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Motor City Blues

Portrait of Detroit's uniquely funky blues scene [p.9]

BLUE NOTE MASTERS:
COLTRANE, ROLLINS,
T-BONE WALKER ET AL.

IN THE VORTEX:
BOB SEGER
SPANKY WILSON
CHARLES MINGUS
"IDEAS OF ANCESTRY"

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Volume 4, No. 11 Published Every Two Weeks June 17, 1976



Update

The latest on the Madeline Fletcher trial and other news fronts in a new feature. [p.4-5]



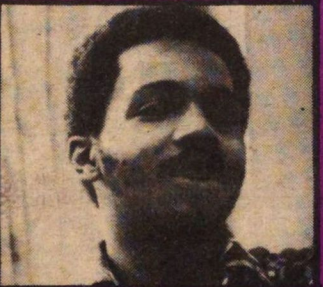
Martha Jean

Nadine Brown profiles the WJLB personality and her "War on Crime". [p.3]



Tom Hayden

From the Chicago 8 to the Senator from California? [p.7]



City Theatre

Rapping with Eugene Johnson about the Northwest Activities Center theatre program [p.13]

TWO WAYS TO END THE WORLD

TEST TUBE MONSTERS FROM THE U OF M

By Martin Porter

ANN ARBOR—The world may suddenly come to an end one day, silently, with no spectacular blast from a nuclear bomb, no mushroom cloud, no fallout—yet still the same mass destruction, the same human misery. The hospitals would be overcrowded with millions of the dying, their bodies racked with pain. The cities would be quiet; their only sounds would be ambulance sirens and screams in the night.

The physicians would be perplexed by the origins of this new, mysterious plague; they would be powerless to do any more than ease the suffering and bury the dead. There would be no antidote, no wonder drug to save the day.

And it could all begin with a miniscule particle, a bacterium or hybrid virus that escaped from a laboratory on the University of Michigan's Ann Arbor campus. Microbiologists here may be risking just such a catastrophe under the justification of "freedom of inquiry" and the desire to understand and control life.

On May 21, by a six-to-one vote, the University of Michigan Regents gave the go-ahead to local scientists, allowing them to resume their inquiries into the essence of life via the little-known discipline of genetic engineering.

continued on page 27

NUCLEAR DISASTERS FROM DETROIT EDISON

By Alan Lenhoff and Jan Prezzato

DETROIT—The death toll is nearing 133,000 as millions of southeastern Michigan residents try to escape the poisonous radioactive shroud that hangs over the region. Relief to the panic-stricken millions has become a futile effort as scores of people clog every exit out of the area. Michigan, which is now under martial law, has become the center of the World's attention and concern.

The catastrophic events of the past few days were set off when the metal fast-breeder reactor of the \$120 million Enrico Fermi Nuclear Power Station No. 1, in Lagoon Beach, near Monroe, suffered a meltdown of its nuclear core, which sent jets of radioactive particles into the atmosphere, threatening life for hundreds of miles around.

The almost apocalyptic event was blamed on the sub-assemblies which house the radioactive fuel. They were thrown out of their core due to a piece of metal which mysteriously appeared in the reactor's housing.

A Class I alert was first made known through the State Police, who initiated Civil Defense measures. Warnings have been sent to outlying areas as the cloud of death, trapped by unseasonably warm weather, moves east over Lake Erie . . .

It almost happened, as John G. Fuller so vividly portrays it in his recent book, *We Almost Lost Detroit*. Life

continued on page 4

Is the "Cattlegate" Coverup Over? p.5



It must have been Candor Week among the star columnists of the daily press. Bob Talbert, the *Free Press*'s supposed hotline to hipdom, devoted his space last Friday to a typically meandering rumination on the significance of his 40th birthday. Bob finally concluded that being 40, in fact, had no significance at all—except for the “new feeling” that “I feel like I’ve been 40 all my life.” That’s the most meaningful line we’ve heard out of Bob in months—maybe that’s why he’s played such a key part in making the *Free Press* “the paper that puts you to sleep in the morning.”

And Fred Girard, the *News*' major catch to date in its clandestine raid on the *Free Press*'s swinging young reporting staff, candidly described for our benefit the “contemporary reader” that both papers, in fact, are striving desperately to hold on to: “For the most part, the contemporary reader falls between the ages of 21 and 40-something, has a college education, lives in the suburbs, likes to identify the so-called “in” places and activities . . .” etc.

Ge, Fred, it seems to us that you left a few of us out—for example, most of the population of the City of Detroit. Perhaps you feel you can take that for granted?

We all know, of course, that both of our wonderful dailies are written for white readers anyway, and that the great circulation war is focused on the suburbs. In half the neighborhoods in the City, according to a recent Iffy poll, you can't get either newspaper delivered to your door. Then again, you aren't missing much.

It's interesting to see, at any rate, that the dailies have finally awakened to the fact that young readers with any kind of sense have been deserting them in droves for several years now. But from where we sit, it's gonna take a lot more than Talbert's McKuenesque rambles or Girard's hot features on “where to get two big drinks for the price of one during Happy Hour” to bring them back. It goes a little deeper than that, fellas.

In another division of Detroit's bustling media industry, we ran into Dave Torbi at Jimmy Carter headquarters at the Sheraton Cadillac on the night of the primary. Dave had been keeping busy the previous few weeks coordinating Mr. Peanut's Michigan campaign effort prior to the arrival of the national people. But on primary night, he was back at his usual job, reporting from Carter HQ's for radio station WOMC-FM. “Objective journalism,” anyone?

Speaking of the primary, we had a deadline to meet on the fateful night, or else we surely would have spent it all observing the wonders of electoral politics. Carter's supporters appeared to be an odd mixture of rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed young ingenues in Villager blouses and down-home Georgia operators easily recognized by their pot bellies and white shoes. Then there was a mysterious collection of bouffanted Southern ladies in white styrofoam Carter hats and white high heels, of course.

Udall HQ's, which had set up shop right next to us here in the lovely Leland House, was frequented by a gathering of enthusiastic young swingers in leisure suits and long dresses, who drove us to distraction all night with football cheers adapted to political purposes and occasional “news” of the sensational variety, such as the “fact” that Udall was carrying every county in Michigan and was on his way to a victory of landslide proportions.

As it was, of course, Big Mo's legions had a lot more to celebrate. And since, much has been said about how it happened—but to our chagrin, nobody mentioned the fact that Mo had chosen the Leland's famed “Pound of Colombian Room” in which to await the returns. We did, after all, draw the winners' names in the very same place not very long ago, and although alcohol was the intoxicant of choice on May 19, we like to think that Mo must have picked up on the lingering positive vibes.



No Nuclear Dumps in Michigan

Several months ago, there was some talk of dumping future radioactive wastes from Michigan's nuclear power plants into the salt beds underneath Detroit. More recently, officials of the federal Energy Research and Development Agency (ERDA) have insisted they never really seriously considered such a plan, but now it seems they're interested in another site, which they no doubt hope will prove less politically volatile—the salt beds in the northern part of the lower peninsula, near Alpena.

Initial reaction in that part of the state has not been much better—partly because ERDA had not notified the landowners, local officials, or citizenry of their designs, and kept a meeting with state officials carefully under wraps.

This is typical of the attitude demonstrated by the federal government, private industry, and public utilities, all of which are engaged in a well-coordinated, well-financed, top-priority effort to force nuclear energy down the throats of the largely unsuspecting public—minimizing the obvious and potentially catastrophic lack of safety in the nuclear industry, and using the theme of “jobs and energy” in an attempt to pave the way for big profits and “energy independence” from the Third World.

The possibility of a dreadful nuclear accident is hardly theoretical at this point, since there have already been several close calls in the U.S. and elsewhere—including Michigan, where Detroit Edison's Fermi plant nearly inundated the Detroit area with lethal radioactive gases ten years ago.

The disposal of nuclear wastes, of course, presents another impossible hurdle, since no technology has yet been devised to successfully recycle the millions of tons of waste that would be produced by the kind of expanded nuclear power program the government and the energy industry have set their sights on. The best idea they can come up with, apparently, is filling the earth's crust with useless and poisonous plutonium wastes,

which would then have to be guarded for something like 50,000 years.

Just one accident during transportation of the wastes, or one successful hijacking by any group bent on blackmail, could be enough to kill thousands of people.

Since we have no experience with storage of such wastes, there is no assurance that a container couldn't rupture under the earth, due either to defective manufacturing or to natural phenomena beyond our control.

Somewhere in the Detroit area, tons of radioactive wastes from the Fermi accident are buried, guarded 24 hours a day. It's an uncomfortable feeling, to say the least, that we don't know where it is. And the plant itself, finally condemned by the federal government, will itself have to be perpetually guarded.

When so much danger exists, and we have so many more appealing routes to explore in the search for new energy sources—including solar, wind, and tidal power—it is inconceivable that we allow ourselves to be stampeded into a mass development of nuclear power, at the peril of our very lives.

While devoting our efforts to developing safer energy sources, we might also begin to make some real efforts to curtail our ridiculously wasteful energy consumption habits, which have finally brought us to the point where we can see the end of our fossil fuel resources in the not too distant future.

Meanwhile, if, as one Department of Natural Resources official has stated, we can't have nuclear power plants in Michigan without nuclear dumping grounds in Michigan, we hope that the residents of the Alpena area—or any others which may be asked to live on top of an underground sea of radioactivity—will do everything in their power to thwart the designs of the ERDA and the energy industry.

Detroit is not a suitable site for a nuclear dump. Neither is Alpena—or, as far as we're concerned, anywhere else on a planet inhabited by human beings.

Pass the Aid to Detroit Bill — Stop the Ponmet Subsidy

It was bad enough when Lions owner William Clay Ford decided to move his team to Pontiac, depriving Detroiters of yet another asset and the city itself of more badly-needed tax dollars.

But it got even worse when multi-millionaire Ford and a phalanx of suburban legislators managed to weasel an \$800,000 annual subsidy for Pontiac Stadium out of the taxpayers' money. Not only is the subsidy questionable on ethical grounds—now, after only a few years, the Stadium people admit they really don't need it!

Nevertheless, the reactionaries in the legislature seem determined, as a matter of their twisted principles, to make the continuation of these outrageous payoffs a condition of their support for the desperately needed state financial aid package for Detroit. The Stadium subsidy has become their latest excuse for stalling a commitment to give the stricken city the support it should have had years ago.

This is truly adding insult to injury. Suburban lawmakers and their white constituencies seem to take perverse pleasure in flogging Detroit for its supposed profligacy and making us jump through hoops for the privilege of their support, while at the same time setting themselves up as the benevolent uncle who just might condescend to help us out, even though he has no responsibility for his wayward relations.

What they forget, or choose to ignore, is (1) the fact that Detroit has been generous to the rest of the state for decades, and (2) we can no longer do so largely because our resources have been systematically drained by the suburbs these legislators represent.

We cannot stand by and refrain from com-

ment while suburbanites continue to insist they bear no responsibility for Detroit's plight. It was, in fact, their flight from the city and its black residents over the past few decades that deprived Detroit of tens of thousands of jobs and millions of tax dollars, led to the destruction of our neighborhoods by freeways designed for commuters' convenience, and allowed the present apartheid to develop between the city and its outlying areas.

Under these circumstances, suburban legislators have a lot of gall to demand “fiscal accountability” from Detroit before tendering a small portion of their accumulated wealth. The city has already cut its services to the danger point in many cases, and has laid off thousands of workers, making our situation even more perilous. It has produced the Pelham Report expressly to show the legislators the harsh realities of present-day urban economies.

Now one legislator actually tells us we need the “Christian spirit” that Billy Graham is bringing to PonMet. We'd much rather have the money! How about a little Christian spirit from the suburbs?

The House should separate the PonMet subsidy question from the Detroit aid bill forthwith, and get the money to the city as soon as possible. Any Detroit legislator that votes otherwise should be branded as a traitor, and preferably tarred and feathered.

Then, instead of mumbling about “phasing out” the Stadium subsidy, the legislature could cut it off once and for all. If they have a hard time figuring out something else to do with the money, we've got lots of ideas. Maybe we could use it to hire back some of our laid-off city workers.



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by John Sinclair and Gary Grimshaw

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In Memoriam:

Thomas R. Pomaski

Tom Pomaski, a member of the SUN family for over two years, was killed in an automobile accident on May 31, Memorial Day. We grieve his passing and extend our sympathy to his family and to his other friends. We will all miss him.

The SUN Staff

"War On Crime in the Name of Jesus"

Martha Jean the Queen Gets Back to the Basics

By Nadine Brown

"It's not just my crusade, it's the people's crusade," declares Martha Jean "The Queen" Steinberg.

She's talking about her "War on Crime in the Name of Jesus" and how she has been able to get over 100,000 signatures supporting it.

Martha Jean, the popular WJLB radio personality, says everyone is talking about the crime issue, but nobody seems to be doing anything about it. "So after we made the decision to declare War on Crime in the Name of Jesus, my dedicated community workers wasted no time getting the petitions circulated.

"It took just a little over four weeks to pass our goal of 100,000 signatures," she says. "And this convinced us that the people are fed up with all this crime and want something done about it besides talk. We wanted the assurance that the community was ready to stand up and be counted."

Crime in Detroit has been steadily rising for more than six years, when heroin trafficking invaded this community. And it is a well-known fact that a large percentage of the crime is committed by youths, some as young as 11 or 12 years old; we are now faced with an increasing number of youth gangs joining the lucrative crime racket. This poses an even greater threat, not only to the general community but to the school system as well.

When Martha Jean "The Queen" first spoke of her group's crusade against crime, many people, particularly the so-called "leaders," didn't believe it would get off the ground.

After collecting supporting signatures in the five-figure range, however, we learned that the Queen's crusade had attracted a groundswell of support from the community.

countable, to do their part with the Lord's help. Then, when we've done all we can do, Jesus will deal with it."

Acclaimed as one of the city's most popular disc jockeys, Martha Jean is heard on WJLB radio in many supermarkets and corner grocery stores throughout the central city, five days a week, from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.

Her program is primarily issue-oriented, consisting of calls from community people who want her advice or help. The Queen often spends a good bit of time scolding parents for not looking after their children and not taking an interest in their performances in school. She also gives a tongue-lashing to "negligent" politicians, whom she flatly says "aren't doing their jobs."

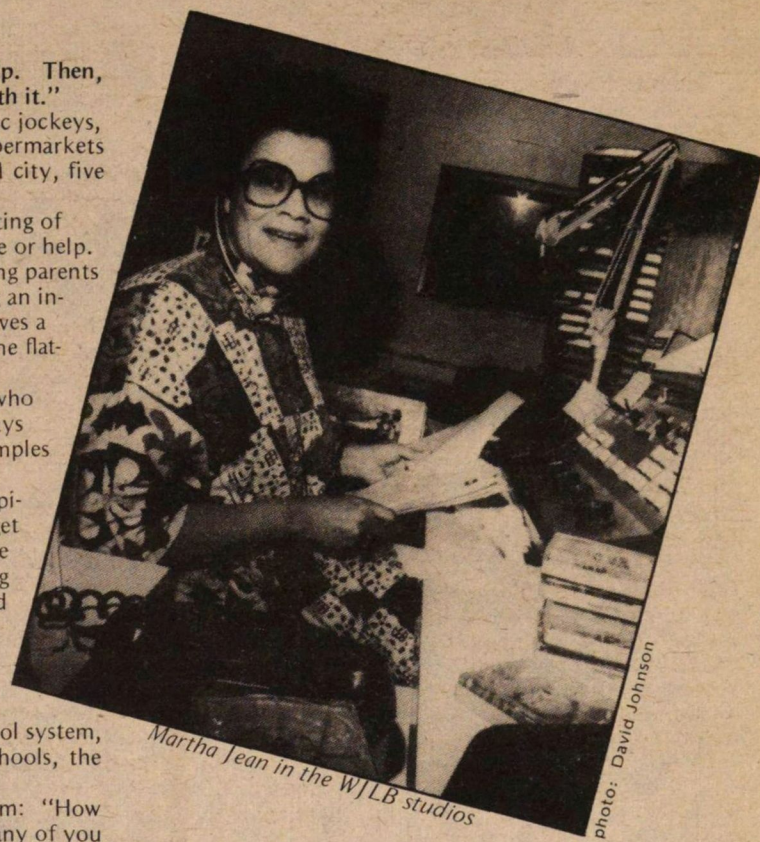
Martha Jean is an ordained Christian minister who preaches the gospel of responsibility, which she says must begin in the home. "Parents should set examples for their children," she declares.

Her message last Thursday on her show was typical of those she often elaborates: "We've got to get to the minds of these adults. We've got to give the young people who are trying to make it something to look forward to. We've got to become involved in our homes, involved in the schools.

"The education system in our country is going to fail unless we get back to the basics. The children can't read, write, spell, or count."

While Martha Jean is highly critical of the school system, she says she can't put all the blame on the schools, the principals, the teachers, or the children.

"I blame the parents," she says, and asks them: "How many times do you sit in a classroom? How many of you



Martha Jean in the WJLB studios
Photo: David Johnson

"How many times do you sit in a classroom?" she asks parents. "How many of you feed your children hot food? You should cut that television off and tell your children to study their homework."

But some behind-the-scenes controversy over the issue is reportedly going on in some leadership circles, including the Christian clergy.

"It's not so much a religious fight," says Martha Jean. "It's everybody's battle, regardless of religious beliefs. But we knew that many people would rally behind the name of Jesus, and we told them if they joined the War Against Crime in the Name of Jesus, the Lamb's blood would be on their foreheads [a biblical promise of blessing].

"They understood that language and trusted it," she says, explaining why so many people signed the petitions so willingly. "Everything we have attempted in the name of Jesus has been successful."

Many have rejected the phrase "... in the name of Jesus," arguing that blacks have been on their knees far too long and would use it as an excuse or a crutch.

"We teach people that God helps those who help themselves," the Queen responds. "We don't encourage any kind of crutch. We want the people themselves to mobilize behind the War Against Crime in the Name of Jesus, to be ac-

feed your children hot food? You should cut that television off and tell your children to study their homework."

Martha Jean also gets calls from people who criticize something she said, but she disarms her critics in short order, and not very many seek a confrontation with her.

The announcement of the Queen's large number of signatures supporting her crusade has reportedly stirred up a hornet's nest among some organizational and church leaders. While they were still discussing the crime issue and what to do about it—as they have for several years—Martha Jean grabbed the ball and was off and running with it.

Although these leaders have not publicly denounced her, according to our reports, they have not joined her War on Crime in the Name of Jesus, either.

The Christian ministers were conspicuous by their absence from Martha Jean's caravan to Lansing on May 10. A meeting was arranged there by State Rep. George Cushingberry to obtain legislative support for her group's crime proposals. Only one minister was present—Rev. Nance from the Russell Street Baptist Church.

Two clergymen, who asked not to be named, said they believe some church pastors fear that Martha Jean's leadership may minimize their own and view her as a threat, despite the fact that she is a non-denominational minister and could be an asset to them.

"I'm never disappointed with human nature," says Martha Jean. "Sometimes people strike at me through jealousy, but God is not going to let them touch me. We welcome everyone to our crusade."

Shortly after the Lansing meeting, Cushingberry and 21 co-sponsors introduced a House bill for a rehabilitative State Youth Camp (proposed by Martha Jean's group) to accommodate juvenile offenders over 12 years of age and under 18.

"But we've got to do something about negligent parents," Martha Jean insists, vowing to ask for legislation to make parents responsible for their children's crimes if they don't start paying proper attention to their offspring.

Controversy is nothing new to The Queen. She is a dynamic and powerful woman who is able to draw people to her in the face of any opposition, and therefore has probably been a controversial figure most of her adult life.

Martha Jean hails from Memphis, where she was a disc jockey at radio station WDIA. She recalls that it was Dr.

continued on page 27

Bureaucrats Forced Closing of Four Clinics

How Planned Parenthood Got the Runaround from H.E.W.

By Dorothy Saunders

On April 28, the Detroit *Free Press* reported, "The Detroit Planned Parenthood League [PPL] has rejected \$435,000 in federal funds in a dispute with the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, forcing it to shut down half of its eight clinics and turn away 6,000 patients."

"Rejection" doesn't seem like a very precise term to describe Planned Parenthood's reluctant abandonment, in despair, of a 14-month effort to satisfy H.E.W.'s capricious, arbitrary, and constantly changing funding requirements.

The truth of the matter is that H.E.W. still has the money, Planned Parenthood has gotten the business, and the poor have gotten the shaft once again.

Bureaucrats in Detroit and Chicago held a \$435,000 carrot in front of Planned Parenthood. The carrot was just a "come on," never meant to be reached or eaten, but only to keep the animal running and running in an endless attempt to get it.

"We have been paralyzed by H.E.W. regulations," says past PPL Chairperson Eve Kommel, now a volunteer. "We found we

were spending more time and energy in playing politics and responding to federal caprice than on the job."

Planned Parenthood, which provides birth control and family planning education and technology to thousands of Detroiters, submitted three detailed program plans over a 14-month period in an attempt to deal with a bureaucratic maze constructed by H.E.W.'s regional office, a Chicago consulting firm, and the Southeastern Michigan Family Planning Project (SEMFPP), which disperses federal family planning funds in this area. All three plans were rejected for varying reasons.

Finally, on April 20, PPL Director Howard Lischeron wrote SEMFPP Director Seymour Brieloff in a last-ditch attempt to determine the guidelines for funding:

"We are asking for written criteria which are internally consistent and definitive. Frankly, we must be assured that if the criteria are met, we will be approved, and hence able to remain open and continue giving service to those clearly in need of it. We cannot continue to attempt to react positively to perpetual changing criteria. Are you willing and able to provide us such criteria? ...

"The truth of the matter is that H.E.W. still has the money, Planned Parenthood has gotten the business, and the poor have gotten the shaft once again."

Apparently, we should have insisted back last spring on a clear, internally-consistent set of written criteria."

At this writing, no response was forthcoming from Brieloff, who could offer only a pamphlet describing general guidelines dated January 1976.

Instead, a draft report from a New York medical consulting group hired by Planned Parenthood was leaked to the press, although the report was still being revised and was not yet final. Lischeron speculates that by the process of elimination, the leak must have come from the office of Aurelius Clayton,

continued on page 25



Photo: Gerald Upham

Nuclear Disasters From Detroit Edison

We Almost Lost Detroit



As Fuller carefully explains, the danger of nuclear power is not that a plant will blow up like a misguided hydrogen bomb. The real danger is that radioactive material that is not properly cooled can trigger a small explosion that might damage a reactor and send clouds of radiation over nearby cities. Or a similar accident could be caused by an earthquake, tornado, or airplane hitting the reactor and releasing radiation. Radiation poisoning is not pleasant. One feels nothing at the time of exposure, but soon the symptoms that signal death occur: nausea, vomiting, and weakness, followed by apparent recovery. But then, the radiation snuffs oxygen from the blood-

member was impaled there. Part of the reactor rod was through his groin and out his shoulder. He was obviously dead." It took six days to get the body out. The body was next to a beam that registered twice the lethal dose of radioactivity.

SL-1 was not a breeder reactor like Fermi. Its fuel was more compact than the Fermi's, and its power was only a fraction of the power of the Fermi plant. Had such an accident occurred at the Fermi plant in 1966, chances are you wouldn't be reading this review.

Due to the high cost of transmitting nuclear power, plants must be located near major urban centers. In the case of the Fermi plant, the prevailing westerly winds in the area would have carried any escaping radiation over the heavily-populated Detroit area.

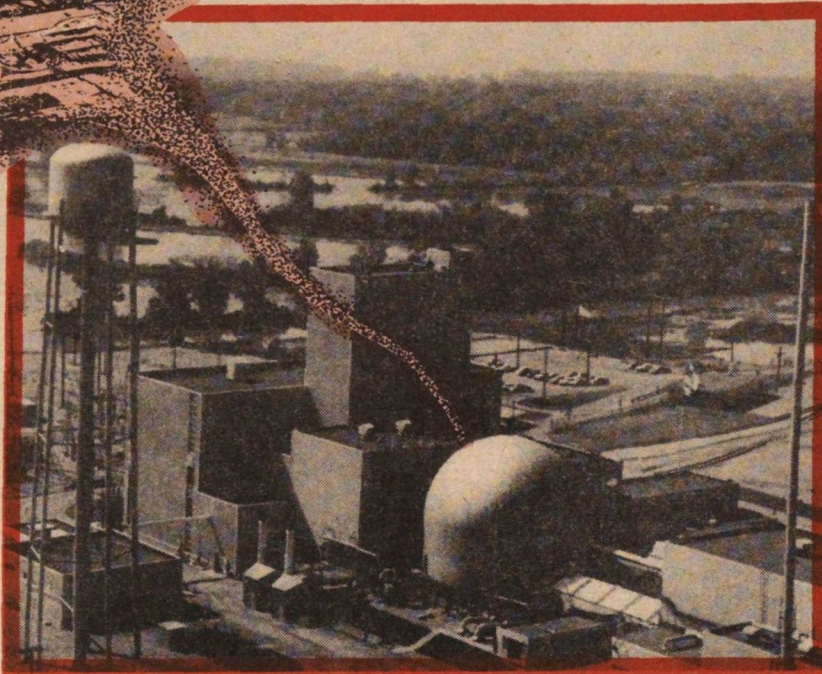
In addition, scientists have found no way to dispose of the nuclear waste generated by these plants. Unless new ways are found, nuclear wastes must be locked away and guarded for 480,000 years before they lose their harmful radioactive effects. 30,000 gallons of radioactive sodium from the Fermi accident lies guarded somewhere in the Detroit area. Original plans to dispose of the waste called for it to be buried in the salt mines under Detroit.

Fuller's book is especially important because of the political pressures being brought on government officials to find alternative sources of energy that would leave America independent of Middle East oil producers. Both President Ford and former California Governor Ronald Reagan are forcefully pushing nuclear power. Reagan calls the dangers of the plants "fairly tales". Predictably, Jimmy Carter is on the fence on the issue. Only Morris Udall is seemingly concerned enough of the dangers to call for caution.

Last week Detroit Edison requested a \$130 million rate increase, as well as announcing its intention of selling a 20 per cent share in the Fermi II plant to two out-state rural utility cooperatives. Fermi II was one-third completed when Edison cut back its construction program due to financial difficulties.

P.M. Murphy, a General Electric nuclear energy executive, said after the Fermi accident in 1966, "It is, in our view, unlikely that one will be able to design for the worst accident permitted by the laws of nature and end up with an economically interesting system, even after additional research and development have been carried out."

The politicians and the utilities would all do well to heed Fuller's warning. The devastation of nuclear war is a great enough threat to human lives without waging war on ourselves through careless plans to generate "economically interesting" electricity.



The power of Idaho Falls' SL-1 plant was only a fraction of the power of the Fermi plant. If the Fermi plant had an accident similar to the one that occurred at SL-1 in 1961, chances are you wouldn't be reading this review.

stream. Bleeding begins from the nose, gums, and intestines, and eventually kills the victim.

The incident at Fermi isn't the only nuclear accident, though it is the primary topic of his book. Fuller also cites an incident that occurred in Windscale, England, where an accident in 1957 sent radiation gauges in London, three hundred miles away, soaring.

Then there is the case of SL-1 in Idaho Falls, Idaho. SL-1 was part of an AEC complex of sixteen experimental reactors. A crew of three men were doing maintenance work late one night in 1961 when the reactor surged out of control. All that remained was the twisted and burnt metal. The bodies of the three men couldn't be found. Then two bodies were finally found on what had once been the top of the reactor. One was already dead. The other would die soon after.

The third was found on the ceiling one story above the reactor floor. "The third

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might have been a lot different if the events of October 5, 1966 had taken a different turn.

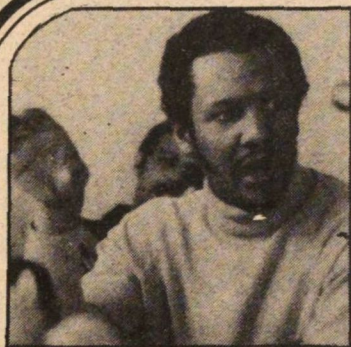
During initial tests of Detroit Edison's Fermi plant, the reactor went out of control, and in Fuller's estimation nearly caused a major nuclear disaster in the Detroit area. It took scientists from October 10, 1966 to January 1967 to learn the cause of the near-disaster, and from January to May 1967 to remove the damaged sub-assemblies containing the radio-active material, which could have spread throughout the region.

From the beginning, Detroit Edison and the federal government ignored obvious signs that the project was a dangerous one. First, insurance companies refused to insure the facility, forcing the federal government to make insurance guarantees which could have run into billions of dollars in the event of a mishap. Then the Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) issued a construction permit for the plant, even after it acknowledged that many safety issues were unresolved.

Even after the near disaster, the AEC in 1970 gave the plant permission to resume operations. A fire and explosions immediately occurred, and the plant was once again shut down. Finally, in 1972, nearly six years after the accident, the AEC refused to license the plant. It sits now as a relic of Edison's nuclear dreams—along with Fermi II, which never was completed, due to financial difficulties at Detroit Edison.

Fuller carefully documents the potential dangers of the so-called "peaceful" uses of nuclear energy. He includes material from a suppressed report that found that a nuclear accident could contaminate an area the size of the state of Pennsylvania, kill 27,000 persons if not more, injure 73,000, and cause \$17 billion in property damage and insurance claims.

Fuller presents a clear warning that we cannot allow the lure of inexpensive energy to fog our vision to the catastrophic dangers of generating nuclear power with the minimal safeguards that exist today.



Clarence Tobias

The daily press and the Detroit Fire Department seem determined to continue covering up the volatile racial situation in the city's engine houses, despite escalating attacks on members of Phoenix, the black firefighters' organization (SUN, April 8 and 22). Although 36 affirmative

action promotions of blacks were overturned in court on February 10 on grounds of "reverse discrimination", harassment of Phoenix leaders has intensified.

Clarence Tobias and Jim Brown of Ladder Company 19—both principals in the SUN's interview—had their car windshields smashed last week. One witness reported seeing a white firefighter toss away a two-by-four and leave the scene. Other black firefighters have had their tires slashed.

Nevertheless, no investigation of rampant day-to-day racism in the Department seems to be forthcoming, and the Free Press continues to give the white firefighters' side exclusively. The removal of dogs from the station houses, for example, was reported as a callous move against the

harmless practice of keeping pets, when in fact many dogs were adopted and fed by white firefighters, were given names like "Coleman" and "Nigger," and sometimes bit black residents who came to the stations to use the phone or the restrooms. The rule against pets in the stations has been on the books for years.

Paul Garrison, one of the black firefighters promoted to Fire Sergeant by the City of Detroit during the affirmative action program, has returned to the City the added amount paid him during his short tenure as Fire Sergeant. Due to the court's ruling against the affirmative action program, Garrison felt that

Detroit taxpayers shouldn't "pay double for something that they are not receiving."

Garrison, a 10-year veteran of the department, and a Phoenix member, says, "We not only have to contend with the fires, we have to contend with racism on the job. To get any action, you have to prove it to a court or to the Fire Commissioner, and it's usually subtle. But it's driving a lot of good men out of the Department." If smashing windows and using dogs to "protect" firehouses from residents is "subtle", we'd hate to see what's blatant.

The trial of black Flint police-woman Madeline Fletcher (SUN, June 3) is underway after a sur-

prisingly short eight days of jury selection.

Fletcher is on trial for a December 27 shootout which took place behind Flint Police Headquarters. The shootout was triggered by an argument between the 20 year-old Fletcher and white male officer Walter Kalberer, 34, over who would drive the car. A scuffle ensued, with Fletcher shooting Kalberer in the thigh, and at least 14 shots being returned by Kalberer and other officers standing nearby.

Kalberer was hospitalized for nine days, put on sick leave, and returned to active duty. Fletcher was hospitalized for six weeks, suspended from the force, and



PBB Farmers Farmers Finally Get a Break

Is the "Cattlegate" Coverup Over?

By Hugh Grambau

Third of a Series

Editor's Note:

In the summer of 1973 an industrial chemical called polybrominated biphenyl (PBB) was accidentally mixed into animal feed and distributed around Michigan. The ultimate result of that tragic mistake was to doom 30,000 dairy cattle, 1.5 million chickens, and thousands of hogs and sheep. Further, Michigan farmers victimized by the contaminated feed have suffered severe economic, emotional, and physical hardship and have lost faith in the will and the ability of state agencies to protect their welfare. Especially hard-hit have been farmers with PBB contamination below an official tolerance level set by the FDA. Until recently they have had practically no hope of recovering damages from the responsible parties. Farmers and consumers have called the disaster "Cattlegate—bigger than Watergate."

On May 24, Michigan farmers with "low-level" PBB contamination in their livestock got their first break in the two years since PBB was identified in Michigan's ecosystem. A scientific advisory panel appointed by Governor Milliken to review the problem has called for lowering the acceptable levels of PBB in meat and eggs to .005 parts per million—the smallest amount they feel can be reliably measured. The current acceptable level of .3 ppm is sixty times greater. The panel would lower PBB levels in milk even more, down to .001 ppm.

Last week the farmers, consumers, and politicians were waiting anxiously as the PBB controversy came to a head. On June 10, the Michigan Department of Agriculture (MDA) will hold hearings in Lansing on the panel's proposed guidelines. The department could adopt them, ignore them, or accept a less dramatic reduction.

The suggested levels come very close to those requested by farmers and consumer groups who have been critical of the state's handling of the PBB problem. If they are adopted, more than 700 new farms will have to be quarantined, and tens of thousands more cattle will have to be destroyed, perhaps doubling the 30,000 already buried on farms and at the state burial site at Kalkaska.

Initial reaction among affected farmers was a mixture of joy and concern.

"They made a wonderful decision," said Carol Trombley of Hersey, "but if it's not going to be followed through by all the state agencies, it won't do much good." She fears that the MDA may be slow to act on implementing the new levels, while farmers with "low-level" herds (below .3 ppm) continue to lose money feeding unproductive and doomed stock.

"People just can't continue waiting for more

panels," says Mrs. Trombley. "We've gone to so many meetings already, and we just don't have any more energy."

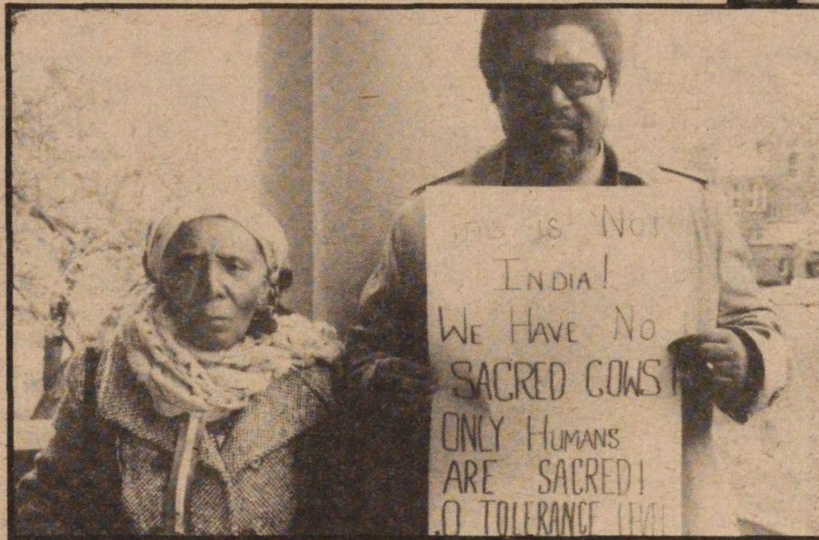
The panel's report is the first break in the long stalemate between affected farmers and the state since the action level was lowered by the FDA from 1.0 ppm to .3 ppm in November, 1974. Although not intended as such by the FDA, the .3 ppm level has been effectively adopted by Farm Bureau Services,

Last April, Milliken suggested that charges of inaction leveled against the state by farmers were unfounded, and basically presented only a public relations problem.

The question now is whether the Department of Agriculture will vol-



Cattle on Lou and Carol Trombley's farm in Hersey, with PBB levels between .01 and .09 ppm will be destroyed, if the tolerance level is reduced to .005 ppm as recommended by Gov. Milliken's panel of scientists.



Robert F. Williams of Idlewild figures the least the state can do is require that PBB contaminated products be labeled with a warning like cigarette packs.

Farmers concerned about their families and their livestock were charged with poor management, dishonesty, and hysteria. But the lower tolerance levels for PBB recently proposed by the Governor's panel come very close to those urged by concerned farmers and consumers.

Inc. (the company which distributed the contaminated feed) as a limit of liability. If the lower levels are adopted, many more farms will be officially quarantined, and it will be much harder for Farm Bureau to avoid liability for the losses incurred.

The report also puts Governor Milliken and his administration in a ticklish spot, since he is more or less committed to support his own experts' advice.

untarily adopt the new guidelines, or whether the Legislature will have to pass a law to establish them.

"I don't think the battle's over," said Jim Barcia, administrative aide to Committee Co-Chairman Don Albosta (D—St. Charles) after the committee meeting. "The Department of Agriculture testified that they disagree with the report's conclusions. They don't accept the recommendations of Milliken's hand-picked advisors."

Predictably, Michigan Farm Bureau came out against the panel's recommendations. President Elton R. Smith, in

response to the report, said that it would cause "unnecessary economic havoc" in the state, and carefully attempted to equate Farm Bureau's interests with that of Michigan farmers. Also unhappy with the report was Dr. Donald Isleib, scientific advisor to the Department of Agriculture, who was concerned about the cost of increased damage claims. It was perhaps unfortunate, he felt, that the panel "was not obligated to make any study of the cost effectiveness of the action they recommended."

On the other side, Jack Murray, representative of the National Farmers Organization's cattle division, charges that without stricter limits, Michigan agriculture faces eventual disaster.

"There's the possibility of a wall being built around Michigan," he said recently to a consumer group. "Eastern packing plants are saying they don't want Michigan cattle."

How much time it takes to establish the lower PBB guidelines may have important implications for Michigan consumers, because some farmers with "low-level" herds may prefer to sell their animals fast, rather than wait for quarantine, then two or more years for a settlement from Farm Bureau's insurance company.

"I anticipate that there's going to be a bunch of cheap animals going to the market in the next few days," says Hank Babbitt, a journalist in Sault Ste. Marie, who has been closely following the PBB problem in Chippewa County. "Those farmers don't want to wait around for two years."

Babbitt and his wife, Donna, became concerned about PBB when their son Scott, 15, became too weak to participate in his normal activities. He was tested for PBB and found to have .27 ppm in his fat tissue. The Babbitts live in the city and figure that their children were exposed to PBB by drinking milk from the grocery store.

continued on page 30

date...



charged with assault with intent to do great bodily harm. If convicted, she could receive up to ten years in jail.

The jury of ten men and four women, including four blacks, was agreed upon last week after Kenneth V. Cockrel, Fletcher's defense attorney, requested a change of venue to Detroit because of massive pretrial publicity. Genesee County Circuit Court Judge Donald R. Freeman denied Cockrel's request, giving no reason.

One of the first prosecution witnesses was 21-year-old police officer Peter Yaquinto. According to Yaquinto, Fletcher had threatened "to shoot his head

off" on December 6. Under cross-examination, it was learned that Yaquinto was playing pool with Fletcher on that day, and that in August 1975 he had submitted two written reports complaining about another black female police officer.

But the most interesting development was that Yaquinto hadn't filed a report of the threat he allegedly received from Fletcher until December 31, four days after the shooting, and then only at the suggestion of his commanding officer.

Kalberer, who was another early witness, admitted that Fletcher hadn't touched him first. He said that he was startled

by Fletcher's talking back to him after ordering her to move over. He admitted to then collaring Fletcher.

Under cross-examination, Kalberer also admitted to an earlier argument with a black female officer over the temperature in a police cruiser. Kalberer ended that argument by pulling out the heater hose under the hood.

Then, in a startling move, witness Kalberer pulled out of his pocket a copy of a fall 1974 letter he had written to the Police Department objecting to women on the force. In the letter, which Kalberer read aloud in court, he threatened a possible lawsuit and said that women joining the de-

partment would cause marital problems for male officers.

John T. McCraw, chief assistant prosecutor, attempted to paint Kalberer as a "by-the-book" policeman who was cautious enough to wear a bullet-proof vest and carry a second pocket weapon. Cockrel pointed out that a second gun is in violation of Department regulations.

Fletcher's chances ride on Cockrel's ability to prove that the Flint Police Department is guilty of racism and sexism, and thereby throw the guilt for the December 27 shootout on the Department—not on Madeline Fletcher.

The continuing disagreements between certain local feminists and the new Feminist Women's City Club continues to have unfortunate consequences for the



Madeline Fletcher with her daughter women's movement here. Now three black women, saying "We don't want to be part of the hassle of the white feminists," have resigned their positions at the Downtown Detroit Feminist Women's Health Clinic (located in the City Club) to work on their own. continued on page 25

Eve In California

Tom Hayden: From The Chicago 8 to U.S. Senator?

Castleman

marks the first time any electorate has had a chance to voice its opinion on the nuclear power controversy.

Hayden's campaign is bound to have a major impact on the future of progressive Democratic politics in the United States. Hayden believes that "the radicalism of the '60's is the common sense of the '70's," and California's one million Democrats will pass judgment on that political perspective when they choose between Hayden and incumbent Sen. John Tunney.

Contributing Editor Michael Castleman has spent six weeks investigating Proposition 13 and the Hayden for Senate campaign.

Tom Hayden has done more for this country out of office than most politicians have accomplished as office holders, according to Hayden's Senate campaign.

The 35-year-old Hayden is opposing incumbent Sen. John Tunney for the Democratic nomination for U.S. Senate on June 8. Tunney is seeking re-election for a second term.

Hayden's political work during the past decade has had a substantial impact on the present political climate in the U.S.

Raised in a working-class Catholic home in Royal Oak, Hayden became the Editor of the Michigan Daily at the U of M. He drafted the Port Huron Statement, which launched Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), in 1962. He was a civil rights and poor community organizer for several years.

As a leader of the anti-war movement, Hayden helped organize the street demonstrations against the war at the Democratic Convention in Chicago in 1968. After that demonstration erupted into a police riot, he was indicted as one of the Chicago 8 for conspiracy to cross state lines to incite a riot. The defendants were acquitted despite the combined efforts of the intelligence community, the prosecution, and presiding Judge Julius Hoffman.

After the trial, Hayden settled in Berkeley and worked to elect radicals to the Berkeley City Council. He then moved to Santa Monica, where he resumed anti-war work. Hayden founded the Indo-china Peace Campaign, which successfully brought anti-war perspectives to many formerly "hawk" strongholds like Jackson and Muskegon, Michigan.

The IPC shunned street demonstrations, concentrating instead on sustained lobbying in Congress to cut off aid to South Vietnam and to implement the Paris Peace Accords. Through the IPC, Hayden met and married actress-activist Jane Fonda.

The IPC's success in non-college, non-leftist middle America astounded Hayden, who had long believed that the "silent majority" was firmly wedded to militarism abroad and racism at home. Hayden likes to quote from the Holly Near song about the IPC's work: "But I saw the friendly people come and turn my head around."

When the war ended, Hayden decided to run for the Senate, expanding on the network of local IPC organizations throughout California and bringing anti-corporation politics to the electoral arena.

Hayden has won two previous longshots. He was acquitted in the Chicago Conspiracy Trial, after many longtime political allies urged him to go underground to escape being railroaded into prison. And he made a significant contribution to ending the war in Vietnam. The question is: Can the radical-identified Hayden win the hearts and minds of California's Democrats away from John Tunney, a liberal by American political standards, and son of a former world heavyweight boxing champion? "It's definitely a longshot," commented one Hayden campaign staffer.



Flash! Hayden Gains On Tunney

California pollsters reported on May 19 that Tom Hayden had reduced Sen. John Tunney's lead among prospective voters from 40 per cent to 17 per cent in the space of only two months.

In March, 55 per cent of those polled indicated a preference for Tunney. Only 15 per cent said they would vote for Hayden, with the remaining 30 per cent undecided.

The May poll showed that 50 per cent of the electorate continued to favor Tunney, but Hayden's support was up to 33 per cent—almost doubled in two months—with 17 per cent still undecided.

Political observers felt these readings would force Tunney to campaign harder, and perhaps force him to descend to the level of characterizing Hayden as a "wild-eyed radical." But they continued to be skeptical about the possibility of a Hayden upset.

The polls bear this out. When Hayden announced his candidacy, he polled support from 13 per cent of California's Democrats, compared with about 65 per cent for Tunney. Now, after months of hard campaigning, having won some impressive endorsements, Hayden polls 30 percent to Tunney's 50 per cent.

Hayden staffers are quick to point out that most of Tunney's support is "soft"—that is, it can be won away. They cite polls which show that Tunney's approval rating among Democrats has slipped from 65 per cent to 50 per cent over the last year. They also like to quote a poll which showed that if Hayden wins the primary, he could run neck-and-neck against the entire field of candidates for the Republican nomination.

Hayden's positions are about as far left as possible in mid-'70's Democratic Party politics. His campaign is based on curtailing the economic and political power of multinational corporations.

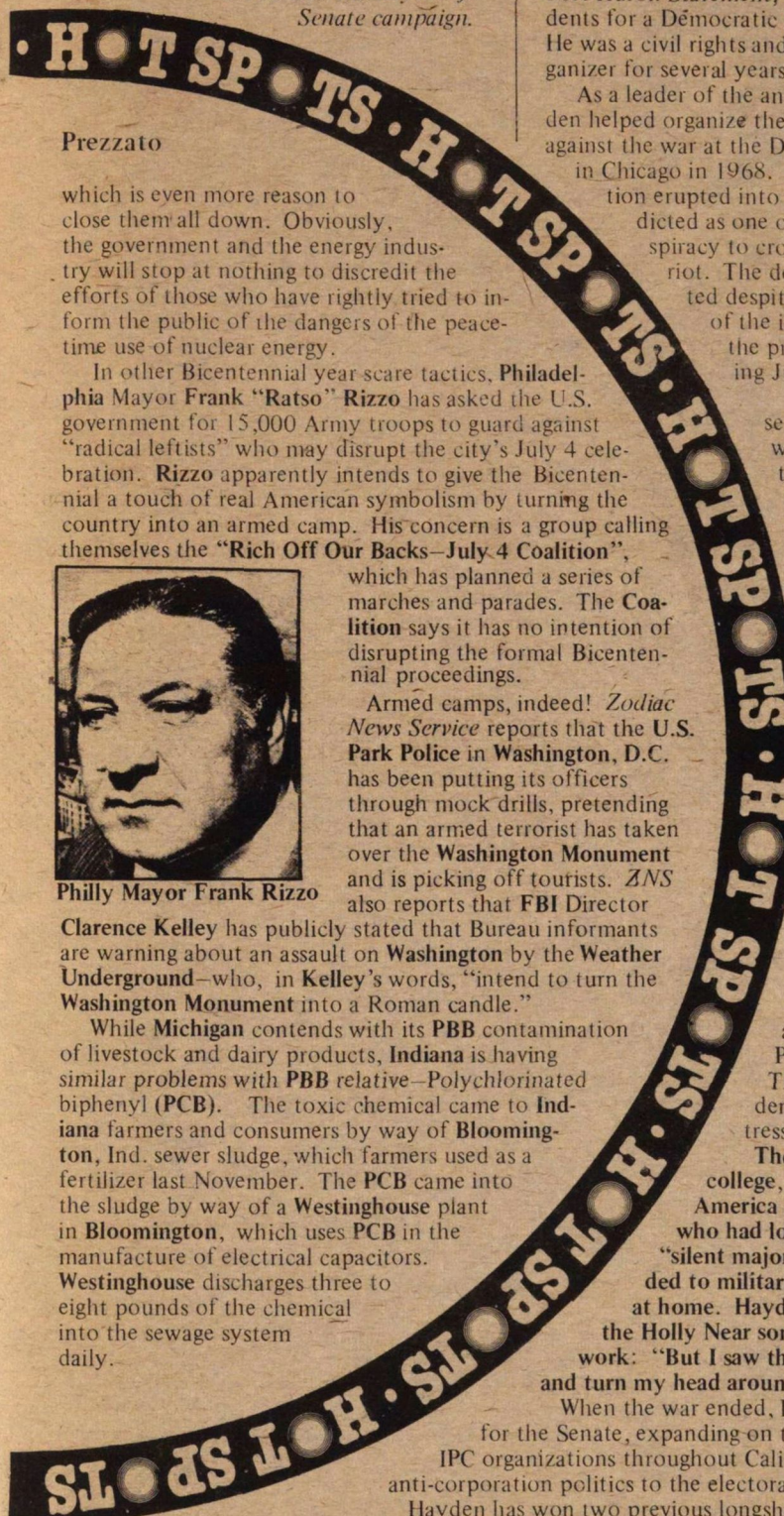
"We're not talking about lowering the expectations of those who have never gotten their fair share of the nation's wealth," says Hayden. "We're talking about lowering the profits and privileges of the few who have had too much for too long."

Energy corporations top Hayden's list of offenders, and he is quick to point out that 85 per cent of Tunney's campaign funds come from corporate contributors, while his own campaign is financed by "average people's hard-earned nickels and dimes." Hayden backs strict price and profit controls of the energy multinationals, while Tunney voted to deregulate the price of natural gas. Hayden supports the Nuclear Safeguards Initiative; Tunney opposes it.

Other Hayden positions include: support for a full employment program, equal rights for women and gays, community control of police, support for the United Farm Workers and American Indian Movement, outlawing CIA covert operations, defeating Senate Bill One, and implementation of massive tax reform.

"Our current tax system," says Hayden, "allows the very rich to escape \$15 billion in taxes each year. Oil monopolies pay less than 8 per cent of their income in taxes, while the corporate tax rate is 48 per cent. We must close the massive loopholes. A just tax system could provide billions for public service

continued on page 26



Prezzato

which is even more reason to close them all down. Obviously, the government and the energy industry will stop at nothing to discredit the efforts of those who have rightly tried to inform the public of the dangers of the peacetime use of nuclear energy.

In other Bicentennial year scare tactics, Philadelphia Mayor Frank "Ratso" Rizzo has asked the U.S. government for 15,000 Army troops to guard against "radical leftists" who may disrupt the city's July 4 celebration. Rizzo apparently intends to give the Bicentennial a touch of real American symbolism by turning the country into an armed camp. His concern is a group calling themselves the "Rich Off Our Backs—July 4 Coalition", which has planned a series of marches and parades. The Coalition says it has no intention of disrupting the formal Bicentennial proceedings.



Philly Mayor Frank Rizzo

Clarence Kelley has publicly stated that Bureau informants are warning about an assault on Washington by the Weather Underground—who, in Kelley's words, "intend to turn the Washington Monument into a Roman candle."

While Michigan contends with its PBB contamination of livestock and dairy products, Indiana is having similar problems with PBB relative—Polychlorinated biphenyl (PCB). The toxic chemical came to Indiana farmers and consumers by way of Bloomington, Ind. sewer sludge, which farmers used as a fertilizer last November. The PCB came into the sludge by way of a Westinghouse plant in Bloomington, which uses PCB in the manufacture of electrical capacitors. Westinghouse discharges three to eight pounds of the chemical into the sewage system daily.

CHARLES MINGUS
"BLUE NOTE MASTERS"
OREGON
EDDIE JEFFERSON
JOHN MCLAUGHLIN
"MISSOURI BREAKS"

SUN
« KULCHUR »

BOB SEGER
SPANKY WILSON
LEON THOMAS
"IDEAS OF ANCESTRY"
RALPH GLEASON
WEATHER REPORT

Down to the Nitty Gritty
MOTOR CITY BLUES

By James Casey and Frank Bach

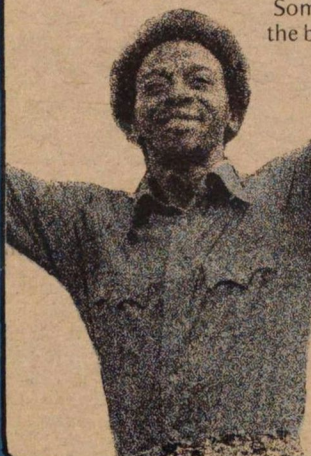
It's late one Saturday night at a tiny bar called That Gnu Joint, at Cass and Putnam next to the Wayne State campus. The sign in the window says "Copeland Blues Band Tonite." Inside, venerable Motor City Blues musicians Bobo Jenkins and Little Junior Cannady, who happen to be playing a benefit party down the street at Formerly Alvin's, have taken over a corner of the bar and are talking with the young white blues guitarist Don Copeland.

Little Junior, a B.B. King-styled guitarist and vocalist long active in Detroit, remembers another gig many years ago when he came to the city from Memphis, Tennessee. His dad bought him a guitar when he was 21 and took him to an after hours joint to hear the blues. The place was not exactly what you would call reputable—in fact, it was raided, and he ended up going to jail with such Detroit notables as John Lee Hooker and Eddie "Guitar" Burns.

Bobo Jenkins mentions that he was on the same gig. Bobo came up from Mississippi after World War II and had an instant hit on the Chess label with "Democrat Blues." He didn't go to jail that night, he says, because he wouldn't let the police take him—it was his equipment and he wouldn't leave it.

"I really got acquainted with John Lee Hooker in jail that night," Little Junior reminisces as he sips a beer. Hooker is, of course, the most famous blues musician from Detroit and, in a way, he typifies the rollicking, funky, and exceptionally loose style associated with the Motor City Blues. Hooker, like Little Junior, Bobo and a majority of Detroit blues people, came up the way blues folks did in other northern industrial cities during the thirties, forties, and fifties: from the South.

Some of the blues



Johnny Johnson

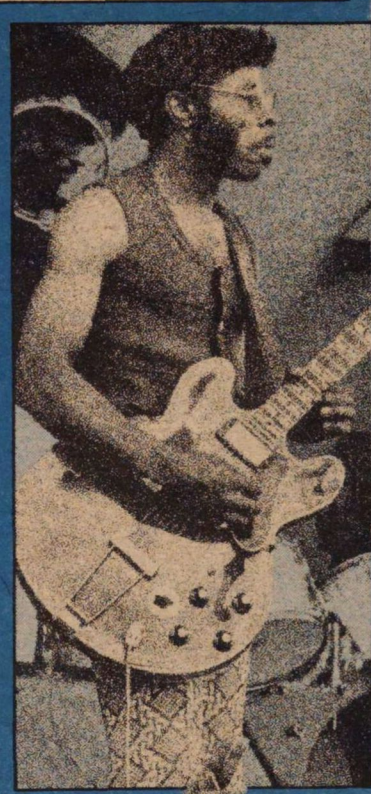


Photo: Joel Unangst

Little Jr. Cannady

Left: Little Mack Collins

Right: Mr. Bo



exponents, like the powerful woman singer/pianist Sippie Wallace, did not give up their "country" purity. Most, though, did adapt to the electric instruments they found in the city, and

their new sounds could be heard on Hastings Street in the Black Bottom, at house parties, and in the blind pigs (after-hours joints) which flourished all over town.

None of these musicians ever got as famous (or as much money) as the storied blues artists from Chicago, however. In the Motown scene, where soul and jazz were as hot as could be found anywhere, people who embraced the blues were a distinct minority, and that meant it was literally impossible for someone to actually make a living playing the blues in Detroit. The only person, besides Hooker, who managed to escape was harmonica master Little Sonny.

So the Motor City Blues, instead of developing into something hard and slick, stayed funky, gritty, down and out. After the destruction of Black Bottom by the Chrysler Freeway and Lafayette Park developments, it moved like a sturdy weed to the bleaker neighborhoods on the city's east side.

The blues can still be found the easiest on the east side, where plush, well-decorated clubs feature the real thing in a comfortable, oasis-like atmosphere. At the top of the scene is Ethel's (on Mack just east of Grand Blvd.), where out-of-town greats (favorites are Albert King and Little Milton) as well as local stars appear in a mix with rhythm and blues and soul specialists under the watchful eye of talent coordinator Allen White. Phelps' Lounge on Oakland Blvd. is the holiday home of master vocalist Bobby Blue Bland (but, unfortunately, not much else) and Ben's Hi Chapparral on Gratiot and Forest has in the past showcased countless blues performers (although it currently features an altogether-unrelated drag queen review).

Over the past few years Motor City Blues has made considerable progress toward getting out in the open, mostly

Photos: Leni Sinclair

Jessie Williams



through the efforts of a unique organization of indigenous artists called The Detroit Blues Club. Comprised of almost every active blues musician in the city, the club is a collective, self-help unit that, among other things, has produced benefits, club dates, and concerts like the annual free Detroit Blues Festival, presented in 1973 and 1974 on Belle Isle and last year as part of the Afro-American Festival on Detroit's waterfront.

The list of regular performers at the Blues Festival is, in effect, a Who's Who of Motor City Blues. Besides Jenkins and Cannady it includes:

Little Mack Collins, who, along with his Partymakers, has worked on the bar circuit for many years and has played backup for most of Detroit's bluesmen.

Eddie "Guitar" Burns, often said to be Detroit's least-appreciated blues talent, recorded regularly with Hooker (as did the legendary pianist Boogie Woogie Red, now living in Ann Arbor) and made several successful blues singles on various labels.

Mr. Bo has been on the Detroit bar circuit for 20 years, working unashamedly in the style of B.B. King. For many years he was under a stranglehold contract to a certain Diamond Jim, who led what was perhaps Detroit's best example of the "Sporting Life." The association ended a few years ago when Jim was offed in a westside bar.

Johnny Mae Mathews, one of very few women active in Motor City Blues, recorded for Stax and wrote the classic "Going to Send You Back to Georgia."

Joe L. Carter also recorded for Stax and a phrase from one of his

continued on page 15



THE COAT PULLER

Sorry to leave you in the lurch like that the last couple of issues, but your old pal just had to get out of here for a couple of weeks and let the northern Michigan air waft through his head . . . Hope you dug the little treats we left behind, and be warned that we're working up to **Bill Hutton's** Bicentennial masterpiece, "The Declaration of Independence," just two issues from now . . .

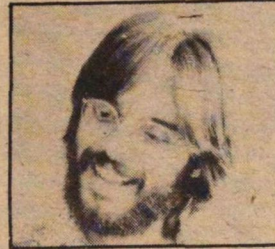
And please, if you will, help us welcome aboard one **Frank Bach**, who will be serving as the **Managing Editor** for this bi-weekly slice of Motor City *Kulchur* from now on, taking a heavy load off of our **Editor's** sagging shoulders. **Bach**, a graduate of **U of D High** on Detroit's northwest side, began his journalistic career covering music for the old **Fifth Estate** (remember them?) back in the summer of 1966, just before the opening of the **Grande Ballroom**, where he graduated from his position as the original manager of the **Grande** to lead singer of the **Up** for five years. In Ann Arbor from 1968-75, he wrote for the old **Sun/Dance** newspaper and for the **Ann Arbor Sun**, which he served as distribution manager since 1973. Readers of this section of the **Detroit Sun** will be familiar with **Frank's** features and reviews—they've been a regular feature since last fall—and now you'll be getting his re-writes and edits as well. Thanks, **Frank**, we needed this! . . .

And speaking of what we need, the **M.U.S.I.C.** benefit at the **Showcase Theatre** last Saturday night (reviewed by **Herb Boyd** in the *Vortex* this issue) was one of the most inspirational events of the past few years, with a star-studded cast of contributors and a typically exciting Motor City audience, most of whom hung in there until 2:30 a.m., when the festivities finally soared to a climax and went on out. Among the **Musicians Supporting Indigenous Culture** (and amply demonstrating the strength and beauty of that culture) were ex-**Four Tops** musical director **Dr. Beans Bowles**, **Supremes** musical director **Teddy Harris**, **James Lockett** of the **New Detroit Jazz Ensemble**, led by **Marcus Belgrave**—who filled out a trumpet section including **UM** jazz program director **Louis Smith** and **Oakland University** professor **Herbie Williams**—plus all the members of **Tribe**, the great **Will Austin** on bass, **George Davidson** (of the **Lyman Woodard Organization**) on drums, eight percussionists, and a gang of young drummers from the **Aboriginal Percussion Choir**, led by Detroit's prodigal son **Roy Brooks**, who organized the entire event with the help of the **M.U.S.I.C.** steering committee (**Harold McKinney**, **Clifford Sykes**, **Robert Cox**, **Tommy Glover** and **Ed Nelson**) and **Larry Nevels'** new production company, **Bantu Productions**. The operators of the **Showcase**, the east side's **Probity Productions** (**Chris Jaszczak** and **Gary MacDonald**),

were just as happy as everyone else, since this is one of the reasons they opened the facility in the first place—to serve as a focal point for indigenous musical and cultural activity. Let's make it just the first in a long series of exciting events produced by the indigenous talents active in the Motor City music community—we've got a long way to go, but this was one hell of a great start! . . .



Dr. Beans Bowles



Frank Bach

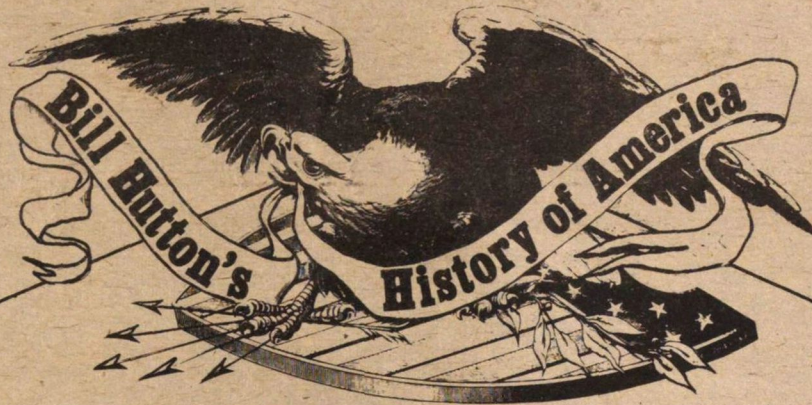
It's particularly fitting at this point to mark the departure of one of Detroit's most active spirits and a central figure in the Motor City music community for the past ten years or so—brother **Bud Spangler**, who has packed up and moved to the San Francisco Bay area with his friend **Cindy Felong**, the former **WABX-FM** newswoman. **Bud**, who held down the drum chair in **Tribe** up to his departure, has been perhaps best known for his work at **WDET-FM**, where he inaugurated the "Jazz Today" show in 1967, served as Program Director from 1970 to

1974, began the popular "New Jazz in Review" show heard Friday nights at 10:00 p.m., and generally served as a driving force behind the programming of community-based and community-oriented music at the Public Radio station which still devotes more than half its programming time to European classical music. Both **Bud** and **Cindy** will be sorely missed here in the **Big D**, but our loss is the Bay area's gain, as it's been so many times in the past. **Bud** will join **Lansing/Ann Arbor** drummer **Danny Spencer**, who moved to the Bay area last year, and we hope he'll be reporting back regularly and often. Good luck, dear friends! . . .

AROUND TOWN: **WDET** will show off its new transmitter, purchased with the help of the station's last major fund-raising drive, at an open house June 12, from 1:00 to 6:00 p.m. **WDET** is located on the 15th Floor of the **Schools Center Building**, 5057 Woodward, corner of Putnam . . . A tip of the hat to the folks at the **Roadhouse**, Ann Arbor's newest and hottest spot for music, where the **Mojo Boogie Band**, **Fito**, **Carolyn Crawford**, the **Friends Roadshow**, the **Lyman Woodard Organization** and any number of other top area groups have been featured lately. Keep it up, old pals . . . The east side has been rocking with action lately as well, with **Tom Powers** at the **Peppermill Lounge** (and when is that first **Arista** album coming out, **Tom**?), regular happenings at the **Red Carpet** (where **Johnny Bee**, **Jim McCarty**, **Dennis Robbins**, and **John Fraga-Honeyboy**—make their home), **J.C.'s Rock Saloon**, the **Union Street**, and bands like **Holy Smoke**, **Catch**, **Badge**, **Stonebridge**, **Katzenjammer**, **Elfstone**, and even more are kicking them out for the dancing crowds . . . Meanwhile, **Ethel's** (also on the east side) has **Albert King** (June 4-6), the **Fantastic Four** (June 11-13), **Joe Tex** (June 18-20), and **Laura Lee** (June 25-27) coming up this month . . . And the **Four Tops** hit the **Roostertail** for six days (June 15-20), cover charge only \$5.50 . . .

On the west side, **Candy Staton** opens at the newly remodeled **Watts' Club Mozambique** June 4, followed by **Marlena Shaw** (*Who Is This Bitch, Anyway?*) on June 18 . . . Detroit's own **Earl Klugh**, the guitarist whose first **Blue Note** album has just been released, is at **Baker's Keyboard** June 15-20, followed by **Pharoah Sanders** (June 21-27) and **Lonnie Liston Smith** (June 29-July 4) . . . **Bill Heid** and his piano trio (**Jan "Prince" Moorehead** and **Martin Gross**) are at the **Bonfire Bar-B-Q** after hours Wednesday thru Saturdays from midnight to 4 a.m., and you'll probably see the **Coat Puller** there

as well. . . . Sorry there can't be more this time, but we'll try to make up for it next ish. . . .



WE COME HERE TO LIVE

The *Mayflower* ebbs away shrouded mist plastic masts disappear in white heaven & sailors footshuffle to concertina, splicing mainbrace all night long. It had been a long bitter journey. Plymouth Rock loom ahead like hallucinated gypsy from Madagascar. This is 1620 and these are the first **Kolonists** to land in this country called *America*.

The Indians behind the trees on shore did not know what to think of the **Kolonists**. They did not know about the **Whiteman** from **Britain**. The Indians smoked *uta* in their pipes many times thinking what it could all mean. They watched the **Kolonists** unload their boats. They watched in awe as the most splendid figure they had ever seen walked down the gangplank on shore to *America*. It was **Mr. Right** . . .

"All right you bleedin' nits! Let's get this ship unloaded and move into these houses built by **Amco!**"

Mr. Right was the first **American**. He was dressed in a brown suit. He wore babyblue socks & a handpainted tie from **Ethiopia**. He smacked his hands together and his eyes sparkled as he looked around at the busy people making the **U.S.A.**

"I love money," he said to himself & waving to old sailor with a crimson parrot on his shoulder who came his way. The sailor had a peg leg and wore a black patch over his eye. "Aye, Mate, hit's a bloomin' land 'right. 'Ey, you got the ticket?" the sailor added.

Mr. Right reached into his pocket and gave **Captain John Mason** the ticket which entitled the bearer to a **FREE INDIAN MASSAGE** at a disreputable teepee down the trail.

He surveyed *America*. "YOU WIN A MILLION BUCKS!" he shouted at the top of his lungs. He ate some **Skippy Peanut Butter**. He looked at the mountains behind him to the

north and felt the air deep inside his heart and the powerful trees and **Peace**. By **God!** This was land!

Forty-three bulldozers plow a big area clear.



"We gotta have some peck with the **Redskins**," explained **Mr. Right** to a team of reporters from **Life Magazine**. "It's Thanksgiving and we and the **Redman** are gonna eat some food."

The Indians brought **Swanson Frozen Duck** and **Turkey Combines** and some **Boca Cola**. The **Kolonists** had **Olivia's Hedgehog Soup** and some **Mr. McDermont Squash Floats**. The **Redman** and the **Whiteman** sat at the big **Formica** table and listened to **Rock 'n Roll** and ate the food.

"I love **Boca Cola**," **Mr. Right** burped during mouthfuls.

After the repast the Indians took **Mr. Right**, **Captain John Mason** and four **Gargoyles** back to the **Indian Reservation**. They sat around the fire passing around a huge **peace pipe** full of hashish.

"What you plan to do here?" the curious Indians wanted to know.

"Well," began **Mr. Right**, "we're gonna build us some homes. We're gonna build us a society. We're gonna build us a place where men can live free. We're here to end persecution of men's rights. We're here to end tyranny. We want a country where everyone is free to do as he or she wishes. We want to be happy. Boys," said **Mr. Right**, signalling to the soldiers in the bushes, "kill these heré Indians and let's get cracking on a little asphalt shoe parlor."

"With mustard ketchup & relish!" screamed the men, placing their poisonous muskets up the old Indians' asses and fill them with **Chinese lead**.

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

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Sonny Rollins

John Coltrane

T-Bone Walker

BLUE NOTE

MASTERS

By John Sinclair

The atmosphere of instant amnesia created by the record industry and fostered by the broadcast media forces all but a narrow band of music from public attention. The current "hits"—that handful of records chosen by accountants to appeal to the most people at once—are augmented only by an equally paltry number of "golden oldies"—records which were "hits" at some time in the past. The rest of musical creation disappears into the gigantic maw of history and stays there, unknown and unappreciated by millions of people whose lives would be immeasurably better for the inclusion of a wider and deeper spectrum of music than they are presently allowed.

Several major record companies have undertaken important reissue series in the past few years which might—if they received adequate promotional and advertising support—help introduce some of these mass-taste listeners to the music which we might call "the real thing." The Fantasy/Milestone/Prestige "Two-Fers," Arista's just released Savoy Records series, the Arista/Freedom line (mostly reissues), RCA's Bluebird series, Trip Records, and the current program at Blue Note (United Artists)—among others—serve to re-introduce some of the finest music of the past thirty or forty years in comprehensive, well-annotated, usually well-programmed one and two-record sets, and it's about time that contemporary music fans start to expose themselves to these treasures. To that end we've undertaken a series of feature reviews covering the historic reissue scene in capsule fashion, hoping that you will justify our use of this space by picking up on a few of these precious recordings over the next few months—or years. Because good music lasts forever, not just until its "maximum sales potential" has been realized, and believe me, dear friends, this is some of the best!

THE BLUE NOTE MASTERS is my own working title for The Blue Note Reissue Series, now in its second release (10 two-record LPs) with sets featuring Sonny Rollins, Fats Navarro, John Coltrane/Johnny Griffin/John Gilmore, T-Bone Walker, Herbie Nichols, Chick Corea, Wes Montgomery, the Jazz Crusaders, Gerry Mulligan/Lee Konitz, and Paul Horn. Blue Note's first batch—seven sets featuring Cecil Taylor, Gil Evans, Lester Young, John Coltrane/Paul Chambers, Jackie McLean, Sam Rivers and Andrew Hill—almost outdid itself with its beautiful and esoteric selection of material, including a wealth of unreleased music from the mid-sixties by McLean, Hill, and Rivers; Lester Young's classic recordings for Aladdin Records; the 1956 Coltrane/Chambers session on the long-defunct Jazz West label; Cecil Taylor's first recordings for the equally defunct Transition label, coupled with the outrageously rare *Love For Sale* album from United Artists (and say, how about packaging *Unit Structures/Conquistador*, Cecil's two mid-sixties records for

- Fats Navarro: *Prime Source*
- Sonny Rollins: *More From the Vanguard*
- John Coltrane/Johnny Griffin/Hank Mobley/John Gilmore/Clifford Jordan: *Blowin' Sessions*
- T-Bone Walker: *Classics of Modern Blues*
- Herbie Nichols: *The Third World*
- Chick Corea: *Circling In*
- Wes Montgomery: *Beginnings*
- Jazz Crusaders: *The Young Rabbits*
- Gerry Mulligan/Lee Konitz/Chet Baker: *Revelation*
- Paul Horn: *In India*
- Project Director, Reissue Series: Charlie Lourie

Blue Note and some of the heaviest recordings of all time?); plus the two (circa-1960) Gil Evans masterworks on World Pacific, *New Bottles Old Wine* and *America's Number One Arranger*.

The second series is not quite so spectacular in every detail, but there is enough exciting music here to keep music lovers busy for quite a few weeks of concentrated listening. The first six LPs listed at the head of this review—the Navarro, Rollins, Coltrane/Griffin, T-Bone Walker, Nichols and Corea—top most of the current releases I receive these days, and the other four cater to special tastes in a very sweet and useful way. I personally wouldn't trade my own copies for all the Elton John, Barry White, Eagles, David Bowie, Linda Ronstadt, Neil Young and Bette Midler records on the planet, but that's another matter altogether.

Without the time and space necessary to an intelligent discussion of the music contained in these ten albums—20 LPs in all—serious comment is impossible, but a few abbreviated remarks are certainly in order, and are offered essentially to help the novice sort through these "thick, juicy-with-information" sides, to quote the late Lord Buckley. All the albums have thorough recording data and elongated liner notes for listeners who get their hands on them, and the packaging is—in a word—exemplary.

The Fats Navarro album, *Prime Source*, is the most "scholarly" set in the bunch, consisting of original masters of the brilliant trumpet star's 1947-48-49 78-rpm singles (under the leadership of Tadd Dameron, Howard McGhee, and Bud Powell) set next to rejected takes of the same tunes. Thus we are able to hear all the music cut at these ephemeral sessions, to study the variations from one solo to the next by each improvising artist, and to double-check the A&R decisions as to which take to release on the commercial market, to those 30 years ago.

At the same time we get to hear the pristine bebop genius of men like Navarro, who died at 23; also saxophonist Ernie Henry, who suffered a similar fate; Detroit's

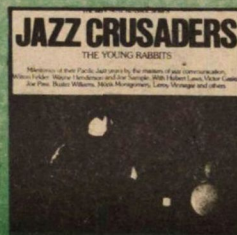
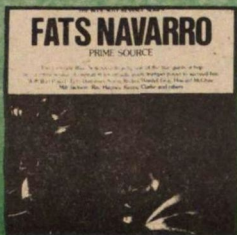
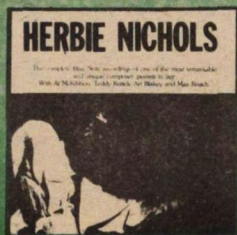
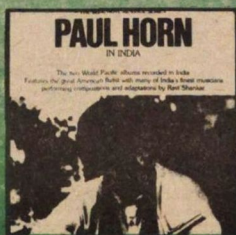
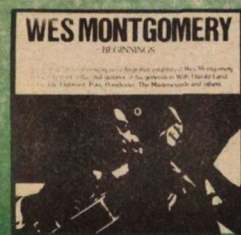
own Wardell Gray, a major tenor saxophonist who didn't last much longer; the young Sonny Rollins, Charlie Rouse, and Allen Eager, three heavy tenors; established beboppers Bud Powell, Milt Jackson, and Howard McGhee, at their early peak; and three top-flight rhythm sections: Nelson Boyd/Shadow Wilson, Curley Russell/Kenny Clarke, and Tommy Potter/Roy Haynes. Whew! Two full sides are given to Tadd Dameron's ground-breaking compositions, including "Lady Bird," "Dameronia," "Symphonette," and "Our Delight," favorites through the fifties. The Bud Powell session includes two takes of "Dance of the Infidels," two of "Wail," and three mighty masters on the effervescent "Bouncing With Bud," all featuring the heart-pounding line-up of Fats-Sonny Rollins-Bud-Tommy Potter-Roy Haynes. You must hear this!

Sonny Rollins' 1957 recording of *A Night at the Village Vanguard*—featuring Wilbur Ware's ecstatic bass and the seminal drumming of Elvin Jones (just prior to his long tenure with Trane)—was one of the fieriest, most challenging records of the latter half of the 50's, one of the richest periods in American musical history. Sonny's powerful tenor attack, his improvisational brilliance and depth, his one-of-a-kind compositions—"Sonny Moon For Two," "Striver's Row"—and his definitive reworkings of established material—"Old Devil Moon," "Softly As In A Morning Sunrise," "A Night in Tunisia," "I Can't Get Started"—all mark this historic recording as one of the choicest items in anyone's collection.

Unfortunately it is not the *Night at the Village Vanguard* which is contained in the new Blue Note reissue, but the out-takes from the *Vanguard* sessions which, although it's a tremendous pleasure to have them now available, simply do not measure up to the earlier releases of some 18 years ago—which was, incidentally, the first live recording done at the famous Greenwich Village club. This is not really the place to carp, for only the most outrageous Sonny Rollins scholars will be disappointed; everyone else will have a happy, joyous experience digging these masterful works by one of the saxophone giants of our time. Ware and E. Jones are featured on all but one cut, Sonny is at peak strength throughout, and for the music lover of today this record should indicate why so many of us refer so often to "the old days" when discussing the art of the tenor saxophone. My only real complaint is that the heat and fire of the original mix—the sets were probably recorded on a 2-track machine—has somehow been lost in the re-make, and that's a definite shame.

But speaking of tenor saxophonics—and we were—the *Blowin' Sessions* set will probably serve you as well as an introduction to the lexicon of the 50's as it did for my own humble person back in 1959, when the original pres-

continued on page 15



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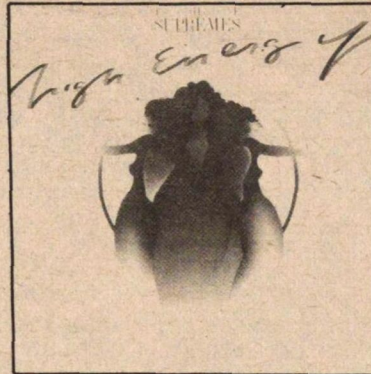
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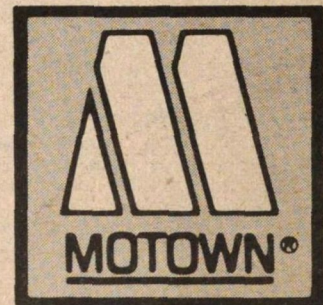
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NORTHWEST'S EUGENE JOHNSON THEATRE FOR THE CITY

By Frank Bach and Reggie Carter

Although it's been in operation for less than six months, the City-owned Northwest Activities Center has already provided at least one vitally important but long-neglected service to the people of Detroit—its energetic, ambitious, highly-professional Theatre Program, which is under the creative management of youthful Motor City playwright Eugene Johnson. Many people, in fact, have been attracted to the new center initially through attending something at the Theatre, which this year has shown such musical highlights as the Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie, and Mercer Ellington bands, along with a diverse list of other presentations including dance and dramatic work by both amateur and professional companies.

A fervent Johnson explained what's behind the successful program at the NWAC and what we can expect to see there in the future, as he paused last week during final work on his original play *Ideas of Ancestry* (see insert), which closes the Theatre's first series this month.

"While we had some big bands and I think we needed that," he was anxious to point out, "I think we should have more contemporary music and a lot of local talent. Dizzy Gillespie, you know, that's good for the Theatre—it made people aware that we exist. Now that they know we are over here, the next question is, 'OK, what are you gonna do?'"

"I think the Theatre has a responsibility to the community, and also to the artists in Detroit themselves, that we can give them a chance to get some exposure, a chance to get on a stage and be treated, you know, in a professional manner. I think unless we make ourselves available to them, we've failed."

Perhaps no one is more familiar with Detroit's unique theatre scene than Johnson himself. He got involved in it as a 16-year-old student at McKenzie High School, when he was active in the school's Afro-American Cultural Club, "which was pretty radical back then," he relates. "We decided to do something constructive, because people were trying to brand us as a bunch of radical hooligans and such."

"We had a lot of talent in the group so we put on a show. . . and we said, 'Hey, this is good, this is better than marching, it's fun; so we kept doing it.'" The McKenzie group was the city's first independent student theatre organization and became quite active in the area.

As his seriousness grew Johnson got into productions at the Concept East (a seminal black theatre once headquartered on Adams in downtown Detroit), and had his first play presented there. He later became Director of the D-SACE Playhouse (12th and West Grand Boulevard) before enrolling at Wayne State University, where he "almost graduated" ("no big hurry on that," he explains).

Johnson worked for one year with the Detroit Youth Board, had a play (*The Spaces in Between*) produced at Howard University, and applied for the job of Theatre Manager at the NWAC last December.

Although his commitment to the community is utmost,

his standards are high: "People say 'community'; you know, they say 'local' and they use that to mean 'not up to par'; I'm saying I think we at least have a responsibility of making sure whatever we put on stage is the absolute best we can do, and then a little bit more."

"The Paul Robeson Players, for example, they put in hard, long hours, you know. Most everybody in the cast has another job, this isn't something they do to live—they do eight hours there and then do eight hours here. They average leaving here at 12 midnight."

The initial series at the NWAC opened February 2 with a dramatic presentation by The Carole Morisseu Dance Company, and followed with The Peddy Players' *Great White Hope* (inspiring a stream of critical acclaim for the work), and La Vite and Company's religious piece, *Citrius*.

Lorraine (*Raisin in the Sun*) Hansberry's *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window* opened at the NWAC April 23, presented by Norma Moniak's Group Theatre. Ms. Moniak is Executive Secretary at the center, and both The Group Theater and Johnson's Paul Robeson Players use the Theatre to rehearse, as well as present, their work.

Last month saw the impressive *Life of a King* drama, presented by a professional theatre company from Atlanta led by Rev. Arthur Langford and produced here by Dale C. Evans. An equally serious dramatic work is Johnson's powerful *Ideas of Ancestry*, which premiered May 28, and after the weekend performances by The Writhm Dance Company (June 5-6-7), runs June 9-27 and completes the NWAC's first season.

Taken together, the entire program represents a pretty strong cultural experience, and Johnson doesn't expect to slack off any. This summer he looks to do a festival of one-act plays, present lectures and theatrical workshops, and develop a comprehensive program for the fall (including a concert by local composer Teddy Harris, The Supremes musical director), for which the Theatre will sell season tickets.

And it will continue to consist of the best and most thought-provoking dance and dramatic presentations available locally and otherwise.

Explaining his artistic prejudices, Johnson mused: "A true artist has got to go into the whole humanity thing, and be concerned not just about getting his artistic nuts off, but, you know, about people eating, about the situation with what people around the world are doing."

"Social realism? Yes, but not at the expense of becoming a soapbox. I believe that art that's done well really speaks to it better than all the speeches and proclamations from the stage can do. When you do it so well that people get a feeling of what you're talking about without your having to say a word, then you really got your message across."

"You can't run up and holler at somebody, all they are gonna do is say, 'I'm tired of hearing it.'"

This isn't the sixties anymore, you know, folks got

Continued on page 15

IDEAS OF ANCESTRY

Northwest Activities Center
June 9-27

Presented by the Paul Robeson Players, written and directed by Eugene Johnson

In the last couple of years we've seen several very powerful dramatic works which dealt with the contemporary black family, not the least of which were the play and film versions of *River Niger*, Ron Milner's Broadway smash *What the Wine Sellers Buy*, and the critically acclaimed film, *Claudine*. We have to say that Eugene Johnson's new *Ideas of Ancestry* is on a par with these major works, because it focuses on the accepted, almost-instinctive rationalizations of modern black domestic life, and because its acting and production are also first-rate.

Johnson, who wrote and directed *Ideas of Ancestry*, spent six years working on its script before finally turning it over to The Paul Robeson Players, a high-energy unit with plenty of genuine talent. They use the play's street realism, bold contradictions, and mind-jolting climax to create a performance that is both authentic and thoroughly entertaining.

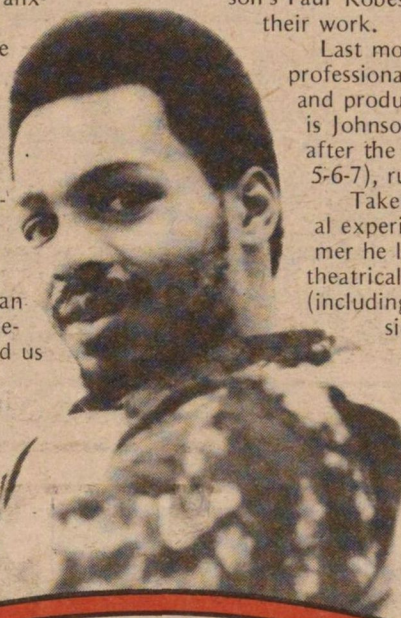
Ancestry centers on a family whose four children are almost-grown, ranging in age from 16-25. The oldest son, Donald (Fred Bennett), is a fancy dresser who prefers to live by his wits; while younger brother Harvey (Michael Joseph) looks for success and security through discipline and study, and has just graduated from college. Their sister, Nora (Riah Armstrong) has fallen in love with an ex-convict; and Kevin (Robby Davis) the "baby" and still-

naive member of the family, wants to be a professional basketball player.

Holding together and providing for this brood is mother (Miriam Flowers). Some ten years ago father went down the drain, and after brutalizing mother and making a show of being unfaithful to her, split. When father writes that he will return to visit the home he deserted so long ago, he unwittingly touches off a chain reaction in which the family members become forces pulling wildly in separate directions. The situation gets completely out of control at the play's merciless ending when tragedy strikes from a sudden and unexpected source, and the young "men" of the family awkwardly move to take responsibility for it.

Ancestry's full impact is a delayed one—the play asks so many questions about basic roles in black drama and life (and most, if not all, apply to whites, too) that it takes awhile to realize the scope of everything that is implied. Why did father leave? Why did he return? What is mother's secret? Why can't the brothers communicate with each other? Can any member of the family find happiness in the world they live in?

Ideas of Ancestry is strong stuff, to be sure, and the depth and breadth of the performance is indeed a credit to Johnson, The Robeson Players, and the City's Northwest Activities Center, where it continues through June.



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Theatre

continued from page 13

to realize that. We are in the middle of '76 and those '68 tactics just do not work, especially in the theatre. We got immune to it."

Johnson emphasizes that the "100,000 or so people of this area" have immediate access to the NWAC through the Theatre. His office is open to people who want to get involved producing an event at the Theatre (it rents for fairly reasonable rates) or people serious about theatre work who want to get involved with one of the Detroit production companies that is working at the NWAC.

The Northwest Activities Center is located at Meyers and Curtis in Detroit (phone: 224-7585).

Sides

continued from page 17

improvisation and which concludes, after trading figures back and forth, with a breath-taking ultra-linear vision; and parts 3 and 4 of side two—part 3 another guitar-violin exchange, and part 4, a percussion feature whose groove is so strong it could follow a Chicago blues cut on the air. There are several noteworthy and impressive parts to the record, though. On the short track, "Lotus Feet," John plays some reflective, emotional phrases fleetingly reminiscent of John Coltrane's "Alabama." If there were any criticism one might make, it would be that all the material is, after the slow introductions, in an energetic, folksy 4/4. What we miss in this Indian-oriented acoustic band is the harmonic and rhythmic richness we know McLaughlin and these other players are capable of.

Blues

continued from page 9.

more popular tunes, "Please Mr. Foreman," was recently used as the title for a definitive book on radical labor organizations in the city: *I Do Mind Dying*

Baby Boy Warren has played sporadically over the last few years, having been ill and supporting a large family through factory work. He's remembered for "Sanafee Blues" and "Baby Boy Blues."

Odessa Harris, a little-known but extremely dynamic vocalist in the Esther Phillips/Dinah Washington mold.

And the list goes on: L.C. Minor, Johnnie Jones, One String Sam, Washboard Willie, Jessie Williams . . .

Another activity of the Detroit Blues Club is the "Blues After Hours" show on WDET-FM (101.9) which is hosted by disc jockey and master blues MC The Famous Coachman, along with Bobo Jenkins, who is also President of the club. Really the only all-blues programming to be found on Detroit radio, you can catch the show, appropriately enough, between 2:00 AM and 4:00 AM Sunday mornings, right after Ethel's late show Saturday night. Check it out!



Leon Thomas

continued from page 17

haunting "Last Day of Summer" was Spanky at her most elegant best. She registered her voice well against Wendell's pastoral-like passages on flute. I think the two lovers seated in front of me kissed all the way through this lovers' lament.

continued from page 11

sing was one of the cornerstones of my fledgling LP collection. John Coltrane, Johnny Griffin, and Hank Mobley—at that time members of the Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk, Art Blakey, and Horace Silver bands—are joined by the 18-year-old Lee Morgan on trumpet and backed by the irrefutable rhythm section of Wynton Kelley-Paul Chambers-Art Blakey, playing two standards ("The Way You Look Tonight" and "All the Things You Are") and two Johnny Griffin heads ("Smokestack" and "Ball Bearing").

The word for this session is torrid, smoke rising from the turntable, every player at top strength and cooking like crazy! Hank Mobley, the weakest member of the band, plays above his head most of the time, but Griffin and Coltrane are right down the middle—Griffin charging straight ahead, Coltrane running his "sheets of sound" all over the place, Lee Morgan as brassy and brilliant as anyone could ask for, Kelley impeccable in solo and section, Chambers rock steady, and the great Art Blakey on one of his most exciting dates of all. Have mercy! This is not only one of the best records of 1957, but one of the freshest and most exciting releases of 1976 as well.

The second record in the *Blowin' Sessions* set is of lesser magnitude but interesting nonetheless, with Chicago tenormen John Gilmore and Clifford Jordan making their national recording debut (also a 1957 date) in front of Horace Silver, Curley Russell and the indomitable Master Blakey. Gilmore, of course, has developed through the University of Sun Ra to emerge as one of the most significant tenor saxophonists of the 70's, and Jordan is equally well known in all jazz circles, especially through his series of records on Strata-East, the musicians' label in New York City. Here they play straight-ahead bebop in a hot, fluent mode, and you will not find it at all unpleasant—to say the very least.

The next two albums, *The Third World* and *Classics of Modern Blues*, are likewise two of the freshest and most exciting releases of the year. Actually, in the twisted parlance of the recording industry, you could even say these were totally "new" records, as very few people around these days have ever heard them, or even heard of Herbie Nichols, for that matter. T-Bone Walker is a better-known name—he continued to record up until his death a couple years ago—but Herbie Nichols never got to record any more of his master works after these 1955-56 sessions were cut (he died at 44 in 1963). Sides one and two were originally issued as Blue Note 10" LPs, while sides three and four made up Herbie's only 12-inch LP for the company, a modest album titled *The Herbie Nichols Trio*.

Now the Trio has Max Roach on drums and Teddy Kotick or Al McKibbon on bass (two of Bird's favorite bassists), with Blakey replacing Max on the 10" dates, and that's a sure sign something worth hearing is happening. But Nichols is more than a masterful pianist with heavy rhythm support—he had developed a consummate compositional approach as well, as unique to Herbie as Monk's attack is to Monk, and he lays it out here in all its humble glory.

BLUE NOTE



Wayne Henderson

The music begs for three or four horns to give it flesh and bone, but such weren't in the modest recording budget (three men, three hours) allotted to recordings such as these. The music is straight-ahead and cooking, yet dense with intelligence and feeling; to quote from trombonist Roswell Rudd's beautiful liner notes to the reissue, "Herbie designed his music with one and only one explicit end in mind: to delight people's ears. In this respect Herbie's music is nothing short of perfect . . ." If you get this record, you will also want to read the story of Herbie Nichols, which is told by A.B. Spellman in his excellent book *Black Music: Four Lives*.

T-Bone Walker is one of the landmark figures in contemporary popular music. Not only did he popularize the electric guitar—he may have turned Charlie Christian onto amplification, and he was the direct inspiration for B.B. King and scores of other blues players—but he pioneered the use of church chords, the blues horn section, the entire approach to music which has been expanded further and further since T-Bone's first heyday in the late 30's and early 40's, until today it is the most prevalent musical form in the western world.

But let's let B.B. King say it: "He was the first electric guitar player I heard on record. He made me so that I knew I just had to go out and get an electric guitar."

"T-Bone used a lot of horns, too—trumpet, alto, tenor and baritone (saxophones). They made a beautiful sound, like shouting in sanctified churches, in just the right places. He had a good rhythm section, too. And to me T-Bone seemed to lay right in between there somewhere. That

was the best sound I ever heard."

B.'s memory is correct, because these recordings—made between 1950 and 1953, just before the emergence of rock and roll—still sound as good as the day they were cut. In fact, they sound a lot better these days, given the context into which they are issued, because there are few musicians making records as soulful—and as musically delightful—as these classic T-Bone sides. B.B., Bobby Bland, Ray Charles, Albert King, Albert Collins, Freddie King, Otis Rush, so many incredible musicians came out of T-Bone's bag that it's truly mind-boggling, and here are the records—many of them arranged by the ace West Coast r&b tenor saxophonist/producer Maxwell Davis, who was responsible for hundreds of sessions on Crown-Modern-Flair-RPM Records in L.A. I'm telling you, this record is a *must* for anyone interested in modern guitar, rhythm & blues, soulful vocals, good tunes, classic gospel horns, and really, everything that's good about music. Get yours today!

Chick Corea is well known these days, but what's not so well known is that he can really play piano. One listen to the music on *Circling In*, recorded in 1968 and in three 1970 sessions with people like Miroslav Vitous-Roy Haynes, Dave Holland-Barry Altschul, and Holland-Altschul-Anthony Braxton, and any sane person who's been roped in by the Return to Forever/L. Ron Hubbard ruse would turn the last four Corea LPs into instant frisbees.

The trio performances which make up the first two sides of the set are in a muscular, lyrical mode—top-flight piano playing in a McCoy Tyner shaped attack, with lots of heart and ideas too. Very pleasant, swinging, well-thought, meaty music for anyone intelligent to listen to. The Braxton sessions, by the group known as Circle, are very tasty as well, although for a more specialized taste and not as immediately universal as the piano-trio stuff. An excellent package, made even more useful by poet-drummer Stanley Crouch's typically insightful notes. Chick Corea fans will be nuts to miss this one, and those guys can stand to lose the royalties if anyone can.

The last four records in the release are less interesting for this listener, but undoubtedly exciting for students and/or fans of Wed Montgomery, the old Jazz Crusaders (now "The Crusaders," of funk-rock fame), the Gerry Mulligan/Lee Konitz/Chet Baker era, or the meditative, beautifully realized music of Paul Horn in India, improvising with master Indian musicians. Wes is heard before he left Indianapolis in 1958, playing with his brothers Monk and Buddy, tenorist Harold Land, and, on the earliest material, with the 17-year-old Freddie Hubbard, then still in high school in Naptown. The Crusaders have their bomb number, "Young Rabbits," and a potpourri of other material from their old Pacific Jazz LPs—including a tune, "The Latin Bit," by the Motor City's own Kenny Cox. Mulligan/Konitz/Baker are as they've always been, which makes some people happy, and Paul Horn's flute is delightfully set into the Indian milieu, making quiet, relaxing music in the classical Indian genre. They're all worth listening to—what more can we ask for?

M.U.S.I.C.

When the venerable Eddie Jefferson came forth the lips found another use, and practically everyone over thirty joined Mr. Jefferson in what was beginning to sound like a sing-a-long, a la Mitch Miller. I know for sure that the folks within earshot of me and John Sinclair got their money's worth. Mr. Jefferson appeared to take it all in stride as one memorable song after the other made the rounds. Of course, "Moody's Mood For Love" was the showstopper and Roy had to crack the whip to get the applauding, whistling audience back in their seats.

Only a so-called headliner could follow this act of sheer artistry. Grady Tate, the resplendent crooner, had this unenviable task and while there was the obvious taint of pop and commercialism, he held his own as he displayed all the polish and repetition that WJZZ could promise. Tasty and funkless, Grady offered his standard fare of love songs with the lovely "There's Noth-

ing Between Us Now" moving a cluster of nearby females to a deep swoon. Still, the large majority was merely tolerating him, eagerly anticipating the finale.

The exchanges between Roy and the dancers, Paul Leonard and Bunny Cox, were reminiscent of vaudeville and the old days at the community theatre when the talent shows were in vogue. This was a very special way of highlighting Eddie Harris' "Freedom Jazz Dance." This was truly a stroke of genius and it is something we should give a bit more consideration to. The fusion of the arts at the very roots of our community is necessary if we are to realize the full benefits of this cultural revitalization.

This benefit concert was a strong and substantial step toward preserving and perpetuating the fundamental aspects of our indigenous culture. We have taken steps like this before, only to have them crash against the rocks of indiffer-



Spanky Wilson

ence and lack of support. Let us hope that Roy Brooks' return to Detroit and the visionaries connected with MUSIC (including Larry Nevels' Bantu Productions, who did the staging) will continue to find creative ways to sustain that which has been a most auspicious resurgence. —Herb Boyd

PERFORMANCE



MUSICIANS UNITED TO SAVE INDIGENOUS CULTURE

Grady Tate, Eddie Jefferson, Leon Thomas, Spanky Wilson

Musicians appearing at the Showcase extravaganza May 29 included the combined: Aboriginal Percussion Choir, Artistic Truth, and Tribe musical units, comprised of: (percussion:) Roy Brooks, George Goldsmith, Ed Nelson, George Davidson, Tam Jones, Reginald Doster, Clifford Sykes, Bunny Cox and many others; (piano:) Teddy Harris, Harold McKinney; (bass:) Rod Hicks, Will Austin; (trombone:) Phil Rane; (trumpet:) Louis Smith, Herbie Williams, Marcus Belgrave.

When the curtain finally parted at the Showcase Theatre on the M.U.S.I.C. (Musicians United to Save Indigenous Culture) benefit concert, the somewhat restless audience was amazed at the size of the aggregation on stage. Now the concert's delay was visually explained. And with but a skeleton of a stage crew, as we were to learn later, it had taken much longer than expected to ready the massive array of musicians and instruments.

But it only took a couple of beats before the annoyance and inconvenience of "Colored People's Time" was slowly transformed into waves of African Rhythm. With the courageous and outrageously creative master percussionist, Roy

Brooks at the helm, the Aboriginal Percussion Choir opened what was to be one long evening of solid, and yes, indigenous "edutainment." As Frank Bach put it in his article on the newly organized MUSIC, this was truly an idea and a concert that was long overdue. Now we were listening to the essence of what Roy had to say about "... having to go back to our culture, our history, to find what music is suppose to represent." "Mjumbé" (Messenger or delegate in Kiswahili), the opening tune, as well as Roy's spiritual name, developed slowly, allowing the smaller percussive instruments, the shakers, bells and tambourines to only hint at the thunder waiting at the rear of this Choir.

Through an assortment of well-timed motions, Roy controlled the Choir's ebb and flow. There was the whisper of encouragement to the adolescent Reginald Doster, a subtle look toward the "Baron,"



Roy Brooks

jazz procedures with popular dance rhythms is so important to this whole genre.

The real compositional meat here, though, is on side two, in Wayne Shorter's "Elegant People," with its hip polyrhythms and the Kurt Weill sentiment of the melody—a kind of dried, distilled nostalgia—and "Three Clowns," which recalls the pure mystery and soulfulness associated with Wayne's tenure in Miles Davis' quintet (performed with the Weather Report textures, of course). Alphonso Johnson's closing "Heard" is the other standout: a sophisticated polyrhythmic 11/4 piece that cooks along madly, progressing out into space to end with a quote from, of all things, "Fly Me to the Moon." The other two tracks, Zawinul's "Gibraltar" and Jaco's "Barbary Coast" (the only appears on it and "Cannonball") are essentially throwaway tunes—good excuses to play the groove—but they both work well in the context.

Unfortunately, fully half of the eight tracks on Alphonso Johnson's album *Moon Shadows* fall into that category. "Stump" and "Up from the Cellar" are properly good and funky pop instrumentals with no solos as such, more a shifting emphasis from player to player as one and then another gets busier with his part of the groove. "Up" also features Flora Purim in a softer, mellower interlude before going out super funky. Lee Ritenour and Chris Bono contribute idiomatic blues-rock guitar solos on "On the Case" and "Cosmos Place," respectively, but you get the feeling they could have phoned it in. The latter is a Hendrix/British sounding

rock that ends with a complex ensemble rendition of current Euro-Art-Rock.

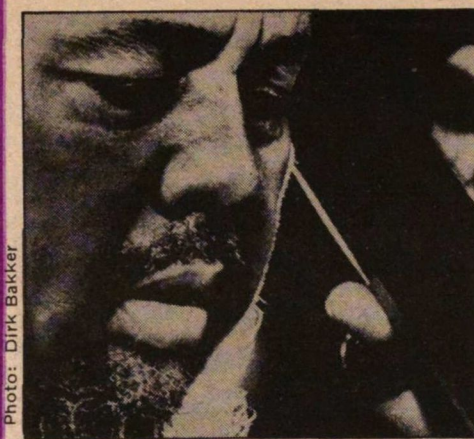
And that's the main problem I (and others who have heard it) have with this jam: most everything on it can be quickly pigeon-holed as to type and production style: "Pandora's Box" is mildly interesting, a spacious sound that uses Ian Underwood's synthesizers and Al Mouzon's orchestration choir to duplicate some Weather Report impressions; Johnson's "Amarteijo" presents Flora singing a moderately pretty melody, undistinguished except for the tag, suggesting love and serenity very much a la Chick Corea; and Narada Michael Walden's 11/4 "To Thine Own Self Be True" bears an obvious debt to his former employer Mahavishnu (at that time) McLaughlin.

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The ringer in the group is McLaughlin's *Shakti*. Recorded in concert late last summer, the album consists of three East Indian jams, two complete and one faded out. John produced this one himself, according to the jacket, and that production consists largely of banding the two longer jams, complete with fade out-fade in when a new soloist begins (either McLaughlin's acoustic guitar or violinist L. Shankar or the three percussionists). This seems like a good strategy for listeners with short attention spans, or for catering to the needs of radio programmers who even in the most progressive formats cannot deal with cuts longer than six minutes. It leads me, though, to the ludicrous fantasy of cigar-chomping record execs sitting around trying to pick the hit single.

But, to carry that out, the strongest sections, for me, are "Joy," part 4, where John's blistering guitar gives way to an equally intense violin

continued on page 15



Charles Mingus Quintet

Erickson Kiva, M.S.U. Friday, May 21

Like many black artists who possess true genius, Charles Mingus has yet to be appreciated or respected to the degree he deserves. Outside of a relatively small group of jazz aficionados, the mass music audience is still denied access to the work of one of this century's greatest living musical pioneers. In Europe and Japan, Mingus is greatly loved; here in America, his own land, Mingus still has a hard time finding work even after more than 30 years as a top-ranked musician, dating back to the days of Charlie Parker.

It's not that people couldn't learn to absorb the sensually sweeping orchestrations of this man as much in America as they do in Europe. It's just that they aren't given a chance to hear it by those who program radio stations or determine which records to advertise and promote.

Thanks to the good work of the people who run Showcase Jazz at Michigan State University in East Lansing, Mingus made one of his all too infrequent appearances in the state May 21st. He was preceded by a fine duo, Detroit's own Wendell Harrison and Harold McKinney. It was an action-packed performance, taut and clear, of old and new Mingus material, despite the fact that Mingus was breaking in a new tenor sax and piano player.

The planetarium-shaped, acoustically-perfect auditorium provided a highly intimate view of the Mingus ensemble for the 300 or so in attendance (an almost capacity crowd). Showcase Jazz can support their trip even with this small number due to its procurement of government arts grants.

Mingus's own ever-strong, lyrical bass work was complemented as always by the great Danny

Richmond on staccato drums. Replacing George Adams on tenor (who can be heard on Mingus' two most recent Atlantic recordings, the very fine *Changes One* and *Two*) was Harold Vick, whose work was melodic but not nearly as intense and uplifting as Adams'. Danny Mixon replaced the brilliant Don Pullen at the keyboards, providing some of the high solo moments of the evening with a unique brand of playing which often crossed over into a classical blend. And Jack Walrath held-down the trumpet position as he does so skillfully on *Changes One* and *Two*. The band deftly raged through new versions of old favorites such as the bard-like "Fables of (Orville) Faubus" as well as more recent work. It was a stunning evening well worth the 90 minute drive to Lansing from Detroit. How about it, Clarence Baker, let's get Mingus to Detroit and Baker's Keyboard soon! —David Fenton

Gateway Trio/Oregon

Showcase Theatre Saturday, May 15

Oregon opened the concert with a stiff, but warmly received set. As a group they are leaderless, but their music is dominated by Ralph Towner, who composes most of their songs plus records prolifically on his own for ECM Records. Towner plays the six and twelve string guitar faultlessly and his piano work, which was at first heavily influenced by Keith Jarrett, has now taken on the same delicate touch that Towner brings to the guitar.

Oregon's music is a blend of numerous musical traditions that doesn't try overtly to be a "fusion" or a "synthesis." Towner comes from a European classical tradition; Colin Walcott studied sitar under Ravi Shankar and tabla under Alla Rakha; bassist Glen Moore is the most jazz-oriented, having played extensively with Jeremy Steig; and Paul McCandless is a classically-trained oboist. They demonstrated their proficiency on a multitude of instruments, to the amusement of the audience, by playing 15 different instruments on one extended piece. The most fascinating moments came later on Moore's composition "Three Dance Step," where Towner played the piano with a tambourine on the strings to give the effect of a harpsichord and McCandless played a jazzy bass clarinet in a style he later described as "bebop, but playing all the wrong notes."

Their music is very soothing and meditative, but hardly light or frothy (as some critics have intoned). They have worked religiously to break down the walls between the music of different

cultures and therefore are very difficult to market. They will never be pop stars, but are content to be tribal musicians for our global village.

It might have better programming to reverse the bill: Oregon transports you, and rather safely at that; the Gateway Trio is very intrinsically. One must marvel at their technical proficiency, but even the physically stirring closing song, "Back-Woods Song," had a cold mechanical feel in its oft-repeated refrain.

Guitarist John Abercrombie has taken up where John McLaughlin left off several years ago. (His album *Friends*, on Oblivion, would have made a great third Mahavishnu Orchestra album, but it is even more astounding as a first effort.) Drummer Jack DeJohnette and bassist Dave Holland are the most tasteful rhythm section anyone would ever need. Holland's *Conference of the Birds* (ECM 1027) is a landmark for the followers of Manfred Eicher's ECM label. As a trio their music works better on record with Gateway (ECM 1063). Eicher's production is so clean, it borders on being sterile; but that is a good description of the Gateway Trio.

—Richard Weitzer



Dave Holland

These four records, in one way or another, might be lumped under the heading of "Fusion" or "progressive" music. I notice that those two words are used more commonly in the community these days to refer to the mostly instrumental, usually funky, occasionally spacey, and resolutely electronic music of jazz-oriented or -associated musicians (appearing mainly on Columbia Records). It might be worth mentioning again that Weather Report's leaders, Wayne Shorter and Joe Zawinul, along with John McLaughlin and Herbie Hancock (featured on the Jaco Pastorius album) all participated in Miles Davis' *Bitches Brew* and in a *Silent Way* sessions a few years back (as did Chick Corea). Jaco Pastorius is Weather Report's new bassist; he replaced Alphonso Johnson, whose new album features the drumming of Narada Michael Walden, formerly of McLaughlin's Mahavishnu Orchestra, along with a host of L.A. based players, many of them members of Weather Report or Herbie Hancock's *Headhunters*. So it's a tightly related group under review here.

Of the four, Jaco Pastorius' debut album is easily the most varied in texture and style. The album opens with an incredible virtuoso duet between the bass and Don Alias' congas on Charlie Parker's "Donna Lee." Jaco's brisk attack and upright bebop concept transposed to Fender suggests more the spirit of Oscar Pettiford than Scott LaFaro, as one might expect. From there, the music plunges into the southern R&B roots of Sly Stone, A.W.B., etc. on "Come On, Come Over," a Sam and Dave slice of super funk. Imagine my surprise at picking up the jacket to discover that the vocal is by—the real Sam and Dave! (The tight, soulful backup horns on this cut include The Breckers, David Sanborn and Howard Johnson.)

And thence into "Continuum," a lovely floating bossa nova texture featuring drummer Lenny White and the twin pianos of Alex Darqui (who's that?) and Herbie Hancock. Jaco's solo builds the intensity impressively on this cut, sounding like octaves, either manual or synthetic. One of the real treats of this album is hearing Herbie Hancock improvise on acoustic piano again, in a context that features his highly individual contours and the fresh, unexpected melodic resolutions that many of us came to love so in the later 60's. I love him since he got funky, too, but it's nice to hear him reach back into this creative corner of his mind, as he does on the medley of "Kuru" (largely all bravura striding flourish and some fast funk written by Jaco, reminiscent of McLaughlin's current lines) and Herbie's own "Speak Like a Child."

On this cut, Jaco's solo demonstrates his unbelievable command of harmonics (the high ringing notes produced by touching the string lightly, not fully depressing it with the left hand). He plays gorgeous single-note lines and rich chords that sound like an electric piano. He does it again on side two on "Okonkole y Trompa." An African-like piece featuring only Jaco, percussion and a French horn melodic statement.

Side two opens with "Opus Pocus" some 4/4 funk with a nice illusion in the opening bass line. Wayne Shorter contributes a burning soprano solo, accompanied by Herbie and two steel drums.

Hubert Laws plays an exciting piccolo solo on "Used to be



'SIDES

Records by Ron English

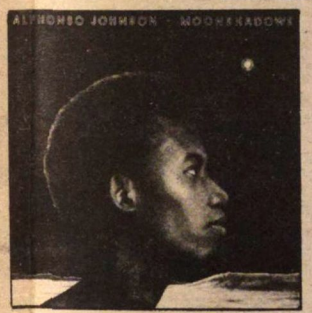
- Weather Report: *Black Market* (Columbia)
- John McLaughlin: *Shakti* (Columbia)
- Jaco Pastorius: *Jaco Pastorius* (Epic/CBS)
- Alphonso Johnson: *Moon Shadows* (Epic/CBS)



JACO PASTORIUS

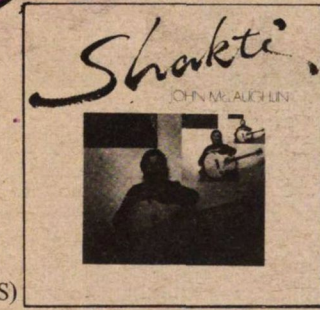
a Cha-cha," a latinish burner whose fresh harmonies are reminiscent of Herbie's and Wayne's writing, and a line that brings Chick Corea to mind, fleetingly. Jaco's horn-like bass solo bebops it to death, and then the album closes with Jaco's "Forgotten Love," a lovely short ballad statement by Jaco, reminiscent of McLaughlin's current lines for further development.

The album is well worth owning for anyone who wants a great listening experience, or accompaniment to any day or night experience. So is Weather Report's *Black Market*, which makes a nice companion piece to their



ALPHONSO JOHNSON: MOON SHADOWS

Tale Spinnin', fusing popular rhythms and sonic textures with wit, sophistication and poetic spirit. The title track, played at their recent Detroit concert, is a happy little island number, a great "summer hit," if you will, that opens with a babble of voices, runs through Zawinul's keyboard gymnastics and Wayne's sunny soprano, and closes with evening fireworks and detonations. Like the title cut, the second cut, "Cannonball," is by Zawinul, in obvious tribute to the late giant who was his employer for some 10 years, and whose fusing of



JOHN McLAUGHLIN

rocker that ends with a complex ensemble rendition of current Euro-Art-Rock.

And that's the main problem I (and others who have heard it) have with this jam: most everything on it can be quickly pigeon-holed as to type and production style: "Pandora's Box" is mildly interesting, a spacious sound that uses Ian Underwood's synthesizers and Al Mouzon's orchestration choir to duplicate some Weather Report impressions; Johnson's "Amarteijo" presents Flora singing a moderately pretty melody, undistinguished except for the tag, suggesting love and serenity very much a la Chick Corea; and Narada Michael Walden's 11/4 "To Thine Own Self Be True" bears an obvious debt to his former employer Mahavishnu (at that time) McLaughlin.

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But, to carry that out, the strongest sections, for me, are "Joy," part 4, where John's blistering guitar gives way to an equally intense violin

Hal McKinney, a wave to the conga drummers and the messenger was understood. From time to time Roy would join them and contribute a spectacular flourish before relieving the soon-to-be-doctored Clifford Sykes.

When Roy joined Clifford and Bunny Cox, whose nimble feet would steal the Apollo Theatre-like second half of the concert, their triple marimba approach brought the house down. The timing was near-perfect as the three marimbas emphasized the tune's strong percussive, yet melodic content. This same vigor, the same pause and rush would return fully developed during the crashing finale.

True enough, it was a percussive choir but it was not without an all-star reed and brass section. Such capable musicians as Teddy Harris, who could well have soloed more, Beans Bowles, James Lockett, Phil Ranelin, Louis Smith and the highly esteemed but seldom heard Herbie Williams, would along with the reliable Wendell Harrison and Marcus Belgrave form the constantly shifting center of musical excitement. Marcus's solo on "Mjumbé" was especially bril-

liant. He evoked the entire spectrum of trumpet history and technique. There was the *Ramparts Street Flutter*, the Arpeggios of *Dizzy* and *Masekela's Blare*. Somehow it was logical that his horn should be the first to emerge from this thicket of rhythm. By now the proscenium line had long been violated and the antiphony between the audience and the musicians was very apparent.

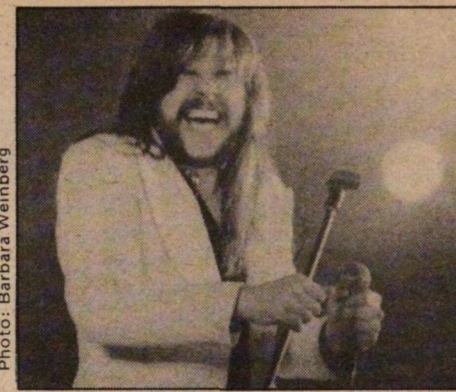
However trite "Cosmic Spirit" may appear as a title the music of this second offering by the Choir bore little similarity. Again Mr. Brooks gave further indication of versatility as he stated the melody on a carpenter's saw. Roy has managed to give this "gimmick" some musical legitimacy. I have heard him do a beautiful Blues rendition on his saw. There was also his solo on the Breath-A-Tone, yet another Brooks innovation. By breathing into tubes connected to his drums he is able to modulate the tone, giving it a unique melodic sound. When he blended this sound with the conga drums it was especially effective and engaging.

Leon Thomas, who had made an earlier appearance with the Choir, returned to close the first half of the show, accompanied by the Artistic Truth. With perhaps the most beautiful instrument of all, the human voice, Leon went through the expected repertoire of "hits." Beginning with Trane's "Cousin Mary," on down to Stevie Wonder's "Sunshine of My Life," the inevitable tunes were no less inspiring in this evening's treatment. Mr. Harrison's solo on "Round Midnight" reminded me that he is still one of the consistently best tenor saxophonists in our musically rich community, and the two brass solos—first Herbie Williams on flugelhorn, then Master Louis Smith on muted trumpet—could hardly have been more tasteful.

As I mentioned earlier the second half of the concert was like being at Harlem's Apollo Theatre in the forties and the fifties. There was a variety of musical acts, including two of the best dancers (in the tradition of *Bojangles* and *Baby Lawrence*) seen in these parts in a long time. Perhaps the only thing missing was a Richard Pryor or Nipsey Russell to serve as comedian/M.C. But Roy Brooks did a good job of thinking on his feet and was his normal witty self (I know this first hand since I was once his straight man, back in Miss Vyn's study hall 101 at the Big N.E., Northeastern High). Rod Hicks also filled in quite capably in this task.

The only woman to appear on this evening's stage full of musicians was Spanky Wilson, and she was in every way the seasoned professional. As she declared in one of her songs, she was the "specialty of the house." The familiar and

continued on page 15



Bob Seger

Saginaw Civic Center Wednesday, May 12

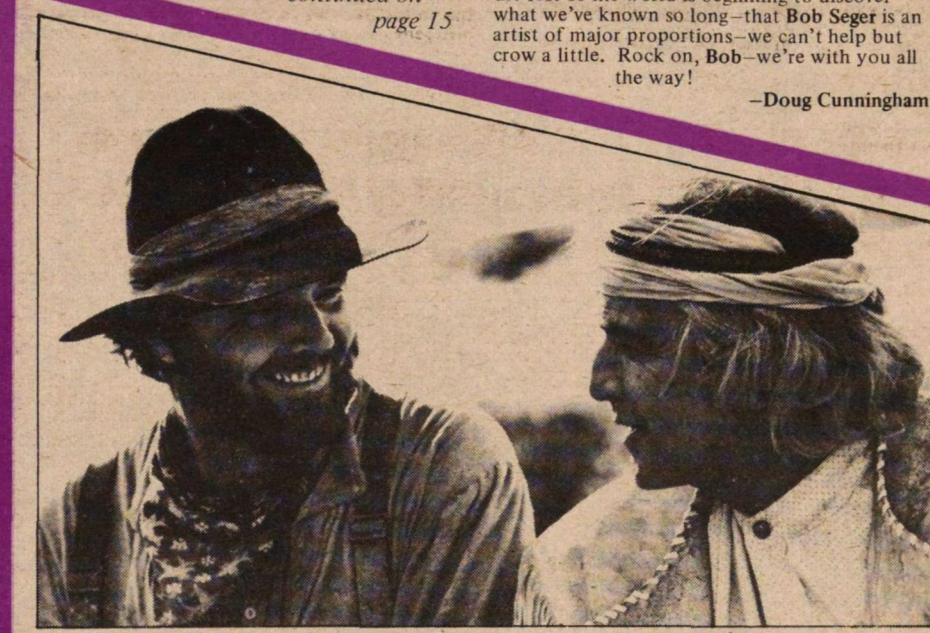
Bob Seger's current album, *Live Bullet*, was recorded in Detroit at Cobo Hall last December, but he could just as easily have recorded it at the Saginaw Civic Center in Saginaw, Michigan, May 12th—Seger and the Silver Bullet Band were both feeling "good and ready to rock that night, and the audience couldn't have been better.

Seger appeared with REO Speedwagon, a heavy metal group from Columbia Records who will be joining Seger in the next few weeks around the Midwest. REO's music was loud, piercing, and largely uninspiring. The band tried to get some audience involvement going, but for a crowd that had come to hear Seger's unique brand of hard-driving rock and roll it was hopeless.

From the minute Seger hit the stage until he finished his second long encore of the evening, it was fun all the way. Smiling and belting out "Nuthin' City Limits," Michigan's own Prince of Rock and Roll had the audience moving. He did the old favorites that have made him a superstar in Michigan, "Ramblin' Gamblin' Man," "Heavy Music," "Lookin' Back," and "Back In '72." But he also did some new songs: a new arrangement of "Cross Of Gold" (from the Seven LP), his own version of "Whole Lotta Love," a song from his next (as yet unreleased) album called "Mary Lou," and three ballads.

Seger and the Silver Bullet Band play Pontiac Stadium June 26, and they're looking for a big tour on either the West or the East coast. *Live Bullet* is 59 with a bullet on the national charts, and is already half-way to gold with 270,000 copies sold in a little over four weeks. Now that the rest of the world is beginning to discover what we've known so long—that Bob Seger is an artist of major proportions—we can't help but crowd a little. Rock on, Bob—we're with you all the way!

—Doug Cunningham



Missouri Breaks

starring Marlon Brando and Jack Nicholson, Directed by Arthur Penn.

Remember when two leading actors' names bannered across a movie marquee over the title? Folks couldn't resist seeing a combination like Cagney/Bogart or Tracy/Hepburn starring at the local theatre. When these same films are shown on TV today they continue to generate waves of nostalgia and draw large, more artistically inclined, audiences away from the regular programs.

Well, the days of the double superstar movie are back, with the latest big team-up being Marlon Brando and Jack Nicholson in *Missouri Breaks*, a western—which is a form many people were beginning to think was obsolete, except as a parody (ala *Blazing Saddles*). This one should do pretty well, of course.

Written by Tom McGuane, *Missouri Breaks* has a simple, rather straightforward plot that basically relies on the talent of the two leading actors to keep it interesting. Brando is Lee Clayton, the regulator or assassin, who is hired to stop Tom Logan from rustling horses. The meat of the movie involves the psychological showdown between the two characters: Brando the pursuer vs. Nicholson, the

floating survivor. Brando's Clayton is a complex monstrosity, a man who is allowed to roam the countryside at will, an executioner for the wealthy ranch owners of the west. All too often he appoints himself judge and jury of a man's fate.

When this happens Director Arthur Penn gets to do his blood-and-guts trip, which he got to explore earlier in both his *Bonnie and Clyde* and *Little Big Man* movies. This one has a rather large catalogue of gore, including two hangings, a drowning, a burning, a sparring, and one slash-throat. Together Penn and Brando create one of the cruelest, most chilling portrayals of sadism in movie history.

Nicholson, on the other hand, is dealt with sympathetically by Penn. Nicholson's Tom Logan is the underdog, outlaw hero of *Breaks*—a poor, small-time thief with an ingratiating personality.

Certainly not an epic, *Missouri Breaks* nonetheless succeeds in being an absorbing, entertaining flick. It would be a scandal if it wasn't.

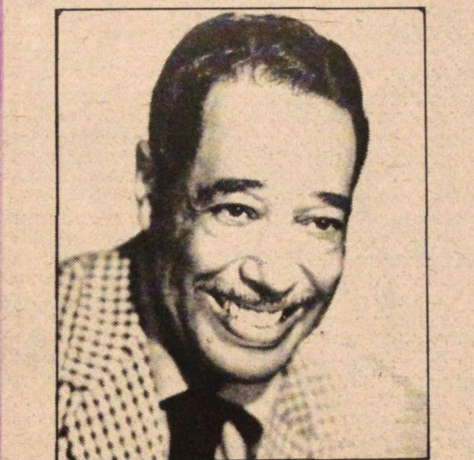
—Sally Wright

Ralph Gleason: Celebrating The Duke

"Celebrating The Duke," by Ralph J. Gleason. Foreword by Studs Terkel. (Atlantic-Little Brown)

Ralph Gleason was likely the first American critic to write about black music (mostly jazz) with a seriousness, comprehensiveness, and love thoroughly in line with his apprehension of that form as an art—a notion of nearly revolutionary impact when considered counter to the then (and now) prevalent feeling that jazz was, for the most part, beneath consideration, the "jungle music" of an entirely alien and off-limits culture.

Gleason pretty much grew up with the music, chronicling it for 40 years, writing for *down beat* and as the jazz critic of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, composing hundreds of liner notes, and even producing a prize-winning television documentary on Duke Ellington. Many of us



first became familiar with his work in the pages of *Rolling Stone*, which publication he co-founded.

The most striking aspect of Gleason's work was that he was able to maintain and communicate

a fan's unflinching passion over the course of his long professional career. He saw himself, in fact, as a missionary: "I realized that by some kind of accident—probably some late night radio show with Earl Hines or Duke Ellington from the Grand Terrace Ballroom—I had irrevocably aligned myself with those who had abandoned the formal aspects of religion and found their idols and their inspiration and their saints in the nightclubs where, refugees from a society built on the standards of advertising agencies, they were bravely struggling with the mixed blessings of truth."

Celebrating The Duke is a collection of previously published pieces that focuses (a chapter each) on the struggles and successes of Bessie Smith, Louis Armstrong, Jimmie Lunceford, Billie Holiday, Lester Young, Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Carmen McRae, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, and Albert Ayler—the principal saints in Gleason's hagiography—and which devotes more than a third of its length to genius Afro-American composer, arranger, band leader, pianist, and bon vivant Edward Kennedy "Duke" Ellington, whom Gleason refers to simply and persuasively as "America's greatest composer."

The format throughout is essentially anecdotal. Although Gleason understood that "jazz is black music and as such is part of black culture" and also commented perceptively on the attraction black music and culture has long exerted on certain segments of white society, those folks looking for a profound socio-historical analysis of the development of the music would do better to turn to LeRoi Jones or A.B. Spellman. Gleason was a popularizer and it is his best fleshing out what are just names to many people by means of personal reminiscences that amply illustrate his heroes' warmth, humor, intelligence, and astonishing strength in the face of almost unceasing oppression.

Celebrating The Duke was designed to impel its readers to go out and get the recorded artifacts that survive these musicians (a selected discography is appended) and discover for themselves the enduring delights to be found there. It effectively does that and will thus remain for Gleason, who died last year, a singularly fitting swan song. —Bill Adler

BOOKS

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FILM

Q. GEILS BAND

June 11, Friday, Cobo Hall, 8 pm
 Tickets: \$7.50, \$6.50

Tickets Available at Hudsons and Wards
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 With Singer David Jo Hanson



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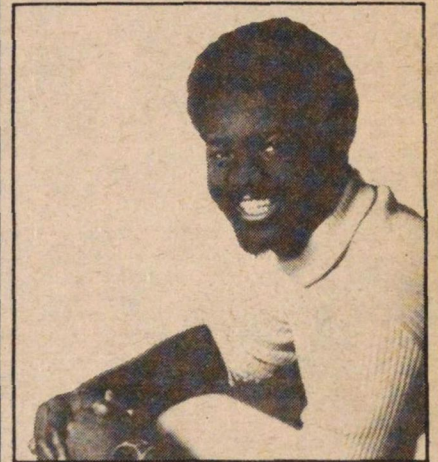
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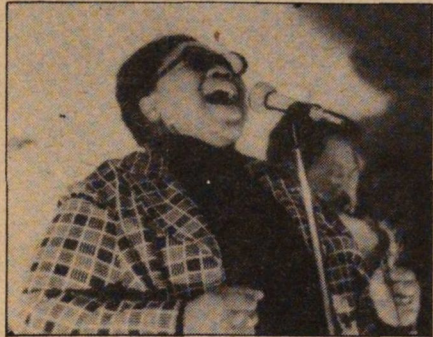
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CALENDAR

THE MUSIC SCENE

Detroit & Suburbs



La Verna Mason at Little David's.

A-Train, 48075 Grand River, Novi, 348-2820: Mon. & Tues., Sequoya; Wed.-Sat., The Diddies.

Baker's Keyboard Lounge, 20510 Livernois, 864-1200: June 4-12, Danny Brubeck Quartet; June 15-20, Earl Klugh Quartet; June 21-27, Pharoah Sanders Quintet; June 29-July 4, Lonnie Liston Smith.

Belanger House, Main at 12 Mile Rd., Royal Oak, 548-8700: Tues.-Sun., Rocky Road.

Ben's Hi-Chapparral, 6683 Gratiot, 923-0601: The Powder Puff Revue.

Bijou, Southfield & 13 Mile Rd., Southfield, 644-5522: Tues.-Sat., Jim Jewhurst.

Bilanni's Pub, E. Warren and Alter Rd., 885-2724: Moment on Fri. & Sat.

Bob & Rob's, 28167 John R, Madison Heights, 541-9213: Lenore Paxton (jazz keyboard) sings alone on Mon. & Tues., with band and Don Fagenson on bass, Wed.-Sat., no cover.

Bobbies English Pub, 30100 Telegraph, Birmingham, 642-3700: Wed.-Sat., Matt Michaels Trio with Ursula Walker.

Bobbies Lounge, 15414 Telegraph, Redford, 531-0189: Zoom; June 15, Skip Van Winkle.

Bogart's, 26355 Michigan Ave., Inkster, 277-7651: Family Affair, cover on weekends only, \$1.00.

Bonfire Bar-B-Que, 20070 W. 8 Mile Rd., (Just west of Evergreen), 355-0077: music from midnight to 4 am Wed.-Sat. with the Bill Heid Group and now serving ribs, shish-kabob and steaks from 5 pm to 5 am every night but Sun.

Brendan's Irish Pub, 34505 Grand River, Farmington, 477-5090: Fri. & Sat., Jack Daniels.

Cabaret, 5830 Connor (1/2 blk. east of I-94), DR2-5020: Chapter Eight.

Clamdiggers, 30555 Grand River, Farmington Hills, 478-3800: Mon.-Sat., Bob Sealey and Bob Milne.

Compared To What!, Trinity Methodist Church, 13100 Woodward, Highland Park, 865-3440 and 893-0942: June 4, Impact (jazz); June 11, Mike & Barb Smith (folk); June 18, Bobo Jenkins (blues); June 25, Rick Rubarth and Jeff Fisk (folk).

Delta Lady, Woodward south of 9 Mile Rd., Ferndale, 545-5483: Every Wed.-Sat. from June 9, Mickey's Pulsating Unit.

Desoppers, Harper & 12 Mile Rd., St. Clair Shores, 775-9192: Kriss-Kross.

Dirty Helens, 1703 Cass at Bagley, 962-2300: Jim Freeman, rock & roll.

Ethel's Cocktail Lounge, E. Mack, east of Grand Blvd., 922-9443: June 4, 5 & 6, Albert King; June 11-13, The Fantastic Four; June 25-27, Laura Lee.

Francesco's, 22302 Michigan Ave., (betw. Outer Dr. and Southfield) Dearborn, 561-1655: Tues.-Sat., Fancy Music.

Gino's Falcon Showbar, 19901 Van Dyke at Outer Dr., 893-0190: Katzenjammer, Wed.-Sun.

Golden Coach, 30450 Van Dyke, Warren, 573-7850: The Bob Schneider Group.

Gnu Joint, Cass at Palmer, 871-9623: Sun.-Tues., blues with Bobo Jenkins; Thurs.-Sat., Copeland Blues Band.

Henry's Cocktail Lounge, 7645 Fenkell, 341-9444: June 3, The Dells, for 8 big nights then The Main Ingredient.

Holiday Inn Lounge, Woodward in Highland Park, 883-4550: Dave Hamilton Trio.

Inn Between, 3270 W. Huron, Waterford, 682-5690: Mon. & Tues., Shar; Wed.-Sat., Travis.

Interlude Lounge, 5491 E. 12 Mile Rd., Warren, 751-4340: Thru June 19, Galaxy; starting June 22, Bob Schneider Group.

J.C.'s Rock Saloon, 1405 Gratiot, betw. 6 & 7 Mile Rds., 526-3445: Thurs.-Sun., Elfstone.

King's Row Showcase Lounge, 10845 W. Chicago at Meyers Rd., 834-0500: Please call for information.

Leone's Lounge & Arcade, 2179 Fort Park St., 3 blks. south of Southfield, 382-9725: Thru June 12, Zooster; June 15, for one nite only, Sweet Crystal.

Little David's Cocktail Lounge, 8417 Livernois at Joy Rd., 933-0660: Detroit High Fires with La Verna Mason.

Living Room Lounge, 23307 Telegraph Rd., 676-7373: Thru June 14, Fantasy Hill; June 15-27, Curtis Hyflash; Tues.-Sun.

Mardi Gras, Fullerton & Livernois, 931-3212: Wild Fire & Queeny Vee, Thur.-Sun.

Old Mill's Attic, 5838 Dixie Hwy., Waterford, 623-9300: Joanie Allen.

Perfect Blend, 24901 Northwestern Hwy., Southfield, 353-4070: June 7, 8 & 9, The Darius Brubeck Ensemble.

Peppermill Lounge, 8 Mile Rd., east of Groesbeck, 526-4502: Sun.-Tues., Tom Powers; Wed.-Sat., Peter Demian.

Rapa House Concert Cafe, 96 E. Fisher Fwy., 961-9846: After Hours jams with Ernie Rodgers and jam sessions, Sat. 2-6 am.

Raven Gallery, 29101 Greenfield, Southfield, 566-2622: Thru June 6, Gove Scribner; June 8-13, Claudia Schmidt; June 15 thru July (closed Mon.), Chuck Mitchell.

Roman Gate, Woodward at 14 Mile Rd., Royal Oak, 549-4141: Wed.-Sat., Connie Graham.



Darius Brubeck Ensemble at the Perfect Blend, 6/7-9.

Roman Terrace, 27822 Orchard Lake Rd. at 12 Mile Rd., Farmington, 851-4094: Gary Primo and Ray Craig.

Roostertail, 100 Marquette at the river. 823-2000: June 8-13, Jason; June 15-20, The Four Tops, cover \$5.50; June 22-27, Trinidad Tripoly Steele Band; June 29-July 11, Bob Anderson. Closed Mon.

Shorecrest Lounge, 23117 Harper, St. Clair Shores, 776-3033: The Rivas.

Squires Lounge, Metro Airport Ramada Inn, 729-6300: The Wright Bros.

Tipperary Pub, 8287 Southfield, 271-5870: Jim Perkins and Dominic Murray. Thur.-Sat.

Trio at Franklin Place, Northwestern Hwy., at 12 Mile Rd., 358-1860: Plain Brown Wrapper.

Union Street One, 15016 Mack, Grosse Pte. Park, 331-0018: Please call for information.

Union Street Too, 4145 Woodward, just south of the W.S.U. campus: Please call for information.

Watts Club Mozambique, 8406 Fenkell, 864-0240: June 4, Candy Station; June 18 for 10 big days, Marlena Shaw.

Ann Arbor

The Apartment, 2200 Fuller Rd. (in Huron Towers), 769-4060: Every Monday night, Ty Cool & Mark Hurst; every Tues.-Sat., Sounds of Karisma.

The Ark Coffeehouse, 1421 Hill St., 761-1451: 6/4-5, Benefit for the Ark with Jay Stielstra and John Nordlinger; 6/6, Benefit for the Ark with David Cahn and Jay Kaufman.

The Blind Pig, 208 S. First St., 994-9797: 6/4-5, The Silvertones; every Monday night is Blue Monday with Boogie Woogie Red; 6/9, 16, 18 & 19, Larry Manderville and Friends; 6/11-12, Fenton Robinson and The Silvertones (\$1.50). Cover \$1 downstairs only Mon. & Wed., \$1 up & down weekends.

Chances Are, 516 E. Liberty St., 994-5350: 6/3-6, Lightnin'; 6/7, Sonics' Rendezvous; 6/8, Whiz Kids; 6/9-10, Mighty Joe Young; 6/11-13, Luther Allison; 6/16-19, Chopper. 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 free.

Golden Falcon, 314 Fourth Ave., 761-3548: Every Monday, V I I Orchestra; every Tues., various local bands; every Wed. & Sun., black disco; every Thurs., The Silvertones; every Fri. & Sat., Melodioso. Cover \$1.



Madcat Ruth at Mr. Flood's, 6/6.

Mr. Flood's Party, 120 W. Liberty, 994-9824: Every Thurs., Mike Smith & His Country Volunteers, \$.75; 6/4-5, All Directions, \$1; 6/6 & 15, Eric Glatz; 6/6, Benefit for The Ark Coffeehouse with Leo Kretzner, Peter "Madcat" Ruth, Dede Palazzola & The Gemini, Noon-3 pm; 6/7, Ted Boucher; 6/8, Gemini; 6/9 & 16, Stoney Creek, \$.75; 6/11-12, The Tucker Blues Band, \$1; 6/13, Gwen & Kevin; 6/14, Aging Children; 6/18-19, Country Folk.

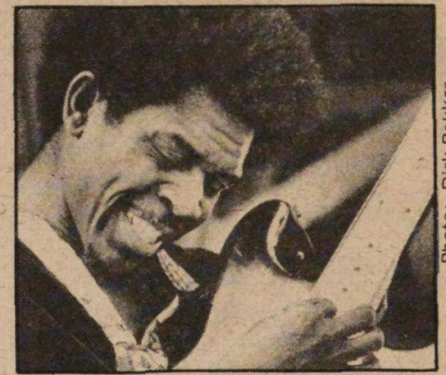


Photo: Dirk Bakker

Luther Allison at Chances Are, 6/11-13.

Heidelberg, 215 N. Main, 663-7758: Every Fri. & Sat. 9-1, Mustard's Retreat in the Rathskeller.

Page One, Arborland Shopping Center, 971-6877: Every Mon.-Sat., Colt Revolver.

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

Ramada Inn, 2800 Jackson Rd., 769-0700: Disco every night except Mon.

The Roadhouse, North Territorial at US 23, 4 miles N. of Ann Arbor: Summer hours—Wed., Fri. & Sat., 9 pm-2 am. 6/4-5, Fito; 6/9, 11-12, Mojo Boogie Band; 6/16, 18-19, Shotgun. Cover \$2.00.

Rubaiyat, 102 S. First St., 663-2401: Every Fri. & Sat. night, Open Road, no cover.

Win Schuler's, 3600 Plymouth Rd., 769-9400: Every Mon.-Thurs., 8-12, Mustard's Retreat; Every Fri. & Sat., Caravan, in the Black Jack Tavern.

Ypsilanti

Casa Nova Restaurant, 11 W. Michigan Ave., 483-3027: Every Wed.-Sat., Jonathan & Michael, no cover.

Huron Hotel & Lounge, 124 Peral St., 483-1771: Every Tues. & Thurs.-Sat., 9:30-2, live entertainment. \$2 cover. Disco every night.

The Pub, 205 W. Michigan Ave., 485-2573: Every Wed.-Sat., Sue Michaels on piano with percussionist Denny Brown.

Spaghetti Bender, 23 N. Washington, 485-2750: Every Fri. & Sat., 9-12, classical guitarist, Pete Miller; every Sun., 9-11 pm, Stoney Creek, no cover, no minimum. Food served till midnight.

The Sure Thing, 327 E. Michigan Ave., 482-7130: Live rock bands nightly.

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., John Jockues; every Mon. & Tues., Mike Lebert; every Wed. & Thurs., Ty Cool; every Fri. & Sat., Ty Cool & Mark Hurst. No cover.

E. Lansing

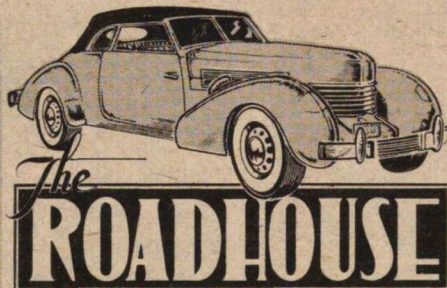
Silver Dollar Saloon, 3411 E. Michigan Ave., (517) 351-2451: June 7-13, Phoenix; June 15-20, Innervation; June 22-27, Sunquest; June 29-July 3, Champagne.

Lizard's Underground, 224 Abbott Rd., (517) 351-2285: June 3-5, Bob Raedy and His Blues Revue; June 6 & 7, Catfish Hodge; June 8-12, Bryan Lee and the Blues Power Band; June 13, Street Fiction; June 14-19, Feather Canyon; June 20-23, Red Mountain String Band; June 24-27, Paddlefoot; June 28 & 29, Mighty Joe Young.

Fito

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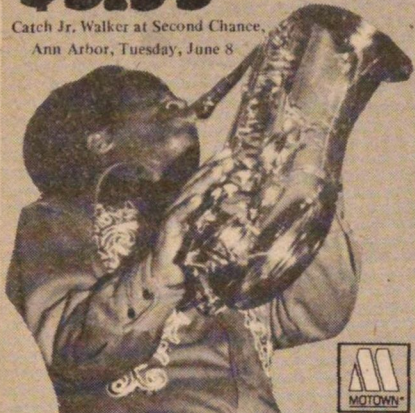
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CALENDAR

EVENTS



The Writhm Dance Company will be in concert 3 days at the Northwest Activities Center June 5-7, \$4.00. 224-7595.

Far Eastern Ethnic Festival on the riverfront June 4-6.

German Ethnic Festival on the riverfront June 11-13.

Italian Ethnic Festival on the riverfront June 18-20.

Disco Dancing at Carson's Supper Club on June 26, with Sweet Gee and Mezmo at 6001 Woodward, 5 blocks so. of Grand Blvd. 862-8428, 542-0925.

"We, the Women . . ." W.S.U.'s bicentennial conference will help to illuminate the past history of American women and throw light upon present problems which help to shape our future. June 11-13 with childcare provided. 577-3107 or 577-2782.

Spring Art Fair, sponsored by U of M Artists & Craftsmen Guild, at the Farmington Community Center, Farmington Rd., just north of 10 Mile Rd., on June 5, 10-6 pm; June 6, noon to 6 pm.

"Bullet Bargaining At Ludlow" and "The Buffalo Creek Flood" about the miners' struggles in the U.S. Presented by SPARK on June 13 at 7:30. Childcare provided, all at the Trinity Methodist Church on Woodward in Highland Park.

"Freedom Railway" by Felix Greene at the Langston Hughes Theatre on June 4-5-6. 935-9425.

Sewing Into Summer Fashions at the Northwest Activities Center. Sewing classes for all levels of seamstresses. Call N.A.C. at 224-7595 or Maria at 538-1651.

The Children's Zoo on Belle Isle open 10 am to 5:30 pm on weekdays and until 6:30 on weekends & holidays. Adm.: \$.25.

Edgewater Park open 12:30-9 pm Sat. & Sun. at 23500 W. 7 Mile Rd. nr. Telegraph.

ANN ARBOR

Poetry in the Park, June 5 & every Sat. this summer at West Park Bandshell. Scheduled readings 2-2:30 pm, Audience participation 3:30-4:30. 769-1633 or 663-4633 to schedule a reading.

Rite of Spring—Ecology Center Organic Garden Open House, Sat. June 12, 10 am-4:30 pm. 761-3186 for more info.

"An Evening of Ballet" presented by Slauson P.T.S.O. & Sylvia Studio of Dance, Sun. June 6, 2:30 pm at Pioneer High School Auditorium.

The University Dancers in concert June 10, 11 & 12, 8 pm in the Power Center. Featuring Contemporary Dance System of N.Y. City and Le Group Nouvelle Aire of Montreal. Tickets at Mendelssohn Theatre Box Office, 764-6273.

THEATRE



"Raisin" at the Fisher Theatre.

"Raisin", the Tony and Grammy Award Winning Musical will be at the Fisher Theatre for five weeks, starring actress Virginia Capers. Performances are Tues. thru Sun. with matinees on Sat. and Sun. Tickets at the box office. 873-4400.

"The Fantasticks" opens the Court Theatre in the Kresge Court Cafe at the Art Institute. Candlelight supper is served promptly at 7:30 with performances beginning 45 minutes later with the Continental Theatre Company. Wed.-Sun. starting June 16, with two seatings on Sat. at 6:00 and 9:30. Inclusive tickets are \$12.50 per person. 832-2730.

"Dark Of The Moon" at the Bonstelle Theatre on June 3-5 at 8:30 pm and June 6 at 2:30 pm.

"The Idea Of Ancestry" at the Northwest Activities Center with the Paul Robeson Players performing a 3-act drama by Eugene Johnson. June 9-27, tickets are \$5.00, 4.00, 3.00.

"Star Spangled Girl" every Fri. and Sat. at the Somerset Mall Dinner Theatre. 643-8865.

"Scorpio/Scorpio" at Mercy College of Detroit for a dinner theatre Thurs.-Sun. 531-6131.

"Mornings at Seven" at the Detroit Repertory Theatre, Thurs.-Sun. 868-1347.

"Citrus" starts June 10 at the Langston Hughes Theatre, playing Thurs.-Sun. 935-9425.

"Appletree" and dinner theatre now every Fri. and Sat. at the Will-O-Way Theatre in Bloomfield Hills, 644-4418.

"The Body Parts of Margaret Fuller" will be at the Hillberry Theatre on June 10, 11 and 12 at 8:30 pm, written by Detroit's Esther Broner and winner of the WSU Bicentennial Playwriting Competition. Tickets are \$3.50 for all performances.

"Summersnow" for the children at Music Hall June 17-25 (except the 21st), two performances daily at 11 and 2 pm, tickets are \$2, \$3, \$4. 963-7622.

"The Mothers Who Made The American Stew", dance sketches of women in American history with the Festival Dancers of the Jewish Community Center, one performance only on June 6 at 7:30 pm in the Studio Theatre of the Jewish Community Center, 6600 W. Maple, West Bloomfield, 851-7300, ext. 217.

ANN ARBOR

Campus Inn Dinner Theatre presents "The Apple Tree", (MM Productions), June 10-12, 17-19, 24-26 in the Regency Ballroom, Campus Inn, State at Huron. 769-2200.

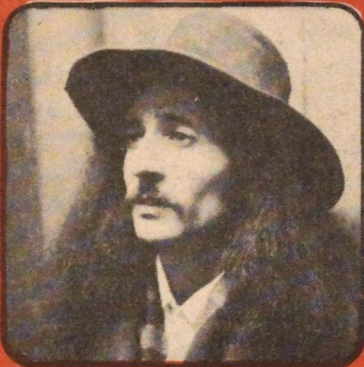
YPSILANTI

EMU Bicentennial Spring Repertory Theatre presents "The Philadelphia Story", June 3, 9 & 19; "The Matchmaker", June 8, 12 & 18; "Hot L Baltimore", June 5, 11 & 17; "Summer & Smoke", June 4, 10 & 16, 8 pm in Quirk Auditorium, EMU. \$3 gen. adm., 487-1221.

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CALENDAR

RADIO

WDET 101.9 FM

MONDAY

3:00 pm—Morphogenesis with Judy Adams.
6:30 pm—Seminar in Black, featuring the history and culture of Afro-Americans.
8:00 pm—All Together Now, women looking at today's society, discussing their role and their feelings.

TUESDAY

3:00 pm—Morphogenesis with Judy Adams, Request Day 577-4146.
10:30 pm—Dimension, Detroit Writer's Co-op present readings in various creative forms.
11:30 pm—Thedamu, an audio exam of theatre, dance, & music including African folktales. Produced by Project BAIT.

WEDNESDAY

3:00 pm—Morphogenesis with Judy Adams.
7:30 pm—Indian to Indian with Thurman Bear.

THURSDAY

3:00 pm—Morphogenesis with Judy Adams.
7:30 pm—El Grito De Mi Raza, Bilingual presentation of news, events calendar, listener opinions and music.
10:30 pm—Women in Music with Anne Weitzel and Judy Adams.
11:30 pm—Gayly Speaking, The Lesbian Radio Collective and Gay Radio Collective broadcast on alternate weeks.

FRIDAY

3:00 pm—Morphogenesis with Judy Adams.
7:30 pm—Jazz Yesterday with Jim Gallert.
12:00 Midnight—Everywhere Music Goes, the full spectrum of diverse black musics: R&B, rock and jazz.

SATURDAY

9:00 am—The Childrens' Hour with Monica Donnelly.
4:00 pm—For My People, news, commentary, opinion and features from a black perspective. Produced by Project BAIT, Black Awareness in TV/Radio.
5:00 pm—Kaleidophone, mostly jazz, 50 & 60's
2:00 am—Blues After Hours with The Famous Coachman.

SUNDAY

7:00 pm—Navrang—Kaleidoscope of Indian Music.

8:00 pm—Composers' Forum with Martin Bookspan.
9:00 pm—The Classic Culture of Armenia with Judy Adams.
10:00 pm—Music From Germany.
10:30 pm—Music By Request, call 577-4146 with your concert music requests.

WHNE—560 AM, all oldies all the time.
CKLW—800 AM, Top 40 all day long.
WCAR—1130 AM, All news & weather, 24 hours a day.

WJLB—1400 AM, Detroit's jumpin' AM station. Listen to Martha Jean the Queen everyday from 10 am to 2 pm.
WCHB—1440 AM, Detroit's AM Disco. Listen to Paul Childs from 7 pm to midnight.

WDEE—1500 AM, Detroit's No. 1 Country Station.

WEMU—88.1 FM, Ypsilanti's E.M.U. public service station. Listen to Jazz Scope with Jim Quinlan Saturdays 5:30-10:00 pm.

WCBN—89.5 FM, The U of M student station, mixes R&B, rock, jazz, and public affairs. A definite alternative. Listen to Freeform Music with Dave Carlson, Sun. 3-6 am.

WDRO—93.1 FM, Detroit's FM Disco station. Listen to Spanky "The Kidd" Lea from 10 pm-2 am.

WABX—99.5 FM, "Progressive Rock," mostly white heavy metal. Listen to Dennis Frawley everyday from 11 am to 4 pm.

WRIF—101.1 FM, The ABC network station, rock hits and oldies. Listen to Jay Brandow Mon.-Fri. 10 pm-2 am.

WIOB—103 FM, Ann Arbor's rock station featuring Jim Dulzo's jazz program from midnight to 6 am.

WOMC—104.3 FM, Muzak mixed with the likes of Simon & Garfunkle. Listen to Jim Davis from 6 to 10 am.

WIOT—104.7 FM, Toledo's white rock station. Listen to Bill Thomas from 11 am to 1 pm.

WQRS—105.1 FM, Detroit's classical commercial station.

WJZZ—105.9 FM, Mostly laid back jazz, some big bands. Listen to Jack Broderick Mon.-Fri. from 2-6 pm.

WWWW—106.7 FM, similar to ABX and RIF, but more variety, includes some jazz/rock/R&B. Listen to Ann Christ from 2-6 am.

WGPR—107 FM, Detroit's black-owned R&B FM station.

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Ensemble**

Luther Allison

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Catch Luther at Second Chance,
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June 11, 12, 13



SUPPORT SUN ADVERTISING

We, The Women ...

June 11-13

"We, the Women . . .", a three day Bicentennial Conference sponsored by Wayne State University on June 11-13 will explore the concerns and problems of women in the field of politics, health, education, and work—with the goal of fostering a new understanding of the Preamble of the Constitution: "We, the people . . ."

Among the participants are consumer affairs advocate Bess Myerson; author Caroline Bird; conductor-director Sarah Caldwell; U.S. Rep. Yvonne Brathwaite-Burke (D-Cal.); and labor leader Olga Madar.

A conference highlight is a concert at 8:30 p.m. Saturday, June 12, featuring guest conductor Caldwell and the Michigan Chamber Orchestra. Sessions, workshops, the concert, and special events will take place in

WSU's McGregor Memorial Conference Center, the Student Center Building, and the Rackham Educational Memorial Building. All sessions are free, except for the concert and meals. Advance registration is recommended.

Opening Session—

"Women in Politics: Influence vs. Power" Friday, June 11, 6:45 p.m.

"Health: New Bodies and New Souls" and labor sessions Saturday, June 12, 9:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m.

"Education of Women" and "Legal Rights" Sunday, June 13, 9:00 a.m.-2:00 p.m.

Closing Session—"Women in the New World," with Bess Myerson Sunday, June 13, 4:30 p.m.

Further information can be obtained by calling 577-3107 or 577-2782.

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Counseling Center



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free pregnancy tests
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CALENDAR

SPORTS

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL

June 3: The Milwaukee Brewers face the Detroit Tigers in the final game of a four-game series at Tiger Stadium. Michigan at Trumbull. 8 pm, \$4.50-\$1.50, 963-9944.

June 11, 12, 13: After a six game road trip, the Tigers return home to face the California Angels in a three-game weekend set. Friday's game will start at 8 pm, Saturday's at 2:15 pm and Sunday's at 1:30 pm.

June 14, 15, 16: The hard-hitting Kansas City Royals invade Tiger Stadium for a midweek three-game series. Each game is slated for 8 pm.

HORSE RACING

Thoroughbred Racing: Hazel Park, 3:30 pm, Monday thru Friday, 2:30 pm Saturday. \$2.00 thru July 18. 398-1000.

Harness Racing: Wolverine Raceway, 8 pm, Monday thru Saturday, \$3-\$2 thru July 17. 421-7170.

TV

JUNE 3
Black Perspective On The News, 7:00 pm, Ch. 56.

Detroit Black News, produced by Ron Scott, directed by Bob Rashid. 8:00 pm, Ch. 56.

JUNE 4
Detroit Black Journal, 9:30 pm, Ch. 56.
Soundstage with Anne Murray and Doble Gray. 10:00 pm, Ch. 56.

Midnight Special with Neil Sedaka, Eric Carmen, The Commodores, Kim Cernes. 1:00 am, Ch. 4.



Taj Mahal, 6/8, Ch. 56.

JUNE 5
"South By Northwest", a five week series with historically accurate information depicting Black pioneers. Sat. at 12:30 and repeated Sun. at 4:30 on Ch. 62.

Future Shock, dance with James Brown, the Godfather of Soul, 9:00 pm, Ch. 62.

Rock Concert with Janis Ian and Chuck Mangione, also the Pure Prairie League. 11:00 am, Ch. 50.

Telethon For The Retarded, with Soupy Sales and special guests. 8:00 pm, Ch. 50.

JUNE 6
Nova presents "The Death of a Disease", 8:00 pm, Ch. 56.

The Apollo Presents II, with George Kirby, guest host and the Copasetics, LaBelle, Ashford and Simpson, The Barrett Sisters, Taj Mahal, The Drifters and Cab Calloway. 8:30 pm, Ch. 50.

The Lou Gordon Program, with Prof. Roy MacKall of the Univ. of Chicago who tells about his latest findings in his search for the Loch Ness Monster. 10:00 pm, Ch. 50.

For My People, news and features produced by Project BAIT, Black Awareness in Television. 11:30 pm, Ch. 50.

JUNE 8
The Olympiad, Women Gold Medal Winners, 9:00 pm, Ch. 56.
Monty Python's Flying Circus, 10:00 pm, Ch. 56.
The Mark of Jazz with Taj Mahal, 10:30 pm, Ch. 56.
Americans All, a special featuring Charlie Pride, 10:55 pm, Ch. 7.

JUNE 9
Great Performances presents 'Year of the Dragon' a contemporary drama. 9:00 pm, Ch. 56.

JUNE 10
Black Perspective On The News, 7:00 pm, Ch. 56.

Detroit Black News, 8:00 pm, Ch. 56.

Inner City Freeway, 8:30 pm, Ch. 56.

JUNE 11
Byline Detroit, 9:00 pm, Ch. 56.
Detroit Black Journal, 9:30 pm, Ch. 56.
Soundstage, with the Down Beat 1975 Reader's Poll Awards, 10:00 pm, Ch. 56.

JUNE 12
The Lou Gordon Program, with Joshua Logan, successful Broadway producer discusses his nervous breakdown and talks of his new book, "Josh", 10:00 pm, Ch. 50.
NBC Saturday Night, comedy and variety with Robert Klein, host to rock group "Abba", 11:30 pm, Ch. 50.

JUNE 13
Nova presents "Inside the Shark", 8:00 pm, Ch. 56.

The Lou Gordon Program, with guests, N.Y. columnist Earl Wilson and James Bacon from Hollywood discuss the Hollywood scene. 10:00 pm, Ch. 50.

For My People with news and features produced by Project BAIT. 11:30 pm, Ch. 50.

JUNE 15
Monty Python's Flying Circus, 10:00 pm, Ch. 56.
The Mark of Jazz, with Rufus Harley, 10:30 pm, Ch. 56.

JUNE 16
"Patterns", 1956 drama based on Rod Serling's story of the ruthless squeeze that is applied to a top business executive. 11:30 pm, Ch. 50.

JUNE 17
Black Perspective on the News, 7:00 pm, Ch. 56.
Detroit Black Journal, 8:00 pm, Ch. 56.
Black Journal, 8:30 pm, Ch. 56.

JUNE 18
"Boomerang", 1947 mystery-drama and winner of two awards for Best Supporting Actor (Lee J. Cobb) and Best Director (Ella Kazan) 11:30 pm, Ch. 50.

Byline Detroit at 9:00 pm, Ch. 56.
Detroit Black Journal at 9:30 pm, Ch. 56.
Soundstage with Waylon Jennings, Johnny Rodriguez and Jessi Colter. 10:00 pm, Ch. 56.

JUNE 19
The Lou Gordon Program, with author Linda Wolfe discussing 'Can one man be enough for a woman?' and her new book, "Playing Around", 10:00 pm, Ch. 50.
Austin City Limits with the Greezy Wheels, and Marcia Ball and the Misery Brothers. 7:00 pm, Ch. 56.

JUNE 20
Nova looks at "The Genetic Chance" at 8:00 pm, Ch. 56.

EVERYDAY
The Scene, local dance with Nat Morris, 5:00 pm, Ch. 62.
Mon.-Fri.: Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman, 11:30 pm, Ch. 2.

Newport

Alive with pleasure

Guide

How to get pleasure from being broke

Being broke is a state of mind, that is until your checks start bouncing all over. Then it is a state of confusion.

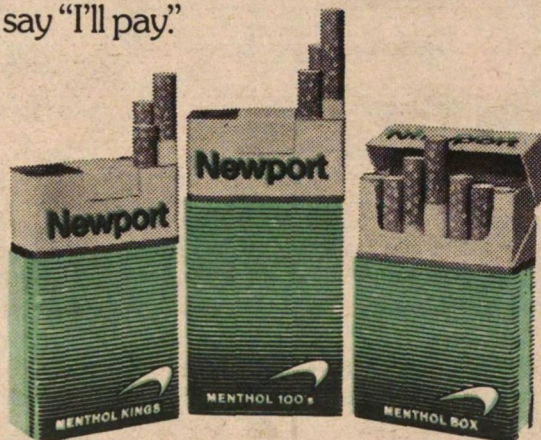
Until you can move to another state, think of all the positives:

- It's inexpensive.
- You don't have to look for change.
- Your relatives won't call.
- You can paint your feet - save on shoes.
- You can create a mural - connect the cracks in your ceiling.

Remember, being broke means never having to say "I'll pay."



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CALENDAR

CONCERTS



Freddie Hubbard at Masonic, 6/6.

DETROIT
 June 6: George Benson, Esther Phillips, Freddie Hubbard and Stanley Turrentine at Masonic. 8:30 pm.
 June 11: J. Geils Band at Cobo. \$7.50, 6.50.
 June 15: Heart, Good Rats, Fireball at Ford.
 June 16: Shawn Phillips at Ford. \$6.50, 5.50, 4.50.
 June 18: Steve Miller Band Summer Serenade '76 at Masonic.
 June 23 & 24: Neil Young at Pine Knob.
 June 25: Leonard Bernstein at Pine Knob.
 June 25: Benny Goodman at Meadowbrook.
 June 26: Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band at Pontiac Stadium with Todd Rundgren's Utopia and Elvin Bishop, \$7.50.
 July 1-4: Rich Little at Pine Knob.

July 2: Oscar Peterson at Meadowbrook.
 July 4: The Show at Pontiac Stadium with LaBelle, Ohio Players, Rufus with Chaka Khan and War. \$15, \$10, \$7.50, Hudsons or mail. 6:30 pm.
 July 9: Chuck Mangione at Meadowbrook.
 July 10: Elton John at Pontiac Stadium.

ANN ARBOR
 June 13: John Prine, Ramblin' Jack Elliott, Leon Redbone, David Amram, Owen MacBride, Paul Germia, Diana Marcovitz, Jay Unger & Lydon Hardy, and Bryan Powers in Power Center, 2 pm & 8 pm. \$5 per show, \$8 the whole day. A Benefit Concert for The Ark Coffeehouse.



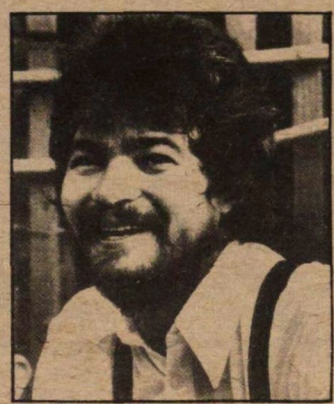
Bob Seger at Pontiac Stadium, 6/26.

MOVIES

DETROIT
 Cabaret Cinema, 25570 W. 8 Mile Rd., 356-4666: Thru June 8, "King Of Hearts" and "Harold & Maude" plus "Bambi Meets Godzilla" and Lenny Bruce's "Thank You Masked Man"; June 9-15, "Rainbow Bridge" and "Mad Dogs & Englishmen"; Late Shows at Midnight: June 4 & 5, "Pink Flamingoes"; June 11 & 12, "Amos n Andy"; June 18 & 19, "The Crazies" dir. by George Romero.
 American Film Panorama, Detroit Institute of Arts, Wed.-Sun., 2 pm: Thru June 6, "Notorious" (1946, dir. Alfred Hitchcock); June 9-13, "Macbeth" (1948, dir. Orson Welles); June 16-20, "White Heat" (1949, dir. Raoul Walsh).
 Royal Oak Public Library Sound Film Series, 222 E. Eleven Mile Rd., Thursdays at 6:30 pm, Free: June 10, "Of Human Bondage"; June 17, "M", 1930, German with Peter Lorre; June 24, "Albert Schweitzer" narrated by Fredric March and Burgess Meredith; July 1, "Blue Angel."
 "The Blue Bird" at the Americana, Eastland, Mai Kai, Playhouse, Taylor Cinema.
 "The Bad News Bears" at the Abbey, Americana, Dearborn, Livonia Mall, Southland and Miracle Mile.
 "All The President's Men" at the Americana, Livonia Mall, Movies at Fairlane and Lakeside, Showcase-Pontiac and Sterling Hghts., Southgate, Woods.
 "W.C. Fields and Me" at the Beacon East, Gateway, Playhouse, Quo Vadis, Southgate, Towne.
 "Mother, Jugs & Speed" at the Madison, Americana, Eastland, Fairlane, Macomb Mall, Showcase-Pontiac and Sterling Hghts., Somerset Inn, Southgate.
 "Death Journey" at the Grand Circus and Mercury.
 "The Missouri Breaks" at the Abbey, Dearborn, Livonia Mall, Pontiac Mall, Quo Vadis, Royal Oak, Showcase, Southland, Warren, and drive-ins—Bel Air, Blue Sky, Ford Wyoming, Fort George, Grand River, Troy and Algiers.
 "The Sailor Who Fell From Grace With The Sea" at the Northland.



Esther Phillips at Masonic, 6/6.



John Prine at the Power Center in A2, 6/13.

"The Winds Of Autumn" at the Brightons, Calvin, Gateway, Parkway, Penn, Stage Door, Tel-Ex, Village, Vogue, and Wyandotte.
 "Grizzly" at the Beacon East, Macomb Mall, Movies Fairlane and Lakeside, Quo Vadis, Showcase, Somerset Inn, Universal City.
 "Bruce Lee—Super Dragon" at the Palms and Norwest.
 "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest" at the Farmington 4, La Parisien, Movies at Fairlane, Somerset Mall, Tel-Ex, Watren Cinema.
 "The Duchess and The Dirtwater Fox" at the Birmingham, Carousel, Galaxy, Civic, Eastwood, Gratiot, Farmington 4, Shelby, Michigan, Showboat, Tel-Ex, Walake, Westborn, Wayne.
 "Won Ton Ton" at the Dearborn, Kingswood, Northcrest, Old Orchard, Parkway, Radio City, Showcase, Terrace, Warren Cinema, Wyandotte.
 "Embryo" at the Adams, Bloomfield, Farmington 4, Movies at Fairlane and Lakeside, Quo Vadis, Showboat, Showcase, Tel-Ex, Universal City, Woods, and drive-ins: Bel Air, Holiday, Jolly Roger, Pontiac, Wayne, West Side.
 "Willie Boy" and "Never Give An Inch" at the Alger and Allen Park.
 "Love Lips" and "Teenage Stepmother" at the Jewel and Art II.

Story" (1961, Robert Wise & Jerome Robbins); 6/9, "Shampoo" (1975, Hal Ashby); 6/10, "Chinatown" (1974, Roman Polanski); 6/11, "And Now For Something Completely Different" (1972, Ian MacNaughton) MLB 3, 7, 8:45 & 10:30, "The Tenth Victim" (Italian, 1965, Elio Petri) MLB 4, 7:15 only, "The Sleeping Car Murders" (French, 1966, Costa-Gavras) MLB 4, 9 only; 6/15, "Desperate Characters" (1971, Frank Gilroy) 7:15 only, "Rebel Without A Cause" (1955, Nicholas Ray) 9 only; 6/16, "Modern Times" (1936, Charles Chaplin); 6/17, "Gimme Shelter" (1970, David & Albert Maysles, Charlotte Zwerin); 6/18, "Paper Moon" (1973, Peter Bogdanovich) MLB 3, "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1956, Don Siegel) MLB 4, 7 only, "Targets" (1968, Peter Bogdanovich) mlb 4, 9 only.
 Cinema Guild, Old Architecture Aud. (Tappan & Monroe), 662-8871: Showtimes 7:30 & 9:35, adm. \$1.25. 6/5, "Black Cat" (1934, Edgar G. Ulmer); 6/6, "Scarface" (1932, Howard Hawks); 6/11, "Ball of Fire" (1941, Howard Hawks); 6/12, "Foreign Correspondent" (1940, Alfred Hitchcock); 6/13, "M" (German, 1931, Fritz Lang); 6/18, "Take A Letter, Darling" (1942, Michael Lisen); 6/19, "Giant" (1956, George Stevens) 8 only.
 Cinema II, Angell Hall-Aud. A, U of M, 769-7787: Showtimes 7:30 & 9:35, adm. \$1.25. 6/4, "Tom Jones" (1963, Tony Richardson); 6/5, Animation Night—a variety of important American animation from Walt Disney, Max Fleischer, Warner Bros. & others; 6/11, "Sullivan's Travels" (1942, Preston Sturges); 6/12, "Playtime" (French, 1969, Jacques Tati) 7:30 only, "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (French, 1953, Jacques Tati) 9:30 only; 6/18, "The Battle of Algiers" (French, 1965, Gillo Pontecorvo); 6/19, "Lucia" (Spanish, 1972, Humberto Solas) 7:30 & 10:10.



All The President's Men, check listings.

DISCOS

Boogie Down Lounge, 9933 Greenfield, (betw. Chicago and Plymouth) 835-5811. Open everynight.
 Coral Gables, 2245 N. Woodward, Berkley, 398-7333, Tues.-Sun., "Terra-Nova".
 Cravat Lounge, 10630 Grand River, WE3-9000, Thur.-Sun., "Ken Watts & the Beaty Players".
 Diamond Lounge, 15350 Fenkell, (1 blk. east of Greenfield), 493-9635, Thur.-Sun. D.J. Sweet Jerry.
 Elephant Disco, Livernois & Long Lake Rd., Troy, 879-6810, Disco everynight.
 Green's Playroom Lounge, 8121 Linwood, 896-4530, D.J.-The Rag Man on Mon. and Thur.-Sun.
 Jazz West, 8418 Fenkell, 341-7118, disco everynight.
 The Landing, 25060 Southfield Rd. at 10 Mile, Southfield, 557-5035, open seven nites, cover charge of \$5.00, includes 2 drinks, dining upstairs.
 Murphy's Cocktail Lounge, 7419 Puritan, 864-8340, D.J. Rappin' Roge every night.
 New Alpine Disco Lounge, 7030 West 7 Mile Rd., at Livernois: every Tuesday night starting June 15, Disco Dancing from 9 pm til 4 am with music by Sweet Gee and Mr. Mezmo.
 Ocies Paradise Lounge, 8202 Fenkell, 861-5111, open everynite with D.J. Rappin' Rino.
 Oliver's, 16360 Harper, nr. Whittier exit off I-94, 881-7230: Disco dancing to: Circus.
 Poison Apple, 38418 Ford Rd., Westland, D.J. John, everynight.
 Rose Room, Michigan Ave. at 24th, 894-1860, Wed.-Sun. with Arthur "Baby" Hughes.
 Syndrome, Telegraph at Ford Rd., Dearborn Hghts., Disco all week, instructions on Mon.
 Subway Disco, 525 W. Lafayette, 964-7938, live disco bands and D.J.'s Bob Grant and Brent Hudson.
 Twenty Grand Driftwood Lounge, 5025 14th St. at Warren, TY7-6445, disco everynight with Tiger Dan.
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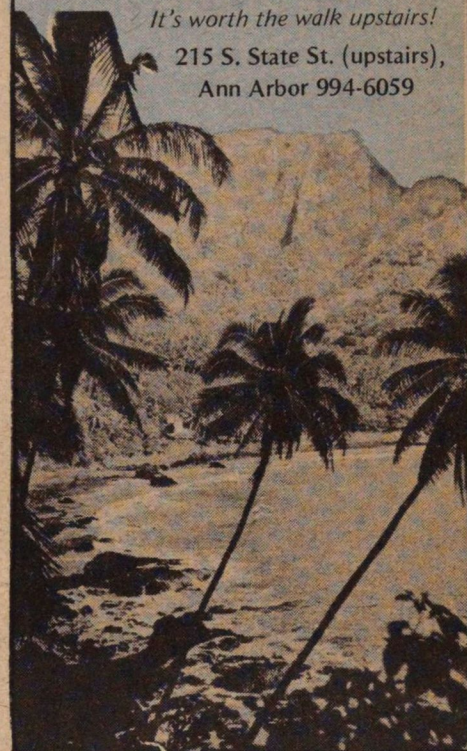
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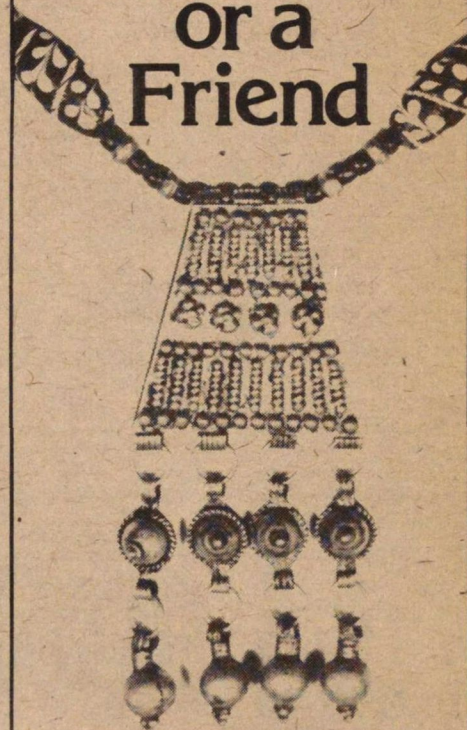
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Planned Parenthood

continued from page 3

That, apparently, was the last straw for Planned Parenthood, which announced it would have to give up pursuing the federal funds and close its clinics at 1070 E. Grand Blvd., 9226 Kercheval, 5532 Michigan, and 13100 Puritan on June 1. At this writing, only the Teen Center on Puritan has hopes of reopening in the near future.

Although the bureaucrats apparently felt that Planned Parenthood's medical and administrative practices were so deficient as to deny continued funding, our conversations with patients in some of the clinics in question produced only favorable comments. Since no names were asked nor given, there's no reason to believe these patients would support a sloppy clinic characterized by "questionable medical procedures" (Clayton's term) or low-quality service. Furthermore, they wouldn't entrust their health to a facility in such a condition.

Some patients, in fact, asked where such allegations came from. We could only speculate that they came from the report of MCA, Inc., the Chicago consulting firm hired by H.E.W. to evaluate the clinics. Dr. Joe Stokes, a member of the consulting team, says they talked with patients in the clinics in preparing their report, but admitted that the conversations could hardly be verified.

Only one conclusion can be drawn from the contradictions, confusion, and incongruity of the year-long dispute between

Planned Parenthood and the bureaucrats: that H.E.W. has been demanding, capricious, and resistant to progressive change, and that the agency, for its own reasons, was determined to withhold the \$435,000, thus bringing about the closing of four clinics.

After H.E.W. had turned down Planned Parenthood's first proposal, submitted on February 28, 1975, PPL came up with a much more detailed plan three months later. Both plans, which were examined by this writer, included specific recommendations for handling problems perceived by the League—with no prodding from the funding agencies. The second plan included a minutely-detailed budget, a thorough analysis of the results of a patient survey, and medical assessments of attending physicians. Even Brieloff was unable to explain H.E.W.'s rejection of this proposal, which he called "really good."

Controversy concerning the third rejected plan centers around a mysterious list of twenty recommendations developed by MCA, which H.E.W. claimed were not addressed in the final proposal.

On October 17, 1975, then-PPL Director Kommel met in Detroit with several members of the MCA consulting team. Kommel insists that the parties to the meeting agreed to dispose of the twenty recommendations as invalid. Consultant Stokes says the recommendations were submitted to "compromises, revisions, and

alterations." MCA President Robert C. Strom says Kommel's statement is "incorrect."

SEMFPD Director Brieloff has a tape of the controversial meeting, which might shed some light on the situation. However, he refused to provide copies to Planned Parenthood board members, and also refused to allow this writer to listen to the tape. SEMFPD President Dr. Charles Berger failed to reply to our request to hear the tapes. A request for information by certified letter to H.E.W.'s Clayton elicited neither a reply nor an acknowledgement. Apparently, taciturnity is the watchword in the bureaucracy.

Our investigation of the "minor disagreements" between Planned Parenthood and the funding bureaucrats revealed the following bones of contention:

(1) Planned Parenthood favored a centralized phone number, since two-thirds of its charts are kept at the main office and all the master charts are kept there. PPL argued that this would ensure that patients would receive correct instruction and advice, in addition to freeing valuable medical personnel from answering the telephone. MCA felt that stock answers were good enough for callers reaching the different clinics.

(2) Since their inception, the four PPL clinics in question have never operated on a five-day, 40-hour week. The League felt that a large part-time staff on the days the

clinics were open would make more effective use of their personnel—many of which prefer to work part-time—and provide better service to patients. MCA and H.E.W. wanted full-time help, which the League saw as a waste of time and money.

If this is all the bureaucrats could find wrong with the four clinics, it hardly seems to justify all the grief Planned Parenthood has been subjected to, not to mention the closing of four needed clinics.

H.E.W. obviously set out to do a number on Planned Parenthood, and they have succeeded—at least for the moment. In view of this, Clayton's statement on the closings—"The sad thing is that it's the patients who lose out in a dispute like this"—is that of a bureaucratic hypocrite.

And one has to wonder about the \$435,000, which will now probably go to the Wayne County Health Department or to private clinics. Will other agencies have to account for the money as minutely and painstakingly as Planned Parenthood had to? We doubt it.

In the meantime, on top of recent cutbacks in Medicaid, welfare, food stamps, and other areas, yet another needed service has been rendered increasingly inaccessible to poor people in this city. Where will it all end?

Dorothy Saunders, whose work has appeared in the Michigan Chronicle, is a freelance writer who lives in Detroit.



continued from page 5

Former Clinic Director Faye Roberts and co-founders Pam Carter and Jenette Salters are the latest casualties in the split, which originally stemmed from disagreements over the Club's financing by the Feminist Federal Credit Union and ideological differences between local feminists and City Club leadership.

The City Club, located in the old Women's City Club building at Park and Elizabeth, is the first project of its kind in the nation—a complete cultural, recreation, shopping, and service center for all women, completely funded and operated by feminists. Since the Feminist Economic Network bought and renovated the building and opened its doors to a crowd of 5,000 in April, member-

ship has been steadily building, despite the leadership problems.

Dissenting women from the Feminist Women's Health Center (on Eight Mile Road) and the Feminist Federal have attacked Club Coordinator Laura Brown (also director of the Feminist Women's Health Center in Oakland, California) and accused the City Club of abusive practices against them and its own workers. They characterize the City Club as a "capitalist" venture and insist that, as such, it is incompatible with the aims of feminism. "We are to blame for allowing them to push capitalism on us," says Marsha Roberts of the 8 Mile Road Clinic.

"We left on good terms with the City Club," says Jenette Salters. "People trashing each other is not where we are at. They

tried to destroy the City Club, and we saw it as racism on their part."

"It turns my stomach talking about it," says Laura Brown. "People are being manipulated and played with and treated in an unbelievably racist manner. They (Roberts, Carter, and Salters) could not stand to live in a community where people were challenging their credibility."

The City Club means too much to the feminist movement and to this community to have its survival and growth continually periled by the contending factions. We hope local feminists will be able to heal their wounds soon so they can concentrate their energies not on destroying each other's projects, but on building feminism. The City Club deserves the unified support

and participation of all local women. If some women feel they cannot in good conscience take part, their time would certainly be better spent on their own projects than on continuing to try to discredit the City Club.

Bro. Shango, otherwise known as Bernard Stroble (SUN, June 3), is out of "the hole" at Jackson Prison. Prison officials tried to railroad Shango into a transfer from Jackson to Marquette Prison, Michigan's Upper Peninsula "Siberia."

Shango was one of the inmates indicted following the 1971-Attica Prison uprising in New York. Acquitted of all charges there, he was extradited to Michigan to serve a life sentence for a first-degree murder charge. No longer a "common criminal," Shango's political development grew as a

result of his incarceration.

When Detroit's Billy Holcomb was returned to Jackson, despite his record of community involvement in working with East Side street gangs (SUN, June 3), he was informed by prison officials of rumors that he and Shango were planning a major prison uprising. The information supposedly came from unspecified "FBI sources." Shango was transferred from the prison's "general population" to "segregation."

Shango's lawyers secured a court hearing for May 20, but the day before the hearing, state attorneys admitted that their FBI sources were "third-hand hearsay." Shango is back in "general population" at Jackson, but is still under constant surveillance by prison officials.

—Jan Prezzato

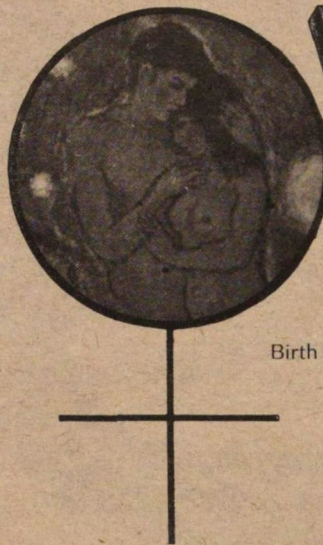
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Nuclear Power

continued from page 6

in property damage alone. Under the current limits, victims of nuclear accidents would recover only \$.03 per dollar lost.

Opponents of the Nuclear Initiative argue that insurance companies refuse to insure nuclear power plants against a potential \$17 billion disaster. Backers of the Initiative ask: If nuclear plants are as safe as the industry claims, why won't anyone insure them?

Finally, Proposition 15 requires that the Governor publish and update annually evacuation plans, so people living near nuclear plants can anticipate how to react in the event of an accident. Nuclear industry officials charge that this provision is a "scare tactic." But supporters of Proposition 15 point to the case of the Enrico Fermi breeder reactor, located 30 miles south of Detroit, which came within a hair's breadth of a catastrophic accident on October 5, 1966. Officials faced the unnerving prospect of ordering the evacuation of two million persons from the Detroit area without any plan for how to accomplish this. The evacuation was never ordered because officials felt it would cause panic in the unprepared population. The Fermi plant was permanently closed in 1973.

GRASS ROOTS VS. BIG BUCKS

Proposition 15 is supported largely by environmental and community groups and individuals. Funds have been raised in small contributions, rarely larger than \$1000, with most contributions under \$100. Funds have also been raised through benefit rock concerts. A recent concert in Sacramento featured Jackson Browne and Linda Ronstadt. As of May 3, supporters of the Nuclear Initiative had raised about \$450,000.

The "No on 15" campaign, known as "Citizens for Jobs and Energy", is supported primarily by utility corporations like Pacific Gas and Electric and nuclear industry firms like Westinghouse and the San Francisco-based Bechtel Corp. As of May 3, the anti-15 campaign had amassed \$1.5 million, and informed observers expect this figure to grow much larger by June 8.

The anti-15 campaign was boosted significantly in April when the California Supreme Court struck down all spending

limits for proposition campaigns as a violation of freedom of speech. In the wake of this decision, the anti-15 forces are expected to mount a costly, saturation television campaign to defeat the Nuclear Initiative. Many out-of-state utilities and nuclear-tied corporations are contributing to Citizens for Jobs and Energy, hoping that a nuclear power victory in California will thwart similar initiatives elsewhere.

While the spending limits were in effect, many observers predicted a close race. But, since the spending limits have been lifted, informed observers now believe that Proposition 15 will be defeated by about 60 per cent to 40 per cent.

"Citizens for Jobs and Energy" was created by a professional campaign firm, Winner-Wagner & Assoc., for a \$35,000 fee. As the campaign name implies, pro-nuclear forces equate the growth of nuclear power with more jobs and abundant energy. Anti-15 publicity is stressing the theme, "Nuclear power means more jobs." Although that notion is hotly contested, a massive television campaign around that theme is bound to have a significant impact in a state where unemployment has been a major problem for several years.

Many energy experts argue that an alternative energy industry based on solar, wind and tidal power would create as many, if not more jobs than the heavily capital-intensive nuclear power industry. Furthermore, the California Energy Resources Conservation and Development Commission recently revealed that California is not consuming as much energy as the utilities have predicted. Currently, the United States consumes twice as much energy per capita as equally technological West Germany. Supporters of Proposition 15 believe that conservation would eliminate much of the energy consumption spiral that the nuclear industry takes for granted. They also argue that runaway economic growth *per se* is undesirable, when many resources are already scarce and becoming more so.

As pro-nuclear forces buy large blocks of television time to convince California voters that nuclear power is essential to jobs, energy, and happiness itself, the many unresolved questions surrounding the safety of nuclear power should be answered conclusively before this state, and this nation, embark on an irreversible nuclear future.

Tom Hayden

continued from page 7

jobs and other pressing domestic needs." Hayden strongly supports national health insurance. Tunney's wavering on this issue has cost him a good deal of support among labor unions and many working Democrats. When elected, Tunney pledged to support national health insurance. Then, last year, he voted against it.

Hayden's program centers on what he calls "economic democracy," as "the only alternative to the twin perils of corporate control and government bureaucracy." He favors worker and consumer members of corporation boards, the establishment of publicly-controlled banks, utilities, and railroads, and support for cooperatives.

Hayden's economic program has drawn criticism from the Left for what critics charge is "marshmallow socialism."

"Your ideas could only be implemented under socialism, but you refuse to use that word," one resident of the Haight-Ashbury said during a Hayden appearance there in March.

Hayden shot back, "You can call my program whatever you want. I call it 'economic democracy.' Fidel Castro didn't win by calling himself a socialist. That came later. When he started out with two dozen followers in the mountains, his program sounded a lot like mine."

Hayden has won the support of prominent progressive Democrats like black Congressman Ron Dellums (Berkeley) and the California Democratic Council (CDC),

which endorsed Hayden three-to-one over Tunney. The CDC is the McGovern wing of the California Democratic Party.

Hayden believes that many California Democrats are angry at Tunney's constant waffling on the issues. "I sometimes feel like I'm running against a vacancy in the Senate," Hayden quips.

Tunney is confident he can beat Hayden, but that confidence has waned somewhat in recent months. Hayden's determined campaign is forcing Tunney to spend more time and money seeking re-nomination than he had hoped.

While many California Democrats are angry at Tunney's breach of promise on many issues, it remains unclear how much of that anger will express itself in votes for Hayden.

Tom Hayden believes that the minority radical opinions of the late 1960's now represent a more mainstream political view. Retired Presidential aspirant Fred Harris garnered a consistent 7 to 10 per cent among Democrats, espousing a program similar to Hayden's.

The American Revolution had about 30 per cent popular support. Hayden staffers believe that a 30 per cent showing for Hayden on June 8 would put him in an excellent position to win future electoral contests.

If, and probably when, Hayden loses to Tunney, he pledges to remain in the Democratic Party to fight for the issues around which he has built this campaign.

1976 may not be the year for Senator Tom Hayden, but this writer would be surprised if Hayden does not someday win an important national office.

DNA

continued from the cover

Advocates of such research claim it could cure anything from the common cold to cancer, produce new food supplies, and gobble up oil spills. Yet such research could potentially bring about the demise of humanity, accidentally or intentionally unleashing toxins that could cause epidemics reminiscent of late-night Grade-B science-fiction thrillers.

The Regents, affirming their "dedication to the advancement of the human race," held a year-long, see-saw debate, then decided it was worth the risk.

"Recombinant DNA research," as it is known, is a new field of microbiological investigation concerned with grafting genes [the units of heredity that combine to form the deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) molecule], from one species to the genes of another species. Experimenters have already transferred genes from toads and sea urchins to bacteria. These "recombinant" DNA molecules, containing, for example, both toad and bacterial DNA, can be replaced in the bacterial cell environment and can reproduce themselves as the cells multiply.

Scientists thus have the capability of creating new life forms in their test tubes, organisms with unique gene combinations for which no natural mechanism of formation is known. Yet because these methods are new, researchers cannot predict what will happen. They cannot assess without doubt what properties will appear and what ones will not following the splicing and implantation of new DNA cells. Nor can researchers accurately predict what effect these new biological organisms will have on the environment.

This view is supported by even the most devoted DNA research zealots, who all concede that there is a certain degree of risk involved with these early stages of research.

"POTENTIAL HAZARDS"

Robert B. Helling, an associate professor in biological sciences at the University of Michigan, who will be doing much of the initial genetic research at the campus laboratories, claims that there is a significant possibility that researchers will be able to use bacterial cells as "factories" to produce insulin for the treatment of diabetes.

Never before has this potentially valuable research been attempted. According to Helling, who was a member of the Stanford team that first inserted genes from a South African toad into bacterial cells, "No one has tried to produce insulin or other proteins from humans or other mammals in bacteria because there are potential

hazards, as well as the obvious benefits associated with trying to do this."

It was just this fear that caused Helling and his colleagues throughout the world to gather in Asilomar, California in February 1975 to consider the potential hazards of genetic engineering. A moratorium was called on the most hazardous forms of recombinant DNA research, and for the first time, public attention was drawn to the potentially catastrophic results of such research.

It was this moratorium that led the National Institute of Health (NIH) to draw up uniform national guidelines. It also resulted in lengthy debates on the subject on campuses like the University of Michigan.

The dangers of recombinant DNA research were weighed against the potential benefits by the so-called "Committee B" at the U of M.

Reaching a final report in March of this year, the committee advised the Regents that the research should be allowed, as long as it is submitted to appropriate controls. In its report, the committee stated, "We believe that the current NIH guidelines are an acceptable basis for assuring the safety of experimentation in molecular genetics and viral oncology [the study of tumors]. We have come to this conclusion with some uneasiness because a risk remains, though it is small."

Yet the list of "potential hazards" the committee enumerated in its report seems far from small.

How much control do microbiologists, who boast about their abilities to cope with the mysteries of the unknown, actually have?

The Committee listed four dangers inherent in recombinant DNA research:

- Infection of animals is not entirely improbable. The work so far has used the *E. coli* bacteria as the host, and some strains of *E. coli* are commonly found in the gut and throat of humans and other animals.
- An organism may inadvertently be created which has an unexpected degree of toxicity. This involves the possibility of unwanted DNA tagging along in an experiment and creating unanticipated effects. It is possible that these effects might not develop or be detected for many years.
- Organisms with new properties, even those with potential agricultural or medical benefits, could disturb existing ecological systems with results that are difficult to predict.
- As is the case with many technological advances, some people may deliberate-

ly use the products of DNA technology in ways that could do harm to others.

CAN THEY CONTROL IT?

The first two hazards—namely, the possibility of infection and the creation of unwanted and potentially dangerous organisms—could be easily averted, at least in the eyes of the committee, because they believe that the NIH guidelines basically protected against such occurrences.

The NIH guidelines represent a combination of two protective measures: physical containment, which specifies the proper laboratory construction requirements and procedures for handling the micro-organisms; and biological containment, which specifies the use of greatly weakened strains of the *E. coli* bacteria which, it is claimed, cannot survive outside the laboratory.

Yet critics have blasted both these protective measures as inadequate and far from fail-safe. This is the crux of the recent debates: How much control do microbiologists, who boast so brashly about their abilities to control accidents and to cope with the mysteries of the unknown, actually have?

The critics of biological containment have found support even amongst those who were originally involved with creating the weakened, so called "x1776" *E. coli* strain.

This strain is "disarmed" through the deletion of certain genes. Supporters claim that it would be highly improbable that the bacterium could, through mutation, revert to a form in which it could survive outside the laboratory.

Yet, according to Dr. Roy Curtis, a University of Alabama biologist responsible for the development of this disarmed strain, "It is my current opinion that the use of genetically disarmed hosts . . . in conjunction with appropriate physical containment facilities should reduce the probabilities of danger of organisms in the biosphere. Nevertheless, this is not a reason to reduce our guard, since much information is missing which would permit more accurate assessments of potential bio-hazards associated with recombinant DNA molecule research."

In addition, Curtis' calculations concerning the life span of these disarmed *E. coli* strains have been challenged. Robert Sinsheimer, a California Institute of Technology biologist, doubts that biological containment is adequate. "I do not rest easy with Roy Curtis' data," he said, "because I expect other events with which he has not reckoned will come into play at much higher probabilities."

Other critics maintain that Curtis' predictions cannot apply for such contingencies as contamination. Arthur Schwartz,

continued on page 28

Martha Jean

continued from page 3

Haley Bell and Mrs. Cox, who were driving through Nashville with a group in 1963, who brought her here. "They heard me on the air and asked me to come to WCHB in Detroit, and I accepted."

Several years later, she left WCHB amid a controversy and went to WJLB.

Martha Jean's "Buzz the Fuzz" program, with former Police Commissioner John Nicholas, received nationwide praise. But in Detroit, the community was divided between praise and loud criticism.

The Queen was a key figure in the WJLB strike in 1972. She laughs as she reminds this writer, who was also involved in that strike, of my response when they asked me to join the circle they had formed to pray. My reply was that the Bible said when Jesus went to the Mount to pray, he told one of the disciples to watch while he prayed. "So if he could not watch and pray at the same time," I asked, "how do you expect to?"

Martha Jean also recalls that the idea for the War on Crime crusade came after a



photo: David Johnson

Martha Jean "The Queen" Steinberg

group she had joined held a "Save Our Children" rally at a local church following the December 1963 murder of little Gerald Craft and Keith Arnold. The group disintegrated after this writer asked the minister of the church what he was taking a

collection for, and pointed out that the group didn't require money for publicity.

"We have not asked for any money, and the people have rallied behind us," Martha Jean says.

Her community workers, formerly called "Blue Collar Workers," are also involved in "Operation Jailhouse," which they began about five years ago. They still visit Wayne County Jail inmates regularly.

They were also involved in the new jail drive and in the demand that Wayne County Morgue Medical Examiner Dr. Werner Spitz be prohibited from selling body parts of the dead without the consent of the next of kin.

Having raised three girls alone after divorcing her husband, she says she can understand pressure. But she warns parents that a bill to allow the government to take over wayward children has been introduced in Washington, and if that happens to ADC parents, they will get no more checks.

"They're saying the welfare roles are overloaded," says Martha Jean the Queen, "So you'd better shape up."

Nadine Brown is the City Editor of the SUN

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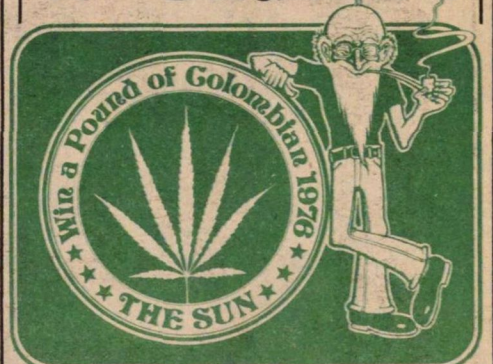
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TEST TUBE

continued from page 27

professor of mathematics at the U of M, claims that the existing theory "provides no assurance that transformation of the disarmed host or transfer of foreign DNA to a contaminating strain of *E. coli* cannot occur. Moreover, the details of the processes of conjugation and transformation are not understood. We cannot be confident that a disarmed strain will remain disarmed after years or even months of use."

IRREVERSIBLE ERRORS

A similar concern has been voiced in regard to the physical containment standards set up by NIH, which will be used to design the \$306,000 renovated main campus laboratories (all but \$80,000 supplied by the National Cancer Institute). The labs will be built to contain so-called "moderate risk" or "P-3" experiments, which is the second most dangerous category of genetic engineering under the NIH guidelines.

Physical containment, it is said, will be accomplished by maintaining low air pressures inside the laboratories so that air leaks will be avoided. Exhausted air and wastes will be incinerated, and experiments will be performed inside special chambers, sometimes by remote control.

Yet questions have been raised over the ability of researchers to maintain a fail-safe physical environment for potentially lethal organisms.

According to Dr. Susan Wright, an associate professor of science and technology at the University, "In reality, theoretical expectations are complicated by the fact that humans make mistakes, and the best equipment sometimes breaks down."

For example, University of Michigan lab accidents in 1975 included 293 puncture wounds and cuts, 25 bites from lab animals, 35 chemical injuries, 15 other injuries, seven allergic reactions and 23 injurious exposures to pathogens.

The point was best expressed by Richard Goldstein, assistant professor of microbiology at Harvard University Medical School. At a public forum earlier this year at the U of M, he stated, "Sloppiness, apathy, carelessness, all human attributes, all everyday realities of laboratory science, combine to make this kind of containment meaningful only where potential danger does not exist."

In addition, Goldstein supports Committee B's contention that recombinant DNA research may have potentially dangerous effects on the environment and the ecological balance of nature.

"Experimenting with the unknown future dangers of the *E. coli* is not like using



Photo: Joel Unangst

DDT," he explained. "When we discovered DDT's dangers, we stopped using it. Eventually the pesticide will work its way out of the environment."

"With recombinant DNA, if something gets out and survives, we will have to live with it. What we are doing is almost certainly irreversible."

The last possible hazard mentioned in the Committee's report is one of utmost significance, although it is often scoffed at or ignored by many recombinant DNA proponents: the question of whether recombinant DNA advances may be used as a weapon, either by super-powers eager to conquer the world or by small terrorist bands.

Marc Ross, a university physics professor, compared this to the nuclear power question: "There were a few professionals who raised critical questions in the early days of nuclear power development," he said. "However, their warnings were scarcely heard because of the powerful promotion of nuclear war power with which the government and nuclear industry inundated the public."

Development of recombinant DNA research for the purpose of destroying human life was outlawed by the Biological Warfare treaty of 1972, signed by the United States and 110 other nations. But as was pointed out in the April newsletter of the Federation of American Scientists, "Since treaties are neither universal nor self-enforcing, the world must begin to face a biological proliferation threat that might, before long, rival that of nuclear weapons."

"NEITHER WISDOM NOR RESPONSIBILITY"

Throughout the debates, only a small faction opposed the research on ethical, rather than scientific, grounds. Even die-hard critics such as Susan Wright believe that the research should go ahead, but at the "appropriate time," when more is

MONSTERS

known about biological containment. Sinsheimer believes that the research should only be delayed until a national policy can be formulated, and that the research should be conducted only in a few, highly specialized locations.

The ethical argument against recombinant DNA research, largely ignored in the U of M debate, was fostered primarily by two individuals who saw this new power as threatening and beyond the capabilities of humanity.

The only dissenting member of Committee B, Shaw Livermore, professor of history, observed that the new techniques may provide a "capability to alter life in a fundamental way."

"While it clearly would present opportunities for meeting present sources of human distress," he explained, "I believe that the limitations of our social capacities for directing such a capability to fulfilling human purposes will more likely bring with it a train of awesome and possibly disastrous consequences."

This position was made again at a December Regents meeting. Philosophy professor Henryk Skolimowski said, "In pursuing the DNA research, we are actually beginning to tamper with the nature of life itself. In order to tamper with the nature of life in a fundamental way, we have to have wisdom and moral responsibility, whereas, in my opinion, we have neither."

"We can't expect the scientists themselves to attack the problem, because many are so immersed in their work they don't even perceive it, and those who do perceive it probably believe it would be against their own best interests to get involved," he added.

And still, the recombinant DNA research will go on, probably in the fall. The Regents at the U of M, while priding themselves on their openness in dealing with this highly volatile debate, appear to have already made up their minds. No ethical nor scientific doubts were allowed to threaten the university's coveted reputation as the "Research Capital of the Midwest," not even the frighteningly real possibility that one accidental spill could spread a deadly infection throughout the Ann Arbor community, throughout the State of Michigan, and throughout the world, creating a startling real life catastrophe—one which, until now, had been seen only in the pages of science fiction novels.

Martin Porter is an Ann Arbor-based free-lance writer who has worked for the Michigan Daily and the Atlanta Constitution.

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By Genie Parker

This month the full Moon is in Sagittarius on the 11th. Sagittarius is symbolized by a centaur: half-human, half-horse, shooting an arrow high into the sky. Sagittarians set high goals and go after them in a way befitting the fire sign they are. Sagittarius is also referred to as the Sage, one who thinks a lot and reaches high-minded conclusions.

The planet Neptune is also situated in Sagittarius—for the rest of this year at least. Neptune adds a deepness that is essential to serious thinkers, but can get out of hand and create illusions in the mind when facts are not clearly defined. This is a dangerous situation when coupled with the present relationship between Uranus and Scorpio.

With Scorpio having so intensely to do with investigating and research, deep feelings about and reactions to life and death, and Uranus taking all that to the extremes of innovations, eccentricity and discoveries, we can easily end up in the situation so pointedly referred to in the cover stories of this issue of the SUN: the "mad scientists" are running rampant, with all the authority of government behind them.

It's easy now for people whose job it is to think and research, discover and create, to be satisfied with only enough of the facts involved to fit their own high-minded ideas. This creates illusions in the sense of planning and putting together whole systems based on only part of the facts, but enough to sell and get across to millions of people.

People who are more universally conscious and concerned can use these times well themselves for investigating and researching into what the real possibilities are, both negative and positive. The full Moon in Sagittarius can be a point of understanding and setting new goals—but use it wisely and get the facts first.

Be sure and read your rising and Moon signs, as well as your Sun (birth) sign in the following suggestions.



Aries (March 20-April 18)—Your creative side is out front now. It is easier for you to be in control and direct your energy productively—so take advantage of the times and get things done.



Taurus (April 19-May 19)—Try not to get irritated at your own lack of ability to focus on your interests. Get involved in many things and concentrate on stabilizing the most important after much thought.



Gemini (May 20-June 20)—So much is happening, it can whirl around you sometimes. It's going to go even faster for a while, so hold on to yourself and enjoy it; include more people in your play times.



Cancer (June 21-July 21)—Review any plans you have made with an eye towards being even more practical. Include close friends in financial matters, but don't make decisions based on emotional desires.



Leo (July 22-August 21)—It will become easier to control your temper and to direct your tons of energy as June goes on. Finances can still be a major problem—find solutions with focused, innovative, and positive thought.



Virgo (August 22-September 21)—You are able to take in more information and analyze it, as long as you don't get too caught up in the many details involved. Your work can be prosperous if you keep your mind to it.



Libra (September 22-October 22)—An excellent time for you to broaden the scope of your activities. Communicate a lot with the people closest to you, and discipline your deep feelings for positive results.



Scorpio (October 23-November 20)—Think hard before you react to anything. Your temper is hot, and irritability is strong. Don't get discouraged at set-backs; you can go very far in the long run.



Sagittarius (November 21-December 20)—A very creative time for you if you concentrate on the discipline necessary to focus yourself and communicate the ideas you have. Get the facts straight before you do anything.



Capricorn (December 21-January 20)—Business matters and making money are key to your life now. You can do well, particularly when you channel your energy into more creative aspects of business with a lot of discipline.



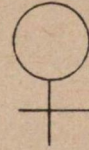
Aquarius (January 21-February 18)—The more you communicate with friends and business associates, the less your set-backs and irritability will affect you. Forge ahead and get involved in a variety of projects so you don't bog down.



Pisces (February 19-March 19)—This can be a difficult time for you. If you're involved in too much, nothing will get done. Think mostly about business-at-hand, and be practical about the immediate goals you set.

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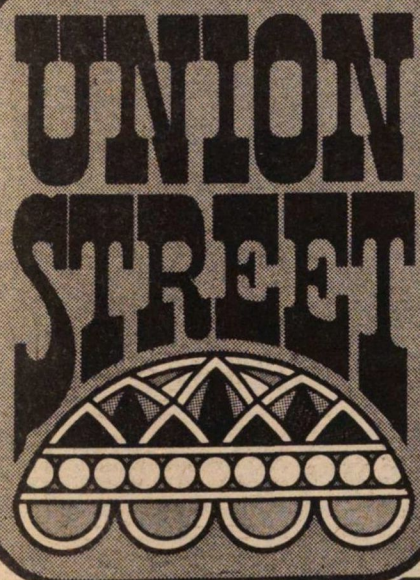


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FREE ROAD MAPS

PBB

continued from page 5

From the beginning, it has been the affected farmers and outside researchers who were initially responsible for discovering the cause of PBB poisoning, revealing its extent, and warning the public of the dangers. Many farmers feel the state deliberately covered up the human and animal health problems caused by PBB.

The Milliken panel recommended lowering PBB levels in Michigan food as a precautionary step because of the possibility that the chemical could cause cancer over a long period of time. They reported that they found no evidence of acute health problems in animals or humans due to PBB. Yet in answering reporters' questions, panel chairman Dr. Isadore Bernstein said that their conclusions about human health were primarily based on two studies: one conducted by the Michigan Chemical Corporation on workers at its St. Louis, Michigan plant where PBB was manufactured (released in June, 1975) and one conducted by the Michigan Department of Public Health (released in March, 1975.) The Health Department study has been severely criticized because the presumably "unexposed" control group of farm families was *not* free of PBB, and because its data were based on blood samples, which some experts feel is an unreliable way to measure PBB exposure. In addition, no follow-up study has been done.

More than a year ago, Michigan and the federal government agreed to undertake an in-depth three-year study of the long-term human health problems associated with PBB. That study will not even begin for several more months. Until the results are in, we may not have any accurate scientific data on the human health problems.

Hank Babbitt sent an informal questionnaire to 500 quarantined farms, asking if the families experienced any health problems. So far, he has had 130 replies. On 80 of the 130 farms responding, a pattern of fatigue, sore joints, stomach and skin problems is apparent. Babbitt doesn't pretend that his study is scientific, but his observations do confirm the reports of farmers across the state.

From the beginning of the PBB disaster to the end, it has been the affected farmers and outside researchers who were initially responsible for discovering the cause of PBB poisoning, revealing its extent, and warning the public of the dangers posed by the problem. They had to convince the state each step of the way that there was something wrong. Instead of being sought out by the Departments of Health and Agriculture, they often accidentally discovered that their farms were contaminated when their animals started showing symptoms of PBB poisoning. In the meantime, they had for months consumed contaminated meat, milk and eggs—months after the grain outlets that distributed contaminated feed were identified.

Earnest and productive farmers concerned about their families and about dairy cows they knew by name, were charged with poor management—not only by the Farm Bureau, which might be expected, but by state agriculture officials too. It has been suggested that the farmers are either hysterical or unscrupulous.

Many farmers feel there has been a deliberate cover-up of the human and animal health problems caused by PBB. They point out that:

- When certain fat samples from exposed cattle were cut in two, and half was sent to the Agriculture Department, the other half to a private lab for testing, the state results were consistently far below those found by the private lab.
- When persons exposed to PBB and suffering from unexplained symptoms volunteered their records to the Health Department, they were told the Department had all the data it needed.
- When Dr. David Salvati, Big Rapids, wanted to have blood serum tests run on patients from a "low-level" farm, he was informed that the state would only accept samples from persons on quarantined farms for testing.
- Eleven samples that Salvati did send in June and July 1975 were reported lost in the mail by the Health Department ten weeks later.
- When Doug Green of Chase and Louise Trombley of Hersey requested that soil samples from their farms be tested for PBB, so they could be sure it was safe to plant, they were told that it was Agriculture Department Policy not to test soil samples.
- In several cases, the Agriculture Department encouraged farmers quarantined because of a few animals tested above the .3 ppm tolerance level to destroy those animals and sell off the rest of their herds without further testing of unchecked animals.

Does this pattern constitute a deliberate cover-up? The answer is unclear. What is clear is that the state has been less than eager to find the answers to the PBB problem, and that the farmers were left holding the bag.

Governor Milliken's panel of experts has now given his administration a new chance to demonstrate its ability to clean up what has become a murky business. Michigan will be watching closely to see what happens.



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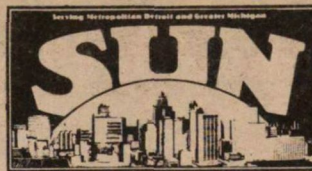
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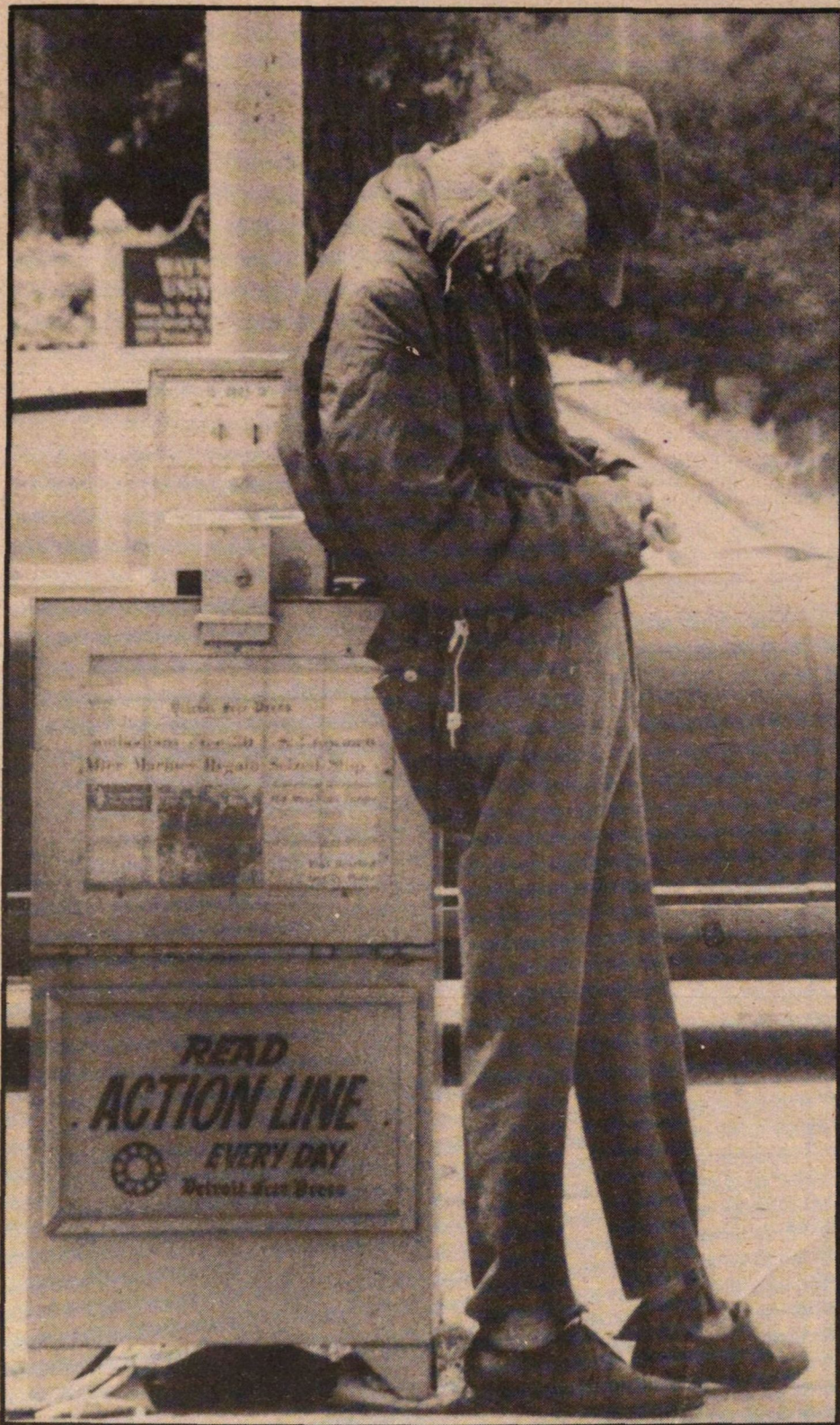
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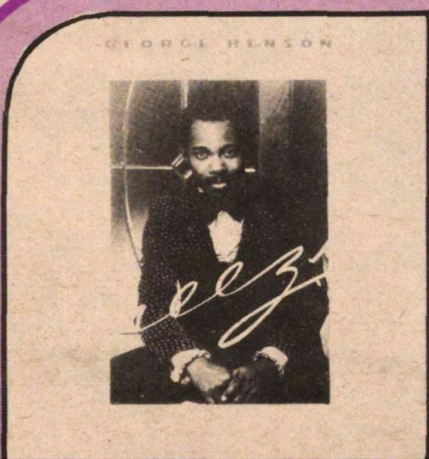
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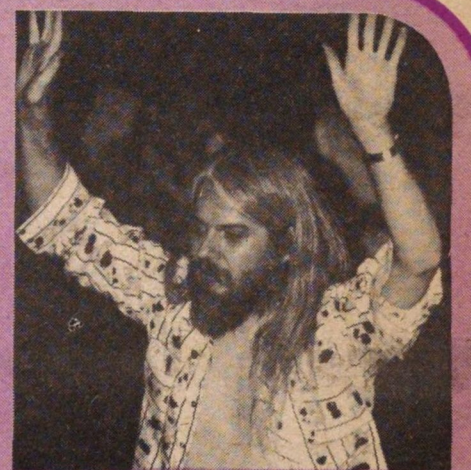
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