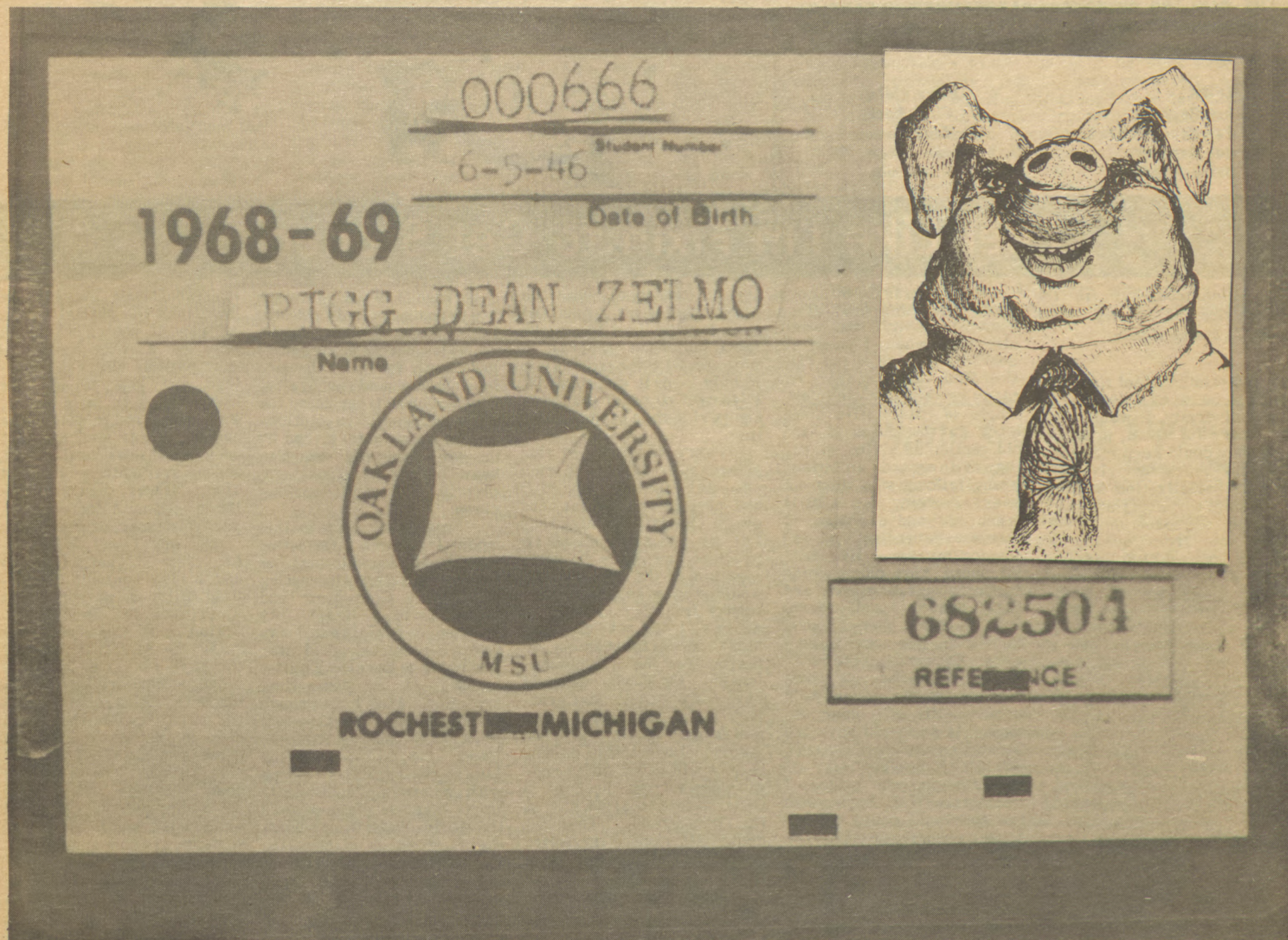


The Oakland Observer

Vol. XI - No. 3

October 3, 1969



October 4 - 11

COMMIT A FELONY IN ROCHESTER WEEK

The Rochester Chamber of Horrors (in cooperation with the Apathetic Nihilist Party) has announced a new program to bring excitement to Rochester, Michigan, scene of the recent Centennial celebration, marking 100 years of dullness. The new program is scheduled to run from October 4 till October 11, although it is hoped that the enthusiasm of the event will carry over through the rest of the year.

Planning for the week began last year when a group of concerned citizens decided that something must be done to improve Rochester's

image. It was feared that the "Heart of the Hills" was suffering from an acute coronary disease that led to paralysis of both mind and body; in many cases producing a tendency to leave town at every possible opportunity. Statistics have shown that no one has been thrown out of Rochester for 52 years, they all left voluntarily.

Several possibilities for generating new life were considered, including one proposal to move a black family into Rochester. Unfortunately there was no black family in the area that

was willing to risk their children's lives for the good of the total community. The committee eventually settled on the plan for an all-out assault on the laws, morals, and customs of the town of Rochester. Rapes, robberies, murders, dope smoking, and saying bad words are included in the planned attack.

It was feared by some that this community event might offer possibilities of takeover by radical groups bent not on improving our society but on destroying it. Reportedly, some groups hoped to use the energy gen-

erated in the breach of laws and the violation of standards of propriety, to bring about a restructuring of our society and the alterations of property relations to some form of Communism. The committee emphasized that it certainly did not approve of such tactics and programs and emphasized that its aims were basically patriotic and opposed to those who did not believe that while our country may have its faults, it's the only one we have.

Possibilities of disruptive tactics by Black militants have also been considered, but, says chair-

man, Ellwood Platt "How can you disrupt a felony?" "Besides if any Black militants start messing around, we'll know they're outside agitators."

It was also emphasized that the program is primarily directed toward felonies against the person; "We don't want to interfere with anyone's property rights" says Platt.

The success of this event depends on all of us, we're even inviting Rochester's large freak community to join in. So let's all go out and commit a felony in Rochester.

EDITORIALS

THE OAKLAND OBSERVER***PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
73 INSANE PEOPLE IN ROCHESTER, MICHIGAN, IN THE
HEART OF THE HILLS

Editor
Ace Reporter
Ace Reporter No. 2
Cub Reporter
Crime Fighter

Perry White
Clark Kent
Lois Lane
Jimmy Olson
Superman



Feel Like I'm Fixin to Get Stoned

Pseudo-Intellectualism is the culmination of Western Philosophy. - Warfus Ripple.

Sometimes I feel that if I were to be given a degree by this university, it would be a victory for them, proving that they could keep me here for four years and give me enough socialization so that I wouldn't quit, flunk out, or die of boredom. They keep me from quitting by paying me 600 dollars to write about whatever I want in this newspaper (of course putting out this newspaper every week doesn't allow me enough time to write what I want, but for 600 dollars who can complain?) they keep me from flunking out by making it so easy to pass courses that I don't have to do any really serious intellectual labor, and they keep me from dying of boredom by letting me buy dope anywhere on campus and smoke it without too much hassle.

It's an insidious plot--and I know when it all began; at least I know when I became aware of it, it probably started long before. It was at a meeting at my junior high school, something about what the school was doing to help all those smart kids get smarter, and the mother of one of my friends was having one of those after-hours conversations with the teacher that are probably supposed to get some influence in her son's behalf. I heard her say, "We're all good middle-class people here" and as she turned and saw me standing there she added, "Even Mike". And the American dream was born in my little seventh grade mind. I smiled my 13 year-old smile and thought how wonderful it was that even though my dad was a factory worker, I too could be middle class. My father is a foreman now, and maybe he thinks he's joined the middle class, although I'll bet they wouldn't let him join the country club that that woman's husband belonged to, but all that aside, it took until I was in college to realize that I would never become a good middle class person, and though I know it now, they're still trying.

I learned a little bit more about the American class system on my fourteenth birthday, when I went to seek my fortune at the Flint Golf Club Caddy house. The caddy system is a clear example of exploitative child labor in the guise of kind old gentlemen giving spending money to ambitious young fellows who turn out every morning for a little fresh air and exercise. I was somewhat lucky, I was big for my age. I've seen 80 pound kids carry some banker's golf bag back and forth across a golf course for 18 holes, for 5 hours, for \$2.25, and sometimes a coke. Of course, if the banker tried to carry his own bag around the course he'd probably die of a heart attack. 14 year-old boys are a lot tougher than bankers. In fact if it wasn't for the military and the police, I could take Wall Street with the caddies I could pick up at any decent-sized country club on a Sunday afternoon.

Of course it wasn't all that bad, your shoulders get used to it and soon you can carry two persons' bags at once and make a lot more money. And if you're good at gambling, you can clean up in the caddy house. But as the actual work gets less troublesome, you have more time to think about what you see. And you begin to wonder how those men can all come out to play golf on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday and Friday afternoons; and why you should ask some old fart for permission to wipe his golf ball, and why you should thank him and call him "sir" after you've carried his golf bag all day and he gives you a quarter tip? Or why we have to work all day while they play golf and their kids swim in the pool.

Jay Gould once said, "The working class, I can always hire half of them to kill the other half." I believe it. No caddy would do anything to help any other caddy if it meant less money for him. The caddy house is run by a rigid seniority system whereby new caddies get to carry for acknowledged bastards, and are forced to perform such meaningful tasks as clean-

ing out the john, while the older caddies sit around and wait for the best loops (the more generous tipplers). I once got \$9 for carrying one 18 hole loop; it was then that I learned to never discourage a rich man from drinking.

Every caddy hoped that someday he would be rich and join the country club and play golf every day, and every Monday morning they let us use the course to practice our form in anticipation of the day when we would step up to receive our trophy (suitably crooked of course) for winning the spring Medal tournament, or maybe even the club championship. Or maybe we could have the psychological gratification of carrying for this one famous doctor whose two notoriously beautiful daughters would often come running down from the pool in their bikinis to greet him on the 18th green. Then we could all engage in weird sexual fantasies about what it would be like if one of the daughters offered us a piece of ass in lieu of payment for the afternoon's work. (My older brother later met one of the two while a student at the U of M, "Your old man's a doctor isn't he?" "Why yes, how did you know that?" He declined to answer.

Of course caddying only lasted from April till November and the rest of the time I had to go to school. Now that was one place that I never could figure out. Being a high scorer on all those standardized tests they give you to find out how standardized you are, I was always put in the fast group (as they liked to call it) so that those in the dumb group wouldn't be psychologically scarred by knowing they were dumb). It always amazed me that these supposedly intelligent kids were a bunch of neo-fascists. With the exception of myself, my ninth grade civics class believed that foreign aid was robbing American businessmen, that welfare statism was rotting our moral fiber, and that labor unions were an insidious communist plot to take away the justly deserved fruits of entrepreneurial skill and thrift.

Strange it is that, although my parents are only slightly left of Richard Nixon, I grew up believing that labor unions had been a force for the good in America, and that Walter Reuther, far from being the most successful revolutionary of this century, had by the time I was old enough to know about such things, clearly sold out the working class.

Strange it also is that when I became dissatisfied with the liberal solution, that the only living alternative was Barry Goldwater (and Mario Savio a little). My attachment to Goldwater was never complete, as I was beginning to develop pacifist leanings at the same time and didn't last long enough to reach the '64 election. What attracted me to Goldwater (and to Savio) was the failure of liberalism to cope with the needs of individuals in its massive plans to save the world. When Barry Goldwater spoke of eliminating the creeping domination of big government, I listened when Mario Savio led the demonstrations for free speech at Berkley, I listened. The voices I heard spoke

from different directions but spoke of the same things; the right of people to determine their own way of life, free from the domination of large and powerful interests who had nothing better to do with their time than to make up rules.

I gave up on Goldwater when he started talking about what he really wanted to do, it became apparent to me then that right wing rhetoric about individual rights was a cover up for the maintenance of the interests of the traditional ruling class and the aspiring middle class who hoped soon to join them. I turned around and saw that those lining up behind Goldwater were the very same ones who had always amazed me with their opposition to anything progressive. They almost had me.

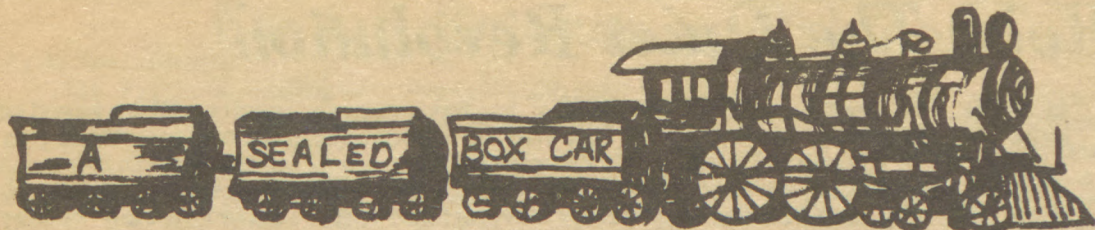
College offered so many new possibilities; whoever is running this thing called our society has developed the most ingenious inducement ever offered to make people play the game their way--they'll let you win. All

the talk about the land of opportunity is partially true, at least if you're white. It may be a little harder if your parents didn't go to college and you never quite learned how to be a polite, well-mannered middle class cherub, but if you're smart enough and work hard enough, and do everything you're told along the way, then it's possible to end up a doctor, lawyer, professor, or president.

But what then? If I graduate from OU, get a rich job and a nice house in Bloomfield Hills, and participate in Americans for Democratic Action, that does not disguise the fact that most of the guys who grew up in my neighborhood are still working in the Buick factory making more cars than they could ever use for less money than it takes to buy their wife and kids all the things they've been convinced they need.

Some, though not all of the new left and less radical students are concerned about selling out, such concern for me is meaningless; I sold out long ago, when I learned to say "Yes Sir" and "No Sir" and didn't spit in their faces, when I believed that Communism was the greatest enemy of freedom and participated in bullshit discussions about defending freedom against the atheistic menace, when I believed that the Kennedys died for me and not for their family fortune. I still believe that I could be rich, successful, and a respected liberal member of the community, but after all that I'm not sure I want to be.

Michael Hitchcock



A couple of months ago the editors of The Observer caught me writing something about Senator Huber on the Commentary Board. A single glance at their copy of the Attorney General's list was enough to convince them that they were face to face with something which everybody from Mayor Daley to Sheriff Harvey hopes someday to find, an outside agitator. Pushing through the muttering crowd of workers, peasants, soldiers, tractor-drivers, steamshovel operators, and aging Serbo-Croatian streetcar repairmen that always surrounds any outside agitator, the editors told me I could have the space they'd been saving for Stewart Alsop.

I am still not sure why The Observer decided to give me a platform for my irresponsible outbursts. I don't see eye to eye with the editors on a lot of things, since politically I'm somewhere to the left of Comrade Don Martin, who has the most convincing explanation of the world I've seen so far. Maybe, to use one of their own terms, they thought they could co-opt my efforts so I'd stop making fun of them for trying to put out the same kind of far-out strikingly different paper people everybody else has. Whatever their reason, I'm grateful to them for allowing me to break the monotonous routine of looking for a job by staying up all night and I guarantee their generosity will be rewarded as such virtues usually are.

I'm going to dedicate this column to the fine old lunatics whose student numbers are even lower than mine, but who still wander these hills on windy nights. These venerable Oaklanders make up the somewhat rusty steel core of this University, and serve as a strong bulwark against en-

croaching sanity and other forces dangerous to healthy thought. May they eventually graduate in their own good time.

Since The Observer rightly addresses itself to important questions facing both the University and this country, I'll try to do likewise. I have some pretty strong feelings about both those institutions, especially in that I'm sort of fond of both of them, and I think both have a fairly bright future once they get themselves straightened around, or rather once we get them straightened around. The notion that anything is finally and irrevocably settled for either of them does not sit well with me, whether it's true or not. As Andre Malraux once wrote in a different context, there has been too much talk about tendencies and not enough about possibilities. What's more, if we don't find ourselves a few more possibilities than we've done so far, those tendencies are going to get us for sure.

This brings me to part of that reward I promised The Observer. If there is any iron law to this business of radicalism, it is that no revolution has ever succeeded on imported materials or imported thinking. Oakland University is not Columbia or Berkeley or any other university. It is Oakland University, and that's saying a lot. The student body is not easy to work with, and the administration is a great deal sharper than your average administration, as everybody has probably noticed by now. These points do not mean that radical student leadership is either

unnecessary or impossible here at Oakland. They do mean that such leadership at Oakland must be of a higher all-around calibre than at all those other places, and must be able to write its own book of procedure from page one.

Likewise, this country is not Cuba, or Viet Nam, or China. This does not mean that fundamental changes are not in order, and fast. It does mean that we will have to carry out our revolution here with strategies and tactics we think up here. And our own ideology. And our own slogans. And we're probably going to have a lot rougher time doing it than some of those other places did. Much more is in order on this subject, but I think I've made my point.

My point is that for all the talk about youth, creativity, originality, freshness, liberation and what all, we're facing a critical shortage of the new ideas we'll need if we're to survive. That holds for both Oakland and the U.S.A. But my point is also that here at Oakland we can come up with what we need, in the way of ideas and in the way of leadership, when we decide that it's important enough to do so. I've got a deep and abiding faith in our peculiarity, and I think it can pull us through where any lesser force might fail.

Through this column, I hope to call forth our most powerfully warped minds to endeavors worthy of all the years they spent getting that way. On all of the questions The Observer deals with these days, a lot more needs to be said. And a lot more questions need to be raised. Just plain perverseness ought to forbid letting things be as they are.

Mark Dublin

International

The International Institute is sponsoring an Old World Market, at the Institute at 111 E. Kirby, (near John R.) Hours are 12-10 Thursday, Oct. 2, through Saturday, and 12-9 Sunday. The market features glass-blowing, weaving, foreign foods from at least seven countries, exhibits of various countries of the world, and other places. Displays of native costumes will also be on hand. Admission \$1.00. The International Club will provide transportation at 6 p.m. on Saturday in front of the OC.

Commuter Council Wants You

Commuter Council has four vacancies. Anyone wishing to fill one of them should leave his name at the Student Activities Desk (O.C.) and attend the Council meeting, Monday at 2:00 in the Faculty Lounge (O.C.).

PEACE...

ST. LUKE'S
UNITED METHODIST CHURCH
(across Walton Blvd.)
WORSHIP - 10:30 a.m.
(rides available at
West Vandenberg Entrance)
PASTOR - REV. DAVID E. CHURCH

LETTERS

To the editors

I can only express the profoundest dismay and disgust at the massive "keep Woody" sell-out covered in your last issue. Led by the likes of John Springfield, sometime "liberal", sometime administration stooge, a goodly portion of the student body reached new levels of followership. Apparently suffering from the mistaken belief that they were at a high school football game, the crowd took Springfield's every cue as if he were head-cheerleader. Fortunately, just as they prepared to destroy any available goalposts, the great father descended from E. Lansing, oozed the proverbial oil on troubled waters, and everything ended happily ever after. I went home, fought down the natural urge to blow lunch, and slept, secure in the knowledge that Oakland would be exactly the same the next day, week, month...

James Hansen
17388

Dear Editor,

Your editorial of the 19th revealed a very obvious persecution complex. Monsters are secretly plotting against you just everywhere -- seek professional help before it's too late!

Yours truly,
Anna Chapman
Student #2566

Photo Gallery Opens

The sleepy citizens of sleepy Rochester sleep on, not knowing that Main Street may be alive beneath their feet (or over their heads as the case may be). If the music didn't bring them, maybe the large "Malcolm" sign will, but whether they come looking or not, Colin Campbell's photographic gallery and studio at 333 1/2 Main is a reality.

Colin is doing undoubtedly the finest photographic work in this area, and some of his best is displayed on the walls and three dimensional displays of his studio. The place is entirely painted in black and white, including an all-black bathroom, to give a stark, but still strong support to the black and white photos on display. The pictures line the hallway as well as the front room, and include excellent shots of musicians and the people of the streets.

All of Colin's photos show an almost total control over what appears in the picture, a quality which he attributes both to a careful development of the eye to see everything in the scene that is being photographed. A small detail which might be missed by the eye will still be picked up by the omniscient camera and could subsequently make what the photographer thought was a good picture become mediocre. All of the pictures on display show careful handling of composition that makes small parts of the photo stand large in creation of the totality. Colin hopes that when he is satisfied with his control of the techniques of black and white photography, he can move into filming.

The apartment where the studio is located features more than just photography; an egg-carton covered room is the practice sight for Rob Stevens who is, in his words, "working constantly" with his flute and sax. Last Saturday night, at the studio's opening, Rob and his group (composed of Peter Wenger, tenor; Terry Silver, alto; Mark Hall, piano; Phil Jones, drums; and Tim Gilbert on bass) played a variety of traditional, primitive, and free jazz for those who wanted to listen.

Colin hopes that his studio can be the center for minor cultural renaissance in the Oakland University area, a rebirth not of the old culture of tradition but of exciting new things that can come out of a real rebirth of the spirit. He has been working on the gallery-studio since January; now it's there.

SDS

Group Rate Trains Leaving: Wednesday Morning, Oct. 8, 10 a.m., sendoff rally. Friday Afternoon, Oct. 10, 3:30 p.m. sendoff rally. Also car pools being arranged. Michigan Movement Center, for living quarters in Chicago after arrival, call: 642-3015. Call Detroit SDS for details 923-5812/833-4323.

Quotes of the Week

Chancellor Varner, at the Tenth Anniversary Convocation, explained the history of O.U.'s architecture by noting that we started out with "two unimpressive buildings - today there are ten times that number."

Dean Houtz in the AWS Newsletter: "Let me urge you to take advantage of Oakland University with all it has to offer. But this must not be a one-way street. You must also let Oakland take advantage of you..."



Earth House Hold: The Quiet Revolution

By Thomas Fitzsimmons

Reprinted from Saturday Review

Earth House Hold, Gary Snyder; New Directions. Rats, lambs, men, and whales

all drink milk

A book of essays and notes is usually about something, in the sense that a blueprint is about what it describes. Works of art however are not about some objective structure out there. They refer to the experience of the person who is reading, listening to, seeing them. Being substantial with that experience they cannot be said to be about it. Gary Snyder's *Earth House Hold* may puzzle at first because it is a book of essays and notes, but those descriptive elements have been compacted into an art form. The result is illumination and celebration not description. Since what is illuminated and celebrated are images and practices long suppressed in our society, images which if allowed fully into mind would seek expression in practices very different from those we have been conditioned to consider normal, it is a profoundly revolutionary book. Celebrated is a way of living that would fully reflect the intimate interdependence of man and everything that coexists with him on this planet; illuminated are some of the characteristics of such a state of being and some of the means of achieving it. In 1952 on Crater Mountain a man watches for fire. Watches weather. Sees deer, rocks, trees, grasses, hears water, hears wind. Walks the wilderness. Finds bird bones, a dead mouse. "Just where am I in this food chain?"

After watching comes wandering; and while wandering, some finding; then the return home to share, and watch some more. That is profoundly familiar, profoundly revolutionary pattern. *Earth House Hold* is a profoundly revolutionary book. "Don't be a mountaineer, be a mountain."

The wandering is into and across the vast Pacific basin that joins the west of America to the East of Asia. And joins the ecological, ritual wisdom of the American Indian to the person/non person illuminations preserved by the cultures of India, China, Tibet, and Japan. An anthropologist, the wanderer has studied the American Indian, and

China and Japan. And he is a poet. In his head, then, is substantial amount of the lore, the precisions, pretensions, and play, of western science, philosophy, and art. But wandering offers new images, as well as the savvy of seamen, loggers, fishermen, peasants, and women everywhere, that enter to reweave the content of mind/no mind. It is all made present here. "We are all immortals/& the ground is damp."

If the weave is to become vision, become a way which a man may be born, deliver himself to himself, then beyond himself, it must find a technique of becoming, a discipline for allowing. The discipline is found in Japan, where many things mingle and are welcome. The wandering turns inward for a decade of attachment to a Zen temple, of commitment to one of the most rigorous ways yet evolved "... to simplify the mind; like a blade which sharpens focus and methods, is made to occur in this book."

Weave becomes vision. The weave seen is a weave of kinship. The vision emerges richly detailed: men as kin, in one house, related to all that has its being there. Nor the relating of men each to all in a damp brotherhood of wail and woe. But kinship as resonance, vibrant presence that reaches from beginning to now to beyond, a resonance indistinguishable from the substance it sings.

The beginning is tens of thousands of years of human, of our, experiences buried under the word "primitive". Still the resonance reaches us. Voice has carried it, voice speaking poem-song. Seer has painted it. And it becomes necessary to speak of brother and sister to adequately speak the relationship of those whose living was/is shaped by response to that resonance. If you are of that dance, *Earth House Hold* will reintroduce you to your ancestors, an ancient honorable lineage of lovers of the mysteries, who preserved them for us, and still do, while we hunted.

My own opinion is that we are now experiencing a surfacing (in a specifically "American" incarnation) of the Great Subculture which goes back as far perhaps as the late Paleolithic.

This subculture of il-

luminati has been a powerful undercurrent in all higher civilizations. In China it manifested as Taoism, not only Lao-tzu but the later Yellow Turban revolt and medieval Taoist secret societies; and the Zen Buddhists up till early Sung. With Islam the Sufis; in India the various threads converged to produce Tantrism. In the West it has been represented largely by a string of heresies starting with the Gnostics, and on the folk level by "witchcraft."

Peasant witchcraft in Europe, Tantrism in Bengal, Quakers in England, Tachikawa-ryu in Japan, Ch'an in China. These are all outcroppings of the Great Subculture ... the tradition that runs without break from Paleo-Siberian Shamanism and Magdalenian cave-painting; through megaliths and Mysteries, astronomers, ritualists, alchemists and Albigensians; gnostics and vagrants, right down to Golden Gate Park.

This book is a bow: a harmony of presences arced around a central thrust, the whole thing taut and ready to happen. Ready to take us inside where live the images that truly govern us, linking together into a total definition of reality, and of appropriate response. From that inscape, it becomes easy to understand the title of the main piece of persuasive prose in the book: "Poetry and the Primitive; Notes on Poetry as an Ecological Survival Technique."

Survival is the actual problem when "the soil, the forests and all animal life are being consumed by ... cancerous collectives; the air and water of the planet is being fouled by them." But attention is always diverted from our relationship with each other, and we give the name revolution to the comfortably familiar and loud skirmishes for power within the social

structures we have thrown up. However disruptive of social order these skirmishes may be, they are not truly revolutionary, for they occur firmly and wholly within the conflict metaphor that dominates human conceptualization as the most powerful synthesis of our experience as animals. Within that metaphor, strategy has been a constant: recourse to magic: summon the Name, substitute it for a person, and lo! the person becomes Other, becomes pig, becomes Freak. The new Nigger is anyone, especially anyone young, who challenges established authority and pattern. The magic of the Name permits men who inhabit the same land, speak the same tongue, worship the same god, to club, to shoot, and gas Freaks to the applause of a substantial citizenry. In such a confrontation the side with the guns always ends up committing most of the atrocities, thus surrendering its moral authority, and is ultimately replaced. An old story: the loud revolutions, inevitable, but circular unless something more happens.

Under the noise another kind of revolution moves toward evolution, and toward redeeming the sacrifices and suffering inherent in man's very survival as a being. The soft revolution: the thrust to find ways to change the very images by which we define ourselves, others, relationship, process. The mix of archetypal drama and encultured name that truly rules us. Revolution that seeks the very restructuring of mind and its means. The remaking of our tongues. The redemption of all we have been, both glorious and vile, awake and asleep, by taking at last the step to man: a creature who will not violate at last the step to man: a creature who will not violate event with abstraction, whose

sanity will be based squarely on the ability to harmonize all that happens, not by reducing it to be received terms but by distributing himself wholly throughout it, unable to lose his identity because he is precisely what he is as he happens. "It may be that... interbirth, for we are actually creating each other and all things while living ... is the objective part of existence which we have not yet brought into conscious knowledge and practice."

The soft revolution. The true trip. To a place brighter, darker, weirder than any moon. The thrust into inner space. Requiring as technology all man's insights anywhere ever, most especially what has been most ignored in the particular place you start from. What we in the industrialized west have been able to ignore is what we have been able to put down as Primitive, Archaic, Mystical. By offering to our attention, in terms difficult for us not to respect, the kinds of experience hidden by those Names, and by reminding us sharply of the unbroken tradition that has preserved that experience for us, Gary Snyder's *Earth House Hold* becomes a seed document of the soft revolution. "The objective eye of science, striving to see Nature plain, must finally look at 'subject' and 'object' and the very Eye that looks. We discover that all of us carry within us caves; with animals and gods on the walls; a place of ritual and magic."

Perhaps the exquisite beauty of earth seen from moon, through a TV tube, will remind us that we love this place, that it is our house, which we must care for and with which we must live as we hold, are held. Know your fathers. Know your Mother.

OBSERVER FILM SHORTS

"I'll let you be in my dream if I can be in yours. . ."
-Dylan

The Oakland Cinema Guild ran its second flick of the season last week, "End of August at the Hotel Ozone." By this time you've probably been bombarded with 7 grillion reviews on it, dubbing it "science fiction" or "fantasy" and/or dryly rehashing the plot.

Although the post-atomic war setting may infer science fiction, that is only the vehicle through which director Jan Schmidt expresses an idea. The idea is that a new world requires a new outlook. The new outlook is never really revealed.

The real genius of the film lies in its direction. Schmidt, somehow is able to say exactly what he means at all

times with incredible realism with only the barest of dialogue. This film, is the finest example of that, that I have ever seen.

With all the other reviews around on "Ozone", it would be impossible to say anything else of any relevance without seeming repetitious. It was a great flick, and feel sorry for yourself if you missed it.

-Jimmy Olsen

"Oh, What a Lovely War" (Soon to be released by Paramount Pictures)

"...the first full-length liberal propaganda flick ever to be seen in the U.S." "Through the use of second-hand 'art film' devices, worn-out anti-war cliches, and bougeoise visions, the film presents (if one could

imagine) a peace fantasy as experienced by a Babbit-type while tripping on a tranquilizer."

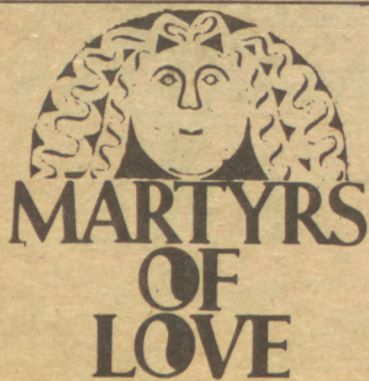
"...World War I dressed up like a carnival, served to a peanut-gallery audience..."

"... imagine 'How I Won the War': rewritten by Walt Disney, technical assistance by the Reader's Digest, technicolor by Pittsburg Paint. . ."

"Mom and Dad will love it!" "...completely misses the point."

"... a musical?!"

T.A.K. The Oakland Observer



Paxson Returns to Oakland

By Michael Hitchcock

This Friday's reading in the Off Campus with Don Downing Tom Fitzsimmons and Greg Paxson marks the reunion of several of Oakland's old line poets, who still remember the days when Oakland still published a literary magazine. Paxson has returned to the area after spending the last year and a half in Virginia, Mexico, and San Francisco, where he did a great deal of writing while living on welfare. One of the main attractions of San Francisco was the coffee Gallery, which featured Wednesday night poetry readings. It was here that Paxson got to test much of his work before a highly critical audience, which he said has been known to hiss, boo, and throw spitballs at poets who didn't meet their standards. The reading Friday night will feature both Paxson's early and later work along with the readings by Downing and Fitzsimmons.

Paxson is best known for his encounters with the university bureaucracy over the publication of Oakland's now dead literary magazine, Contuse. He had begun writing poetry in high school in St. Joseph, where he said, "Being a poet in high school is worse than being a faggot; the guys on the team at least have some use for a faggot, but they have absolutely none for a poet." A high school dropout, he came to Oakland because they'd let him in, and discovered here the possibility of getting his

poems published in Contuse. He first published in the 1964 issue of Contuse and was selected to co-edit Contuse in 1965 along with Rod Lory, who is now a computer programmer. This issue was the first one to use regular typesetting and sold twice as many copies as the previous issue. Paxson felt that for a campus of Oakland's size (1900) the magazine was excellent.

Contuse 5 was edited by Steve Leftkowitz while Paxson was spending time in New Orleans and Benton Harbor, but he was back again the next year to take over as editor of Contuse 6. The publications board at the time maintained a policy that student publications should be the best professional models as a guide. Paxson decided that the Evergreen Review was a suitable model for Contuse, and informed the board of this as well as the fact that there were works included that contained the words "fuck" and "cunt". Several members of the Board were horrified that such words would be used in a publication for student readers.

After two months of standing room only meetings, at which he discovered that his faculty support disintegrated as soon as it was apparent that the wind was blowing in the other direction, Dean Dutton came up with a proposal to determine the suitability of materials. Any work which was thought objectionable would be requir-

ed to have the testimony of any three faculty members in the language departments in support of its artistic merit. Believing that this procedure was to be implemented, Paxson went to Benton Harbor for a court case, only to receive a call from Norm Hale informing him that Chancellor Varner had cut off funds from Contuse and announced that it was no longer connected with the University.

Left out in the street, with sales in the University Bookstore prohibited, Paxson and his friends hawked Contuse (now with a K) on the streets and in the hallways. Mike Neulicht sold the magazine in Ann Arbor for anything he could get. Eventually the printer was paid somewhere around \$1300 and has probably written the rest off on his income tax by now, according to Paxson.

Paxson believes that his poetry is changing, reflecting changes in himself as well as a more consistent quality. The poetry he will be reading tonight at the Off Campus includes some of the best of his older stuff which he describes as dark and brooding, opposed to his more recent tendency toward cheerfulness. He feels that his more recent poems are like organisms and this is the impact he is aiming for. A poem in his hands is a direct intense bite, a thing with an existence of its own that grabs the reader and makes him feel it.

Laureate

A highly selective collection of the cream of college verse—the lyric voice of student America—is now being assembled for publication in December, 1969.

It is hoped that at least one representative piece of verse from every school will appear in its pages.

Men and women enrolled in any American college or university may submit poetry for consideration by the committee. There are no restrictions as to length, style or subject matter, nor is prior publication a requisite.

All students in undergraduate, and extension courses are eligible.

Entries should be mailed before Nov. 1, 1969 to "Laureate", Post Office Box 307, Cedarhurst, New York, 11516. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Entrants will be eligible for awards in addition to publication in the handsome, library-sized volume of "Laureate", available in bookstores at Ten Dollars per copy.

Contributors may purchase "Laureate" at the pre-publication price of \$7.50, but such orders must be sent separate from the submission of manuscripts. First Prize \$500 and Gold Medallion
Second Prize \$250 and Gold Medallion
Third Prize \$100 and Silver Medallion

Communion

we have been men	&
on this earth	a long time
& we have had to eat	& we have fought
each the other to eat to live	& we
have killed each other	to eat
& we have eaten each other	& of
each other	to live
and we have eaten together	have
taken the bread our very life	taken
the salt poured the honey	&
	shared
our very living	
so strange a thing can be explained	
but long before such talk became	
our habit	we
summoned each the god each	lives
& placed him to the bread	to
acknowledge	and to share
it is a simple thing to eat	together
our simplest miracle	

Thomas Fitzsimmons

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Baird Speaks On Abortion and Birth Control

By Ruth Louisell

The 20th century is the age of advance technology and the "giant step for mankind." Yet today in the State of Massachusetts a man who has taken a real step for mankind in the humanistic sense of the word is being sentenced to jail for showing one birth control pill to 2500 people during a lecture at Boston University.

The man is Bill Baird and his struggle is truly mankind's. He is a birth control specialist with a unique philosophy. Namely that no one has the right to impose their concept of morality on you. What you do with your body

should be your right to chose. On a larger scale he is concerned with the world population problem and seeks to combat it by educating all people (married or single) about birth control and abortion. He runs several Birth Control and Abortion Counseling Clinics in New York and New Jersey. Mr. Baird seeks total repeal of abortion laws as they clearly do not meet the needs of the people, and in fact, perpetuate hypocrisy and crime. He pointed out several blatant examples right here in Michigan. It is a crime to advertise B.C. in Mich., yet the Catholic Church sells pamphlets on the rhythm method quite openly. According to the present law, a woman

must be dying to get an abortion in Michigan. Yet 99% of the women who seek abortions every year in the U.S. seek them for social/economic reasons. As an interesting side trip, Mr. Baird related that fornication in Mich. is punishable by 6 mo.-1 year and homosexuality by 5-15 years- and if you don't improve by that time you could be sentenced for life!

Though Mr. Baird's concern with Birth Control and Abortion is real, he admits freely that it is a vehicle through which he hopes to reach people about a more basic problem- "our apathy to each other." Mr. Baird's humanistic position was later contrasted with the reli-

gious position of Mr. Fred Stone of the Catholic Family Life Bureau and Father Obee of St. John Fisher Chapel, and reinforced by the medical opinion of Dr. Staack of the Michigan Medical Society in a panel discussion in the Gold room. Mr. Stone commented that he "admired Mr. Baird's commitment but not what he is committed to." When questioned by a student whether his organization discussed birth control with its Catholic families he replied, "Not very much." Dr. Staack is one of Michigan's leading proponents of Birth Control and is fighting to repeal abortion laws. His opinion was that all women should be able to confront their personal

physicians about abortions and birth control. Father Obee's stand was less clear. He regards himself as a "Christian Humanist," and is deeply perplexed about the question of when life begins for the fetus. Yet he made no mention of the mother's life. The panel reached no common conclusions on the issues of abortion and birth control, but the audience seemed to rather favor Mr. Baird's and Dr. Staack's positions by a positive show of hands.

Mr. Baird is continuing his lecture tour of the U.S. until Oct. 17 when he is to be sentenced for his crime against the Massachusetts "Chastity Law." Petitions are now circulating campus through AWS in an attempt to have President Nixon pardon Mr. Baird. If you agree with him, or only in his right to express his opinions freely, sign the petition.

Serviceman Publisher To Be Court Martialed

by Rudy Maxa College Press Service

Tell the jailer not be bother
with his meal of bread and water today.
He is fasting 'til the killing's over . . .
He can't do it; he can't change it.
Its been going on for 10,000 years.
Tell the people they are safe now.
Hunger stopped him; he lies still in his cell
Death has gagged his aspirations . . .

Peter Yarrow

Washington--(CPS)--What the popular folk group Peter, Paul, and Mary sings about in its song "The Great Mandella," parallels the recent experiences of a Washington, D. C.-based sailor who faces a possible 35 year prison sentence for publishing an anti-war newsletter.

Roger Lee Priest, 25, a native Texan is the main character in a much publicized case involving the Navy, the D. C. Department of Sanitation, and those organizations which attempt to bring public indignation to bear on cases involving freedom of speech and press.

Priest began the publication last April (while stationed at the Pentagon). His newsletter is called "OM--The Serviceman's Newsletter," an anti-war, anti-military publication which claimed a circulation of 1,000 by its second issue. Near the end of June, the Navy filed official charges against Seaman Priest. On August 28 a general court-martial was ordered.

Priest is accused of: soliciting members of the military forces to desert and commit sedition (concerted revolt or violence against the government with intent to cause its overthrow); publishing statements which were designed to promote disloyalty and disaffection among members of the U. S. armed forces; and publishing statements urging insubordination, disloyalty, and refusal of duty by members of the military with intent to impair loyalty and discipline. In response to all this, Priest, a journalism graduate of the University of Houston, contends:

"If I can be put away for a number of years in prison for the mere writing of words--an act so basic to the founding of this country that it finds its basis in the First Amendment to the Constitution--then my crime is speech."

And Priest's lawyer, David Rein, seems to view the situation in the same light: "What we're left with are the real free speech issues."

Meanwhile, the case has had repercussions within the Washington Department of Sanitation, Robert V. Howard, a special agent for the Office of Naval Intelligence, testified at a preliminary hearing late in July that the sanitation department made a "special pickup" of trash at Priest's Washington Apartment. A letter found in the sailor's trash was introduced as evidence in the investigation. While the head of the sanitation department, William Roeder, acknowledged such cooperation with police, a subsequent call by the mayor for an investigation brought a denial of his original statement from Roeder.

The case has begun to reach the ears of the public. At a concert in Washington, Peter Yarrow of the Peter, Paul, and Mary group dedicated "The Great Mandella" an anti-military song, to Priest and commented that "this man exemplifies what we're trying to say in the song. This man may be jailed for 35 years for saying the same things a candidate for president of the United States (Gene McCarthy) said last year, for saying the same thing many newspapers and Americans have been saying for years."

"But for some reason the fact that he is in the military means he no longer has the right to hold these

opinions and express them. This kind of thing just has to be stopped. We're not trying to destroy America; we're just trying to save what is good about it. And that means saving men like Roger Priest from the injustices perpetuated by the military. Man, like it's just his life we're talking about--35 years."

Reprints of news stories related to the case were distributed with the message: "Write your Senators and Congressman, send copies to John H. Chafee, Secretary of the Navy." As the investigation proceeds, Priest's off-duty actions have not been restricted, although he reports extensive surveillance.

Youth Fares To Stay

by Rick Fitch

College Press Service

Washington--(CPS)-- Airline youth fares will continue, but not at the current half-price discount.

The five-man Civil Aeronautics Board (CAB) decided this month that while the fares, which enable persons 12-22 to fly standby at low cost, were fair in principle, airlines should be allowed to raise them to 60% of the regular coach fare.

The reasons: steep wage settlements, more expensive fuel, and higher landing fees have lowered airline profits excessively, according to the CAB, and price increases in both regular and promotional discounts are necessary to increase revenue. The major air carriers offering special youth-- American, Continental, Northwest, TWA, United, Eastern, and Western--are expected to take advantage of the CAB ruling and raise their prices. The new rates will take effect Oct. 1.

A CAB spokesman said that further hearing will be held on the "economics" of the discount rate as soon as a court case brought by Trailways Bus Systems against the CAB is settled. Trailways contends it is discriminatory for there to be any discount for youth at all, since adults must pay full fare.

The youth fare issue was forced to a head last Jan. when several bus companies, all of which had lost business to the airlines on account of the fares, filed suit to make the CAB listen to their arguments that the discounts were illegal.

The Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals in New Orleans, agreeing with some of the argument, ordered the CAB to investigate, and CAB examiner Arthur S. Present subsequently found the fares to be "unjustly discriminatory" and in violation of the Federal Aviation Act of 1958.

Present recommended the fares be abolished, but the CAB delayed action when protest was registered by the National Student Association, the Campus Americans for Democratic Action, the National Student Marketing Association, and many students and parents who deluged CAB offices with letters.

Three measures were introduced in Congress in support of the low-cost youth fares.

In its recent decision, the CAB concluded, contrary to Present's earlier findings, that the fares were not discriminatory, but benefitted all travelers. By engendering development of a new market they "have contributed sizably to making modern equipment and convenient schedules more broadly available," the CAB said.

"It is clear that the youth standby fares have generated a significant amount of new traffic," it said. "The 12-22 years age groups are more responsive to price than is the market as a whole. Moreover, in addition to the short-run generative effect of youth fares, the longterm traffic impact is also significant. By encouraging persons to travel by air at an early age, the fares will inculcate habits . . . which will be reflected in a ready acceptance of air travel throughout their adult lives."

Moratorium

This Wednesday, October 15th, the Assembly of the College of Arts and Sciences will meet to vote on a resolution supporting the October 15th Vietnam War Moratorium. The resolution urges faculty to suspend "business as usual" and instead devote the day to "the discussion of the war in Vietnam, whether in the classroom or in other educational ventures."

Meanwhile, in Washington, the Vietnam Moratorium Committee announced that students at more than 500 colleges are already committed to spending the day in the community with door-to-door campaigns, teach-ins, rallies, and vigils. Accompanying the campus-based actions will be organized efforts by businessmen, clergymen, community groups, and labor. All activities are directed against the continuing United States action in Vietnam.

The Moratorium has the endorsement of the national Americans for Democratic Action, The National Student Association, the New Mobilization Committee, and the National New Democratic Coalition. Coordinated by a Washington office, the one-day October action will be expanded to two days in November, three days in December, escalating until the war is ended.

Rejecting recent announcements by administration spokesmen of token troop withdrawals, the coordinators said: "The announced displacement of 25,000 and 35,000 American troops would bring the total to 60,000 the number former-President Johnson said could be brought home without damaging the war effort. We will continue to work against the war until United States policies have changed and the war is ended."

PHENOMENA

October 3-8 and 10 pm, University Film Series Presents "Blow Up", 201 DH.

October 4-11 am, Cross Country, Ashland Invitational, there 2 pm, Soccer, Albion College, there. 8pm, University Film Series presents "Blow Up", 201DH.

October 5-8 pm, University Film Series presents "Blow Up", 201 DH.

October 6-- 1-4 om, Flu Shots, Health Center. 2-4 pm, History Department presents Larry Gara, Classical Jazz pro-

Program, Gold Room, OC. 8 pm, Newman Student Association Art Films presents "Grande Cidate".

October 7--4 pm, Flu Shots, Health Center. 4 pm, Cross Country, Monroe College and Schoolcraft at Schoolcraft College. 4 pm, Soccer, there, Schoolcraft College. 7 and 9 pm, DAFS Film Series presents "The Loving Couples", (Sweden), Hills Theatre, Rochester.

October 8--1-4 pm, Flu Shots, Health Center. 7:30 pm, Cinema Guild presents "Martyrs of Love", 201 DH.

October 9--1-4 pm, Flu Shots, Health Center. 7:30 pm, Cinema Guild presents "Martyrs of Love", 201 DH.

sports

inscape

Man, this place is getting down on me.
Music? and someone to talk with?
How about rugs on the floors, and pillows? and no rules?
Toys? Like blocks, and tinker toys, and card houses?
Houses of cards--with people inside. Smiles.
Inscape. Visions within. Movement without. Dreams of people--

Remember--The Square of the Hypotenuse? It was--well, it was candles and incense, and voices of poetry, and human sculpture. And a communion. Bread and wine, and no real words.

Once we flew kites. Why not run along the ground like a shadow slipping beneath the paper bird on its string? Why not chase a mindless frisbee, free as your hand and laughter?

We were a place, and people left their names on the walls: Anais Nin, John Logan, Joyce Carroll Oates. (Senator Huber?) The Free Rock Caravan played there, and Rebecca Morris. Who? Come and find out, if you don't know. You might be happier.

We are Inscape. We are no rules. We are feeling, feeling good. We are perhaps insanity. We are happy. We are a state of mind, most of all. We are no place yet; with luck and work, we will be.

Why are we? Do you want to know? Come and find out. You might be happier.

limericks

a very nice manis Gerulitas
who ----
he ---- all the day
then ----
and ---- hepatitis

They Said he was named Gerulitis
But that only rhymes with Bursitis
So he changed his name to Jones
But that didn't help his bones
Since he got a bad case of neuritis

Owen Wilfred

The subject of this week's limerick contest is Mr. Lin-salata

The winning prize is an all-expense paid trip to Manaus.

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Wanted girl, 21, to share furnished home in Birmingham, with same. Contact 444-1800, ext. 353, or 549-4469, after 6 p.m.

Baby sitter, my home, part time, Pontiac area. Call 332-4965, after 6 p.m.

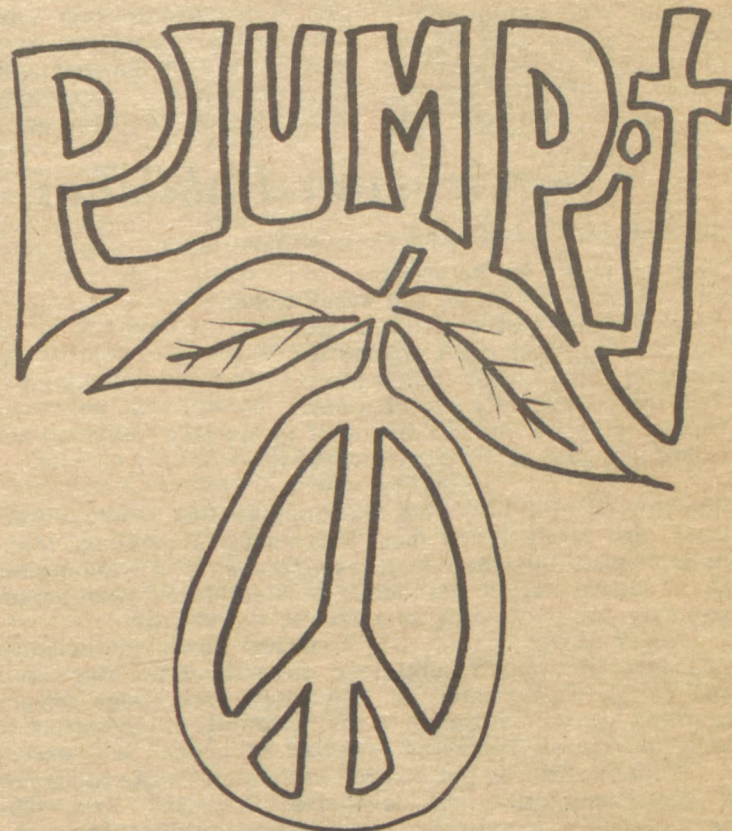
Ret. Sec'y., Helene Rollison, 682-1063, Sylvan Lake, experienced.

Theosophical study group meets 7:45 p.m. every Sunday at 1159 Dudley, Pontiac to discuss the rationale of reincarnation, karma, psychic phenomena, and related subjects. For info call 334-8917. All are welcome.

Will hire 10 college men for interview work. Contact Brian at 332-3639.

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