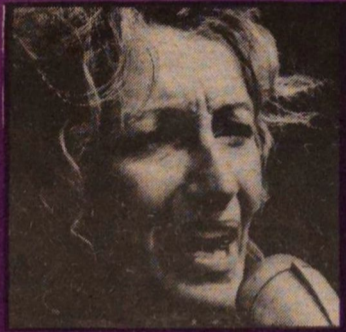




The Dramatics

Ron Banks' hot Dramatics are just part of the fare at the grand 20 Grand! [p. 9]



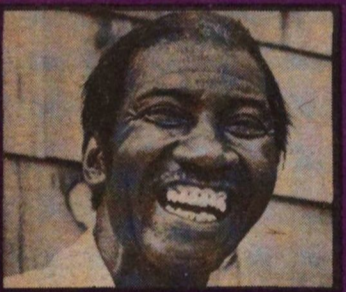
The Battle of Pontiac

Remember Irene McCabe? She's selling real estate now, housing and integration are going out peacefully in Pontiac. [p. 10]



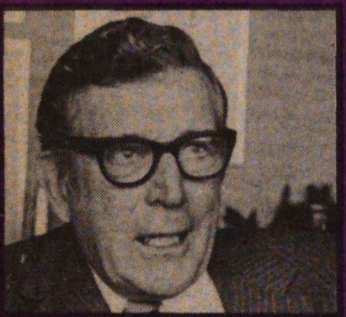
Who Killed King?

Who was Frank? The gunman in the bushes? What does James Earl Ray know? [p. 7]



Goodbye Hound

The Sun's tribute to the late Hound Dog Taylor, with a new poem by John Sinclair, can be found on [p. 11]



Leonard Woodcock

The UAW Pres, in an exclusive interview, talks about big cities, big corporations, and making the economy work for the people. [p. 25]

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Volume 4, No. 1

January 22, 1976

WHO RAN THE S.L.A.?

The Symbionese Liberation Army, which kidnaped Patricia Hearst in February 1974, was a creation of several government agencies, including the CIA and the California Department of Corrections. Its leader, Donald DeFreeze, was an experienced police informer and *agent provocateur* who was allowed to escape from prison, then got out of hand. Patty Hearst had visited him in prison and discussed kidnapping her younger sisters. Prison authorities forced inmates in several California institutions to recruit for the SLA on the inside, then contributed names of other inmates to its "death list." At least thirteen prisoners



have been killed by SLA "soldiers."

A former FBI agent claims to have been asked by the agency to take DeFreeze's place in the SLA and to have made contact with Hearst underground. The SLA received guns and money from a Los Angeles *agent provocateur* who offered them incentives to commit further acts of terrorism.

Was the SLA created and developed in order to associate left-wing groups with terror and violence? Read the first substantial investigative report on the SLA, following page 8, and decide for yourself.

10th Precinct Prosecution: "Stupid & Incompetent" - p.3

Busing in Detroit: DeMascio Goes Through the Motions

One of the most extraordinarily limited school busing plans yet formulated in the U.S. is finally scheduled to go into effect in Detroit on Monday, January 26. After Judge Roth's original metropolitan busing plan was turned down by the U.S. Supreme Court, federal District Judge Robert DeMascio began a process of gradually watering down proposals by the NAACP and the Detroit school board, leaving us with a plan that will bus less than 10 per cent of the city's school population. Many all-black city schools, the worst in the city, remain untouched by the so-called "desegregation" program.

Most close observers expect implementation to be comparatively smooth—and why shouldn't it be, with the suburbs, the heart of the segregation problem, left out? There are still anti-busing groups within the city, but politicians are less willing to stick their necks out these days for them, and fortunately, there is no longer an Irene McCabe to offer dynamic leadership.

Although the Detroit area has had a stormy past in busing, it would be a mistake to frame the present issue in terms of the potential for violence. Busing has been so used and abused by the straight media,

Turn to page 2

Behind Angola: Why the West Wants Africa Back

By Alexander Cockburn and James Ridgeway

With hair flying and fists pummeling the rostrum, the portly U.S. ambassador to the UN, Mr. Daniel Patrick Moynihan, bellows out his denunciations of the "Soviet colonization of Africa."

In his fear-sodden imagination, he sees vast Soviet armadas dominating the waters around southern Africa; he sees the rich argosies of the Soviet merchant marine ploughing their way back to the Russian motherland, laden with African loot—gold, diamonds, molybdenum, cobalt, ivory, and all the other treasures of the dark continent.

He sees a Communist swathe bisecting Africa, red communes where once the tribal chieftains and the Peace Corps held sway.

He sees white South Africa put to the sword, a link up of black communism with insurgent Latin America, the swift isolation of the United States, and finally the triumph of the Third World, dancing to the Soviet tune.

This nightmare he shares with his master, Henry Kissinger.

There's some truth to this madness. There is a recolonization of Africa going on. And indeed the Russians and the Chinese do have a

Turn to page 6



Hey! Happy 1976 to all my pals out there. Hope y'all had a real good time bringin' in the New Year and replenishing your energies for a fresh effort. Personally, my little Jamaica jaunt was just what the doctor ordered, but before long I was itchin' to feel the snow-covered sidewalks of Woodward Ave. beneath my feet. From what I heard, folks got down in style, and I couldn't help thinking it was more like y'all were so happy that '75 was over with than that '76 was here!

Seriously though, the year looks chock-full of promise from where we sit. We're hearing a lot of good feedback from folks all over town about what we're trying to do here at the SUN, and the entries are just pourin' in for the **Second Annual Win a Pound of Colombian Contest**. True, the straight press around here doesn't seem to have much of a grip on what the Contest is all about, but we know from *your* response that the *people* sure know what's goin' on! So keep those cards and letters comin'—we'll send 'em on to Lansing, if you give us the word, and maybe someday soon our legislators will get the message, too.

The broadcast media, in all fairness, generally did pick up on the story and allow us to make our point, and both **Terry Murphy** of Ch. 2 and **Dave Whitman** of Ch. 7 obviously enjoyed covering it so much that they undoubtedly share direct knowledge of the joys of weed. Also on Ch. 7, though, **Jack LeGoff** came on more like somebody's father, warning everybody of how dangerous all this is. The daily papers, sad to say, came through with their usual shoddy performances. The **Free Press**, Detroit's supposed bastion of liberalism, ran three graphs headed "Pot Promoters Not Afraid of Police"—not very different from the **News**, which promised a "trip to jail" for the winner. Have mercy! How many people in the city rooms smoke it? Most of them, we'd be willing to bet. And veteran toker **Bob Talbert** of the **Freep**, despite his obvious glee at the opening press conference, has yet to say word one.

By the way, if you're digging on the paper, or if you got some changes you'd like to suggest, we'd like to direct your attention for a moment to our very first **Reader Survey**, which is included in this issue. If you'd be so kind as to take a few minutes to answer the questions and return the form (postage is free) to us here at the Leland House, it would mean a whole lot as far as our being able to give you more of what you want in the coming year. It would also, of course, help us get more advertisers into the paper, which means more pages of news, views, reviews, and previews for everybody. We appreciate it!

We hadn't been back in town very long when we heard that the owners of the former **Anchor Bar**, the local sleazo hangout for journalists, mafiosi, and cops, were planning on opening up a new place in the **Shelby Hotel** under the name of the **Subway** ("it'll take you where you want to go"). The **Anchor**, which had a habit of keeping its doors open far into the night, was shut down by jealous Feds, but owner **Leo Dederian** has sent out press releases to all his old guzzlers at the papers and wire services offering half-price drinks at the Subway between 3 and 8 p.m. We haven't been by ourselves to check it out, but we sure can use more jumping places in downtown Detroit, so more power to Leo and Co. if they can make it happen!

What we'd really like to see in this town, though, in all candor, is an old-fashioned speakeasy for the city's reefer maniacs. They've got 'em in New York, and in this age of enlightenment, why we shouldn't have 'em here is beyond me. Maybe there are some, but ol' Iffy hasn't heard about it yet, and he's gettin' a little old to smoke in the johns. If we're missin' something, by all means get the word on the Iffograph, and we'll see ya there!

Sentencing the 10th Precinct Conspirators

We applaud the courage and firmness of Recorder's Court Judge Justin Ravitz in his imposition of stiff sentences on Detroit police and civilians convicted of heroin trafficking and obstruction of justice in the 10th Precinct, and in his imposing a lien for court costs upon the appeal bonds of those convicted.

As Judge Ravitz pointed out, appeals courts less well-versed in the historic case should not be handed the opportunity to lightly overturn his decisions.

We are fortunate indeed that a judge of Ravitz' principle was on the bench for this long, difficult, and often explosive trial.

It's difficult to measure the damage done to society by police and heroin dealers who work together in an unholy alliance to spread the plague of heroin which, as the Judge pointed

out, is "sucking the blood of this community."

The **Detroit Free Press** does a great disservice to its readers by treating the unprecedented trial as a "grade B drama" and a nuisance to the defendants, the taxpayers, and their poor, bored reporters.

While we entertain no illusions about the rehabilitative effects of prison on these, or any other, criminals, it would be a farce to reward them with short sentences and low bond for the extremely cold-blooded and vicious activities of which they have been convicted.

Perhaps Judge Ravitz' verdicts will serve as a notice to other local cops and their pusher friends that the day when they can ply their outrageous business with impunity is fast drawing to a close.

Chou En-Lai

"There is no conflict of basic interest between the people of China and the United States, and friendship will eventually prevail."

—Chou En-Lai, 1960

Chou En-Lai, "the great fighter of the Chinese people," died last Thursday in Peking. Chou, who renounced his class background to march 6,000 miles with Mao Tse-Tung and establish a revolutionary base among the poor people of China, became Premier of the People's Republic at its inception in 1949. From that time forward, he played a key role in consolidating the Chinese revolution, administering the people's government, and carrying out international diplomacy.

As early as the '50's, Chou opened the door



for normal relations with the United States, but met with no response until 1972. Today, he is eulogized by two Presidents and by mass-circulation newspapers who hardly knew who he was until then.

It remains for us, in Chou's spirit, to resist the reactionary, Cold-War mentality which has been telling us for years that the People's Republic is our "enemy," and to act on the common interest which Chou, and the Chinese people, have always recognized. The best way we can remember him is to learn from his struggle, and increase our understanding and

appreciation of his country—which he helped make one of the most humane and progressive societies on earth.

Busing in Detroit

continued from cover

which has exploited its sensational aspects, and by politicians hoping to make a name for themselves, that we tend to lose sight of the real issues which underlie the effort.

Essentially, busing is the only tool at hand to effectively attack segregation—either in schools or in neighborhoods. It is *not* the ideal tool one would wish for, but neither is virtual *apartheid* an ideal situation—except perhaps for suburbanites, in their own view at least. White flight from the city, as we have said time and again, is one of the crucial factors underlying the crisis presently faced by the city of Detroit. The problem of segregated schools cannot be separated from the problem of racism—and will not be solved until whites, in one way or another, accept the reality and humanity of black people and the prospect of making a common life with them.

The plan put forth by Judge DeMascio, formerly known as a "hanging judge" in Recorder's Court and a Nixon appointee to the federal bench, represents an attempt to comply with the law regarding school desegregation by doing as little as possible. True, DeMascio, in closed consultation with God knows what "experts," has ordered many badly needed educational reforms in the Detroit schools, but he doesn't have to find the money to finance them. The NAACP has been having a harder and harder time making its viewpoint heard in court, and the school board may now be trying to find a way to take on the appeal of the Judge's plan itself.

Busing is an ambitious and tremendously complex approach to desegregation, and no one denies it produces certain inequities in itself, the most serious being the loss of community control of affected schools. But even in areas where the outcry has been most strident, it has been proven workable, as Maureen McDonald shows in her re-examination of Pontiac four

years later (p. 5). Memphis, a hotbed of anti-busing activity a few years ago, is now quietly going about the business of peaceful integration. Even Louisville, where a court-ordered metropolitan plan drew the attention of the Ku Klux Klan and others interested in exploiting confusion and uncertainty for the benefit of reactionary causes, has been relatively quiet lately.

Experience seems to show that after an initial flourish of resistance and a quick flight by those least equipped to deal with change, busing does, in fact, turn out to be a workable way to desegregate schools, promote interracial contact, and eventually pave the way for integrated neighborhoods—all of which are absolutely essential if America's cities are to be stopped from becoming more and more like South Africa's.

If a better approach to integration were at hand, we would welcome it. But so far, busing is all we have to work with, and its results have not turned out to be as cataclysmic as they often appear to be at the onset.

The current plan for Detroit's schools, while flawed and falling far short of what we would like to see, will hopefully proceed peacefully and not make things any worse.

The real problem, however, lies further from the core. Sooner or later, voluntarily or involuntarily, whites will have to confront the reality of the problems they created by abandoning the city. Metropolitan-wide busing is apparently the only way, in the foreseeable future, to bring this about. Perhaps there is still a chance, even with DeMascio in control here and an increasingly conservative Supreme Court, that such a plan will eventually be implemented in Detroit. Otherwise, the increasing gulf between the floundering city and the affluent suburbs will become an intolerable source of social and economic conflict, and suburban whites may well produce another generation as infected with racism as their forebears.



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A NOTE TO OUR READERS: Please fill out and send in our reader survey on pages 5-6 of the SLA section.

Reflections on the 10th Precinct Conspiracy Trial

CAHALAN & CO.: "JUST PLAIN STUPID"

By Pamela Johnson

For the past six months, my time has been occupied predominately and pretty near exclusively by the 10th Precinct Conspiracy Trial. Any experience which involves half a year of one's life is bound to be a significant one, but when the outcome of that experience affects all of one's peers as well, the experience hinges on the profound. And the outcome of this trial is exactly that: a profound victory for the citizens of Detroit.

For the first time in the city's history, three Detroit cops stand convicted of complicity in the heroin racket. Patrolman Richard Herold stands guilty of obstruction of justice. Sgt. Rudy Davis stands, for the second time in as many years, guilty of obstruction of justice. And Sgt. Robert "Mustache" Mitchell stands guilty of obstruction of justice—and selling heroin. Six of these cops' civilian counterparts also stand guilty of selling heroin.

Yet judging from the media attention awarded this historic battle, the case has hardly been worth the \$2 million spent securing the guilty verdicts. This fact is only a commentary on the nature of Detroit's media, both electronic and cold type. The *Free Press*, particularly, is outstanding for its sins of omission. Barely three years ago, the flagship of the mighty Knight-Ridder fleet was in the vanguard of pressing for a solution to Detroit's dope problem, thanks to the efforts of its then ace reporter Howard Kohn, whose actions can only be described as heroic—despite the general disrepute into which most acts of heroism have fallen in the wake of post-Watergate cynicism.

Hand in glove with Squad 318 chief George Bennett, Kohn and the *Free Press* exposed publicly for the first time—and then, with Bennett, were responsible for securing indictments against—members of a criminal conspiracy between Detroit cops and city heroin dealers. Immediately thereafter, Kohn's scalpel was removed when he was terrified half to death by evil forces connected with Detroit's underworld, and just when he needed its support the most, Kohn found himself denounced by the very paper that had fostered his investigation, whose stance changed dramatically. No longer could *Free Press* readers expect a scathing

exposure of the heinous forces which have been in large part responsible for bringing Detroit to its knees; indeed, a full circle was completed as the *Free Press* took, during its coverage of the trial, almost a single-minded stance of dousing the importance of the evidence by shamefully downplaying the news value of the trial, along with a sometimes tearjerking account of the defendants' point of view.

The media impact of the jury's verdict, in fact, was that six cops who stood accused with their three convicted fellows walked—this, despite the absence of doubt in any spectator's mind as to their guilt, and a lack of doubt even among certain of their own attorneys. Two white sergeants who walked—Sgt. William Stackhouse and Sgt. Carlos Gonzales—have asked to be reinstated in the department with full back pay. And many of their unindicted cohorts whose names arose with alarming frequency at the trial will now be able to avoid prosecution, and will, unless they fail to cover their tracks in the future, go on to retire gracefully with full pensions from the police force—an eloquent reminder that crime does indeed pay when you're a cop.

But to blame the *Free Press*—or even the rest of the media, most of whose reporters only vaguely understood the specifics of the charges, much less the importance of the trial—is to blame Pinocchio without looking at his maker. No, the real blame lies squarely with the person charged with presenting the evidence to a jury of twelve citizens: Wayne County Prosecutor William C. Cahalan, the so-called "People of the State of Michigan."

It is an indisputable fact that Cahalan, while an effective Democratic party hack, is a stupid, incompetent prosecutor of criminals who manage somehow, through money or luck, to derail his diesel of justice and actually plead not guilty. Against those victims from whom Cahalan and the regular process of "justice" have managed to coerce a guilty plea, Cahalan has an outstanding record—a fact which accounts for at least 90 per cent of his convictions. Against anyone who can afford decent counsel—such as members of the Detroit Police Officers' Association, the Detroit Police Lieutenant and Sergeant's Associa-

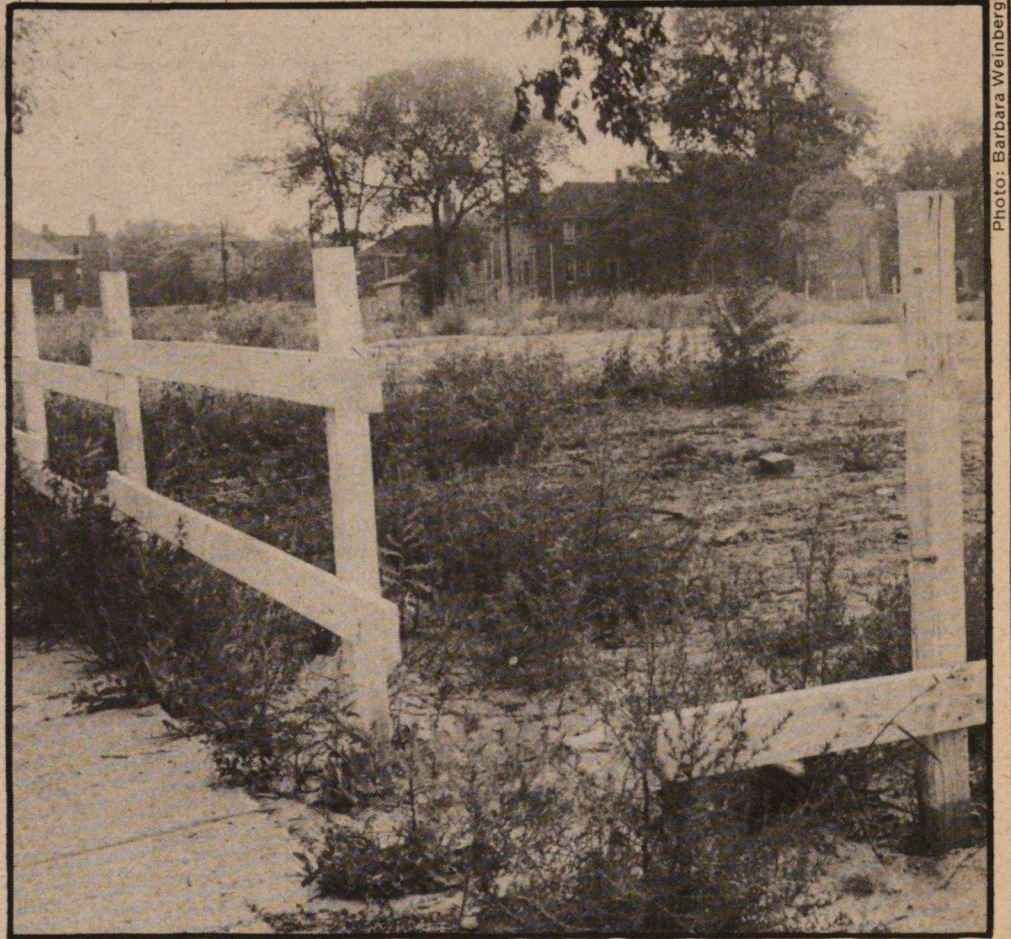


Photo: Barbara Weinberg

The gutted remains of the 10th Precinct's 12th and Pingree area—on a one-block slice in this neighborhood in 1972 there were more than 100 dope houses.

tion, members of organized crime, or even hitmen who make enough bread—Cahalan is about as effective as a chicken in a fox's lair.

In many circles, the charge of deliberate misconduct and even criminal neglect is heard against Cahalan. Certainly there is just cause to warrant such charges. But the overwhelming sentiment, in this observer's judgement, is that his basic stupidity was the prime criterion in his selection by the powers-that-be as Wayne County Prosecutor in 1966. Hence, his track record is all too predictable.

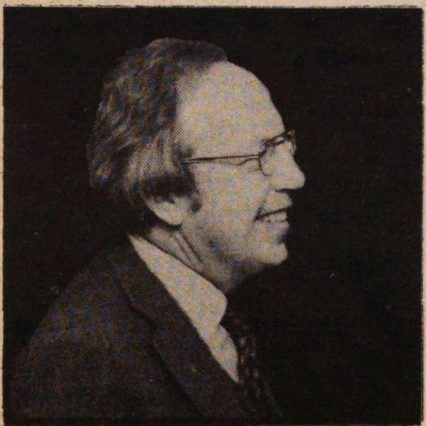
Cahalan is at least smart enough to

know that he cannot hire any assistant prosecutors who are smarter than he is. As an added incentive, the salary in the Prosecutor's Office for flunkies is about half that which a mediocre divorce attorney could make in private practice. Thus Cahalan's appointment list is made that much simpler, as he is able to pick the dregs of the law schools in most cases, while the cream goes into General Motors, Norman Lippitt's office, or to the increasingly lucrative—if not to say ludicrous—practice of defending government snitches (John Whalen being the most recent

continued on page 4



George Matish



Prosecutor Cahalan

Pressure Off on White Collar Criminals County Torpedoes Consumer Aid Agency

By Dennis Von Hatten

If you've bought a living room furniture set that wore out before the payment book was empty, watched your new roof blow away with the first windstorm, or were charged for car repairs that weren't completed, then you know full well that not all the rip-off artists in Wayne County are the kind who will grab you on a darkened street corner or break into your home at night.

Ralph Nader told the *Washington State Bar News* in 1970 that of the \$780 billion spent by Americans in 1967, \$200 billion of it was taken from them by some kind of fraud. This would represent approximately \$1,000 per person, per year.

According to the *Michigan Consumer Survival Manual*, published by the State Attorney General's Office, "Michigan citizens are bilked out of more than \$300 million each year." This would mean approximately \$75 million in Wayne County alone.

White-collar criminals came under somewhat closer scrutiny in September, 1974, when the Wayne County Consumer

Protection Agency (CPA) was created within the Prosecutor's Office. Funded by an initial \$461,000 Federal LEAA grant, the new agency was mandated to get tough with "sophisticated individuals, trained in techniques of deception and selling."

The CPA took effective actions on complaints against Silhouette Health Spas, Michigan Consolidated Gas, Sears Roebuck, and Montgomery Ward. They even made sure Ollie Fretter delivered his "five pounds of coffee" when a consumer found a better deal elsewhere than Fretter Appliance.

The unit's effectiveness, however, has been called into serious doubt by recent budget cutbacks and allegations by former Agency staffers of interference and questionable hiring practices by Wayne County Prosecutor William Cahalan.

When the agency ran out of federal funds in July 1975, the County provided money to continue operation until December 1, the beginning of the county's fiscal year. At that time, the County Board of

Auditors recommended a complete cut-off of CPA funds, prompting one county administrator to term this a "meat axe" approach to a legitimate financial problem.

The County Board of Commissioners then voted to allocate \$239,000, about half of the amount requested, to the Prosecutor's Office for its consumer protection program.

This cutback forced the CPA to lay off half of its already-overworked staff.

Sue Hoover, Public Education Director of the decimated program, says the agency is "absolutely paralyzed." Many civil complaints formerly handled by the agency are now referred to other sources, some whose commitment to consumer rights is dubious.

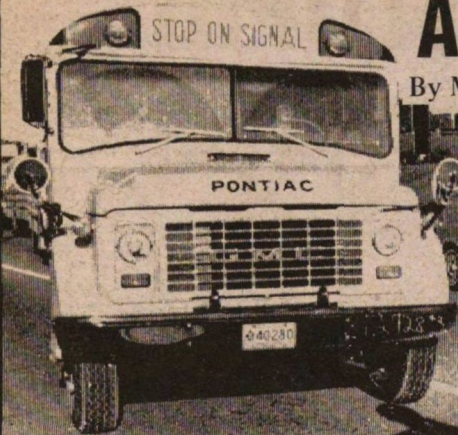
Many complaints having to do with automobiles, for example, are now referred to the Detroit Automobile Dealers Association—which may be likened to having the Nixon White House investigate the Watergate affair.

Before the budget restriction, the Con-

continued on page 4

School Desegregation: A Brief History

By Maryanne George



1954-1975

photo: Tony Spina/Sundance 1972

1954: *Brown vs. Board of Education*

The Supreme Court stated in this landmark decision that legally enforced school segregation (*de jure*), which was rampant in Southern states, violated the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment.

1964: *U.S. Civil Rights Act (Title VI)*

Passage of the Civil Rights Act meant that under the provisions of Title VI of the Act, school systems convicted of *de jure* segregation could have federal aid cut off. The cities of Boston, Detroit, Omaha, Indianapolis, San Francisco, Denver and Pontiac were subsequently convicted of *de jure* segregation.

1966: *The Coleman Report on "Equality of Educational Opportunity"*

This HEW study concluded that a child has a greater opportunity in a school with children from backgrounds that are educationally stronger than his or her own. The Coleman Report became a major tool for busing advocates.

1968: *The Green Decision*

This Supreme Court decision was the first of a series that rejected "open enrollment" as a remedy for segregation. The Court also registered skepticism at leaving integration up to private citizens.

1969: *Nixon Directive to HEW*

President Nixon instructed Attorney General Mitchell and HEW Secretary Finch that HEW would no longer use its power under Title VI of the Civil Rights Act to force school integration.

1971: *The Swann Decision*

In a decision affecting the Charlotte-Mecklenburg school district in North Carolina, the Supreme Court acknowledged detailed racial ratios as evidence of success in desegregation. The Swann decision also held that the appropriate remedy in the school district included busing between black Charlotte schools and white Mecklenburg County schools.

1972: *The Roth Decision*

Federal Judge Stephen Roth ordered cross-district metropolitan busing in Detroit. His decision was later reversed.

Pontiac anti-busing violence. Busing began in Pontiac. Buses were burned by the Ku Klux Klan. Irene McCabe and the National Action Group (NAG) traveled to Washington to protest busing.

1973: *Rodriguez v. San Antonio School District*

The Burger Court, with four Nixon appointees, held that where educational expenditures were concerned, a federal district judge was powerless to eliminate financial disparities between central city and suburbs.

1974: *Bradley v. Milliken*

The Burger Court, aware of pressure on Congress for a Constitutional amendment banning busing, reversed the Roth Decision. The Court said, in a 5 to 4 decision, that suburbs could not be forcibly included in a desegregation plan unless they were found to have practiced deliberate segregation in their own schools.

The Esch Amendment: Authored by U.S. Representative Marvin L. Esch, Ann Arbor Republican, the Amendment requires federal courts to consider other methods for desegregating schools before ordering busing.

Boston: Busing was ordered by Federal Judge Arthur W. Garrity.

1975-Detroit: Federal Judge Robert E. DeMascio ordered Detroit's Board of Education to develop a busing plan.

Louisville: Metropolitan busing began. Black Louisville and white Jefferson County school districts were combined and 22,600 pupils were bused.

Boston: In December, after one semester of busing, testimony from black students that they were beaten by white students and ignored by teachers led Judge Garrity to place South Boston High School under federal court control.

Coleman Report II: University of Chicago sociologist James S. Coleman said the new report shows that forced busing leads to resegregation and white flight to the suburbs.

Labor, Health, Education, and Welfare Appropriations Bill (HR 8069): This \$36 billion appropriations bill contained an anti-busing amendment that read: "In order to save gasoline, students should not be bused to schools beyond the ones closest to home." This language was stiffer than that of a 1974 amendment, which allowed busing to schools "next closest to home." The bill passed Congress, but was vetoed by President Ford in an effort to cut government spending. A veto override vote is scheduled for Jan. 27.

ROAR and MAD: Citizen anti-busing groups formed in Boston (ROAR—"Restore Our Alienated Rights") and in Detroit (MAD—"Mothers Alert Detroit"). Louisville anti-busing groups went to Washington to protest busing.

Consumer Agency

Continued from p. 3
Consumer Protection Agency had 21 full time employees and as many as 50 part-timers. That staff was kept busy, responding to as many as 1500 calls and opening up almost 500 cases every month. Hoover claims the program saved consumers \$500,000 in its first year of existence.

The agency filed class action suits against Silhouette American Health Spas, for violation of the truth in lending laws;

Montgomery Ward, for charging interest on interest; the Salem Mortgage Company, for charging unscrupulously high brokerage fees; and Sears Roebuck for various merchandise repair problems.

CPA Director Alan Kellman admits that the agency can't deal with cases in the same way as before the cutback; "We can still be effective," he says, "but it's a matter of degree."

The Prosecutor's Office has presented a proposal to the County Board of Commissioners for an additional \$80,000, which would allow the agency to hire six more full-time employees. Administrators say federally mandated

programs (which CPA is not) take top funding priority.

The original LEAA grant was received largely due to the efforts of George Matish, chief counsel of the Detroit Legal Aid and Defenders Office.

Federal funds had previously been denied to Wayne County because of Cahalan's refusal to mediate civil consumer complaints and to run an aggressive consumer education program.

At that time, Cahalan said, "I feel it is wrong for a prosecutor to be calling merchants on non-criminal cases, because this might intimidate the merchant into making a settlement that isn't needed."

In a criminal matter, a specific law has been broken, while a civil matter is most generally a breach of contract or some dissatisfaction on the part of the consumer. Since the bulk of CPA's cases are of a civil nature, it's obvious that a consumer can be taken without a specific law having been broken.

Matish suggested that his office arbitrate complaints of a civil nature, and that the Prosecutor's Office take charge of all criminal complaints.

Participation by a county agency, in this case the Prosecutor's Office, was necessary for the receipt of federal funds. It was on this basis that the LEAA grant was finally made. The criminal division of the agency set up in the Frank Murphy Hall of Justice, while the civil division opened offices at 356 E. Congress.

Matish says it was his understanding that his office would retain control over all civil matters, and that Dominick Carnovale, chief of the

10th Precinct

Continued from p. 3

example).

An interesting illustration is provided by the 10th Precinct case. The hifalutin'-sounding Wayne County Organized Crime Task Force was the agency responsible for prosecuting the case. The case was brought to them on a silver platter by Deputy Chief George Bennett, a black officer who has risen by sheer determination through the racist ranks of the Detroit Police Department. That, in itself, is usually a considerable victory, but Bennett used his willpower to bring to trial nine members of his own department, at a time when that department was being run by a power-hungry, racist Commissioner who had designs on the office of Mayor of Detroit, and thus total control of the city: one John Nichols. "Blackjack John," however, was defeated by an enlightened citizenry, and people like George Bennett now run the upper echelon of the Detroit Police Department.

Roy C. ("Joe") Hayes was the chief prosecutor in this case. Joe is a U of D boy, Notre Dame undergrad, an example of Grosse Pointe society at its seer-suckered, good-ole-boy, shifterbrains best. Before a jury which was 75 per cent black, his timing and delivery throughout the trial were roughly equivalent to that of the Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan at a Martin Luther King memorial rally.

Walter Gibbs was his assistant. Walter is a man whose corpulent protuberance is equalled only by the insincerity of his affected Harvard accent (Walter, unfortunately, was able to attend only the U of Chicago law school, and on the GI bill at that). During the trial, Walter, at his best, most nearly approximated a fire insurance salesman trying to sneak away from a warehouse he has just torched.

Clay Davis was the token black pro-

secutor in this case. One of the very few blacks in all of Cahalan's phalanx of dunderheads, Davis put to shame Bill "Bojangles" Robinson—who at least could dance great—in the scope of his humiliation in subservience to de boss.

Jay Steele, the last prosecutor in the case, is a nice, reasonably competent young lawyer who will not last long aboard Cahalan's ship of fools. Jay is responsible for the only good legal work by a prosecutor in this case—and that ability was manifested in the quality of his motions to the court, not in his ability (the little he was permitted to demonstrate) to present a case to a jury.

The constant conflict in this observer's mind throughout the trial was whether such a contemptible miscarriage of justice was not a dead giveaway to the deliberate nature of Cahalan's criminality. Such deliberation, however, requires real skill—it takes some consistency to maintain a constant level of criminal behavior. No, I instead came to the same sad conclusion reached by the Left several years ago, after the Prosecutor could no longer blame Moscow and get an automatic conviction—Cahalan & Co. are just plain stupid.

But . . . as a change of pace, let us bestow some well-earned kudos. First, to Deputy Chief Bennett and his entire crew. Bennett bore the entire brunt of abuse that was heaped upon him by the white establishment of the Detroit Police Department—abuse which included threats on his life—and he also endured the diurnal displays of ineptness by his prosecutorial team. He was also continually subjected to charges of opportunism, whilst the white-controlled media in this town sees nothing wrong with an L. Brooks Patterson busing porn houses for his own political gain, and in the case of the *Free Press*, even editorially supports the financial gain of a crooked Lieutenant Governor whose shenanigans were uncovered by its own reporters

Prosecutor's criminal division and CPA project director, assured him this would be the case.

"I wouldn't have gone into it any other way," Matish said. "If I had wanted to work for Cahalan, I would have applied at the Prosecutor's Office."

Carnovale insists, "there was no way they could have total control," since the funds had actually been given to the Prosecutor's Office.

Just seven months after the program began, Legal Aid and Defenders severed its affiliation with CPA because, as Matish puts it, "It was intolerable to be working with Mr. Cahalan."

"The difference between a really good program and a half-assed one is really small. A certain attitude that would make the program go wasn't there," says Matish.

He claims that Cahalan's involvement in a case against the Michigan Consolidated Gas Company, shortly after the agency opened, typified the Prosecutor's attitude.

In that instance, CPA investigators had discovered that plumbing and heating companies recommended by Michigan Consolidated on official forms mailed to households were charging unscrupulously high rates for repairs, or conning people into unnecessarily replacing their furnaces. Some were not even licensed.

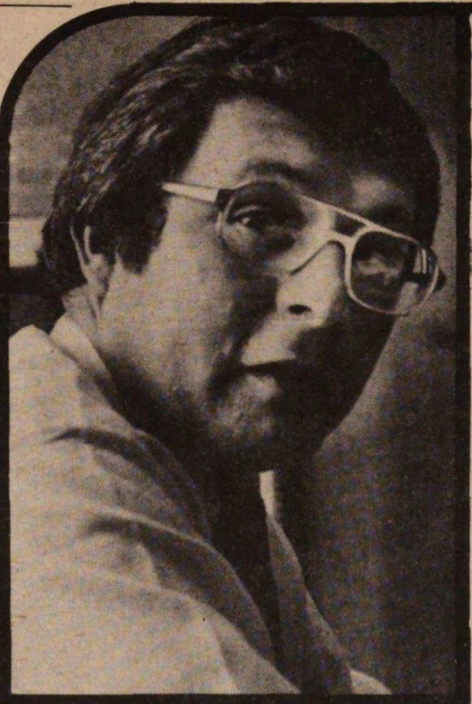
The agency was ready to act when Cahalan ordered them to

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a week before the election. But let a black man try and earn some stripes in an attempt to rid this community of its most debilitating plague, and he is a charlatan at best, a Machiavelli at worst. Bennett has the distinction of being labelled both. A very special commendation should go to the unsung 318 cops—men whose occupational anonymity leaves their sacrifices out of the media spotlight, but without whose dedication there could have been no 10th Precinct case.

And kudos to the judge in this case—Justin C. Ravitz, whose even-handed legal scholarship, whose well-wrought and thought handling of the complicated issues raised in the trial, and whose courage and forthrightness remained undaunted throughout the two years of his life which this case took from start to finish. His performance adds a luster to the Recorder's Court Bench—indeed, to all of American jurisprudence—which is unwarranted by the tawdriness of character and scruple that accrues to most of its occupants.

And, finally, to the jury in this case—twelve men and women who can only be congratulated for having the guts and insight to convict the defendants they did in a case where most juries would have been so overwhelmed with the simple logistics of a conspiracy trial involving sixteen people that a hung jury would have been inevitable. The guts to realize the importance of arriving at a verdict which vindicates this symbolic effort to destroy heroin's vicegrip on Detroit. And the insight to read between the botched lines of Cahalan's bogus script and see the basic integrity of George Bennett's witnesses. We only hope that their verdict marks a watershed in Detroit's history.



Brooks Patterson

Irene McCabe was set up, like a talking dummy, to advance the political careers of such Republican eminences as Brooks Patterson, Robert Huber, and Robert Griffin, who rode straight into office on strong anti-busing platforms. And today, Pontiac is essentially an integrated city. Black and white kids are learning together in the schools.



Irene McCabe

The Battle of Pontiac:

Integration Wins, After All

By Maureen McDonald

Does anyone out there remember Irene McCabe?

Heard of any school buses being burned in Pontiac lately?

Don't look now, but in the storm center of anti-busing violence just four years ago, the town that produced the nation's most charismatic busing opponent, peaceful integration is working.

The buses are rolling without incident, many neighborhoods are becoming integrated, and white kids and black kids are getting along together.

This, of course, isn't the stuff of which headlines are made, but it's real.

How did this happen—in Pontiac, of all places? And what does Irene McCabe, who hasn't been on television in quite some time now, think about it all?

"Sold Down the River"

If a casting director wanted to find an angry working-class blonde housewife with political sex appeal to lead militant whites on an epic anti-busing crusade, he could have done no better than Irene McCabe.

She lacked every so-called leadership prerequisite. She was politically naive. Her clothes looked K-Mart, her hair looked Clairol, and her accent had Kentucky bourbon on its breath.

But her sense of theatrics was close to awesome.

Even today, her name remains synonymous with her cause. No comparable leader has emerged since, even in Boston or Louisville, even with court-ordered busing scheduled to start this month in Detroit.

We watched it all happen in the national media in 1971-'72. There was Irene, with a line of women in Helena knit tops and stretch pants, chained to the fence post of the school bus lot. The Klan burned buses in Pontiac. Young black children were stoned as they rode to school. White parents snatched their kids out of the public schools and set up storefront "freedom schools" instead.

And all the while, the cameras rolled.

"The chief problem with Irene McCabe is that she was a creature and a creation of the media," says Betty Howe, chairwoman of the Oakland County Democratic Committee. "They made her what she was, then stood back and destroyed her."

Howe is but one of many who suspect that McCabe was set up, like a talking dummy, to advance the political careers of such Republican eminences as Oakland County Prosecutor Lewis Brooks Patterson, former U.S. Rep. Robert Huber, and Sen. Robert P. Griffin.

"Patterson manipulated McCabe," says Howe, "like a Svengali dominating the palace witch."

McCabe herself, now a successful real estate salesperson in the white enclave of Waterford, says today that she feels "sold down the stream" by all politicians, including Patterson. "Busing, for Patterson, was like a political football.

"I was misused by the press, harassed by the public, had my car bombed, and had a lot of vicious slander thrown at me. So I decided to devote my energy and time to Irene. I gained nothing; I lost a great deal."

McCabe vigorously denies the still-persistent rumors about the exact nature of her motel "politician conferences" with Brooks and her ex-husband's alleged extra-marital episodes. She wonders why people are so interested in the sex lives of women leaders. And she insists she is not, and never was, a racist.

"I just believe that no one can legislate or adjudicate integration," she says. "Everyone must have a conscience."

"Integration will come of its own peacefully. Pontiac was well-integrated without busing. I went to school with Albert Hatchett (President of the Oakland County NAACP)—except we often find ourselves on opposite sides of an argument."

The Sound and the Fury

If Pontiac was "well-integrated without busing," it certainly didn't show.

Milton Henry, a black Pontiac lawyer and co-founder of the Republic of New Africa, was court-martialed from the Army Air Force in World War II for trying to desegregate the lily-white officers' club at Selfridge Army Air Force Base near Mt. Clemens.

As early as 1951, Henry filed suit in U.S. District Court charging that Pontiac public schools were segregated. The NAACP revived the case in 1969.

Henry, who represented the largely black south side of Pontiac on the County Commission, was forced out when the Commissioners rewrote the election laws.

But in the late '60's, civil rights activists began organizing under VOCAL (Voice of Oakland County Action League). One of the prime movers behind the 1968 open-housing referendum, VOCAL eventually became Pontiac's strongest pro-busing force.

Hatchett recruited Bill Waterman, a close friend from college, to take the case into the courts. In April, 1971, using the School Board's boundary changes and considerable other data to substantiate their case, they won a court order to desegregate the schools.

Eight days after the Klan bombed the buses, the schools were opened. White women from McCabe's National Action Group (NAG) chained themselves to the gates of the school bus parking lot. White workers picketed the town's biggest employer, GM Truck and Coach—which builds school buses at \$14,000 each—and asked the company to intercede against busing. Off-duty white cops joined the picket lines there. State troopers were called in to keep the lid on.

Buses carrying black school children into white neighborhoods were attacked with rocks and spat upon by white parents. Black and white clergy, along with ex-VOCAL members, rode school buses and attended the schools as voluntary monitors.

For months, School Board and City Commission meetings were packed with white parents protesting "racial incidents" in the schools—most of which, according to close observers, were simply kid-vs.-kid encounters, not racially motivated.

Irene McCabe walked to Washington with a thousand supporters to urge a Constitutional amendment against busing.

Cooling Out

But the tensions were gradually relaxing somehow. When McCabe's callousness wore off, she dropped out of busing, amid clamors for new leadership. But the new leader has never emerged.

Ironically, the receding of McCabe and NAG came at the same time that Brooks Patterson's campaign for the Prosecutor's office was heating up. Patterson, Huber and Griffin all rode straight into office on strong anti-busing platforms.

After assuming office, however, the politicians dropped their aggressive stances on busing—perhaps, because in Pontiac as elsewhere, busing has been working.

In Oakland County, the hotbed of anti-busing, the Urban League has been holding summer orientation sessions to introduce white and black children to each other. Busing advocates have put down deep roots in the community. These include NAACP, the Welfare Rights Organization, a clergy group, and a homeowner's group working against redlining (the practice by lending agencies of denying mortgages on the basis of a neighborhood's racial composition.)

Today, Pontiac is essentially an integrated city, except for the north side, sometimes called the "red, white and blue-collar" district. After the initial exodus, white flight to suburban enclaves like Waterford and Rochester has been minimal.

Formerly all-black schools where maintenance was once ignored are now being kept up. Kids are playing together on the playgrounds and learning together in the schools.

This is not to say that all is bliss in Pontiac. "As soon as the whites can afford to run, they will," say real estate agent McCabe. "In all good conscience, I've tried to move young white couples back in the

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The King Assassination: Was James Earl Ray a Patsy?

By Joe Davis

Public examination of evidence concerning the death of Dr. Martin Luther King has been largely forestalled since March 1969, when James Earl Ray pleaded guilty to the murder and waived his right to a trial. Not only was there no trial—there was no “Warren Commission” in the King case attempting to lay all lingering questions to rest. The government had a monopoly on the bulk of evidence, and refused to make it public. In this vacuum, the official explanation put together by the FBI, the U.S. Department of Justice, and local prosecutors could remain substantially unchallenged.

hopes to quietly dismiss remaining charges, one by one, on technical grounds, without giving up the state’s token convictions.

With 24 of 34 kidnapping charges against the remaining defendants already dismissed, the state apparently plans to press charges for moving guards from the yard to the catwalk in the last hours of the rebellion.

So far, this has cost the State of New York \$10 million.

The state especially wants convictions against respected inmate leaders like Bro. Shango, who was returned last June to Jackson Prison after completing his time in New York. Shango, who came up on the west side of Detroit, has a hearing date in the Empire State on January 26, but local attorneys Neil Bush, Ernie Goodman, and Haywood Burns are going to Federal court here on the 16th (2 p.m. in Judge Joiner’s courtroom) to try to win his release from Jackson.

The lawyers contend that the life sentence Shango is serving here should be voided because Michigan failed to try him within 120 days, a fact pointed out to no avail by his attorney at the time. They say the court’s argument that Shango’s time had stopped because he had filed a writ of habeas corpus essentially penalized him for exercising a Constitutional right.



Rockefeller

Besides, according to defense investigator Linda Borus, “There are a lot of ways to put someone in prison and very few ways to get him or her out. Shango has matured, educated himself, and become politicized in the ten years he has already spent in jail. He’s no longer the type of person who needs to be locked up at all.”

Porter claimed that at the scene of the murder he saw a woman in a “polka dot dress” run past him, yelling, “We shot him, we killed Kennedy!” Shraga says he broadcast a description of the woman for two hours over the police radio until he was told by a superior, “We got our man. Let’s not make a federal case out of it.”

Porter

Among the evidence “missing” from LAPD files, along with the ceiling panels, is Shraga’s report of this incident.

The CDF theorizes that the woman in the “polka dot dress” played an important role in activating Sirhan to kill Senator Kennedy. The organization claims that eyewitnesses spotted her clapping Sirhan and whispering into his ear before the shooting. According to the theory, Sirhan was a trained assassin whose behavior was modified to react to a voice command.

The existence of the use of behavior modification to train so-called “zombie assassins” has been verified by high-ranking military personnel. In an Associated Press story, Lieutenant Commander Thomas Narut, a psychiatrist working at the U.S. Navy Hospital in Naples, says that the U.S. Navy has taken convicted murderers from military prisons and has trained them as political assassins by modern behavior modification techniques.

Robert Kaiser, in *RFK Must Die*, quotes Frenchie Longeres, FBI special agent in charge of the Kennedy investigation: “I’m still not convinced this isn’t a Manchurian Candidate case” (referring to the popular film in which an American P.O.W. was brainwashed to become a political assassin upon his release).

Psychologists working with Sirhan lend credence to this speculation, having found him highly susceptible to hypnosis. Further psychiatric testing has found that earlier diagnosis of

“no-conspiracy” theory at the very moment it was being read into the record. Within days, Ray renounced the guilty plea itself, saying he had been coerced into it by his attorney, Percy Foreman, who had exaggerated the strength of the prosecution’s case and frightened Ray into believing a guilty plea was his only alternative to the electric chair.

The official story is as follows: Ray, a small-time thief who had never committed a violent crime, escaped from the Missouri State Penitentiary in April 1967. He traveled to Montreal, Alabama, Mexico, Los Angeles, and New Orleans. Then he began stalking Dr. King in Selma, Atlanta, and Birmingham. When King went to Memphis in April 1968 to support a bitter and protracted strike by a largely black sanitation workers’ union, Ray followed him there.

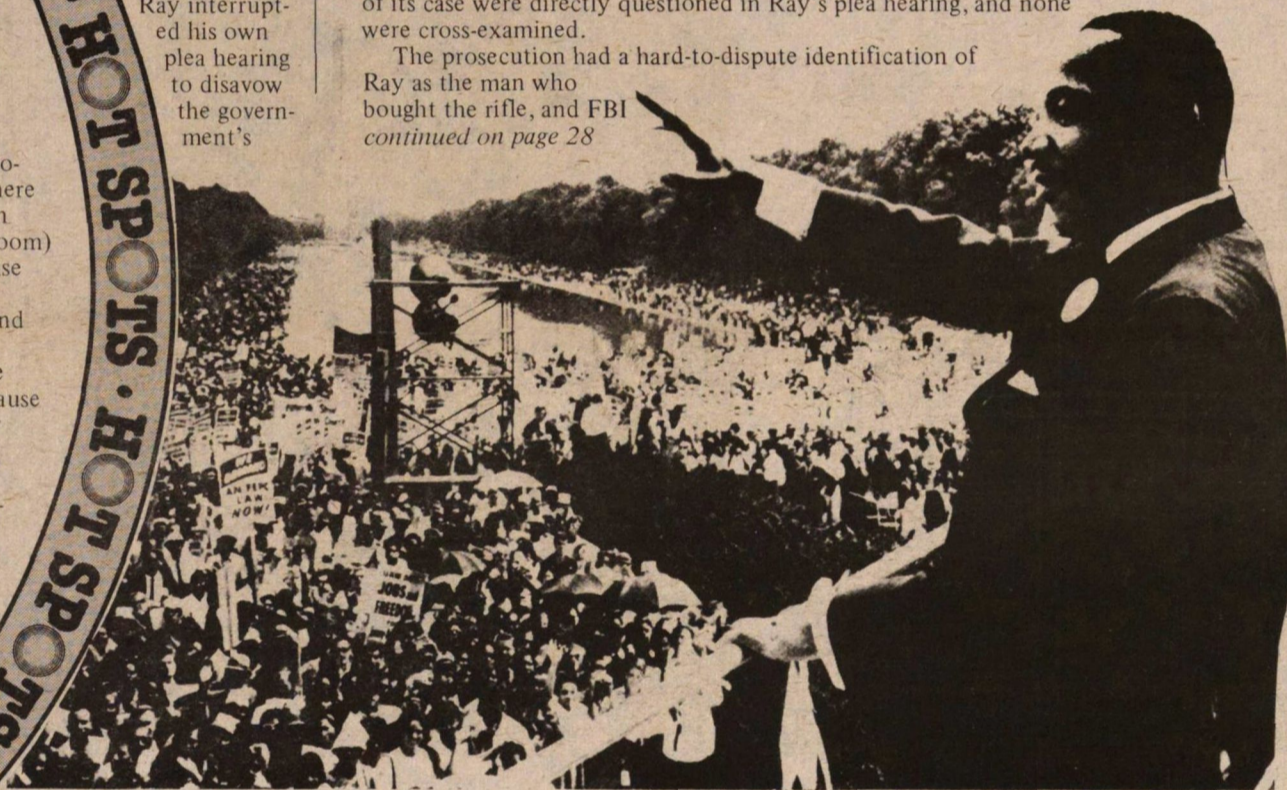
Under the alias of “John Willard,” the FBI says Ray, on April 4, 1968, checked into a skid-row rooming house opposite the Lorraine Motel where King was staying, and fired a single fatal shot from a bathroom window with a telescopic rifle he had purchased on March 30 in Birmingham. They say Ray then ran out of the rooming house, dropped the rifle and other belongings in front of Canipe’s Amusement Company next door, and fled the scene in a white Mustang—later found abandoned near an Atlanta housing project. From there, the FBI and prosecutors claim, he made his way to Canada, Portugal, and Great Britain (where he was arrested two months later) under a series of aliases.

The Gunman In The Bushes

Only five of the 300 witnesses the prosecution claimed in support of its case were directly questioned in Ray’s plea hearing, and none were cross-examined.

The prosecution had a hard-to-dispute identification of Ray as the man who bought the rifle, and FBI

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Dr. King in Washington, 1963

Was Sirhan Programmed?

Sirhan as a paranoid schizophrenic was erroneous.

To this day, Sirhan claims he does not remember anything of the shooting. When he was taken into custody immediately after the shots were fired, his eyes were dilated, and he seemed to be trembling from cold. Later, when placed under hypnosis by defense psychiatrists, he exhibited the same symptoms.

Possibly most revealing was Sirhan’s own response when asked if he was planning to kill Kennedy. “Only in my mind,” Sirhan replied. “Not to do it physically... I don’t have the guts to do anything like that. I did it, but I was not aware of it.”

“To me, my whole life stopped on June 5. All the time from then, for the past year—from June 5, ’68, on—is unreal to me, sir. I still don’t believe what has happened.”

These statements, as well as the numerous questions raised by the CDF’s investigation, have led many—including former New York Congressman Allard Lowenstein, leader of the “Dump Johnson” campaign in the ’60s, and now a consultant to California Governor Jerry Brown—to publicly call for a reinvestigation of the Kennedy killing.

In a recent press conference, conspicuously ignored or distorted by the national media, Lowenstein stressed the importance of, once and for all, discovering the truth about this and other political assassinations. “Assassinations of Presidents and other national figures are not ordinary murders,” he said. “When bullets destroy or nullify the national will, democracy itself has been assaulted.”

Martin Porter, an Ann Arbor-based freelancer, has worked on the Michigan Daily and the Atlanta Constitution.



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special



report

Who Ran The SLA?

By Dick Russell

The February 1974 kidnapping of newspaper heiress Patricia Campbell Hearst by an organization calling itself the "Symbionese Liberation Army" (SLA) provided daily newspapers throughout the country with a windfall of sensational headlines, under which the papers reprinted the SLA's lurid "communiques" and depicted the episode as the romantic adventure tale of the decade.

The May shootout in Los Angeles, where what was then thought to be the majority of SLA members perished in flames, and the September 1975 capture of Ms. Hearst herself, along with traveling companions William and Emily Harris, provided another several days' supply of shocker headlines.

While San Francisco FBI Bureau chief Charles Bates picked up ample publicity, and various ultra-left groups in the Bay Area made the SLA a cause celebre, rumors and speculation abounded concerning the scenario's origin in one government conspiracy or another. The whole thing seemed so bizarre—could it really be a grandiose official plot designed to discredit the left in the eyes of the American people?

Such rumors went unsubstantiated until three West Coast investigators published this account of their findings to date in the December issue of *Argosy Magazine*. Donald Freed, author of the film *Executive Action* and currently working with the Campaign for Democratic Freedoms on the investigations of the assassinations of John and Robert Kennedy; Lake Headley, previously the chief investigator in the Wounded Knee incident, hired by the family of slain SLA member Willie Wolfe to investigate the shootout; and Rusty Rhodes, executive director of the Committee to Investigate Political Assassinations, have documented a story which characterizes the popular Ms. Hearst as a pawn in a much larger game than any heretofore suggested. Among the government agencies deeply enmeshed in the SLA scenario, according to the three investigators, are the Central Intelligence Agency, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Los Angeles Police Department, and last, but far from least, the California Department of Corrections.

Argosy reporter Dick Russell's account describes Donald "Cinque" DeFreeze, the SLA leader, as an experienced informant for police and the FBI in Cleveland, Newark, and Los Angeles, who received extraordinarily preferred treatment everywhere despite a long string of arrests for capital offenses. Finally jailed in California, DeFreeze continued to receive exceptional privileges. He received initial encouragement and assistance for his "prison reform" groups from known CIA operative Colston Westbrook, who facilitated the participation of several white Berkeley radicals, including Ms. Hearst. According to Rhodes, who has affidavits from several California inmates close to the activities of DeFreeze's groups, Hearst carried on a private relationship with DeFreeze during her prison visits, under minimal security, and discussed with him the kidnapping of her younger sisters.

At Vacaville, San Quentin, and Soledad prisons, California Department of Corrections officials recruited leaders from their populations, under threat of the worst consequences, to enlist inmates in the SLA. According to the investigators, prison guards and inmate gang leaders contributed to several "death lists" of the SLA, which

have so far resulted in thirteen fatalities and numerous close calls within the California prison system. DeFreeze and Thero Wheeler, who later split from the SLA, were apparently allowed to escape, and offers of escape were made to other SLA "officers" if they would join DeFreeze's organization on the outside.

This organization, apparently rooted in the CIA's "Operation CHAOS"—a general effort to infiltrate left groups and then, evidently, provoke them to terror and violence—was the recipient, according to a reliable source, of funds and weapons from a notorious Los Angeles area operative who helped encourage its members to embark upon a mind-boggling series of projected acts of terrorism. Even before DeFreeze's escape, the SLA, in addition to the Hearst kidnapping, was discussing assassination of both Black Panthers and establishment political figures; nuclear blackmail; and other schemes.

After DeFreeze fingered Westbrook as a government agent and marked him for death in the SLA's initial "communique" following Hearst's abduction, the head of the elite LAPD unit which formerly directed his activities called him "a dead man—there's no way he can live." In June, a former FBI informant who had returned from assignment at Wounded Knee stated publicly that DeFreeze was a runaway agent who had to be eliminated; that he had been asked to take DeFreeze's place in the organization; and that he had contacted Ms. Hearst underground.

All of this points to a complex scenario, hatched by government agencies, in which Hearst and the slain SLA members, including DeFreeze, and upwards of 200 California inmates played out roles of which they had but a dim conception. As the intricate web began to come undone, inmates who were talking to the investigators or asking for help from outside law enforcement agencies began to be subjected to death threats, actual attempts on their lives, and brutal harassment. According to Rhodes, CDC officials are presently scattering the remnants of the SLA throughout the prison system, hoping to quiet the investigation, which threatens to uncover one of the most subtle, vicious, and far-reaching programs of official political provocation and deception in recent history.

While we realize that the facts presented in this article provide something less than a complete picture of this operation, and that much remains to be substantiated, we do feel that the evidence assembled herein by the three investigators more than justifies our worst suspicions concerning the real nature of the SLA. Clearly, susceptible individuals were pressured, manipulated, and deceived by government agents to undertake a course of action which would—when reflected in the straight media—lead to the association, in the public mind, of left-wing political activity with violence and terrorism, generating a climate of panic and justifying increased police repression. Several lives have already been sacrificed toward this end.

Consequently, we applaud the arduous and extremely hazardous efforts of Freed, Headley, and Rhodes in assembling this account, and support them in their call for a thorough, no-holds-barred, independent investigation of the events recounted here.

DVP

The history of the SLA begins with a onetime CIA employee named Colston Westbrook, a burly, fast-talking 36-year-old specialist in Black English now teaching at the University of California at Berkeley.

Early in 1966, Westbrook was hired as a "personnel administrator" by a civilian firm—Pacific Architects and Engineers, Incorporated, of Los Angeles—which was operating out of South Vietnam. According to Washington intelligence sources, Pacific Architects was a subsidiary of the Pacific Corporation, a multi-national consortium headquartered in Delaware and wholly owned by the Central Intelligence Agency.

Says SLA investigator Donald Freed: "There is no such thing as not being a CIA employee if you work for Pacific Architects." Westbrook's specialty was "agent handling, training and indoctrination." Among his company's major tasks, Freed says, was logistical support for the CIA's Phoenix program—political assassination of so-called Viet Cong sympathizers—then run by current CIA Director William Colby.

Operation CHAOS

On September 19, 1969, Westbrook severed his ties with Pacific Architects. His return to America coincided with the start of a new CIA program conducted inside the United States—Operation CHAOS. The June 1975 *Report to the President by the Commission On CIA Activities Within the United States* identifies Operation CHAOS as a collector of information on "dissident" Americans.



Its "Project 1" was titled: "Acquiring Assets in the Peace and Black Power Movements in the United States."

"Project 2 of Operation CHAOS," begun late in 1969, read in part: "Individuals without existing dissident affiliation would be recruited and, after recruitment, would acquire the theory and jargon and

make acquaintances in the 'New Left' while attending school in the United States." The idea was to recruit "agents" who could penetrate the various radical groups. There were no better recruiting grounds than the black power movements inside the prisons.

Colston Westbrook, who moved in as

a teaching assistant in a Berkeley Afro-American Studies program, soon volunteered his services as a tutor to the Black Cultural Association, a prison project meeting twice weekly inside Vacaville prison.

Westbrook encouraged visitors, especially young white Berkeley students interested in prison reform. One was William Wolfe, son of a prominent Pennsylvania physician who shared Westbrook's class at Berkeley.

At the time, Wolfe was living in a Berkeley collective called Peking House with Russell Little and Joseph Remiro. Remiro had a girlfriend, Nancy Ling Perry. All these young people had one common bond with Colston Westbrook: a friendship with black convict Donald DeFreeze, secretary of the Vacaville prison BCA.

Donald DeFreeze was a man with a past and a perfect candidate for the CIA's "CHAOS" plan. Between 1965 and late 1969, while constantly on probation as a convicted felon, he had been arrested for nine different crimes. His offenses included robbery, assault, grand larceny, escaping arrest and possession of explosives and a cache of 200 firearms.

In Cleveland, Newark and Los Angeles, DeFreeze assumed the pose of a Black Panther. There is even evidence linking him to Ron Karenga, the leader of Los Angeles' "US" ("United Slaves") Organization, which has been linked by the Church Committee to an FBI (COINTEL-PRO) operation as well as to the murder of four Panthers. DeFreeze—and prob-

Continued on SLA-2



Cinque was a marked man. He would be killed because of what he knew and who he had been. "He's a dead man, there's no way he can live," said the head of the LAPD unit which first recruited DeFreeze as an informant.

of his increasingly militant views. Whatever the reason, the prison let him set up a program all his own. Its label was "Unisight," its alleged concern the problems of black inmates' families.

Patty's Prison Visits

"DeFreeze's group had it pretty good," a Vacaville inmate recalls, "which was unusual and somewhat incomprehensible, because they really had no security on them. They even had sexual intercourse with female visitors at these 'Unisight' meetings sometimes, and the security guards didn't care."

One of those 'Unisight Visitors' was an 18-year-old heiress by the name of Patty Hearst. In 1972, according to a statement by investigator Lake Headley, she first began visiting Vacaville using the alias and identification papers of a Mary Alice Siems. Siems was very similar in age, stature, even facial appearance to Patty Hearst, and, like the heiress, she was a Berkeley student. Siems' interest in the Vacaville prison group was an inmate named Thero Wheeler. Patty's interest would become Donald DeFreeze.

There are trailers set up at Vacaville for the privacy of trustees' wives when they come to visit their husbands. Somehow, DeFreeze was granted access. He apparently had private meetings there with Patty Hearst, Nancy Perry and another eventual SLA comrade, Patricia Soltysik.

Then, in December 1972, Colston Westbrook resigned from the BCA in supposed outrage at the visiting "self-taught commies." DeFreeze was transferred to Soledad. He had been inside Vacaville, normally a 90-day holding tank for prisoners in transit, for three years. At Soledad once again he would gain access to a "trustee visitation house"—and renew a brief relationship with Patty Hearst. Once again, he would be the leader of a prison group—this time, the SLA.

The Soledad SLA was an already-created organization that initially seemed no different from any of the other five gangs—the Mexican Mafia, Nuestra Familia, Aryan Brotherhood, American Nazis and Black Liberation Army—all of which were established along strict racial lines.

The SLA, though, was a mixed bag. It possessed no ethnic foundation or guiding philosophy. The only integrated group, it seemed to have little conscious purpose. Its cobra symbol was borrowed from both a black nationalist group and the Ku Klux Klan. And its very name—SLA—could be found in a pulp novel, *The Spook Who Sat By the Door*.

But the most bizarre thing about the Soledad SLA was Cinque himself.

"He talked crazy sometimes. I looked in his locker one day and found a big bottle of Eferol. They use this drug on the inside for thought control. But Don was taking these pills of his own free will. Like candy," says General Khan, the new Field Marshal of the SLA and, at that time, DeFreeze's right hand man.

As far back as 1968, General Khan had known DeFreeze on the streets of San Francisco. Khan was then peddling

weapons to the *Venceremos Brigade* (listed on the CIA's books as a group to be infiltrated), and was regarded as one of the biggest speed and cocaine merchants in Northern California. DeFreeze had been among his drug clients. Busted for manslaughter and possession of narcotics, Khan found himself inside Soledad—close to DeFreeze.

DeFreeze began talking at length to General Khan about his relationship with Patty Hearst. Alone in the Soledad trustee rooms, DeFreeze had told her that his old "Unisight" program had transformed here into the SLA, a revolutionary cadre dedicated to the cause of the oppressed.

"There is evidence that Patty gave sums of money," writes investigator Donald Freed, "and even aided in the purchase and storage of SLA ammunition."

According to Lake Headley's statements: "Discussions were held between Patricia Campbell Hearst and the Symbionese Liberation Army concerning a kidnapping (not her own)."

The planned kidnapping, DeFreeze told Khan, was of Patty's two younger sisters—Vicki and Anne. They would be taken to Colorado and held for ransom from her millionaire parents. But Patty balked at the suggestion of her own kidnapping and, finally coming to feel that DeFreeze was being frivolous, dropped the subject entirely.

DeFreeze was not joking.

"Don said he wanted to hit Hearst, for the recognition that would be involved," General Khan told investigator Rusty Rhodes. "He said he wanted to see her beaten and broken to the lowest thing on earth, lower than even himself."

"We discussed the (S.L.A.'s) complete plan of action early in 1973. It was obvious Don was going to split Soledad, that he had a lot of help. He would set up 'safe houses' in Berkeley, and once that was done I would get word and lead the 'second wave' out. There were eight of us who would escape and make our way to San Francisco, and we'd all meet Don at a flophouse next to the Greyhound bus station."

"Don and his group would snatch Patty. The second wave, my command,

would grab the two younger Hearst girls. Both commands would then set up in the area, but I'd go to Colorado and find a place. I used to live in Colorado, and would get a place outside Denver. I would notify the command units in two or three weeks, and they would hit the road with the three Hearst girls. This was the plan I expected to follow until I happened upon some new information."

Ready-Made Escapes

Despite their partnership, General Khan had his doubts about DeFreeze. They went back to their first days together on the street, when Khan was approached by police about turning informer not long after he met DeFreeze. Those doubts continued because of DeFreeze's privileged liaisons with white female visitors in prison and his SLA leader's role. There was talk that DeFreeze worked with certain guards as an intermediary in drug deals. Or as an informer on other gangs.

"I caught DeFreeze and Lieutenant James Nelson talking in the custody room," Khan says. "They were discussing the SLA when Nelson saw me and ordered me into the recreation yard. DeFreeze told Nelson, 'No, let him stay. He knows everything, he's the second man.' So then Nelson looked at me and told me I was going to escape. I didn't trust Nelson. I quietly started warning some of my people that the Department of Corrections knew our plans."

Outside the prison walls, though, DeFreeze's credentials as a revolutionary were already well-established among a number of Berkeley students. They knew him as a dedicated leader in three prison programs—the BCA and Unisight at Vacaville, and now the SLA in Soledad. It would be easy for him to move inside the radical scene. That was, after all, what the CIA's "CHAOS" was all about.

In March 1973, Cinque "escaped" from Soledad. "Don had been sent to South Soledad where there's no security," says General Khan. "It's a holding facility for parolees. His first night, Don was dropped off by a guard. When the guard returned an hour later to check on

Continued from page SLA-1

ably Karenga—were both working for the Los Angeles Police Department.

DeFreeze, as an informer for a special Public Disorder Intelligence Unit, did not want for "useful" tasks. During the fall of 1969, police sources recall DeFreeze informing on the Charles Manson family concerning a planned arms burglary. He next surfaces in Cleveland on October 11, where police grabbed him atop a bank building brandishing two pistols and an eight-inch dagger, with a burglar's kit and a hand grenade nearby. Released on \$5,000 bond, he returned to Los Angeles, where he continued to operate while serving an unheard-of three probations concurrently.

One month later, after attempting to cash a stolen \$1,000 cashier's check, DeFreeze was wounded in a gun battle outside a Bank of America branch. This time, he did not get probation. Donald DeFreeze was charged, convicted and sentenced to "5-to-life." On December 3, he was ordered imprisoned at Vacaville Medical Facility. It was there that he met Colston Westbrook.

"I became fairly close to Don at Vacaville," Westbrook later admitted. "He could sit down and talk to me a lot easier than he could other people, it seemed. Especially whites. Don was a racist. He hated white people with a passion." DeFreeze adopted the African name "Cinque." [The original "Cinque," leader of a slave ship rebellion en route to America, became a slave trader after being returned to Africa.]

Yet it was Westbrook, "outside guest coordinator," who cultivated the friendship of Willie Wolfe and drew him close to DeFreeze, the man who supposedly "hated white people with a passion."

But DeFreeze suddenly broke away from Westbrook and the BCA. Some prisoners say he was dis-invited because



sla report.

him, he was gone."

A month later, correctional officer C.T. Coker submitted to the Soledad Classification Committee a request that the custody of General Khan be reduced to minimum. Describing Khan as a "dependable worker, able to function with a minimum of supervision, attitude toward authority is excellent," Coker's report also asked his transfer to the same South facility. Khan refused.

General Khan was not the only one pressured to leave Soledad and join the SLA outside. Danyon Tomita, with De Freeze at Vacaville before his transfer, found himself called into the office of Lieutenant Nelson late in August of the same year.

"He said, 'DeFreeze tells me you're going to be leaving soon,'" Tomita writes in a signed statement. "You'll be notified. You'll be a new recruit of DeFreeze's. Either accept this, or suffer the consequences here."

In August, Thero Wheeler was given the job of maintaining a baseball field outside the Vacaville walls. Wheeler had known DeFreeze well in the BCA. And Wheeler's girlfriend, Mary Alice Siems, had given her ID to Patty Hearst. Thero Wheeler walked away from Vacaville on August 2, and met with DeFreeze and his new SLA followers "at least 20 times" in the Oakland area. A breach developed between them over future plans. Wheeler, who went his separate way, was apprehended in Texas in 1975 and returned to the California prisons.

Assassination and Terror

The breach between DeFreeze and Wheeler may have come over a scenario of devastating terrorism being formulated by—or for—the SLA. At the same period of Wheeler's escape and the refusals of Khan and Tomita to make theirs, investigator Rusty Rhodes learned of the SLA's plans:

"We have learned from a former SLA member that in August of 1973, weapons and money began to be supplied to the SLA on a regular basis. The supplier of these goods attempted to involve Chicano, American Indian and Black prison reformers with the SLA. The supplier also pro-

mised a million dollars from an Arab nation if they would blow up domestic oil facilities.

"Further information tells us that De Freeze and the SLA planned to kill Black Panther leader Huey P. Newton and destroy the Black Panther Party. Prior to the Hearst kidnapping, it is known that Bay area police and CIA officials possessed an SLA diagram of Newton's apartment and other valid information concerning a conspiracy to murder Newton.

"There was also, in 1974, a plan to kill then Vice President Gerald Ford.

"Also, a reliable source tells us the SLA would threaten to use a portable armed nuclear device against a major urban center unless maximum demands were granted. We have learned that the SLA is not in possession of any such nuclear device."

As long ago as 1967, DeFreeze had been actively working for the Los Angeles police against the Black Panther Party. At the Vacaville meetings, DeFreeze and Westbrook had allegedly condemned the Panthers. The Panthers, too, were on the "subject files" list of Operation CHAOS.

The plan to kill Panther leader Huey Newton never came off. But at the Vacaville BCA meetings, they began to talk about a black man who was drawing uncomfortably close to granting reform demands from a Black Panther chapter. This was Dr. Marcus Foster, Oakland Superintendent of Schools.

On November 12, shortly after he agreed to go along with Panther wishes for school reform, Dr. Foster was gunned down by a cyanide bullet. Witnesses saw two "blacks" fleeing down a city street. On November 7, Symbionese Liberation Army Communique No. 1 claimed credit for the assassination, out of "love for the people."

On January 10, 1974, two young Berkeley residents were arrested and charged with the Foster murder. They were Joseph Remiro and Russell Little, old roommates of Willie Wolfe, old comrades of the Vacaville BCA. The day of their capture, Nancy Ling Perry—old girlfriend of Remiro and prison visitor of DeFreeze—set fire to an SLA "safe

There are trailers set up at Vacaville for the privacy of trustees' wives when they come to visit their husbands. Somehow, DeFreeze was granted access. He apparently had private meetings there with Patty Hearst, Nancy Ling Perry, and Patricia Soltysik.

house."

The abduction of Patty Hearst came about on February 4, 1974. Screaming, "Not me! Oh, God! Not me!", Patty was dragged half-naked by two black men and a white woman from her Berkeley apartment. She was the first known political kidnapping victim in American history.

"My name is Cinque," DeFreeze's first taped message began. "I am a black man and representative of black people. I hold the rank of General Field Marshal in the United Federated Forces of the Symbionese Liberation Army. Today I received an order from the Symbionese Liberation War Council to verify that Patricia Campbell Hearst is alive and safe."

On April 3, calling herself "Tania" [the KGB agent who joined Che Guevara] and quoting from Che, Patty Hearst announced: "I have chosen to stay and fight." In that same tape, Cinque identified Colston Westbrook as an "enemy of the people . . . a government agent now working for military intelligence while giving assistance to the FBI." Westbrook and two other FBI informants, he said, would be shot on sight.

On May 10, SLA investigators Lake Headley and Don Freed called a press conference, and warned that Field Marshal Cinque was a marked man. He would be killed because of what he knew and who he had been. "He's a dead man, there's no way he can live," Headley quoted an L.A. police intelligence agent as telling him. That agent was the head of the Public Disorder Unit that first recruited DeFreeze as an informant.

Exactly one week later came the legendary shoot-out in Los Angeles. Six SLA members lost their lives in the flaming holocaust. DeFreeze was the first to fall to a barrage of 6,000 police rounds.

Again, Headley and Freed moved to speak out. At a meeting of the L.A. City Council, they presented a 14-page report asserting that police had prior knowledge of the group's presence and could have avoided the slayings. Film footage showed two German shepherd dogs trained to detect Patty Hearst being brought in before the attack to make sure she wasn't inside. The films also proved that fire units were kept away until the house was completely leveled, and that the attack was directed by the Criminal Conspiracy Section, an elite intelligence arm of the LAPD.

Under oath, Freed charged that the CIA had heavily infiltrated the LAPD and made the city its "testing ground" for police repression. He also charged the LAPD intelligence unit with keeping blackmail dossiers on numerous city officials. An attempt to forward the investigators' testimony to a Grand Jury was thwarted by the City Council's liaison man with the police department.

Recruiting Inside

It was hardly the end of the SLA. Patty Hearst remained at large. Her name alone could be used to keep the SLA from fading from public view.



Within the California prisons, it was a time of limbo. A time to insure that no prisoner made waves about the SLA's past—or its future.

Robert Hyde is a tall, thin, white-haired man in his early fifties, serving a 15-year term for aggravated assault. Recognized as a lawyer by the California Bar, he was known as a brilliant prison organizer. In 1971, he had formed a group called PROBE inside San Quentin that offered legal aid to inmates.

"The California Department of Correction approached me about a deal to recruit 'snitches,'" Hyde would recall. "They wanted me to enlarge my legal assistance efforts to include all races and organizations inside the prison, so I could bring them 'tips.' At first I refused, but their 'goon squad' beat me and threw me into isolation. I stayed there for seven months. I knew I couldn't get out alive unless I made a deal, so I agreed. I took orders from Lieutenant James Nelson.

"In late 1971, Nelson ordered me to begin recruiting inmates for a new organization called the Symbionese Liberation Army. I was very successful. I personally recruited 100 or more SLA members. When I became suspicious of all this recruitment, I got word to Charles Bates, the head of the FBI in San Francisco. He didn't respond, but in early 1972 a Secret Service agent named Miller came in to see me and I gave him all the information I had."

Why the Secret Service? Hyde doesn't know. But by the time he was transferred from San Quentin to Soledad in 1973, his original SLA was being commanded by DeFreeze.

Late in 1973, Hyde contacted the FBI again. Two men were sent to question Hyde. "The day after I talked to agents Pat Beatie and Carl Gosting," he wrote to San Jose attorney Elliott Daum, "I was taken to segregation (O-wing—the hole) . . . it has been decided I know too much and must be silenced."

Terrible things started happening to Robert Hyde. First, he was blinded in one eye when "eyedrops" in a medicine bottle turned out to be acid. Then, on

Continued on page SLA-7



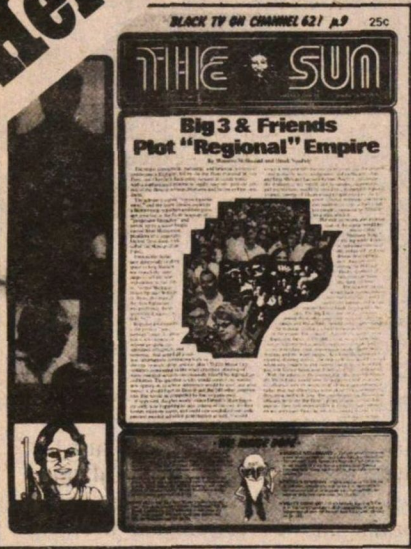
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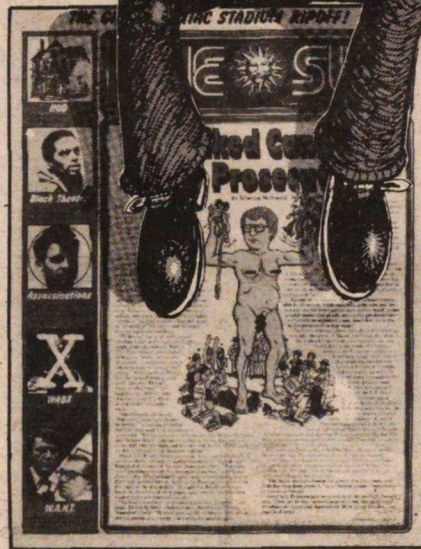
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« KULCHUR »

20 GRAND: STILL PLENTY GRAND

By Frank Bach

One of the hardest survivors of the economic depression which has settled on the city of Detroit has been the motor town's live music business—an industry which includes as a principal ingredient one of the most active and diverse club scenes to be found anywhere in the country. There are no fewer than ten top-flight music spots thriving (to one degree or another) in the city, places like Watt's Club Mozambique and Henry's on Fenkell ("The Strip") and other west side spots like Lowman's West-side Club, Baker's Keyboard Lounge, and King's Row; Highland Park's Pretzel Bowl; and the east side blues havens Ethel's Lounge, Ben's Hi Chapparal, and Phelp's Lounge.

What it means is that people who frequent these places generally get a choice of seeing one of six to ten different, extremely talented performers on any weekend night. A large majority of the artists are national recording acts, most are black, all play either popular r&b, jazz, blues, or some combination thereof—and many have deep roots and large followings in the area. So the town jumps on the weekends, if you're around any of these hot music spots.

Presently one of the hottest spots in town is the 20 Grand, a Motor City institution which has been operating on the near west side at Warren and 14th for all of 24 years now. Aside from its incredible history, what further distinguishes the 20 Grand is a newly rejuvenated booking policy which has major talent visiting the club each and every weekend. January's schedule has, back-to-back, Ron Banks and The Dramatics, Chuck Jackson, The Dells, and Johnny Taylor, and more of that caliber is being confirmed for February.

"We're trying to bring new, younger people into the club," says Eli Fountain (pronounced "Fontaine"), who has been talent coordinator at the 20 Grand for the past 10 years.

"We want to do something dynamic here again, something a little more interesting than just bringing in the 'sure-shots' every once in awhile."

The "sure-shots" to which Fountain refers are the established artists who have a proven audience in the area. The sporadic appearance of "sure-shots" at some clubs comprises their entire booking policy, reflecting the main failing of the current scene: a general inconsistency and shakiness of scheduling. Many clubs don't know very much in advance who is coming—sometimes no entertainment shows up at all, and places that were smoking last weekend are literally closed this weekend.

The 20 Grand, however, seems to have got the problem somewhat under hand at the present, and the Motor City music scene will no doubt benefit from the steady influx of heavy talent. The man mostly responsible for the surge of activity is Eli Fountain, somewhat of an institution himself in Detroit, and his plans for the 20 Grand speak eloquently of his determination to establish its pre-eminent position on the club scene.

Fountain's musical experience goes back to when he studied music while attending grade school on the east side of the city. Among

his boyhood chums were Don Davis (who currently heads Detroit's Groovesville Productions) and Marvin Gaye.

A stint in the Marine Corps ended up putting Eli out on the west coast, where he briefly applied his talents on the saxophone inside the California music scene. On returning home he joined old friend Marvin Gaye, with the then-new Motown record label, as part of the Marvin Gaye Review.

Eli's relationship with Motown—although he is no longer a regular employee of the company—lasts to this day. Producers for the Big M are known to fly Eli in to their new headquarters in Los Angeles when an extra-special horn solo is needed. Eli was the saxophone player at the other end of the spectrum from the funky, screaming tenor of Junior Walker—Fountain's alto horn set standards of beauty in the pop r&b field. He played virtually every "pretty" solo needed on Motown hits of the sixties, and gained particular acclaim for his work on The Original's "Baby I'm For Real" record, produced by Marvin Gaye, and Gaye's landmark "What's Goin' On" album.

Eli's primary interests nowadays are the 20 Grand and Groovesville Productions, which is a recording/publishing/production company associated with Johnny Taylor, The Dramatics, and The Dells, among others. He brings considerable "karma" to the 20 Grand, where he started as a musician almost 20 years ago, and he's been organizing backup bands and bringing in talent for the last decade.

The 20 Grand has actually been open for business since 1952. During that time the club has been a bastion of the local industry, being known in the sixties as the high point of success and class for black artists performing in the area. Regular headliners at the 20 Grand included The Supremes, Smokey Robinson and The Miracles, Martha and The Vandellas, Marvin Gaye—actually almost all of the talent working for Motown Records—as well as many of the headliners from the once-glorious Stax/Volt operation down south. All of the best came to the 20 Grand, and they came regularly.

During the last few years the club's booking became more sporadic, not really sustaining the top-flight nightclub environment that had been established earlier. A smattering of major talent did come through, nonetheless, as recent performances by songstress Millie Jackson and The Four Tops are examples.

The rebirth of solid action that's happening now at the 20 Grand is the result of a conscious effort on the part of Fountain and owners Marty Ansner and Bill Kubush to rekindle the spirit of constant high-level artistry that used to be the norm there. To keep things warm and glowing through February and March, negotiations are in progress with the likes of Tavares ("It Only Takes a Minute Girl"), Motown's Dynamic Superiors, and the impeccable Blue Magic group.

"We want to open this place up again," Fountain explains, "even unify things, as much as possible, as far as race is concerned. We've

continued on page 11



Photo: Leni Sinclair

Eli Fountain

Every once in awhile one gets to experience one of those "magical" musical happenings when a strong band or group at its peak meets a particularly appreciative audience and the communication and energy which result almost crackle in the air. We got that kind of feeling watching Ron Banks' Dramatics close out a six-night stand at the prestigious 20 Grand club Sunday, January 4. Extremely popular locally since the "What You See Is What You Get" smash of three years ago, The Dramatics came up in the Motor City, and Detroit knows, loves, and treats them well.

It's no wonder: Banks' Dramatics are a well-polished unit clearly inspired by the Motown singing groups which enlivened Detroit during their mid-to-late sixties heyday:

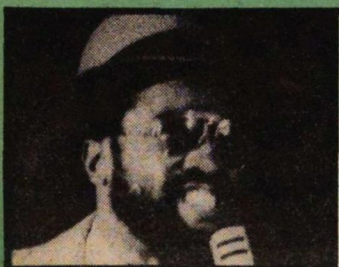
The Dramatics

At The 20 Grand
December 30—January 4

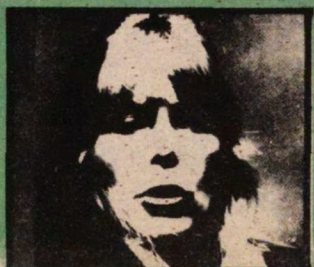
embodiment of precision, smoothness, harmony, class, and personality within a consistently interesting musical and dramatic framework. If all of this sounds like an overstatement, you should see The Dramatics work in the 20 Grand's Driftwood Lounge to a packed, stoned-to-the-bone house. The six front men constantly move in choreographed splendor, singing their energetic vocal arrangements at top strength, trading lead and background positions at will. Backing them is an airtight band assembled by Dramatics manager and production associate Eli Fountain, who comes to join the band for a one-song feature during their show.

The group's tunes are all solidly "in the pocket" popular material: "Hey Girl I Dig

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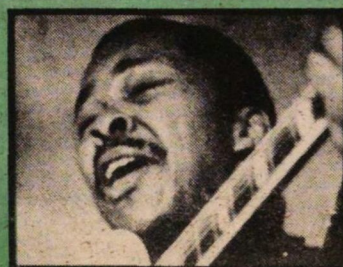
Billy Paul, p. 16



Joni Mitchell, p. 16



Studio in the Woods, p. 13



Terry Callier, p. 17



Albert King, p. 17



THE COAT PULLER

MOANIN' AT MIDNIGHT: The Howlin' Wolf is dead at 65, victim of a protracted heart ailment which has had the blues giant tied to a pacemaker for the past few years. Born in Aberdeen, Mississippi, June 10, 1910, the young **Chester Burnett** adopted the name "Howlin' Wolf" early in his career to describe his uniquely powerful singing and playing (guitar, harmonica) approach. A full-time farmer and part-time professional bluesman until 1948, the Wolf soon howled his way to fame via a series of recordings for **Modern/Flair/RPM** Records in Los Angeles, produced in Memphis by **Ike Turner** at the beginning of his own career. Also recorded by **Sam Phillips** for his Memphis-based **Sun** label (first home of **Elvis Presley**, **Carl Perkins**, **Jerry Lee Lewis** and others), **Howlin' Wolf** signed an exclusive contract with **Chess Records** of Chicago and moved to the Windy City in 1952, where he has reigned supreme as one of the central figures in the blues world ever since.

The Wolf's master work was done for Chess in the early and middle 50's, including "How Many More Years" and "Moanin' at Midnight" (1951); "No Place to Go," "Forty Four," "Evil," and "Baby How Long" (1954); "Smokestack Lightnin'" / "I Asked for Water" (1956); "Somebody in My Home" (1957); and "Moanin' for My Baby" (1958), all of which were big radio and jukebox hits in black communities all over the U.S.

A major idol of the early British rock groups of the sixties, the Wolf lived to see a number of his tunes sell millions of copies for **Eric Clapton** and **Cream**, among others, and even recorded a session with a collection of British rock "superstars" in the early 70's (**The Howlin' Wolf London Sessions**, with **Stevie Winwood**, **Eric Clapton**, **Mick Jagger**, and others). A large exuberant, wall-shaking performer who maintained one of the toughest blues bands in the business, **Howlin' Wolf** continued to work steadily in blues clubs and college concert halls until shortly before his death on January 11, 1976. His huge, beautiful presence will be sorely missed by everyone who loves the blues...

ON A HAPPIER NOTE, **Probity Productions** made its concert debut with an excellent presentation of vibist **Gary Burton** and guitarist **Ralph Towner** at the **Showcase Theatre**, Harper & Van Dyke, Jan. 10th. Attendance was highly encouraging, and those who braved the North Pole weather that night were well rewarded by the **Probity** people: **Chris Jaszczak**, **Mike Jeaufuenat**, and **Gary MacDonald**, three under-30 natives of Detroit's jumpin' east side. **Rolling Stoners** **Howard Kohn** and **David Weir**, both former Detroiters themselves, popped into the **Showcase** for **Probity's** first lecture event Jan. 14th, and modern saxophonist **Anthony Braxton** and his all-star quartet (**Leo Smith**, trumpet; **Dave Holland**, bass; and **Phillip Wilson**, drums) makes his first Motor City showing Saturday, January 24th. **Probity's** first film screening follows Wednesday, Jan. 28th, with the block-busting Jamaican

flick **The Harder They Come**, starring reggae master **Jimmy Cliff** with an all-reggae soundtrack and action you won't believe. This movie should run at 5 or 6 theatres a week and on TV every night too, but it will definitely be shown at the **Showcase** Jan. 28th, and producer **Perry Henzell** will be present to discuss the making of **The Harder They Come**. Congratulations, brothers!...

EVEN MORE GOOD NEWS from **WDET-FM** (101.9), the Public Radio station with a difference: a new transmitter,



Photo: Stanley C. Livingston

The late Howlin' Wolf: Rest In Peace, Brother

some exciting new programs, and another chance for listeners and supporters (**Friends of WDET**) to pledge sustaining funds for the station coming up in February. More details on the up-coming Marathon next ish, but the new shows are on the air already: **Bud Spangler's** "New Jazz in Review," Fridays at 10:00 p.m. (repeated Saturday at midnight); the **Famous Coachman's** "Blues After Hours" blues program, Saturday nights at 2:00 a.m. (and look here, **Coachman**, if you ever need someone to fill in for you, please give me a call!); "Women in Music," Thursday nights at 10:30, hosted by **Judy Adams** and **Ann Weitzel** and featuring "a cross-section

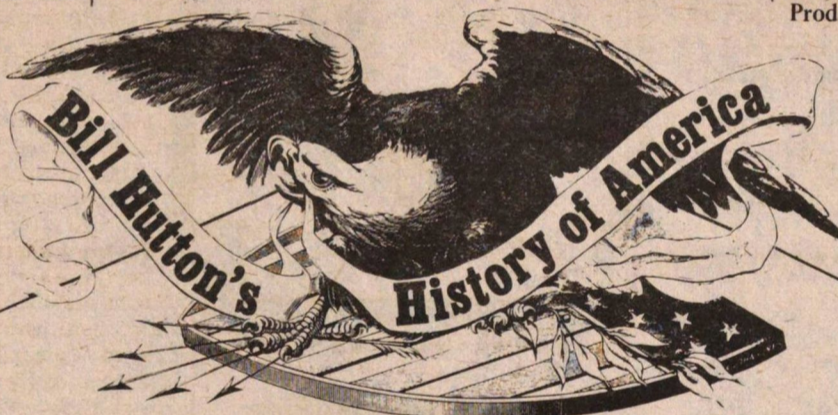
of women in all fields of music"; **FORUM**, a community access program designed to provide free airtime to non-profit organizations, which hits the air Saturday afternoons at 3:30. Non-profit organizations of 25 members or more will be given the opportunity to produce a program for airing on **WDET**, and you should contact the station at **577-4146** to find out more about this innovative program. Also, "Jazz Yesterday" has moved to Friday evening at 7:30, "For My People" (produced by **Project BAIT**) moves to Saturdays at 4:00 p.m. and a new **BAIT (Black Awareness in Television/Radio)** program, "The City," can now be heard Tuesdays thru Fridays at 6:30 p.m. **Bud Spangler's** popular "Jazz Today" show remains a high point of Detroit's week every Monday night at 10:30, and **Geoff Jacques** plays more of the real thing on his "Kaleidophone" program, Saturday afternoons. With commercial radio as boring as it is these days, it's well worth writing shows like this down and remembering when to tune them in...

AROUND TOWN: **WDET's** **Mike McCoy** and **Dennis Herndon** host their second "Disco Detroit" jamboree on January 24th, this time at the fabulous **Latin Quarter**. First 300 people get in for \$3, everybody else pays four at the door... More disco in the **20 Grand's Bonfire Room** every Fri. and Sun. night as **Jim Ingram's Disco-1976** takes off, with the **Candy Man** at the controls... and the **Jazz West**, next door to **Watts' Club Mozambique**, is now playing records for the disco dancers from midnight to six—there's food there too... And while you're cruising around the Motor City, as so many of us do, look up and smile at the **Aretha Franklin** billboard on **I-94** coming into town from the west...

Mojo Boogie Band makes a rare Motown appearance this weekend at the notorious **Red Carpet**, E. Warren at Outer Drive... **Fito** and his **Salsa Hustle Band** now cooking like crazy at **Dirty Helen's**, downtown, in fact right beneath our new offices here in the **Leland House Hotel** (Cass & Bagley, a block from the **Michigan Palace**)... And speaking of beneath our noses, **J.J.'s Lounge** has quietly passed into the past, with its space in the **Shelby Hotel** scheduled to revive the old **Anchor Bar**, home of all sorts of disreputable characters... and **John Salvador**, with the **Showcase** safely sitting in the capable hands of **Probity Productions**, has turned his attention to the **Savoy Room**, now operating under his direction as a downtown disco hotspot—just what the **Ross** family had in mind the first time! Unfortunately, they've managed to close the hotel itself twice already, but if they concentrate on just one or two rooms maybe they can get it right for once...

Sam Sanders & Visions close out the excellent "Detroit's Jazz Today" concert series at **Cranbrook Academy of Art Museum** on Sunday, February 1st, at 3:00 p.m.... and while you're there, check out the "Karl Struss: Man With a Camera" show (Jan. 13-Feb. 15), featuring photographs from 1908-1930 by an early American

continued on page 14



MANIFEST DESTINY

Manifest Destiny went to Uncle Tom's cabin for a little trout. He went through the pines. He went through the pine clearing all wonder filled sun sight & saw Uncle Sam and Mr. Peanot engaged.

"Don't know what to believe anymore," said Manifest. "Maybe I'll find Zebula Pike and join the Whigs."

He had the Marshall Plan in his pocket. He had a banana sandwich with Indian relish in his pocket. Article XIX. Manifest cleared his throat with a toilet plunger and coughed up a little nostalgia. He remembered how the land was when he first got here, how it tasted like copper in your mouth, running that way from old pennies chasing you down a winding street.

Chunks of Manifest's brain were falling away like pieces of shadroe. Spirals of green plants left the ground seeking refuge with the chocolate covered alligators in all the trees. It was night. This was the time for a young swinger like him to be alive. Tony fastened his white sneakers and left for the Strip.

CRASH

Something fell from the skies. Manifest rubbed his woman's breasts and wished he had a ticket for the football game. Maybe it was his skin. All the other kids were out sniffing glue and fucking in the back seats of '48 Mercurys. Why wasn't he in on any of the fun?

"Maybe it is your skin, Manifest." And out of the trees came the Clearasil man from American Bandstand. "You got pimples real bad, lad, so cover half your face with a leading brand and wash well. Now try ours."

"Holy Cow!"

"Holy Cow is right, Manifest..."

He kicked the smoking ruins of an American President. Bombs drifted over his head like impossible Chinese Madness. The place was changing now and Chop Suey don't taste the same anymore. It didn't taste any better or any worse. It was ending. Or it was beginning.



Dick Clark with Bobby Darin, Frankie Avalon, Pat Boone, & others

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

學 Kulchur

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Goodbye Hound Dog Taylor

• 1916-1975 •



photo: Dick Waterman



photo: Dick Bakker



photo: Dick Bakker

Theodore "Hound Dog" Taylor, famed blues guitarist, songwriter, and master of "bottleneck" guitar technique, passed away on December 17, 1975. He was 59. Hound Dog had been hospitalized six weeks earlier, suffering from lung cancer.

Known for his flamboyant stage manner and the driving power of his songs, Taylor began his professional career in 1935, playing around his Greenville, Miss. birthplace. He was among the first musicians to combine the use of a bottleneck or metal tube played against the guitar strings with the raucous beat of early rock and roll bands. His distinctive slide guitar style is considered highly influential on any number of contemporary white rock groups.

Moving to Chicago in 1940, Taylor fast became known on the city's South Side, playing alongside greats like Muddy Waters and Howling Wolf. His recording career blossomed more slowly, though; he didn't make his first records until 1957. Since that time, he has played at night clubs across the country, toured Europe and Australia, and appeared at most of the major blues festivals, as well as at dozens of colleges and universities. His albums are considered a basic component of any blues record collection.

Notable among his concert appearances were three featured performances at the Ann Arbor Blues and Jazz Festival, in 1970, 1972 and 1973. He also churned out his special brand of "happy blues" at two editions of the Miami Blues Festival, and at Avery Fischer Hall (Lincoln Center) in New York. His 1976 plans had included a return to Australia as well as a Japanese tour.

Although he was known by his concert appearances, Taylor was at his peak in small joints and night clubs. Accompanied by his band, the House Rockers (which maintained the same person-

nel for fourteen years), he would laugh and stomp and play as long as three hours without an intermission. Often he would continue until 3 or 4 a.m., leaving exhausted dancers behind while he pumped out one fast tune after another with what seemed like unlimited energy.

Taylor never used any type of prepared stage act. Instead, he relied on his ability to improvise hilarious anecdotes and new song lyrics that fit both his mood and the mood of his audience. Every night that he performed, he was different and fresh, spontaneous and unpredictable.

Respected and loved by his fellow blues musicians, Taylor never forgot his roots. Even after winning audiences across the country and around the world, he continued to return to the South Side Chicago taverns where he first became known thirty years ago. His impromptu, all-night jam sessions and constant good humor kept him extremely popular in Chicago, and he was always willing to invite unknown musicians on stage to play with him.

Taylor is survived by his wife, Fredda, four sons, and his sister, Lucy Wade, all of 5828 S. Calumet in Chicago; a brother, Robert Taylor, of Detroit; and the remaining members of the House Rockers: Brewer Phillips, lead and rhythm guitar, and Ted Harvey, drums.

Hound Dog Taylor's recordings for Chicago's Alligator Records are *Hound Dog Taylor & The House Rockers* and *Natural Boogie*. His "Kitchen Sink Boogie," featuring Brewer Phillips on lead guitar, can be heard on the *Ann Arbor Blues & Jazz Festival 1972 LP*, Atlantic SD-2-502.

It was your face,
Mr. Hound, the way it
radiated

and your slide guitar,
the way you played it,
you never let up, Mr. Hound

Your voice, and those songs,
and Brewer & Ted—
you were a pure delight, Sir

Thank you old friend,
master of jump and joy,
for coming our way—

you know we will miss you
the rest of our days:
Mr. Hound Dog Taylor

Goodbye, dear friend

—John Sinclair

**20
GRAND**

**RON BANKS
AND THE
DRAMATICS**

continued from page 9

got something happening and we want people to know that they're welcome to share it."

Most knowledgeable observers would agree: anything that brings more people, and more activity, to the Motor City's unique music scene is indeed a good thing. And, as of right now, the 20 Grand is one of the best things happening.



The Dramatics

The Dramatics

continued from page 9

Your Music," from *The Dramatics vs. The Dells* lp; "Open the Door to Your Heart"; the zodiac/love number "I Ain't Goin' by the Stars in the Sky (I'm Goin' by the Stars in Your Eyes)"; an exquisite "Me and Mrs. Jones"; two from the new *Drama V* album on ABC Records: "You're Foolin' You" and "The Life of the Party"; "Just Shopping (Not Buying Anything)"; and the closing number "Get Up."

All of the above served to satisfy the folks in attendance to the utmost, as much of the crowd found it impossible to contain squeals and shouts of pure delight throughout the show. Thank you Ron Banks and The Dramatics, and thanks to The 20 Grand for bringing them home once again!

—Frank Bach

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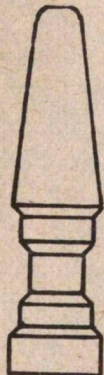
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Glen Arbor Roller Mills - Michigan's Studio in the Woods

By John Sinclair

Skidding along scenic M-72 between Traverse City and Empire two days after New Year's, miles of endless snow covering everything in sight, our host and travel guide Dave Bathey, official representative of the Glen Arbor Roller Mills Recording Studio and at 21 a resident of the area for almost half his life, points past my terrified knuckles on the steering wheel to a particularly gruesome-looking curve we are about to negotiate. "That's where my buddy crashed out a couple years ago," he explained. "Poor guy was doing 80 and missed the turn. I still got his picture in my living room."

I'm trying not to flip out. "Look, man, please spare me the ghastly commentary and help me direct this turkey through the snow. You know the way, and I'm scared out of my skin on this icy stuff."

"Don't worry, pal," Bathey cackled back, "we're halfway there already, and you know it's worth the drive."

I couldn't argue with his logic—it'd been six months since I had last visited Michigan's Studio in the Woods, and I was as anxious to return as Bathey was for me to do this story. Soon we turned onto M-22 and plowed straight between Little Glen and Big Glen Lakes toward the center of Glen Arbor, a tiny northwoods village just up the road from the Sleeping Bear Dunes and the shores of Lake Michigan, and some twenty-five miles west of Traverse City.

Two or three miles on the other side of Glen Arbor we finally spotted the hundred-year-old grist mill looming up out of the snow, its graceful bulk perched on the banks of the lovely Crystal River and its driveway entrance positively impassible. "Ah, wilderness!" I thought once again. "Home at last!"

Glen Arbor Roller Mills Recording Studio is one of the most remarkable musical enterprises in the United States—a full sixteen-track studio built into a painstakingly restored wooden flour mill which sits in the middle of some of the most beautiful country in the world. Four stories of stilled milling machinery, all of it looking in pristine condition, with microphone outlets, keyboard instruments, drums, guitars, isolation booths, 16-track tape decks, a massive control panel, speakers and monitors all nestled in among the natural wood beams, the conveyor belts and the massive turning gears of the mill equipment. Stained glass windows, thick wall-to-wall carpeting, gorgeous wall hangings, an original 78-rpm jukebox, reclaimed potbelly stoves, wooden pegs rather than nails to hold the ceiling's acoustic panels in place, and everywhere the irreplaceable touch of the human hand: these are only a few of the factors which make Roller Mills a totally mind-blowing esthetic experience, and certainly a facility entirely unique to the Michigan area.

There is a completely organic feeling to Roller Mills, a feeling of natural perfection in every detail which has been carefully and lovingly instilled in the building by its proprietor, a former architect and developer named Fred Ball. Fred, now 30, has spent almost his every waking minute on the Roller Mill project since 1970, when he and Don and Linda Lewis decided to purchase the nearly abandoned structure in order to restore it and develop it as an arts and crafts complex for the area. All three worked for a full year on the mill restoration job, and each had, in addition, a particular responsibility relative to the construction of the arts and crafts areas.

Fred, in charge of the musical facilities planned for the center, originally intended to install a simple four-track recorder into a two-room suite somewhere in the four-story structure. Then the Lewises abandoned the project to form their own construction company, and Ball was left with the whole trip to himself. Blessed with a certain wealth of family money and an indomitable spirit, Fred slowly began to broaden the scope of his vision *vis a vis* the rustic recording facility. Sometime in 1972 he realized that the only solution was to turn the entire building into a full-scale, sixteen-track, state-of-the-art studio-in-the-woods, a dream machine capable of capturing the sounds of musicians set loose in the wilderness with nothing but the trees and the birds and the waters to disturb their concentration. Fred moved into the third floor of the mill, the first area to be finished off, and started from there to effect the gradual materialization of his dream.

The process of building the studio

was as organic as the mill building itself. "I never had a plan, really," Fred confessed as we discussed his progress. "I figured I'd just get the stuff and see what to do with it. I'd been in some studios before, and I was working from a musician's point of view to begin with, so I just rooted around and took note of what people used in studios. Then I went out and got equipment that was dependable and which seemed to work. I had a lot of help too, as it turned out, because I kept getting turned on to people who could help me with what I needed."

Starting at Audio Distributors in Grand Rapids, Fred first purchased a CETEC 2000 quadrasonic console and "the rest of the big stuff," which now includes—for the benefit of the professionals among us—Ampex 16, 4, and 2-track recorders, UREI limiters and CETEC compressor/limiters, Countryman phasers, a Cooper Time Cube, Pandora Digital Delay lines, Crown amplifiers, DBX noise reduction units, graphic equalizers on all inputs, UREI graphic voicing equalizers, JBL 4320 studio monitors, 3 cue systems, the Electro-Voice Sentry I and Sentry IV studio monitors, the Altec A-7 speakers and the myriads of microphones from AKG, Beyer, Electro-Voice, Neumann, Sennheiser, and Sony—not to mention the Yamaha 7'4" grand piano, the Hammond B-3 organ, Fender Rhodes piano, ARP 2600 synthesizer, the drums and drum booth, and all the miscellaneous machinery and wiring which makes it all work.

Meanwhile, the salesman who sold Fred the "big stuff" in Grand Rapids had moved down to Nashville, where he fell in with a fella named Bill Porter, a music business veteran who serves as Elvis Presley's personal engineer. Porter heard about Glen Arbor Roller Mills and wrote to Ball, asking if there was any way he could help.

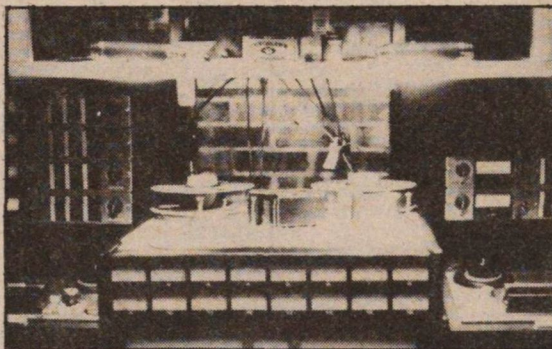
Thus Fred entered the big time for real, making top-level contacts in the national recording studio community and winding up with George Augsberger of Perception, Inc., designer of L.A.'s Village Recorder and Westlake Audio studios as well as Colorado's Caribou Ranch, coming in to Glen Arbor to acoustically and electronically voice the acoustics in the third-floor control room.

The Roller Mills facility now contains Studio A (first floor), a 35' X 50' space surrounded by an incredibly comfortable kitchen space on one end and the old milling machinery on the other; Studio B

(Second Floor), also 35' X 50' and including three isolation rooms and two amplifier isolation booths on various levels; the control room on the top floor, connected via closed-circuit television to Studios A and B; and the basement floor, which contains four matched acoustic echo chambers with automated processes and equalization on both send and return. There's also a new addition to the first floor which will feature a 5th acoustic echo chamber as well.

Unfortunately, Ball has tended to depend on the organic process to bring in paying clients for the studio, and the results have been just about what one would expect in this age of high-powered advertising: next to nil. "Al Nalli brought the Whiz Kids in for two album dates," Fred says, "and we've had quite a bit of action from a number of local artists in disciplines from folk to jazz to church music. Other than that it's been pretty slow, but I'm still putting the proverbial finishing touches on the place every day, and I'm confident that when the right people start to hear about the studio, they'll have to come up here and check it out."

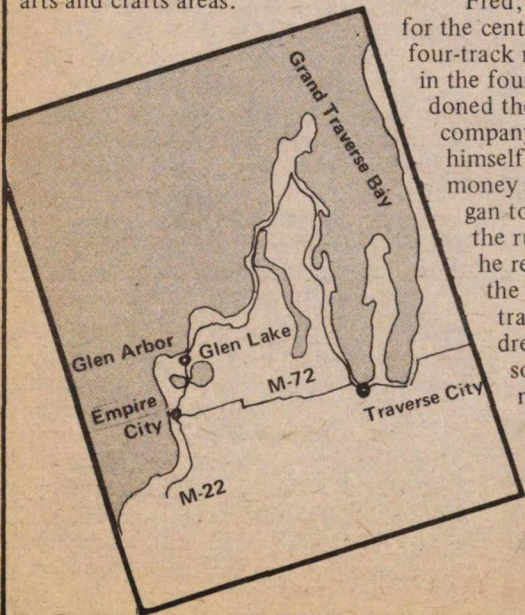
With rates under \$100 an hour and an atmosphere almost unmatched for concentrated recording work by creative musical artists—and with the priceless added incentive of the scenery and the natural recreational activities of the Traverse Bay area to boot—the Glen Arbor Roller Mills Recording Studio has a whole lot going for it. With some luck, and a substantial advertising and promotional budget, Fred Ball should be able to actualize his ambition to have a hot little 16-track facility operating full-time in the forests of northwestern Michigan. Interested parties may contact the studio's booking agent, Dave Bathey, at (616) 946-4326 in Traverse City to take a look for yourselves—and believe me, it'll knock your tired urban eyes right out of your head!




Scenes from the North Woods: Glen Arbor Roller Mills Recording Studios [on the Crystal River].



photos: Leni Sinclair



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THE COAT PULLER

continued from page 10

master of the art... The Detroit Repertory Theatre (Woodrow Wilson south of Davison) mounted Bruce Millan's "Whip-Poor-Will" on Jan. 15. The "brand-new mystery drama" written, directed and produced by DRT energy source Millan and featuring Delores Andrus, William Boswell, Renata Walker, Fred Burnett, Jack Slater, and Robert Williams, will run thru March 7th at the Repertory... The Clifford Fears Dance Theatre had their current work videotaped by Channel 56 last week as they prepare for their first concert of the year. Shot at Lowman's Westside, where the company rehearses, the program will be aired as the Sun hits the streets, Jan. 15th, and they can probably be persuaded to run it a few more times if you let them know how much you liked it... Tribe magazine, under the dynamic direction of tenor saxophonist Wendell Harrison, now appearing monthly, all over town... Shoo-Be-Doo and his Principles of Utility played one of the "Community Music for Community People" concerts at the First Unitarian Church, Cass & Forest, Tuesday Jan. 13. Ann Arbor listeners can catch the Shooob at the Blind Pig now and again, with the occasional Trotter House appearance to add to the fun... a group of Ojibwa Indians, led by project director Victor Nahmabin, have opened the Father Gabriel Richard Bicentennial Center, an oddly-named aboriginal art and cultural center in the Trapper's Alley area on Monroe Street (Greektown). While Detroit celebrates its 275th birthday in 1976, thanks

environment... Local bluesman Robert Evans has a new single, "The Ingredients of Love" (Parts 1 & 2), which has been getting some play over WGPR's Clarence Pace show, Saturday afternoons... Thanks to Bamboo Productions for trusting us with their advertising again... In Ann Arbor the AA Art Association is in the middle of an All Media Show by member artists, plus the work of Michael Mandzuik, in its new quarters at 117 West Liberty, thru Feb. 4...

IN AND OUT: Lou Donaldson hits the Pretzel Bowl Jan. 28, stays thru Feb. 11... Radio King and his Court of Rhythm, in town for holiday get-downs at Chances Are (Ann Arbor), Lizard's (Lansing), and elsewhere in the area, will literally close down the Hill Lounge in Ypsilanti this weekend (16-18) before splitting back to Boston, their current home. Radio King has just released a single, "Magic City," a hip tribute to the streets of the Big D, on the Boston-based Jelly label... Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee to the Raven Gallery, Jan. 27-Feb. 2... Les McCann and his band, guest stars Mixed Bag, appear in a dance/concert at the Union Ballroom, Ann Arbor, Wed. Jan. 21st, sponsored by UAC/Eclipse Jazz. Be there or be square... Dizzy Gillespie and his big band at Birmingham Groves H.S. Fri., Jan. 23... Woody Herman and his big band at Clarenceville H.S., Livonia, Sun. Jan. 18, 4 p.m., sponsored by Schoolcraft College... Marlena Shaw now at Watts' Club Mozambique, thru the weekend... Teddy Pendergrass and the new



Fito



Leon Thomas



Cleo Laine



Jim Ingram

in part to Fr. Richard, it must be noted that the so-called "Indians" (named by Christopher "Wrong-Way" Columbus) have inhabited the area for at least 12,000 years. Put that in your pipes and smoke it... Ran into Ralph Armstrong at the Gary Burton concert and got the word he's joining British guitarist Jeff Beck for Beck's next U.S. tour... Also saw Vivian Nance, the most-talked-about young drummer in town, who says she and her brother Michael have a new band, Tungk, which is ready to strut its stuff. We'll sure be lookin' for it... Guitarist Earl Klugh held down the Pretzel Bowl for a week or two around the turn of the year, followed by organist Jack McDuff and his band. The Highland Park showplace with the best hamburgers in town is now featuring name jazz entertainment from out of town on a regular basis. Congrats to owner George Ansen, and more good listening for area music fans...

Big Bill Hodgson, Dave Opatik, and the original Shadowfax are holding down Cobb's Corner (Cass and Willis) Thursdays and Saturdays, with recent guests including Rusty Day, Wayne Kramer and a host of hundreds... Don't miss the new Muruga/Brubeck/Robinson trio at Baker's Keyboard Lounge, thru this weekend. Muruga Steve Booker, keyboardist Darius Brubeck, and clarinet wizard Perry Robinson have one of the freshest sounds you'll hear, and Clarence Baker is to be commended for letting us hear them in his tasteful

Bluenoters (sans Harold Melvin) at Henry's for two weeks, ending the 18th... Bette Midler and her show at Masonic for five nights, Jan. 28-Feb. 1... Les McCann hits EMU too, Thursday the 22nd... Songstress/songwriter Carole King on one of her rare tours does two nights at Ann Arbor's Hill Auditorium, Jan. 26-27... The big pop events include Kiss's three nights at Cobo (Jan. 26-28), Peter Frampton and Gary Wright at Bobo Jan. 23 and 29th, and BTO ("for one night only") at Cobo, Feb. 6... Firesigners Proctor & Bergman at Ann Arbor's Matrix Theatre this weekend (Sun.-Mon., Jan. 18-19)... Cleo Laine at the Music Hall Jan. 27-Feb. 1, with songs the first half and her portrayal of "Anna from Louisiana" in the Brecht/Weill classic "Seven Deadly Sins" (directed by Anna Sokolow) the second half... The mighty Leon Thomas and his band slide into Baker's Jan. 23rd for ten big days...

ON THE AIR: And off the air is WABX veteran Dick Thyne, who got the axe at New Year's along with chief engineer Jim Pfaffenberger, leaving former White Panther Dennis Frawley as the only Big X "original" left on the set... Anne Christ, one of the best air-persons around, is back on the air at WWWW for the 2-6 a.m. shift... WJZZ still shifting people around, trying to get that "jazzy sound" to sound right all the time. Jack Broderick, and John Hill, the tasty twosome, join Ed Love, Rosetta Hines, Herman Haines, and Gordon Edwards as JZZ regulars, and the audience just keeps on growin'... Finally, the Coat Puller finds it impossible to keep from recommending John Sinclair's "Ancestor Worship" program on WCBN-FM (89.5) in Ann Arbor, Sunday nights from 11:00 p.m. to 3:00 a.m., which just completed a three-part, 12-hour series on the music of Charlie Parker. Have mercy!

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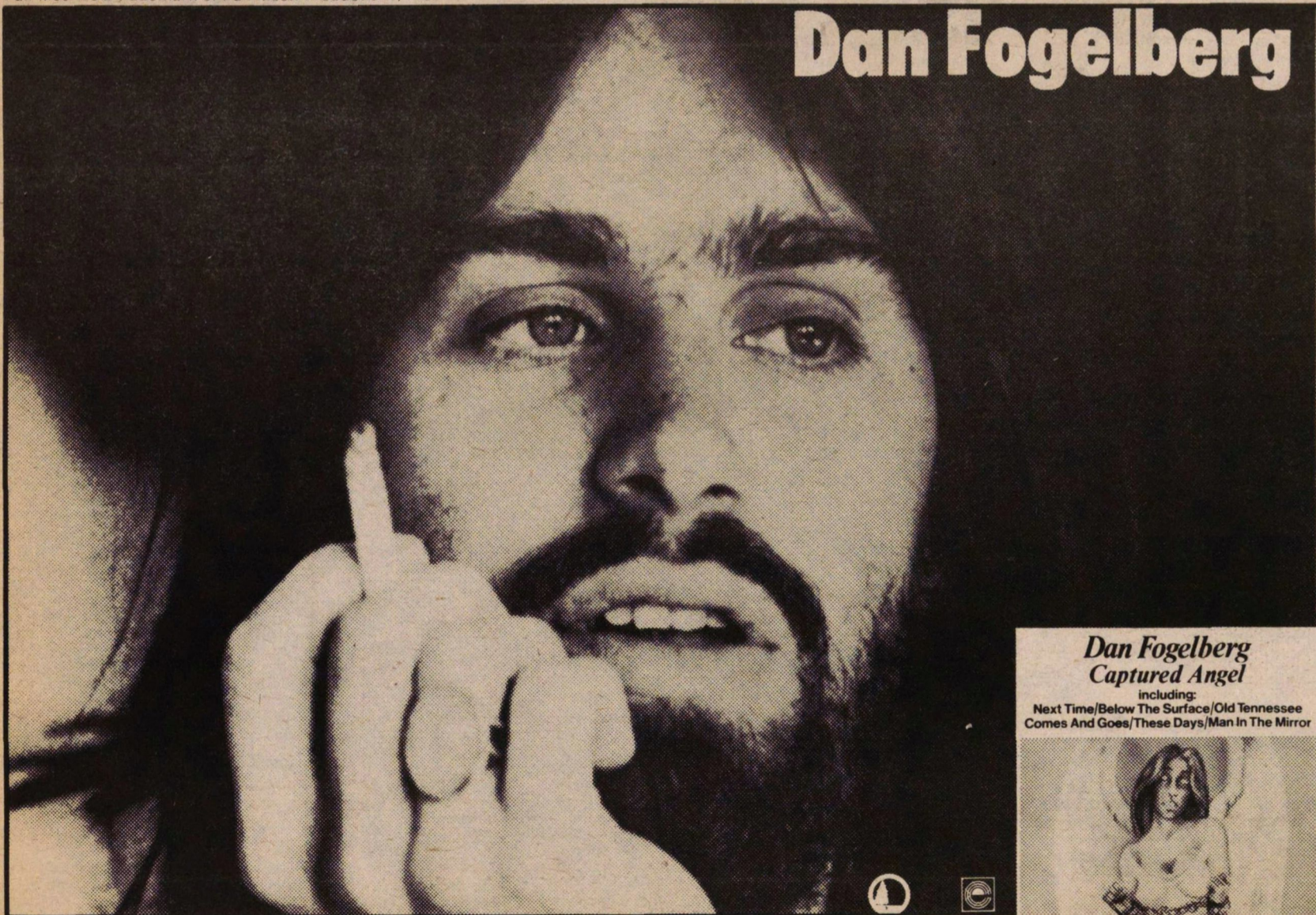


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PERFORMANCE

Billy Paul

At King's Row December 26-31



Fans of modern music got a special treat over the holidays when vocalist extraordinaire Billy Paul made one of his frequent Detroit appearances at the comfortably elegant King's Row club on the city's west side, staying to celebrate the coming of 1976. Known most recently for "Thank You"

A Milos Forman Film Starring Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher and William Redfield. Based on the novel by Ken Kesey. Directed by Milos Forman. Now at the Towne Theatre, Greenfield at 10 Mile.

In recent years the squalid and non-rehabilitative conditions of American mental institutions have been coming slowly to light. Much like the criminal prisons upon which they are patterned, the mental wards tend to create more problems for patients than they solve: often stringing them out on drugs, administering punishment (in the form of electro-shock treatments) disguised as therapy, and providing a generally brutal and insensitive atmosphere to add to the initial problems of the patients.

Worse, until very recently, residents of such institutions in most states had no constitutional rights whatsoever, and could literally be kept in confinement for their entire lives without due process, jury trials or any other form of justice other than the whims of twisted psychologists or their own families. It's almost a maxim now that the one way to insure that patients will remain psychologically sick and twisted forever is precisely to keep them confined in mental institutions.

Milos Forman's gripping, deeply depressing yet hilarious film, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, succeeds brilliantly in capturing the essence of such institutions with frightening realism. Jack Nicholson plays a mentally sane prison inmate transferred to a psycho ward due to "resentment of authority." In the succeeding months, the insanity of the institution, and its power to intern him forever beyond his original prison sentence, drives him berserk. Nicholson attempts to enliven the institution, provide actual programs for the inmates, and inspire them to cure themselves. His unorthodox methods and violation of institution rules

(For *Saving My Life*) and the lush "Me and Mrs. Jones" hit singles on the Philadelphia International label. Billy Paul worked with the hot Gamble/Huff production team for several years now, creating a reputation as a unique, velvet-toned interpreter of lyric. In fact, Billy is really at his best in a recording situation, backed by the full complement of crack Philly musicians known as MFSB. But his live show proved to be quite interesting and satisfying nonetheless.

Billy did bring from Philadelphia a rock-solid six-piece backup unit (The 360 Degree Band), and three accomplished female vocalists called The Roots. Together they showcased several of Billy's newer tunes (most of them from the recent *When Love Is New*) including "Brown Baby"; the title cut from the album; a rousing version of "People Power" (the high point of the evening); "Just Love Me Now"; and to close the show, of course, a beautiful reading of the already classic "Me and Mrs. Jones."

A bonus for this reviewer was the opportunity, my first, to attend a show at the attractive King's Row lounge. Located at West Chicago Boulevard at Meyers, the club seems to be continuing in what has become a great Motor City tradition of highly active, top-flight nightclubs. The vibes inside are first rate, the standard "lighted security parking" is right nearby, and we're told the schedule for February through April includes the likes of Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes, Grover Washington Jr., Esther Phillips, Stanley Turrentine, and B.B. King.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest



her subtleties of feeling and style get lost easily.

In addition, Joni's fascination with the pop idiom, unveiled initially with *Court and Spark*, imposes further restrictions on her ample melodic and lyrical imagination, while admittedly gaining her the ears of many more listeners.

The current offering, despite its highly metaphorical title, combines several examples of her facility for infusing "pop" structures with dynamic and inventive melodic, rhythmic, and lyrical ideas, with two or three more ambitious and innovative pieces. There is also supposed to be a unifying theme here, which may have to do with Joni's keen observations of the roles played out by certain women she has known, including herself.

As always, Joni's perception of other people's milieu and feelings, as well as her own, is exceedingly sharp and well-conveyed. She is a genius at creating atmosphere, mood, and dramatic tension. One could only wish her voice had as much power and guttiness as it has expressive nuance and control.

All in all, a recording well worth your attention, though not aspiring to the heights of *For the Roses*—for my money her crowning achievement to date.

Earth, Wind & Fire

Gratitude (Columbia)

A live performance of *Earth, Wind & Fire* is more like a religious service than a stage show. That's why their latest album, "Gratitude," three-quarters of which was recorded at various concerts, is something extraordinary. It's a believable, warm and human gospel that they offer and their following is enormous and uniformly ecstatic.

Joni Mitchell

The Hissing of Summer Lawns (Asylum)

Joni Mitchell has come a long way since she was scuffling on the Motor City folk circuit with ex-husband Chuck Mitchell, appearing frequently in such rooms as the *Living End*, the *Retort*, and the *Raven Gallery*. In fact, for this reviewer's tastes at least, she has developed her musical prowess over the years to the point where she could legitimately be called one of the finest popular songwriters working in her genre today.

True, one must admit that such labels as "soft rock" and "stick studio pop" are fairly accurate characterizations of what Joni does most of the time. Especially since her decision to record and tour with L.A. studio musicians, much of her compositional, vocal, and lyrical talent comes to us in such a glossy wrapping that



Lyman Woodard Organization

At Cranbrook January 4, 1976

Bud Spangler's Detroit's Jazz Today series has already displayed such fine units as *Tribe, Mixed Bag*, and the *New McKinney's Cottonpickers* in the pleasantly unusual surroundings at Cranbrook's Academy of Art Museum. This time the popular seasoned *Lyman Woodard Organization* took over the stage before a crowd that packed the auditorium to the walls on a Sunday afternoon.

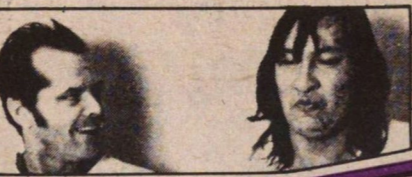
The Woodard band has reorganized and reformed itself since parting with show-stopping saxophonist *Norma Bell* (now with *Frank Zappa*). They might have lost a certain uniqueness exuded by the vivacious female alto player, but the band's music seems to have expanded enough to more than make up for it. They now have a very competent *Larry Smith* on alto sax, along with *George Davidson*, drums; *Ron English*, guitar; and *Woodard* on organ.

Woodard and his Organization excel at arranging and writing—putting together songs—and they assembled several new compositions which had considerable effect on the enthusiastic Oakland County audience. *English*, now using a twin-necked combination guitar-bass, had two fine tunes for the band to open with: "Coming Nations Fanfare" and "Lullaby." The first set closed with a new arrangement of Woodard's "Saturday Night Special," and the entire second set comprised four more Woodard originals.

The bands' original material goes over so well with so many different kinds of audiences because the LWO injects the feel of popular r & b into their music, and they easily shift mood and tempo with the improvisational savvy of jazz master *Charles Mingus*. By the end of the show the Organization's music—perfectly complemented by dancing

get him sent down time after time for daily treatments of 10,000 volts in the head (shown in powerful realism), and eventually he is lobotomized by psychosurgery into a total vegetable.

The fear, regimentation, insensitivity and *Catch-22* bureaucracy of the institution are well portrayed indeed. This is not a movie to see if you're looking for a lift, however. It has its hilarious moments, as do all of Nicholson's films, but the stark reality of the situation will have you frightened to death by the end.



—David Fenton



A spirit of gratitude certainly directs E, W & F through their music. They perform, one feels, on our behalf: for us. Their music tries to unify a network of shared aspirations and needs, and to make us feel them. "We're just here to remind you, yearnin' 'learnin' is what you're doin'."

This album contains many of E, W & F's most familiar work, as evidenced by the howling recognition that accompanies the first notes of every song. There is "Shining Star," with a looser feel and a rhythmic attack out of Sly's bag. "Sun Goddess" is done without Ramsey Lewis and truly doesn't suffer from his absence.

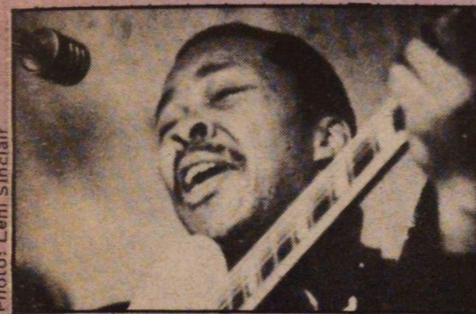
The most delightful thing about E, W & F is that they aren't tied down into a sound. Unlike other large ensembles, they have a great array of effects which leader *Maurice White* arranges to fit the demands of every song. Witness the tender and thoughtful ease of "Devotion"—voices are raised in billowing gospel-like harmonies over the silken rhythm section and *Larry Dunn*'s organ. "Your devotion opens all life's treasures . . . Believe us." Mercy! One can't help but believe!

There's much more to discover, four bountiful sides worth, and I envy you not having heard them yet. *Earth, Wind and Fire* hook you by the ear but pull you up by the heart.

—David Weiss



Ron English



Terry Callier

percussion of the dynamic *Lorenzo "Mr. Rhythm" Brown* on congas, etc.—had the capacity audience literally on its feet and cheering.

This first *Detroit's Jazz Today* series winds up on the first Sunday in February with a concert by ace saxophonist *Sam Sanders*' new jazz unit, *Visions*. If you're in the neighborhood, don't miss it. And if you have to drive some to get there, it'll be well worth the trip.

Terry Callier

At Lowman's Westside Club

Popular Chicago singer-songwriter-guitarist *Terry Callier* and his trio plowed through the snow the day after Christmas to open what may well turn into a month-long engagement at *Lowman's Westside Club*, where the Columbia recording artist made a great many Motor City fans and friends during his last appearance a couple months back.

Openings with his well-known "Down Here On The Ground," *Terry* and associates *Eric Hochberg*, bass,

and *Ben McGee*, congas and other hand percussion—worked their way through a ninety-minute set which grew in strength, cohesion, and expressiveness as the three young players gradually warmed up from the long ride over from the Windy City. "What Color Is Love" and "Another Day in the Life of a Fool" preceded a long, exciting workout on *Terry*'s tribute to *John Coltrane*, "Can't Catch the Trane," which brought the entire trio together for the first time to propel the acoustic guitarist-vocalist-leader into some moving vocal flights based in the ideas and emotions of the music of *John Coltrane*. The tribute included direct quotes from "Out Of This World" and "Mr. P.C." on the long vamp going out of the tune, and the overall effect was beautifully precise and true to the message of the great Afro-American saxophonist.

Callier & Co. offered their "Golden Circle of Your Love" and "Highway Blues" before delivering a ten-minute tour-de-force performance on "Dancing Girl," a lovely piece which made lyrical reference to *Charlie Parker* while shifting through a progression of mood and tempo changes and ended with *Callier's* *Leon Thomas*-inspired jazz yodeling. "Ghetto Butterfly" and a very hip "Mrs. Beasley" brought



Black Artists' Manifesto

At Wayne State University, December 19, 1975

Requiem of *Omega Ebony* and *Circle of Voices*, two plays written and directed by *Gerald M. Lemmons*. Performed December 19, 1975 at the W.S.U. Community Arts Auditorium to a sizeable black audience in spite of Mother Nature's winter performance outside.

Gerald Lemmons began his directing career in his junior year at Michigan State University with his rendering of *Raisin in the Sun*. Thus inspired to write and direct his own material, *Gerald* soon founded B.A.M. (*Black Artists' Manifesto*) at MSU as a vehicle for the creative work of Black artists with exceptional abilities in acting and writing. Earlier compositions of *Gerald's* which have been performed in *Detroit* (at the *Institute of Arts*) are *The Untogether Fall* and *The Natural Trial* which, hopefully, will be performed here again soon.

At *Community Arts* the proceedings opened with a poem written and recited by *Danielle Render*, president of B.A.M., who is also a playwright and director. The piece was entitled "I Am the Ebony Woman."

Requiem of *Omega Ebony* (meaning "funeral of the last black man") was the first play enacted. It told the tale of modern-day blacks caught up in the stereo-typed cobwebs of themselves. With more philosophy than actual drama,

—Bernadette Harris

the main character *Billy Blackman* seemed alienated from his peers due to their negative understanding of him. I am quite definite that everyone who witnessed this play could easily relate to this particular setting.

Next was *Circle of Voices*, a terror drama with three unsuspecting gents (one puzzled, one intellectual, one paranoid) who each received strange calls in the middle of the night, later meeting up in an awkward situation. All were mentally tormented by a female spectre who once played a role in each man's life. The spectre should receive honorable mention for its noted madness, and for that matter the attitude, too!—whose humor seemed quite gross. Appropriate sound effects and controlled lighting highlighted this eerie production.

Ending the evening on a happy note was *The Common Problem*, written and directed by *Danielle Render*. This trivial, simplistic comedy examined two girls who were behind the times on physical hygiene. This modern-day episode reminds one of the roommate at college...the one whose feet you couldn't stand to smell. Ever so passionately funny, the crowd enjoyed *The Common Problem* emphatically.

All in all, much more is to be seen and heard from this theater group.

the regular set to a close, but it wasn't going to be that easy for the trio to get off the stage, and the crowd wasn't satisfied until *Terry* had added his "What Does It Take To Change Your Mind," "Your Name Will Never Be Forgotten"—an incredible musical testimonial to *Dr. Martin Luther King*—and the irrepressible "I'd Rather Be With You," after which one could hardly be justified in demanding more.

Terry Callier is a warm, inventive, socially-aware, beautifully sincere popular artist whose low-key show seems perfectly suited to the *Lounge at Lowman's Westside*, and he'll be there for at least a few more days this time around. Catch him if you can—he'll be well worth your time.

—John Sinclair

Albert King

At Ethel's Lounge

Power-blues lovers got a real Christmas treat this year with two weekends' worth of guitar master *Albert King* at *Ethel's Lounge*, where the holiday cheer spread out from the stage to engulf every member of the audience in its expressive sweep.

Heading an intensely hip young band, the relentlessly powerful *Mr. King* cut loose with round after round of thrilling guitar solos, which were ever so perfectly surrounded by the blues giant's well-shaped vocal offerings. A late Saturday night set opened with a long instrumental working of *Marvin Gaye's* "What's Goin' On" by the band sans *Albert*, with *Sam Dean's* very interesting trombone solo sandwiched between two impressive saxophone flights by musical director *Wayne Preston*. Second guitarist *Bubbie Townsend* added a driving jazz/blues statement before the head, and *Preston* took the band into a vocal version of "Hang On In There" which featured two spectacular tenor saxophone solos by *Nate Fitzgerald*.

"The Gumbo is a dance on the palate: a thick soup made with okra or file, allowed to simmer and into which everything at hand goes. With patient simmering the ingredients blend in a composite seasoning."

Where *Volume 3* of the *Yardbird* was a stunning Asian-American edition, *Volume 4* serves a dish of African and American writing between its 200 pages that pops hot, sweet and succulent, leaving the reader well-fed and ready.

The 28 contributors hail from locales as diverse as *Zaire*, *Nigeria* and *Wichita, Kansas*. They stretch the distance between *Jessica Hagedorn's Bump City* and the *Old World of Kenya* where *John C. Onyango Abuje*, in *From The Heartless Man*, tells tales of a life bound in anima and magic, in what *Gary Snyder* calls "dream-time," where *Medicine* and *bloodlines* mix, and the body is not separate from the universe.

Eugene Redmond, the poet who lives in *Sacramento* and whose last book was *In Time*



Sonny Rollins

Nucleus (Milestone)

Sonny Rollins, now 46 years old, has rolled with the changes in jazz since the 1950's. He is one of jazzdom's leading tenor saxophonists, known for his beautiful tone, his ability to improvise on the melody—and for adopting, or adapting to, the latest jazz styles. His newest album for *Milestone*, *Nucleus*, demonstrates this latter trait as he gets deep into jazz-funk.

The album opens with a *Rollins* original entitled "Lucille." The song has a nice, catchy melody which *Rollins* states in a gritty tone reminiscent of *Illinois Jaquet*. However, the proceedings begin to drag as *George Duke* introduces synthesized strings, giving the song a definite "schlock" sound. Wah-wah guitar completes the picture, making the cut just right for *disco* airplay. There is a pleasant chorus or two when *Rollins* solos with *Bennie Maupin* restating the theme in the background, but this becomes tiring as the idea is repeated over and over until the song finally fades out.

This funkiness reappears on "Gwaligo" and "Are You Ready?" and becomes a total *Sly Stone* rip-off on the title track (spelled N-e-w-k-le-u-s). In this format, *Rollins*' playing is uninspired at best, boring at worst. *Sonny* needs more involved tunes to be able to stretch out and improvise. Here he is restricted to one or two chords, and the result is sadly lacking ("modal riffing" is a term that applies well here).

But all is not lost. Prospects brighten with "Azelia," which utilizes a standard pop opening with the horns playing in unison (albeit a bit roughly). There are nice solos by *Duke* on

Ethel's *M.C. Gip Roberts* took the floor for some humorous foolishness before bringing on the star of the show, who entered the proceedings with a long string of stunning guitar choruses on *Herbie Hancock's* classic "Watermelon Man." The rhythm team of bassist *Joe Turner* and drummer *Lannie Turner*, though unrelated by blood, worked together like Siamese twins here and throughout the set.

Albert broke into his mercilessly male-chauvinist "Laundromat Blues," trading off guitar runs with *Townsend* after the vocal to great effect. Another instrumental, this one in the classic *Stax* style, preceded *King's* convincing reading of *Elmore James' "The Sky Is Crying,"* an intensely moving performance which included a tasty tenor insert by *Nate Fitzgerald*.

The spirit of the season was quickly invoked by *Albert's* novelty hit, "Santa Claus Wants Some Lovin'," an inconsequential number which was rescued from total loss-dom by more of the master's hard-hitting guitar. "I Wanna Get Funky" (dedicated to the lately and dearly departed *Hound Dog Taylor*), "Everybody Wants to Go to Heaven," "Take It Home Li'l Brother," the classic "Blues at Sunrise," and *King's* extremely popular "I'll Play the Blues for You," each a gem of modern-day blues artistry, followed in rapid succession before *Albert* went deep into his soulful bag to pull out "The Very Thought of You," sung in the post-war blue crooner manner to the delight of the audience, many of whom were beginning now to come forward to shake hands, hug or kiss their old friend *Albert King*.

After threatening several times to play "all night long," *King* was finally convinced by the

Of Rain And Desire,

puts forth questions on the state of approaching what is termed Black Poetry, defining the source of Black (and all literature) as folkloristic.

Ishmael Reed, *Conjure Man* from *Buffalo* and one of the best writers this country has been fortunate enough to have in the last decade, once again takes our perception into fresh light with his interview with *Max Bond* and *Carl Anthony* on *Afro-American Architecture*. *Bond* is head of his own firm, *Bond, Ryder Associates*, and is a member of *Architect's Rehabilitation Center* in *Harlem*. *Anthony* is assistant professor of architecture at *UC-Berkeley*.

electric piano and by *Maupin*, who shows that he's been listening to *Rollins* and *Coltrane*. A smooth, upbeat unison refrain ends the song.

The record closes with two becoming tunes. "Cosmet" starts with an unaccompanied solo by *Rollins*, the band filling in behind him to produce a light and lively sound. Trombonist *Raul de Souza* takes a fine solo, as does *Maupin*, playing something called a saxella. The number closes with the three trading fast, short solos and riding out the ending in unison.

The last song, "My Reverie" (based on *De-bussy's "Reverie"*), again starts with a *Rollins* solo, here sounding a bit like *Gato*, and flows into a duet with *Maupin* (on bass clarinet). We hear decent solos by *Duke* on acoustic piano and a clear tone, driving *de Souza*. Very nice.

Funk aside, one could still call this a fair album, mainly because of these latter songs. If *Rollins* really likes recording AM material like "Newkules," I can only wish him the best, and remember him by such great albums as *Saxophone Colossus* and *Rollins Plays for Bird*. If he is doing this for the money, I wish he would see that personal, non-trendy statements are being made by such artists as *Mingus* and are commercial successes. Until then, I guess *Sonny* will just keep on rollin'.

Rufus

Featuring Chaka Kahn (ABC)

If you've ever found yourself switching lanes involuntarily while driving, unable to resist the funky imperative blasting from the radio, you probably had some *Rufus* jam comin' from the box. "Tell Me Something Good" or "You Got the Love" are enough to drive anyone to near distraction. Unfortunately, a good chunk of *Rufus'* new offering is a little on the safe side.

Rufus, featuring *Chaka Kahn* is a 50-50 mixture: half is relentless, no-holds-barred disco,



more prudent management of the club to bring his hard-rolling show to an end with a final instrumental showpiece. By this time, a steady stream of admirers and well-wishers had shimmered, strutted, or staggered up to the stage to personally thank their hero for having entertained them so well, and soon the evening was only a very pleasant memory as the club emptied out onto *Mack Avenue* for the cold drive home. *Albert King* had played the blues for us, and we were quite well satisfied indeed.

The three take off into reconiderations and discoveries of the place of Afro-American architecture and its possibilities within the current social system.

Reed, Anthony and *Bond* point out the sources from other cultures in the architecture that shapes our lives and which has been erroneously defined as a European tradition: the influences of *Aztec* and *Egyptian* modes on *Art Deco*—or, as it once was known, "jazz modern"—the *Mayan* and *Japanese* influence on the work of *Frank Lloyd Wright*, and the evidence in the South of *African* architecture. *Reed* speaks of an architecture with "a style like *Ragtime* . . . a collection of folk forms stylized by a composer." Once again the *Doctor* has made a roux which sets the brain lobes vibrating.

J. Boreen's Salmon Swims Up River must likewise be mentioned here. *Boreen* lives in *Washington* and has written a tale which is comparable to any in the tradition of the *Native American*. The story is breathtaking in its simplicity and oral structure.

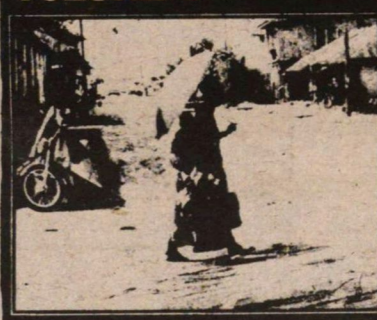
Boreen, we are waiting for more. *Yardbird 4* is more than ready. It is full of sweet provocation. The gumbo has simmered and it's being dished up now.

—*Michael Reynolds* (Berkeley Barb, AFS)

Yardbird Reader

Editor for Vol. 4, William Lawson, Yardbird Publishing, 1975, \$3.95. Editor-in-Chief, Ishmael Reed.

YARDBIRD READER VOLUME 4



ACHEBE ANTHONY BOND BOREEN DADA HAGEDORN IFETA IWAGWU JOHNSON KOOSITSILE KLINKOWITZ KOSTELANETZ LAWSON LAYE MUSTAPHA

half-upbeat ballads that just aren't worth the trouble. The former is what *Rufus* does best and what keeps people buying up their singles. They've got a personalized formula out of the *James Brown-Sly Stone* mold and it's hard to sit still when it happens.

Praise be to *Chaka Khan's* vocals. She can't disguise her soulfulness no matter what the setting. When it's just her and the rhythm section as on "Dance Wit Me" or "Have a Good Time," her exuberance knows no limits. Nor does the guitar playing of *Tony Maiden*. Listen in on "Sweet Thing," their current single, for a potent demonstration.

Rather than letting well enough alone, someone asked a string and horn section in, set a synthesizer loose and decided to do some laid back, "meaningful" ballads. And although *Chaka* does her best to squeeze some feeling out of these songs, they just don't have it, melodically or otherwise. It takes *Aretha* to make you really listen to a *Bacharach* tune, but these songs aren't even that good. The result is "de-rufused" *Rufus* or that cold and slippery creature known as the "L.A. Sound," replete with the glittering emptiness that is Hollywood.

Rufus can be exciting, though. You better have some high-heeled sneakers handy for some of these tunes. They mean what they do and but for their producers, I've got a feeling they'd do it even better.

—David Weiss



RECORDS

DRAMA

RECORDS

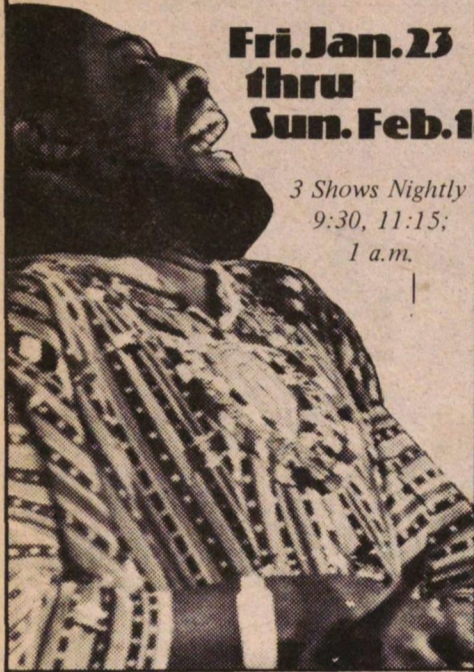
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CALENDAR

THE MUSIC SCENE

Detroit & Suburbs

Backyard Lounge, Ford Rd. at Middlebelt, 522-5660: Van Coot, until Jan. 24, no cover.

Baker's Keyboard Lounge, 20510 Livernois, 864-1200: Maruga, Brubeck & Robinson thru Jan. 17; Jan. 23-Feb. 1, Leon Thomas Quintet, \$3.50.

Ben's Hi-Chaparral, 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. & 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.

Cobb's Corner, corner of Cass and Willis, 832-7223: Mon., Bob McDonald Group; Tues.-Wed., Peaches; Thurs. and Sat., Shadowfax.

Dirty Helens, 1703 Cass, 962-2300: Fito's Salsa Hustle Band, Wed.-Sat., thru Feb. 5, \$1.00.

Ethel's Cocktail Lounge, E. Mack, east of Grand Blvd., 922-9443: Jan. 15-18, Tyrone Davis.

Gino's Falcon Showbar, 19901 Van Dyke at Outer Dr., 893-0190: Katzenjammer, Wed.-Sun. thru Jan. 20; Jan. 21, Bump City.

Golden Coach, 30450 Van Dyke, Warren, 573-7850: Jan. 13-18, Prentice Minor, \$4.00; Jan. 20-Feb. 1, Bobby Anderson, \$3.00.

Inn Between, 3270 W. Huron, Waterford, 682-5690: Jan. 14-16, 21-24, 31, Ron Coden; Jan. 18-20, 25-27, Craig Marsden.

Jazz West, 8418 Fenkell, 864-0240: Disco, 10:00 pm-6:00 am.

J.C.'s Rock Saloon, 1405 Gratiot (betw. 6 and 7 Mile Rds.) 526-3445: Ice. Sun.-Thurs., \$.50; Fri.-Sat., men-\$1.00, women-free.

Leone's Lounge & Arcade, 2179 Fort Park St., (3 blks. south of Southfield), Lincoln Park, 382-9725: Thru Jan. 17, Mugsy; Jan. 20-31, Zooster. \$1.00 Fri., Sat.

The Living Room, 23307 Telegraph Rd., 676-7373: Jan. 6-28, Riot.

Lowman's Westside Club, 14355 Livernois at Ewald, 933-5346: Please call for information.

Murphy's Cocktail Lounge, 7419 Puritan, 864-8340: Disco with Arthur Baby, \$1.00.

Music Man Lounge, 15624 W. 6 Mile Rd. near Greenfield, BR3-0433: Disco with Tyrone Davis.

Playmate Lounge: Ford Road, Garden City.

The Friends Road Show, Jan. 14, 16, 17, 18.

Poison Apple: Westland. Friends Road Show, Jan. 19, \$1.00 cover.

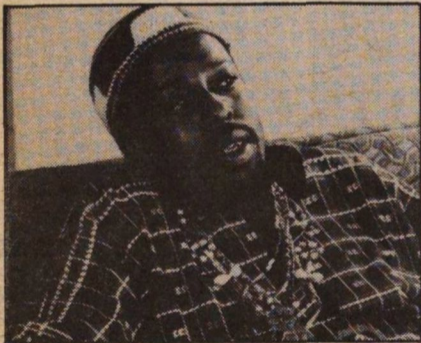
Pretzel Bowl Saloon, 13922 Woodward, Highland Park, 865-6040: Jan. 14-27, Jack Mc Duff, \$4.00; Jan. 28-Feb. 11, Lou Donaldson, \$4.00, Wed.-Sat.

Raven Gallery, 29101 Greenfield, Southfield, 577-2622: Jan. 20-26, Steve Martin; Jan. 27-Feb. 2, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee.

Red Carpet, 16427 E. Warren at Outer Dr., 885-0570: Mon. and Tues., Parade; Jan. 14-18, Blind Man's Bluff.

Studio Lounge, 6921 Wayne Rd., Westland, 729-2540: Burma Rd., \$1.00

Swinging City Lounge, 12039 Jos. Campau, 365-6155: Comstock Load thru Jan. 21, then, The Badge.



Leon Thomas at Baker's Keyboard Lounge, 1/23-2/1.

Twenty Grand Driftwood Lounge, 5025 14th St., at Warren, TY7-6445: Jan. 15-18, The Dells; Jan. 29-Feb. 1, Johnny Taylor.

Trio, Northwestern Hwy. at 12 Mile Rd., Southfield, 358-1860: The Sunshine Band, Union Street, 15016 Mack, 331-0018: Mon., Jerry Poirier, Tues., Dan Moran; Weds., Paul Tyler; Thurs., Billy Simpson; Fri.-Sat., Jill Phillips; Sun., Jennifer Bottomley.

Watts Club Mozambique, Fenkell at Northlawn, 864-0240: Jan. 9-19, Marlena Shaw.

E. Lansing

Lizards, 224 Abbott Rd., (517) 351-2285: Jan. 15-17, Mojo Boogie Band; Jan. 18-19, Common Sense; Jan. 20-21, Stratus; Jan. 22-24, Bryan Lee and The Blues Power Band; Jan. 25-26, Common Sense; Jan. 27-28, Stratus; Jan. 29-Feb. 1, Friends Roadshow.

Silver Dollar Saloon, 3411 E. Michigan Ave., (517) 351-2451: Jan. 13-15, Iron Butterfly; Jan. 26, Lonnie Liston Smith; Jan. 28, Mike Bloomfield; Feb. 10-12, Grinder Switch; Feb. 28, Joe Farrell; March 10, Patti Smith.

CONCERTS



Bette Midler at Masonic Auditorium, 1/28-2/1.

DETROIT

Jan. 18: Dan Fogelberg at Ford Aud., \$6.50, \$5.50, \$4.50. 224-1070.

Jan. 23 & 29: Peter Frampton at Cobo Arena, 8:00 pm, \$6.50 tickets left. 224-1000.

Jan. 23: Dionne Warwick at Masonic, \$7.50, \$6.50, \$5.50. TE2-6648.

Jan. 24: Anthony Braxton Quartet, at the Showcase Theatre, 8:30pm, \$5.50, 4.50, 3.50. A Probita Production. Tickets available at Hudsons, Warehouse Records (Ypsil), & Discount Records (A2).

Jan. 25, 26, 27: Kiss at Cobo Arena, 8:00 pm, \$6.50, \$5.50. 224-1000.

Jan. 28-Feb. 1: Bette Midler at Masonic, \$10.00, \$7.00, \$5.00. TE2-6648.

Feb. 1: Visions with Sam Sanders, Cranbrook Academy of Art, 500 Lone Pine Rd., Bloomfield Hills, 645-3312, 3:00-5:30 pm.

Feb. 11: Queen at Masonic, 8:00 pm, \$7.50, \$6.50, \$5.50.

Feb. 19: Cat Stevens at Cobo Arena, sold out.

Feb. 29-March 1: David Bowie at Olympia Stadium, \$8.00, \$7.00.

ANN ARBOR & YPSILANTI

Jan. 21: Eclipse Jazz presents Les McCann at the Michigan Union Ballroom, 8 & 10:30 pm. Gen. adm. \$4, tickets available at Discount Records, UAC ticket office & The Blind Pig.

Jan. 22: Les McCann, jazz pianist will perform at Pease Aud., EMU, 8 pm. Admission \$5 at the door, \$4 in advance. 487-3044.

Jan. 25: Andree Crouch & the Disciples, w/ special guests Donald Vail and the Choraleers, at Hill Aud., U-M. 5pm. \$5,4.50, 3.50. Available at Hill Box office or Mi. Union ticket office.

Jan. 26-27: Carole King at Hill Auditorium U-M Campus. 8pm, \$6,5.4. Mail order only to UAC Concerts, Mich. Union, 530 S. State, A2, Mi. 48104. 763-1771.

Ann Arbor

The Ark Coffeehouse, 1421 Hill St., 761-1451: 1/15, Mad Mountain Mime Troupe; 1/16-18, The National Recovery Act w/David Prine; 1/21, David Bromberg (call ahead to confirm location for this concert); 1/23-25, Norman & Nancy Blake; 1/30-2/1, Paul Siebel.

The Blind Pig, 208 S. First, 668-9449: 1/15, Shoo Bee Doo & the Principles of Utility; 1/16-17, Dave Workman Blues Band; 1/19 & 26, Blue Monday w/Boogie Woogie Red; 1/20 & 29, John Mooney & Bob Weiner; 1/21, Aldebaran; 1/22, The Silvertones; 1/23-24, Tribe; 1/27, Corey Sea Quartet; 1/28, Melodioso; 1/30-31, Jimmy Walker, Pete Crawford & Billy Branch.

Chances Are, 516 E. Liberty, 994-5350: 1/15-17, City Boys; 1/18, All In Love; 1/19, Mojo Boogie Band; 1/20, Melodioso; 1/21-24, Cheap Trick; 1/25, Masquerade; 1/27, Lightnin'; 1/28-31, Foxx. Cover weekdays \$1 students/\$1.50 others; weekends \$1.50 students/\$2 others.

Del Rio, 122 W. Washington, 761-2530: Every Monday lunch, guitarist Corey Sea 12-1:30 pm; every Sunday afternoon, live jazz.

Dooley's, 310 Maynard, 994-6500: Sundays 8-11 pm Foxcraft; Mondays 9-12 pm Steven Sofferin. No cover.

Golden Falcon, 314 Fourth Ave., 761-3548: Tues., Greek night; Wed. & Sun., Soul nights w/a D.J.; Thurs.-Sat. nights, Melodioso. Cover \$1.00 weekends.

Mr. Flood's Party, 120 W. Liberty, 994-9824: Every Thurs. Mike Smith & his Country Volunteers; 1/16-17, The Silvertones; 1/18-21, Bryan Lee Blues Band; 1/23-25, Grievous Angels; 1/26, John Mooney; 1/27, Gemini; 1/28, All Directions; 1/30-31, Copeland Blues Band; Every Friday afternoon Kevin Lynch & friends no cover. \$1.00 cover weekends; \$.75 weekdays.

Heidleberg, 215 N. Main, 663-7758: Thurs.-Sat. 9-1, Mustard's Retreat in the Rathskelar Hill Lounge, U.S. 23 & N. Territorial, 665-3967: Live entertainment Fri. & Sats., 9-1, \$1 cover.

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

Pretzel Bell, 120 E. Liberty, 761-1470: Every Thurs.-Sat. night, The RFD Boys.

Rubaiyat, 102 S. First St., 663-2401: Every Fri. & Sat. night 9:30 pm, Barr None.

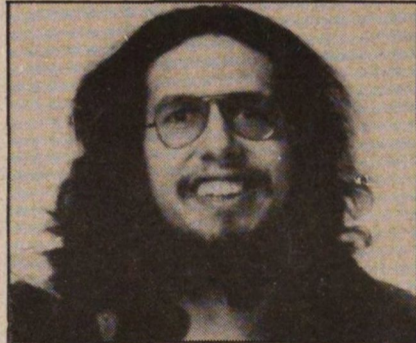
YPSILANTI

The Sure Thing, 327 E. Michigan Ave., 482-7130: Every Fri. & Sat. 9:30 pm, Tobey Red.

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

T.C.'s Speakeasy, 207 W. Washington, 483-4470: Every Sun. & Tues. night, Tuesday; every Wed. & Thurs., Ty Cool; Every Fri. & Sat., Ty Cool & Mark Hurst.

The Underground, 2655 Washtenaw, 434-3130: Dennis Vernier Trio nightly.



The Ark presents David Bromberg, 1/21.

ANN ARBOR

Jan. 14-18: The Yoga Center of Ann Arbor presents a series of conferences dedicated to the principle of Mathesis. 1/14, Self-realization groups; 1/15, Yoga & Science; 1/17, Astrology Round Table; 1/18, Vegetarian Dinner. FREE. More info. 769-4321, 483-7925.

Jan. 15-31: Womanworks art exhibit at Union Gallery, Michigan Union. Weekdays 10-6, weekends 12-6. 764-3234.

Jan. 18 & 19: Proctor & Bergman—live skits & zany comedy plus a Firesign Theatre movie at the Matrix Theatre (603 E. William). Advance tickets \$2.50 at Matrix.

Jan. 24: Lesbian Women's Dance at 1910 Hill (CornTree Coop), 8 pm-1 am, \$1.00. Sponsored by Amazon Union.

Jan. 26 & 27: The Friends Roadshow—a theatre madness presentation of improvisation, musical revue, & the unexpected, titled: "Rats Ass & Other Tails" at the Matrix Theatre (603 E. William) 7 & 9:30 pm, \$2.00 adm.



Proctor & Bergman at the Matrix Theatre, 1/18-19.



Dan Fogelberg

Sunday, January 18

Ford Auditorium 8:30 pm

Tickets \$6.50, \$5.50, \$4.50

At the Ford Box Office, Hudsons, Wards



Peter Frampton & Gary Wright

Friday, January 30

EMU Bowen Field House 8:00 pm

Tickets \$6.00 in advance, \$6.50 at the door Available at: McKinney Union Box Office, Huckleberry Party Store, Ann Arbor Music Mart, Hudsons and Wards.

Frampton Detroit Appearance—

Feb. 2 at Cobo

Tickets at Cobo for \$6.50 and \$5.50



Patti Smith

Tuesday, March 9, 1976

Ford Auditorium 8:00 pm

Tickets \$6.50, \$5.50, \$4.50

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EVENTS

DETROIT

The Detroit Artists Market, 1452 Randolph St., 962-0337: "One Man Show by Zubel Kachadorian", thru Feb. 7, Mon.-Sat., 10 am-5 pm.

Austin Galleries, Northland Center, Southfield, 355-1862: Original graphics by Norman Rockwell and Le Roy Neiman, also oils by Ludwig Muninger and others. Mon.-Sat., 10 am-9 pm, Sun., 12 pm-5:00 pm.

Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward, 833-7900: Jan. 14-March 7, Michigan Crafts Exhibition, south wing, main floor. Jan. 18, "Brunch with Bach" with Barbara Windham, Jan. 25, a P.D.Q. Bach Festival. Kresge Court Cafe for Sunday Brunch and live concert, 10 am and 11:15 am, advance paid reservation necessary for brunch, 832-2730.

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Blues:
• Grover Washington Jr. - Feels So Good, Motown.
• Chuck Mangione - Bellavia, A&M
• Ramsey Lewis - Don't it Feel Good, Columbia.

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• Barry Manilow - Tryin To Get The Feeling, Arista/GRT. • Paul Anka - Times Of Your Life, United Artists.
• Freddy Fender - Are You Ready for Freddy, Dot/GRT.

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CALENDAR

TV

Jan. 17: "Lou Gordon Program", with host Al Akerman (WXYZ) and guests Shirley Polykoff (Clairol products—Does She or Doesn't She?)—How She Does It; Wilson Key; Barry Steiner discusses legal loopholes. Ch. 50, 10:00 pm.

Jan. 18: "Discomania" with the Isley Brothers, George McCrae, Ch. 4, 11:30 pm.

Search for the Great Apes", National Geographic Special, Ch. 56, 7:00 pm.

"Lou Gordon Program", with host Al Akerman (WXYZ) and guests Charles McCarry an ex-CIA agent discusses his roles; Darlene Schmalzreid discusses her suit against the White House for sex-discrimination. Ch. 50, 10:00 pm.

"Face The Nation", Ch. 2, 11:30 am.

"Sixty Minutes", Ch. 2, 7:00 pm.

"Meet The Press", Ch. 4, 12:30 pm.

"Project BAIT", Ch. 50, 11:00 pm.

Jan. 23: "Midnight Special", Ch. 4, 1:00 am.

Jan. 24: "Rock Concert", Ch. 50, 11:00 am.

"Lou Gordon Program", Ch. 50, 10:00 pm.

Jan. 30: "Soundstage", with Kris Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge, Ch. 56, 10:00 pm.



The Isley Brothers, Ch. 4, 11:30 pm, 1/18.

THEATRE

DETROIT

Hillberry Theatre, Cass at Hancock, 577-2972: Jan. 15, 21, 27, 29, "Of Mice and Men" at 2:30 pm; Jan. 15 (8:30), 22 (2:30), 24 (8:30), 30 (8:30), "The Devil's Disciple"; Jan. 16, 22, 31, "The Lady From Maxim's" at 8:30 pm; Jan. 17 (8:30), 23 (8:30), 28 (2:30), 29 (8:30), "Death Of A Salesman."

Bonstelle Theatre, 3424 Woodward nr. Mack, 577-2960: Jan. 23, 24, 25, 30, 31, Feb. 1, "Inherit The Wind" at 8:30 pm except Jan. 25 and Feb. 1 at 2:30 pm.

Michigan Opera Theatre at Music Hall Center, 350 Madison Ave., 963-7680: Malfitano as "Lucia", Jan. 16 (8:30), 18 (6:30), 21 (1:30), 23 (8:30), 24 (8:30); Jan. 27-Feb. 1, Cleo Lane in "Seven Deadly Sins."

Langston Hughes Theatre, 13125 Livernois nr. Davison, 935-9425: Ron Milner's "Season's Reasons."

Fisher Theatre, Second at W. Grand Blvd., 873-4400: "Big Bad Mouse" with Eric Sykes and Jimmy Edwards.

Meadowbrook Theatre, Oakland University, Rochester, 377-3300: "The Little Foxes."

Detroit Repertory Theatre, 13103 Woodrow Wilson, 868-1347: Jan. 15-March 7, "Song of the Whip-Poor-Will", Thurs. & Sun. \$4, \$3, \$2, Fri. & Sat., \$5, \$4, \$3. Student discount available.

Detroit Youtheatre, Institute of Arts: Jan. 17, "The Little Theatre of the Dead", ages 6-adult; Jan. 24, "Fantasy St.", ages 6-adult; Jan. 31, "The Erica Melchoir Marionettes", special "wiggle club" puppet variety show, ages 3-8.

ANN ARBOR

Ann Arbor Civic Theatre, 201 Mulholland Dr., 662-7282: 1/17-18, a studio production



Cleo Lane in the 7 Deadly Sins, at the Music Hall, 1/21-2/1.

of "Under Milkwood" by Dylan Thomas, 8 pm.

Lydia Mendelssohn Theatre, U-M Campus: 1/28, "Circus", 1pm; 1/29, "Art of the Puppeteer", 8pm, produced & designed by David Syrotiak. Call 763-1107.

Professional Theatre Program, Mendelssohn Theatre, U of M, 764-0450: 1/16-18, a new American Musical "The Robber Bridegroom" presented by the City Center Acting Co. in the Power Center for the Performing Arts, 8 pm each day, & a matinee Sun. at 3 pm. 1/22, 23 & 25, "She Stoops to Conquer"; 1/29, 31 & 2/1, "Arms & The Man"

YPSILANTI

Brown Bag Theatre, Quirk Lounge, EMU: 1/22, "A Review of Noel Coward's Songs", 12:15 pm.

The Continental Theatre Company, Pease Auditorium, EMU: 1/29, a musically theatrical version of "1776" based on the conception of Sherman Edwards, 8 pm, sponsored by Office of Student Life.

EMU Portable Players, Ballroom, McKinney Union, EMU: 1/16-17 & 1/24, Neil Simon's "Last of the Red Hot Lovers". Dinner theatre, 6 pm. Gen. adm. \$8.50, Students \$7.50.

send calendar info to:

The SUN, PO Box 7127
North End Station
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The Raven Gallery

29101 Greenfield at 12 Mile Road
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Week of Jan.20

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Banjoist-Comic

Steve Martin

Week of Feb. 3

New York Blues Show
Featuring

**Louisiana Red
Peg Leg Sam
& Sugar Blue**

Week of Jan. 27

Kings Of The Blues

**Sonny Terry &
Brownie McGhee**

Week of Feb. 10

World's Foremost Irish Balladeer

**Tommy
Makem**



**Les
McCann**

Thursday

Jan. 22

Pease aud

8:00 pm

\$4.00 Advance \$5.00 at the door

Tickets available at both Discount Records, Recordland (in the Briarwood Mall), Warehouse Records in Ypsi and EMU's McKinney Union.

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Thursday
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 please aud

8:00 pm
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 Tickets available at both Discount Records, Recordland (in the Briarwood Mall), Warehouse Records in Ypsi and EMU's McKinney Union.
 Please no smoking or alcoholic beverages.

CHANCES ARE

516 E. Liberty
 Ann Arbor

994-5350

the City Boys

1/15-17

All in Love

1/18

Melodioso

1/20

Cheap Trick

1/21-24

Masquerade

1/25

Hot Foot Highway

1/26

Lightnin

1/27

Foxx

1/28-1/31

ART

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ART

Life Drawing	Jan. 13/8:30 pm	\$28
Adv. Life	Jan. 12/6:00 pm	\$28
Life Practice	Jan. 15/8:30 pm	\$10
Calligraphy	Jan. 15/6:15 pm	\$22
Acrylics/Oils	Jan. 12/8:30 pm	\$24
Watercolor	Jan. 13/6:00 pm	\$24
Silkscreen	Jan. 20/7:00 pm	\$24
Graphic Design & Printing	Jan. 13/7:30 pm	\$30
Pottery, Hand	Jan. 14/6:30 pm	\$35
Pottery, Wheel	Continuous	\$37
Glassblowing	Jan. 13/6:00 pm	\$30
Glass, Fired	Jan. 17/1:00 pm	\$30
Weaving	Jan. 15/6:00 pm	\$22
Sculpture	Jan. 15/6:00 pm	\$30
Woodcarving	Jan. 12/6:30 pm	\$24
Stained Glass	Jan. 14/7:00 pm	FREE
Stained Glass	Jan. 15/2:00 pm	\$24
Stained Glass	Feb. 18/7:00 pm	\$24
Macrame	Jan. 15/8:00 pm	\$24

COMMUNICATIONS

Writing	Jan. 13/6:15 pm	\$22
Resume	Jan. 13/6:30 pm	\$20

PHYSICAL ARTS

Yoga	Jan. 12/5:45 pm	\$22
Yoga	Jan. 14/5:45 pm	\$22
Yoga-Lunch	Jan. 15/12:10 pm	\$8
Tai Chi I	Jan. 13/6:00 pm	\$24
Tai Chi I	Jan. 13/7:30 pm	\$24
Tai Chi II	Jan. 13/9:00 pm	\$24
Tai Chi III	Jan. 15/7:40 pm	\$24
Kung Fu	Jan. 14/8:30 pm	\$30
Women's Self Defense	Jan. 15/6:00 pm	\$20

DANCE

Ballet, beg.	Jan. 13/6:15 pm	\$24
Ballet, inter.	Jan. 15/5:45 pm	\$24
Modern	Jan. 14/5:45 pm	\$24
Modern	Jan. 14/8:15 pm	\$24
Impromptu	Jan. 14/7:00 pm	\$24
Creative	Jan. 13/5:45 pm	\$24
Dance/Yoga	Jan. 15/4:30 pm	\$24
Tap	Jan. 17/9:15 am	\$24
Tap, cont.	Jan. 17/11:45 am	\$24
Jazz, African	Jan. 15/8:30 pm	\$24

BETH FITTS DANCE STUDIO

Movement	Jan. 17/10:30 am	\$24
Jazz, cont.	Jan. 17/11:45 am	\$24
African	Jan. 12/6:00 pm	\$24
Beledi I	Jan. 12/7:30 pm	\$30
Beledi I	Jan. 13/7:30 pm	\$30
Beledi I	Jan. 13/1:30 pm	\$30
Beledi II	Jan. 12/9:00 pm	\$30
Beledi III	Jan. 15/7:00 pm	\$30
Beledi IV	Jan. 13/9:00 pm	\$30
Ballroom	Jan. 12/8:30 pm	\$32/couple
Dawn Moves	Jan. 12/8:15 am	\$24
Modern I	Jan. 12/9:30 am	\$48
Modern II	Jan. 12/10:45 am	\$48
Noon Moves	Jan. 12/12:10 pm	\$20
Toddler/Parent	Jan. 12/1:00 pm	\$28
Seeing Dance	Jan. 16/10:00 am	\$36

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 CATALOG

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PHOTOGRAPHY * Plus lab fee		
Intro Photo	Jan. 12/7:30 pm	FREE
Photo I	Jan. 19/6:00 pm	\$24
Photo II	Jan. 19/8:00 pm	\$24
Darkroom I	Jan. 13/7:00 pm	\$25
Darkroom I	Jan. 15/7:00 pm	\$25
Darkroom II	Jan. 14/7:00 pm	\$25
Darkroom III	Jan. 17/9:30 am	\$25
Color Printing	Jan. 12/7:00 pm	\$36
Color		
Posterization	Feb. 2/7:00 pm	\$42
Lighting	Jan. 21/7:00 pm	\$12
Portraiture	Jan. 17/10:00 pm	\$24
Fig. Photo	Feb. 3/7:30 pm	\$32
Studio Techs.	Jan. 13/7:30 pm	\$24
Modelling	Jan. 17/1:00 pm	\$36

Matrix

Slaughterhouse Five

Wed. Jan. 14 - Sat. Jan. 17 \$1.75

Kurt Vonnegut's wacked-out science fiction time warp starring Michael Sacks and Valerie [LENNY] Perrine.

Matrix Mania

Jan. 16/17 midnight \$1.75

Trigger-happy Elliot Gould in Jules Feiffers black comedy LITTLE MURDERS.

Proctor & Bergman

Sun. & Mon. Jan. 18/19 \$2.50

The fabulous Firesign Theatre two-some return to Ann Arbor for two nights of zany comedy and live skits. Don't miss these innovators of multi-dimensional comedy ["heavy mental music"] performing for the first time in 2 years in an intimate community theatre. Also appearing - Ann Arbor's own comedy team - THE PROFESSIONALS.



The Groove Tube

Tues. Jan. 20 - Sun. 25 \$1.75

The hilarious lampoon of TV cliches with a healthy slant on random sexuality and clean kinky fun!



Matrix Mania

Jan. 23/24 midnight \$1.75

Divine in PINK FLAMINGOS



Friends Roadshow

Mon. & Tues. Jan. 26/27 \$2.00

A theatre madness presentation of improvisation, musical revue and the unexpected. "It was bearable until they sang 'If I Had a Face Like Yours I'd Shave My Ass & Walk Backwards'."



Take the Money & Run

Wed. Jan. 28 - Tues. Feb. 3 \$1.75

Woody Allen, alias the Bagel Bandit, becomes the Number One Most Wanted Man by The Boy Scouts of America.

Matrix Mania Jan. 30/31 midnight \$1.75

Kinky erotic sci-fi comedy FLESH GORDON [NOT to be confused with Flash Gordon].

All shows 7 & 9:30 adults \$1.75 children/sr. citizens \$1.00 unless otherwise noted.



603 E. William near State • 994-0627

CALENDAR

MOVIES

DETROIT

"Hester Street" at Somerset, 16 Mile Rd. (Big Beaver) at Coolidge, 643-6744 (PG).
 "Nashville" at Farmington 4, 476-6666, 10 Mile at Grand River & I-96; Jewel, Mt. Clemens, 469-1333, 87 N. Gratiot; Studio 4, 645-0777, 394 S. Woodward, Birmingham; Drive-ins: Algiers, GA2-8810, Warren and Wayne Rds.; Fort George, AV2-1211, Fort-1/4 mile so. of Eureka and 15 Mile; Southgate, 285-7730, Fort-1/4 mile s. of Eureka; Vogue, TU6-4840, Harper at Cadieux. (PG)
 "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" at the Towne, 968-8700, Greenfield N. of 10 1/2 Mile. (R)
 "The Harder They Come", starring Jimmy Cliff, at the Showcase Theatre. Film producer Perry Henzell will be on hand to answer questions, 1/28, 8pm, \$2.00.
 "Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother" at the Abbey, 588-0881, 14 Mile & I-75; Allen Park, DU1-2913, Southfield-Allen Rd.; Cin-Americana, 559-2730, Greenfield N. of 9 Mile; Eastland, 886-7222, at Eastland Center; Fairlane, 561-7200, Ford Rd. E. of Telegraph; Parkway, 465-6555, Groesbeck Hwy.-Metro Parkway. (PG)
 "Let's Do It Again" at Madison Downtown; Esquire; Shores-Madrid; Taylor-Cinema; Drive-ins: Bel-Air; Ford-Wyoming; West Side. (PG)
 "Aaron Loves Angela" at Palms, 963-4486, Woodward-Elizabeth; Mercury, UN2-8100, Schaefer at McNichols. (R)
 "3 Days of the Condor" at Berkley; Bloomfield; Carousel; Civic-Detroit; Dearborn; Farmington 4; Hampton; Macomb-Mt. Clemens; Playhouse-Waterford; Punch & Judy; Roseville; Showboat; Taylor Cinema; Drive-ins: Bel-Air; Wayne.
 Cabaret Cinema, 25570 W. 8 Mile Rd., South-

field, 356-4666. Jan. 14-20, "Johnny Got His Gun" and "The Mutations"; Jan. 21-27, "Women In Love" and "The Music Lovers"; Jan. 16 & 17—at midnight—"Mondo Cane"; Jan. 23 & 24—at midnight—"Buck Rogers in Planet Outlaws".
 Cass City Cinema, First Unitarian Church, Cass & Forest (red door on Forest). Shows at 8 & 10 pm, adm. still \$1.50. Jan. 16-17, "Taking Off" (1971, Milos Forman); Jan. 23-24, "Marat/Sade" (1967, Peter Brook); Jan. 30-31, "Macunaima" (1969, Pedro de Andrade).
 Detroit Film Theatre, Art Institute Auditorium, Tickets \$2.00. Jan. 16, "Smile" (USA, 1975—Michael Ritchie); Jan. 17, "The Battle of Algiers" (Italy, 1966, Gillo Pontecorvo); Jan. 23, "Chikamatsu Manogatari" (Japan, 1954, Kenji Mizoguchi), Rackham Aud.; Jan. 24, "Potemkin" (USSR, 1925, Sergei Eisenstein); Jan. 30, "Outback" (Australia, 1972, Ted Kottchell); Jan. 31, "Bringing Up Baby" (USA, 1938, Howard Hawks).
 Trinity Methodist Church, 13100 Woodward, Highland Park: Jan. 25, "Native Land", 7:30, Adm. \$1.50, sponsored by Spark.

ANN ARBOR

Ann Arbor Film Coop, Aud. A-Angell Hall or Modern Languages Bldg., Aud. 3 or 4, U of M, 769-7787. Showtimes vary, Adm. \$1.25. 1/15, "Oh Lucky Man"; 1/16, "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972, Ian MacNaughton) a Monty Python film & "King of Hearts" (1967, Philippe de Broca); 1/20, "The Seven Samurai"; 1/21, "Belle de Jour"; 1/22-23, "Last Tango in Paris" w/Marlon Brando (1973, Bernardo Bertolucci); 1/23, "The Last American Hero" & "Bad Company"; 1/27, "El Dorado" & "The Ballad of Cable Hogue"; 1/28, "Camelot"; 1/29, "Yojimbo"; 1/30, "Freaks" (7 & 10) & "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (8:15).
 Cinema Guild, Old Architecture Aud. (Tappan & Monroe), U of M, 662-8871: Showtimes 7 & 9:05, Adm. \$1.25. 1/15, "An American in Paris" (1951, Vincent Minelli); 1/16, "Festival of Folk Heroes" (Walt Disney); 1/17, "The 7th Seal" (1956, Ingmar Berg-

man); 1/18, "The Conformist" (1968, Bernardo Bertolucci); 1/20, "Ivan the Terrible, Pt. I" (Russian, 1944, Sergei Eisenstein) & "Birth of a Nation" (1915, D.W. Griffith); 1/21, "Ivan the Terrible, Pt. II" & "Port of Call" (Swedish, 1948, Ingmar Bergman); 1/22, "The Lady Eve" (1941, Preston Sturges); 1/23, "Holiday" (1938, George Cukor); 1/24, "Rebecca" (1940, Alfred Hitchcock); 1/25, 3 films by Straub & Huillet: "Machorka-Muff" (1962), "Not Reconciled, or Only Violence Helps Where Violence Rules" (1965), & "Introduction to an Accompaniment to a Cinematographic Scheme by Arnold Schoenberg" (1974); 1/27, "Ivan the Terrible, Pt. II" (Russian, 1946, Sergei Eisenstein) & "Buster Keaton Program" (Buster Keaton); 1/28, "Ivan the Terrible, Pt. II" & "Three Strange Loves" (Swedish, 1949, Ingmar Bergman); 1/29, "Something Different" (Czech, 1963, Vera



One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, at the Towne Theatre.

Chytlova); 1/30, "It's A Wonderful Life" (1946, Frank Capra); 1/31, "Marnie" (1964, Alfred Hitchcock).
 Cinema II, Aud. A-Angell Hall, U of M, 764-1817: Showtimes 7 & 9 (or 9:30), Adm. \$1-\$1.25. 1/16-17, "A Woman Under the Influence" (1974, John Cassavetes); 1/18, "A Woman Rebels" (1936, Mark Sandrich); 1/23, "Last Tango in Paris" (1973, Bernardo Bertolucci); 1/24, "The Godfather" (1972, Francis Ford Coppola); 1/25, "Midnight Cowboy" (1969, John Schlesinger); 1/30, "Phantom of Liberty" (1974, Jean Bunuel); 1/31, "Greetings" (1968, Brian De Palma).

Group on Latin American Issues Film Series, Residential College Aud. (East Quad), 701 E. University, 994-6177: Showtime 8:00 pm, Adm. \$1.25. 1/17, "Camilo Torres" (Columbia, 1965), "Memories of the Cangaco" (Brazil), Soares, & "Companero" (Chile, 1974, Martin Smith); 1/18, "Valparaiso, Mi Amor" (Chile, 1970, Aldo Francia) & "Por La Primera Vez" ("For the First Time", Cuba); 1/20, "Mexico: The Frozen Revolution" (1971, Raymundo Gleyzer) & "Don Pedro: La Vida De Un Pueblo" (Puerto Rico, Norberto Lopez).
 Matrix Theatre, 603 E. William, 994-0627: Showtimes 7 & 9:30 pm, Adm. \$1.75 Adults/\$1 children. 1/14-17, "Slaughterhouse Five" (1972, George Roy Hill); 1/20-25, "The Groove Tube" (1974, Ken Shapiro); 1/28-2/3, "Take The Money And Run" (1969, Woody Allen). MATRIX MANIA—Fri.'s & Sat.'s at Midnight: 1/16-17, "Little Murders" plus Jango the clown performing mime & mad merriment; 1/23-24, "Pink Flamingos"; 1/30-31, "Flesh Gordon".
 Matrix Theatre Premiere of Young People's Matinee, "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," Jan. 17, 12:30 and 3:00 pm. Tickets \$.75 under 16, \$1.25 adults.
 New World Film Coop, Natural Science Aud. or Modern Languages Bldg., U of M, 994-0627: Showtimes vary, Adm. \$1.25. 1/15, "Fantastic Planet" (Rene Laloux); 1/17, "Harold & Maude" (Hal Ashby; music-Cat Stephens); 1/21, "Harry & Tonto" (Paul Mazursky); 1/29, "The Longest Yard" (Robert Aldrich); 1/31, "The Devil In Miss Jones" (Gerald Damiano).
 Women's Studies Film Series, Modern Languages Bldg.—Lect. Rm. 2—U of M, 763-2047: Showtime 7 pm, Free. 1/15, History—"Emerging Woman" & "Anne Hutchinson: Profiles in Courage"; 1/22, Bodies—"Nobody's Victim", "Rape," "It Happens To Us" & "How About You?"
 UAC/Mediatrics, Natural Science Aud. U of M, 763-1107: Showtimes 7:30 & 9:30 pm, Adm. \$1-\$1.25. 1/16-17, "Butch Cassidy & the Sundance Kid" (1969, George Roy Hill); 1/23-24, "Straw Dogs" (1971, Sam Peckinpah); 1/30-31, "Young Frankenstein" (1974, Mel Brooks).

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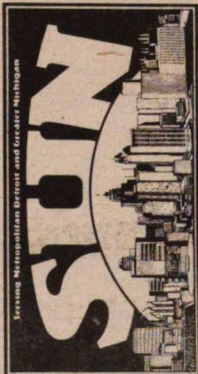
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The SUN

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Reading Preference

1. Please check the following publications that you read and indicate the frequency.

How often read?	Every Issue	Occasionally	Never
Detroit Free Press	_____	_____	_____
Detroit News	_____	_____	_____
Michigan Chronicle	_____	_____	_____
Ann Arbor News	_____	_____	_____
Observer-Eccentric	_____	_____	_____
Michigan Daily	_____	_____	_____
Michigan Free Press	_____	_____	_____

2. Which magazines do you read on a regular basis?

3. How do you think the SUN rates in the following areas?

Circle one of the following:	(High)	5	4	3	2	1	(Low)
Visual Appearance							
Credibility							
Readability							
Writing Quality							
Political Relevance							
Music & Arts Review Quality							

Opinions of the SUN

4. Please express yourself about SUN features.

	Would like to see more	Adequate Coverage	Don't really care for it
Calendar	_____	_____	_____
"Kulchur" features and interviews with musicians	_____	_____	_____
The Coat-Puller	_____	_____	_____
News Interviews with Coleman Young, Leonard Woodcock, etc.	_____	_____	_____
Vortex: Book Reviews	_____	_____	_____
Record Reviews	_____	_____	_____
Concert Reviews	_____	_____	_____
Movie Reviews	_____	_____	_____
Bill Hutton's History of America	_____	_____	_____
Iffy the Dopester	_____	_____	_____
Editorials	_____	_____	_____
National news and features	_____	_____	_____
Detroit & Michigan news and features	_____	_____	_____
Letters	_____	_____	_____
Cartoons	_____	_____	_____
Classified Ads	_____	_____	_____

General comments/suggestions regarding the above:

5. How would you change the SUN?

Additions -

Deletions -

Changes in emphasis -

More

Less

6. How long have you read the SUN?

1 - 2 Issues _____

1 - 2 Years _____

2 - 12 Issues _____

2 or more Years _____

Statistics

7. How did you get this SUN?

Subscription _____

Coinbox _____

Newsstand _____

Friend _____

8. Are you

Female _____

Male _____

Prefer not to answer _____

Black _____

White _____

Other _____

Prefer not to answer _____

9. What is your age?

Under 18 _____

18 - 21 _____

22 - 25 _____

26 - 30 _____

31 - 35 _____

36 - 40 _____

Over 40 _____

Prefer not to answer _____

10. Please check the category that is closest to your educational experience:

Attended high school _____

High school graduate _____

Attended college _____

College graduate _____

Postgraduate work _____

Postgraduate degree _____

Prefer not to answer _____

11. Please approximate your total living group's yearly income.

Under \$5,000 _____

5 - 7,000 _____

7 - 10,000 _____

10 - 15,000 _____

15 - 20,000 _____

20 - 25,000 _____

Over 25,000 _____

Prefer not to answer _____

12. Please check the best description of your working situation:

Working _____

Looking for a job _____

High school student _____

College student _____

Graduate student _____

Working student _____

Work at home _____

Other _____

Prefer not to answer _____

13. Are you:

Single _____

Married _____

Divorced, separated _____

Prefer not to answer _____

14. How many people do you live with? _____

15. How many people read your copy of the SUN? _____

16. Where do you live?

State _____

County _____

Township _____

City _____

Town _____

Zip Code _____

17. Do you own:

A stereo system? _____ What was its approximate cost? _____

18. About how many people per month (if any) do you entertain at home? _____

19. Do you own a

car? _____

motorcycle? _____

bicycle? _____

camera? _____

TV? _____

20. Please estimate an average monthly expenditure for the following areas:

Average monthly expenditure

a. phonograph records _____

b. music tapes _____

c. beer, wine _____

d. cigars, cigarettes, pipes _____

e. books, paperbacks and magazines _____

f. liquor _____

g. movies _____

h. clothing _____

i. restaurants _____

j. bars, clubs _____

k. concerts _____

l. theatres _____

special sla report

Continued from page SLA-3

April 24, 1974, he was transferred to Vacaville Medical Facility. In desperation, he wrote attorney Daum: "I am scheduled for psychosurgery (brain-section removal), all my papers and property have been taken from me."

California Congressman Ronald Dellums was also alerted to Hyde's situation. When Dellums' office sought official explanation for Hyde's removal to Vacaville, Hyde was quietly returned to "the hole" in Soledad.

It was there that Rusty Rhodes made contact with him. "Once I had authorization," says Rhodes, "I could claim attorney privilege and question inmates by saying they were material witnesses."

But once Rhodes' visits began, the efforts to silence Hyde intensified. On May 31, a letter arrived in the offices of attorney Daum. It had been smuggled out of Soledad:

"Around May 20th of this year I was propositioned a second time by CDC guards to kill somebody," it began. "A guard came to my cell around two in the morning and told me . . . it was an old guy which had been causing problems . . . his name was Robert Hyde, he'd move in next to me in a few days and they wanted whatever Hyde would tell me in regards to what he was doing . . . I don't regret my decision to write this letter because my conscience really feels good for once."

One month later, a second letter was passed to Hyde himself. It came from a convicted murderer, serving a life sentence. "Mr. Hyde, I have been told to kill you," it said. "On June 19, after the noon meal, Sergeant Christy took me to the chow hall and offered me a parole if I murdered you. Sergeant Christy gave me a knife and told me to think about it. . . . Mr. Hyde, I think you are a good man, because you have helped a lot of convicts out . . . I only hope that after you've finished reading this letter, maybe you can do something to save my life . . . because I feel that I know too much for them to let me go free."

A Sacramento examiner was called in to give the inmate a polygraph test. He passed. Now Washington was alerted. Two friends of Rusty Rhodes—one in the Attorney General's office and one in the Internal Security Division of the Justice Department—promised a full investigation if Hyde were killed.

Along the grapevine, word passed that Rhodes had saved Hyde's life.

The SLA in the Joint

The next to talk was General Khan, the new Field Marshal of the SLA. After DeFreeze left Soledad, Khan found himself the inheritor of DeFreeze's false crown on the inside. But Khan was not stupid. He knew his fate really rested in the hands of the prison authorities. He controlled the SLA. He had his top colonels, captains and lieutenants. He had his cordon of bodyguards and an army of about 200 men ready to follow his bidding. But the guards still owned him.

"You can't separate the SLA from narcotics inside the joint," says Rhodes. "And those narcotics are being brought in by the guards, in most instances. Not that many guards are involved. But they're so clannish that one won't turn on another. So there's no chance to clean it up."

The SLA's other main activity is murder. Since 1970, more than 200 inmates have been killed and 400 more have been stabbed inside California's prisons. "We've lost control," CDC Director Proconier admitted in 1973. "We've become so used

to it, we hardly even pay attention to a fatal stabbing anymore."

The SLA slipped a copy of their "Death List" to Rusty Rhodes sometime in late July, 1974. "The commander [General Khan] ordered one of his soldiers to let me see it. It was handwritten on legal size paper. It's my understanding that names are put on it by both gang leaders and guards—more often by guards," Rhodes says.

The Death List contained 244 names. Thirteen of them, asterisked by three stars, had already been killed.

(Though his name was not included on any list, an offer was allegedly made to three different SLA soldiers to kill Sirhan Sirhan, the assassin of Robert Kennedy, who is currently being held in solitary confinement inside San Quentin.)

After his meetings with Hyde and General Khan, Rhodes began circulating among other prisoners in Soledad, Folsom and San Quentin. By the time he finished, he had cross-checked Khan's charges with thirty other men. "I was going in with the hard attitude that cons will con you," he says. "I still think that's the right attitude. But when you've got so many men saying the same thing—men from different wings and institutions who can't possibly talk to one another—then you've got to start giving it all some

places like California's Men's Colony. They're separating the head from the body. Too much is surfacing about what's really been going on."

Los Angeles *Free Press* City Editor Tommy Thompson has learned that General Khan may indeed have been placed in isolation. "He says he was knifed. They say he poured blood on himself to get into the hospital. They're beginning to move him around."

This past spring, from Folsom prison where Robert Hyde had been transferred, another letter was dispatched to his attorney, Elliott Daum.

"By the time you read this," the sender wrote, "Robert Hyde will be dead. I'm going to kill him tomorrow morning . . . I was notified of his transfer back to Folsom mainline several days before he arrived. At the same time, I was told I could win my release by eliminating him, and that I could count on not ever getting out of prison alive by any other means. In view of my sentence, my personal experience, and what I've seen happen to others—I know my keepers are ready, willing and able to make good on either promise."

"I don't know if any other individuals have been put under this kind of pressure to assassinate Bob, but I do know every active tip (gang, group—whatever) here

"The SLA is just one in a series of names. A lot of the lower groups are actually being manipulated at this point and channeled in some sophisticated way. What I want to know is: who's pulling the strings on certain people?"

credence." Rhodes soon had even more reason to believe the story.

It wasn't long before Soledad was doing everything it could to curtail his investigation. First it was long waits before Rhodes could get inside, then demands that he give forty-eight-hour notice about whoever he wanted to see.

"I'd send in a list of six inmates. By the time I was allowed to see them they'd be stoned out of their minds—on something."

"I was informed on one visit that a contract had been let out on my life by a group of guards," Rhodes says. "Whoever would pick it up would be paid \$2,000, plus parole. I honestly don't know who ordered it."

"Finally, I was physically removed from Soledad. I struggled with the guards for a moment, demanded why, told them to take their hands off me. One said: 'Perhaps you shouldn't talk to any more newspaper people.'"

Rhodes filed a protest to the California Department of Corrections, but received no formal reply. His only contact since then with Hyde, Khan and other prisoners has been through occasional mail. But unless the letters are somehow smuggled out, which is rare, the information is necessarily scant. From Khan, this was the last message he received:

"It's hot, and it's getting hotter."

"I think every effort will be made to destroy the SLA now," says Rhodes.

"I'm sure that the commander has become a target. They've been reshuffling personnel, leaving the soldiers at maximum security places like Soledad and Folsom, but sending various officers to

has been watching him closely and at least two of them have already made dry-run rehearsals of his execution . . . I know I'll need legal assistance. I hope you'll be willing to help me, but I don't expect you to."

It was too late for attorney Daum to warn his client, or take protective measures. Several weeks passed before Hyde penned the following message:

"After more than two weeks recovering in the Folsom prison hospital I am now writing from 'the hole' at Folsom's adjustment center. I was stabbed several times April 15 . . ."

As far as can be known, at this writing Robert Hyde is still alive. Now, with the capture of Patty Hearst, the investigation of the SLA has once again intensified. The effort to cover up the truth is being intensified, too.

Reached by telephone, Don Williamson, assistant to the superintendent at Soledad, issued this statement: "To our best knowledge, there is no army, clique or group of people connected with the SLA. I would certainly hope not."

The FBI, claims Rusty Rhodes, has approached the families of several of the original SLA members' and told them that Rhodes, Freed and Headley were radicals pursuing a line of investigation they knew not to be true.

Yet, in Los Angeles, another mysterious figure has surfaced with a direct connection to the FBI, and the SLA. He is Wayne Lewis, a former FBI undercover agent, currently suing the Bureau for \$53,800 he says is due him in back pay. Letters from both FBI Director Kelley and assistant director William A.

Sullivan acknowledge that Lewis had been in the FBI's employ. Through a tip from Lewis' lawyer's office, on June 20 SLA investigator Lake Headley established contact with him.

A statement sworn by Headley on June 22 says that Wayne Lewis is ready to testify in court to the following information:

- That he made contact with Donald "Cinque" DeFreeze on several occasions in San Francisco in 1974—after the kidnapping of Patty Hearst—as an informer operating under orders of Donald L. Grey, of the FBI's Los Angeles bureau.

- That Grey told Lewis that Donald DeFreeze was an FBI informant who had gotten out of hand and had to be "removed" as part of the SLA.

- That Grey asked Lewis to take DeFreeze's place as head of the SLA once DeFreeze was eliminated, and Lewis agreed.

- That, after a trip to South Dakota working for the FBI on the Wounded Knee incident, Lewis returned to Los Angeles after the SLA shoot-out and was told by Grey that the way was now clear for him to step in.

- That, in June, Lewis succeeded in making telephone contact with Patty Hearst and arranging a meeting, but that his FBI cover was blown when his landlady learned of his position with the government agency.

Wayne Lewis, says Headley, also told him that between 1968 and 1974 he had served for a time in Central and South America as a liaison between the FBI and the CIA.

There is no evidence that Patty Hearst stayed in further contact with any undercover authorities, or the prison SLA. Like DeFreeze and the five who died with him, she was more a pawn than an embarrassment. Yet her conversion to radical beliefs was apparently genuine. To this day, she probably knows little about the origin of Donald DeFreeze and his mentors.

The intricate fabric of deceit and treachery is beginning to come undone. At Berkeley, where he still teaches, Colston Westbrook is a cautious man.

"I have to be very careful about what I say now," he explained by telephone. "Because a lot of things are happening. The situation is extremely delicate.

Same old shit. Goddamn FBI and everybody else subpoenaing me for this and that. In fact, this situation's been so blown out of proportion that I called up the CIA and asked if I worked for them. I have a letter from them saying that I've never worked or been associated with the CIA."

Colston Westbrook says he is no longer in hiding from the SLA. But a close associate of Westbrook's, also a one-time lecturer on Afro-American studies and an organizer of visits to Vacaville, has suddenly turned up as "people's enemy No. 1" on an SLA communique found in the apartment where Patty Hearst was arrested. The former Henry Crump, who now goes by the Africanized name of Maalik El-Maalik, believes "people may have been planted very close to me to kill me."

"The SLA is just one in a series of names," he says. "There are forces out there being utilized to get to me, subtle forces. A lot of the lower groups are actually being manipulated at this point, I believe, and channeled in some sophisticated way. Who they are, I don't know. Things are at a level of subtlety now that cuts dry fact. What I want to know is: who's pulling the strings on certain people?"



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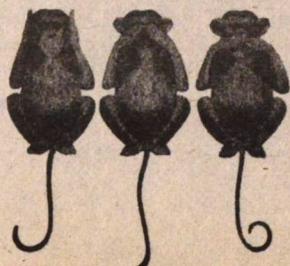
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SUN Interview, Part 2:

UAW's Leonard Woodcock

REFORMING THE ECONOMIC SYSTEM

By Derek VanPelt

(Editor's Note: Leonard Woodcock, the President of the 1½-million member United Auto Workers, succeeded the legendary Walter P. Reuther in this position in 1970 with some 35 years of union organizing experience already to his credit. Since that time, Woodcock has emerged as a potent force in the inner councils of the Democratic Party for a 1976 election platform which would offer decidedly progressive social reform programs in a number of areas

including national health insurance, full employment, national economic planning, tax reform, and a guaranteed national income.

In this concluding segment of the SUN's exclusive in-depth interview with Woodcock, the UAW leader details some of the aspects of this platform; talks about the unions and the corporations for which their members work; and finally, offers his long-range projections for systematic economic and political change in the U.S.)

SUN: Mayor Young has said that the central issue in the 1976 elections must be the urban crisis, the economic impoverishment of the cities and the deepening division between the predominantly black cities and the predominantly white suburbs. How would you propose to address that issue, and to arrest the continuing decay of cities like our own?

WOODCOCK: I view that as part and parcel of the goal of full employment. And I would put, as a major item under that, the passage of the counter-cyclical bill, which would give federal aid to municipalities at given levels of unemployment.

I think with sensible planning the cities can be redeemed, and I think that increasingly, people in the suburbs are gonna realize that you can't have a completely decayed core and a healthy perimeter. It's just crazy.

The most viable community on the North American continent is Toronto, which handles so well the relationship of its city with its suburbs. Of course, they have the happy advantage of a legislature which can say, "Okay, you're going to have regional government, and do it in a sensible planned fashion."

The blacks in Detroit say, "You're trying to take away the new power we've just gotten." The essentially white suburbs are saying, "You're trying to deport Detroit's problems to us." That's why I think, in my own point of view, that money coming from the federal government has to have strings attached.

Then, we've also got to avoid the absolute nonsense of giving aid to Houston, when they have a \$14 million surplus, and when they just had a choice between two mayoral candidates, both of whom were on platforms of spending as little as possible—"Even if," as one of them said, "the streets are full of potholes."

SUN: How can we stimulate business and industry to return to the cities, and persuade new business and industry to locate there?

WOODCOCK: I think we need a sensible land use policy which ties in environmental problems. Any sizeable enterprise, on its own, couldn't come back to Detroit, because there's not enough land; it's all scattered around in bits and pieces.

When Romney was in HUD, we had some conversations with him about taking the city and saying, "Okay, this will be a residential area, this will be light industry," and so on—beginning consciously to trade off parcels, so you get usable parcels. You know, with the enormous HUD holdings here, it's almost a natural for that, but we're not doing it.

In the Detroit I first knew, you lived as much as you could within walking distance of your work—or, at the most, a relatively short streetcar ride. I think that sort of thing could still come back, and I think that goes to the question of energy conservation. It takes conscious planning, and one city alone can't do it. The only place from

which that kind of planning can emanate is the one part of the government—the federal government—that has the access to the wherewithal to get it done.

I think the planning of what you want and how it is to be done has to be local. I don't mean somebody sits in a central bureaucracy and says, "Okay, you're going to do this." But it obviously includes HUD, to be a part of taking the properties they own and turning them over, and it takes the government's involvement as far as capital expenditures are concerned.

If we were sensible, we'd pick some city as a pilot project—"Can it be done?," instead of saying, "Okay, we'll give each city a little bit so that nobody does anything."

At one time, we were talking about building new towns within the city. I think that's still a viable concept. The fact that we've done it all wrong doesn't mean that we shouldn't have tried to do it. Instead of saying, "Well, it doesn't work. Let's get the government off our backs and out of the whole thing," we've just got to find a better way to do what we originally set out to do.

SUN: Should federal public service jobs be a part of a full employment policy?

WOODCOCK: That's an essential part of it, because to the degree the private sector can't provide the necessary jobs, then the government, as the employer of last resort, has to. And I certainly don't mean the Arthur Burns concept, where he says, "Unemployment insurance for no more than fifteen weeks, and then you go to work for the government at a salary substantially below the minimum wage"—which is sort of like the Elizabethan workhouse concept.

We have neglected the public sector more in this country than in any country I know. And it's not making work; it's work that's aching to be done. The more productive we make the country, the more we'll be operating in a counter-inflationary way.

Also, with regard to full employment, someday we are going to wake up consciously to the fact that we use twice as much energy as the developed European countries. We used to say, "Well, that's because they're not as rich as we are." Well, Sweden's richer than we are. Switzerland's richer than we are. They're using half our energy, in terms of per capita GNP usage.

We've just gotta think about the job of conserving, and we're not going to do it simply by enlarging the supply. And one big piece of conservation, I think, would be more labor-intensive jobs and less capital- and energy-intensive jobs. I think we need a conscious effort to utilize more people and less energy.

SUN: For example?

WOODCOCK: We should quit pushing in the automobile plants for ever more automation, which I think, to some degree, has reached the point of diminishing returns, and rely more on manual efforts. I don't mean going back to hand-tooling a car, but a conscious use of less energy.

Every time I go into a motel room, I have to use a plastic cup. They obviously use them because it's cheaper, but I'd much sooner use a glass. First of all, that plastic cup has got petrochemicals in it, and we throw 'em away by the millions every day. And somebody has to wash that glass, but nobody washes that plastic cup. That's the sort of thing. It would be an easy conversion.

This has to be a combination—we just can't rely simply on the market and the profit philosophy to accomplish these things.

SUN: As one means of redistribution of income, would you favor a guaranteed national income, a negative income tax for poor people?

WOODCOCK: Very definitely. One of the things I found most disappointing, in the last few years, was when Moynihan temporarily convinced Nixon on the Family Assistance Plan. We got that through the House of Representatives twice. Then the liberals got all hung up—"The numbers are too low." I tried to say, "Look, if we can establish

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Woodcock

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the principle, you can fight about numbers later." When you've got a conservative in the White House, it's so much easier to establish the principle, even if it's got some rough edges on it.

SUN: What about closing tax loopholes for rich individuals and large corporations? Something like \$100 billion in revenue is uncollected each year due to one loophole or another, one IRS rule or another.

WOODCOCK: It should be approached on a selective basis. If you say, "Close all the loopholes," and that includes shutting off the reduction of mortgage interest rates, you create a political barrier that you can't get over, because so many middle-income people are involved in that. Even those who use the standard return are outraged at the thought.

I think the way this has to be done is to try to identify, say, \$10 to \$20 billion, then try to get a real coalition fight opposing these. Then if that can be accomplished, looking beyond that.

I went down to the Ways and Means Committee and testified for a \$20 billion personal income tax cut geared to lower and middle income families, offset the first year by \$10 billion worth of loopholes—which I identified—and as the economy recovers, another \$10 billion. Fine—you get a sympathetic hearing.

But then you come to a specific loophole. Well, they bring in people from the districts, the swing votes, and they work on them. That kind of lobbying can't be upset just by a general thrust. Because of the individual lobbying effort, what began as not a great effort, but a good effort, was a *nothing* when they finally produced the result.

Here's where I come back to the question of party responsibility. I said first, to the Young Democrats Convention in

St. Louis last year, that on matters of major party policy, the House Democratic Caucus or the Senate Democratic Caucus should be able to bind all of its members. That's the only way, I think, you're going to get tax reform. The caucus says, "Okay, these are the elements." And if a Democrat doesn't carry out that policy, he doesn't lose his seat in Congress, but at least he should lose his party preferment.

When we lost the veto override on the jobs bill by five votes, nine Democrats who were chairpersons of committees or subcommittees voted to sustain the veto. Well, that's crazy. Why should they be chairpersons and go against something which 92 per cent of the Democrats are for?

They say that's too radical. But it's what's done routinely in Canada, or in Great Britain, or the Scandinavian countries, or in Germany. If you don't follow the party line, except on certain matters, you not only lose your party preferment, you get kicked out of the party and ultimately lose your seat.

I just think this disintegrated, atomized situation we have in the Congress plays into the hands of the reactionaries and conservatives, because they've got unlimited resources.

SUN: Do you favor eventual public ownership of key industries, for example, in the energy field? And do you think that private industry—especially monopoly industries, such as the automobile companies—should be subjected to stricter federal controls?

WOODCOCK: In the energy field, I am certainly for horizontal and vertical breakups. I think it's wrong for one company, or a group of companies, to be able to sit on all sources of energy.

I'd like to see a TVA-type federal corporation which would be able to exploit the energy resources on government lands and would be used as a yardstick for what is really going on. I find it incred-

ible that we're still relying on the American Petroleum Institute for our facts. Even the Federal Power Commission doesn't know if there's a shortage of natural gas. It's just unthinkable.

I wouldn't be for nationalization; I don't think it's worked too well in Britain. I'd look more at the Swedish model—where, in fact, there is more private enterprise, but more strictly controlled, than there is in this country.

The notion that simply breaking up the automobile companies would lead to lower prices isn't well-founded. I think, in fact, it would lead to higher prices.

I would think that using the taxing mechanism to push them into the directions the society thinks would be most useful would be a better way to use the anti-trust statutes.

SUN: How could we use "taxing mechanisms" to make the auto industry more responsible to the people's needs?

WOODCOCK: A taxing mechanism could encourage employee ownership participation in some fashion. That's available now through profit-sharing schemes, but the only one that's been willing to explore that and, in fact, put it in place, is American Motors.

You could also explore further the business of employee participation in the boards, German or Swedish fashion. In Sweden, they are contemplating ordering the distribution of stock to the employees, so that over time it will be completely employee-owned. So there are all kinds of possibilities in that regard.

Now, if General Motors became employee-owned, it wouldn't necessarily mean that it would operate any more in the societal interest than it does now—because when you get a group of employees owning an enterprise, they get a different vested interest than when they're simply employees. Unless, of course, employees are compelled to surrender their stock when they retire, you get an increasing group who will be no different

from any public stockholder.

SUN: We've saved our biggest question for last. Considering the way that capitalism has evolved in the U.S.—primarily monopoly capitalism, and not "free enterprise"—to what extent do you think wide-ranging social and economic reform is possible under these conditions?

WOODCOCK: I agree that the market system does not work freely, and therefore, the term "free enterprise," in its original sense, can't be maintained anymore. But at least up until now, it doesn't take the political form of automatic ability to control political events. And that being true, if the people can properly organize themselves, they could effect reforms that the economic ruling class doesn't automatically transfer into a political ruling class. I don't look on the future as being hopeless, by any means, in that sense.

SUN: In other words, the situation still leaves room for maneuvering, short of a wholesale economic transformation?

WOODCOCK: To go back to where we began, if you can get acceptance of democratic national economic planning for full employment, you'd begin to make substantial changes in the operation of the economy. Otherwise, you couldn't carry it out.

But even in the narrow sense—when we struck General Motors in 1970, there were those who had said we just couldn't do it. They were too big, too powerful; they could get everything done. But we put great pressures on GM to settle when they did, because they were about to come to the point when they would have to quit paying their white-collar employees. They have consciously favored them against the blue-collar employees in order to make them union-proof, and they were on the verge of a severe cash-flow crisis—which amazed even me. So even in the economic sense, there's a vulner-

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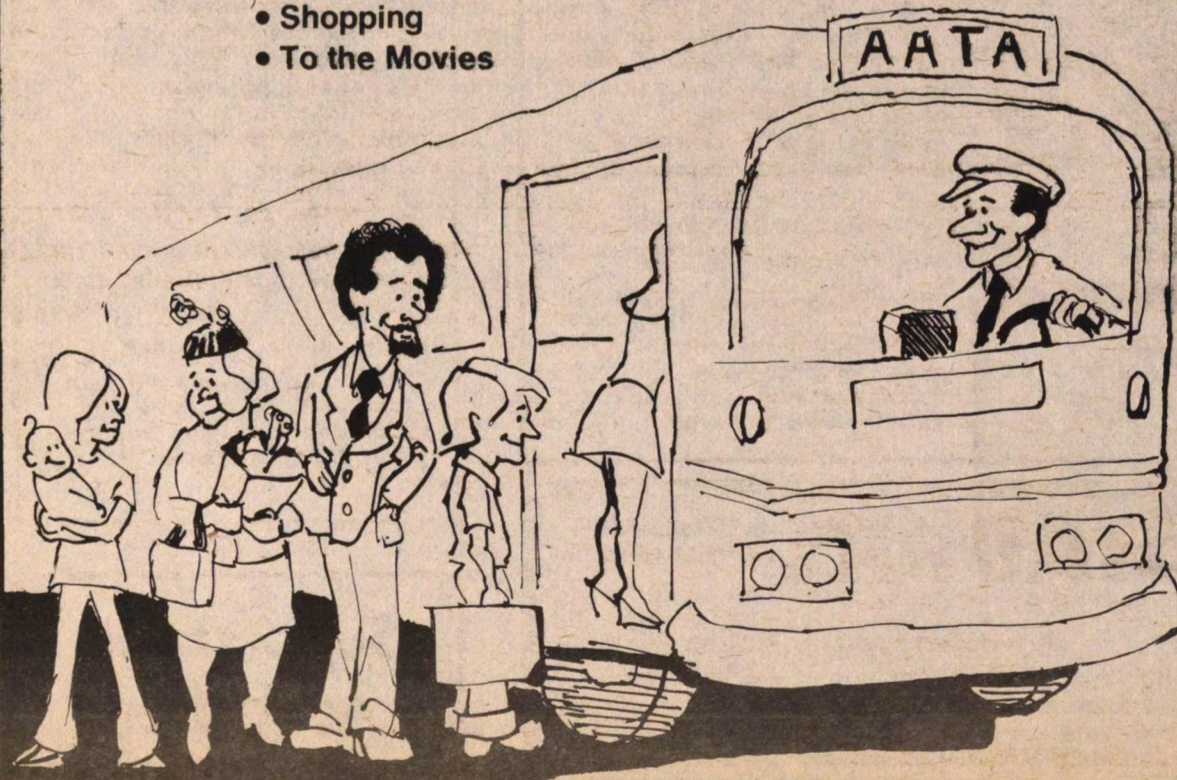
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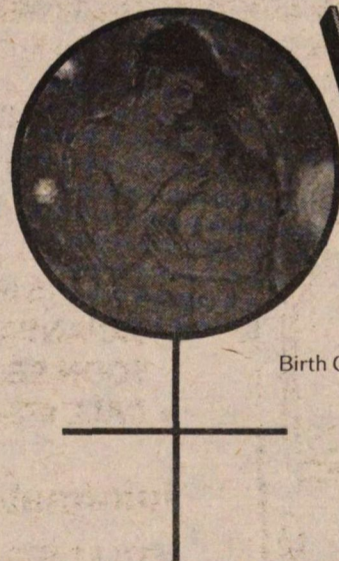
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experts identified two Ray fingerprints on the gun and its scope. But prosecutors do not claim any proof that Ray fired this gun, and for a long time they suppressed an affidavit from FBI ballistics expert Robert Frazier saying he could not determine whether the misshapen slug removed from King's body was fired by this gun. The FBI failed to conduct (or report findings from) chemical tests which could have proved conclusively whether that rifle had killed King.

Even before the hearing, defense lawyers and newspaper reporters had found a number of witnesses who had reported seeing a gunman fire at King from a heavy stand of bushes between the rooming house and the motel.

Without a trial, prosecutors never had to test the FBI's "star" witness, Charles Q. "Bay Rum Charlie" Stephens, who they said could identify Ray fleeing from the rooming house a minute after the shooting. An affidavit signed by Stephens was offered as evidence in the British extradition hearing, but the statement itself was couched in vague language. Stephens' own wife, his landlady, and a cabdriver who had refused him a ride fifteen minutes before the murder all said Stephens was too drunk at the time to see anything. (Stephens has a record of over 155 arrests, mostly for offenses related to alcoholism.)

Stephens was the sole "witness" placing Ray at the rooming house during the time of the murder. For more than a year afterward, the Justice Department suppressed the extradition file containing his affidavit, part of the public record.

Stephens' common-law wife, Grace Walden, described a man who looked nothing like Ray fleeing the scene after the shot was fired. He was shorter and older than Ray, with "salt-and-pepper" hair, and wore a sport shirt and military jacket. Walden also said she did not hear a gunshot from the bathroom, but from outside her window, which opened onto the bushy area between the rooming house and the motel.

The same day the FBI got custody of her husband as a "protective" measure, Mrs. Stephens was illegally committed to a psychiatric hospital 60 miles from Memphis. She had no previous history of psychiatric problems, and later won release in court. According to Memphis *Press-Scimitar* reporter Wayne Chastain, Jr., someone in the Memphis City government had her committed while she was in the City of Memphis Hospital's psychiatric ward—which is controlled by the city police department. She claims police whisked her away from Memphis to silence and discredit her.

Stephens is also the only "witness" claiming to have heard a shot from the rooming house bathroom. Two other residents in the second-story rooming house, and the manager of the bar beneath it, said they heard the shot come from the bushes behind the rooming house.

Mrs. Bessie Brewer, the landlady who had rented the room to "John Willard" said "Willard" did not match the FBI photo and description of James Earl Ray, but was smaller and younger. Bertie Reeves, who was also present, could not identify Ray as "Willard" either.

Another eyewitness who contradicts the official story is Harvey Locke, a middle-aged shoe repairman who worked in Memphis at the time. With the surreptitious aid of Charles Stephens, Locke had been living rent-free in the room rented to "John Willard." Locke told defense investigators he saw three men in that room between 3 and 4 p.m. on the day King was shot. Locke said he could identify one of these men.

Defense investigators also interviewed a Nashville shoe salesman who gave an astonishingly convincing account of having been in the actual room during the shooting. He later proved to have a long

record of over one hundred arrests for offenses related to alcoholism, but one detail of his description—a man wearing a military jacket—matched Grace Walden's account.

Were Police Watching?

A man named Harold "Cornbread" Carter told defense investigators he was sitting and drinking wine in the bushes between the rooming house and the motel. Carter said he was surprised by a loud shot from the bushes right beside him, and saw a man in a highnecked white sweater running away with a long gun in his hand. When the man got to the edge of the lot, said Carter, he took the stock of the gun off, threw it in the bushes, and put the barrel under his jacket. Then, Carter says, the man melted into the crowd.

King's chauffeur, Solomon Jones, also testified that the shot came from the bushes rather than the rooming house. Jones was on the ground level talking to King, who was standing on the second floor balcony, when he heard the shot. He turned and saw a man with a white sheet on his face holding a rifle in the bushes, then saw the man throw something into the bushes and hunker down out of sight.

Jones was frightened and ducked behind King's limousine. When he looked again a moment later, he saw the same man, without rifle and sheet, walk slowly out of the bushes and mingle with a group of firemen rushing toward the motel. The man walked to within 25 feet of him, Jones says, before disappearing in the crowd and confusion.

Jones' statement that he saw King's body lurch upward at the moment of impact was corroborated by SCLC attorney Chauncey Eskridge, who was also looking at King when he was shot. Their testimony contradicts the official version of the slaying, which is based on a downward trajectory of a shot alleged to have come from the rooming-house bathroom window.

Several other witnesses who were not skid-row alcoholics also contradicted the official version—either claiming to have heard the shot come from the bushes behind the rooming house, or to have seen a gunman fire from the bushes. A Memphis police "intelligence" team was admitted by police officials to have been conducting visual surveillance of King's room at the time of the shooting. They could probably testify as to whether King moved upward or downward with the shot. But police, anxious to play down the spying, have said nothing about what they saw.

Ray's Support Team

Many other disturbing questions must be answered before a "conspiracy theory" of King's assassination can be definitely proved or disproved. The official story—which came out largely through a series of FBI news leaks and a list of "facts" narrated by prosecutors at Ray's plea hearing—offers only superficial and unsubstantiated answers to them.

- How did Ray predict King's presence at the Lorraine Motel in Memphis, pinpoint his room in advance, and determine that he could successfully shoot King from the rooming-house bathroom window? Ray contends he could not have done these things without inside information.

- Who made a phony citizen's-band radio broadcast moments after the shooting, when Memphis police were searching for the alleged getaway car, a white Mustang witnesses had seen pull away from the rooming house at the time of the shooting? The broadcast drew police attention to a nonexistent high-speed chase of a white Mustang, complete with gunfire.

- Where did Ray get more than \$10,000 he is alleged to have spent between his stay in Montreal (where he says he met a mysterious man named Raoul) and his capture in London a year later?

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Africa

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poverty-stricken countries. This, in turn, has led to the inability of such countries to repay bank loans to the advanced countries.

Such defaulting countries—or countries on the verge of bankruptcy—must renegotiate the terms of their financing by the West. Over the bargaining table are then raised serious questions about a renewed role for U.S. corporations and a more "active" role for foreign capital.

Already there are harbingers of this more active role. U.S. satellites hover over the continent, photographing the terrain minutely, absorbing such information as the temperature of the soil, the chlorophyll content of the plants, the water resources, land contours, and so forth. With this information in hand, Western companies plan to extract Africa's timber and minerals and to lay the way for establishment of largescale agricultural operations.

Such is the background for the recolonization of Africa, and it is precisely this situation which Moynihan and Kissinger have chosen to distort. For most of these African countries, politics must give way to the overriding necessity to export the raw materials, on whatever terms. A Communist Angola, even a Communist Zaire would still have to export to the First World.

Gulf Oil has now been pressured by the State Department into putting the money it owes Angola into escrow. The company allegedly awaits the moment when it can desecrate a "true government" of that country. The fact is that whether the MPLA, the FNLA, or Unita gain control, Angola will still have to sell its oil to some oil company such as Gulf, and willy-nilly form part of the supply network for the First World cartel of the international oil companies.

The major U.S. policy has, of course, long been to support corporate repenetration of Africa, in whatever form required. This is Kissinger's famous low profile, also a legacy of the Congo wars, and the need to be relatively discreet about an enjoyably close relationship with white South African tyranny.

The posture goes hand in hand with the interests of the U.S. military, as so vigorously articulated over the years by now-retired Admiral Elmo Zumwalt. The Zumwalt theory is that the U.S. is at the mercy of the Third World, so

far as its basic minerals are concerned. In this sense, the U.S. is at a disadvantage to the self-sufficient Soviet Union.

In order to assure access to, and supply of, these minerals, Zumwalt has said that the U.S. Navy must provide "a life-line" between the U.S. motherland and the dark continent (not to mention life-lines to all the other continents of the world).

This is a handy theory, since the evident menace to life-lines is the Soviet Navy, which, in the view of the paranoid seadog, constantly threatens to interdict them. Moynihan simply embroiders these Pentagon fantasies—which at one point were marshaled to allege that Allende had to be disposed of, since otherwise, the Soviet Navy would be able to dominate the stormy waters around Tierra del Fuego.

The nub of the theory comes as no surprise. Zumwalt and his cohorts say that the U.S. must speedily build many more ships—everything from more outmoded aircraft carriers to smaller craft, thrustful little attack boats, killer subs—a mighty over- and under-water fleet, barely comprehensible to sane people.

The theory takes on a self-propelling aspect, since this vast new armada, to interdict the Soviet Union in Africa and elsewhere, will need vast amounts of African minerals and so forth to build it. Hence, Africa will become, more than ever, crucial to U.S. strategic interests.

All this used to be called imperialism. More crudely, it's one way out of a recession.

The demonology spouted by the fluent Moynihan—now backed by many editorialists across the country, though contradicted in the Senate—obscures the long-range problem for Africa, which is simply how to obtain real independence and a measure of prosperity.

Africa, in a way, is very much like Latin America. If the Third-World recession holds over the next ten or fifteen years, the poverty in both these areas of the world will surely increase, and with it, domination by foreign corporations and banks. Such domination will, of course, provoke further violent upheavals, and such upheavals will lead to calls for the expansion of the covert apparatus of the United States.

What we may well be seeing is a rerun of the Chilean scenario, where, fundamentally, Allende's regime fell because of international economic pressure, in another place at a later time.

ration for Ray's suggestion that he subsequently ran unidentified packages, possibly drugs, across the Detroit-Windsor and U.S.-Mexican borders. Immediately after leaving Canada, Ray went to Birmingham—one of King's home bases in the civil rights struggle.

One clue to Raoul's identity may be a traceable phone call Ray reportedly made to Raoul on his way to meet him in New Orleans in December 1967. Songwriter Charles Stein, Ray's travelling companion on the trip from Los Angeles to New Orleans, claims he jotted down the number Ray was calling and can pinpoint the phone Ray called from.

Los Angeles Times reporter Jerry Cohen called this number and reached a Louisiana State Police barracks in the New Orleans-Baton Rouge area, well known as a staging ground for CIA-sponsored guerrilla operations against Castro. A man named Raoul Esquivel answered Cohen's call, and one source identified Esquivel as knowing every Cuban in the area. The name itself could prove a coincidence or an alias, but it is noteworthy that Grace Walden later identified a picture of a Louisiana State Trooper as the small man she saw leaving the rooming-house bathroom.

Joe Davis is an Ann Arbor-based freelance writer.

MLK

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•How did Ray learn the identities of three Canadians closely resembling him—whose names he used as aliases—unless he had expert help? One of them was Eric St. Vincent Galt, whose signature "St. V." was easily misread as "Starvo," the name Ray used. Galt's description matched Ray's down to the small scars they both had on the forehead and right palm.

Who Was Raoul?

Ray himself maintains that he did not kill King, but was unwittingly set up as a "patsy" to take blame for others. He has often said that the mysterious "Raoul" told him to buy the telescopic rifle as a sample for possible bulk sale to an anti-Castro gunrunner. Ray also says Raoul told him to check into the Memphis rooming house and gave him \$2,000 to buy the white Mustang alleged to be the getaway car.

According to Ray's story, he met Raoul on the Montreal waterfront in 1967 after his escape from prison. Raoul promised the fugitive Ray some \$12,000 and new identification papers if Ray would do a few jobs (presumably criminal ones) without asking too many questions. Some investigators claim strong corroboration

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Last fall, several of our Ann Arbor area coinboxes were vandalized and their contents removed by persons who then substituted copies of the *Fifth Estate*, an occasional limited-circulation anarchist sheet published in Detroit.

The SUN regrets any inconvenience to our readers due to the necessity of repairing the damaged coinboxes.

Persons having knowledge of this act may call the SUN at 961-3555 (Detroit) or 761-7148 (Ann Arbor) with information, or stop by either office in person.

Consumers

continued from page 5

hold off until he had met with the gas company's president.

However, that meeting could not be held for a month, and the investigators felt that as this was a seasonal rip-off, it was necessary to act quickly.

CPA, however, was never allowed to act. After a review, the gas company did discontinue the practice which the agency had found questionable.

It was this type of interference from Cahalan, says Matish, that put a damper on the enthusiasm of many agency staffers and showed that the Prosecutor had no real commitment to consumer advocacy.

Cahalan's hiring practices have also been attacked by some former employees of the agency, who believe that the CPA is becoming a haven for Cahalan's personal and political friends, the majority of whom have no prior experience in consumer action.

In the meantime, Sue Hoover says morale at the agency is at an all-time low. The agency is able to handle merchandising complaints, but refers all others elsewhere.

Among other consumer protection agencies left to take up the slack are the UAW Consumer Affairs Department (which handles union workers' complaints), the Detroit Consumer Council (for city complaints), and—for what it's worth—those corporate public relations staffs equipped to deal with complaints.

But with the wind taken out of CPA's sails, Wayne County Residents would be wise to rely first on the age-old advice: "Caveat Emptor" (let the buyer beware).

Dennis Von Hatten has worked as a reporter for the *Detroit Free Press*. He was assisted in researching and developing this article by Maureen McDonald, the SUN's Assistant Editor.

Battle of Pontiac

continued from page 5

city, where they can get the best buy for their money. But the mortgage companies won't loan money for city housing.

McCabe says she is confident that metropolitan busing will become a reality within two years. "The NAACP is not satisfied with the present plan in Pontiac and Detroit. I agree. It's ridiculous to bus a black child from one district to another.

"Only when the affluent children are bused will the change happen. That's when we will see real political clout, perhaps even a Constitutional amendment prohibiting busing."

That's Show Biz

It seems Irene McCabe is not so naive these days.

She thought she had found her way out of her prefabricated kitchen and lower-middle class existence when she jumped on the anti-busing bandwagon with Brooks Patterson.

Little did she know that he was, in fact, the casting director who would use her, and her cause, for all it was worth politically, as he later used the residents of Ferndale in his ill-fated crusade against "obscene" films.

Irene McCabe is a nobody now. And L. Brooks Patterson says he'd like to be President—"Doesn't every mother's son?"

Maureen McDonald is the Assistant to the Editor of this newspaper. She was assisted in writing this article by Rex Johnson, a veteran observer of Pontiac busing.

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Woodcock

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bility. Yes, all the charges are generally true. They do have an administered price system; they don't reduce prices, they reduce production. It's not a free system. But we do still have the ability of maneuvering, even in the economic sphere.

SUN: *If socialism in the U.S. would mean giving the working people you represent the full benefits of their labor, rather than the partial benefits of it, and full control of production, rather than partial control, would some uniquely American form of socialism be possible or desirable?*

WOODCOCK: I would see more what is being done in Norway and in Sweden as the desirable goal. That's neither social-

ist nor capitalist; it doesn't fit any of our neat labels. Someone said that if fascism comes to America, it will not be called fascism. It could be that if social democracy comes to America, it won't be called that, either.

You know, Gunnar Myrdal says about us that we have great possibilities because of our political system, if only we'll pursue them, but he has said that in the last ten years he's become quite despairing of us.

I try not to think in terms of labels, but as to what should be done. Just a couple of days ago, I won't say who, but a very top man in the business community in Detroit gives me some of the old business: "We're going down the road that Britain has gone down," and I'm trying to tell him I don't believe that. Then he says, "Sweden's just like Britain." I was just surprised that he didn't know the difference.



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