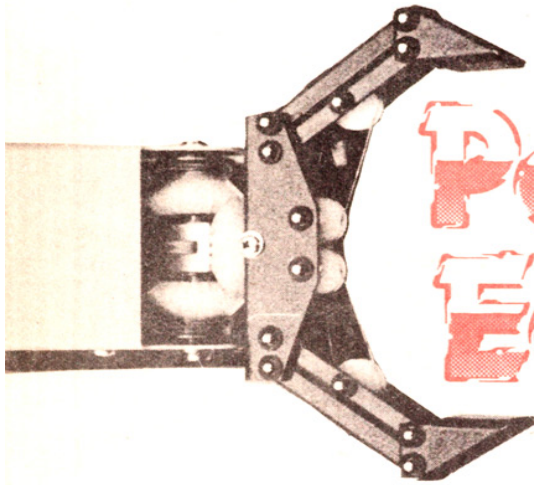


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by Roger Kerson

Will Pac-Man Eat Your JOB?

In September of 1981, when Governor William Milliken announced his effort to promote high technology as a solution to Michigan's economic woes, he was greeted with a uniform chorus of approval from the business community and the media. "Welcome Robots!" ran a headline in the *Ann Arbor News*. "New Frontier!" said the *Detroit Free Press*, adding, "Michigan can be a trailblazer in high tech robotics."

To blaze the trail for high tech companies, Milliken put a program through the Michigan Legislature in 1982 to create a "new, more favorable business climate" in Michigan. The program featured regulatory reform, business tax relief, a reduction in workers' compensation and unemployment insurance taxes, and a variety of financial assistance plans for new and existing industries. Like officials in many other states, Milliken and his aides were hoping that new technology would generate in-

creased economic activity, and create jobs for thousands of unemployed workers.

But now that Michigan and other states have made major financial commitments to high tech industries, economic analysts are beginning to say that these companies will not be a major new source of jobs after all. And even where jobs are available, the new, science-based industries have often chosen a "corporate flight" strategy to avoid high wages and high taxes in the U.S., just like older industries have been doing for decades. Atari, the computer games manufacturer, just shifted production from one of its California factories to locations in Hong Kong and Taiwan. As a result, 1,700 American workers will lose their jobs.

Critics are saying that politicians and business leaders have over-estimated the potential of high technology. "It's condescending for these guys to say we ought to just

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Henry, We Hardly Know Ye

by Alan Hirvela

"History is the lie commonly agreed upon"

-Voltaire

From the time of his appointment as Nixon's special Assistant for National Security Affairs in 1969, there have been a lot of commonly agreed upon lies concerning Henry Kissinger.

Who was agreeing upon the lies?

At first it was a coterie of high-ranking officials in the newly elected Nixon administration only vaguely familiar with Kissinger's prior government service and his top standing as a prominent Harvard professor. Later and to a large degree to the present time—it was the worst culprit of all: the American press. Blessed with the

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Ben Hamper's Guide to Toeing the Unemployment Line

by Ben Hamper

I'm prone to being the nervous sort when required to stand in line. Someone who can be overcome by strange jitters and claustrophobic waves of shoebox nausea when lumped in a checkout line with two or more casual life forms.

For me, the ultimate tension in life is to be stuck in a supermarket jampile waiting to buy my goods while surrounded by people sifting through the *Midnight Star* for grainy pics of Tom Selleck's dimply buttocks. I begin to twitch and twirl as the purple-haired checkout lady squawks "Hey Carl, check the price out on this jar of pickled jalapeno rings." Then there's always the guy behind you, a nice enough sort, who insists on whiling away the delay by whistling some off-key mutation from the hit parade, hissing through his dentures like a lobotomized serpent, confusing this crawling dread for an excuse to tap into some uncharted plain of bliss. Great attempts at lazy conversation are launched by these folks in an effort to stimulate God only knows what, or better yet, why: "Hot as Hell out today, huh!", "Always busy on coupon day!", "How 'bout them Tiges'!", "My poor daughter married a bondage geek..."

Many is the time I felt I was going to go stark raving shit-brained wacko. I wince at this vision of an unemployed rivthead pole vaulting the counter, smashing through the storefront glass and streaking off into the horizon with a horde of leisurely suburbanite ghouls nipping at his Addida's with ferocious demands to "Have A Nice Day!!!" So far, I've managed to stay put.

Recently, experimentation has begun in California on a system where shoppers never need leave their homes in order to select their groceries. This brave and overdo arrangement would have people browse through a supermarket catalogue, choose their items, phone in their order and then have it packed into trunks of their cars by bag boys who are just as sick of seeing us as we

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