the fault of the individuals who are poor, the War on Poverty attempted to educate some of the poor and then set them loose on the labor market. According to professor Furman, this approach failed because education is not the panacea that the "generals" of the war thought it to be, and because the vocational training that was given was not directed at specific jobs. His own opinion is that more attention should have been directed towards opening job opportunities and sponsoring economic mobility.

Another mistaken assumption of the War was its adherence to an arbitrary and incorrect figure to separate the poor from the not-so-poor. The figure, \$3,200 per year was established by the Department of Agriculture and includes a subsistence level of food only. He quoted his own figure of \$6,000 as minimally adequate for a family of four in Detroit.

The leaders also failed to recognize the political economy of poverty, perpetuated by government hand-outs that benefit the affluent more often than they do the poor. A glaring example of this is unemployment insurance, which is regularly collected by out-of-work movie stars (Raquel Welch for one) and by only 4% of the families earning under \$3,000 a year. He further cited the vocational training program which spends 50% of its money on home economics and agricultural training.

The remainder of his talk was devoted to the changes that he sees taking place in the Nixon Administration's treatment of poverty. Primarily he has observed a shift in concern with the problems of the Black urban poor to those of the "white working poor" in other sections of the country. These forgotten Americans are found in



"greasy spoon" restaurants, hand laundries, and other sundry small businesses. They are working full time but seldom earning over \$3,000 a year. Other administrative shifts are occurring from local to state control and from municipal to private financing. Thus far 50% of the War on Poverty funds are slated to go to private industry.

Unfortunately, Professor Furman's talk lacked a feeling of immediacy. It was easy for the thirty or so who attended to glibly sit back and listen to the reams of statistics, without fully appreciating the grim reality they represent for the poor. Anyone who attended the talk should have come out angry and committed to change; few of the people I observed gave me that impression. Now that we have the cold facts on poverty, we should ask ourselves what we can

do about it. Perhaps a less scholarly address by a few representatives of the "other America" would give us some insight in that direction.

by Bill Wren

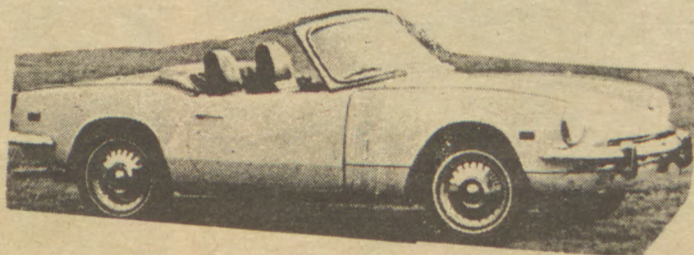


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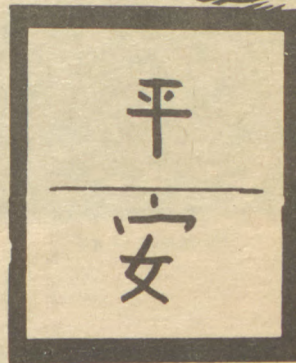


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Vietnam life under U.S. guns

A visit to 12,000; GIs crowd them in tents

By HUGO HILL

Liberation News Service

QUANG NGAI, Vietnam, Mar. 5 (LNS) — On a barren sand-spit a few miles from Quang Ngai city are long rows of Army tents, their sides rolled up to disgorge clouds of smoke and crowds of half-naked children.

Inside the tents, bearded old men and toothless women hunch together in silent groups, their expressions vacant. Rolls of barbed wire encircle the tent city, and beyond the wire are armored personnel carriers and sandbagged fortifications occupied by American and Saigon government troops.

At the main gate, government soldiers armed with M-16's keep a watchful eye on the 12,000 ragged people within. Above the entrance a large sign identifies the enclosed area as "Thien-An Reception Camp." To the left a banner urges, "Hate the Communist Plague" and "Absolutely Support the Government of the Republic of Vietnam." To the right a smaller wooden sign says, "The refugees from Communism are not allowed to leave the camp."

'Rescued' into jail

An innocent newcomer to Vietnam might regard the set-up as a concentration camp rather than a "reception" camp. Or he might be surprised that it is necessary to exhort "refugees from Communism" to hate Communism, or that people who have been "rescued" should be kept under armed guard to prevent them from returning to that from which they were rescued.

Home for the 12,000 inmates of Thien-An used to be Ba Tan Gan, a fertile peninsula pushing into the South China Sea from Quang Ngai province. There, in many palm-shaded villages and hamlets, the people had raised their children, cultivated rice and looked after their livestock.

Unlike many of their compatriots, the people of Ba Tan Gan owned their own land. The legendary landlords were ancient history, and the juntas that came and went in faraway Saigon had no effect on the peninsula.

The Viet Minh was the *de facto* government when the French held Indochina, and Ba Tan Gan has been liberated ever since. Most recently, the government has been the National Liberation Front.

For the American occupying force and the Saigon puppets, Ba Tan Gan was one of many similar frustrations. A widely scattered rural population is not easily controlled by a centralized government, and no one had any illusions about which side the people of Ba Tan Gan supported.

Brutally simple

Since 1965 American policy with

regard to that problem has been brutally simple: "If we can't control people where they are, we'll bring them to where we are." Thus, the "refugee camps" and swollen cities. Peasants are bombed and burned out of their homes and herded behind barbed wire, there to be counted as "pacified."

During the past four months the U.S. military command has made a determined effort (the "Accelerated Pacification Campaign") to round up more and more people to be dumped in concentration camps. Once behind the barbed wire, they are entered on the government's side of the ledger, and as a result — presumably — Thieu and Ky will have that much more weight in Paris.

Crowded tents

As I walked on through the rows of tents I calculated just how crowded the camp is. There are about 114 tents for 12,000 people, or slightly more than 100 people per tent. Each tent measures approximately 15 feet by 35 feet. That figures out to five square feet — an area one foot by five — for each person.

It would be physically impossible for them all to sleep at the same time if it weren't for the fact that 8,000 of the 12,000 inmates are children under 14. Given the number of small children, the people can just manage to squeeze into their quarters.

Hunger rations

I asked if the people had enough to eat, and was told that the daily ration is 500 grams (a little more than one pound) of rice per person, and nothing else — no meat, no fish, not even salt. (The military director of the camp later confirmed this report.) An older man explained that 500 grams is enough to satisfy a child but is inadequate for an adult.

I wandered toward the rear of the camp, where I met two American soldiers strolling along with their M-16's and their portable radios.

"Hi," one of them greeted me. "Where are you from back in the world?" ("The world" means America.) We chatted on, and I asked them what they were doing there.

"We're securing the place," one said.

"What do you think of this place?" I inquired.

"Man, I've never seen so many people and kids before — except for the ones I've killed," was the answer.

Soldiers story

I left and followed the trail to where the troops were dug in. In the shade of a tarpaulin two husky young Americans were lying on air mattresses and drinking Coca Cola from cans. They were surprised to see a civilian, and

of course we went through the usual ritual of where we were from "back in the world." Both soldiers had participated in the operation to clear Ba Tan Gan peninsula and talked freely about the adventure.

"We didn't leave anything behind," explained a jock-type from Michigan. "We burned every house we could find, and we destroyed all the food sources — chickens, pigs, cows, you name it."

'Tore him apart'

His buddy from Alabama described the excitement of chasing "veecee" through the fields.

"Just when we were leaving this one village," he said, "this veecee got up and started to run. You should have seen him, running as fast as he could. The old M-16's really tore him apart."

"How did you know he was a 'veecee'?" I wondered aloud.

"He wouldn't have been there if he wasn't veecee," the soldier replied.

"Was he armed?" I asked.

"No, but he was a veecee all right."

Before leaving, I asked a final question. "What would you do if the 'veecee' tried to attack this perimeter?"

On this point the two agreed: "We'd just run over there with the people, so we wouldn't get shot. Charlie won't shoot at the people."

Inside the headquarters I was greeted by Captain Dieu of the Army of the Republic of Vietnam. He explained to me the humanitarian nature of the whole project. "This camp is just temporary," he said. "Within a month the people will be able to return to Ba Tan Gan."

"Will they be allowed to rebuild their old villages?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "because there would be no security. They will all be concentrated in one place, but during the day they will be allowed to work in the fields surrounding their new town. Of course they will have to be back in at night. The army will protect them."

They can't go back yet because their armed relatives have not yet given up their land. More than one month after the peninsula was supposedly cleared of its inhabitants and despite the saturation bombing, the Americans are still unable to occupy the area. Whenever they try to move in, they meet armed resistance.

Last week, late at night, 50 people escaped from Thien-An Reception Camp and left behind a sign saying, "Hang the Americans and Their Puppets."



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Back a couple of years ago, Harlan Ellison was sitting in his treehouse with Norman Spinrad, (Bug Jack Barron), discussing the lamentable plight of science fiction, or as Ellison prefers to call it, speculative fiction, in regards to the writer who does not want to write formula stories about BEMS, and robots. They decided it would be very nice if someone put together a book of stories written with no holds barred, by the leading SF writers of today. Ellison went ahead and did so, and the result is *Dangerous Visions* containing three Hugo winners, it has been a huge success, but more importantly, it has demonstrated that science fiction writers are, once and for all, to be regarded as serious artists, perpetuating a serious artistic genre. People have had a sneaking suspicion about this, since Ray Bradbury, the Edna St. Vincent Millay of science fiction, has had stories included in high school anthologies, but that is really the wrong reason. More to the point are people such as William Burroughs, Thomas Pynchon, Jorge Luis Borges, Donald Barthelme, who are writing what I consider to be excellent prose, all very strongly SF influenced, and all influencing SF very strongly.

The finest story in the collection, and the longest, is Philip Jose Farmer's *Riders of the Purple Wage*, a long Joycean pun and ecological treatise, written in the style of Thomas Pynchon. It won the 1969 Hugo, and should become a national pastime, in the manner of *Dune*. Farmer was one of the first of the SF writers to write stories with women, dope, and combinations of both of them. His *Night of Light*, was probably the first science fiction story about the drug experience. Along with Piers Anthony's *Chthon*, it is one of the best.

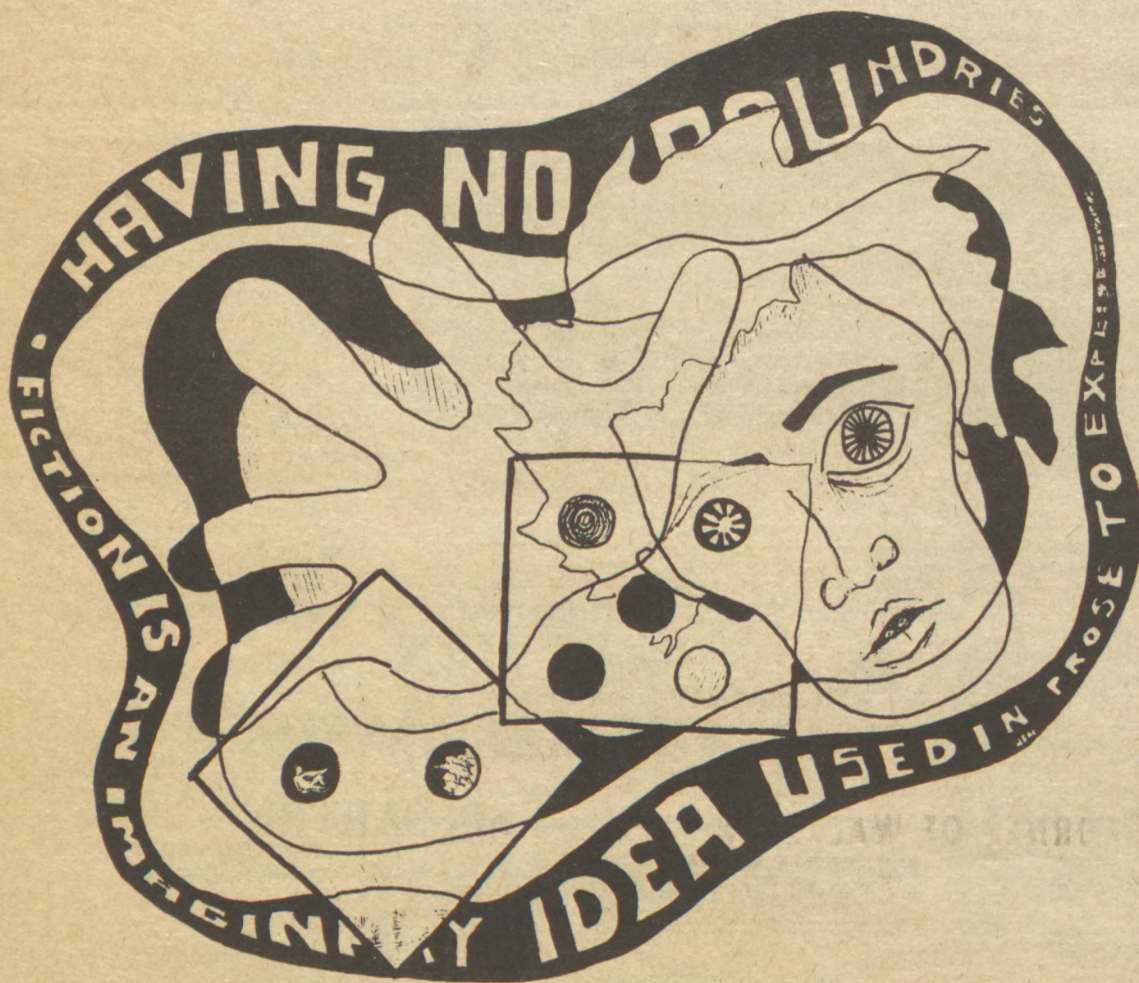
Also to be mentioned is Fritz Leiber's *Gonna Roll Them*

Bones. Lieber, like Farmer, has been writing SF for a long time. He has written everything from the avant-garde classic, *The Big Time*, a novella about the nature of time, to a swords and sorcery series. This story, although not particularly a new wave in style, is one of the finest example of the traditional short story I have ever encountered. In *The Big Time*, he uses many of the conventional symbols, but shows a tongue-in-cheek awareness of these that gives it a three dimensionality that probably would not be allowed in most SF magazines.

All the stars of the new wave, Delany, Zelazny, Disch, Ballard, and Emschwiller are included, although some of the stories are not representative of the true ability of the authors. Delany wrote his first short story for the occasion, about sex, and it is one of the minor masterpieces of the work. It is about the relation of future spacemen, who, due to the nature of their occupation, either never had any genetalia, or had them removed, and their groupies, who in traditional groupie manner, chase them into bed. As you can see, it is a very ironic story, and quite pertinent.

Every year, Judith Merrill of the Year's Best SF and F has commented that there are only two or three stories that could not be published by most magazines. This is largely true, although whether they would publish some of these stories, even if they could, is doubtful. They are more subtle and make different points than most science fiction. She is right, in that there is little that is truly avant-garde. However, this a fine anthology, of some of the best work of the best science fiction writers, old and new. It also contains two or three of the best pieces of literature I have ever read, in anything anywhere.

by Marty Wolf



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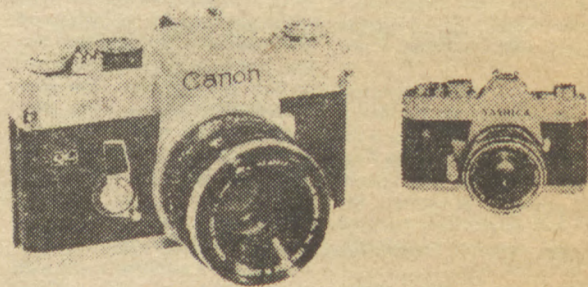
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PHENOMENA

campus

November 14--UNIVERSITY FILM SERIES--8 and 10 pm., "Wait Until Dark", 201 DH. S.E.T. PRODUCTION--8:30 pm., "Little Mary Sunshine", Barn Theatre.
November 15--UNIVERSITY FILM SERIES--8 pm., "Wait Until Dark", 201 DH. S.E.T. PRODUCTION--8:30 pm., "Little Mary Sunshine", Barn Theatre.
November 16--UNIVERSITY FILM SERIES--8 pm., "Wait Until Dark", 201 DH.
November 17--O.C. BOARD BROWN BAG FILM SERIES--11 am, 1 and 8 pm., "We'll Bury You," Gold Rm., Oakland Center.
November 19--CINEMA GUILD PRESENTS--3:30 and 7:30 pm., "How I Won the War", 201 DH.
November 20--S.E.T. PRODUCTION--8:30 pm., "Little Mary Sunshine", Barn Theatre.

theatre

The Student Enterprise Theatre of Oakland University began production last month for its fall musical, Little Mary Sunshine, by Rick Gesoyan.

Little Mary Sunshine is a nostalgic look back to "a time when the world was much more simple than ours is today. For instance good meant good, bad meant bad, virtue was all and justice, well, justice always triumphed; at least we like to think it was that way."

This satire runs the gamut of cliché musical comedy situations and characters. Brave mounties, a ferocious Indian, myopic guides, young ladies from finishing school, the ultimate in soubrettes, and the hero's best friend-in-addition to the archetypal hero and heroine all unite to present a saga of Colorado.

The production dates are November 14, 15, 20, 21, and 22, at 8:30 p.m., in the Barn Theatre. Ticket information is available at 377-2000, ext. 2120, or Student Enterprise Theatre, Oakland University, Rochester, Michigan 48063.

dance center

On Friday, Nov. 14, 1969, the Sophomore Class and Men's Union of Mercy College of Detroit are presenting the "Savage Grace" and the "New Hope" for a super mixer. They will appear in the East and West Ballroom of the Mercy College Student Center from 8:30-12:30. Admission is \$2.50. For ticket information call KE 1-7820, ext. 544.

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\$1.00 at door
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Sponsored by Area Studies Dep't.

On Tuesday evening, November 18, at 8:30 p.m. Gopi Krishna, one of India's foremost dancers, will present together with his troupe, a program of Indian dances. Often referred to as India's Rudolph Nureyev, Gopi Krishna is the outstanding exponent of the dance style known as Kathak originally, Kathak dancing developed at the courts of medieval Indian kings, the dancers primarily functioning as story-tellers who acted out their tales with elaborate mime. Gopi Krishna is on his first American tour and has already danced in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. He will also perform at the Masonic Auditorium in Detroit on Friday, Nov. 21. Tickets for the Oakland performance will be \$1.00 at the door. A running commentary in English will be provided during the performance. This event is sponsored by the Area Studies Department.

sports

Laramie, Wyoming--the 14 black athletes who were ousted from the University of Wyoming football team for wearing black armbands have taken their case to court. They are asking \$1 million in damages from the University and for the court to issue an order forcing the coach to reinstate them on the team.

The athletes, six of whom were first-stringers, were dropped from the team for mixing politics with sports. About three weeks ago, they made public a letter criticizing the racial policies of the Mormon Church, which operates Brigham Young University--a member, like Wyoming, of the Western Athletic Conference.

The night before the game with Brigham Young, they went to see the football coach, Lloyd Eaton, wearing the armbands. Eaton promptly dismissed them from the squad. He later cited two team rules as the reason: players do not participate in demonstrations, and they are not to form factions within the team.

The student senate then passed a resolution opposing the suspensions, the faculty senate voted 37-1 requesting the administration to make the suspensions temporary rather than permanent, and after a series of meetings with the school's president, the city's mayor and the state's governor, coach Eaton softened his position.

He said he would review the athletic scholarships with the athletes on an individual basis when the scholarships expire in January. But Eaton refused to take back the permanent suspension of the athletes, and he was apparently supported in this stand by the president, William Carlson, who charged the 14 "openly, defiantly and premeditatedly violated the rules."

Since then, several black members of the track team have left the school and a bi-racial group of about 150 picketed outside the university's Memorial Stadium at the homecoming football game against San Jose State.

The University of Wyoming has about 150 blacks in a student population of 8,500. The action of the 14 students represented the eighth incident between black athletes and the Mormon Church.

chicago

Student editors at Grinnell College in Iowa have published a 20-page tabloid report on "The Second Battle of Chicago 1969." The report, with photographs, deals with the Chicago SDS national action last month and looks at it from all sides. For copies, single or bulk orders, or for information on the report, write: Chicago Report, Box 1265, Grinnell College, Grinnell Iowa, 50112. Or call (515) 236-6971.

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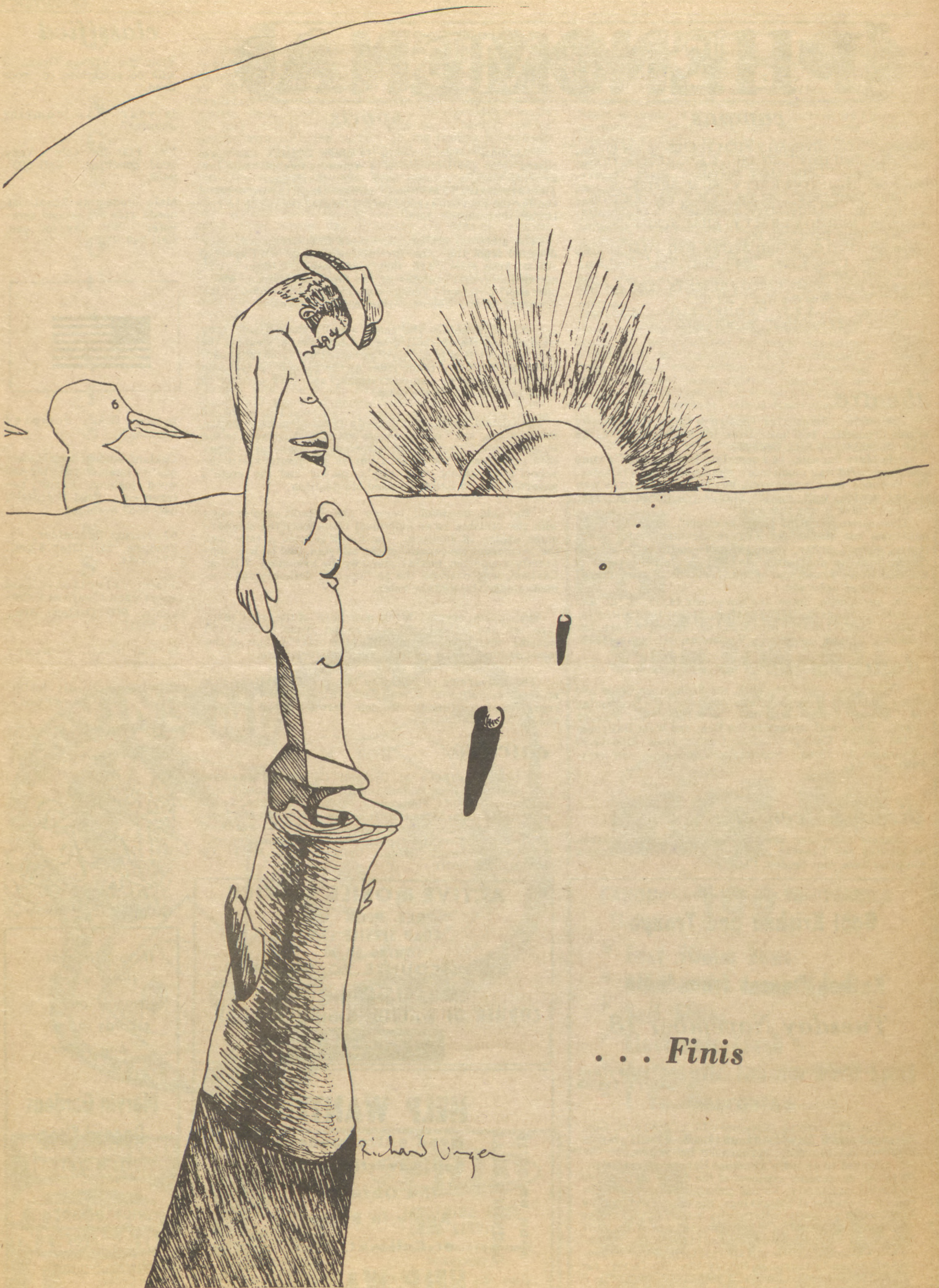
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