

FOCUS OAKLAND

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DORMIES TO VOTE

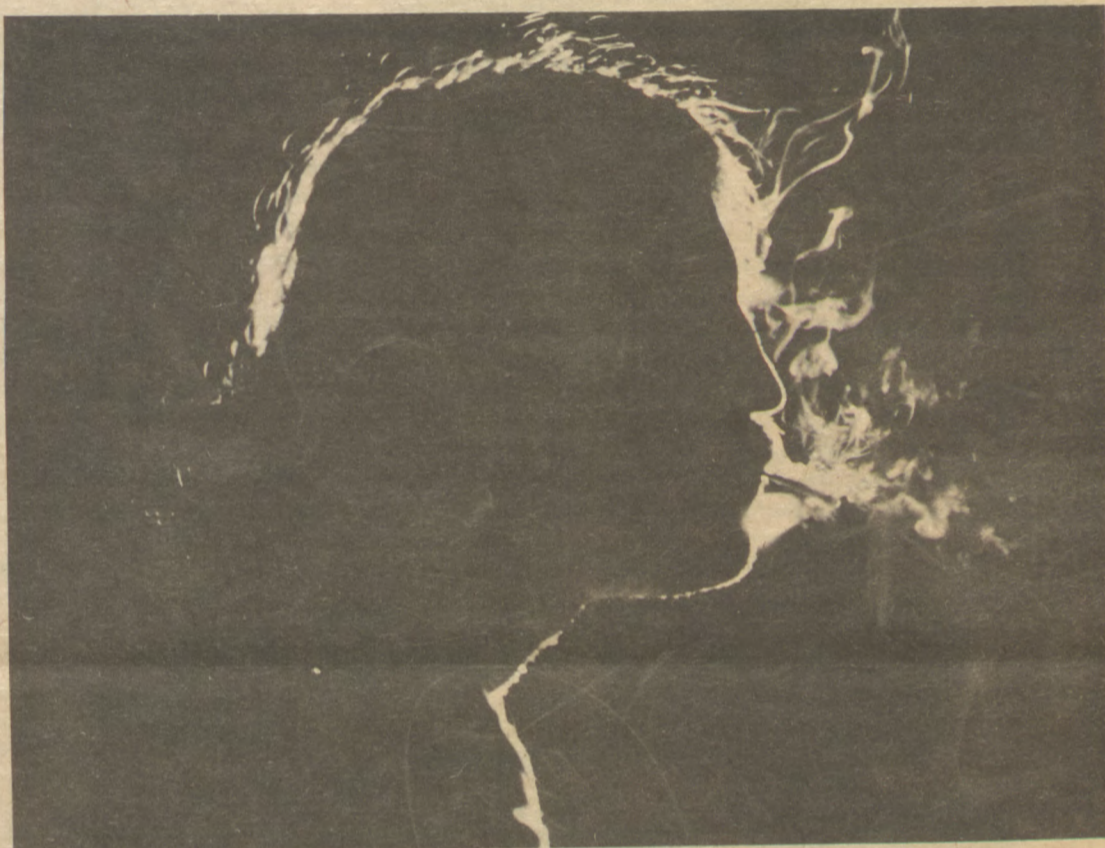
By Bob Knoska

Students living in the two largest residence halls will vote for their choices for Review and Damage Assessment Boards on Thursday, October 12. The petition filing deadline was Friday, but because of the poor turnout, the date was extended to Tuesday, October 10.

Upperclassmen and freshmen will be voting for separate boards of nine members each. One set of boards will con-

sist of all Vandenberg residents (for freshmen), and one member each from Pryale, Fitzgerald, and Van Wagoner houses and six members from Hamlin Hall.

The Standards board is to provide "peer evaluation and adjudication of disciplinary cases that require more than individual advisement and less than suspension from the University." The Damage Assessment Board is to "deal with damage assessment in the residence halls."



WHO'S DEALING?

by SCOTT GAGEL

The following interview was recorded on tape during two fifteen minute interviews.

Joe is white. Joe is a dope dealer. His home is Oakland University.

ME: "Hello, Joe?"

JOE: "Yeah."

ME: "Joe, before I get into the heart of the interview, could you tell me a little about yourself?"

JOE: "I'm free, white, and 25." (Laughter)

ME: "What is your ancestry?"

JOE: "Oh, I guess you could say Irish."

ME: "What else about yourself can you tell?"

JOE: "I'm a dealer man. You name it, I got it. Heroin, cocaine,

pot, pills, shit, man you know what I got.

I mean, this interview is what it's all about, you know."

ME: "How long have you been a dealer at Oakland University?"

JOE: "I've been a dealer for ten years, but I've been at OU now for four years."

ME: "Four years. That's a long period of time. How did you come to OU and how come you've gone so long without being busted? And are you a student?"

JOE: "Man, you sure ask a lot of fucking questions. Do you know that? (Laughter) I came to OU back in the spring of '68..."

ME: "Sorry to interrupt you, but why did you come to OU? Were you sent here?"

JOE: "If you'd let me finish, I'd tell you."

ME: "Sorry."

JOE: "I was sent to OU because I'd earned myself some turf. So for doing a good job I was sent to Oakland."

ME: "By the Mafia?"

JOE: "Never heard of them."

ME: "Who sent you?"

(Pause)
ME: "Joe, who is backing you?"

JOE: "An organization. That's all I can say. Now let me finish. I'm in a hurry. Anyway, I came here four years ago and started up shop. At first, business was slow. No connections. About a year later, things started getting better. The bread was coming in

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Pirgim Action

"It's spelled PIRGIM, pronounced 'purge-'em,' and sounds like 'Nader's Raiders,'" is how the Pontiac Press described it. Call it what you will, the Public Interest Research Group in Michigan is ready for action.

Although PIRGIM still awaits a decision by the OU Board of Trustees on its funding plan, the organization has decided

to move ahead and tackle projects.

PIRGIM-Oakland has, in fact, already launched its first two projects and is hoping to start moving soon. A PIRGIM committee dealing with the issue of ambulance service has managed to accumulate over 400 pages of data in less than one week. In the near future, shoppers (Continued on Page 4)



LETTERS
to the
EDITOR

October 2, 1972

Mr. Paul R. Axinn,
Publisher
Focus: Oakland
Oakland University
Rochester, Michigan

Dear Sir:

An item concerning me appeared in the Unclassified Ads section of page seven of your 27 September 1972 issue. I assume you are aware of the legal implications of statements that appear in print and may be construed as character defamation. In the interest of correcting such misinformation as noted above, I would

like to offer you the opportunity to clarify the situation in your next edition.

The statement appears that I am "a dirty old man." For the record, I assert that I am not old; my hair is prematurely gray.

Very truly yours,
Robert E. Simmons

P.S. There may have been a mistake in the name involved in this Unclassified Ad. Perhaps it should have read Professor Susskind or Professor Marney.

Editor's Note:
No mistake, Bob.

ON MINORITIES

by QUIROGA

Within the capitalist society the teaching of almost any social value is intimately connected to the perpetuation of a system filled with oppression and inequality. To all of you, this may seem too obvious, and you perhaps will say to yourself, "That's the way it is."

I disagree with any one who takes that passive attitude. My position is this: In a class society, those who are on the bottom struggle in order to change the situation, so they change those who are on the top. Too simple, eh? (Yes, I agree, but I would still like to remind you about it.)

By being on the top, middle, or bottom, you are taking a position. Even those with a passive attitude take a stand (the stand of passivity; their God bless them!), because

you must know—I hope—that there is something going on, something like the noise of modern chains of slavery. Nobody is selling Blacks in the land of "equality" any longer, but still there is a soft and quiet sound of slavery. Perhaps you can hear the sound of their souls in the South.

I guess you know there is a man in the South, with a brown face, with bitterness in his soul. He is Cesar Chavez, and there are more Cesar Chavezes around, all of them carrying an endless song—freedom.

Like him there are many there are Blacks and Indians as well. The color is different; the struggle is the same.

The social values of this society are not valid anymore, in fact, they were never valid. We all, at one time or another, talk or think about freedom. We even try to comprehend this vague concept in our little minds, and within the capitalist society, such a concept of freedom cannot exist. It does not and cannot exist for any member of a minority, even if they "think white."

Instead of freedom, we should call it "alternatives." By this I mean (This idea is not new at all, but it will not hurt you if you see it once again.) that what a man has is a certain number of alternatives which in turn are intimately connected to

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NOTICE

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- NO GIMMICKS -

OU PIPELINE

Harold T. Carstevens's

(Focus: Oakland does not attest to the accuracy of any material contained in the OU Pipeline, nor are the opinions expressed therein necessarily those of Focus: Oakland, its staff, or management.

Focus: Oakland will allot equal space for comment to any party who feels himself injured by OU Pipeline.)

"People who live in glass houses should not throw stones." This writer lives in a glass house—most of us do or have at one time or another. But someone must throw the stones..

If you like spoiled meat, sour milk, molding rolls, filthy floors, flies, and generally speaking, indigestion, then this writer cannot too highly recommend the Vandenberg Cafeteria. Szabo, please spare us! If you cannot, maybe the State Health Department can.

It would appear that the University's attorneys believe that the Oakland Press will win its suit to force OU to make public the salaries at OU. The administration is now polling administrators and faculty about making salaries public information.

This writer has been informed that L. K. Fitzpatrick, Director of Personnel, is leaving the University's employ, effective November. If this is true it will mean that there will be another of Oakland University's Housing Subdivision homes for sale. (In the near future this writer will devote an entire column to revealing some of the interesting aspects of this curious subdivision.)



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DEALING - CONT

pretty goddamn good."
 ME: "Where did you stay and were you a student?"
 JOE: "I lived in the dorms staying with a chick. As far as being a student, man, you're full of shit."
 ME: "Did you live with the same person every year?"
 JOE: "No, I got me a new chick last year, and, well, she's kept me happy, if you know what I mean."

ME: "How have you managed to stay in business so long without a bust? Or have you been busted?"
 JOE: (Laughing) "Man, I've never been busted and don't plan on it unless this fucking interview does it, but I'm not scared. To answer your question, money. M-O-N-E-Y. That green stuff. Everybody has a price."

ME: "Are you telling me that you've stayed in existence through bribes?"
 JOE: "Man, don't sound so goddamned shocked. I mean, everybody's got a price. Judge, cop, lawyer, priest, shit, when I first got here, I thought I'd have trouble with these two Narcs, one was from the state, the other was a local. But the price was right and I'm still here."

ME: "I find that a little hard to believe."
 JOE: "Yeah, you would. Well, listen, I saw that movie, The French Connection, and laughed my ass off. Man, there is no such thing as an honest cop, believe you me. And if you think

that's something, well, there are a few people on campus who have a price."

ME: "Who?"
 JOE: "You think I'm dumb."
 ME: "Would you tell me more about the people on campus who..."
 JOE: "I'll call you back, man, in about fifteen minutes, somebody...(The rest of the sentence was garbled.)
 END OF THE FIRST INTERVIEW

THE SECOND INTERVIEW:

ME: "Joe, what do you figure is your annual income per year?"
 JOE: "I would say it is around \$500,000 a year."

ME: "Describe your clients."
 JOE: "I get most of my business from the commuters. The people who live in Birmingham, Royal Oak, Bloomfield Hills, the cats from the upper middle class homes, who have the bread, who are bored with the life, the world they live in and need some cool place to escape."

ME: "Who peddles your stuff?"
 JOE: "Friends."
 ME: "What do you deal most of?"
 JOE: "Mostly heroin, cocaine, and pills, but some pot and hash. If you deal, you got to cater to everyone's needs, you see."

ME: "Why are you so open with me in this interview? Don't you think that this will lead to a bust for you?"
 JOE: "I doubt it, man."

If it does, well, that's life. But I got a lawyer, and I see no problems. Besides, I'm about ready to blow this place for something bigger."
 ME: "Where will you go?"
 JOE: "Who knows?"
 ME: "Do you have anything to say to your clients? Some message?"
 JOE: (Laughing) "Yeah. Thanks for your money, brothers and sisters, I promise you better things in the future."
 ME: "What do you think of OU?"
 JOE: "It stinks, but I love their money."
 ME: "W..."
 JOE: "Man, got to split. Sorry, I'm paranoid."
 ME: "Thanks."
 JOE: "Yeah."

And so went the interview. Parts were left out because they had nothing to do with the interview, such as Joe worrying about somebody coming in and busting him. He was very paranoid. A lot of times questions had to be asked again and again before I got an answer. Then, again, he stuttered a lot and injected a few too many four-lettered words. But the interview is real. And it's looking us right in the face.



Cwiek Trick

When Focus: Oakland misspelled Ted Cwiek's name in their October 4th issue, the staff found themselves in a terrible predicament: Either they could quickly approach Mr. Cwiek and have him change his name to "Cwick" before they released the defective front-page news story, or they could print an "Errata" column in the next issue.

self on its journalistic accuracy, the staff naturally obtained the services of an expert lawyer who assured them (after charging a stiff retainer, as well as placing a lien on the editrix-in-chief) that even if Mr. Cwiek consented to change his name, the legal process would be so prolonged that it would take at least three months for arrangements to become final.

As Focus prides it-

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