



**Siege of Montieth**

Wayne State's innovative college is about to be sacrificed to an austerity budget, and public radio may follow. (p. 3)



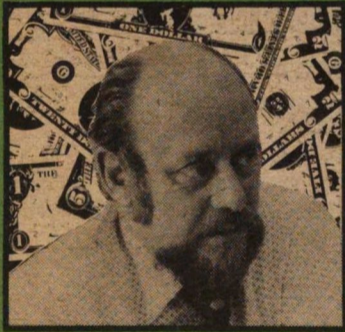
**Reggae!**

The SUN raps with Jimmy (The Harder They Come) Cliff and profiles the Motor City's Caribbean community. (p. 11)



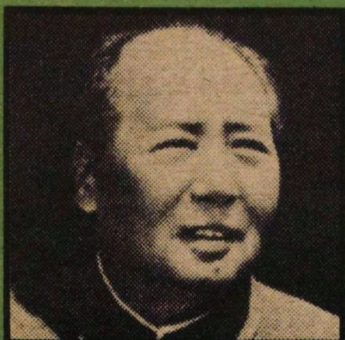
**Coleman Young**

Straight talk from Detroit's Mayor on the crisis of the cities, the 1976 elections, and urban mass transit. (p. 4)



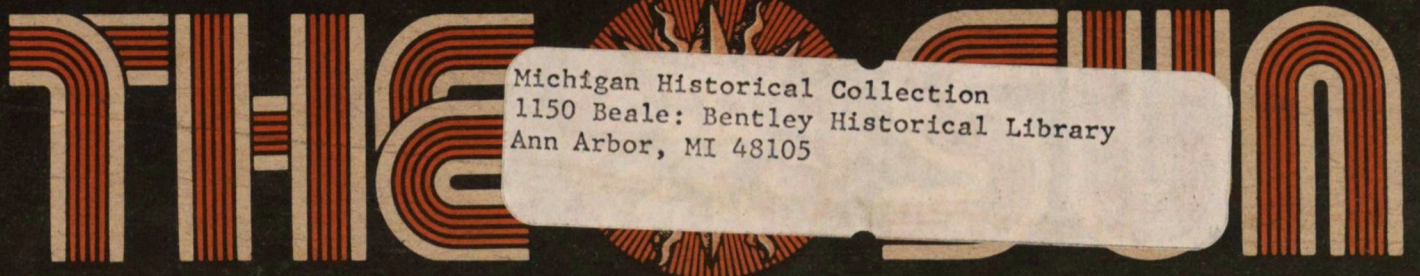
**Out of Money**

The City of Detroit is \$50 million short on its budget. Could we be the next New York City? (p. 4)



**Hot Spots**

Never a dull moment with Chairman Mao, Jerry Ford, Dick Nixon, and a cast of thousands in the latest news flashes. (p. 6-7)



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December 17, 1975

A Christmas Story.

25¢

**How  
New York City  
Went Broke**

By Derek VanPelt



t's Christmas time in New York City, and everyone is looking for a Santa Claus to save the financial capital of the world from bankruptcy, as well as a Scrooge to blame the whole mess on. Our President, at this writing, appeared to be reluctantly wriggling into his red suit to deliver \$2.3 billion in federal loans so Tiny Tim, played by New York Mayor Abraham Beame, won't go without his Christmas turkey.

Candidates for the role of the villain in the tragicomedy of New York are quite numerous. Some politicians would like to suggest the city's nearly one million welfare recipients. Others pin it on aggressive labor leaders like Albert Shanker of the American Federation of Teachers.

To give everyone a fair chance in the tryouts, however, it would be best to take a close look at Scrooge's business, who's been running it, and where the profits have been going. For this depression epic, a single villain will never do.

To be impartial, we would have to consider former New York Governor, now Vice President Nelson Rockefeller; Beame's two predecessors, Robert Wagner and John Lindsay; Felix Rohatyn, the investment banker who heads the state's caretaker government for the city, the Municipal Assistance Corporation ("Big MAC"); and a host of others, including ex-President Richard Nixon, ex-Attorney General John Mitchell, and the

*continued on page 6*

G. Kell



# New York City: How Many More?

By the time you read this, President Ford will probably have signed into law his approval of short-term federal loan relief for New York City, which has been teetering on the verge of total collapse for the past year. Combined with near-confiscatory local and state tax increases, the probability of massive layoffs, and all manner of fiscal austerity on the part of the city's government, under orders from the banks, the hard-won federal aid may give New York enough to meet its most pressing cash needs for a while, and the papers will no doubt heave a tremendous sigh of relief, declare the crisis averted, and wish us all a merry Christmas.

Not that we want to be humbugs, but Ford's grudging Christmas present to the supplicant city won't insure New York against default for very long. And it certainly won't begin to provide any kind of breathing space for those hardest hit by the city's troubles—its citizens. In fact, until the federal government wakes up to the enormity of its negligence, revamps its priorities from top to bottom, and realizes that the cities are its number one problem, New Yorkers will increasingly get a taste of the intense suffering other cities, including Detroit, have to look forward to.

As always, the poor, the elderly, and the working poor will get the brunt of new taxes, cuts in city services, layoffs, etc. Ever since last summer, when New York State went with the Municipal Assistance Corporation ("Big MAC"), the financial community's answer to the urban crisis, it has been clear that the banks are running the city and that so-called democratically elected government is taking orders from them. With tremendous amounts of their assets tied up in municipal bonds, eagerly purchased in support of the insane budget manipulations of the city administration, the banks have made it legally incumbent on the city that they will be paid back, no matter what, with whatever revenues the city can raise.

In the event of full-scale default, which becomes more and more inevitable with each passing day of federal inaction, it is entirely conceivable that the city would not be able to meet its payrolls or send out welfare checks (of which it pays 25 per cent). The resultant chaos might well provide the "shadow government" that has quietly taken over New York with the excuse to call out the 82nd Airborne, thus demonstrating once and for all that the liberal democracy that was New York has been replaced by fascism. Although one would certainly not wish for this scenario, it would be hard to blame the unemployed or the newly laid off for taking to the streets when the banks get their money first.

Thus New York will have gone the full route from its own brand of welfare statism (attempting through whatever unconscionable borrowing and shady fiscal practice, to care for the needs of its poor population), to America's first banana republic—occupied by a foreign army and governed by its creditors. This could continue as long as the banks are owed money and the federal government continues its barbaric urban non-policies. If it "works" in New York, the same conditions could well be imposed in other ailing, aging urban centers with similar—if less exacerbated—problems.

What the advent of Big MAC signalled, essentially, was that New York was already broke and helpless—bankrupt, in default, if you will. When a city is placed in receivership, its expenditures monitored by the banks and the state, it is bankrupt. So it's quite pointless to couch the issue, as it invariably is done, in terms of default or no default.

But Big MAC and the Emergency Financial

so than they are now.

With this prospect looming before us, it is indeed infuriating to watch the federal government continue to squander the taxes contributed by New York, Detroit, and other hard-pressed cities on military hardware and counter-revolutionary coups. The cost overruns on the CSA and F-111 aircraft alone total twice the \$3.3 billion deficit of New York City. What's almost as bad is having to listen to suburban state legislators and members of Congress from the less affected regions of the country snicker at the fate of the cities, insisting that they deserve to be punished and to feel pain so they'll behave in the future.

If the grim scenario we have sketched seems far-fetched, consider that only a year ago, the Mayor of New York City insisted that his city would never default. And recall that the urban rebellions of the '60's came as a total surprise to most of us who were not directly in touch with the desperate circumstances of black people in

is preparing for us, we must at the very least make sure that we elect a president next year who has a dramatically innovative social and economic program addressing itself fully to the urban crisis, and hold that person to that commitment. There may be hope for such a program within the Democratic Party, if it is pushed hard enough.

This kind of program would, for starters, confiscate a large portion of the Defense Department's budget and make it available to the cities to rebuild themselves. It would create massive job programs, either in the form of public works or, even better, by creating the economic incentives for businesses and industries to locate in the cities. It would institute some kind of national income maintenance. It would make an effort to collect some of the \$100 billion that eludes the federal government yearly through various tax subsidies to already thriving industries and loopholes available to the rich. It would force the banks to wait for their payments from cities until they regained their financial balance.

If we do not elect a President on such a platform, the alternative is that people will have to provide for their own needs, since their government will not do it for them. That may mean the formation of neighborhood groups, in areas with some remaining resources, to provide essential services on a co-op basis. Those without resources will have no recourse but to demand control of the institutions which are supposed to serve them, or the establishment of new ones altogether—ones which start from the premise of human needs first, rather than the premise of maximized profits and expansion.

While we certainly would welcome any relief a second "New Deal" might provide for the cities, we must, however, view with some skepticism the ability of even the most progressive Democratic Party platform to set things right under the present political and economic rules of the game. If one believes, as we do, that income must be redistributed, that monopoly corporations will have to be publicly owned and operated, and that the institutions of society must operate solely to satisfy the needs of its people, then sooner or later we will have to develop some form of socialism in the United States. It is our belief that only this kind of restructuring of

society can restore to the cities of America their self-respect and provide the long-term satisfaction we crave, once and for all.

## "The cost overruns on the CSA and F111 aircraft alone total twice the \$3.3 billion deficit of New York City."

Control Board, both dominated by bankers, corporate executives, and sympathetic politicians, may only be a small indication of the future for New York and other cities. By the admission of the Governor himself, if New York City goes into full default, the state will follow in short order. So might other cities; certainly, none would be able to sell municipal bonds to raise money. Banks all over the country who have invested heavily in the city's bonds would suffer tremendous losses. Credit would contract severely, precipitating a major financial panic. Construction would stop in its tracks. Businesses would collapse, and new ones could not be started. Everyone who could get out of the city would do so, leaving only the hindmost to struggle in the sink of poverty, crime, and filth the central cities would become—even more

the cities.

As every major urban center in America strives mightily to cope with its worsening financial and social situation, and as suburbia continues to expand and prosper as if nothing were happening, it becomes increasingly apparent that the fate of the cities, as the Democratic Mayors' Caucus statement put it last week, is the fate of America. If poor people, especially black people, are left in shells of cities without the resources to restore them to vitality, how can we continue to pretend that we have anything to celebrate in the Bicentennial year? How can we talk with a straight face about the ideas upon which this country was supposedly founded?

If we are to avert the dreadful urban future which our national "leadership"



## THE INSIDE DOPE

BY IFFY THE DOPESTER

this day an' age— we only got so much comin' in, an' as much as we'd like t' send out a lot more in re- turn, we got t' mind our fiscal P's and Q's just like everybody else. If we printed more pages for

you all than we had ads an' papers sold t' pay for, we might not be around at all next time. So what we try to do here t' make up for it is t' squeeze in just as much good stuff for you as we can each time, hopin' that you'll approve an' continue to help us give you more pages next time. It's th' American way, after all, folks.

Like I sez, if every one o' you out there were t' make sure t' tell somebody else about our paper, whether it be a potential advertiser, a store that doesn't carry us, or just a friend that might be as interested in what we're doin' as yourself seems to be, havin' read this far—it certainly would hasten th' day when we could give you sixty-four pages every time out, an' then we could really all be on top of it! We sure ain't expectin' Santa Claus t' come down our chimney with th' funds in his sack, or the Lord God to send his son back to earth an' make everything all right, but we sure do have lots o' faith in what we could all do if we put our minds to it an' did it together!

That's what we're really all about here, scout's honor, people. So if y' like what y' see, an' you'd like t' see more of it, give us all a Christmas present an' spread the word!

You can tell 'em Iffy sent you, o' course. And when you do, don't forget to say that there'll be some real excitin' changes in store for readers new an' old next time around, in our super-duper New Year's edition. Th' SUN's untiring editors tell me they'll be takin' a real close look at th' political prospects in th' wind for the upcomin' election year, with special attention given t' definin' th' issues righteously an' sortin' out th' political wheat from th' chaff, so t' speak.

Til next time, this is Iffy the Dopester wishin' all my faithful readers out there a joyous holiday season, an' to all a good night!

It's my hope that th' yuletide season finds y'all gathered in th' altogether proper spirit o' general celebration round about the ol' hearthside, with good companions and a little Christmas cheer—and not the kind that comes in a bottle,

if you know what I mean. But be sure to watch that part about "good companions." Peeped the FBI's latest returns on all the folks they hauled in for partiality to th' kind o' cheer you smoke, an' sure nuff, in some ways, it ain't gettin' better, friends. It sez here that they got 5 per cent more people last year than they did th' year before—an' in Ann Arbor, where they're supposed to be easin' off, they took in 28 per cent more! An' all over the country, somethin' like 69 per cent of all th' people that got busted for dope got it for smoke. They haven't given up yet, folks, so don't get too careless—they'd even lock you up at Christmas!

As many o' these law enforcement types I've seen come and go in my many years on the bricks of ol' Detroit, I can't help but be tickled to death when I encounter some o' their singular preoccupations. Th' SUN, I hear, got interrogated just last week by one of our President's very own honor guard, the Secret Service. Seems they was a bit upset, or so they claimed, 'bout our usin' Uncle Sam's currency on the cover o' th' paper about six issues back! If it takes 'em that long to get around to bein' upset, I'm sure glad I'm not dependin' on 'em to guard my body! Anyway, I wonder if it was th' syringe an' the coppers' badge on top o' th' pile o' money that really got their backs up. How much do they pay those guys?

An' speakin' o' green, which by a felicitous coincidence is both th' color o' Christmas an' the color o' money, which in turn is th' main subject of this here issue o' th' paper—as I say, speakin' o' cold cash an' ledgers an' deficits an' such—it occurs to me that some o' my friends out there must wonder from time to time why our humble publication is but a fraction of th' thickness of, say, the *Free Press*. An' why we sometimes have t' put things in little type, like you see just above me here. Well, th' SUN ain't no different from the Big Apple, or th' Motor City, or any other business concern tryin' t' get by in



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## Michigan's \$300 Million Deficit:

# Pulling the State Budget Out of a Hat

By Jack Holt

The scene is unmistakably Kafkaesque.

Confronted with a gaping \$300 million deficit in state government's budget, Gov. William G. Milliken and legislators are resorting to a series of accounting maneuvers that border on sheer gimmickry.

They have extended the fiscal year one month so that we now collect revenue from 13 months and consider it

one year's income. They are considering a measure to extend it even further—from July 30 to September 30, which will result in a savings on paper of \$90 million. In addition, they devised a new business tax and moved up collection dates for a one-time windfall of nearly \$200 million.

Most of these schemes have been the brainchild of Milliken's budget director, Gerald H. Miller, a strapping six-footer known for his encyclopedic command of statistics. Miller has been the source of innumerable charts, graphs, projections and analyses. Most of them, however, cleverly conceal the fact that Michigan is in far worse trouble than anyone in Lansing is willing to admit.

Getting through the current fiscal year is not the big problem. Milliken and top lawmakers, who have been huddling together for weeks, have devised a plan to cut \$125 million from state spending that, combined with several other paper savings and accounting gimmicks, will probably pull the state through this year.

But no one is taking bets on next year—when the state clearly will have exhausted its repertoire of sleight-of-hand magic tricks.

The handwriting on the wall is clear: the legislature will reluctantly approve whopping tax increases next year and Milliken, even more reluctantly, will sign them into law. This is in the back of everyone's mind in Lansing, although few are willing to admit it. The result is bickering between Republicans and Democrats over which party is more sensitive to the people's needs, jockeying over who will be responsible for the inevitable, and posturing over which party is the more fiscally responsible.

Given the situation, perhaps the most startling characteristic of the current political scene in Lansing is the absence of any real sense of crisis.

Senators are still getting plush new carpets installed in their offices at a cost of thousands of dollars. Some are still taking their beloved secretaries on free-wheeling junkets to far-flung cities. (In some cases, they don't even bother to conceal the fact that they stayed in the same room.) They are still going to lavish parties thrown by lobbyists for the automakers, the utilities and other business interests. One recent bash was held after the Michigan-Michigan State game in a private banquet room of Tarpoff's in downtown Lansing. Attended by a dozen state senators and a list of other prominent state officials, it featured stuffed mushroom caps for appetizers and thick steaks as the main fare. Naturally, the bar was open for the full three hours or so of the party.

It also is difficult to glimpse any real sense of crisis watching the House or Senate in actions. Their calendars are loaded up with relatively inconsequential bills dealing with manhole covers, railroad right-of-ways, land conveyances, honorary resolutions, *ad nauseum*. Of course, there are other pressing issues of the day relating to workers' compensation, the state's environmental protection laws, political reform, and others. The most noticeable thing in this area is a distinct lack of any forthright and knowledgeable approach to the real issues. In short, legislative leaders and members of the Appropriations Committees are preoccupied enough with the fiscal woes that the full legislature is merely a showcase. It's not really where the action is.

**The handwriting on the wall is clear: the legislature will reluctantly approve whopping tax increases next year and Milliken, even more reluctantly, will sign them into law. This is in the back of everyone's mind in Lansing, although few are willing to admit it.**

The action, or lack thereof, has shifted to a series of closed-door meetings where Milliken, his aides, and lawyers of both political persuasions engage in collective hand-wringing. It is getting to be a common sight to see Senate Majority Leader William Fitzgerald and his GOP counterpart, Robert Davis, along with House Speaker Bobby Crim and Republican Leader Dennis Cawthorne flock into the Governor's Office for what have come to be known as "quadrant meetings." The meetings are closed-door, and the politicians often are tight-lipped when they emerge. One thing comes through, however: when you put four men in a room who all want to be Governor, there is going to be precious little cooperation.

The action also has shifted to the House and Senate Appropriations Committees, which are charged with ac-

cepting or rejecting the Governor's executive orders that he hands down to mandate spending reductions. It is here that one can observe the lobbyists at close range.

With most areas of state spending in line for serious cuts, the lobbyists representing various state agencies, businesses, and interest groups are scrambling to avoid getting

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UM Administrators



## Is U of M Crying Wolf?

By Joe Davis

The flagship of Michigan's higher education system—the University of Michigan's Ann Arbor campus—has been sending out distress signals lately. Confronted with the statewide budget crisis, U of M officials insist that a slowdown in state funding over the last five years threatens the survival of the Big M, as we know it.

The distress signals, in themselves, are nothing new. In fact, they have almost become a way of life for university administrators—not just in Ann Arbor, but across the country—who have found that one of the best ways to pry money loose from tight-fisted legislators is to issue a steady stream of press releases and speeches on the seriousness of their budget problems.

By combining this kind of public relations effort with intensive lobbying in Lansing, the U of M appears to have forced the state Assembly and Governor Milliken to compromise on their proposed cuts in the higher education budget for 1975-76. On Tuesday, December 9, the Governor's representatives were expected to announce the specifics of that compromise, as well as a "standstill" policy toward higher education funding for 1976-77.

Whether the University is really "crying wolf," as any professor will tell you, depends on how you define a "wolf." The prestigious U of M, whose students still come primarily from the middle and upper-middle classes, has only recently had to begin fighting for funds. It has traditionally enjoyed the status of the state's "showcase" university.

University officials, in most cases, are talking about budget increases smaller than they would have liked, or about increases that fail to keep pace with inflation, rather than real dollar cuts—as in the case of Wayne State University. But freezes on hiring, cutbacks in staff, and increases in class sizes make it look like the budget has actually been reduced.

Between 1969-70 and the current fiscal year, increases in the U of M's general fund budget have been almost entirely eaten up by a 50 per cent rate of increase in inflation. As a percentage of all public spending, the University's budget has clearly been reduced. In the period in question, the federal government's budget grew 77 per cent, the State of Michigan's nearly doubled, but the U of M's went up only 54 per cent.

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WDET



Monteith College

## WSU: The Siege of Monteith

By Maureen McDonald

*"Students in the Sixties were talking about peace in Vietnam. We're talking about budgets now. . . one Trident missile would keep Monteith operating for the next five years."*

Take a group of students sitting around sipping Stroh's, smoking Marlboros and Kools, and brainstorming about how to keep an urban laboratory from the clutches of the administration's accountants.

"We've got to build a broad base, a unified action against the university, find out where the university stands with cutbacks. Because there's been a lot of cutbacks in humanities, liberal arts, music and art department supplies, minority recruitment programs, student loans. Monteith is not an isolated circumstance. . . We're all in this together."

Dennis Albers takes a swig on his beer and looks directly at all 30 people gathered in an Ad Hoc Committee to study the university's finance problems. Nancy Christianson, president of the Student-Faculty Commission, begins reeling off facts about the proposed budget cuts—which will be finalized at the December 12 meeting of the Wayne Board of Governors.

**Persistent rumors and recent votes of university administrators and faculty spell the doom of Monteith College, the home of progressive learning on campus. University funding of WDET, Detroit's non-commercial public radio station—which offers a wide variety of musical and public affairs programming, unavailable elsewhere—will be slashed to pay homage to the Fiscal Debt.**

Wayne is not alone. All 95 state-supported two- and four-year learning institutions have been told to cut their operating budgets by at least four per cent. At Wayne, that amounts to \$8.2 million dollars out of the total \$106 million budget for 1975-76.

"Students are not being consulted," Albers says. "No student has been asked about cutbacks and elimination of programs, and we are the sole reason for this University's existence!"

"We've got to hit the university on all sides with our demands. We've got to finagle our way around the bureaucracy to make our point clear. Anyone have any suggestions?"

Students shared suggestions ranging from an "overthrow of the university hierarchy by a coalition of students and workers" to a letter-writing campaign organized by the Chicano community to a class action suit filed by students, who feel their right to be educated has been denied by the budget cuts.

One student suggested an alliance of students throughout the country to gather in Washington, D.C. and lobby for additional higher education funds, largely for liberal arts majors.

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# Exclusive Interview THE CRISIS

By Derek

In the first installment of the SUN's exclusive in-depth interview with Detroit Mayor Coleman A. Young, we explored Coleman's formative experiences coming up in the East Side's old "Black Bottom" and his years of civil rights and labor activism, leading to his election as a State Senator, Democratic floor leader in the Michigan Senate, and eventually, in 1973, to the Mayor's post.

The second part of our interview focused on the Mayor's approach to two of the stiffest challenges he now faces: the task of reforming the Police Department, which he made the most important single issue in his Mayoral campaign; and the struggle to come to terms with the federal government's Department of Housing and Urban Development (H.U.D.) and rebuild the city's devastated neighborhoods.

For this concluding segment of our interview, SUN Editor Derek VanPelt rode with the Mayor from Metro Airport to City Hall to get Coleman's views on the nationwide urban crisis, including the fiscal difficulties of New York City, and it is in this context that the Mayor discusses the historic significance of the 1976 national elections.

Coleman goes on to talk about the struggle to build a mass transportation system for Detroit and the current renaissance of night life in the city. Finally, he reflects on the long-term prospects for "turning Detroit around" and the question of continuity of political leadership.

**"The next Presidential elections range in importance with the elections of 1860, in terms of determining a basic direction for the nation. In 1860, the question was: Could the nation exist with black people enslaved? Can it now exist if they are cordoned off in cities, from which suburbanites walk away, and left to fester in their own poverty?"**

**SUN:** Are the financial problems besetting the city of New York shared, to some extent, by the city of Detroit? Would it be in Detroit's interest, for example, for the federal government to bail out New York?

**YOUNG:** The answer to the first question is yes, to some extent. It's obvious to me, to the degree that the largest city in the nation, the financial capital of the world, is allowed to default by our government, that has to have an impact on the ability of all other cities and states and counties in the United States to raise the bond money they need. It could even, in my opinion, reverse the beginnings of what seems to be a recovery from very serious recession that threatens to become a worldwide economic crisis. So there's no question in my mind that I reject completely the President's, Secretary Simon's position that it would have a minimum effect.

It should be pointed out that Detroit's situation is entirely different. We don't have any big bond indebtedness as a result of financing our operational deficits by borrowing, so that our problem is different from theirs.

Like Fall River, on a much grander scale, Detroit was, and still is, a one-industry town; and, as in the '30's, that industry is once again in bad shape. Unemployment in October stood officially at around 18 per cent, and any figure representing the actual number of people out of work would have to be higher. The city has had a freeze on hiring since last December. Some 2,000 employees, 18 per cent of the total city force, were laid off this year, and as many as 3,000 more may have to go next year. The city's departments have been ordered to absorb an expected 2% inflation rate next year without increased funds, which means laying off one out of every eight or nine employees. The Budget Department has started to talk about making major service cuts in such areas as museums, parks and recreation, and even health, consumer affairs, and sanitation. Whole departments may even have to go.

The city's hopes for coming up with the \$50 million, which by Charter must be paid back this year, are pinned on two possibilities: increased state or federal aid, or an increase in the city income tax. At this point, both appear unlikely. Federal revenue sharing, which brought the city \$40 million last year, expires after another year and is in serious trouble as a continuing federal program. The proposed increase in the income tax, from one-half per cent to one and a half per cent for non-residents and from two to three per cent for residents, may be bogged down in Lansing by resistance from such powerful suburban legislators as Roseville's John Bowman.

Meanwhile, the city's property tax is at its upper legal limit already. Detroit, which has been issuing municipal bonds right up to its constitutional limit, is paying nearly 10 per cent interest currently, feeling the effects of New York's fiscal crisis, and Budget Director Walt Stecher isn't sure the city could sell them at any lower rate.

If New York at some point goes over the hump into full default, as seems highly pro-

But we cannot escape the implications of their default.

I feel that it ought not to be done on the basis of an outright grant, but there's a lot of misconception about it. They're not asking for a grant. What they're asking for is federal guarantees, and the bitter price they have to pay for it in terms of surrendering their autonomy to the state and the federal supervision. Actually, New York City, for the period of these guarantees—if they were extended—would no longer have control of its own city. No city, no people want to give up this

As staggering a prospect as the bankruptcy of New York City appears to be, the default of cities is not a new phenomenon to the American economy. It happened to several in the Great Depression, including Jackson, Grand Rapids, and Detroit. One of the classic cases is Fall River, Massachusetts, which went bust after losing too many of its textile mills to the South and spent the next 20 years in court receivership before its elected government resumed control of the city's affairs — that is, what was left of them after paying back the banks.

type of autonomy; so in New York, they're only doing this out of desperation. They're not rushing. And here again, the argument that New York or other cities will rush in—I can't imagine any city that's gonna rush in to the state and say "take me over."

**SUN:** On the other hand, will the cities be able to get through their current crisis without some kind of massive help from the federal government?

**YOUNG:** No, I don't think so. But I think that what we have in this country, and what we've had for a long time, is a national urban crisis—a crisis of the cities. And it demands the same type of addressment, in terms of mobilization of maximum federal resources, that we addressed to the problem of the farms in the '30's when we had an agricultural crisis. There was a recognition then, a national recognition, that the nation could not survive if we allowed our farms to go down. Well, there doesn't seem to be enough national recognition that this nation can't survive without its cities, either.

So there's no question in my mind that there must be recognition of a national crisis of the

City  
Budget Director  
Walter Stecher

## DETROIT: Running out of Money

By Derek VanPelt

able, other older cities like Detroit will be in big trouble. The inability to float new bond issues for capital projects, combined with the possible loss of federal revenue sharing money, could shoot the city's deficit up intolerable levels. Increasing taxes or creating new ones would run the risk of making the city even more unattractive to business, industry, and residents than it is now, aggravating the white-flight syndrome which has already moved large portions of Detroit's tax base to the suburbs. Under these conditions, even though the Motor City, over the years, has followed a far more conservative fiscal policy than New York and has assumed a more normal service burden, a second default could not be ruled out for Detroit, as well as other cities in similar circumstances — including Buffalo, Newark, Cleveland, and Philadelphia.

Here's what happened the first time: Between 1930 and 1931, Detroit's relief expenditures shot up from \$4.7 million to \$13.2 million. In the same year, tax delinquency went up 25 per cent, resulting in \$19 million of lost revenue. Even though the city ordered a job freeze, laid off thousands of employees, and cut back salaries of the rest up to 50% at a whack, the city finally defaulted on February 14, 1933. Only the auto industry's newfound prosperity in the wartime economy brought the city back from the abyss. Even so, Detroit eventually paid out some \$125 million in added interest charges to the banks — half the amount the city owed in 1930, and an amount that might have gone far toward revitalizing the local economy.

Among the major items in the city's current record deficit, the highest since 1962, are \$14 million formerly expected from the non-resident income tax increase; a \$7.5 million shortage in revenue sharing funds expected from the state; a \$5 million drop in expected revenues from the city income tax; a \$4.6 million shortage in federal revenue sharing money; and \$3.8 million to cover the latest Blue Cross-Blue Shield rate hike.

With the state struggling with its own \$300 million deficit, Stecher and Mayor Young can only pray to Washington for a revision in the revenue-sharing formula, should the program survive; new "counter-cyclical" anti-recession aid to the cities based on the level of unemployment; or, in the long run, a new President in 1976 who will institute a serious program to commit federal resources to rebuild the cities. If Detroit gets none of these, the future is undoubtedly going to make some severe demands on its people.

And it could look like the 1930's all over again.

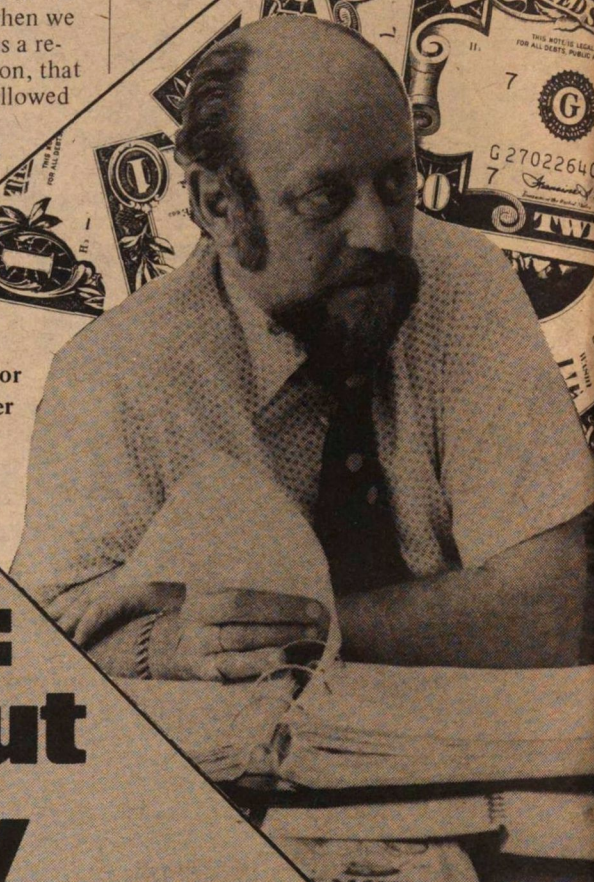


Photo: Derek VanPelt



# with Coleman Young, part III: OF THE CITIES

VanPelt

elections would range in importance with the presidential elections of 1860, in terms of determining a basic direction for the nation. I think it's just that damn critical. You have some pretty direct confrontations of philosophy emerging—the conservatism, the rugged individualistic-type theory that the cities should stand on their own. The people in the rest of the world look at us aghast. A Frenchman could not conceive the United States allowing New York to go down the drain; certainly, they wouldn't allow it to happen to Paris.

So that's what I mean. That is why the election of '76

means a lot. It will determine a basic direction for American policy. We could take a long step forward or a long step backward.

**SUN:** Do you expect to be very active in influencing that in your position as a member of the Democratic National Committee?

**YOUNG:** Well, certainly I intend to continue my activities in the Democratic National Committee in terms of a platform and candidate. How active I can be will depend upon what the problems are in the city of Detroit. My primary responsibility is here. But I intend to be heard.

**SUN:** Do you see any Democratic candidates, out of the number that are interested, that you feel might be able to meet the challenge of the cities?

**YOUNG:** Well, at this point it's too early to say. I don't think I want to go on the record publicly on that. The campaign has hardly begun—you'd have to define an issue that has not even been joined.

But as far as I've indicated to you, I think that the principal issues are the crisis of the cities, and related to this crisis, of course, is an inherent

racism—because this crisis of the cities appeals to the worst instincts of bigotry, etc. among so-called great "Middle America." The big question in my mind is whether this so-called "Middle America" can recognize that it can't exist, you know, if the cities go down. That's why I raise 1860, when the question was: Could the nation exist with the black people enslaved? Can it now exist if they are cordoned off in cities, from which suburbanites walk away, and left to fester in their own poverty—the black, the aged, the poor?

**SUN:** Detroit is almost alone among major cities in its lack of a mass rapid transportation system. What are the major remaining obstacles at this time to the building of the proposed system described

part of the original unanimous commitment to heavy rail as a part of a mass transit system are now raising the question as to whether or not we couldn't do better with express buses or light rail (which is little more than street cars, and we got rid of them twenty years ago).

So one of the prerequisites for our being able to get a commitment from the federal government is having unity here at home. And then precisely that lack of unity over the years is responsible for the fact that Detroit, among all the major cities, with the type of density we have at over a million, is the only city without rapid, or heavy rail transportation. Now I put it that way because Los Angeles is a larger city than Detroit, but it's much

*"Great crises produce leaders. We have more and more young people today who do not slink from radical change, which I feel is necessary. We have a greater potential of young leadership today than we've had at any time in the past."*

in the "Moving Detroit Forward" plan?

**COLEMAN:** Well, I would say that there are two major obstacles. First is the problem of achieving a unified position. Here in the Detroit area, we thought we had achieved that, and that the arguments had been settled on rapid transit, heavy rail, as a part of an integrated mass transit system—as against express bus or commuter rail, light rail, etc. As you know, this plan was incorporated in "Moving Detroit Forward."

But as has happened before, as we begin to approach the federal government, that's where the second problem lies. We find that a division has broken out in the rear. Some of those who were

more sparsely populated, scattered all around the Pacific. But our density of population in Detroit is fourth or fifth in the nation.

The two initial rapid transit lines, heavy rail lines, that we propose under Phase I—one of them will go out Gratiot all the way to Eight Mile Road, and the other would go out Woodward all the way to Eight Mile Road. That's just Phase I. It would have a potential ridership second only to the New York Subway.

Historically, the major opposition in Detroit, as you know, has come from the misguided belief by the automobile interests that the development of subway systems would in some way inhibit their ability to sell automobiles. That's not true. I thought that that had been demonstrated.

Now I think another part of the problem that we have here in Detroit is critical—and it's the relationship between Detroit, which has the only transportation system in the whole southeast Michigan area, and SEMTA [Southeastern Michigan Transportation Authority].

We're the only city that has a bus system, so SEMTA then is a pretty artificial creature.

It has no buses without

*continued on page 29*

## How the City's Budget Works

By Kathie Neff

About the only thing most residents know about the City of Detroit's budget is that part of it comes out of their pockets.

However, a closer look at the city's financial workings might help explain such things as why Mayor Coleman A. Young is asking the state legislature for a hike in city income tax, why Detroit is not in the same position as New York City, and why Detroit faces a whopping \$45-\$55 million deficit for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1976.

It might also help explain why those tax dollars contributed to the city each year don't seem to be stretching as far as they used to.

### WHERE DOES THE MONEY COME FROM?

Detroit, which this year has a \$808 million-plus budget, gets its revenue from four basic sources: local residents and business; the state; the federal government; and borrowing.

**Property tax** is the biggest single local source. Under state law, the city can levy up to 20 mills (the current rate) on the state equalized value of real estate and personal property in the city.

This means that a home-owner with a house valued at \$20,000 will pay \$400 in property tax. The 20-mill rate represents \$20 per \$1,000 of value.

Under state law, homes are assessed at 50 per cent of market value. After the assessments, the state steps in to make sure that similar property in different parts of the state is being assessed at the same rate and so "equalizes" the values. The total equalized assessment values of all the real and personal property in Detroit is known as the city's "state-equalized valuation" or SEV. Detroit's current SEV is nearly \$5.8 billion, and the 20-mill tax on that amount this year will bring almost \$116 million to the city's coffers.

Detroiters have to dig still further into their pockets, however, to meet four additional levies: **debt service**, which pays interest on money the city borrows (7.252 mills); **Building Authority lease payments**, for the new Detroit General Hospital (0.562 mills); **drainage district**, for sewer maintenance and improvement (0.058 mills); and **library** (0.640 mills).

This year, the city will realize over \$165 million from these five tax levies. The figure does not include millage for the Detroit school district or Wayne County.

City Budget Director Walter Stecher notes ironically that Detroit's tax rate (exclusive of income tax) is 2.7 times the state average, although the millage rate for the Board of Education is comparatively low.

But the local taxpayer's burden does not end with the tax levies—there is still **city income tax** to pay.

At present, Detroit residents pay two per cent of their earnings to the city, compared to one-half per cent for non-residents who work in Detroit.

These are the maximum rates allowable under state law, and the Young administration thinks they are inadequate. Detroit's mayor has proposed that the resident rate be upped to three per cent and the non-resident rate to one and one-half per cent.

Says Stecher, "We're aware of no other city in the country where the resident pays four times what the non-resident pays." He terms the situation a "political reality" stemming from the influence of state legislators from the "suburban ring."

The city expects to realize some \$110 million from the income tax this year, about \$14 million of which will come from non-residents.

Detroit residents also pay a five per cent **utility tax**—again, the maximum allowable under state law—on their telephone, gas and electric usage. This year, that tax will bring the city about \$23 million.

Another major source of local revenue is the **sale of goods and services** by the city. The largest single item in this category is the sale of **water and sewage services**, from which the city expects about \$83 million this year. Another \$39 million will come from **hospital fees and charges**, \$33.6 million from **transportation services**, and \$16.7 million from the sale of **electricity and public lighting services**.

Detroit also expects to earn some \$29 million from its various **investments**, mostly short-term. Some \$10 million will be generated by **fines and penalties**, largely traffic tickets in Recorder's Court, and a like amount is realized from various **licenses, permits, and inspection charges**.

### STATE AND FEDERAL SOURCES

From **state sources**, Detroit gets a portion of the **state-levied sales tax, income tax and intangibles tax** (levied on large bank accounts, stocks and bond holdings), and will soon start receiving part of the **single business tax** (levied on manufacturers' inventories). Sales tax returns from the state add some \$25 million to the city purse, while income tax from the state brings another \$25 million, and the intangibles tax, about \$1.3 million. The single business tax will produce about \$16.4 million for the city.

An additional \$24 million in **gas taxes and weight taxes** (from vehicle registrations) comes from the state, but it must be used only on streets, highways and related purposes. The other state-shared revenue is not earmarked.

*continued on page 9*



# How New York

## Pulling the State Budget Out of a Hat

continued from page 3

their piece of the pie sliced any thinner. Perhaps the most strident of all these voices have been those of university presidents who plead and cajole for more money, like paupers in Bombay.

Presidents and top officials of fifteen state universities recently obtained an audience with Milliken to bring home their concerns. Their message was clear: they would lay off professors, cut back classes, turn down the heat, and generally cut to the bone if they didn't get their way. Their pleadings have not been particularly well received. Veteran legislators remember how the state has dramatically increased its aid to higher education in every year in recent memory. Yet at the first glimmer of cutbacks, university presidents are on their knees. "Why can't these guys get it through their heads that the days are long gone when their budgets are going to be considered so goddamn holy?" one lawmaker asked recently.

Compared with other areas of state spending, some would argue that universities are on easy-street. Welfare recipients, who had won a seven per cent increase in their payments to offset skyrocketing inflation, are expected to lose most of that increase through state cutbacks. (Milliken's first executive order, later rejected by legislators, would have cut welfare by \$60 million.) Prison conditions have reached the breaking point, many legislators feel, yet the best prison officials and inmates alike can expect is a standstill budget. Mental health patients, nursing home residents, and other persons dependent on state services for their daily existence all face cutbacks that could force their quality of life back to levels reminiscent of the Great Depression.

At the same time that the state is cutting back on education and human services, its posture toward business has been improving. A bill creating a so-called Job Development Authority soon will become law. The name cleverly conceals the fact that the sole intent of the legislation is to set up a state agency to make \$200 million worth of low-interest loans to industry interested in building plants or expanding existing facilities in Michigan. The new single business tax grants a 100 per cent capital investment write-off which provides auto companies, mining companies, utilities and other capital-intensive firms with huge tax breaks. All of this is being done in the name of creating jobs. But it remains to be seen whether the money will line the pockets of corporations or of working people.

One basic lesson that can be drawn from the whole episode is that the state's traditionally cozy relationship with business may have backfired. The major reason for the state's fiscal crisis is a sharp fall-off in revenues brought about by the slump in the auto industry. But now that the auto industry is rebounding from its two-year sales slump—or so the industry would have us believe—the state still finds itself in the midst of the worst fiscal crisis in its history. Indeed, the going could get rougher.

A popular truism is that when the United States catches cold, Michigan catches pneumonia. The more accurate version of that would be: when industry goes out on a wild drunk, Michigan wakes up with the hangover.

Jack Holt is a free-lance writer based in Lansing who writes about state politics for this and other publications.



Mayor Abe Beame of New York City

Photo: Fred W. McDarran

continued from the cover

board chairmen of New York's biggest banks.

It's a long Christmas story, one with many a twist and turn, so make yourselves comfortable, children, while we begin.

First, just to set the stage, let's take a look at the present state of New York City, the citadel of the western world, the gateway to the land of opportunity, the crowning achievement of the American dream.

New York is flat broke.

It can't pay its bills—which presently total something like \$3 billion.

It has something like \$14 billion in loans to pay back.

The City is laying off workers, cutting back its services, raising its taxes, and generally thrashing about in a panic trying to prove that it might, at some time in the near future, become a safe investment again.

It is being run by a consortium of bankers, securities brokers, corporate executives, and state officials who are controlling its budget. Its Mayor, who is also its former Comptroller, is definitely on the hot seat, along with its deputy Mayor and former Deputy Budget Director, James Cavanagh.

How did all this happen? To begin at the beginning, as they say, let us return to 1960, when Governor Rockefeller was wondering how to win over voters with a spectacular social program without making them pay more taxes than he already had. In other words, how could Rocky enhance his position as the country's leading liberal Republican, indulge his predilection for the grandiose, and rise to still greater heights?

Rocky's idea was to turn to the private sector for the money he needed to finance the public projects he had in mind. He decided to embark upon the creation of a series of public authorities, backed by private investments—along the lines of the 40-year-old New York Port Authority—which, once pushed through the State Legislature, would be accountable basically to himself. In this way, money could be raised and projects started without consulting the voters and without having to raise the debt limit fixed by the State Constitution.

The taxpayers, however, would back these investments only in the event that the projects failed to make enough money to pay interest on the money borrowed. This handy device, suggested by John Mitchell—then a prominent New York attorney specializing in municipal bonds—is called "moral obligation." The legislature would promise to appropriate the needed funds if necessary, and Rocky assured the lawmakers this was highly unlikely. So the public would get its services without more taxes, the banks would get tax-free bonds, and everybody would be happy.

The first of these new authorities was the Housing Finance Agency (HFA), created to build middle-income housing. The HFA went rapidly from a mandated borrowing ceiling of half a million dollars to a \$5 billion limit, eventually taking on Rocky's scheme of converting the state's system of teacher colleges to a full-fledged university system. This agency is now nearing fiscal bankruptcy.

At the time, during what have since been called New York's "go-go years," Rockefeller found a ready market for his schemes. Once several of his

authorities were off the ground, he launched a number of other imaginative ventures. Among these were the Albany Mall (now the Empire State Plaza), a massive development which has grown from an original \$250 million cost figure to a projected final bill of \$2 billion. Since the state guaranteed the county bond issue which raised the funds, the taxpayers will pick up the difference. Another ambitious scheme was the World Trade Center, the twin tax-exempt towers built by the Port Authority to provide high-class neighbors for Rocky's brother David, Board Chairman of Chase Manhattan Bank.

While Rockefeller's financial projects were saturating the bond market, New York City was developing money problems of its own. In the years following World War II, millions of immi-

of the manufacturing base was lost in the past year alone. The office jobs were taken by suburbanites.

Faced with rising service costs and decreasing revenues, in 1965 Mayor Robert Wagner made a deal with Rocky. In return for a state sales tax, Wagner got Rocky's help in persuading the state legislature to allow the city to borrow money in order to balance its budget. The deficit was

By David

The word from Peking via Gerald Ford, Henry Kissinger and CIA nominee George Bush is that Chairman Mao is, despite the rumors, in good health considering the strokes he recently suffered. According to the press, "his eyes lit up when he gazed upon Susan Ford," and other clear signs of activity. The media was probably shocked at Mao's chipper condition—rumors have been circulated throughout the globe ever since before the victory of the People's Republic of China that Mao was sick, dead, or worse. The rumors appear every few years or so; there's been a rash of them recently. The photos of Betty dancing with a group of Chinese women was the apex of the trip for US viewers. Ford is being heavily criticized for leaving Rome while it burns, but really, we think a visit to China is probably one of the more useful things Ford is capable of accomplishing. When will Betty leave lunthead?

A little to the south, it appears that the war-ravaged nation of Vietnam will finally be able to reunite its northern and southern, artificially-divided halves. A nationwide conference in Saigon (Ho Chi Minh City) November 15-21 agreed to organize nationwide free elections to choose a common National Assembly to draft a single constitution for one Vietnamese government. The Assembly will rename the unified country, and name the capital for all of Vietnam. Of course, the Geneva Assembly of 1956 agreed that the two countries would be reunited by nationwide elections back then, but the U.S. intervened to squelch that one...



The sons of Julius & Ethel Rosenberg

Again in Asia, the King and Premier of Laos have abdicated and resigned, leaving the government in the hands of the popular socialist movement known as the Pathet Lao. The Pathet Lao first came to the attention of the US public when the government bombed the entire Plain of Jars in central Laos clear of any vegetation in order to make it impossible for the guerillas to hide. Of course, the US press is now lamenting the "fall" of Laos and the spread of "communist domination." Seems like objective journalism always depends on your point of view.

Back home on the gory intelligence front, Tricky Dick will finally get his chance to testify live and in person before a panel from the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence.

Milhouse will be queried primarily on his role in fomenting counter-revolution in Chile, and is expected to take the Fifth Amendment and executive privilege as his primary defense against saying anything useful... A report just out shows that every President since

Roosevelt used the FBI or CIA for personal or extra-legal political advantage. The

Republicans like to point that kind of thing out because it takes the heat off them in relation to the Democrats. See, everybody does it. Like

grants poured into the Big Apple—blacks from the South and Puerto Ricans—in search of jobs, or failing that, welfare. The city was doing its best to provide for these legions, supporting more social services than any other city in the U.S.—including free city universities, hospitals, large portions of the welfare tab, and other functions performed elsewhere by the states and federal government.

The boom in high-rise office construction in midtown Manhattan was pushing out smaller businesses and industries, and whites, as everywhere, were running for the suburbs, taking with them the city's tax base. The skilled and unskilled manufacturing jobs filled by minorities were disappearing, a process which continues unabated today. Between 1969 and 1974, New York City lost 450,000 manufacturing jobs, and an incredible seven per cent

\$255.8 million, and the borrowing launched a pyramid scheme which a *Village Voice* writer has called "the nation's oldest, established, permanent, floating fiscal crap game." The city was supposed to pay the money back in three years, but by that time, even more borrowing had to be done.

When John Lindsay became Mayor, he disavowed such borrowing from Peter to pay Paul. But a transit strike

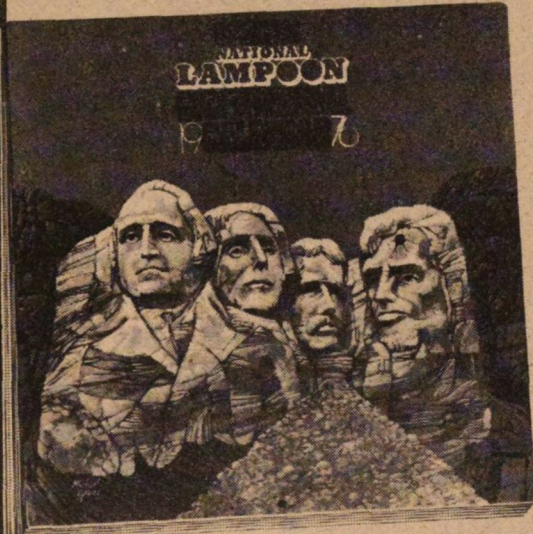






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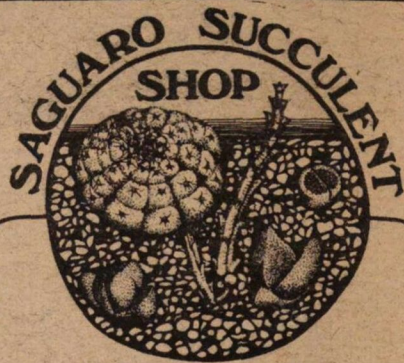
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# How the City's Budget Works

continued from page 5

At present, money from federal grants is not included in the city's budget, but policy may be changed in the future so that the budget reflects funds anticipated under ongoing federal programs.

What is included is federal revenue-sharing funds—not grants—which this year amount to about \$35.9 million. However, Stecher is displeased with the manner in which the feds dole out the money.

This year, Detroit's allocation was cut by some \$7.1 million because the federal government relied on federal income tax returns, rather than the 1970 Census, to determine Detroit's population. Stecher thinks the government's method was inaccurate, since many poor and transient residents don't get counted by the IRS.

He also takes exception to the federal regulation which stipulates that no city will get funds amounting to more than 145 per cent of the state average (total funds divided by number of cities). By Stecher's count, Detroit loses some \$7 to \$8 million because of that rule.

Moreover, the Budget Director is uneasy with Congressional rumblings over whether the five-year appropriation of federal funds, which expires in December of next year, will be renewed.

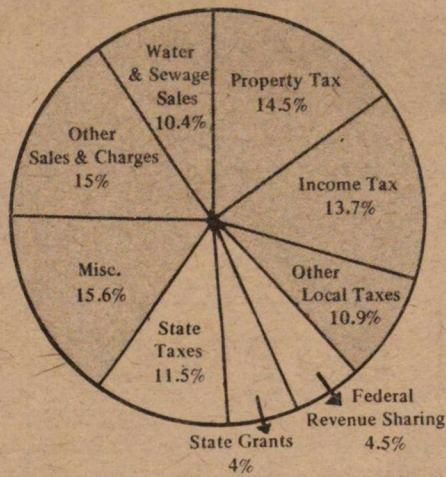
The last major source of revenue for the city is borrowing, which takes two forms: bonds and tax anticipation notes.

## WHAT ARE MUNICIPAL BONDS?

Bonds work this way: The city will embark on a capital improvement project amounting to, say, \$20 million, and will solicit bids for bonds to pay for the project. Bonds are interest-bearing certificates indicating the city's indebtedness.

Bids are received from different financial institutions showing the amount of interest the city will have to pay on the bonds if the bid is accepted. A recent interest figure was 9.96 per cent.

## City Income



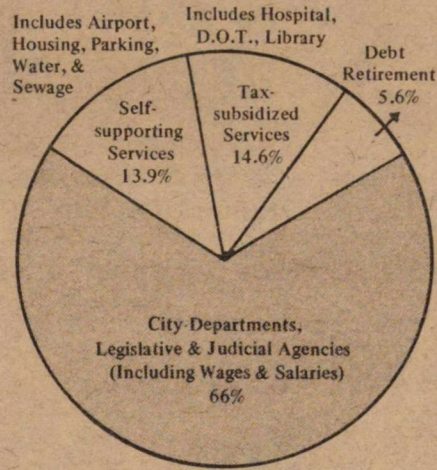
Once a bid is accepted, bonds are sold to other parties, including banks and individuals, and the certificates are later redeemable, with interest, according to an established schedule. Bonds usually mature in 12 to 14 years, under current practices.

Because the bonds are tax-backed, meaning the residents are obligated for them, state law strictly controls their sale.

Under the law, Detroit can sell bonds equal to one-half of one per cent of the city's SEV without a vote of the people. The city is now near its limit, with \$29,210,000 in outstanding bonds.

The state also prohibits the city from selling bonds at an interest rate of greater

## City Expenses



than 10 per cent, even though the New York City situation is pushing interest rates up. "I don't know if Detroit could sell bonds today at under 10 per cent," Stecher says.

Tax anticipation notes are a means of borrowing on a short-term basis to compensate for the city's "cash flow" problem. This means that it takes a while for the city to collect money owing to it, and the tax anticipation notes are a means of tiding the city over until the funds are in hand.

The notes are always paid off within a few months.

Both tax anticipation notes and bond sales must be approved by the state municipal finance commission.

## WHERE DOES THE MONEY GO?

What happens to all the money collected from local, state and federal sources and from borrowing?

According to Detroit's 1975-76 budget manual, the bulk of the funds—over 60 per cent—go for personal services, including wages and fringe benefits.

General fund expenditures, amounting to over \$533 million, run the "executive agencies" (city departments) and provide operating money for legislative and judicial agencies, including Recorder's Court; the Auditor General; the City Clerk, Council, Planning Commission and Election Commission; ombudsman functions; and the Zoning Appeals Board.

An additional \$45.5 million goes for debt retirement (paying back principal and interest on money borrowed by the city), while such tax-subsidized operations as the hospital, library and D.O.T. (Department of Transportation) eat up almost \$118 million.

Airport, housing, municipal parking, and water and sewage—largely self-supporting—receive \$111.5 million in city funds, but contribute revenue in return.

Although the new City Charter mandates a balanced budget, Stecher says the city may come up some \$50 million short this year. He notes that this year's budget instructions to department heads called for each department to absorb inflation costs and bargaining agreement settlements, resulting in across-the-board budget cuts of about 12 per cent, including lay-offs of one out of every eight or nine city employees.

"We're hoping there's something that's going to reduce the \$45 to \$55 million, but we recognize the fact that we're going to end up with a deficit," Stecher says. "This is just too big. We don't know how to handle it."



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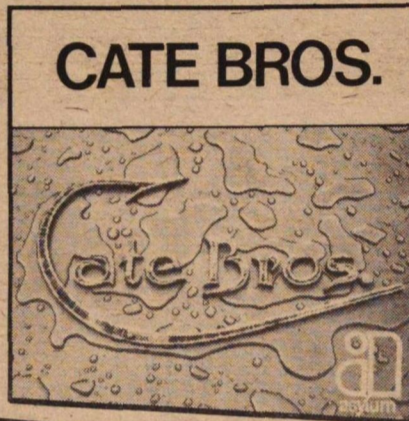
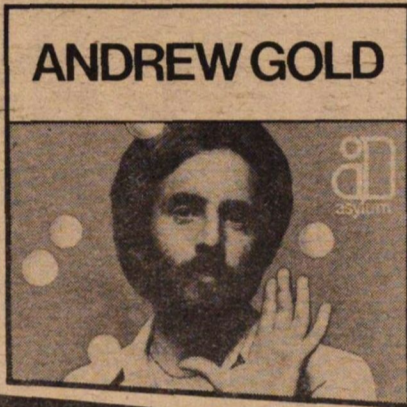
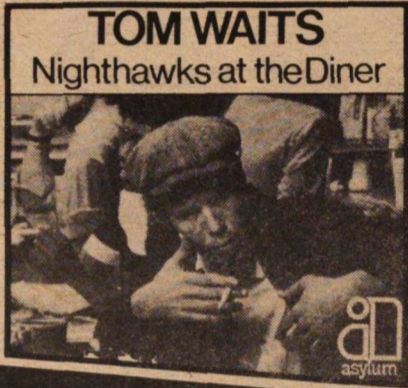
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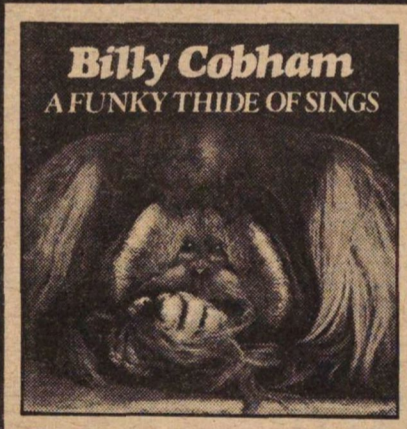


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### West Indian Roots/North American Soil

# CARIBBEANS IN THE MOTOR CITY

By Horatio Bennett

Within the past few years Detroit has seen the rather conspicuous emergence of an almost unnoticed ethnic group which, although on the scene for decades, had never received much public attention. Detroiters who have slowly become aware of the presence of the Greeks, the Latinos, the East Indians, the Africans, the Ukrainians, the Serbo-Croatians, and other local ethnic groups through their festivals, concerts, churches, and other cultural manifestations, are finally beginning to see and feel the special vibrations of the people of the Caribbean—the West Indians are here!

Are we getting a new flow of West Indians from the Islands? No—in fact, there has been a rapid decrease of immigrants from the Islands since the United States has begun in recent years to curtail the issuance of visas to people from the small Caribbean nations. These West Indians are already here, as they have been for several decades, since this country started accepting immigrants from the Islands. But after a long period of assimilation and cultural self-negation, the West Indians in Detroit and the Midwest—some 46,000 persons living in the area between Cleveland and Chicago—are at last beginning to reclaim and re-invigorate their native heritage.

Most of the West Indians in the Midwest seem to have entered Michigan and the rest of the northern farm-belt as a result of the farm-worker's plan, through which natives were recruited from the Caribbean to work on U.S. farms.

The state of Michigan, with its rich soil, had its share of immigrants, working on apple, cabbage, bean, sugar-beet, potato and celery farms. Michigan was the destination of many of these farm workers because farm-owners in this region usually pay a higher rate, through 'piece work,' than most States, and the work was much easier than cutting sugar-cane in Florida, picking cotton in Tennessee or farming tobacco in Connecticut. The immigrants from the Caribbean were such diligent workers that many of them were chosen to remain on the farms by the owners for long periods of time after their contracts had expired. They would come to the city only for entertainment or shopping and always returned to the farms, the only life they knew.

When most of the West Indian islands became independent nations, a much more sophisticated brand of immigrants poured into the U.S. These were younger natives, exercising their newly-gained freedom and expecting a better life than those their forerunners had known. They were seeking professions, trades, opportunities, education. Many of these young people came and joined their relatives, still living on

the farms in lower and upper Michigan. They brought with them a new sense of reality, an urge for a better tomorrow, and for the first time—the farmers from the Islands heard of a better life than on the farms. They soon began an exodus to the city, where the automobile industry was offering more opportunities than the farms.

Most of the farm-workers, though unskilled in the factory, did not take long to procure a place among the higher-paid workers. They learned well and they learned fast, and soon they were 'one of the guys.' And that's where they remained, lost in the mainstream of the American way of life. They made good for themselves. They and their families did not see the necessity to live among their fellow West Indians. Most of their friends were non-West Indians, working in the same factories, on the same assembly lines, doing the same kind of work that they themselves do. They bought their homes next door to the guy who worked on the same shift with them. They attended the same church as their neighbors, wore the same clothes, joined the same clubs and their cultural heritage as West Indians was lost and forgotten.

The younger, more self-conscious immigrants, in search of the better life, found much success. They became lawyers, doctors, engineers and similar successful professionals. They did not lose their cultural heritage in the flow of the American mainstream; instead they became so involved in their professional activities that they simply had very little time to relate to their 'yesterdays,' thus out-growing the simple and humble life they had once known. They sat and sipped champagne and joked about their old ways while basking in the sophisticated way of life they now enjoyed. Their heritage was in their past, and they now belonged to a new and modern society.

The natives back in the Islands, being constantly exposed to their heritage, cultivated it to keep abreast of the modernizations that were taking form, as brought about by Independence. It was now their country, their nation, their life. And so a cultural evolution began.

Independence celebrations and festivals brought out many artistic talents: poets, artists, writers, singers, actors and actresses, musicians, dancers and other artistic gifts which would normally have faded without the opportunity to be cultivated. With ever-gathering momentum, these talented natives began expanding and reaching for higher grounds, available only outside their own little nations. They hit

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# RAPPIN' WITH JIMMY CLIFF

By Marc Gregory

*"Reggae is the music of the 70's—everybody's gonna try to get in on it, you can't stop them—but the real thing, the cream, must come to the top." — Jimmy Cliff*

Jimmy Cliff, the cream of reggae music, was in Ann Arbor last month to open The SUN's "After Midnight" concert series, and I spoke with him for an ethereal hour before the show. We talked about the music and message of his Jamaican culture—reggae music.

Like most Jamaicans, Jimmy Cliff has been singing ever since he can remember—at home, in school, at church. Then as today the people sang calypso and mento, which

are the native Caribbean rhythms with lyrical commentary about the community or the country. "Mento is a little different movement or rhythm than calypso—it is more natural, more folk, and more country; calypso is more 'city.'" Reggae came into being as mento and calypso came together in the cities. Actually, the beat has been called reggae for only the last 6 years or so



(the term was coined by Toots). Jimmy explained that "reggae developed from 'ska' to 'rock steady' to 'reggae.'" The sound was in the early stages of 'rock steady' when Jimmy left his small country village and headed for Kingston—the center of musical activity. He was only 14½ years old but he had a couple of songs and the desire to record. "It was a hassle going from one producer to another, tryin' to get a record," Cliff continued on page 13



Four Tops at 20 Grand, p. 16



Charles Mingus/Changes, p. 16



The Rolling Thunder Review, p. 13



Detroit Blues Club Revue, p. 16



J. Geils Band at Cobo, p. 17





# THE COAT PULLER

**MISTAKES & RE-TAKES:** We're sorry if we gave anybody the impression that Bob Bageris and Bamboo Productions stood to make a mint off the Who spectacular at Ponmet last week. We figured it this way: with a gross of some \$576,000 (\$8 times 72,000 humans), the Ponmet Stadium Authority should've taken off \$88,560 (at a stated \$1.23 per ticket), leaving something like \$487,440 before expenses. Set the expenses at 40% to be generous and you get a net of \$292,464, which was probably split 90-10 between the Who and the two promoters permitted by the band to handle the details for the date—Bageris and Bamboo from Detroit, and Mike Belkin Productions from Cleveland. The Who's 90% would then come to some \$263,218, with Bamboo and Belkin splitting 10%, or \$29,246, coming out with the considerably more modest profit of less than \$15,000 each. Not too bad for one show, but certainly not half a million dollars like they say it sounded in our article last issue... We just wish the folks at Bamboo would've read Frank Bach's stories all the way through before cancelling all their advertising with the Sun, that's all. Evidently it's been so long since anyone took a critical look at the local concert-promotion scene that the people involved take anything less than an ass-lick for a slam. Geez, Bob, what if we woulda said something really nasty, like your grandma wears combat boots? The morning Free Press says worse shit than this but your ads don't stop over there, and we know our circulation ain't goin' down, either. What the fuck?... Actually Bamboo needs that money to help make up for their recent losses—some of which, like the LaBelle show and the Herbie Hancock, have been exceptionally tasty programs. And then there's the matter of attorneys' fees, appeal bonds, and other legal costs incurred in the course of the federal government's persecution of Bob Bageris, which, rumor has it, has come down to prison sentences of at least three years for the battling young promoter. That's enough of a beef for anybody to have to deal with, and we weren't trying to add to the grief, honest... What got us, and we'll repeat, was the Who walking off with over a quarter of a million dollars worth of Motor City money which nobody from around here will ever see or hear of again. That's a lot of cakes, pal, however you cut it. Sure, they play real good, and their moves looked pretty hip on the big screen over the stage, but that kind of money could go a long way with a lot of people who live and work making music for a living around here, which is what we were trying to say last time. Aw, shucks, maybe we're just old-fashioned...



The Jimmy Wilkins Orchestra



Ballet of the XXth Century

**BLUES NEWS:** At the other end of the economic spectrum, where the music can get even more exciting, Clarence Carter graced Ethel's Lounge last weekend, with Shirley Brown in town thru December 14th and Albert King coming up the 19-20-21st at the eastside blues palace. The Detroit Blues Club Revue (reviewed in our

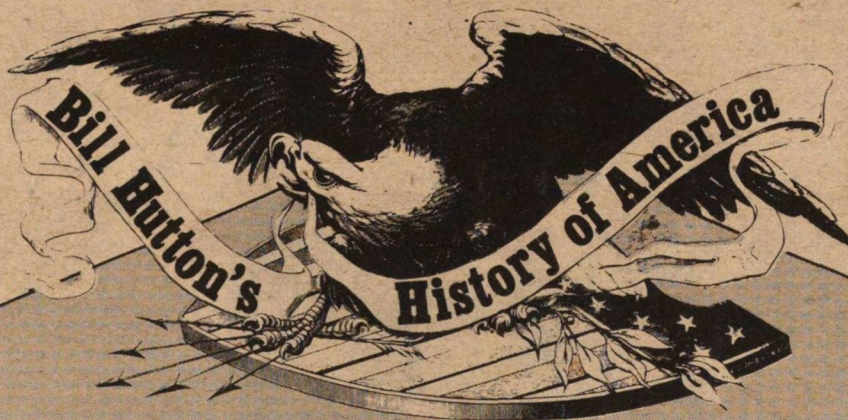
host of others into the Bonfire Room of the beautiful 20 Grand the weekend of the 19-21—the perfect music track for this year's "Blue Christmas"... Meanwhile, Buddy Guy and Junior Wells left the U.S. November 19 for eight weeks in West Africa, including stops in Zaire, Liberia, the Ivory Coast, Ghana, and Dahomey. BG & JW were in Ann Arbor last month with Bonnie Raitt's super blues show...

**RE: MEDIA:** Dudley Randall and Broadside Press, black Detroit's pride and joy in the poetry publishing ploy, are being honored by Central Michigan University with a special exhibition, "The Broadside Press: 1965-1975," in the Mt. Pleasant town's Clarke Historical Library through January. One doesn't have to be black to pick up on Broadside's many thrilling books of poetry, as the CMU people up in midstate are demonstrating—unless one is simply a racist, in which case the poetry's wasted anyway. Pearls before swine, and like that... Lotus Press, another westside grass-roots publishing house (Randall started Broadside Press on \$12.00 ten years ago), has recently issued Pamela Cobb's *Inside the Devil's Mouth*, a book of well-made verse offered for \$1.95 but cheap at any price. Also available from Lotus are two books of the widely-recognized poetry of Naomi Long Madgett, *Pink Ladies in the Afternoon* (1972) and *Star By Star* (1970), plus a package of 20 poster-poems titled *Deep Rivers: A Portfolio*. Contact Lotus Press at Box 601, College Park Station, Detroit 48221, and tell 'em the Coat Puller pulled your coat... Ditto when you send in for one or both of the following Ann Arbor arts publications: *TheseWeeks* magazine

(\$2.00 for 3 issues from UAC/THOT Productions, 2nd Floor, Michigan Union, Ann Arbor 48104), which even has a poem from Detroit's own beloved Faye Kicknosway, now a San Francisco resident; and *Lightworks*, (118 Glendale, Ann Arbor) a free street sheet which "is for those who are tired of reading reviews of Ragtime or plowing through discussions concerning the future of Bruce Springsteen."

Send 'em some money, dear readers, some poems and works of art, and let 'em know we ain't that bad here at the Sun... Let a hundred flowers bloom, a thousand schools of thought contend, as our Chinese friends have been known to say—the more poetry and magazines, the better!... In fact we wish we had 50 more pages a week to bring you a wider picture of the kulchur of the area and the age, but we have to limit our scope to fit the paltry 6½ pages we're given until more advertisers start to pay for more pages more often. So tell the people where you buy your stuff that they should advertise in the

continued on page 18



## The Indians of the Southwest

The Indians living in the Southwest were different than their cousins in other parts of the country. They had no hands. The Indians lost their hands in the Great Adobe Hut Building Contest, sponsored by the Area Merchants.

"First prize in the annual adobe hut building contest goes to Chief Redface and his tribe. They win a year's supply of Chunky Candy Bars and a box of Twist-O-Flex Watchbands by Spidel. Now come over here and let the judges cut your hands off. We have some tourists here from Michigan and Iowa really hot for some curios!"

A couple of the Indians sneak off behind the teepees and chew a few mescal buttons. They change their clothes. They dress like cavalry officers with long mustaches and big guts. Then they walk back to the festivities patting their bellies in contentment and chewing on tooth picks.

"What's the occasion for such merriment," said one of the disguised Indians to Mr. Fremont of Fremont Shoe Store.

"Oh, well, Sargeant, these Indians here won the hut contest and now, well, we're cutting their hands off for these here tourists all the way from Iowa and Michigan."

The tourists nod and wave, as if from a long distance off, the women wearing loose dresses shake in the wind like epilepsy & the men in cheap Bermuda shorts their shanks are parched white and smoke dark cigars with colored bands.

"You folks from the midwest, uh?"

"Yes, officer, that's about the size of it," says a turkey throated man in a baseball cap. "We've come to see the Indians from the Southwest perform their rituals and to take home a few souvenirs for the mantle above the fireplace. We got a great mantle I built in the forties...."



Bill Hutton in a 1964 photograph

The two Indians went back to the teepee and ate a few more mescal-buttons. They took off their cavalry uniforms and dressed up like lesbians. Then they walked around to the tent and confronted the tourists.

"What's going on around here," Mr. Fremont of Fremont Shoe Stores wanted to know.

"We're lesbians from the Southwest and thought maybe these people would like to watch us make it up in that old Indian cave on the hill."

"Well, well, I mean it isn't on the itinerary, I mean, well, you'll have to ask them what they think about it."

The tourists have a brief discussion, ask their Greyhound bus driver what he thinks they should do. Finally they decide they should watch, so they follow the lesbians up the hill to the cave.

Up the hill they marched under the hot Southwestern sky. Inside the dark cave the Slimey Iguana Man waited. His forked tongue flickered in and out of his mouth and he could see the tourists with cameras around their necks & postcards clutched in their hands. This was his hour, what he liked so well about the Southwest. He sighed his cool musty cave breath and the forked tongue darted out forebodingly.

Bill Hutton's History of America was published by the Coach House Press, Toronto/Detroit. Copyright © 1968 by Bill Hutton.

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# The Rolling Thunder Revue

At The Music Hall, Boston, Massachusetts, 11/21, 9 P.M.

BOB DYLAN, JOAN BAEZ, JONI MITCHELL, RONEE BLAKELY, ROGER McGUINN, RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT, MICK RONSON & CO.

Boston (IS)—

By Gordy Bowman

Stoned to the bone, I sat up among the rafters of Ann Arbor's Crisler Arena and saw a distant speck rumored to be "Dylan." Echoing sounds were strongly reminiscent of certain songs I'd heard somewhere before. Amidst the strain of trying to pick out the various members of "The Band" and the man, I experienced the emotional phenomenon known as the slow burn. With most of the main floor seats getting scalped, I had been royally ripped-off.

Finally, a couple of years later, I've been royally repaid in spades by "The Jack of Hearts." "The Rolling Thunder Revue" is Dylan's vehicle of redemption in my eyes. It's doubtful that he'll extend this travelling-troupe concept beyond the Northeast, so I feel very fortunate to have been one of the lucky suckers to get a ticket. Don't despair. The continual presence of onstage movie cameras insures that the show will reach a mass audience.

Local reviews of the show mention "washed up relics of the Sixties," "con-men," and wonder if Dylan can move forward from what is felt to be too narrow a view in his newer songs. The reviewers have been falling all over themselves to have the final word on this magical mystery tour. This tour effectively ducked the press by barring cameras and recorders and not even announcing ticket-sales until thirty minutes before they were to go on sale. This low-profile approach caught most people off-guard, and tickets were available for only two days.

Critics, who had already written their "Last Dylan Review," pulled out their old material and misfired, hitting the Dylan myth and missing the artistry of the actual performance. Because this was excellent music, executed in a remarkably tension-free atmosphere.

Only two tickets were sold to a customer and tickets were going for \$50 on the street the night of the show. A down-pour had ticket-holders heading to the Music Hall at a near gallop. Inside, a curtain proclaiming "The Rolling Thunder Revue" hung over the stage. When it was finally hoisted, an unfamiliar and unlikely-looking band took the stage. Guitarist Mick Ronson, an English rocker in the Jeff Beck mold, stood out among a collection of country rollers. Bob Neuwirth, a Dylanite from the Sixties, joined the basic band of Ronson, Steve Soles, T-Bone Burnette, Scarlet Rivera, Rob Stoner and a percussionist named Luther. Rivera's electric violin proved more than adequate at trading off with Ronson's leads. After one month of really playing together, they had become a really tight band. A few members of the band performed songs of their own and while some folks couldn't resist the urge to scream "we want Bobby," the audience had time to sit back and relax.

Band-leader Neuwirth confidently promised "a few surprises." The evening's first surprise walk-on was Ronee Blakely of "Nashville." She sang a couple of original songs and accompanied herself on piano and then, as she was leaving the stage, a rumor materialized in the person of Joni Mitchell, who drifted out by herself. The audience blew its top. She had joined up with the tour on Thursday night and hadn't worked anything out with the band. After two numbers, she vacated the spotlight, ignoring the carnivorous roar calling for her return. She had set the assembled hundreds off on their first full-blown

adrenalin-rush of the night.

Ramblin' Jack Elliott emerged dressed in cowboy chaps and crowned with a ten-gallon hat. The air was over-ripe with an air of anticipation. Roger McGuinn anonymously plucked out a little banjo accompaniment. Ramblin' Jack sagely added a humorous mood with a long talking-blues.

Dylan finally appeared at center stage. He was wearing a brown and white pinto-patterned shirt, black vest and on his head sat the hat he had worn in "Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid." As he began an energetic "When I Paint My Masterpiece," I was struck by his pronounced and peculiar pallor. Wait a minute! His face was painted white. Was that really Dylan? I remembered "The Duke of Earl" recording from the "Masked Marauders" album. Who else could it be? Only one person could hammer out his phrases like that. Whatever was on that particular clown's mind, he wasn't clowning around. He was getting down.

He played a few oldies, making them sound better than ever. A reggae-laced beat to "It Ain't Me Babe" gave the tune a brand new shine. He began to talk to the audience.

"Sam Peckinpah," he called out. "Are you out there Sam? This is all I gotta say—Gooooood luck." His voice dripped thick with cynicism. He responded to a cry for a protest song—"This is a protest song." Later, he added, "This song is a true story... they're all true stories." He remained sphinx-like with his white-face as oceans of applause flooded the hall. "This is an autobiographical song," he said and with his harmonica between his hands he blew into "It Takes A Lot to Laugh, It Takes a Train to Cry." The hardest rock of the night, this eerie old song was transformed into a superpersonal twister.

The sheer power pushed the audience back in their seats. No one since Jimi Hendrix (died, has wielded such onstage presence.

Dylan leapt and blew and rocked and stomped and before the

She sang "Do Right Woman" without accompaniment and brought down the proverbial house with "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down."

Roger McGuinn came out in a red velvet jacket with a bow-tie and sang "Chestnut Mare," which may or may not be alluded to on Dylan's scathing "Idiot Wind." Then in a truly well-timed move, the folksy atmosphere was blown out the tubes with a loose-as-a-goose playing of "Eight Miles High."

Dylan reemerged and it was clear that while he hadn't exactly removed his coat of white paint, he had managed to at least smear most of it off, leaving only lines of war paint. "Here's a good one for you," he announced as request upon request bounced up from the crowd. Whereupon he performed "Isis," a yet-to-be-released, powerful, driving, haunting in a minor-key way, hard-rocker about the Egyptian goddess.

Dylan soloed on "Tangled Up In Blue" and "I Don't Believe You." He kept running to get a drink, pawing about the stage like a big cat. He hunched down over the mike hesitantly, stalking the mike stand, looking like a moth zig-zagging towards a candle flame. His singular intensity was the cornerstone of the night. This was one of the few times a superstar would perform and an audience would be so sublimely satisfied.

He drove through "Just Like a Woman," "Oh, Sister," "Knockin' on Heaven's Door," and his new protest song—"Hurricane Carter." At one point he paused, "I want to dedicate this to my old friend Larry," he said. "Larry? You still out there? Not you Larry... the other Larry... you Larry." Are you kiddin'? No one had left. There was a river of communication flowing from the stage into the Hall. An umbilical cord of rapport had been established. How would it be cut? How else? The entire cast and a few extras took the stage for a hootenany version of Woody Guthrie's "This Land Is Your Land," a novel thought lately, but it sounded real.

That's it, Dylan made it real. There were no hassles for the audience, except for one poor dude who lost his smoke to a security guard. The assembled

entourage provided an excellent framework to highlight the true superstar. The mixed-up kid, coffee-house refugee, motorpsycho punk, Dylan has grown into the consummate songwriter/performer of our times. This Zimmerman fellow, the devil-driven artist of Anthony Scaduto's "Intimate Biography," still has the drive and the power and now he's shown that he means to use it and not lose it. His super-ego is finally held to earth and his reborn creativity is a gift to us all.

Walking from the Music Hall into the morning rain, I couldn't help but feel that, yes, under that outrageous hat that he wore all night was a true Mad Hatter, his madness firmly checked by the other side of a thin line bordering true genius. Slightly humbled by the experience, the audience went away without the myth, but with the man. That's a concert.

Gordy Bowman is an unemployed truckdriver residing in Ann Arbor, Michigan. He sent us this review of the Rolling Thunder Revue from somewhere on the east coast — much to our delight.



The Rolling Thunder Revue at the Howard Square Theatre in Boston

Photo: Timothy Carlson

vandals even beheld the handles, there were no more jams left to kick.

During the intermission, I wondered about the incongruity of Dylan's appearance and performance. His hat looked like it had a bunch of plastic carrots or some sort of dinner-table center-piece hanging on the band. And the white paint on his face? Was it an allusion to the Al Jolson-minstrel show era? A bad skin condition? A case of mistaken identity? A protective layer? Halloween? The return of the ghost rider? The jester? An addition for Mt. Rushmore? Prisoner in disguise? In any case, he was delivering the goods.

The audience was privileged to be on the receiving end of a tour which had been designed for maximum music and maximum mellowness instead of maximum money. The "Revue" had been conceived on a wine-drenched night in New York City, when Dylan began recruiting any and everyone he ran into. This impulsive desire to perform generated an almost amateur-night ambience at times. The sites were originally going to be intimate clubs; however it's obvious that small halls offered the golden mean between audience size and the quality of the music. Everyone in the theatre could hear and see and feel the performance. The stage was close enough so that a real sense of movement was obtained without circus elephants. It was obvious that the performers were really in the groove and this was only the half-way point.

When the lights dimmed, "Blowin' in the Wind" could be heard. The curtain stayed in place, but no one had to be told this was Dylan and Baez. And when the curtain began to rise, you could see these two old lovers leaning over a single mike. Joan sang with Bob in a way no one else can ever hope to equal. Their voices and styles, seemingly so disparate, flowed, lifted and ran together. Bob joined her for a few more numbers, including a memorable rendition of "I Shall Be Released," and then left Joan onstage. She sang "Diamonds and Rust," a song she had written about Bob—"Yes, I've loved you dearly and if you're offering me diamonds and rust, I've already paid." She responded to a cry for the Boston University song with the comment, "I was only at B.U. for about four days. All I learned was how to be Jewish if I had to." Then she broke into a snide version of the old Sam Cooke tune: "Don't know much about history, don't know much trigonometry..."





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# RAPPIN' WITH JIMMY CLIFF

continued from page 11

recalled with a sad smile. Jimmy's personal story is similar to that of the character he played in the movie "The Harder They Come," and is similar to hundreds of other singers and musicians in Jamaica. The result of his efforts was the single "Daisy Got Me Crazy," recorded at the only studio on the Island, a one-track monaural setup. From this start Jimmy Cliff has gone on to become perhaps THE most internationally recognized reggae singer.

"My first time in the States was '64—that was my first time out of Jamaica. This is where I got the offer to go to England. I met this guy from Island Records, Chris Blackwell. He made me an offer and I weighed the whole situation between his offer and the offer I got here in the US, and I took his offer because it seemed a bit more natural. Blackwell lived in Jamaica for years and knew Jamaica and I thought I could feel a little more closer relationship—but things didn't work out the way I expected."

By this time Cliff was a big star in Jamaica—the main man with hit after hit single. The beat was called "ska" and Jimmy was on his way to shake them up in England. "At the time clubs was the thing in England. I had a hit in Jamaica called "King of Kings" and somebody re-recorded it and it went into the British charts. I went there as a writer and singer of it, and started doing that in the clubs and other things—R&B things like Wilson Pickett and James Brown. As a result of that there was an album called "A Hard Road to Travel" and it came out of that 60's period—the same period when Hendrix just came out of the scene and he was fresh with his thing. We played at the same club together."

During the time Jimmy spent in England he recorded many more singles, a couple of albums on Island Records (*Strugglin' Man*, for one), and expanded his style—yet

he never received the international attention he desired. In fact, opinions were printed in British magazines that Jimmy Cliff had "lost his roots"—he had strayed too far from his origins. I asked him about it.

"I've always been a person that's expanding and tryin' other things—I've seen that charge, but when I go into Trenchtown [Kingston] or other cities they don't charge me with that 'cause I'm deep in the roots now still. Them say, 'Well, Jimmy's doin' what he wants to do.'"

In 1968 Jimmy decided to return to Jamaica. "I had to go back to Jamaica to fulfill my aims. I spent four years in England and I don't regret it because I learned a lot, but I didn't fulfill what I went to fulfill. I had to go back to Jamaica to get an international hit—that was when I recorded 'Wonderful World, Beautiful People' and that whole batch of songs." From this point the whole thing was different—Jimmy was a star, and he was soon signed by Warner Brothers for a series of LPs for its Reprise label: *Unlimited, Music Maker, and Follow My Mind*.

Again Jimmy Cliff's story is really quite similar to that of the character he played in the movie, a young country boy who leaves his home and travels to Kingston to become a recording star.

But *The Harder They Come* is much more than the simple story of a singer's rise to fame; it offers an in-depth look at Jamaican culture with its depiction of a young man tryin' to fight the system and living on the periphery of legality—sellin' and smoking ganja and carrying a ratchet (pistol). Jimmy provided some history.

"*The Harder They Come* was based on a character who lived in the '30's or 40's called Rygen—a bad man tryin' to fight the system—a revolutionary. The producer, Perry Hunzel, wanted to make the story of a modern-day Rygen." The movie about Jamaicans—filmed in Jamaica with Jamaican actors—premiered in Jamaica, and was, to say the least, a most smashing success.

"In three weeks it out-grossed what other movies do in months. For the opening, the theatre held about 2000 and 7000 people

showed up and crashed the gates down."

Not too much has changed in Jamaica since the movie was filmed in 1970—the ganja trade still goes on (although not as abundantly, as we all know). "It's a controlled thing," Jimmy continued, "ya still have helicopters that come in and pick up a supply and go. Just the other day a helicopter crashed on the street takin' off. They catch the people, probably lock them up a couple days and then they work something out."

The music business is still very much the same as the movie showed, too. "Still today new talent must go around to the different producers—it's a bit different because producers are more accessible and there are more recording studios—at least 6 16-tracks in Kingston now. The only other outlets in Jamaica is the tourist scene—but when you're in that scene nobody goin' to hear 'bout you on the Island. You might have a reasonable amount of money, but you're not playing for the people of the Island."

Jimmy expressed the desire to continue in films because "film and recording are all intermingled—they're coming to oneness. I couldn't see myself doing a slick Hollywood production, but I could, I could play some rugged role. But the film must have substance, it's got to live with you for a while. I won't try to equal *The Harder They Come*, I'll just go and do another movie, completely different. Like my records—I try to make each album a different album."

Jimmy seems to be much at ease with the role of entertainer and poet. "In the Bible you have Kings and Prophets and Priests. I see myself like David—he was a musician and he wrote the Psalms—that is, to say something that will bring some joy and some light and some happiness to someone and make them feel good. Basically I sing about what is going on in the world, or I sing love songs. I don't like politicians—they're getting richer in times of starvation. I'm far removed from that—I'm not interested in politics. There are a few people who I admire for what they've done for humanity, like Mao Tse-Tung. I think he's done a good job for his people. I admire Castro and Che for



Jimmy Cliff in Concert

Mark Gregory, currently a resident of Heli, Michigan, works in an Ann Arbor record emporium, hosts various programs of reggae and other modern music on WCBN-FM from time to time, has travelled to Jamaica on several occasions, and contributed an interview with Bob Marley to the SUN this past summer.

Photos: Pauline Lubin/Michigan Daily

what they've done for their people and the cause they stood for—for justice."

After the tour Jimmy returns to Jamaica where he lives and records now. "I spend most of my time in Jamaica—in Kingston and very little in London. I lay down all my basic track, the rhythm tracks in Jamaica, and I mainly mix outside Jamaica—sometimes I mix in England or in the US. And a little overdubbing—synthesizer, or piano or acoustic guitar, you know, we don't have all these instruments in Jamaica—we're really kind of limited where instruments are concerned, but we're gonna get that together and get everything we need down there."

Just before Jimmy left to get rested up for the show he talked about reggae and what's to come in the future. "Like the blues, it's something that grew out of a community, it's part of a people and so its natural that those people that know it do it better than anybody else. Other people gonna come in after a while and learn it and add another dimension to it. Hendrix came and took the blues to another dimension. So I think other people will be able to play reggae music, outside of Jamaicans, but I don't see them doin' it that well. Maybe in another two or three years somebody will come on the scene and take it to another dimension, but right now there's nobody there—and the roots are still there."

Jimmy Cliff may be the person to find that new dimension. As for now, he continues—along with Bob Marley & the Wailers and Toots & the Maytals—to spearhead the reggae invasion of North America, and his show is definitely not to be missed.



The Mighty Sparrow

continued from page 11

the European and Canadian cities, and now those of America, and another evolution took place.

The West Indians who had deserted their native culture because it was not in line with their new, advanced way of life, saw a brand new interpretation of their own cultural heritage unfolded before their eyes. It was there on their huge color-TV screens, on their new electronic radios and in their elegant concert halls, and the more prosperous West Indians, along with those factory workers who had discarded theirs to embrace the homogenized ways of their co-workers and neighbours, eagerly came forward to claim the now-attractive culture which was rightfully theirs. A new awareness was born within the hearts of many West Indians living in these modern cities, so far away from home. Their cultural heritage was reinvigorated, and they were ready to get in on it as soon as they could.

When the Mighty Sparrow, from Trinidad, made his first appearance at Olympia Stadium in Detroit a few years ago, this marked the first appearance of any West Indian entertainer in Detroit, and hundreds of West Indians came out in support of the "calypso king of the world." Along with his music and songs, he brought with him something to which natives living here could relate and be proud. He brought their culture back to them.

One of the many islands which have given West Indians so much of which to be proud is

the Island of Jamaica. The biggest and perhaps the most advanced of the Caribbean nations, Jamaica flooded the Western World with its new brand of music, a slow and steady syncopated beat called the "Reggae," a word meaning "natural" in the Jamaican dialect. This new beat attracted the attention of many top international entertainers, and soon the Jamaican reggae hits were appearing on top charts around the world. Ironically, Jamaicans were given little or no credit for this new sound, as entertainers like American soul singer Johnny Nash, Britain's Beatles and Eric Clapton made much success by recording material written by Jamaicans. And West Indians in America went back into oblivion. False alarm. They could not relate to something brought about by non-West Indians. They did not need an alien medium for their own culture.

Europe, the first foreign country to recognize West Indian musical artistry, could not help but make big names out of West Indian entertainers. A number of major recording companies shifted their West Indian bases to the metropolitan cities of many European countries, and top West Indian performers were featured, claiming raving reviews all over the continent. One of these many superstars was a popular Jamaican singer-musician named Jimmy Cliff. He had rocked the entire Caribbean with his early hits such as "Miss Jamaica," "Lion Say," and a very moving ballad called "Hard Road To Travel," which was later recorded by several international entertainers. He became the first West Indian to make the top charts in the U.S. His song "Wonderful World" was to be the beginning of something big for other West Indian entertainers. Cliff's record was preceded by a hit from another Jamaican great, Desmond Dekkar, with "Poor Me Israelite," but before West Indians could get used to hearing their own voices on the American airwaves, they were replaced by the Elton Johns, the Paul Simons and the Herbie Manns, all doing Reggae. And once again West Indians became just a mere cell in the American bloodstream.

Although West Indians were not getting their records played on the American stations, a few major cities were getting their share of live West Indian entertainment. Top groups were making

frequent appearances in cities like New York, Washington and Chicago. Over in Canada, they were hosting groups in Montreal and Toronto. They were bringing with them the real grass-roots sounds of the Islands. Bob Marley, Za-pow, Toots and the Maytals, Byron Lee, Chosen Few, Fabulous Five, The Mighty Sparrow, the Merry-men, Calypso Rose and many others all performed before full, sold-out audiences. People in these areas were getting a first-hand experience of the "caribbean soul," while others in the Midwest regions were literally ignored. Understandably, West Indians in these areas, not being able to share in this resurrection of the Caribbean culture, again faded into the background.

When Jamaican superstar Bob Marley was scheduled to appear at the Detroit Showcase Theatre, the four-day advance notice was not enough to convince the West Indian communities that they were at last being treated to something of their own, and that resulted in a five per-cent West Indian support of the show. Even the local West Indian Radio did not learn about it in time. Days after the show, the station was flooded with calls of people wanting to know when Bob Marley and the Wailers were appearing. They had missed the opportunity to come out and participate and claim the attention that was now focused in their direction. Only this time they did not go back into obscurity. When the news went out that the festival champions of Jamaica, "Toots and the Maytals," were coming to Detroit, the West Indians were ready.

The Heatwave Express, a top Caribbean group operating out of Detroit, procured a billing on the show with the Maytals. West Indian Radio worked closely with the promoters and relayed the news to West Indians, not only in Detroit, but as far away as Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago, Pontiac and Windsor (Canada). West Indians were again coming out to acclaim their heroes. They had missed Bob Marley, but they were now even more enthusiastic, because Toots and the Maytals was the group they had given five out of a possible thirteen awards for the top festival group. They had won more times than any other group.



Bob Marley

As fate would have it, the show was cancelled. Toots was hospitalized. Many were disappointed, but a certain momentum had gathered with the scheduled appearances of these top entertainers so that the demand went out for more West Indian entertainment, and various West Indian groups and organizations took up the slack. Cabaret halls and auditoriums began to feature West Indian entertainment. The West Indians came out, and came out swinging.

Unfortunately, the appearance of Toots & the Maytals last weekend, opening for The Who at the massive Pontiac Stadium, again denied local Jamaicans and other West Indians a chance to celebrate their own culture even though it was present in the area. The prohibitive price, distance, and setting kept the Jamaican group's many Midwestern fans from their native land out in the cold, but at the same time the introduction of the band to a large audience of non-West Indians may have helped secure future local bookings for Toots and other Caribbean superstars. This would make them available in a more intimate setting where their country-men and women would feel more at home with their music.

In the meantime, while a happy and long-awaited new wave of activity on the West Indian front begins to gather and crest here in Detroit, Caribbean people and other lovers of West Indian culture can keep up with what's happening through *West Indian Radio*, a twice-weekly broadcast of music, news, and other information concerning the people of the Islands. West

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# Jazz '75

At Masonic Auditorium, Nov. 23

"Jazz '75" was like WJZZ-FM transmitted into the realm of light and color. 3-D radio, jazzy to the bone. At Masonic Auditorium, where you needed an oxygen mask to go home in the same state of mind that you arrived. The evening was wrapped in smoke.

Warm-up acts aren't designed to kill anybody, but Roy Ayers was a little too kind to the audience. His was a gentle set of ditties with a few welcome moments of soul and grime. "The Detroit Growl," which asked the audience to roar at certain points in the song, got the spark across with the help of Calvin Brown's searing guitar work. Roy did stretch out on his vibes during "Life Is but a Moment," over a soaring vocal by Chiccas, who sings nearly half of his program.

Marlena Shaw followed and had her intimate approach gobble up by cavernous Masonic. She opens her tunes with stories and small bits of advice about handling men and such stuff. I'm sure this is getting over to the first ten rows, but loses its presence further back. She was backed solidly by a quintet which featured Detroit's Earl Klugh on guitar. "Looking Through the Eyes of Love" opened up some ears, as Marlena reached into her chops and started to wail a little bit.

George Benson arrived to take care of some very urgent business. That man can play! He began with his well-known version of Jefferson Airplane's "White Rabbit," in a minor mode with a Latin feel and totally in orbit. Ronnie Foster was featured on various keyboards in his own composition "Heartless," where he showed some of the talent to be found on his Blue Note album, "Cheshire Cat." Benson was thoroughly bad and played some very spirited music.

But the people were really waiting for Grover Washington Jr. and he did no less than crucify them. The curtain went up and without a beat the first notes of "Mister Magic" hit the air. Spontaneous applause and warmth as Grover's band had the same force and tightness that they achieve on wax with former Ann Arborite Bob James producing. His tenor playing was mercilessly soulful and backed by a Gibraltar-like rhythm section that includes Tyrone Brown on bass and Grover's brother Darrell playing drums. James Simmons found room for some funky keyboard work on "Black Frost," another very familiar Washington tune. All in all, an evening that cooked in a well-worn, though exciting, groove. —David Weiss

# Detroit Blues Club Revue

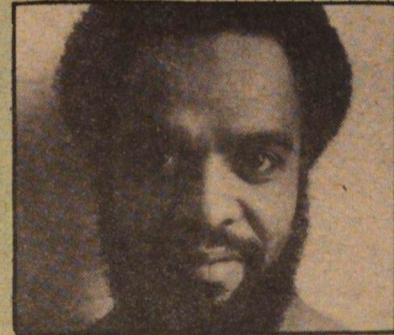
At Ethel's Cocktail Lounge, Nov. 20

Featuring Bobo Jenkins, Charlene Newkirt, Jesse Williams, L.C. Nelson, Little Junior Cannady, Chicago Pete, and Little Mack Collins.

The Thursday night blues sessions held at Ben's Hi-Chaparral since the Afro-American Festival last summer have been moved over to the even more perfect blues showplace, Ethel's Cocktail Lounge on Mack just east of Grand Blvd., where Bobo Jenkins and the Detroit Blues Club kicked off the new series with a stellar Thanksgiving night show.

Working principals with Bobo's excellent new band — Chicago Pete, bass, and Henry Knott, drums — a succession of Motor City Blues favorites contributed to a long set of continuous (and continually interesting) music, starting with Bobo's Mississippi-boned guitar and vocals on "She Wants to Sell My Monkey" and "Shake 'Em On Down." Charlene Newkirt did the evening's first version of "Stormy Monday" before Bobo joined her for a reprise of "Shake 'Em On Down," with the hard-dancing L.B. -Nets responding vigorously to the musical command from the bandstand.

Harmonica bower Jesse Williams stepped up for a hot "Hoochie Coochie Man" and a smoking harp feature, followed by singer L.C. Nelson and his band, the Blind Jesters, for another try at "Stormy Monday" and a segue to the Roosevelt Sykes number, "Driving Wheel." Chicago Pete and Henry Knott returned to back up the exciting Little Junior Cannady, a popular guitarist/vocalist who continues to improve and



Grover Washington Jr.



Little Junior Cannady

PHOTO: BARBARA WEINBERG

# Muhai Richard Abrams

Things To Come From Those Now Gone (Delmark)

When Muhai Richard Abrams was awarded a resounding first in last year's Downbeat Critics' Poll as the Pianist Most Deserving of Wider Recognition, a lot of people may have wondered who the hell he was. The answer is surprisingly simple. The Chicago Daily News has said it best: "Muhai Richard Abrams is Chicago's current resident genius in the world of improvised music."

The past year has been a rewarding one for Abrams and for the organization which he was instrumental in founding, the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians (AACM). This is the AACM's tenth anniversary year, and even in the far reaches of the world those initials have come to stand for the unique form of musical expression and interaction associated with Abrams and those who work with him. Immensely gifted both as an artist and an organizer, Abrams has a special knack of inspiring those around him to their best performances.

Things to Come From Those Now Gone is perhaps Abrams' most accessible album to date. Then again, the number of LP releases by artists who have worked under Abrams' aegis has increased dramatically over the last couple of years. It's not unknown for an album by Anthony Braxton or the Art Ensemble to be advertised in Billboard or Rolling Stone. Abrams himself has never set out to be cryptic or iconoclastic. More than many people realize, his career has always been closely tied to the main stream of Black music. He worked for years with artists like Gene Ammons, Dexter Gordon, Clark Terry, Art Farmer, and blues singer Ruth Brown. More recently, he has worked and recorded with Eddie Harris' group.

In 1961, amid all this kind of work, Abrams founded a group called The Experimental Band, not as a break from the past, but as a challenge to himself and his own musical development. The next step was the official organization of the AACM, which was not intended as a particular performing group, but as an association of creative artists who, instead of fighting each other for a share of the limelight, worked in a collective fashion to support and encourage each member's creative growth. As it enters its second decade of life, the AACM is probably one of the most successful and long lived artists' collectives in this country.

Of the musicians performing with Abrams on Things To Come, most are AACM veterans. Steve McCall is a founding member of the AACM and has performed and recorded widely both here and abroad. Wallace McMillan has been a member of Abrams' regular group for many years and is one of the outstanding reed artists in the AACM. Rufus Reid and Wilbur

Campbell are veterans of the Chicago bop and hard bop eras. Reid has performed widely with Eddie Harris, and Campbell goes back to the days when artists like Lester Young and Charlie Parker would come to town looking for a rhythm section.

Muhai Richard Abrams is a unique person, and Things To Come From Those Now Gone, at once a tribute to his roots and a highly personal vision, stands as perhaps his most fully realized recorded work. Then again, his last LP, *Young at Heart, Wise in Time*, received a 5-star Downbeat review, but who's counting? —Steve Tomashofsky

# Frank Zappa/Captain Beefheart

Frank Zappa/Captain Beefheart/The Mothers, *Bongo Fury* (DiscReet)

Zappa's last few albums have highlighted his admittedly stunning abilities as a gonzo composer: snickering and sweeping lyrics, farflung melodies, and a unique showmanship. The result is ultimately disappointing for those who believe that the Mothers reached their acme with *Uncle Meat*, a free-form jazz extravaganza peppered with dense humor. *Bongo Fury*, recorded at the same time as the recent *One Size Fits All*, is a more interesting album on many levels, but still nowhere near the creative madness reached on the earlier albums. The old Mothers were a reed-and-brass-centered ensemble, the recent Mothers are a straight-out, if slightly warped, rock & roll band.

Beefheart has suffered by comparison lately also. His two Mercury albums have been pale, dull experiences in middle-of-the-road blues. But on *Bongo Fury*, the old team of Zappa & Van Vliet works well, and Side One is the best work Beefheart has done since *The Spotlight Kid*. Either Zappa is becoming adept at writing Beefheartesque lyrics, or the symbiotic relationship that was first shown on "Wilby the Pimp" has finally reached full fruition. Beefheart is killer on "Debra Kadabra" and "Poofter's Froth Wyoming Plans Ahead." Zappa's guitar work, always tasty, has taken full form here, and his vocals are quite effective, especially on the stand-out "Carolina Hard-Core Ecstasy." If *Bongo Fury* will not please those who revel in *Hot Rats*, it is still a strong and energized extension of the credo of that work — "Let's smear ourselves with Miracle Whip and boogie till the cows come home." —Paul Grant

In the 75-year history of the Afro-American improvisatory music known as "jazz" there have been no more than a few instrumentalists, composers, arrangers and bandleaders who have contributed a body of music comparable to that created by the pre-eminent bassist, composer and bandleader Charles Mingus.

Since the passing of Duke Ellington last year at the age of 75, Mingus remains as the single most likely candidate for Duke's position as the central living figure in jazz — the person who embodies in his music the highest achievements of the tradition, the fire and ferment of the present, and the bright promise of the future of the form.

Mingus, now 53, has released a succession of brilliant jazz recordings over the past 25 years on a mind-boggling variety of record labels, including his own Debut, Jazz Workshop, and Charles Mingus Records — for Mingus has long been a leader in the self-determination music movement as well. Some of his most stunning works include *The Black Saint and the Sinner Lady* and *Mingus Mingus Mingus Mingus Mingus*



Charles Mingus

(Impulse Records); *Tijuana Moods* (RCA); *Newport Rebels*, *Mingus Presents Mingus*, and *Mingus (Candid/Barnaby)*; *Mingus Ah Um*, *Mingus Dynasty*, and *Let My Children Hear Music* (Columbia); *Town Hall Concert*, *Wonderland*, and *Money Jungle* (with Duke Ellington), for United Artists; *Pre-Bird* (Mingus Revisited), for Mercury; *East Coasting* (Bethlehem); *Mingus at Town Hall*, *Mingus at Monterey* and other Debut and CMR reissues on Fantasy; and a series of incredible recordings for Atlantic Records in the fifties and early sixties which included *Pithecanthropus Erectus*, *The Clown*, *Blues & Roots*, *Oh Yeah*, and *Tonight at Noon*.

Almost inactive during the latter sixties and the early 70's, Mingus returned to his performing and recording career with a vengeance in 1972-73, first with Columbia Records and then (as now) with Atlantic, which has recently released a two-record set of current Mingusiana under the titles *Changes One* and *Changes Two*. Featuring the great bandleader's current working unit — George Adams (tenor saxophone), Jack Walrath (trumpet), Don Pullen (piano), and Dannie Richmond (drums) — and a bouquet of Mingus compositions both old ("Orange Was the Color of Her Dress") and new ("Remember Rockefeller at Attica," "Free Cell Block F,

"Tis Nazi USA," "Devil Blues," "Duke Ellington's Sound of Love," and "Sue's Changes"), the *Changes* sessions are the most interesting, exciting, and memorable Mingus recordings in ten years.

The main reason for their success, quite simply, is their basis in the tightness and experience of the group, which is finally beginning to jell into yet another supreme Mingus band, fully capable of following the master's relentless imagination as well as his explicit musical direction. Pullen and Adams are fast developing into major voices on their respective instruments (and please, tell me how badly we need a "major voice" on tenor saxophone these days); Richmond is the percussive genius he's always been with the Ming; trumpeter Walrath (like Marcus Belgrave, Mingus's favorite hornman, a Ray Charles Band alumna) plays exceptionally well both open and muted; and Mingus himself is on top of his form as a master bassist once more, leading the band with his unstoppable pulse and his thorough grasp of just where and what he wants to do with the music to drive his musicians into fits of creative frenzy.

I won't go into the compositions or the improvisations here, since I would like you to acquire these records and experience them for

# PERFORMANCE



PHOTO: LEO SINCLEAR

# The Four Tops

At the 20 Grand, Nov. 28

Motor City favorite sons of the Four Tops graced their old stomping grounds with a special five-day stand at the spacious 20 Grand over the Thanksgiving holidays, bringing out hundreds of old friends and fans alike for a look and a listen at the fastidious foursome at the very top of their current form. Although two of the Tops displayed disconcerting signs of hoarseness and the material left quite a bit to be desired in spots, still and all the occasion was a thoroughly happy one for everyone concerned.

The late show Friday night, upon which this review is based, opened with an unconvincing set by the Tops' young female proteges, a group of three singers called All Directions (not to be confused with the fine local band of the same name, now featured at J.J.'s Lounge). The first musical high-point of the evening came with a brief instrumental interlude by the crack backing band assembled by Dr. Beans Bowles and featuring the good Doctor on flute, tenor tenor saxophonist Norris Patterson, alto master Teddy Harris, and baritone saxophone giant Ernie Rodgers. Their two tasty warm-up numbers more than made up for the excesses of the All Directions and provided a perfect entrance for the tantalizing Tops, who pranced onstage to the first of their recent hits for ABC Records, the popular "Are You Man Enough?"

Quickly working their way through "Ain't No Woman Like the One I Got," "Still Waters Run Deep"

(with the tastiest of organ fills by resident master Earl Van Dyke), "Keeper of the Castle," and a painfully forced "We Gotta Stick Together," the veteran quartet amply demonstrated the absolute superiority of their earlier Holland-Dozier-Holland material with a rousing rendition of "Baby I Need Your Lovin'" for which they were joined — much to their and the crowd's delight — by the irreplaceable David Ruffin. Levi Stubbs then indulged himself in a solo treatment of the horrid 60's standard, "MacArthur Park" before the group roared to a finish with the Count Basie-Joe Williams evergreen "All Right, OK, You Win" and the classic "I Can't Help Myself," another HDH-period masterpiece, which once again revealed the slightness and the emotional paucity of the Tops' ABC material.

The Tops are back in town for a Christmas show at Olympia Stadium, but no arena can provide the kicks afforded by the intimacy and charm of a setting like the 20 Grand. The quality of the experience is a whole different thing, and a very exciting, extremely pleasurable thing at that. One can only hope that the Tops and other expatriate performers from the Motor City can find it in their hearts to treat their former fellow citizens to such riches more often — because we need them now, more than ever before.

—John Sinclair

# Shoo-Bee-Doo

And the Principles of Utility / At Sonny Wilson's Celebrity Room, Nov. 28

Those of you who missed the Mahavishnu Orchestra/Jan Hammer concert at Masonic Temple November 28th could have caught a mouthful immediately following the show at Sonny Wilson's Celebrity Room (downtown Detroit at Griswold and State), where the pits were on till a quarter to three.

The "Shoo Bee Doo Show" was in full flight, with multi-saxophonist/composer David "Magnanimous" McMurray on flutes and Afro-horn, "Sir" Rod Williams, piano, percussionist Ali Mora on drums, and Prof. Doo Bee on the Shoo Bee Bass with lots of vocal gestures and all that jazz. The fellas had just left "The 7th Heaven" — a Sir Rod original, concluding the second act of "Topless Jazz-a-Go-Go," as Mr. Doo puts it. ("This used to be the Blue Note," recalls Shoo Bee Doo Bee.)

The show was so hot until smokers lit cigarettes from the band stand's ass. Many wanted to call a fire truck when Los Angeles pianist Stu Goldberg, in town for the Mahavishnu date, together with Detroit's own virtuoso contra-bassist Raiphe Armstrong (Goldberg's stablemate in the MahaOrchestra) and one of the leading pianists of the newly dubbed "fusion music," Mr. Jan Hammer, strolled onto the set. All-time favorite composer/saxophonist Allen Barnes, a popular

Detroit now residing in Washington, D.C., whose smash single composition "Summer Love" propelled Donald Byrd's Blackbyrds to the top of the charts, had already started a fire with his horn when the other three unexpected jazz celebrities entered Sunnie's Celebrity Room. By then Shoo Bee had everything but pained his bass, gripping, gripping and grunting a medley of original compositions down the widely open mouths of the startled audience ("Reminiscent of some shit I heard," someone had said), and his newly-released composition, "Doo Da Days," romped and stomped.

Following a warm welcome to the downtown nitespot, the unexpected Motor City guests were immediately acknowledged and thunderously applauded down front to the now-burning bandstand. With Raiphe Armstrong's strong arm strumming the bass out front, stating a very musically "So What," the band ploughed their way through the steaming room until way beyond closing, leaving a mangled mess of music makers and takers in their wake. And as big Charlie Red always said, "Where there's smoke, there's fire."

The Bee Doo and his band can be heard by themselves and with other of their friends at Sunnie Wilson's every Friday and Saturday night from now on. An ace will get you in, but it might take a fire truck to get you out.

—Bimbo Bevins



Shoo-Bee-Doo



Peter Wolf

One wishes there were something happy to say about the opening act, former Spooky Tooth-er Gary Wright and his three-keyboard, no-guitar band, but this reporter could find nothing of interest in his set except the positive reception he was given by the crowd. Wright looked like TV and sounded like an FM rock station, with the disadvantage that there was no way to turn him off until he deigned to leave the stage. Ah, but that Peter Wolf and his crew — mmmmm, mmmmm, mmmmm! Now that is rock and roll, dear readers, and well worth waiting for. If there was just some way to get those goddamn seats off the main floor, ...

—John Sinclair



# Charles Mingus

Changes One; Changes Two (Atlantic Records)

yourselves; but I will say that the longer works ("Sue's Changes," "Duke Ellington's Sound of Love," and "Orange") are as adventurous and as thrilling as any of his small-group pieces, excepting only the Eric Dolphy-Ted Curson band of 1960-61. And the shorter works, some of which may even be heard on WJZZ these days, are veritable gems of creative writing and playing.

I strongly urge anyone interested in moving improvisational music played by master musicians to pick up on these *Changes* by Charles Mingus and his band — and I also suggest that you follow this organization as it develops over the next two years or so, for it has the potential of surpassing almost anything Mingus has come up with yet. Now if some smart club-owner would just bring them back into town... but until that happens, there are these two records here for you to play with, and they will bring you a whole load of delights. Good listening!

—John Sinclair



George Adams

I strongly urge anyone interested in moving improvisational music played by master musicians to pick up on these *Changes* by Charles Mingus and his band — and I also suggest that you follow this organization as it develops over the next two years or so, for it has the potential of surpassing almost anything Mingus has come up with yet. Now if some smart club-owner would just bring them back into town... but until that happens, there are these two records here for you to play with, and they will bring you a whole load of delights. Good listening!

# B.B. King/Freddie King/Muddy Waters

B.B. King, *Lucille Talks Back* (ABC); Freddie King, *Larger Than Life* (SRO/Atlantic); Muddy Waters, *The Woodstock Album* (Chess/GRT)

The past ten years have seen scores of pale young British guitarists and singers rake in millions of dollars from record sales and personal appearances, performing their souped-up versions of a musical form created and perfected by a scattered group of relatively obscure black American musicians based in Detroit, Chicago, Memphis, New Orleans, Houston and Los Angeles.

These hard-working, hard-travelling, hard-living blues masters had been born and raised in the rural south and migrated to the black ghettos of the industrial centers as part of the general movement of black people into the nation's cities during and after World War II. Amplifying their guitars, voices and harmonicas in order to be heard in the urban bars and nightclubs which offered them the chance to make a living playing music, and adding the standard jazz rhythm section of piano, bass and drums to be able to move with the energy of the cities, musicians such as Elmore James, B.B. King, John Lee Hooker, Bobby "Blue" Bland, Muddy Waters, Little Walter, Howlin' Wolf, Guitar Slim and Freddie King — among many others too numerous to mention here — began in the early 1950's to develop the blues-band music so beloved by, and so profitable for, a whole generation of white British and American kids in the sixties and seventies.

Now, fifteen and twenty and twenty-five years later, those original rhythm & blues creators who are still alive are still struggling to achieve the level of recognition and remuneration which seems to be the natural right of a young white kid with a guitar and a good manager. What's more, these Original Masters continue to create moving urban blues in the classic tradition yet as up-to-date as anything you can hear. The emotional power of the form has been informed by 1975 instrumental and recording technology and the continually expanding intelligence and perceptiveness of the players moving through the world, so that the music not only sounds as good as it did in the 50's but also feels better than most of everything else coming out today.

The recent releases by B.B. King, Muddy Waters and Freddie King, enumerated at the beginning of this review, provide easily-accessible evidence in support of that claim. Each of the three also brings the artist closer to his natural working form, with B.B. going so far as to produce his own set with his own road band — a musically rewarding strategy which has long been out of favor with major-label blues producers.

When the J. Geils Band hits Detroit it's like rock and roll never went away. The Motor City is a second home for the Beantown bombers — they recorded their live album ("Full House") over on the east side, after all — and whatever they might do anywhere else, in concert or in the recording studio, these cats have their stuff together when they roll into Cobo Hall.

One of the few white bands as interesting as their audience, the Geils gang banged out favorite after favorite from their extensive urban-blues repertoire to wave after wave of energy and adulation from the near-capacity crowd. "Southside Shuffle," "Stop! Wait a Minute," "Gonna Find Me a New Love," "I Musta Got Lost," "Lookin' for a Love" (the pitiful male-chauvinist national anthem), the incredible "Whammer Jammer" (featuring Magic Dick on the Mississippi saxophone), "Ain't Nothin' But a House Party," and a string of others were broken up by the band's cherished Motown numbers: Junior Walker's "Shoot Your Shot" (Magic Dick's harmonica to the fore again), the Conturs' incantant "First I Look at the Pulse," and their own Motor City Rock and Roll Classic, "Detroit Breakdown."

Naturally nothing could shake the long thirst of the crowd for something hot to move to but more and more of the same — thus the four smoking encores, beginning with "Truck Drivin' Man" and finally ending, half an hour later, with the Jamaican-flavored "Give It To Me" and the stomping, roaring, joyous cries for still more of that magic stuff. J. Geils, Peter Wolf, Magic Dick, Steven Bladd, Seth Justman & Co. bopped off-stage at last as hip as they'd come on, and if everyone in the place didn't go home happy, it was sure as hell their own fault — J. Geils just plain did it to death.

One wishes there were something happy to say about the opening act, former Spooky Tooth-er Gary Wright and his three-keyboard, no-guitar band, but this reporter could find nothing of interest in his set except the positive reception he was given by the crowd. Wright looked like TV and sounded like an FM rock station, with the disadvantage that there was no way to turn him off until he deigned to leave the stage. Ah, but that Peter Wolf and his crew — mmmmm, mmmmm, mmmmm! Now that is rock and roll, dear readers, and well worth waiting for. If there was just some way to get those goddamn seats off the main floor, ...

—John Sinclair

# RECORDS



SUN, if you would, and we'll start adding on the pages as soon as they start calling us up. And if you don't like it at all, please read something else, won't you? Thanks just the same...

**AROUND TOWN:** Guitarist **Grant Green** and his group relieve the **Lyman Woodard Organization** at the **Pretzel Bowl** (Woodward north of Davison) thru Dec. 24th... **All Directions** remains at **J.J.'s Lounge** Fris and Sats, \$1.00 cover, contrary to our report last time. Sorry! **All Directions** is also hosting the **Sunday afternoon jam sessions** which started last week at the **Savoy Room**, in the basement of the **Shelby Hotel** (downtown at First & Lafayette). The sets go from 3:00 p.m. until the musicians split, drinks are served, the cover is \$2.00 (a buck for musicians with instruments), and it's an **Alexis Production**... **Chuck Lowman**, proprietor of the lovely **Lowman's Westside Club** (Livernois north of Ewald Circle), has done some more remodeling inside the joint, enlarging the **Regency Room** and raising the floor in the rear for higher visibility. **Kim Weston**, the Westside's talent coordinator and m.c., made her first appearance as a singer in 2½ years last week, joining **Brook Benton** and the incredible **Jimmy Wilkins Orchestra** as a featured performer thru this weekend (Dec. 14). **Kim** was well supported in performance by **Ronnie McNeir** and the **Instant Groove Band**, but this week she'll be out in front of the **Wilkins** band with **Brook**. The **Originals** are next, over the holiday, and **Eddie Jefferson**, **Roy Brooks**, and the **Artistic Truth** will be in after that... And look here, **Capt. Cliff**, I told you I would put your name in here, so here it is... **Charles Earland** has been in at **Watts' Club** **Mozambique**, on the **Fenkell Strip**, with **Stevie Wonder** dropping in one Sunday to help out at a benefit for black blind children in Detroit organized by **Cornelius Watts** and associates. **Laura Lee** will be back at **Watts'** for the holidays... In **Abraham's Bosom**, a play by **Paul Green**, is playing at the **Detroit Repertory Theatre** on **Woodrow Wilson** near **Davison** Fri-Sat-Sundays thru January. Please call for details, and don't forget **Ron Milner's Season's Reasons**, plus **Val Benson's Little Red**, finishing their run at the **Langston Hughes Theatre** this month. **Little Red**, according to co-star **Kim Weston** (that woman gets around!), hopes to move its Sat-Sun matinees over to **Lowman's** after the holidays, but to see **Milner's** play again you'll probably have to go to the **Fisher** in a few months, if you're lucky... Prominent local guitarists **Ron English** and **Paul Boulliet** played an acoustic set at the **Cass-Forest First Unitarian Church** Dec. 8th as part of the "Community Musicians Play for Community People" program there. Sounds good, huh? Call the church for details... Singer/songwriter **Lori Jacobs** will visit



continued from page 12

town for a one-woman show at **Ford Auditorium** Dec. 20... **Rufus** and **Billy Preston** at **Masonic** Dec. 14 (a **Bamboo Production**)... **Chuck Mitchell** (**Joni's** ex-) at the **Raven Gallery** Dec. 16-21, followed by **Josh White Jr.**, who'll stay through **New Year's**; **Steve Martin** later in January, with **Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee** back again after that... The mighty **Count Basie** and his **Orchestra** will hallucinate themselves in **Allen Park**, Sunday, December 21, at the **Allen Park Municipal Aud.** on **Southfield** south of I-94; for ticket info call the **A.P. Recreation Center** at 928-9192... The **Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Band**, with **Highland Park's** own **Pepper Adams**, **NY studio legends** **Al Porcino** and **Jerry Dodgion**, and a host of young stars as well, rolled into the **Clarenceville** (**Livonia**) **H.S. auditorium** last Sunday (7th) for a gorgeous concert, produced by the indefatigable **Midge Ellis** and her crew... We said last time that **Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes** would visit **Henry's Lounge** for **Thanksgiving**, but word has it that the group officially broke up—after 15 years or more!—shortly before they were alleged to be coming to town. And with their new LP and single, "Wake Up Everybody," just hitting the streets—a sad affair... Meanwhile, the **Four Tops** celebrated their 21st anniversary together last week as they prepare for their Christmas concert at **Olympia Stadium**. Highest regards, gentlemen

**TREETOWN TREATS:** Heard that the great saxophonist **Rusty Bryant**, one of the giants of the **Organ-Tenor Belt of America**, was at **Ann Arbor's Ramada Inn** last week, playing to very sparse crowds. With **Richard "Groove" Holmes** and his organ band in there now, people should start paying attention or they'll miss some funky stuff... And speaking of that funky stuff, **Ann Arbor's own Radio King** and his **Court of Rhythm**, fresh from their current home in **Boston**, will bring it back home for the **High Holidays** with an appearance at **Chances Are** New Year's Eve. Don't miss them... Also at **Chances Are** this month: **Sky King** ("Secret Sauce") thru the 13th, **Mojo Boogie Band** (now rumored to be helmed by former **Commander Cody/New Riders** of the **Purple Sage** manager **Joe Kerr**) (Dec. 16),

**Lightnin'** (17-20), and a flood of others... Speaking of floods, **Mr. Flood's Party** and the **Blind Pig** are getting too hot to handle—check out their schedule in the calendar, the goodies are too numerous to mention!... the **Ark Coffeehouse** (1421 Hill) is hosting a benefit for the **Summit Street Clinic** Dec. 13-14 with the **Skunk's Misery String Band** and the **Aging Children**. Proceeds go to buy toys for kids who won't get anything for Xmas otherwise. For info call the **Ark** at 761-1451... **Trotter House**, the black students' center on **Washtenaw Ave.**, has been hoppin' lately, hosting an after-party for **Gil Scott-Heron** following his **Ann Arbor** appearance at the **Michigan Theatre** last Friday. The outstanding **Detroit-based jazz ensembles** **Griot Galaxy** (Dec. 13) and **Shoo-Bee-Do's Principles of Utility** (Dec. 14) are there this weekend, and the **Trotter House Choir** will back up poetess **Nikki Giovanni** at the **Power Center** in **AA** Dec. 16th for an evening of "Poems & Conversations." Call 763-2071 for more information... Finally, congratulations and highest regards to **Paul Katona** and **Ron Brooks** and their associates at the **Ann Arbor Creative Music Center**, which held its grand opening November 30th at 336½ **South State**. Call 994-0800 any day between 10:00 a.m. and 3:00 p.m. for details on their program of study...

**FINE ARTS:** The **Pittsburgh Ballet** performing the "Nutcracker Suite" at the **Music Hall**, through Dec. 14th, followed by **Maurice Bejart's Ballet of the XXth Century**, a Belgian dance company which is the subject of a 20-page feature in the current issue of **Dance Magazine** (Dec. 19-20-21)... The **Detroit Chamber Ensemble** presents **J.S. Bach's "Musical Offering"** at **WSU's Community Arts Auditorium** Dec. 21st at 8:30 p.m.... The **Harbinger Dance Company** can be seen in **Ebenezer Is a Geezer**, "a 20th Century Christmas Carol," in the **Detroit Youtheatre** series at the **Detroit Institute of Arts Auditorium**, selected dates between Dec. 18th and Dec. 28th. Call 832-2730 for performance information; tickets are only \$1.75... And the **Cranbrook Academy of Art Museum** is featuring its bi-annual "Graduate Degree Shows" from the 12th thru the 20th, at 500 **Lone Pine Rd.** in the **Cranbrook complex** between **Woodward** and **Telegraph Rds.** Sixteen graduating artists in design, painting, fiber, ceramics, sculpture, photography and print-making will be exhibiting their degree work to their faculty and the public. Also, the "Knoll/Herman Miller: The Development of Modern Furniture" show continues to run in the same building, and the **Lyman Woodard Organization** will appear there January 4th for the fourth concert in the **Detroit's Jazz Today** series produced by **Bud Spangler**. See you there...

## CARIBBEANS IN THE MOTOR CITY

continued from page 15

Indian Radio can be heard every Thursday at 12 noon over **WIID-AM** (1090), and every Tuesday night at 11:30 p.m. on **WDET-FM** (101.9). It is the main source of information on West Indian activities in **Detroit**, its suburbs, **Pontiac**, and **Windsor**, and if the past few months are any indication, there will be only more and more news from now on.

*Horatio Bennett, a native of Jamaica, has spent the past several years in the Detroit area. Organizer, leader and lead singer for the locally-based West Indian band, Heat-wave Express, Horatio Bennett also hosts the West Indian Radio programs heard on WIID-AM and WDET-FM. He will continue to report on activities in the Caribbean community for The Sun.*

Ooops... We goofed...

*We wish to apologize to our readers for 2 dreadful mistakes made in our last issue (Vol. 3, No. 22). First, in the interview with the Isley Brothers the photo of Marvin Isley was incorrectly labeled Chris Jasper, and the one of Chris was labeled Marvin Isley. Secondly, the record reviews of The Who and Little Feat should have been attributed to Paul Grant. Sorry about that, folks...*

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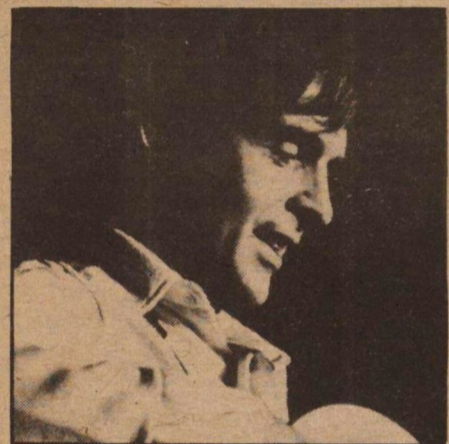
# CALENDAR

Club listings, especially the smaller establishments, are subject to change. Call ahead for confirmation. Please send all music listings to: The SUN, Box 7217, North End Station, Detroit, MI 48202.

## THE MUSIC SCENE

### Detroit & Suburbs

**Backyard Lounge**, Ford Rd. at Middlebelt, 522-5660: Van Coot, no cover.  
**Baker's Keyboard Lounge**, 20510 Livernois, 864-1200: Dec. 9-14, Clifford Jordan Quartet, \$3.50; Dec. 16-21, Chet Baker Quartet, \$3.50.  
**Ben's Hi-Chapparral**, 6683 Gratiot, 923-0601; Thurs. is Blues Night, \$2.50; other nights, disco, no cover.  
**Bob 'n Robs**, 28167 John R, Madison Heights, 541-9213: Lenore Paxton (jazz keyboard) sings alone Mon. and Tues., with band Wed.-Sat., no cover.  
**Bobbie's English Pub**, 30100 Telegraph, Birmingham, 642-3700: Wed.-Sat., Matt Michaels Jazz Trio with Ursula Walker, Mon. and Tues. Amy Jackson sings. No cover.



Chuck Mitchell at the Raven Gallery, Dec. 9-21.

**Bonfire Bar-B-Q**, 20070 W. 8 Mile (west of Evergreen), 355-0077: Mon.-Sat., after hours jazz, 2-4 am, no cover.  
**Cobb's Corner**, corner of Cass and Willis, 832-7223: Mon., The Bob McDonald Group; Tues., amateur night jam session; Wed., jazz night; Thurs., Lords.  
**Dirty Helen's**, 1703 Cass, 962-2300: Two shows nightly, 10:30 and 12:30; Masterpiece, \$2.00.  
**Emerald Lounge**, corner of Chene and Palmer, 925-1265: Dec. 10-14, The Floaters, \$3.00.  
**Ethel's Cocktail Lounge**, E. Mack, east of Grand Blvd., 922-9443: Please call for information. Albert King is coming.  
**Filling Station Lounge**, 15435 W. 7 Mile Rd., 838-8466: Mon.-Tues., Phil Esser & Charlie Latimer, \$1.00; Wed., The Friends Road Show \$2.00; Thurs.-Sun., Paddlefoot, \$1.00. Thurs. and Sun., no cover.  
**Gino's Falcon Showbar**, 19901 Van Dyke at Outer Dr., 893-0190: Katzenjammer, Wed., Fri., Sat., \$1.00, Thurs. and Sun., no cover.  
**Golden Coach**, 30450 Van Dyke, Warren, 573-7850: Dec. 9-14, Bobby Rydell, \$6.00; Dec. 16-21, Jackie Gayle, \$5.00; New Years Eve, Surfside Six, \$55/couple, includes drinks, dinner, dancing, show and breakfast. Coming in Jan., The Platters, \$6.00.  
**Inn Between**, 3270 W. Huron, Waterford, 682-5690: Dec. 10-13 and 18-24, Travis, \$1.50; Dec. 14-17, Mike Brush; Dec. 25-28, Dan Schaeffer Group, \$1.50.  
**Jazz West**, 8418 Fenkell, 864-0240: Disco with Rod Sherman.  
**J.C.'s Rock Saloon**, 1405 Gratiot (bet. 6 & 7 Mile Rd.) 526-3445: Dec. 10-12, Ice; Dec. 13-15, Elf Stone; Dec. 16-18, Ice; Dec. 19-23, Elf Stone; Dec. 26-28, Ice. Sun.-Thurs., \$5.00, Fri.-Sat., men-\$1.00, women-free.  
**J.J.'s Lounge** (inside the Shelby Hotel), Lafayette at First, 963-3186: Fri. and Sat., 9:00 pm, All Directions.

**King's Row Showcase Lounge**, W. Chicago at Meyers, 834-1260: Call for information.  
**Leone's Lounge & Arcade**, 2179 Fort Park St., (3 blks. south of Southfield), Lincoln Park, 382-9725: Dec. 9-13, Chumley; Dec. 16-20, Curtis Hyslash; Dec. 23-Jan. 3, The Werks. Fri. and Sat., \$1.00.  
**Lowman's Westside Club**, 14355 Livernois at Ewald, 933-5346: Dec. 4-14, Kim Weston and Brook Benton, \$5.00.  
**Murphy's Cocktail Lounge**, 7419 Puritan, 864-8340: Disco with Arthur Baby, \$1.00.  
**Pretzel Bowl Saloon**, 13922 Woodward, Highland Park, 865-6040: Dec. 10-24, Grant Green, \$4.00.  
**Raven Gallery**, 29101 Greenfield, Southfield, 557-2622: Dec. 9-21, Chuck Mitchell, \$3.00; Dec. 23-28, Josh White Jr.  
**Red Carpet**, 16427 E. Warren at Outer Dr., 885-0570: Dec. 10-21, Express, \$1.00; every Mon. and Tues., Parade.  
**Rock House**, 25621 Ecorse Rd. (bet. Beech-Daly & Telegraph), 292-6838: Iris, no cover.  
**Studio Lounge**, 6921 Wayne Rd., Westland, 729-2540: Harvest, \$1.50.  
**24K**, Telegraph south of 6 Mile, KE1-2332: Dec. 10-14, Brainstorm; Dec. 17-21, Swiss Movement, \$1.00.  
**Trio**, Northwestern Hwy. at 12 Mile, Southfield, 358-1860: The Strutters Ball, no cover.  
**Watts Club Mozambique**, Fenkell at Northlawn, 864-0240: Jazz—call for information.

### E. Lansing

**Lizard's**, 224 Abbott Rd., (517) 351-2285: Dec. 9-10, Silvertones, \$5.00; Dec. 11-14, Bryan Lee Blues Band, Thur. & Sun., \$7.50, Fri. & Sat., \$1.00.  
**Silver Dollar Saloon**, 3411 E. Michigan Ave., (517) 351-2451: Dec. 18, Rush.

### Ann Arbor

**The Ark Coffeehouse**, 1421 Hill St.: Dec. 13-14, A Benefit for the Summit Street Clinic (for x-mas toys for children) featuring Skunk's Misery String Band and Aging Children. Music starts 9 pm, Free coffee, tea & refreshments. 761-1451.  
**Bimbo's A2**, 114 E. Washington: Every Wed. & Thurs. Grievous Angels (hot country) 9 pm—no cover; Every Fri. & Sat. The Gaslighters (ragtime) \$5.00 after 8 pm. 665-3231.  
**Blind Pig**, 208 S. First: Dec. 10, Jack Orion (jazz); Dec. 11, Rabbits; Dec. 12-13 & Dec. 17, John Nicholas & Friends with piano man Dave Maxwell (blues & r&b); Dec. 15 & 22, Blue Mondays with Boogie Woogie Red; Dec. 16, Shoo Bee Doo & the Principles of Utility (jazz); Dec. 18, Melodioso (Latin jazz); Dec. 19-20, Aldebaran (jazz); Dec. 23, Silvertones (r&b); Dec. 24—No Music, open til 6 pm. Closed until Dec. 31 at 9 pm—New Year's Eve Party w/Koko Taylor & her Chicago Band—cover \$3.50.  
**Chances Are**, 516 E. Liberty: Dec. 9-13, Sky King; Dec. 14, Masquerade (r&r); Dec. 15, After Hours; Dec. 16, Mojo Boogie Band; Dec. 17-20, Lightnin'; Dec. 21, All In Love; Dec. 22, Headwind; Dec. 23 & 26-7, Whiz Kids—closed Dec. 24-25; Dec. 28, Masquerade; Dec. 31, New Year's Eve Party with Radio King & His Court of Rhythm.  
**Del Rio**, 122 W. Washington: Guitarist Corey Sea 12-1:30 pm every Monday lunch; live jazz at 4 pm on Sundays, free. 761-2530.  
**Dooley's**, 310 Maynard: Sundays 8-11 pm Rus Trombley; Mondays 9-12 pm Steven Sofferin. No cover. 994-6500.  
**Golden Falcon**, 314 Fourth Ave: Every Fri. & Sat. night Street Fiction (funk, jazz-rock, r&b); Every Wed. & Sun. night 00 Soul; Every Mon. & Tues. night Jack Orion (jazz)

**Mr. Flood's Party**, 120 W. Liberty: Dec. 10 & 17, All Directions (jazz); Dec. 11 & 18, Mike Smith & His Country Volunteers; Dec. 12-13, Melodioso (Latin jazz); Dec. 14, 21 & 28, Grievous Angels (hot country); Dec. 15, 22 & 29; Acoustic folk, blues & country; Dec. 19-20, Stoneycreek; Closed 8 pm—24th till 26th; Dec. 26-27 & 31st, Jawbone. 994-9824.



New Year's Eve with Koko Taylor and her Chicago Band at the Blind Pig.

**Heidleberg**, 215 N. Main: Every Fri. & Sat. night Mustard's Retreat (folk & original blues) 663-7758

**Hill Lounge**, U.S. 23 & N. Territorial Rd.: Dec. 11-13, Mojo Boogie Band; Dec. 19-20, The Silvertones; Dec. 26-27, John Nicholas & Friends.

**Loma Linda**, 990 Broadway: Mon.-Fri. 5:30-8:30 pm, JB & Company; Fri. & Sat. 9-1 & Sun. 9:30-1:30, Mixed Bag; various live jazz groups every Sunday, 5:30-8:30 pm. No cover. 663-0562.

**Pretzel Bell**, 120 E. Liberty: RFD Boys (bluegrass) every Thursday-Saturday. 761-1470.  
**Rubaiyat**, 102 First: Barr None (swing & dance music) every Friday & Saturday 9:30-2. 663-2401.

**Trotter House**, 1443 Washtenaw: "Cram Jams" Dec. 13, Faruk and the Griot Galaxy 10 pm-3 am, \$1.25; Dec. 14, Shoo Bee Doo and the Utilitarians 10 pm-3 am, \$1.25. 763-4692.  
**Win Schuler's**, Plymouth Rd.: Every Mon. & Tues. 8-12 pm Mustard's Retreat (folk & original blues).

### Ypsilanti

**Bimbo's**, 327 E. Michigan Ave.: Dec. 11-13, 21-22 & 29-31, Mugsy; Dec. 18-20, Zooster; Dec. 26-28, Salem Witchcraft. Closed Dec. 23-25. Music starts at 9 pm. 482-7130.

**Huron Hotel & Lounge**, 124 Pearl St.: Live entertainment Thurs. & Sat. nights, Disco dancing every night. 483-1771.

**The Suds Factory**, 737 N. Huron: Disco music—Carry out beer, pizza & subs. 485-0240.

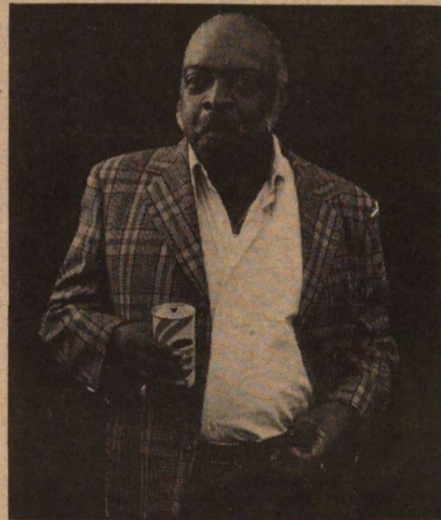
**T.C.'s Speakeasy**, 207 W. Washington: Sundays & Tuesdays Tuesday; Wed. & Thurs., Ty Cool; Fri. & Sat. Ty Cool & Mark Hurst. Music starts 9:30 pm. 483-4470.

**The Underground**, 2655 Washtenaw: Dennis Vernier Trio (tight top 40) nightly. 434-3130.

## CONCERTS

### DETROIT

**Dec. 12:** The Kinks at the Michigan Palace, call box office for ticket information.  
**Dec. 13:** Edgar Winter and Rick Derringer at Cobo Hall, 8:00 pm, tickets \$7.50, 6.50.  
**Dec. 14:** Rufus and Billy Preston at Masonic, call box office for ticket info.



Count Basie swings in Allen Park, Dec. 21.

**Dec. 21:** Count Basie and His Orchestra at the Allen Park Municipal Auditorium, 8:00 pm, \$4.00, 928-9192.  
**Dec. 25:** The Four Tops at Olympia Stadium, \$6.50, \$5.50.  
**Dec. 29:** Ted Nugent and Rush at Cobo, 8:00 pm, tickets \$6.00, 5.00, 4.00.



Obie Benson & Duke Fakir of the Four Tops Dec. 25 at Olympia.

## EVENTS

### DETROIT

**Dec. 9-14:** "Nutcracker Suite" danced by the Pittsburgh Ballet Theater, Tues., Wed., Thurs., & Sun. eves.: 7:30 pm; Fri. & Sat. eves.: 8:30 pm; Sat. & Sun. mats.: 2:00 pm.  
**Dec. 19-20:** Maurice Bejart's XXth Century Ballet, Fri. 8:30 pm, Sat. 2:00 & 8:30 pm.  
**Dec. 19:** Hall Party, Knights of Columbus Hall, 24801 Joy Blvd. off Gratiot in Mt. Clemens. \$5.00 gate charge, all the beer you can drink free. Music by Brataxis and Felix. 7 pm-2 am.  
**Dec. 19-20-21:** The 5th Annual Shaw College Basketball Classic, W.S.U. gym, Fri. & Sat. at 4:00 pm, with final Championship play off Sun. at 2:00 pm. For more info., 873-7920.  
**Dec. 23:** "An Old Fashioned Christmas," Ollie's Children's Workshop, 2:00 pm and 6:30 pm.  
**Dec. 6-23:** "Detroit Christmas Carnival," a free holiday extravaganza for the whole family, at Cobo Hall, 9:00 am—9:00 pm daily.

### ANN ARBOR

**Dec. 10-16:** Andree Valley Pottery Studio Show & Sale. Monday-Saturday, 1-4 pm. 2855 Gross Rd., A2. (Functional & Sculptural porcelain. 313-971-1622 for directions.  
**Dec. 7-23:** Ann Arbor Art Association Member-Craft Show, Handweavers Guild & Children's Corner. Special feature "The Children's World". 117 W. Liberty.  
**Dec. 12:** Sculpture Lecture—Demonstration—John Pappas. 8 pm at Ann Arbor Art Assoc., 117 W. Liberty.  
**Dec. 14:** Ann Arbor Civic Ballets Annual Christmas Party; presenting the Premiere of The Tin Soldier. Performances: 1 pm—Children \$1, Adults \$2.50, 5 pm—All tickets \$2.50 at Power Center for the Performing Arts. 665-9655 or 662-2486 for special group rates. Tickets by mail to: Ann Arbor Civic Ballet, 2070 Delaware Drive, Ann Arbor, MI. 48103.

**Dec. 16:** Nikki Giovanni & the Trotter House Choir—Poems & Conversations. 8 pm in Power Center. Tickets \$2, \$3.50 available at UAC Ticket Office, lobby of Michigan Union (Noon-5:30 pm). More info. 763-2071. Presented by Trotter House, U of M International Women's Year & UAC.  
**Washtenaw County Parks & Recreation Commission's Cross-Country Ski Program.** Instruction sessions at Fuller Park, A2 Dec. 10, 16 & 17, Jan. 20-21, Feb. 3-4. Sessions include equipment at the site plus 1½ hour lesson. \$2.00 registration fee covers instruction costs. Must register in advance. Forms can be obtained by mail or in person from the WCPARC office, 2355 W. Stadium Blvd.

### YPSILANTI

**Dec. 11:** "Title IX and Athletics for Women" discussion by Carole Huston, acting assistant athletic director at EMU—Noon in Guild Hall of McKenny Union, EMU campus.



The Nutcracker Suite at the Music Hall.



# CHANCES ARE

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# CALENDAR

## MOVIES

### DETROIT

Detroit Film Theatre, Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward Ave., 832-2730; 7:00 & 9:00 pm, Adm. \$2.00. Dec. 12, "Days and Nights In The Forest" (India-1970-Satyajit Ray); Dec. 13, "Monsieur Verdoux" (U.S.A.-1947-Charles Chaplin); Dec. 19, "Lacombe, Lucien" (France-1974-Louis Malle); Dec. 20, "Tokyo Story" (Japan-1953-Yasujiro Ozu). Cass City Cinema, First Unitarian Church, S.W. corner of Cass & Forest (red door on Forest) 8:00 & 10:00 pm, adm. \$1.50. Dec. 12-13, "Get To Know Your Rabbit" (Brian De Palma); Dec. 19-20, "Flash Gordon in Purple Death from Outer Space" (1940-Ford Beebe, Ray Taylor).

### ANN ARBOR

Ann Arbor Film Coop, Aud. A—Angell Hall, U of M, 769-7787: Dec. 10, "Sisters" (Brian DePalma, 1973) & "Greaser's Palace" (Robert Downey, 1972); Dec. 11, "Enter the Dragon" (the finest Bruce Lee epic, 1974); Dec. 16, "Reefer Madness" (Leo Gasnier, 1933) with "The Mystery of the Leaping Fish" (John Emerson, 1916) starring Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., as detective

Coke Ennyday; Dec. 17, "King of Hearts" (Philippe deBroca, 1967); Dec. 18, "The Last Movie" (Dennis Hopper, 1971). Cinema II, Aud. A, Angell Hall, U of M, 764-1817: Dec. 12, "The Harder They Fall" (Marc Robson, 1956); Dec. 13, Children's Film Feature "Peter Rabbit & the Tales of Beatrix Potter" (3 pm only); Dec. 13, "State of the Union" (Frank Capra, 1948); Dec. 14, "Best Years of Our Lives" (William Wyler, 1946); Dec. 19, "Palm Beach Story" (Preston Sturgis, 1942); Dec. 20, "What Price, Hollywood?" (George Cukor, 1932) & "Born Yesterday" (George Cukor, 1950); Dec. 21, "Marty" (Delbert Mann, 1955). Cinema Guild, Old Architecture Aud., U of M, 662-8871: Dec. 11, "David Copperfield" (George Cukor, 1935); Dec. 12, "The 39 Steps" (Alfred Hitchcock, 1935); Dec. 13, "Hollywood Cartoon Extravaganza" some of the best work from Max Fleischer & the Warner Bros. studio; Dec. 14, "Seance on a Wet Afternoon" (Brian Forbes, 1964). Matrix Theatre, 605 E. William, 994-0627: Dec. 11-14 "Harold & Maude" (Hal Ashby); Dec. 12-13, Matrix Mania presents "Skidoo" (w/Groucho Marx, Jackie Gleason & Mickey Rooney) Plus "Bambi Meets Godzilla" & "Nixon's Old Glory Speech"—Live jazz with Synergy; Dec. 15-17, Roman Polanski's "MacBeth"; Dec. 18-21, "Jesus Christ Superstar"; Dec. 22-28, "Young Frankenstein." UAC/Mediatrics, Natural Science Aud., U of M, 763-1107: Dec. 12-13, "Alice in Wonderland". UAC/Shakespeare, Natural Science Aud., U of M, 763-1107: Dec. 15, Roman Polanski's "MacBeth". Women's Studies Film Series, Modern Languages Bldg., Lect. Rm. 1, U of M, 9 pm: Dec. 11—The Arts: "Antonia" & "Woo Who May Wilson?"

### YPSILANTI

Center of Educational Resources (CER) Film Series, Room 213 Pray-Harold, EMU, 7 pm: Dec. 11, Potpourri: "Musical Pig," "Dot & the Line," "Five Minute Thrill," "Permutations," "Very Nice, Very Nice," "American Time Capsule," "Hailstones & Halibut Bones" & "The Magician." Mud Cinema, Strong Auditorium, EMU, 487-3044: Dec. 10-13, "Harry & Tonto", Dec. 13-14, "Groundstar Conspiracy" (EMU staff, students & faculty only)



Richard Nixon stars in Old Glory, at the Matrix, Dec. 12-13.

# Matrix

## Harold & Maude

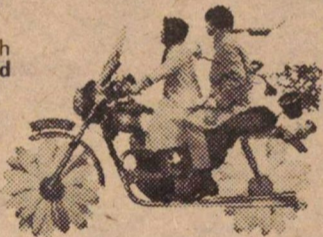
Thurs-Sun Dec. 11-14

Hal Ashby's classic film about love and life, starring Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort. How many times have you seen Harold & Maude?

## Matrix Mania

Fri & Sat Midnight Dec. 12 & 13

Live Jazz with SYNERGY—plus—Groucho Marx, Jackie Gleason, and Mickey Rooney as dope-smoker-acid-droppers in SKIDOO. Matrix Mania returns from vacation in January with Divine in PINK FLAMINGOS.



## Macbeth

Mon-Wed Dec. 15-17

Roman Polanski's version of the Shakespeare classic and the Manson-Tate murders. Exciting! Colorful! Original! Daring! With John Finch, Francesca Annis, and Martin Shaw.

## Jesus Christ Superstar

Thurs-Sun Dec. 18-21

The rock-opera film about Christ's last week, his betrayal and crucifixion, as seen through the eyes of Judas. Starring Ted Neeley, Carl Anderson and Yvonne Elleman.

## Young Frankenstein

Mon-Sun Dec. 22-28

Gene Wilder as Mad Freddy Frankenstein in Mel (Blazing Saddles) Brooks's comic masterpiece. Also starring Peter Boyle and Madeline Kahn.



## The Towering Inferno

Mon-Sun Dec. 29-Jan. 4

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# CALENDAR

## THEATRE

### DETROIT

**Langston Hughes Theatre**, 13125 Livernois (nr. Davison) 935-9425. Ron Milner's "Season's Reasons," Thurs.-Sun., 8:00 pm, \$6.00 and \$4.00. Val Benson's "Little Red" starring Kim Weston and introducing Lisa Stone, Sat. & Sun., 2:00 pm, \$4.00 adults, \$2.00 children.

**Student Center, Mercy College**, 8200 W. Outer Dr. at Southfield, 531-6131; **Dinner Theatre of Detroit Presents "Personals"** Thurs.-Sun., dinner at 7:00 pm, showtime at 8:30 pm.

**Fisher Theatre**, Grand Blvd. at Second, 873-4400; "Absurd Person Singular".

**Meadowbrook Theatre**, Oakland University, Rochester, 377-3300. "Arms And The Man," Tues.-Fri., 8:30 pm, Sat. 6:00 and 9:30 pm, Sun. 6:30 pm.

**The Theatre**, Marygrove Campus, 3425 W. McNichols, 341-1838. "Charley's Aunt," Dec. 12 & 13 at 8:30 pm, Dec. 14 at 2 & 7:30 pm, \$3.50.

**Detroit Repertory Theatre**, 13103 Woodrow Wilson, 868-1347. "In Abraham's Bosom," by Paul Green, Thurs.-Sat. at 8:30 pm, Suns. at 7:30 pm; thru Jan., \$5-\$2.

**Hillberry Theatre**, Cass & Hancock, 577-2960. Dec. 10, 11, 13, "The Lady From Maxim's" at 8:30 pm; Dec. 11, 12, "Of Mice and Men," Thurs. at 2:30 pm, Fri. at 8:30 pm.

**Bonstelle Theatre**, 3424 Woodward nr. Mack, 577-2960. Dec. 12-14, "George M!," Fri. & Sat. at 8:30 pm, Sun. at 2:30 pm.



Kim Weston in Little Red, at the Langston Hughes Theatre.

\$3.00, gen. adm., \$1 students. All seats reserved. PTP ticket office—764-0450.

**Ann Arbor Civic Theatre** presents (the Neil) Simon Comedy w/music by Burt Bacharach "Promises, Promises", Dec. 17-21 in Mendelssohn Theatre. Tickets \$3.50—Wed., Thurs. & Sun.; \$4.50—Fri. & Sat. 8 pm Wed.-Sat.; 7 pm Sun. More info. 662-7282.

**Ann Arbor Inn Dinner Theatre** presents "The Looking Glass" musical reflections on current events. Thurs., Fri. & Sat. nights. Buffet dinner 6-8 pm—Show 8 pm. Thurs. \$10, Fri. & Sat. \$12. Special show Sat. night 11 pm—\$5 (includes light buffet). Reservations: 769-9500.

### ANN ARBOR

**Pioneer High Theatre Guild** presents Moliere's "The Miser"—Fri. Dec. 12, Dinner Theatre: Dinner in cafeteria 6:30 pm, play 8:00 pm; Sat. Dec. 13, 8 pm. Tickets \$1.00 at the door. Ann Arbor Pioneer High.

**U of M Gilbert & Sullivan Society** presents "The Pirates of Penzance" Dec. 10-13 at Mendelssohn Theatre. Showtimes & ticket info. call 763-1085.

**U of M Professional Theatre Program** presents "Broadway Spirit" an American Musical Theatre Revue. Sun. Dec. 14, 8:00 pm in Trueblood Theatre, Frieze Bldg., U of M campus. One performance only. Tickets

## TV

Everyday—"The Scene" Dance Party, 5:00 pm, Ch. 62.

Dec. 10: "Hometown Saturday Night", re-creation of the past at Nashville's Opryhouse. Unless you're pushing 80, chances are you've never heard anything like it. 6:30 pm, Ch. 56.

Dec. 10: "Special of the Week"—"Dionne Warwick" in concert. 10:00 pm, Ch. 56.



Chuck Berry on Rock Concert, Dec. 13.

Dec. 10: "John Denver's Rocky Mountain Christmas" with guests Valerie Harper, Olivia Newton-John and Steve Martin. 9:00 pm, Ch. 7.

Dec. 12: "Soundstage", Ch. 56. 9:00—Blood, Sweat & Tears 10:00—The Bee Gees and Yvonne Elliman 11:00—Three Dog Night

Dec. 12: "Midnight Special", 1:00 am, Ch. 4.

Dec. 13: "Rock Concert" with Chuck Berry, Ruby Star, Grey Ghost, and Johnny Rivers. 8:30 pm, Ch. 50.

Dec. 13: "The Lou Gordon Show" with Yuri Bourkin on 'Prostitutes and Crime in Soviet Russia'; also 'The Crime of the Century' and the Gillette 'take-it-off' girl. 10:00 pm, Ch. 50.

Dec. 14: "The Lou Gordon Show" with 'Have Women Changed?', Maribell Morgan, author of 'A Total Woman'.

Dec. 14: "The Mouse That Roared" (1959), comedy with Peter Sellers in a triple role. 4:00 pm, Ch. 4.

Dec. 18: "Eliza", true story of teenage girl who takes over a large plantation in South Carolina in 1740's, 6:30 pm, Ch. 56.

Dec. 18: "New Music", the Boston Art Ensemble, a jazz group, is featured. 8:30 pm, Ch. 56.

Dec. 19: "Midnight Special", 1:00 am, Ch. 4.

Dec. 21: "The Lou Gordon Show", 10:00 pm, Ch. 50.

Dec. 21: "Mrs. Warren's Profession" by Bernard Shaw, 2:00 pm, Ch. 56.

Dec. 26: "Midnight Special", 1:00 am, Ch. 4.

Dec. 26: Soundstage, "The World of John Hammond, Part 2," 10:00 pm, Ch. 56.

Dec. 27: "Profiles in Black", Gil Maddox talks with Susan Mills Peek, Detroit Police Commissioner, also singer Lola Falana, 7:00 pm, Ch. 4.

Dec. 27: "Elvira Madigan", true story of 19th Century Sweden, 10:00 pm, Ch. 56.

Dec. 27: "Rock Concert", 8:30 pm, Ch. 50.

Dec. 27: "The Lou Gordon Show", 10:00 pm, Ch. 50.

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# LETTERS

People of the *SUN*:

Please excuse my gross ignorance and overlook what may turn out to be occasional effusive gushings, but WOW! How have I known John Sinclair as long as I have without realizing he possessed such remarkable writing talents as exhibited in the November 19, 1975 issue of the *SUN*?

The article "Hyping Detroit," was perceptive, properly based in factual observations, incisive as hell and downright gutsy!

In it, John seems to almost implore the reader to come to grips with reality. It is my own confrontation with present-day reality which forces me to deplore the fact the *SUN* doesn't yet enjoy a readership the size of the two dailies in Detroit! What a long way the views and facts expressed by Sinclair will go toward turning the thinking around of a lot of people, had they the chance to read this piece.

I could go on and on. Really! But from one writer to another writer who apparently believes, as I do, that writers have a responsibility to be *righters* too, er, write on!

Jim Ingram  
WJLB Radio

Dear *SUN*:

I found your article on the Young Republicans in the Nov. 5 issue exceedingly specious and offensive.

You imply that conservatism is without validity; that without dances, etc. as a focal point it's adherents would abandon it. Well, I'm young (21) and Republican, and I believe what I believe not because of some potential social interaction or because it's fashionable among my peer group. Strange as it may seem to you, my personal political beliefs are based on

conclusions I have reached through observation of life, and what I think is right and/or wrong. While I usually disagree with the bulk of what the *SUN* says, I've never doubted your sincerity in your beliefs, or imputed some shady ulterior motive to your actions. I resent this when it's done to me.

The stinger of your article was a zippy little indictment of the young Repubs for their overall clean-cut appearance (does the presence or lack of a beard have some bearing on mental capacity?) and WASPishness (So I'm white. Does that make me inferior? I don't get it). Are we still, after all these years, judging people by their physical attributes? Come on, *SUN*.

Sadly, the subjectivity of the article shows that, whether consciously or not, you don't expect non-radicals to read your paper. It was designed to be read and enjoyed by those who agree with it anyway. This attitude is probably responsible in no small way for the stagnation of the Left.

In conclusion, I hope we can still be friends (even if at arms length). I'm one of "the people" too.

Kevin L. Hoover  
Mt. Clemens, Michigan

Dear *SUN* Readers:

The Control Unit of the Federal Prison in Marion, Illinois is the subject of a civil suit brought on by the inmates. There have been legal actions and strikes by the inmates against the Control Unit since it was started in 1972 but this is the first effort to dismantle the program entirely.

Besides asking for the abolition of the Control Unit the Marion Brothers are asking for \$75,000 in damages for each of the

seven inmates who first filed the suit a year ago. The trial ended in July and the decision is expected in about four months. It will be the first of its kind thus creating a legal precedent on the use of behavior modification in prisons.

Though the program is described by the administration as "rehabilitative" the inmates know that it is designed to surpress and brainwash the "troublemakers"—radicals, jailhouse lawyers, etc. The basic methods of treatment are intense isolation, sensory deprivation of individual inmates in segregation cells for long periods of time, as well as harrassment and physical abuse.

Although the trial is over the conditions creating the need for the trial have not diminished. Obviously, the administration intends to provoke resistance among the general population that will enable Warden Fenton to assert a necessity for maintaining the Control Unit. For this reason it is most urgent that you focus your attention on the cause of the Marion Brothers. The Marion Brothers are asking for support in these ways:

1. Write a letter protesting the inhumane conditions in Marion's Control Unit asking that the unit be closed down. Write to: Judge James Forman, U.S. District Court, 750 Missouri Ave., E. St. Louis, Illinois 62202; send copies to Norman Carlson, U.S. Bureau of Prisons, Washington, D.C. 20515, and to the Marion Brothers office (below).
  2. If you belong to a group or organization, publicize the case.
  3. Contribute money to help pay the enormous expenses needed to fight this campaign.
- Send contributions and requests for information to:

National Committee to Support Marion Brothers  
6199 Waterman  
St. Louis, Missouri 63112  
(313) 725-1082

Char Sawatzke  
Ann Arbor, Mi.

Dear *SUN*:

After having read your put-down of WABX, I feel I must respond. For one, if you've really bothered to listen to ABX recently you will hear they are now closer to their old, great format than they have ever been in the past few years. Their programming ranges from Led Zeppelin to Stanley Clarke. Sure there are improvements to be made, but by maliciously criticizing the station, the only result will be the loss of the great music it is playing now.

I thing ABX is a refreshing change from the bullshit programming of WDRQ, RIF and 4.

J. Fink  
Oak Park

*Editors Note: Factual Error: WABX does not play Stanley Clarke. In fact, and this was the whole point of our article, ABX has a conscious, articulated policy of not programming music by black people. Any station that refused to play Stevie Wonder is missing the boat.*

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## Is U of M Crying Wolf?

continued from page 3

In fact, the State's budget for all four-year college and university operations has grown much faster (73 per cent) than the U of M budget. The U of M has been losing part of its share of state funds to Michigan State, Eastern Michigan, Wayne, the U of M campuses at Dearborn and Flint, etc.

Although, as the University tightens up its operations, fewer professors are hired, and clerical and research support is reduced, the biggest losers are unquestionably the campus' 38,000 students. They have absorbed tuition increases averaging from 75 to 100 per cent over the past five years (with the exception of medicine, dentistry, and public health schools), until they are contributing almost a third of the University's budget. Through collective bargaining, University employees have managed to keep pace with inflation, and then some—but students, the largest unorganized group on campus, are now paying more for lower-quality educational services.

The roots of the U of M's incipient budget problems go deeper than the nation's current recession. Some observers trace them to the political backlash against students and faculty active in the antiwar movement of the late '60's. Prestigious liberal arts schools like the U of M were in the forefront, if only because of their size and visibility, much to the dismay of conservative voters and legislators.

The end of the Vietnam adventure, however, has brought with it no reconciliation. Nationally, university budget trends seem to be reflecting a deepening disenchantment with the whole idea of "liberal

education." Regional and community colleges stressing practical, job-oriented training and geared to local economies have experienced strong growth in budget and enrollment—during the same years that liberal arts schools have hit hard times. Economic recession has only strengthened students' concern for job security.

The largest part of any university's budget goes to pay salaries—not only to teachers and administrators, but to clerical workers, maintenance workers, researchers, and other supporting staff. Some \$128 million of the \$165 million general fund budget for U of M this year went to pay salaries and fringe benefits.

The employees who earn these salaries have, during the past five years, formed several new unions and strengthened existing ones. Growing white-collar union strength is likely to have a significant impact on the finances of schools like the U of M.

In October, the Board of Regents approved 1976-77 salary increases averaging 11 per cent, well above a year's cost of living increase. Such increases may even be seen as one of several causes for the "cut-backs"—if that is the right term to describe fewer jobs at higher pay levels.

Students and their parents, the real victims of these cutbacks, are having to pay a growing share of the cost of a U of M education. In return, they may also have to sacrifice what has traditionally been considered "quality education."

In a statement to the Board of Regents this September, Vice President for Academic Affairs Frank Rhodes recited a long list of reductions in faculty size; frequency and availability of courses; summer session programs; program enrollments;

and clerical and technical support—which affected almost all of the University's schools and colleges.

Hiring freezes and faculty reductions, according to Rhodes, can generally be expected to mean larger classes.

In 1973, U of M students attempted to fight back against steadily rising tuition—when Student Government President Lee Gill, a black ex-convict, organized a tuition strike (along with extending SGC services to the community, as well as the student body). Gill, a promising leader who might have elevated SGC beyond its legendary inefficiency and corruption, fell victim to a campaign of harassment led by the Michigan Free Press, which finally forced him to give up in dismay. The MFP, then called New Morning, never substantiated its account that Gill had misappropriated SGC funds.

Changes in the U of M budget are recommended by a semi-secret faculty-administration Committee on Budget Priorities and decided on by the executive officers and Regents. University spokespersons refuse to indicate where the deepest cuts are being made or to give concrete, comparable figures on budget changes for the various academic units.

The ostensible rationale for this secrecy is, oddly enough, "academic freedom." University officials apparently feel that the more the legislature knows about its academic priorities, the more that lawmakers will meddle with the University's autonomy. Many students and faculty, on the other hand, feel that these—and other important decisions—made behind closed doors by a handful of deans and Regents would benefit by more open discussion.

continued on page 26



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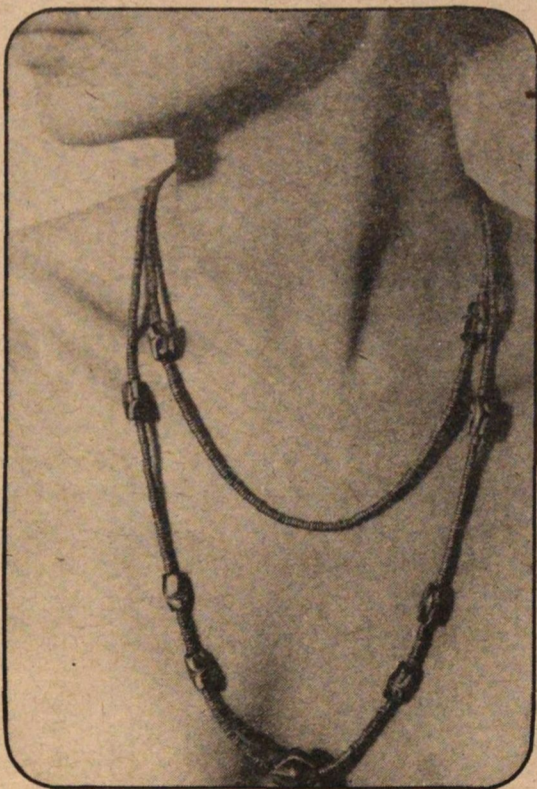


Photo by Hannah Kroll

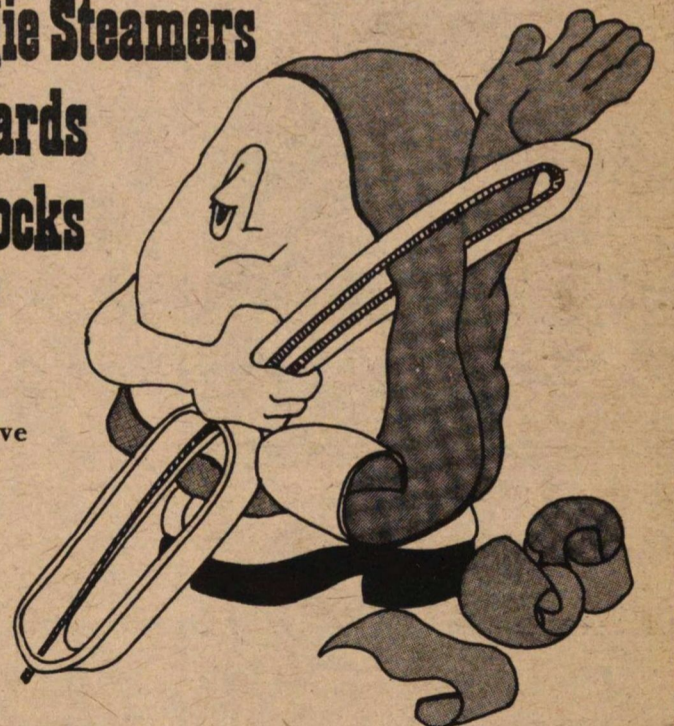
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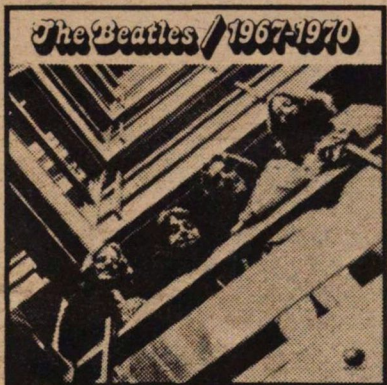
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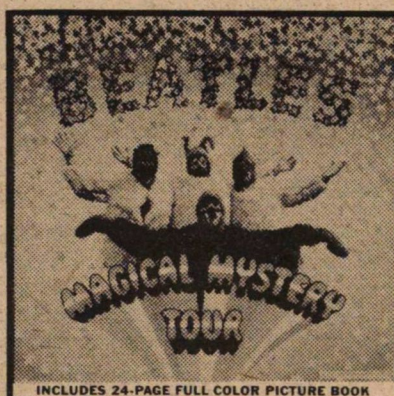
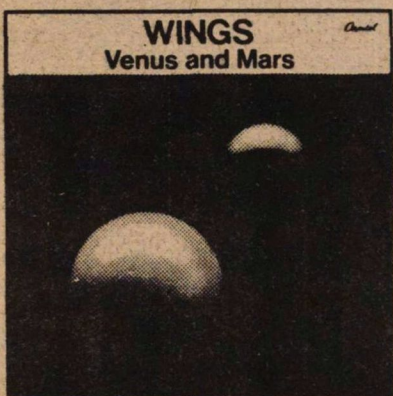


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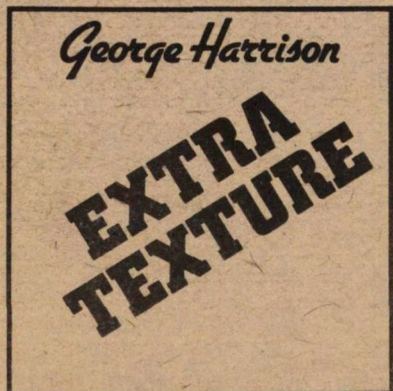


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# U of M

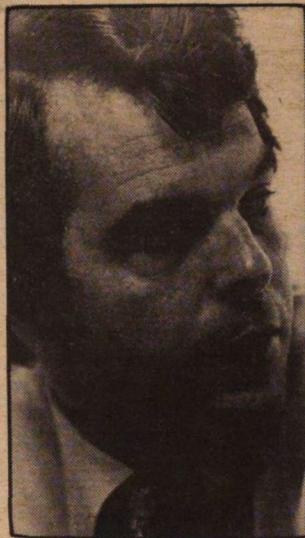
continued from page 24

Current speculation points to heavier cuts in the humanities and social sciences, specifically Rackham graduate school, the School of Social Work, and the School of Literature, Science and the Arts. Health Sciences (including the medical and dental schools) will probably come through unscathed.

Meanwhile, as course offerings are being reduced and class sizes increased in response to current economic conditions, other items in the University budget are likely to continue unchallenged—including such sacred cows as the football program and the University's golf course. Other "untouchable" items include the school's lobbying and public relations budgets and the over-maintenance of the physical plant.

Most U of M professors are paid to spend large portions of their time doing research, essentially on a topic of their own choosing and without guidance or priorities from the University. It's difficult to evaluate how much of this research may turn out to be esoteric or useless, since U of M refuses to break down its research budget by departments or projects.

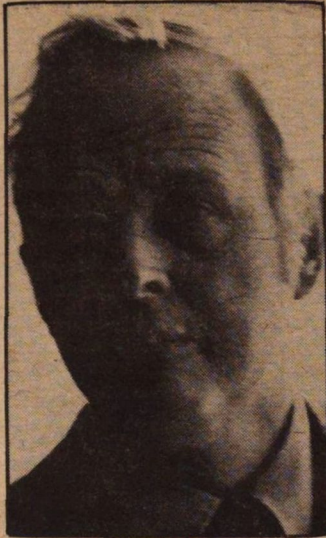
In some ways, the U of M is now paying the price for its past elitism. The reigning philosophy has been based on the premise of infinite growth. To maintain its "excellence," so the argument goes, the University must constantly improve. But "excellence" has come to be measured in numbers: more degrees, more published research, and more classes and programs. Despite their rhetoric about the "disinterested pursuit of knowledge" and the intangibility of "excellence," most faculty hold steadfastly to the belief that the better professor is the one who earns



George Edwards



Frank Rhodes



Yates Hafner

photo: Chuck MacDonald

photo: South End

a higher salary. The nation's top universities constantly try to outbid each other to attract research "superstars."

The U of M, a notorious degree mill, has been particularly devoted to the notion that the more Masters of This and Doctors of That turned out, the better. The result has been swollen ranks of over-educated and under-employed teachers—particularly from the Rackham grad school and the School of Education.

The effect of prolonged hiring freezes, attrition, and cutbacks in faculty positions is likely to be profound. Faculty openings are normally created and filled as senior professors retire or accept better positions at other schools, and younger, often more vigorously innovative professors replace them. When senior faculty have nowhere to go, the result may be stagnation. When senior-level positions remain unfilled, it becomes impossible for "giants in the field" to flock to Ann Arbor.

With the supply of young teachers

vastly exceeding the demand, many schools and departments find they can profitably offer them one-year jobs at bargain-basement salaries. Tenure becomes impossible to achieve, and many bright and dedicated young teachers are driven into "lower-prestige" schools—or out of the profession altogether.

The U of M has felt no real-dollar cuts in its overall budget, but it is nonetheless cutting down or cutting out many of the unique programs which have made it Michigan's showcase university. Somebody, it would seem, has walked off with the educational profits which formerly accrued to students here. That somebody may be the faculty and staff (some of whom, it must be noted, are students themselves); or the utility companies and fuel suppliers, who now take a hefty \$5.7 million slice of the general fund (up 133 per cent in six years). From another point of view, that somebody may be students in lower income brackets and in other, less prestigious schools around the state.

# WSU

continued from page 3

"Here at Wayne we're talking about the murder of an academic discipline," Albers says. "If the University can cut this program, they can cut any program. Who knows, there might not be a liberal arts school in the future. Wayne has a responsibility to provide an education for us—we've paid for it. Instead, we are the executioners for their decisions."

The problem for all 30,000-plus students is where the cuts should be made. Many students agree that the liberal arts and other undergraduate programs are playing second fiddle to the burgeoning graduate and professional programs. Wayne's Medical School, now the third largest doctor factory in the country, has by far the fattest budget, with some professors earning more than President Gullen—who makes \$57,000 annually.

Still other students ask why any budget cuts should be made, because Wayne has a long way to go to catch up with the budgets of Michigan State University and the University of Michigan.

The Wayne Board of Governors recognizes the disparity. At their November 14 meeting, the board ignored Gov. Milliken's directions to reduce spending and asked the state for an increased appropriation of \$16.7 million.

George Edwards, president of the board, holds the most resentment against the U of M. "Those bastards couldn't possibly have a budget crisis," he says. "The U of M is so fat, the school is on such an easy street, I don't think they've signed one unemployment check all this fiscal year. We've signed 330 of them. And every individual one hurts. The U of M is a WASP school where alumni send

continued on page 30

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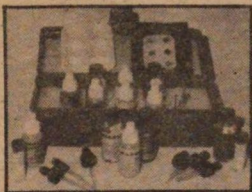
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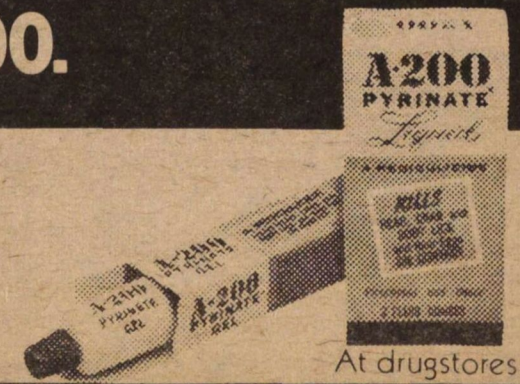
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# Coleman Young

continued from page 5

Detroit. We have to establish a relationship with SEMTA that will allow us to protect our interests, while at the same time not seek to dominate the organization. We've run into opposition from some suburbanites, many of whom have run from the city, who again, from that position beyond Eight Mile Road, want to literally rip off our bus system and control it. So that's a political consideration.

We need to consolidate and reaffirm our unity here at home. Once we do that, I think we're in a very good position to get the money we need from Washington that is now included in a pot at UMTA [Urban Mass Transportation Authority] on a first come first serve basis. As I understand it, there are four metropolitan areas with applications in right now to UMTA. Those include, outside of Detroit, Miami, Buffalo, and Cincinnati. Los Angeles is not together yet. But there's no question that the Detroit metropolitan area is as big as all three of them put together practically, and should very logically, based on its size and density, be the number one choice.

But we have UMTA drawing back from heavy rail systems because of the prohibitive and increasing costs. So of the two obstacles, one is our own seeming lack of unity here. In other words, to reach an agreement and then begin to argue among ourselves—now there's no question the feds would look upon any argument and reshaping of express buses vs. subways as an excuse to give us nothing.

Now there's some here who criticize my position by saying that what we ought to do is move in and immediately take federal monies for express buses, for some system of commuter rails and perhaps for a people mover, and then get the expressway or rapid rail money later. But that's a misrepresentation of the federal position. They're telling us "either/or." They say, "You take the money for express buses, for maybe a commuter rail, they probably would even give us a people mover, and postpone indefinitely your application for heavy rails—or give us an alternative study that will justify your request for heavy rail."

Now this is precisely where we've been for the past fifty years. When San Francisco was building BART [Bay Area Rapid Transit], we passed here in the city of Detroit, under the Cavanaugh administration, a rapid transportation system. But the arguments ensued, and while we argued, San Francisco built. While we argued, even Atlanta is planning and now has some money. Toronto is another example of how a rapid transportation system, heavy rail, combined with other factors of course, can literally transform a backwards city.

**SUN:** *What do you think four years in the Mayor's office is worth in the context of the long-range task of turning around the city of Detroit? How much time do you think that you would need in order to make substantial inroads on the city's problems?*

**COLEMAN:** Well, I think that you could begin the turnaround in four years. Obviously, you would need some continuation in that same direction if it's to be successful. I'd hate to put it in a time frame. I think that a city could be substantially and concretely turned around in a period of ten years. The basic beginnings should be done, of course, in the first four. But the danger there is that if there's a change in direction for any reason, then you start from scratch again.

The lead time is such, on any major project, that a major project that is planned today will come into fruition four and five years from now. For instance, we're talking about a rapid transportation system, assuming that we could overcome the two obstacles that I mentioned to you earlier, and we get the commitment from the federal government—we wouldn't possibly be able to get any commitment for any substantial money until, well, I set July 1 next year as the goal. And then you start engineering and planning. It'll be two or three years before there's any substantial construction under way, and probably 1980, or something like that, before the first lines can be drawn on Phase I. Overall, you're talking about 1990 before the whole project can be completed.

And so you have to think short range and long range. You have to do enough in the short range to set a direction and give people some hope, but recognize that no basic change will take place if you're not talking about ten, fifteen, or twenty years.

**SUN:** *Do you plan on running for another term?*

**COLEMAN:** Well, I haven't made any plans. At this time I would say that if the climate seems right, if conditions are right, if people seem to be receptive to my administration, I would run. Obviously, this ought to be done, but two years is a long time to look into the future in politics.

**SUN:** *Supposing you didn't run again, do you see the kind of political leadership on the horizon that could continue the thrust that you have initiated in your administration? How would you characterize that kind of leadership?*

**COLEMAN:** I'm a great believer that people's needs produce leaders—I don't follow the theory that history is a recounting of the deeds of great men. I



think great crises produce leaders—and that leaders will emerge from the type of situations. People are perfectly capable of choosing their own leadership. And generally speaking, I think that we have more and more young people today, people who are more and more militant, and who do not slink from radical change—which I feel is necessary. But I think that we have developed today a greater potential crop of young leadership than we've had at any time in the past. I don't think it'd be a disaster if something happened to me or about a hundred other guys I can think of. It'd be a disaster for me—but that's for history.

**SUN:** *There are perhaps more problems than many people realize in being not only the first black administration in the city of Detroit, but the first progressive one in quite a while. Your administration constitutes a definite break from the usual orderly succession from one to another. Since blacks have never been in a position to administer this city or fill these roles before, did you find it difficult to find people with the required skills to assume positions in City Hall?*

**COLEMAN:** No, in fact, I found precisely the opposite, because blacks and women—and I think you also know that there's a disproportionate number of women, as compared to the previous administration—because these groups have been so long denied opportunities, there's a greater backlog from which to draw. There was never any shortage of blacks with ability, there was just a shortage of blacks and women who were put in posi-

tions of responsibility. So I think that as a consequence, my administration would compare favorably with any of the recent past, in terms of its capabilities. I think that with very few exceptions, I have outstanding people in key spots, especially because I was not inhibited by a percentage. For instance, in police administration, they had five per cent of blacks in administrative positions—and, of course, that was a large amount—women even less, and so I had a big reservoir from which to draw, and I think I made some good choices. I think we have a very high quality administration. In fact, as we're developing, we'll be able to farm out some very expert people to other cities—and that's also one of our objectives. Most of my appointees are young—I'm by far the oldest person on the 11th floor. That's the way it ought to be. I make no apologies about the administration and its ability.

**SUN:** *It's very apparent at this point that there's a renaissance of night life in the city of Detroit. During your campaign, you talked about the need for a return of night life to the city. Why do you think that's coming about at this point in time, and what's the significance of it?*

**COLEMAN:** There are a number of indications of Detroiters beginning to have a greater confidence in themselves, of rejecting the negative image with which we've been saddled. You know, all this "Murder City" business. It has been demonstrated that if you give something downtown, like the ethnic festivals, that

continued on page 30

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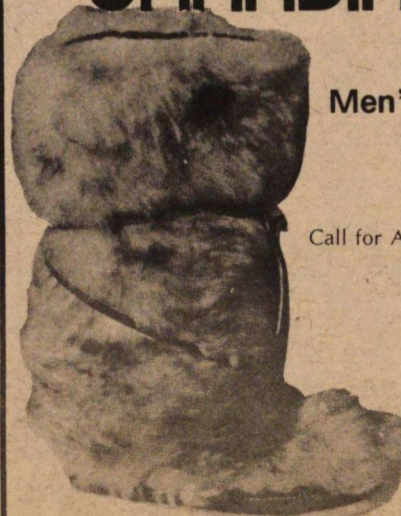
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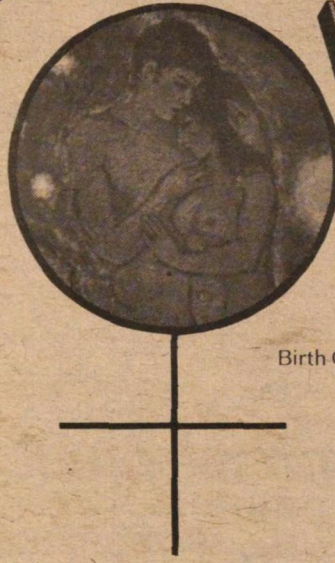




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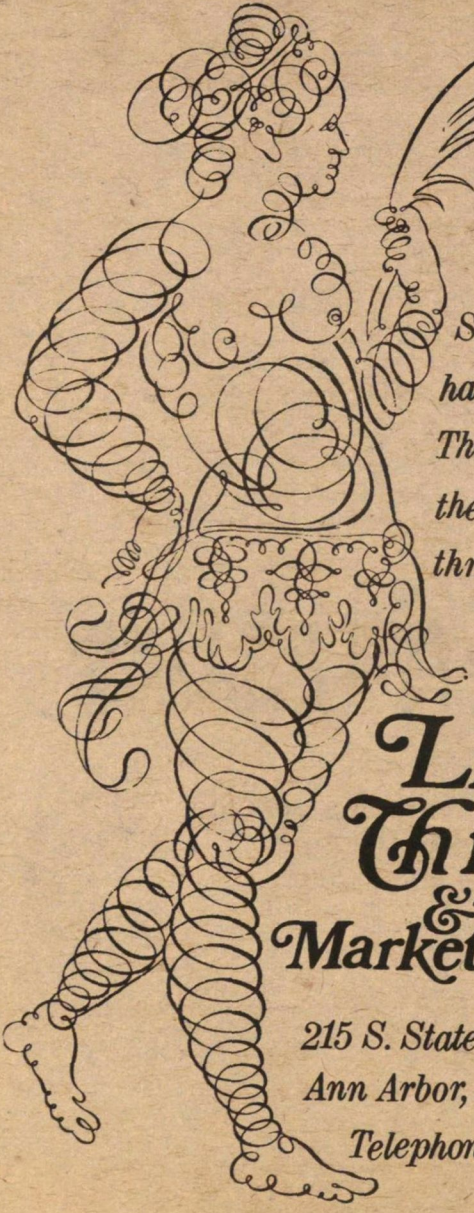
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**Coleman Young**  
*continued from page 29*

deserves support, people will come downtown. And more and more people are beginning to discover that if you offer a good product, whether it's entertainment, food, etc., that attracts people, you get helped by the fact that many people outside Detroit take a much more positive attitude towards Detroit than Detroiters themselves. Especially during the World Energy Conference, people around the world were literally amazed at the cleanliness of our streets and the safety, the warmth of our people. That begins to feed back.

So I think that what we really have is a visible change in people's perceptions of themselves, and a lot of it is psychological. Either you accept a self-defeatist or self-hate attitude, or you move forward with some kind of confidence. And I believe there has been a change in attitude. There's been some concrete basis, there always is; the fact that the Renaissance is moving forward, the fact that we have been able to reduce crime in spite of the fact that we had to reduce the police force. There has been an increasing cooperation, and I think less racial friction in the city of Detroit, than there has been in any time in the recent past. All these things, I think, contribute to a better attitude.

*In case you missed the first two parts of this interview, the SUN still has a few back copies available. Part I is included in our special issue on the first two years of black government in the Motor City. For both issues, send your name and address and 50 cents to Coleman, the SUN, P.O. Box 7217, North End Station, Detroit, MI 48202.*

**W.S.U.**  
*continued from page 26*

their sons and daughters, who in turn send their sons and daughters—and it doesn't have half the potential of Wayne State."

Rep. George Cushingberry, a former Wayne State Student Government President, says Wayne must continually fight against the bigger institutions for funding and notes it can't buy legislators with season passes to football games.

"Wayne should be a laboratory in which urban problems are studied and worked out," says Cushingberry. "It has the natural setting and is one of the greatest urban institutions around."

Montieth Dean Yates Hafner says his college of 7,139 students is an urban laboratory, where students study the history of ideas and concepts and discuss the larger implications for the future. In a 33-page report by Hafner and Montieth professors, they cite the numerous studies done by professors at other colleges, including Antioch, which show that even average students entering Montieth graduate with a great deal of awareness about themselves and their environment. Hafner cites statistics on medical doctors, lawyers and college deans who are graduates of the program. The engineering school at WSU has a shared program where technical majors study a percentage of their time at Montieth in order to balance their education.

"The engineering school could have chosen liberal arts, but they came to us and asked that we design a program to give a thorough learning base. This is something that cannot be duplicated in the mainstream liberal arts program."

Hafner says none of the professors in Montieth have "jumped ship" and transferred to other colleges within the University.

Help could come from alumni endowments. But alumni are sometimes finicky about where their dollars are spent. Edwards said the board of governors may be forced to reject a \$500,000 gift from the Prentiss family because they insist the money go for medical students' scholarships. "We insist that the 27,000 students in the general university need a chance at scholarships. The med school has enough funds."

The Prentiss family has already had a medical school building dedicated to a family member, Helen Lundy, but they refuse to relinquish control of the money. President Gullen has a personal budget of almost \$44,000 to dedicate buildings with. Edwards says the president must do a good deal of fondling, hand holding and downright persuasion just to gain sizeable alumni contributions—let alone stipulate where that money most desperately needs to go.


Gullen is also budgeted nearly \$15,000 to aid the public relations effort and over \$21,000 in "expenses." The president's total budget of \$205,405.66, which includes everything from paper clips to salaries—including his own \$57,000 salary.

Tom Panzenhagen, editor of Wayne's paper, the *South End*, said he hopes spending cuts are made in Gullen's budget.

The paper has made repeated efforts to obtain a further breakdown of Gullen's expense account, but the requests have been denied flatly. There is some talk of laying off two of the seven executive vice presidents in Gullen's office. Panzenhagen would like the board to lay off Gullen when his contract expires in spring. Panzenhagen says Gullen places his priorities in bricks and concrete looming up around the medical campus, rather than the programs in the main university along Cass Avenue.

Montieth operates out of a dilapidated house on Prentiss Street. Dean Hafner says the school is not asking for modern quarters, increased supplies or anything else—just continuance of a program which offers students the tools for learning.

Montieth will survive through June, regardless of board action, because tenured professors must be given an 18-month notice of dismissal, and non-tenured faculty must receive a year's warning. Students must be given time to find new colleges where Montieth-style learning is still considered a worthwhile budget expenditure. A class action suit, filed on behalf of the rights of Montieth students, may tie up the college in the courts for over a year. Given the time to evaluate the pleas of students and the report furnished by Montieth's dean, the Board of Governors may decide against closing the college. They have the option of making budget cuts across the board, and the option to continue to refuse to make any cuts. The board did this last month, and could very well do it again. They are scheduled to consider the issue on Friday, December 12, at 9 a.m. in the Alumni Lounge of the McGregor Memorial Center.



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**MALE** single-30 yrs. old is seeking a meaningful and understanding and compatible relationship with a woman from ages 18 to 30. Have a lot of hang ups but am sure they can be overcome with right woman. Would like someone who is not afraid to become involved with what goes on in each others life. Need someone who is understanding and not on any heavy ego trips. Please write to J. Jacquot, PO Box 77, Luna Pier, Michigan 48157.

**WANT** nice girl, possible marriage. Phone, photo have good job, live at this address temporarily, Michael 2326 Cass, Detroit.

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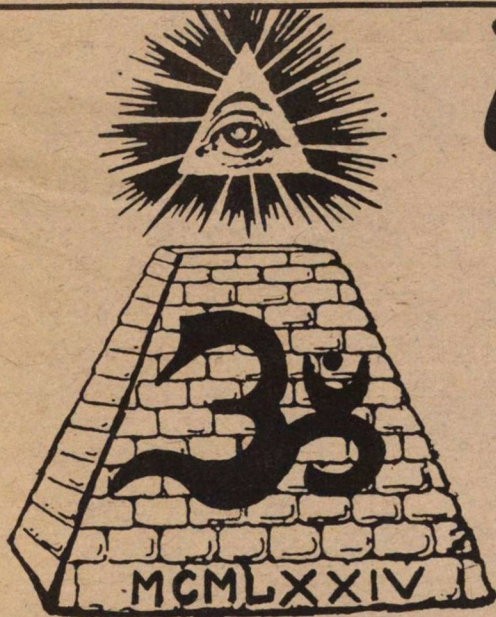
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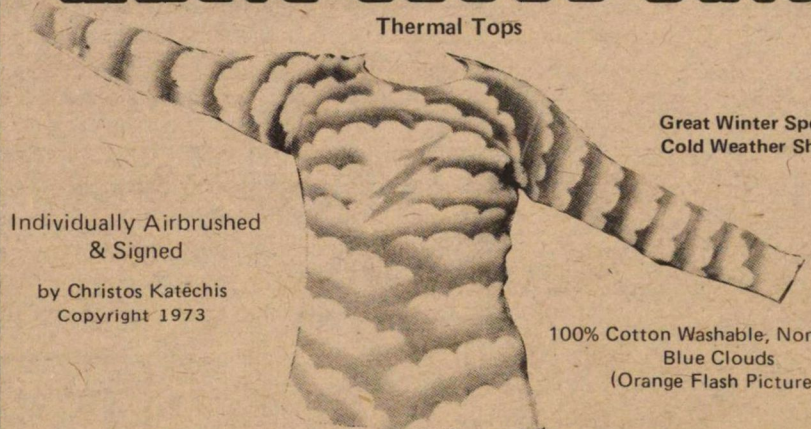
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