

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Vol. I No. 1

November 16, 1970

SET SETBACK SEEMS NEAR

The show must go on! But the show may very well not go on if the Barn Theater remains uninsured after today. As this issue went to press (Thursday, November 12) the home of the Student Enterprise Theater (SET) was deemed "uninsurable" by the Insurance Company of North America, the university's prospective insurers.

SET — which just last Friday opened "Oh, What a Lovely War!" — may have to close before this weekend's Thursday - Saturday performances.

SET's problem began early this summer, when Royal Globe Insurance Company, Oakland's previous insurer, informed us they were unable to extend 100% coverage for the university beyond our November 16 deadline. At that time, the university's director of business affairs, Mr. Robert W. Swanson, instructed our insurance agents, Huttenlocher, Kerns, and Norvell Agency, to solicit full coverage from other insurers. Due to changing campus conditions, most insurers were dropping college insurance; only one, the Insurance Co. of North America, would insure Oakland.

Two weeks ago, a representative from the company inspected campus buildings and told Swanson the bad news: due to the construction, age, and "hazardous condition" of the Barn, university insurance coverage would be postponed until either the problems were rectified or the Barn dropped from consideration. In fact, there were 20 stipulations to be met, including raising sunken concrete walks, installing fire-signal devices and putting railings on risers, and providing emergency ambulance service during theater performances. Herbert N. Stoutenberg, Jr., Assistant to the President (who is responsible for university buildings), estimated that over 90% of the stipulations concerned public safety, and said that all "seemed to be within reason."

Improvements Required

On Tuesday, November 10, Swanson met with representatives of the Norvell Agency and five representatives from the North America concern to charge them with the responsibility of making SET's home insurable. North America indicated it would proceed to insure Oakland by the 16th if certain immediate improvements were made.

\$ \$ \$

"All these problems are correctable by an expenditure of funds," Stoutenberg said. The magnitude of the expenditure, however, was not known as we went to press. If it is great, a top-level policy-decision will be needed. That would mean meetings for the President's staff, a decision by the Board of Trustees, and possibly much lost time for the SET.

"We're doing everything in our power to make this barn insurable and acceptable for occupancy," Swanson said. Does that mean Oakland hasn't written the Barn off?

"Heck, no!"



Notes of Dissent

RUMBLINGS FROM THE XVIII CENTURY

by Jesse R. Pitts

There is a pall of conformity floating in the better academic institutions of today: it is the Liberal Left conformity which denounces capitalism, the U.S. military, U.S. imperialism, "sexism," the Nixon administration, Agnew,

pesticides, pollution, the school system, the UAW leadership, the WASP's, the police, the government, the Deanery, etc. No doubt all the statements that issue from this conformity are not devoid of sense. If they were nonsense academics, reputable universities would not accept them. What is objectionable is the dogmatism with which these statements are made, and the virulence.

Some professors teach this "counter-culture" in their regular courses, but it comes out more often in the exploratories where chemists, mathematicians, language specialists dabble in racism, revolution, and education. Digressions are also a favored medium. Students quickly learn that it is the "in" ideology, and that approval and rapport is likely to follow signs that the student has bought it. Yet, the only ideology that a student should acquire from a university is the denial of ideology; the fact that truth is always elusive; that we know very little about the science of society; and that most events in history are the result of passion and ignorance. The Protocols of the Wise Men of General Motors are as silly as the Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion, which anti-semites keep resuscitating as "proof" that the Jews are out to conquer the world.

Left Liberals, on the other hand, keep on believing that the evils of the world are due to conspiracies of the Military-Industrial complex; that the problems of racism, poverty, ignorance, urban blight, war would be solved if the "interests" were not adamant in the defense of their privileges. The key, then, to the solution of all these problems must be the removal, by force if necessary, of the fat-cats of the WASP establishment. From there to the toleration, then to the legitimation, then to the advocacy of violence, the steps are easy to take.

To counter this ideology, we open this column, *Notes of Dissent*, which will attempt to attack problems from a new perspective. Your letters are welcome, your ideas are welcome . . . as long as they say something new, and unexpected.

I shall cry when J. Edgar Hoover dies. Yes,
(cont. page four).

INFINITE CIRCULATION



Since *Double Exposure* is distributed free and in limited quantity, why not drop this copy back where you found it -- or some other public place?

That way someone else will see it, too.
Thanks.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

A sampling of graffiti from various campus installations

What makes some people thrive on violence?

What makes others lean on peace?

GRASS IS A COP-OUT! — what isn't?

The human comedy is a tragedy.

What even happened to George Wallace?

Quit playing in the toilets!
His building less than a year old, and you chods are already writing on the wall!

He's in the next stall.

AVOID REALITY!

GO TO COLLEGE

Think about this guy for a minute!

by S. Goldberg

It was going to be a busy year. This organization was moving to the irregular heartbeat of the carpenter's hammer. A new, mammoth dormitory was being erected to contain the overflowing female students, who were presently tripled in the smaller dorms. This behemoth was officially to be called Hill House, but we called it other things. We called it a huge IBM card; its caricature in *The Observer* bore the caption: "do not fold, spindle, or mutilate." It was the ugliest thing we could imagine on this campus of rolling hills and ranch-style buildings.

There were, however, apparent consolations. "The house on the hill," with its middle floor lounge, seemed perfect for a co-educational dormitory, and the council readily passed legislation to incorporate males into the Hill family. Unfortunately, administrators apologized, the building just was not architecturally designed for that purpose; but much study would be given to making the next one, dorm number five, co-ed. But weren't five's architectural plans identical to Hill's? No matter, they replied; we'll study it anyway.

It was 1964: the Year of the Donkey. Stubbornness, lack of vision, general slowness of response was the motif on "their side." We students, though, were busy; for if the other donkeys were to win the November elections, there was much to be done. Political tactics were new to us Ftiaacs. (Ftiac: First

Time In Any College -- Charles O. Hucker at Freshman convocation. Mr. Hucker was soon to leave Oakland to head up the Far-Eastern Studies Department at Ann Arbor.) But neophytes or no, we Ftiaacs were vocal in our embracing of Presidential candidate Lyndon Baines Johnson.

And our rejection of crazy Barry Goldwater was resounding. The Young Republicans more than doubled its membership one day in Fall '64, due to the entry onto its roster of several Young Dems and Socialist Forum members. The loosely-worded membership requirements provided easy entry for those of us wishing to vote for the "repudiate Goldwater" resolution. It won due to our infiltration; it was the only such resolution in the state; it won for our YR's the coveted censure of the National Committee of the Young Republicans.

It was an active political year, '64. A 30% turnout of the 1799 Oakland University students elected a 12-member committee ("Con-Con") to study and recommend a viable form of student government for the precocious young Oakland. "Not yet," they decided, after six months of interviews and deliberations: we were doing fine with our informal system of buttonholing administrators in halls and johns; it was not yet time for bureaucracy

here.

Bureaucracy, though, might have been effective. More effective, perhaps, than the quiet death of the (Dave) Johnston Resolution to institute men's hours in the dorms. Johnston, vice-president of the Dorm Council, abhorred the double-standard applied to women here. Knowing there could be no immediate abolition of women's hours, he devised an ingenious plan to establish hours for men. The certain uproar of our male students coupled with the administrators' inability to rationalize rejecting the proposal (for there was no rationale), would expose the hypocrisy of an indefensible system. But the chancellor informally requested of Dorm Council president Rob Surovell that the issue be dropped; and the issue was not pursued.

"Good Old Days" Gone

Speaking of effective police protection, we were chagrined to hear that a resident woman had been attacked by some unknown marauder while walking on campus. Chagrined we were because we had grown accustomed to thinking of Oakland's windy hills as a kind of private backyard, where one could forget about the various kinds of unpleasanties that inhabit the outside world.

Oakland has grown up, in a way: she's become a baby city with all the defects of the city slowly encroaching. We don't believe there is any reason for panic; nor do we see any necessity for more policemen. Oakland students must simply readjust to the idea that the ivory tower is not as isolated as it used to be.

dej

Reprinted from *The Observer*, November 19, 1965.

Surovell privately expressed a desire to resign, but he realized the importance of his position on the only formal vehicle of student power at Oakland. Ironically, it was due to its informal relationship with the administration that the Dorm Council remained, in fact, powerless.

Individually, we thrived on informality; collectively, we craved bureaucracy. For in bureaucracy there was at least justice; there was due process, where the voice of reason, having echoed through all the labyrinthine channels, could not fail to be heard in its magnified form by The Powers.

If THEY didn't hear echoes, we did. We students of the dorms heard in our corridors the echoes of the Genuinely Undeniable String Band and its loud, long-haired admirers. The String Band typified a breed of Oakland student that many have heard about but few believe really existed. It is true that there were, proportionally, a large number of "freaks" at this university in 1964. Those sloppy, brilliant purveyors of the expanded consciousness were exactly what our promotional literature was referring to in a campaign to procure "sharp, abrasive" students from all parts of the U.S.

New recruits included Edward Rudolph, folk-musician, Bengali-student, member of

MENSA (Cleveland); Glenn Goldman, guitarist and tambourine-man (Chicago); Ashley Morrisette, student of Americana and road-scholar (Connecticut); and scores of others who brought to the young school a perspective, a life-style, a consciousness so legendary as to be thought mythical by some.

Their consciousness pervades the porous cinderblocks of the dormitories and Oakland Center, for they introduced Oakland to *cannabis sativa* as early as Fall '64; and by the end of the following Winter, the University had seen its first narcotics crackdown ("The Bust of '65"). A sizable number of students were expelled or suspended by the D.A.-type tactics of bluff and out-of-court deals. The situation was classic: a frightened, all-but innocent informant; guilt-by-association; option of open hearings or quiet suspensions; fantastic conceptions of a vast narcotics network. And everyone was guilty to some extent, but no one knew exactly how much, and no one wanted to know. So there was no

scandal; just the suspensions. A family matter.

The family was growing. We were maturing, moving on to new interests, new issues. Lyndon Johnson was our President; civil rights was big that year. The Genuinely Undeniable String Band, with a few changes, became the Urban Roots, Oakland University's first resident electric band. Coming on the heels of the Rolling Stones, before the Jefferson Airplane, even before Jimi Hendrix, the Roots recorded a single for RCA Victor which was a smash

on the grill jukebox; subsequently, went their own ways, which is to say, scattered all over the planet.

Howie Tarnower, flamboyant lead guitarist, is in the Peace Corps in South Korea. Peter Koerner, blues singer extraordinaire, and Ed Rudolph have yet to make it in California with the Blue Sky Frogs, a country-rock group named for our own Blue Sky Drive-In. They are joined by Buzzy, Oakland's first "non-student," who resided in our dorms and ate (gratis) in our cafeterias for two years without ever entering a classroom. Bruce Worman is leading a quiet life on the coast with a guitar and friend Indy Allen, who created her own legend at this university.

The group's drummer, and author of this memoir, remains at Oakland, hopefully to graduate someday, after six years of intermittent attendance. He, too, represents a tendency of "The old Oakland": a tendency to be drawn back and back to these multiply-ing buildings.

There are many of us here still -- or I should say, "again" -- hidden behind new beards or long hair, but often distinguishable by slightly short hair, and a certain evenness that comes from having persevered through many Oakland winters. Much has changed in this community since '64. What remains the same are the eyes: The eyes of the "Ftians."

(cont. on page four)

An Embarrassed Zebra

You know the riddle. We asked ourselves the same question: what's black and white (what represents both sides of an issue - or a community) and read all over (and most people can find interesting, informative, and satisfying to read)? The traditional answer, "a newspaper," seems right. It seems the role of the press to present all elements of a community to each other, to communicate to each part the flavor of the other parts.

It appears, though, that that function goes unfulfilled at this university (see Bruce Tonkin's letter, this page). The prevailing consciousness at Oakland is one, we feel, of diffusion, non-direction, and an overall lack of identification with Oakland University; in short, of disintegration. There seems to be no sense of community here, and yet we certainly are all here. At one place, and sometimes at one time. Eight thousand of us, with no visible ties to each other.

Here is the situation: Begun as a university (in truth, a college), dedicated to scholarship, Oakland was the product of careful planning and consultation by America's top educators. We consciously avoided intercollegiate athletics and fraternities, cultivated an accomplished young faculty, and created an atmosphere saturated with the ideals of academia.

Now we are a true university, becoming a multiversity; we have deemphasized Arts and Letters; we have not only intercollegiate sports but cheerleaders as well; and we are now truly pluralistic, representing myriad interest groups, factions, and philosophies of higher education.

Okay. None of this is to evaluate either period, or any goal or attitude contained within our borders. The point is, we have it all: the old and the new, the elder and the younger, the scholarly and the "loose," the pure and the applied. And we are all here, together.

How, then, do we communicate? Are we all working at cross-purposes? Or are we really doing the same thing in diverse ways? In fact, does anyone know? Can anyone guess? And here is where we enter.

Double Exposure is a newsmagazine of Oakland University community. Starting from the premise that we are here together, and that, being a university, we should have some common objectives (or at least some overlap of interests), *Double Exposure* seeks to give this community a vehicle for talking to itself.

This is not easy to do. *Focus: Oakland* is having trouble saying meaningful things to the community as a whole. Whereas some are turned off by *Focus'* language, style, and issue-orientation, others (even some staff-members) find it too middle-of-the-road. On the other hand, the university's news service presents skeletal factual material on only the most major topics.

But "major" does not necessarily mean "interesting." What fascinates us is usually the "story behind the news," the ideas, the personalities. Of course, each of us finds intrigue

in a different aspect of life. Apparently, the only way to interest everyone is the "black and white and read all over" approach. So, *Double Exposure* is going to give Oakland University the opportunity to talk to itself in an attempt to revive itself from its (your) ennui.

We don't want to rap at you, rap on you, or take the rap for you. But we will give you the chance (via column-inches) to do it all to each other. We will lend a journalistic hand - which means, we're going to dig around to find the stimulating, relevant, maybe even exciting events, personalities, and projects around here. As for opinion, commentary, and analysis - we'll leave that for you. Mr. Pitts, for example, in his column, *Notes of Dissent*, represents only himself. Does he represent you also? We will be delighted to hear the other side of the story, or more of the same. We'll print whatever we can.

A word about format: Next issue will hopefully see folded, unstapled pages, more interesting layout, and the addition of more

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Q: I've been trying to take care of a simple - and supposedly "routine" - matter for two days. Everyone's sent me to the wrong place. What's the deal around here? Doesn't anyone know who does what?

Frustrated Student

A: That's just what the Office of Student

FEEDBACK

Dear Sir:

We seem to have a didactic newspaper on campus; by that I mean a paper whose sole purpose is apparently to promulgate "now" policies. Essentially, a one-sided approach such as this does not educate the reader; rather, it propagandizes him. Despite this shortcoming, *FOCUS* is not entirely bad; it has had some excellent articles (one especially good one I remember by Dan Kinsella) --- but in the news, the purposes of no paper can be truly served by this sort of biased approach to journalism.

Since you are beginning a new paper here on campus, I hope you will establish yourself as a free paper, with room for all points of view; that rather than fill your pages with poorly written "revolutionary" tripe and four letter nonsense words that only serve to turn a percentage of the readers to another paper, you will act, instead, as responsible journalists.

Demand well-written articles. If none are forthcoming, don't just slap something to-

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DOUBLE EXPOSURE

The bi-weekly newsmagazine of the Oakland University community.

Publisher and editor:

Stuart J. Goldberg

Editorial Assistant:

Veta Goler

Printing:

Patrick Griffin

Makeup and layout:

John Porter

Compositor:

Rhonda Hoagland

Rewrite:

Christopher Clowrey

Artwork:

Greg Erickson

Advisory board:

Mr. David C. Bricker

Mr. Richard J. Burke

Mr. Thomas Fitzsimmons

Mr. Jesse R. Pitts

Special thanks to:

Focus: Oakland

Affairs is for. We checked with Dean Appleton, Vice President for Student Affairs, who clarified the role of his office:

"I want to communicate as widely as possible that if students don't know where to go, there are certain people in Student Affairs whose job it is to help them get to the right place; me, to the extent I'm available, but in addition, John Tapp and Pat Houtz. We leave some time in everybody's schedule unscheduled, so that if a student comes in and doesn't have an appointment, he knows that if he drops back at this hour, *someone* won't have any appointments, and he'll see you and help you.

"I have a staff-meeting with the office staff here, i.e., the four secretaries, John Tapp, Pat Houtz, and myself, every Tuesday morning at 8:30. We have coffee together, and if *any* questions come up during the week, and they don't know where to send the people, we talk about that. So, we *all* understand where the person goes the next time the same question is raised.

"One of the missions of Student Affairs is to be available to pick up student concerns, and not say, 'We'll take care of the students.' That's not our job. It's not the job of motor pool, for example, to say 'We'll run a good motor pool, but *you* take care of students'. That's false. I want to say that very strongly. That's *really* false. But it *is* true that we ought to be a facilitator for at least getting the students' concerns aired.

"I think it's important on the campus to not perceive of Student Affairs persons as

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Larimer letters

by Ash Morrisette

Larimer Street, Denver Colorado. Spring and the ice-thaw wind sails down from 13,000 foot Berhoud Pass. Larimer's residents congregate on the street corners, trying to raise that magic amount -- 80 cents. Some think of leaving with the thaw -- west to Salt Lake City, north to Boise, Idaho, south and west to Albuquerque, Tucson, and Yuma. But most will stay. They're old. Tired. And the prosperous times make that 80 cents too easily attainable. For 80 cents is the price of a poignant calm, an indistinct romantic memory of lost dignity. It comes with the quart of Tokay.

Larimer Street in Denver is one of the main dying grounds of that vanishing, genuinely American phenomenon - the Hobo. America, with its unique, never-to-be-grasped mobility and restless expansiveness, spawned the hobo. The hobo belongs to a younger nation, to a more intuitive, correspondent time. He doesn't belong in the age of limited access highways, social co-ordination, an age which kow-tows to sociologists and exchanges dreams for the mundane data of national economics. His time is up and a vital part of America can be seen dying on Main Street, Los Angeles, Mission Street, San Francisco, Bowery Ave., New York, and Larimer Street in Denver.

When I was in Denver I saw something vast and sad. It should only be spoken of in a whisper. In the Golden Nugget bar (double shot and a beer - 35 cents) a short, dishevelled, totally drunk carcass staggers and weaves his way among the bums looking for enough money to keep drinking. He's finally thrown out by a huge, ugly barmaid named Rose. In fifteen minutes he returns, hugging to his chest a brown, imitation-leather suitcase. How many miles he and that suitcase may have traveled is beyond guessing. But oblivion and extinction is his bag now. The suitcase is given up for two dollars. A half-hour later he sells his bedroll.

Reprinted from *The Observer*, May 13, 1966.

redtape

(cont. from page three)

'taking care of students' problems.' I believe that we can play a special role in getting students introduced to the appropriate bodies or committees where the decisions concerning them are made. Or I believe we can really advise and counsel them, or try to deal personally on the problems that students have. But I don't believe it's appropriate for another office to say, 'They (our office) will take care of the students'; because that sets up a whole series of imbalances, and excuses persons for not handling the problem themselves."

Okay? Now you know where to go.



i dont want to read about
all the poverty all the waste
i read where black women eat starch
a block costs 39 cents
eat starch i dont want to read about
NEWSPAPERS
the hell with newspapers
think of all that money
all the starch it will buy

buzzy

FEEDBACK

(cont. from page three)

gether to get the paper out. Don't let yourself be convinced that "more is better" --- ruthlessly weed out abominations such as the ones padding FOCUS.

This is a university. Students come here to learn -- and most do. They do not come here to be preached to, nor do they want to hear opinions rather than verifiable facts (except for, perhaps, entertainment). Keep your writers from running off at the mouth.

Lastly, include some humor in your paper. One of the things that is most universally appreciated (and most lacking on our campus) is some humor. The world is not always deadly serious -- and why treat it as if it were?

Relieve the tedium, the humorless propagandizing. Give us good writing; but most of all, give us a newspaper.

Sincerely yours,
Bruce W. Tonkin

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Embarrassed Zebra

(cont. from page three)

material from the various departments and groups, as well as one or two depth-studies of important issues. "Depth-study" means a many-sided approach to, for example, the R.A. strike, or a campus group or project, wherein various people are interviewed and each tells his story. We think it would be a contribution if all this material were presented in one package. That, in fact, is why *Double Exposure* exists.

Obviously, a competent staff is required. We are small but growing. Anyone wanting to work in any capacity, and all written contributions, should find their way to room 615, Vandenberg Hall (ext. 2165).

See you next time.

sjg



Memoirs

(cont. from page two)

rather wide with the pride and novelty and awe that go with entry into this strange new environment. And the eyes of the seniors, steadied by the perception of having mastered their environment. Mastered it, yes, to the point of having gained their personal rewards from it.

But the environment -- this Oakland University -- it rolls on and on.

Notes of Dissent

(cont. from page one)

you heard me. The baddy of all baddies, the head of the F.B.I., in peace and war; yes, the old contributor to the American Legion Magazine, the Neanderthal Man himself. Why? Because his successor is bound to be younger, more ambitious, and more intelligent. Which means that the F.B.I. will be more efficient and more dangerous. The control of the Armed Forces and of the Secret Police is always a problem in any society: how do you submit to civilian control centers of such enormous power, and who knows enough about some justices, some congressmen, some senators, some governors as to be able to disgrace them, if not send them to jail? A good example was the attempt to muzzle Martin Luther King, which was totally ineffective (in my opinion) because most people who loved Martin Luther King were quite indifferent to his sex life, and only an obtuse puritan like Edgar Hoover could fail to understand that. The reason Angela Davis was caught is because she confided her security to the U.S. Communist Party, which has been so infiltrated by F.B.I. agents that a leak was bound to occur. But the New Left does not seem to have the same trouble.

The F.B.I. may have very good electronics, but it seems to have a very low understanding of what its bugs pick up. It does not have these old specialists, such as European countries have, who know the movements they have been watching better than the members themselves. It may be good in tracking down gangsters, but it has no comprehension of the youth movement. What it proves about a country like the U.S.A. is that people who could understand political deviants have not been interested in police careers.

Of course with all these college graduates being ground out by the universities and who are looking for jobs . . . Of course with a more hip director, the F.B.I. may learn how to attract such people. Of course, with bombings and an irate public, it will be easier to justify political spying of a skilled nature. Freedom is more difficult to defend against the smart cop. We may all weep when we have a police force full of BA's, MA's, and Ph.D's.

It may turn out to be the Student Movement's gift to America.

