

# Ken Cockrel on Police Residency p.5

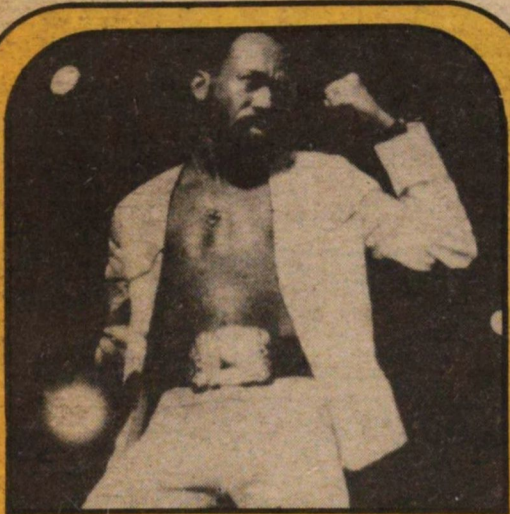
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## THE SUN

Serving Greater Michigan

Volume 3, Issue 18

October 1-15, 1975



**SPECTRUM MUSIC**—"We have humbled ourselves to the universe, allowed ourselves to be used for a positive purpose," says Maurice White of Earth, Wind & Fire. [Page 13.]



**COPS & POLITICS**—Feds and local police, in league with other troglodytes, use Ann Arbor dope busts to launch propaganda attack on \$5 weed law. [Page 7.]



**WHICH IS THE REAL B.S.?**—John Sinclair discusses how Bruce Springsteen became the Great White Hope, and how Bob Seger didn't. [Page 11.]



**COPS & HEROIN**—Dope raids on the "headquarters" recounted as the prosecution rests in the 10th Precinct Conspiracy Trial. [Page 5.]

### White Police Must Live In Detroit Coleman Beats DPOA

By Maureen McDonald

Detroit police will have to spend their nocturnal hours snoring away within the city limits or face immediate suspension, following a landmark ruling by a three-person arbitration panel charged with negotiating police residency.

The panel, in its September 5 decision, insisted that the 5100 members of the Detroit Police Officers Association (DPOA) must be subject to the same laws they enforce: they must live, as well as work, within the 139 square miles of Detroit proper.

Mayor Coleman Young has contended throughout the eight months of arbitration that city residency is crucial to the development of a police force which reflects Detroit's makeup and understands its problems.

"We won the whole baby. We didn't compromise anything," says George Edwards III, former special counsel to the Mayor, who negotiated for the City. Of Harry G. Platt, the chief arbitrator, Edwards says, "Platt couldn't cut the baby in half. He had to give it to somebody. We got it."

Edwards says the end is in sight to the bitter fight waged by the DPOA to destroy the 87-year-old residency clause. That would make the residency victory the latest victory in a series of bold strokes by the Young administration in its effort—as promised in Young's

campaign—to revamp the Police Department.

Shortly after assuming office, Young disbanded STRESS (Stop the Robberies—Enjoy Safe Streets), the department's select paramilitary tactical unit. In its brief but colorful

career, STRESS had become the object of numerous grievances by brutalized or harassed residents and the target of a massive protest movement.

Later, Young won a court order mandating increased hiring of blacks and women by the department. When budget problems threatened to bring major layoffs, and protesting white veterans of the force vamped on black colleagues and reporters in full public view, Young not only saved the jobs of the newly hired police but averted layoffs altogether.

The Young administration's defense of the age-old residency requirement can be seen as the most conservative aspect of his program for the police. All 26,000 municipal employees, including the Mayor, are subject to the same requirement—with the exception of

the Zoo director, employees of the Port Huron Waterworks, and members of the Police Department's Vice Squad. All the other city unions have allowed residency clauses in their contracts, including the firefighters and the Police Lieutenants and Sergeants Association.

The 80 per cent white DPOA has nevertheless tried for seven years to change the requirement. The argument

*Continued on page 5.*

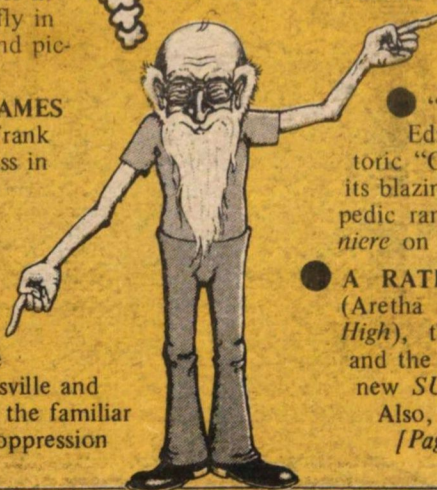


Mayor Coleman Young & DPOA's Ron Sexton

Photo: SUN

### THE INSIDE DOPE

IT'S THE SAME OLD SONG, FOLKS.



● **INTRODUCING IFFY THE DOPESTER**—Detroit's oldest impartor of inimitable insights is also The SUN's newest gadfly in the ointment of Detroit's "rogues and picaroons." [Pages 2, 8]

● **THE CONTINUING RIDDLE OF JAMES RIDDLE HOFFA**—Whether or not Frank Kelley digs up his worm-eaten carcass in a big field, Jimmy Hoffa's "third"—and fatal—mistake is the subject of Brian Flanigan's latest Teamster piece, along with a review of the new Hoffa "autobiography." [Page 3]

● **THE WHITE PLAGUE**—In the wake of this fall's rioting in Boston, Louisville and scores of cities around the country, the familiar historical spectre of black people's oppression

by whites rears its ugly head again. Editor Derek VanPelt discusses the issue and The SUN's careful roundup of "Informed Sources" rears its luminous head. [Pages 6, 7]

● **"A GUIDE TO KULCHUR"**—Kulchur Editor John Sinclair's revival of his historic "Coatpuller" column is presented in all its blazing glory. In fact, we think the encyclopedic range of his commentary is *le mot de neri* on "the scene." [Page 12]

● **A RATHER TASTY** treatment of concerts (Aretha Franklin, Chick Corea), film (*Cooley High*), theatre (*What the Winesellers Buy*), and the myriad new records is presented in the new SUN feature, "Vortex." [Pages 16, 17] Also, The SUN's usual complete Calendar, [Pages 18, 19, 20]



# Mayor Al's CDRS Veto

A round of applause is due Ann Arbor's Mayor Albert Wheeler for his selective veto of the newly-formed Republican/Human Rights Party coalition's Community Development Revenue Sharing (CDRS) proposal.

The city gets CDRS funds from the federal government to use in programs aimed at easing the plight of low and moderate income people. Wheeler has been proposing that instead of scattering the money to a multitude of projects, the funds be utilized in a coordinated fashion under the umbrella of a proposed Human Services Department within City Hall. If the city has a department for road planning, why not one for seeing to human needs like low-cost day care, legal aid, health care, consumer information, and so forth?

The city Republicans, who have been making vicious and thinly-veiled racist attacks against Wheeler every chance they get, wanted to spend all the CDRS money at once and not wait to develop a coordinated agency or approach. They would use much of the money for road repair, new fire trucks and other items outside the purpose of CDRS.

The GOP teamed up with Kathy Kozachenko, the "radical" HRP's lone and probably last City Councilperson, to pass their original proposal over Wheeler's and the Democrats' objections. Kozachenko's alliance with the GOP is a perfect ending for the once attractive HRP, now largely destroyed by abstract rhetoric and probably some government infiltration.

Wheeler's proposal, and now his selective veto, allow for emergency, temporary funding of community organizations until the more coordinated agency approach can be worked out. We fail to see why the HRP could not support such a move.

# Drugs, Cops & PR

The carefully orchestrated political warfare undertaken last week by the federal Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), in close cooperation with Ann Arbor police chief Walter Krasny, was, to say the least, enraging.

The law enforcement officials' attack on Ann Arbor's pioneering \$5 marijuana ordinance as "tolerant of narcotics traffic" lays bare their utter ignorance of the law. In 1971 the Michigan Supreme Court declared that marijuana and hashish were most definitely *not* narcotics. There is nothing in the \$5 pot-law which prevents police on the local, state, or federal level from going after hard narcotics pushers.

If lenient marijuana laws cause a proliferation of "narcotics" continued on page 27



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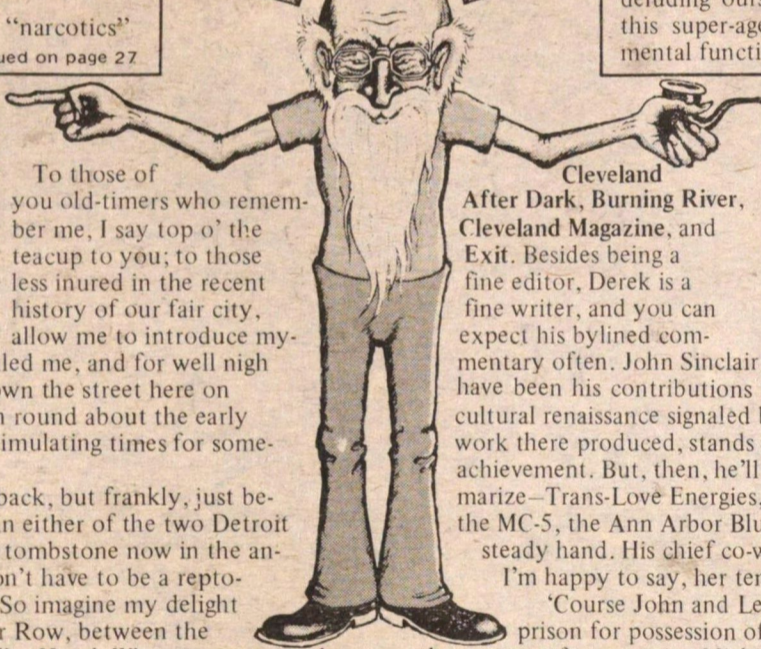
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To those of you old-timers who remember me, I say top o' the teacup to you; to those less inured in the recent history of our fair city, allow me to introduce myself.

Cleveland After Dark, Burning River, Cleveland Magazine, and Exit. Besides being a fine editor, Derek is a fine writer, and you can expect his bylined commentary often. John Sinclair, of course, hardly needs an introduction, so massive have been his contributions to the life of this area for more than a decade now. The cultural renaissance signaled by the Artists' Workshop in 1964, and the astounding work there produced, stands as a unique accomplishment in the annals of cultural achievement. But, then, he'll tell you all about it in his own pages, so I'll just summarize—Trans-Love Energies, the White Panther Party and Rainbow People's Party, the MC-5, the Ann Arbor Blues and Jazz Festivals—all were shepherded by John's steady hand. His chief co-worker in these enterprises, Ms. Leni Sinclair, has begun. I'm happy to say, her tenure as SUN production manager.



David Fenton & Barbara Weinberg



Leni Sinclair



John Sinclair



Derek VanPelt



Ken Cockrel



Ken Kelley

Anyway, I've had this hankerin' in my heart to come back, but frankly, just between you and me, I couldn't bear to peddle my pearls in either of the two Detroit—ahem—newspapers. The *Free Press*, I'm afraid, is but a tombstone now in the annals of lively journalism. And the *News*—well sir, you don't have to be a reptologist to spot a den o' vipers, if you know what I mean. So imagine my delight when the *SUN* moved in right downtown on Newspaper Row, between the twin gray ghosts mentioned above, into the historic Shelby Hotel. Why, no sooner had the *SUN* editors set up shop, than they sent out word on the Iffster grapevine. . . I ain't been recapitulatin' so many cosmic insights since 1936 without a very considerable grapevine, which as I undertake to commence once more in more or less regular fashion, I find ripe with fruit. But, I digress. Anyway, after some delicate negotiations, during which eight and nine figure sums didn't go undiscussed, I was on a masthead for the first time in more than a score of autumnal equinoxes. My one non-negotiable demand is also my motto: I sez 'em as I sees 'em, and no rogues or picaroons can expect to escape comment from these quarters.

I find it altogether fitting and pleasurable, upon this occasion of my own re-harkening, to introduce some new people, and to formally present some familiar people. *SUN* publishers David Fenton and Barbara Weinberg, of course, have been putting out the paper together for the past two years. David is a former *wunderkind* photographer for Liberation News Service, out of which experience came his striking book, *Shots* (Douglas/World 1972). David has been involved with producing the *SUN* since its re-emergence in Ann Arbor in 1971. Barbara, who has done a splendid job in her capacity as *SUN* art director for the past two years, continues in those duties, having been well-prepared for her job by a whole swelter o' degrees at various East Coast and Midwest universities too numerous to mention.

That done, I'm proud to be incarnate alongside the *SUN*'s two new editors, Derek Van Pelt, the editor of this here first section, and John Sinclair, editor of that sizzling new section of the paper, Kulchur. Derek hails from down Lake Erie a bit, Cleveland way, where he had a major hand in all o' that noble city's noble journalistic enterprises—

'Course John and Leni's work was interrupted for two and a half years in prison for possession of two sticks of reefer, but even while incarcerated and in the process of overturning Michigan's vicious marijuana laws with a master legal assault, as well as a mass campaign, John produced a most remarkable chronicle of his activities—a book, *Guitar Army* (Douglas/World 1972). I don't mind sayin' that I detected more than a little of the old Iffy method in his columns over the years for the old *Fifth Estate* and I'm delighted "The Coatpuller" and "The Dopester" will share the same pages this time 'round. Now as I take quill in digit to ponder the next two fellas, my heart fairly palpitates with glee. First, Ken Cockrel, I have the privilege of announcin', is going to be commentin' in the manner of which many a prosecutin' attorney has been withered on the proverbial vine by. That is to say, and all of you folks who peep his stuff in the *Michigan Chronicle* can testify to this, Ken has a persuasiveness, a clarity of construction, a lethal logic, and a clean grasp of the issues that's hard to measure, much less equal. I don't mind sayin' for the record that I'd walk into a room of torch burnin' Ku Kluxoids with Ken Cockrel representing me.

I've another Ken to introduce—Ken Kelley, who's whatcha call a Consultin' Editor, which is just a hifalutin' way of saying that The *SUN* will be able to draw on Ken's considerable range of experience. First as the editor of the *Ann Arbor Argus* in the late '60's, then *Sundance Magazine*, a fine but ill-fated venture in the early '70's, and a slew of other publications, including the *Berkeley Barb*. Ken's a freelance journalist now—he's got a very revealing interview with Mrs. Salvadore Allende in the current *Penthouse*—and he's workin' on a book about Detroit even as I write this. And from what I've seen of it, I can safely predict that it will set some people back on their collective fundamentals.

Enough said! Write me, c/o ITD, *SUN*, Suite 3000, Shelby Hotel, Detroit 48226, and give me your inside dope.



# Legacy of the 'Little Big Man'

By Brian Flanigan

In the swirling mists of the sensationalized cops-and-robbers atmosphere created by the national media since the July 30 disappearance of former Teamsters president Jimmy Hoffa, one fact is often hinted at but rarely stated:

James Riddle Hoffa was a hell of an organizer. His act, in fact, was so tight that everybody paid for it. We still do.

During his stormy ten-year reign as the country's labor kingpin, the "little guy" from the west side of Detroit built the International Brotherhood of Teamsters from 800,000 rank-and-file members into an organization two million strong.

Using over-the-road truckers as the backbone of his organizing campaigns, Hoffa drove his power base into every conceivable corner of American labor.

At least fifteen years before home-grown labor radicals even understood the meaning of the term "service industry," Hoffa's Teamsters were organizing aircraft controllers, clerical workers, hotel and restaurant employees, meter maids, sanitation workers, and a vast army of other city service workers throughout the land.

In recent years, Hoffa's organizing campaigns continued (even in his absence due to an abbreviated prison stretch) into such areas as California's farm fields and Michigan's State Police ranks (see Joe Davis' accompanying story).

Complete control was the name of Hoffa's organizing game, and he didn't

have any problems with letting people know that. Asked on his release from Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary why the Teamsters, then being led by hand-picked successor-turned-traitor Frank Fitzsimmons, were engaged in a bloody field war with Cesar Chavez's United Farm Workers, Hoffa growled, "We cannot and will not allow anybody to control our end of the business, which means we cannot have the fields on strike and affecting the wholesale and delivery and retail end. . . that we already

**James Riddle Hoffa ultimately made every working man and woman in America pay for his ride to power.**

have. That's why you have got to put together the field, the packing shed, and field transportation to the distribution end, to the retail end."

Simply stated, "our end of the business," to Jimmy Hoffa, meant all the business.

And we paid for it.

Since almost everything eaten, worn, or used in this country has to be, at one point or another, transported and stored, Jimmy Hoffa always got a piece of the action.

But to really judge how successful an organizer Hoffa really was, one need only look at how he hustled his own membership and their nest egg—the fabled Teamsters

Pension Fund.

The largest of the 200 union-connected pension plans—the Chicago-based Central States, Southeast and Southwest Areas Pension Fund—was Jimmy's personal cookie jar for almost twenty years.

Most Teamsters knew Hoffa was ripping them off, but with the exception of scattered dissidents around the country, the most common rank-and-file attitude seemed to be, "Okay, Jimmy's getting a little bit off the top, but he's still getting me what I need. That's all I'm worried about."

Jimmy made his membership pay for that attitude.

In recent years, more and more Teamsters appear to be coming up empty-handed when pension time comes around. The reason? A set of pension fund rules that has more holes in it than a pound of swiss cheese.

Sometimes the rap will be, "Gee, we can't verify all your time. Some of these small trucking companies you worked for years ago have gone out of business, and there are no records."

In other instances, it's apparently "Sorry, you transferred from an Iowa local that we don't happen to have a reciprocal agreement with. We can only count your Detroit time toward your pension."

Then of course there's always the "retired early due to medical reasons" set-up. A driver has a legitimate medical problem.

He's talked into leaving the road early "for his health." For five

continued on page 27

## Jimmy's 3rd Mistake

By Brian Flanigan

The fact that he "mysteriously" disappeared two months ago from a Bloomfield Township restaurant parking lot almost guarantees that Jimmy Hoffa's just-released autobiography, **Hoffa: The Real Story**, will be read from Hoboken to Hollywood.

Unfortunately, it's probably not worth it.

For \$8.95, publishers Stein and Day try and hand us a short (175 pages) manuscript peppered with two dozen guarantees that Jimmy Hoffa's just-released autobiography, **Hoffa: The Real Story**, will be read from Hoboken to Hollywood.

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## HOFFA The Real Story by James R. Hoffa



The "real" story?

## Will State Police Be Next For Teamsters?

By Joe Davis

The Michigan State Police may be forbidden by law to join unions, but that isn't stopping Teamsters Local 214, the Detroit-based public employees union, from an all-out effort to bring the State Police into the fold.

In the next few days Joe Valenti, President of Teamsters Local 214, will meet with Michigan State Civil Service Commission Personnel Director Richard Ross in hopes of getting State Police officers the right to unionize.

The meeting is bound to be a test of Teamsters clout. Valenti and his staff will be trying to succeed where State Police have repeatedly failed during the last five or six years.

Valenti's claim to represent the Michigan State Police Command Officers Association (MSPCOA) is based on an August 4 vote by the sergeants and lieutenants in that hitherto fraternal organization to seek affiliation with Local 214.

Like all other classified Michigan Civil Service employees, State Police officers are prohibited by the Public Employees Relations Act of 1965 from bargaining collectively, joining unions, or striking. No other state employees, except for those in state-run colleges and a handful of policy-making and elective positions, are exempt from this law.

Civil Service regulations may have been the proverbial immovable object until now, but the Teamsters' negotiating muscle, combined with the mounting nationwide trend toward more and stronger police unions, may well be an irresistible force.

Few politicians today will risk publicly opposing either the police or the Teamsters. The teaming up of these two powerful interest groups could turn into not only a political double-whammy, but a dangerous concentration of power.

One of the few to express doubts about such possibilities is State Representative Perry Bullard, an Ann Arbor Democrat.

"I favor collective bargaining rights for all employees except, possibly, police officers," Bullard told the SUN, "and I am a little skeptical of strikes by policemen, firefighters, and others who are concerned with maintaining the public safety on a day-to-day basis."

Bullard's qualms were amply substantiated by this summer's police strike, which paralyzed San Francisco. When the City Council there refused to give Mayor Joseph Alioto declared a state

emergency—under which he was empowered to override them. The San Francisco police won their demands by holding the city's head—a form of terrorism conceivably more dangerous than kidnapping, bombing, and hijacking.

The Michigan State Police, by most accounts (including their own), have some legitimate grievances. Detective Sergeant George Bays, President of the MSPCOA, points out that the salaries of state troopers have fallen steadily during recent years, compared with salaries for Michigan's local police officers. Between 1969 and 1975, Michigan State Police salaries have fallen from 6th to 65th place in rankings for all police agencies statewide.

Besides fairer salaries, Bays says, State Police command officers want what he calls the basic "constitutional right" of collectively negotiating a contract. They also want the power to bargain over "working conditions" among which they include residency restrictions; assignments and transfers to a locality; the content of their own qualifying examinations; and seniority.

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# 10th Precinct Conspiracy Trial: The Dope House at 12000 Livernois

By Pamela Johnson

It was probably the wierdest dope raid ever conducted in the city of Detroit.

For one thing the cops called ahead to announce their arrival. For another they chose to make the raid at a time when they knew the suspected operators would be nowhere in sight. And for a third, the address of the pad, reputedly one of the busiest and most lucrative drug operations on the west side, was 12000 Livernois, which happened to be the 10th Precinct station house of our own Detroit Police Department.

Early in the morning of December 8, 1972, then-Lt. George Bennett led members of his special Detail 318, a secret investigative unit set up to probe allegations of police corruption in the city's flourishing narcotics traffic, in a raid on the office of the narcotics unit lodged at the rear of the 10th Precinct station. Acting on information supplied by one Ronald "Big Shooter" Johnson, who was feeding his \$80-a-day habit by copping from the cops in exchange for tips on dope houses ripe for raids, Bennett and his men brought along Robert Bulloch, then head of the department's Internal Affairs Bureau, and phoned the station to say they were coming. They arrived at 7 a.m., when the narc office was unmanned, and quickly proceeded to find what they were looking for.

On the second shelf of a wooden cabinet they found a brown envelope filled with heroin, and on the first shelf they discovered another one. Their search of a narc's pigeon-hole mail box revealed a wad of marijuana. From the bottom drawer of a metal filing cabinet they

took a bag of hundreds of pills, and elsewhere among the files they nosed out two plastic bags of cocaine and another envelope containing heroin.

None of this material had been tagged, marked or identified in any way; none of it was in lock-sealed envelopes; none was under lock and key before its transfer to the Central Narcotics Bureau downtown at the earliest opportunity, as prescribed by department regulations. Instead, all of it had been stashed around the office, waiting, according to several reports, for its redistribution to the community through payoffs to informants and sales to certain favored dealers.

Once Bennett and his men had confiscated the dope, they sorted through and seized a massive collection of drug paraphernalia and related materials, filling three large cardboard boxes with needles, syringes, vials, strainers, ziplock bags, boxes of small envelopes, rolls of aluminum foil, cigarette papers, and several containers filled with various mixes such as dorman, lactose and quinine.

Last week all of the dope and related materials were hauled into Recorder's Court Judge Justin Ravitz's courtroom and spread out on a table in front of the jury hearing the trial of the 10th Precinct Sixteen-nine Detroit police officers and seven civilians charged with conspiring to sell narcotics and obstruct justice. George Bennett, now a deputy chief in the DPD, had finally taken the witness stand himself as the prosecution finished up its lengthy presentation of direct testimony, which began back on July 3rd. And the highlight of what Bennett had to tell the court was his account of the raid on the 10th Precinct narc office.

It was, then, late in 1972 that Sgt. Rudy Davis, head of the narc unit at the 10th and now on trial for crimes that could get him 25 years in prison, must have known the heat was definitely on, and that the "grave train," as he called it according to earlier testimony, would have to come to at least a temporary halt.

Within three months George Bennett would begin bringing witnesses before a Wayne County Citizens Grand Jury that would finally hand down the indictments leading to the current trial.

-P.J.

## Hands Up, Hands Out, But ...

In presenting its case in the 10th Precinct Conspiracy trial, the prosecution called more than 40 witnesses in approximately half a dozen groupings.

First and foremost was the McNeal clan, natives and residents of Birmingham, Alabama until the eldest son Roy ("Alabama Red") gravitated north after a manslaughter conviction and ended up dealing dope in Detroit in 1970. Shortly, most of the adults among Red's dozen brothers and sisters had also come north and were assisting in his business or launching out on their own. Even the matriarch of the clan, Mrs. Chester Lee McNeal, a pleasant-looking but tough-as-nails woman in her 50's, visited for substantial periods of time and served as the family banker and executive advisor.

Then there was the Bailey family: mother Alice and her children, Clarence Dimitrius, Jerome and Judith. For a year or so in 1971 Alice and Alabama Red lived together and were partners in the dope business, and for a while all of the Baileys and most of the McNeals (including Red's sister Olivia, her husband Leroy "Beatnik" Sampson, and their six kids) lived together in a two-family flat on Pingree near 12th. Here they housed prostitutes in the basement and ran one of the area's most popular shooting galleries.

Also testifying were people attached to convicted dope dealer Milton "Happy" Battle, who had arrangements with several of the McNeals and Alice Bailey, including Battle's body guard, runner and enforcer Wiley Reed, and Battle's girlfriend Alexandria "Sandy" Bailey (no relation to Alice). Sandy had previously "belonged" to another reputed drug merchant, TV personality Brother Ed Smith of the Motor City Golden Gospel show on WJBK-TV.

The Chapmans, Harold and his former wife Carolyn Boyd, were a handsome couple who did very well for a while selling heroin and cocaine on the west side in 1972. In fact, they said they made about \$100,000 that year, half of which went to their main source, Sgt. Rudy Davis. According to their testimony, Sgt. Davis supplied them out of his private stock at the 10th Precinct.

Then there were the informants like Peaches Miles, Ronald Johnson, and Melvin Hill, who out of various personal needs made sometimes lucrative, always risky arrangements with cops in the 10th Precinct and eventually lived to tell about it after being recruited by George Bennett and Detail 318.

Finally, testimony came from several cops: from former police commissioner John Nichols, who authorized Bennett and 318 to work outside of normal DPD channels because, obviously, normal DPD channels couldn't be trusted; from officers attached to federal, state and county agencies who assisted 318 in its work; from DPD patrolman Anthony Lopez, a former defendant in the case; and ultimately from members of Detail 318 and George Bennett, whose very strong performance under cross-examination made a number of defense attorneys sorry they had decided to tangle with him.

Before any of the eleven defense counsel began presentation of their clients' side of the case, and leaving aside for the moment the vital question of the jury's assessment of witness credibility, the evidence offered the court by the prosecution witnesses detailed an extensive involvement in the city's disastrous dope trade

on the part of most of the 16 defendants on trial.

Sgt. Rudy Davis, who was convicted on a similar charge last year in another trial based on the investigation of Detail 318 (he was sentenced to 3 to 5 years and is currently out on appeal), clearly emerged as the top cop on the take. According to the sworn testimony of several witnesses, Davis was playing all the angles. He was conducting numerous rip-off tip-over raids where not only dope but plenty of cold cash was likely to be lying around and waiting to end up in his pocket; dogging some of the more successful drug dealers in the area for substantial bribes and payoffs; and actually supplying operators like the Chapmans for a large chunk of the profits. At the same time, Davis may not have been riding his "grave train" alone. One source close to the prosecution refers to Rudy off the record as "just the bag man for the third floor"—the administrative section at DPD headquarters at 1300 Beaubien.

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Sgt. Rudy Davis

Drawings: Barbara Weinberg



Deputy Chief George Bennett

## Pardon Our Language

The SUN would like to apologize to the residents of the Pingree Street area for its past error in applying the name of that neighborhood to the current conspiracy proceedings in Detroit Recorder's Court involving police and heroin dealers. We didn't mean to malign the neighborhood, most of whose citizens would certainly side with us in wishing the blight of the smack business—in which 10th Precinct police seem to have eagerly participated—speedily removed from their streets. It was simply a case of our too facily accepting the current media catch phrase. Accordingly, we will refer to the trial from here on in as the "10th Precinct Conspiracy," more precisely affixing the blame where it belongs.

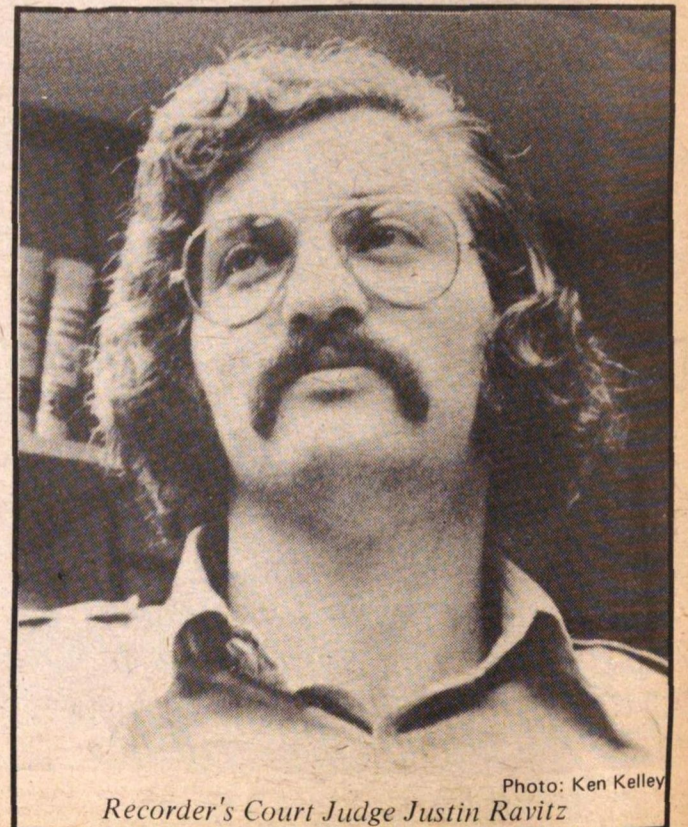


Photo: Ken Kelley

Recorder's Court Judge Justin Ravitz



## Ken Cockrel on DPOA:

# Let 'Em Quit and Work in Dearborn

The recent decision on police residency, which was handed down last week by the three-man arbitration panel chaired by Harry Platt, constitutes a victory for the people of the city of Detroit.

Mayor Young, with whom this column sometimes disagrees, is to be commended for taking an unyielding position on this question.

That his strategy, apparently well presented by his special counsel, George Edwards, has paid off is good news to the people in this community who believe that the DPOA needs to be constantly reminded that they do not run this city.

That the city government has immediately announced its intention to enforce the residency requirement against those cops who now reside outside the city limits should produce some interesting revelations about our local men and women in blue. Estimates of the number of police officers who live in suburbia vary considerably, depending upon the source of the estimate, but surely there are many whose subterfuge should be brought to an abrupt end.

Ronald Sexton, DPOA president, has announced that the police union will appeal though their prospects for success are practically non-existent.

The "never-say-die" posture of the DPOA on residency is a classic example of the backwardness of a public employee union that permits the racism of its members to persist unchallenged.

In an era when unions, both "public" and "private," are reeling defensively from the assaults of an economy in depression, it is absurd to fight against so basic a proposition as residency.

**The police have long benefited from a glorification of their importance that has shielded them from criticism and change in their function in this society.**

It has always been assumed that their work is more important than sanitation workers', for example. Liberal pension and retirement policies for police officers have been envied by other municipal workers for years.

Fringe benefits, such as free lunches and merchandise from "crime-prevention" minded merchants, have made skinny cops an extinct species.

The exuberant swaggering of our local law enforcers has resulted in all manner of outrageous conduct. Drunken police riots, such as the May 9 Federal building debacle, in which armed civilian-clad cops have vented their racist spleen, make Sexton's workers a most unsympathetic lot.

Moreover, policemen are being charged on an almost weekly basis with crimes ranging from sexual assaults to narcotics trafficking, which shows a tendency for abuse of the public trust which makes the most devout cop-lover cringe with suspicion.

The reactions of rank and file cops to the residency decision is, predictably, split along racial lines with black officers being supportive as white officers decry the erosion of their Constitutional rights.

Since crime is on the upsurge in suburbia, those who don't want to live in Detroit should hasten to apply for positions in Dearborn and the other "safe" communities on the outskirts of Detroit.

Of particular interest were

the reports that the New York's Patrolmen's Benevolent Assn. was looking for Detroit to establish a precedent for their battle to rid themselves of a residency requirement in that city.

New York cops have been so blindly destructive in their efforts to intimidate the people of New York that they distributed leaflets at ports of entry to the city in which they discouraged visitors from coming to "Fear City."

It took a court order to end their propaganda campaign.

The deep-seated reactionary behavior of police unions around the country has increased the vulnerability of all public employee unions in this period of financial instability for cities. Boston cops are calling in sick, using a no-overtime dispute as a cover to mask their unwillingness to enforce federal court ordered busing in that strife torn city.

Perhaps someday the cops will realize that they have more in common with the black and poor, unemployed and employed workers who are being sacrificed to the banks and big investors who have long used the cities as sources for expanding their wealth.

Now that the investors in municipal bonds and other creditors of cities, such as the utilities, are panicking over the ability of cities to pay their bills, we can see a skillful game emerging.

The bankers feel that they have lost control in wage settlements and social service costs.

Their elected officials seem to them to have no ability to hold the line against municipal workers, welfare dependents, Medicaid patients and other powerless groups in society.

Instead of focusing public attention on the utilities, the banks, Blue Cross, greedy doctors and nursing home owners and other other avaricious profiteers who benefit from the public municipal and state treasuries, a new cast of villains has been created:

Welfare cheats, instead of greedy landlords and HUD speculators who have bilked aid recipients for decades.

Municipal unions, rather than the banks which hold municipal bonds and pension funds.

Big business insists upon "fiscal accountability" and is now moving, as in New York, to assert the right of ownership that it claims over cities.

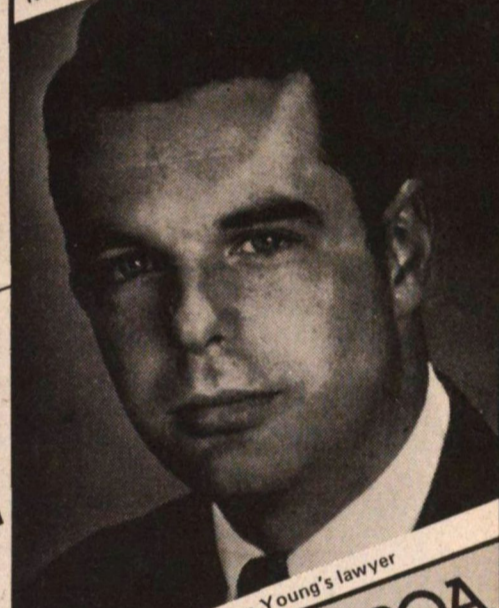
**The point is that capitalist financing of public services through indebtedness to profit-making interests ultimately only benefits the rich, hence both "private enterprise" and "public services" are run for the benefit of the business community and not the workers—even racist cops.**

When big business comes for the take-over in Detroit, we know the DPOA will be on the wrong side of the question, blinded by racism and hence incapable of seeing that their destiny lies with the people of this city who work harder than they do.



Photo: B. Weinberg

Ken Cockrel



George Edwards, Coleman Young's lawyer

## Mayor vs DPOA

Cont. from cover

argument went all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court, but was remanded back to the arbitration panel following a 1974 ruling of the Michigan Supreme Court that residency is subject to city and union negotiations.

DPOA boss Ron Sexton vows to continue the fight in the courts. "If the future of the city depends on 26,000 people living within its borders," Sexton told *The SUN*, "then it is dead already."

Sexton and his union put the City in a paradoxical position: it had to defend the worth of its housing and the safety of its streets against charges made by the police officers responsible for their protection.

Edwards explains that the city, if it lost the arbitration, would face more massive flight to the suburbs, plus intensified crime, racism, and hostility between police and residents. And city officials fear that white officers living in the suburbs and patrolling the inner city represent a kind of "occupying army" to residents.

Sexton says residents don't care where police live, as long as they respond to calls for help. "White officers don't live in the area anyway," he admits. "They live in white neighborhoods. If we're sup-

continued on page 27

## Simple Sexton Sez: 'Cops in Detroit Just Don't Take Bribes'...

Ron Sexton, 32, a white six-year veteran of the Detroit police force, was elected last fall to head the Detroit Police Officers Association. Late in August, Sexton made the following remarks in an interview for *Detroit, the Free Press Magazine*:

"If you put a contract out on Judge Del Rio — ten dollars in food stamps and a '58 Buick — I doubt if anybody'd pick it up...I wouldn't waste 35 cents trying to blow that guy away. The clown isn't worth it."

"I personally know of no policemen, or policewomen, accepting a bribe... Police officers in Detroit just don't take payoffs — not that I know of anyway."

"You can't tell me that many (voters) knew the difference between Justin Ravitz and Mel Ravitz. Most thought they were voting for Mel. There's plenty of others elected just because they have a name."

"Of course we have some racists. But we don't have any more racists than you would find working for the UAW, Teamsters, or on any job. We're men. We're not all perfect."

"It's either us or them that's going to get blown away. The citizens of Detroit better wake up to that fact. It's the good guys—bad guys type of thing."

"We have no faith, nor do we trust Mayor Young and his administration."

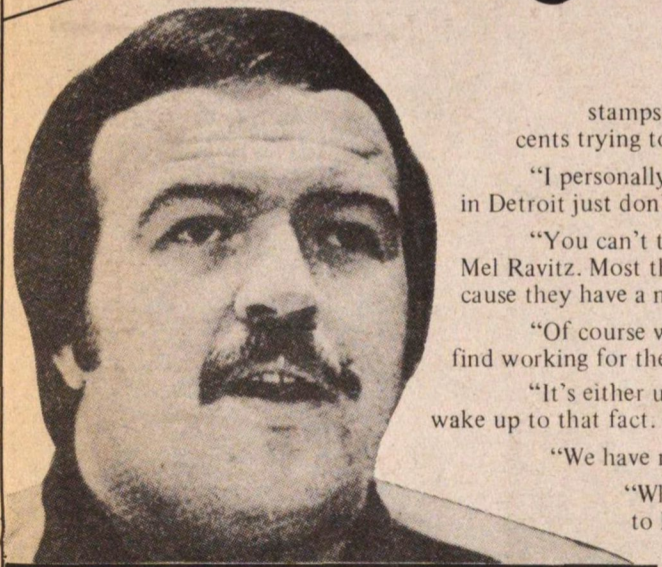
"When word hit the streets that Young and Tannian didn't have the balls to keep STRESS, the dope dudes and their scummy partners partied down.

Because of some bleeding heart bigwigs downtown, people aren't safe to go to the corner grocery."

"Let's face it. Coleman Young is a clown, and Chief Tannian is his puppet."

"We know when someone is stalling and just bullshitting — and let me tell you, it's pure bullshit from some courtrooms to the Manoogian Mansion."

"When you consider that the population of Detroit has gone down, that the crime rate has skyrocketed, that the arrest rate has gone up, that the prison population has gone down — the judges have been miserable failures."



**"Of course we have some racists. But we don't have any more racists than you would find working for the UAW, Teamsters, or on any job. We're men. . ."**





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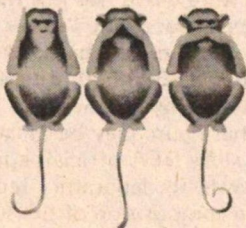
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# Courts

# Special Blasts Pot Law In Wake Of



Krasny (Left) And Federal Official Vernier

# Raid Drug Dealing

**BY GLEN HARRIS**  
City Government Reporter  
A proliferation of opinions and arguments about the legality of a \$5 marijuana law in Michigan is being heard in the Michigan Supreme Court. The law, which was passed by the Michigan Legislature in 1974, allows a person to possess up to 2 1/2 ounces of marijuana for personal use. The law has drawn the attention of both locally and nationally known attorneys and judges.

ing the investigation by undercover agents included six pounds of cocaine, 200 ounces of brown heroin, six pounds of hashish, nine ounces of phencyclidine and 4,000 tablets of barbiturates.

# COPS OUT OF CONTROL

As DEA defendants were being released on bond Thursday pending trial, reports of police and DEA misconduct in the arrests and related developments began to accumulate. By press time, the *SUN* had interviewed eight actual defendants and attorneys, friends, or relatives of a dozen others.

Some of the charges against police and DEA agents have yet to be corroborated—but they are no less substantial, at least, than those against the defendants. The charges against police are not currently being investigated by any law enforcement agency the *SUN* has contacted, and the *SUN* will continue to look into them. Among the allegations:

—Most defendants were asked to sign waivers of their "Miranda" rights against self-incrimination. Some said they were threatened, slapped around, and told they "had to sign" the waivers in the Ann Arbor police lockup and elsewhere. DEA agents pressured at least one defendant to inform on others.

—In one case agents allegedly aimed guns at a suspect who was holding a two-year-old child in his lap as they entered his house to arrest him. As they entered another house they allegedly waved guns around in the presence of at least four children. A DEA agent named Mary is said to have carelessly stepped on a baby as she rushed into the house.

—One defendant said he was hit from behind on the back of the head with a hard object by DEA agent Gary Wade after he had been disarmed and spread-eagled against the side of his car. A second told the *SUN*, "I got the fuck beat out of me." A third was reported to have been hit in the stomach with a rubber mallet. A fourth said agents slapped him around after he made disrespectful remarks. A fifth was reported to have been hit on the back of the head with a pistol. The *SUN* has received second-hand reports of such assaults on other defendants.

—On Wednesday night, as many as 15 persons were crowded for some 12 hours in the Oakland County Jail bullpen—which measures roughly 15 by 25 feet—while another cell stood empty nearby. Several told of seeing a man with three long freshly-stitched gashes on his head being thrown shirtless and shoeless onto the floor there. This man was apparently not arrested in connection with the drug raids.

—Many defendants told of being insulted, verbally abused, and in some cases threatened by officers holding them in custody.

—One defendant said a Michigan State Police Intelligence officer pointed to his defense lawyer, who was walking out of the Ann Arbor lockup area at the time, and muttered, "We'll get you next." Agents from the Washtenaw Area Narcotics Team (WANT) and the DEA are alleged by at least three persons to have taunted, "Tell it to the *SUN*," when they complained of abuses.

—The apartment of one defendant was burglarized and ransacked Thursday, and photo albums strewn on the living room floor. The only thing missing was a photograph of DEA agent Harold Wankel (alias Doug, Jerome, Alan, Al, and Jeff), who arrested that defendant.

—When *SUN* Art Director Barbara Weinberg attempted to sketch one of the DEA informants in court last Friday, the young woman informant tried to snatch her sketch pad. Weinberg, who was followed as she escaped down an elevator, was later ordered by the judge to surrender the sketch.

—J.D.

# Narcs Stage Busts, Hype Tough Drug Laws

By Joe Davis

**F**ollowing a series of drug raids in Ann Arbor last week, federal drug officials, Ann Arbor police, and Republican City Council members combined to attack the city's \$5 marijuana ordinance. Using the storm-trooper tactics which have won them such notoriety (see related story at right), special agents at the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) teamed up with "scores" of Ann Arbor police to round up a collection of 34 people who were accused of selling hashish, cocaine, heroin, and other drugs. The DEA issued an outrageously inflated figure of \$4 million as the street value of drugs removed from the market, and Regional Director Theodore L. Vernier called it "one of the largest operations to be broken up in the nation," even though all but a handful of those arrested were charged with selling comparatively small quantities of drugs.

Vernier and Ann Arbor Police Chief Walter Krasny used the arrests as an occasion to call a press conference, in which they launched a political attack on "permissive" state and local drug laws, called Ann Arbor a "virtual supermarket for drugs," and charged: "This is what can happen to a community when it becomes permissive and tolerant of narcotics." Vernier took a leaf from Harry Anslinger's book by reviving the discredited contention that marijuana use leads to harder drugs, and called for "certainty of punishment" for drug offenders. He failed, of course, to differentiate marijuana, which was removed from the state's list of narcotic drugs four years ago, from hard drugs.

A sympathetic veteran police reporter for the *Ann Arbor News* obligingly reproduced the DEA's "facts," and Republicans on City Council immediately began agitating for the repeal of the \$5 law. University of Michigan security chief Frederick E. Davids, former State Police director, jumped on the bandwagon by calling for the removal from office of politicians like State Representative Perry Bullard (Democrat, Ann Arbor), who has smoked reefer publicly to clarify his views on the marijuana laws.

**A**nn Arbor Mayor Albert Wheeler was incensed at not being informed of the raids

until they were in progress and at the viciousness of the DEA's attack on the city. He called Vernier and Krasny's press release "propaganda and a maligning of this community. I resent it being made by someone who doesn't live in this city, and I resent the fact that it carries the signature of our own Chief of Police." Asked why Wheeler was not informed, Vernier said, "Our communications responsibility is to the law enforcement officials in the city or state we're working in." Krasny told the *SUN*, "I work for [City Mgr.] Sy Murray, not Al Wheeler."

Representative Bullard, a member of the Michigan House Judiciary Committee, says the whole operation was timed to coincide with the Committee's hearings this Monday in Ann Arbor. The Committee is holding hearings on the heroin laws in several cities. Chairman Paul Rosenbaum made the decision to hold this week's hearings in Ann Arbor in early August, when the four-month DEA investigation was well under way. Political insiders say Rosenbaum wants maximum publicity for the hearings because he has his eye on the state Attorney General's job. Over two-thirds of the testimony before the Committee has been from Michigan law enforcement agents.

Especially prominent among those pushing for tougher heroin laws before the Committee have been Vernier and State Police Director George Halverson, reportedly the first Michigan police officer to be informed of the impending DEA dragnet in Ann Arbor.

**B**ullard says Halverson, Vernier, and other top law enforcement officials have formed a "network" now making an "orchestrated" and "overt" thrust into the local political arena. "This was a politically motivated action by police," he charges. "It's like the army in politics, but here it's the police. With periodic raids, police try to increase their bureaucracies and mold public sentiment so they can do wiretapping and increase their power in our society."

Krasny and Vernier used the occasion to pitch for increased funding and "cooperation" for local narcotics units, moving Wheeler to retort, "What the hell does Vernier know about the budget? The Police Department gets the largest chunk. It's none of his damn business."

Wheeler says he doesn't see Council voting more money for Krasny, "at least on that basis."

Krasny characterized Bullard's charges of political grandstanding as "a bunch of crap." Vernier responded, "That's absolutely ridiculous. We're not involved in politics. We're just doing our job."

The law enforcement agencies' press release suggests otherwise. What little it said about the arrests grossly misrepresented the facts, and most of the text was devoted to undisguised attacks on the \$5 marijuana law, its alleged encouragement of hard drug use and sales, and plugs for the proposed state law—which would extend police wiretapping powers and increase the minimum sentences for heroin.

**N**evertheless, the inaccuracies in the release were reprinted without question by crusading right-wing *Ann Arbor News* columnist William Trembl, a former police reporter whose twenty years of cronyism with police should have made him more careful. Police told Trembl about the impending raids by Wednesday noon, three or four hours before Mayor Wheeler knew about them.

During the first days of the media campaign, Trembl's articles were useful to the DEA; but they went so far beyond the pale of truth that even the DEA now disavows him. Washington DEA Public Information Officer Con Dockerty told the *SUN* that Trembl's stories had the facts "totally wrong, totally inaccurate."

Trembl's worst mistake was swallowing whole Vernier's statement that \$4 million worth of controlled substances had been purchased or seized. UPI also carried the figure, and Vernier confirmed it to the *SUN*. But Dockerty says the total wholesale value of the purchases on which the warrants were based was less than \$75,000. He placed the "street value" of all drugs seized or purchased at between \$400,000 and \$500,000—a tenth of the figure released by Vernier.

Even that figure may be substantially inflated, since DEA officials apparently couldn't wait for laboratory reports to verify the composition of the substances they confiscated. Defendants indicated that one of their number had sold four pounds of pure lactose, a harmless white powder, to the feds as cocaine.







# American as Bunker Hill

grievances) to show their solidarity.

The "busing issue" has provided fertile breeding grounds for the Ku Klux Klan (remember them? A thing of the past, you say?) The Klan has been openly organizing mass rallies in Louisville to feed the flames of racism. In Dayton, a white college professor and federal desegregation planner was assassinated by a parent whose children had been bused for the first time that day. Boston's Charlestown is an armed camp where non-whites set foot at the peril of their lives and police clash nightly with white teenage gangs.

No one pretends that there is a quick, easy solution to the problem of quality education for all races, to the challenge of overcoming the impoverishment of black schools and the ingrained racism

of white communities like Charlestown. But in the meantime, busing is very likely the only way many white children will have the chance to spend some time around their black peers, thereby having at least some opportunity to overcome their parent's prejudices. Parent's attempts to evoke noble motives in defense of their racism, and the pandering of politicians to such attitudes, diminish further the likelihood that any positive desegregation program — busing or whatever — will be successfully implemented in the near future.

# What If They Spray Detroit?



Last Saturday public health authorities in Windsor, Ontario, carried out the spraying, via airplane, of vast stretches of Windsor and environs in order to eradicate mosquitoes spreading St. Louis encephalitis, more commonly known as "sleeping sickness." Following the wet weather of the past several weeks, the mosquitoes have been venturing farther north than usual. In early September, the health department in Cleveland sprayed most of the city for the same reason.

In Cleveland, where authorities have reported 127 suspected and 16 confirmed cases of the disease, including five deaths, health officials used malathion, an organo-phosphate similar in structure to nerve gases. In large enough doses, it can cause tremors, muscular spasms, convulsions, and eventual death. Rachel Carson, in *Silent Spring*, reported thousands of deaths from malathion poisoning.

In Windsor, which has reported 76 suspected cases and 24 confirmed cases of St. Louis encephalitis, including two deaths, the chemical used is called propoxur (trade name Baygon), a carbamate with the same toxicity as malathion. Humans are normally protected from the effects of these chemicals because we have an enzyme which detoxifies them. But some substances can interfere with this enzyme, including carbon monoxide and barbiturates. Alcoholics and people with liver trouble can have the same problem. In these cases, the chemicals can effect humans just as they do mosquitoes.

Another danger of these chemicals is that other pesticides may destroy the detoxifying enzyme. The ensuing effect is called potentiation.

Cleveland Health Director Dr. Ronald Swanger points out that "No one has ever proven the correlation between malathion and deaths." But much as the relationship between cigarettes and cancer, the chemical evidence indicates

strong potential for harm.

Although most of the offending mosquitoes would soon be killed by cold weather anyway, Dr. Donald McDonald, Director of Environmental Services for the Metro Windsor-Essex County Health Unit, fears that the encephalitis virus may make it through the winter in the bodies of mosquitoes who survive the spraying to winter in their dormant stage. McDonald's department is reviewing possible measures to deal with this possibility. Unfortunately, there seems to be no simple alternative to spraying. Cleaning up the mosquitoes' breeding grounds is a costly process in a large urban area.

Since there have been outbreaks of St. Louis encephalitis throughout the Midwest and Canada this fall, it's difficult to say why we haven't heard about a problem in Detroit. McDonald suggests that the only difference may be in the reporting system for cases. If Detroit officials do have to spray, the SUN can only recommend that people with any of the problems listed above, as well as any respiratory condition, remain indoors or away from the sprayed areas until the chemical has settled and dispersed.

-DVP



Informed Sources...

Informed Sources...

# Squeaky, Sara & Patty

# Gaining, Their Worst

Castleman

In another legal maneuver, the Teamsters brought a suit requesting that over 150 ranches in the Salinas Valley Western Growers' Association be declared one bargaining unit, and asking for one valley-wide election, instead of ranch-by-ranch elections. There were two reasons for this strategy. First, the Teamsters hoped to force the UFW to spread its organizing forces too thin to be really effective. Second, they hoped to delay announcement of the outcome of the Salinas elections by asking that the ballots be impounded pending a decision on their suit. Salinas has long been an area of UFW strength. The Teamsters hoped to tie up the early Salinas elections in court and thus prevent the expected UFW victories there from generating a ripple effect of UFW victories around the state. The Teamster suit has been dismissed, and so far the UFW has won 17 of 24 Salinas ranches, or about 70 percent.

However, UFW election victories do not mean an immediate end to the grape and lettuce boycotts. The UFW must still hammer out contracts on the new ranches it has won, which could take months. Meanwhile, the UFW is asking its supporters to continue boycotting all grapes and head lettuce that do not carry the UFW label.

The Gallo Winery election, nationally important because of the UFW-sponsored Gallo wine boycott, is still undecided, despite enthusiastic Teamster claims of victory. Currently, the Teamsters lead 223 to 131, but the UFW has challenged 197 of these votes. Depending on how the election board rules, the election could still go either way, and informed observers expect it to be close. Most challenged votes concern UFW-supported Gallo strikers whom the company did not allow to vote, despite a provision in the Agricultural Labor Relations Act which specifically grants voting privileges to strikers. Hearings on the Gallo election are scheduled to begin October 6.

The UFW is challenging several elections because of grower intimidation. On one ranch, foremen lied to workers that election day would also be the day the Immigration Service would check their work documents. Workers who are in the U.S. illegally (many brought in by growers as scabs) did not show up to vote for fear of deportation.

The UFW also charges that the Teamsters have submitted forged authorization cards. A union must have 20 percent of the workers sign cards in order to appear on the ballot. Presumably, a worker who signs a card stating his or her preference for a certain union will also vote for that union. The Teamsters got on the ballot at both Inter-Harvest and Pick D'Rite, but scored far below 20 per cent in the elections: under five percent at Inter, and not a single vote at Pick D'Rite.

Nonetheless, despite harassment, unfair labor practices, and legal ploys, the United Farm Workers Union is winning the right to represent a substantial proportion of California's field laborers.

Between the two recent attempts on the life of Gerald Ford and the capture of turncoat heiress Patty Hearst, newspaper readers and television viewers have been constantly entertained for the past few weeks with front-page headlines and "probing" features on the Manson family, the so-called SLA, and other bizarre phenomena of the '70's.

As a result of this media barrage, international attention is focused on a political viewpoint which has

been out of the public eye since the disappearance of the Weather people. The SLA trip always came on so weird and apocalyptic, even for the Bay area, that even sympathetic observers immediately suspected it of originating in the realms of the FBI, CIA, etc.

Poor Patty Hearst vacillates between "revolutionary" posturing and accusing her "comrades" of "brainwashing her. Squeaky

Fromme babbles about a "people's interna-

tional corps of retribution." Sara Jane Moore apparently expects us to believe she took a shot at the President to impress

her new "radical" friends and shake her FBI associations. Speculation is rife concerning Moore's possible relationships with both the FBI and the SLA.

Reading between the lines, a few facts are visible through the confusion: Ford has a great new

issue — sympathy — to exploit in his campaign to stay in the White House. The left can again be connected in the public mind with armed terrorism. And the state of California can be

held up as an example of how a state which harbors "radical" enclaves becomes a breeding ground for crazies. Whether there is a hand behind all this remains to be seen, but it certainly is curious, to say the least.

-DVP

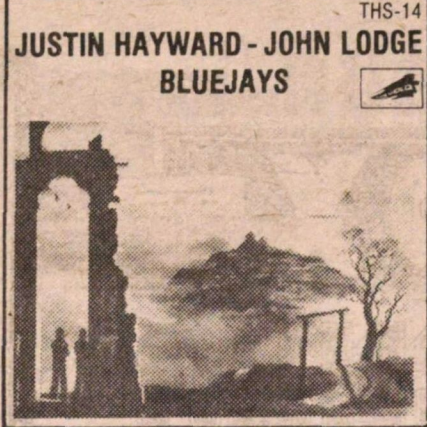
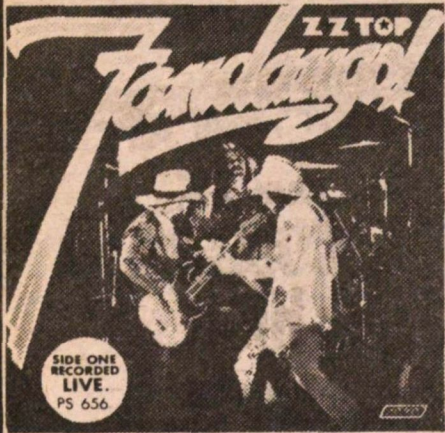


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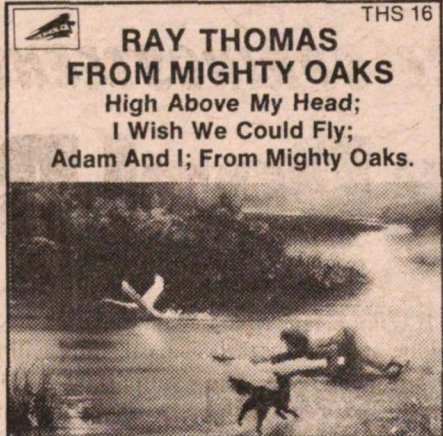
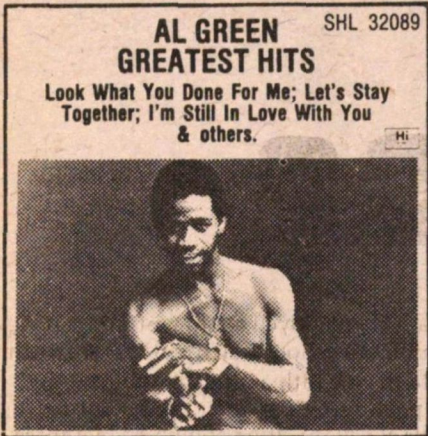
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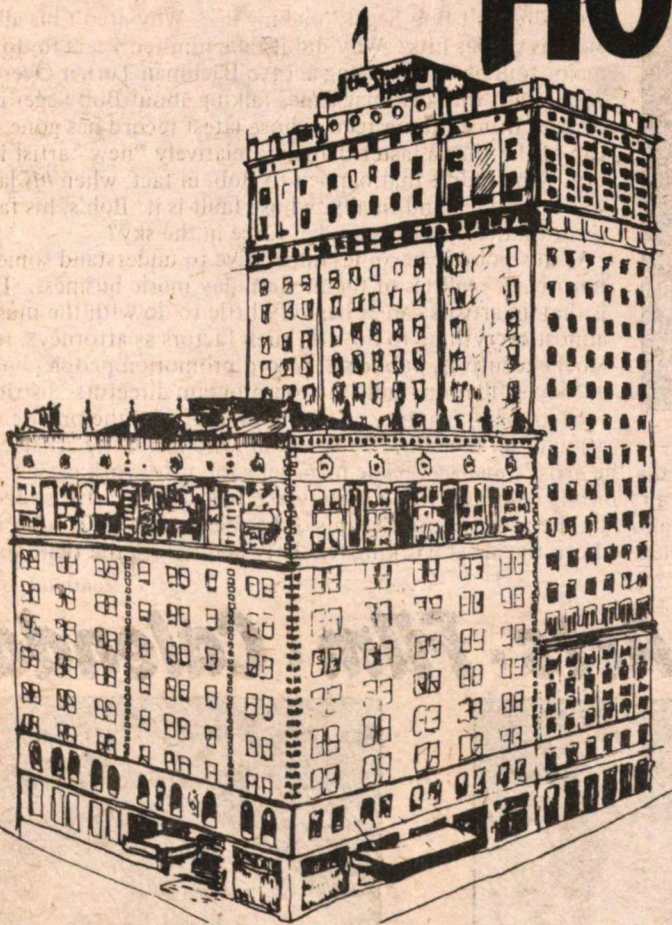
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ACTION PULLY FUN  
AND THRILLS  
ALL COLOR RATED PG  
**"COOLEY  
HIGH"**  
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**"SHEBA BABY"**

**BOB SEGER/BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN:**

# Which Is The Real B.S.?

By John Sinclair

Detroit, and indeed the nation, seems to feel the need right now for some strong figure to emerge from the vapid wastelands of pop—a dynamic personage of music, decidedly not politics, who will be for now what the Beatles, Bob Dylan, the Rolling Stones, Woodstock et al. were for the young white people of their time.

I say "young white people" because young black people—black people of all ages—have plenty of musical inspiration these days, whereas the artistically potent white musical superstars are few and far between. Popular black music has never been so vital and exciting, and the clear prospect is that black music will soon take its rightful place, indisputably in the forefront of all popular American music.

Young white people in Detroit, or at least 24,000 of them, got their hopes raised considerably last month when Bob Seger filled Cobo Hall for two nights of excellent rock and roll music. A truly triumphant home-town smash occasion, the Cobo concerts presented Bob's consummate writing, singing, and performing genius to a wildly supportive and genuinely loving audience of Seger's fellow Motor City-ites. Bob and the Silver Bullet Band (featuring the very tasteful guitar work of Drew Abbott) fed the crowd's energy straight back to them, and the evening moved beautifully, logically, and even quite swiftly toward a mutually satisfying climax for Bob, the band and the assembled multitudes.

By "consummate" I mean that Seger has mastered the form in which he has chosen to work—the art of rock and roll—the way few other white musicians have. (We must remember that rock and roll is a black art form just as much as jazz, blues, r&b are black forms. Often now they make it sound like it started with Elvis Presley, or the Beatles, but it didn't.) Masters of rock and roll would include Chuck Berry, Little Richard Penniman, Antoine "Fats" Domino, Ellas "Bo Diddley" McDaniels: the Big Four of the period 1954-59; men who created a coherent body of work based in their own compositions and their codifications of existing traditions. In recent years Bob Dylan, the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, Jimi Hendrix, Sly Stone, Mitch Ryder & the Detroit Wheels, the Who, and very few others have approached mastery of the form in the same term as the Big Four, above; the period was 1964-1969; and the *first* term is the level of sheer emotional excitement created in the listener, for "that is rock and roll."

Bob Seger is a person—an artist—I would add to the list of latter-day masters of the form; sad to say, he's one of the few such persons to grace our presence these days, and the fact that he has never sold millions of records nor appeared on national television in no way diminishes his tremendous artistic accomplishment.

It is important to understand *why* Bob Seger has never enjoyed a string of hit records, let alone even one national smash, and I will turn to that question shortly. But it is even more

important to appreciate the breadth and the depth of Bob's works, as well as their poetic strength, their precision to actual street realities, and their always-exciting compositional force.

You can play "Heavy Music," "Lookin' Back," "2 + 2 = ?," "Ramblin' Gamblin' Man," and numerous of other Seger performances alongside the best pieces by any of the people named above and not turn away disgusted. You can even listen to "East Side Story," "Persecution Smith," "2 + 2 = ?" (my favorite Seger work), "Get Out of Denver," and "Highway Child" as true extensions of the original Chuck Berry tradition, just as Ornette Coleman was a true extension of Bird.

Seger writes truly great rock and roll songs, in short, and he produces them on records so they come out intact. He now produces them consistently in concert as well, with a band he's had together basically for the last three years, and a masterful delivery to top it all off. The Cobo concerts were superb in every way, and happily Bob and Capitol Records had the foresight to have them recorded for release soon as Bob's first "live" LP.



Bob Seger



Clarence Clemons & Bruce Springsteen

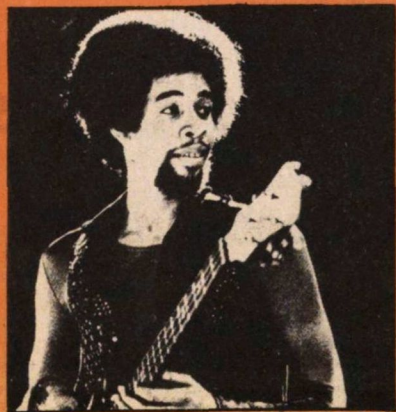
So why isn't Bob Seger "making it"? Why aren't his albums and his singles hits? Why did it take him ten years to do his first major tour as a supporting act (to Bachman-Turner Overdrive)? Why aren't the rock magazines talking about Bob Seger instead of, say, Bruce Springsteen, whose latest record has gone to the top of the charts faster than any relatively "new" artist in memory. Why didn't that happen to Bob, in fact, when *his* last record was released? And finally, whose fault is it: Bob's, his fans, the record industry, some unseen force in the sky?

At this point it becomes imperative to understand some of the most basic realities of the modern-day music business. The fact is that an artist's career has very little to do with the music and almost everything to do with such factors as attorneys, record label executives, publicists, record promotion people, booking agency affiliation, radio station program directors, distributors, rack-jobbers, visibility at the retail level, and the precise coordination of all the above by someone who is not the artist.

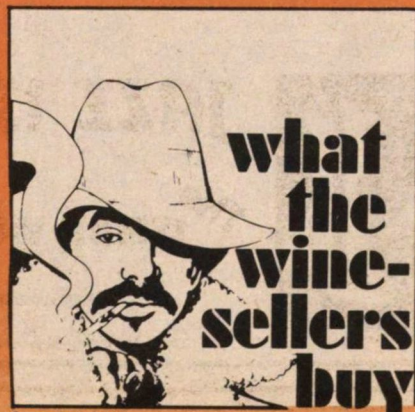
This person is generally the artist's manager. The manager's job is to work closely with the artist to secure, first, a recording contract with a label which will sell the artist's records in large quantities after allowing the artist to produce his or her best work. Second, a booking agency must be retained to keep the artist working regularly and before the right audiences,

continued on page 15

## Records • Concerts • Theatre • Fine Arts • Film • Calendar



Stanley Clarke [pg.16-17]



[pg.16-17]



Harold Melvin [pg.16-17]



Aretha Franklin [pg.16-17]





Shades of the rock and roll wars of the late sixties! Young Steve Glantz, Gabe's son in more ways than one, it would seem, raided a contracted bill at the newly-renovated Showcase Theatre September 20th, inducing Steppenwolf to break their date with the Showcase to go into Glantz's Michigan Palace for more bread. It's pretty shitty when a major promoter can't stand for a 2000-seat hall like the Showcase to try to establish itself as a place for lesser-known talent to be exposed in this town. Look for a feature on the new Showcase in our next issue. After digging Bob Marley & the Wailers there earlier in the summer, I can't help but hope they make it work. . . . We had planned to do an obituary for the Fifth Estate, but it appears the old rag isn't really dead yet—it just smells that way. The Fifth, named for a coffeehouse in Los Angeles ten years ago, has taken a very interesting step backwards, choosing to deal with less than a thousand or two of their fellow citizens in their noble publishing efforts. While their current issue, a "parody" of the SUN which is for three pages the most interesting issue of the Fifth in a few years, would seem to suggest a return to the consciousness of 1968, in reality the Fifters have gone all the way back to 1964. Congratulations to Brother Peter Twerpie (the erstwhile high-paid late-night talk-show hot-shot for the local ABC—isn't that the Anarchist Broadcasting Corp.—radio outlet) and his lovely wife Marilyn out there in Rochester. Using our cover should help them sell a few papers for a change. Maybe they'll start a FREE SQUEAKY movement next. . . . J.J.'s Lounge in the Shelby Hotel is open once again, with the Lyman Woodard Organization back in the saddle Wednesdays through Saturdays. The only major change is the \$2.00 cover charge, but if music's worth anything, the deuce is not so bad. Meanwhile the Tribe has moved into the Pretzel Bowl Saloon on Woodward north of Davison in Highland Park, where the LWO spent most of the summer. Tasty snacks and excellent music, to be sure, but the Bowl has emitted sort of a strange vibe ever since Michael Henderson (Miles Davis's bass player) and Norma Bell (saxophonist with the

and Willis. There is also a whole lot of talk that Motown is opening two new studios in Detroit, which would be a wonderful thing at this point in time, as they say. Barney Ales is back in as President of the Motown Record Corp., replacing Ewart Abner, and the Holland Bros. (Eddie & Brian) are reported to be back in charge of A & R. We'll see what we can find out next time . . . Speaking of which, Charles Moore has been rehearsing a new band of guitar players and drummers called BANG, fronted by himself, which will turn some heads as soon as it hits the street. . . . Cobb's Corner Bar, Willis at Cass, is featuring the very stimulating music of Bob McDonald, with bassist Rod Hicks and drummer Frank Isola, on Monday nights. No cover, can't beat it. . . . Detroit's resident mobile recording service, Chuck Buchanan's Metro Audio, has been busy lately cutting live dates all over the midwest, including three days with War in Chicago, the Charlie Daniels Band Volunteer Jamboree in Tennessee, and Bob Seger's two nights at Cobo Hall. That's their sound on Gladys Knight's "The Way We Were," recorded at Pine Knob last summer. . . . Have you noticed the goofy T-shirt decal competition between the two honkey newspapers in town? And the Free Press's psychedelic underground adult T-shirt gimmick? What will they get into next, roach clips? . . . WJLB's Al Perkins presents Detroit's own Ron Banks & the Dramatics, the Choice 4, and Angelo Bond & the Bondage Review, Saturday Oct. 4 at Cobo Hall, with the Choice 4 filling out the weekend at the 20 Grand . . . Sunday the 5th should take you to Cranbrook's Academy of Art Museum for the first in a series of "Detroit's Jazz Today" concerts which will warm up the winter this year. Mixed Bag, the excellent unit from Ann Arbor, plays at 3:00 p.m. Oct. 5th, at the North Woodward cultural complex at Cranbrook. Producer Bud Spangler says of Mixed Bag, the most "exciting and original small combo playing any place in the country today." Bud, incidentally, can still be heard Monday nights on WDET-FM (101.9) with his "Jazz Today" program. . . . Rudy Robinson & his Hungry 5 have a new single

## • Guide To Kulchur •

*"The struggle was, and still might be, to preserve some of the values that make life worth living."*

—Ezra Pound, at 85, 1970

It has been some time since I have engaged in this sort of work—editing a cultural journal—and I will be a little rusty, but we should all end up enjoying ourselves somewhat in these humble pages. You will get some idea of my aesthetic, and of the range of my interest, from this first edition; but it will take a while to build the kind of digest I intend to develop in this space each issue.

For one thing, I don't intend to write it all myself, and I am quite anxious to gain the services of any number of writers in the area who may feel compelled to submit their work to me for consideration here. If you're interested in covering features, concerts, interviews, records, films, books, theatre and other art events for the KULCHUR section of the SUN, please send me your personal resume and two examples of your current writing c/o The Sun, P.O. Box 7217, North End Station, Detroit, MI 48202.

For another thing, there isn't the space yet to give Detroit and the surrounding area the breadth and depth of coverage it deserves. Additional space must be paid for with increased advertising revenue. As our advertisers increase, so will the size of this section, giving us more room for reviews, interviews, previews, overviews, and point-of-views presently impossible to present in this limited format.

Detroit is currently enjoying the first stages of what should prove to be a full-blown cultural renaissance; I, for one, feel fortunate to be part of it, and my chief ambition with this section will be to contribute to the spirit, the size and the scope of this phenomenon. I shall not engage in the mindless kind of "Boost Detroit" campaigns which seem so popular with our colleagues in the daily prints, but I do intend to draw your attention to as many of the dynamic aspects of Motor City kulchur as I can manage, in the hope that you may come to love them as much as I do. If I can do that for you, believe me, I'll have accomplished something.

As far as a credo is concerned, I can do no better than to quote, once again, in closing, the late E.P., from the Preface to his Guide to Kulchur:

*"It is my intention in this booklet to COMMIT myself on as many points as possible, that means that I shall make a number of statements which very few men can AFFORD to make, for the simple reason that such taking sides might jeopardize their incomes (directly) or their prestige or 'position' in one or other of the professional 'worlds.' Given my freedom, I may be a fool to use it, but I wd. be a cad not to."*

—John Sinclair, at 34, 1975



Fito



Johnny Bee

LWO) had the police sicked on them a few weeks ago—while they were on the stand! . . . Lowman's Westside Club is the hottest place in town right now—Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes were SRO during the middle of September in the main showroom, while the 1700-capacity cabaret hall on the "B" side of the club was packed to the rafters. Whew! Hope they can keep it up, but then it all has to do with who you present, and if Kim Weston can keep hitting with talent like H.M. & the B.N.'s, Jerry Butler, Johnny "Guitar" Watson, Terry Collier, et al., they just can't lose. (Kim is behind the talent policy at Lowman's, and we're behind Kim all the way. Just what the city needed!). . .

Drummer-composer-singer-genuine rock & roll archetype Johnny Bee (Badanjek) slid back into town recently after spending a few weeks out west cutting a demo and doing sessions for Dr. John's new LP, due out soon. Seems that keyboard ace Barry Goldberg dug the Bee's great tunes, took the rest of the band (Jim McCarty on guitar, John Fraga on bass) into the studio, produced and played keyboards on the cuts, and is now trying to shop the demo around among the major companies. . . . You can hear jazz on AM every night during the week on WJLB radio, with John Edwards doing the honors. . . . Meanwhile, WJZZ-FM, the 24-hour Detroit jazz station, seems to be upgrading their "guest artist of the week" feature, with Charlie Parker, Miles Davis, and Mose Allison hitting for three successive weeks. One still hopes for something a little less "jazzy" and a whole lot more JAZZ-like, tho. Now if Bobby Bass, the new station manager there, could put some of his hip ideas on "progressive black radio" into action, we might just have something worth listening to in this town. . . . Blues fans will love to know that the Detroit Blues Club with Bobo Jenkins is presenting Detroit blues players at Ben's Hi Chapparral at Gratiot & Forest every Thursday night, with the help of the Coachman on m.c. Have mercy! . . . Fito and his Salsa-Rock band are churning out the good stuff at Moby Dick's in Dearborn (Schaeffer between Michigan and Ford Road) Thursday-Saturday. . . . Heard Dan Carlisle's thinking of leaving town again. . . . Noticed the "For Sale" sign go up at the two Motown properties on Woodward Avenue recently—the former World Headquarters of the big M at Woodward and the Fisher Freeway, and the old Graystone Ballroom on Woodward between Canfield



Carol Taylor



Charles Moore

out, "The Last Time the Family Had a Party." . . . Be sure not to miss the dynamic Richard Pryor Monday, Oct. 6. . . . The Detroit Opera Theatre presents the American folk opera Porgy & Bess at the Music Hall downtown for ten days, Oct. 3-11, featuring 60 young black Detroiters with some heavy out-of-town stars. . . . Al Hudson & the Soul Partners, a fast-rising Motor City group getting ready to release their first records for Atlantic, hit the home-town big-time November 2 when they join the mighty Spinners and Minnie Riperton on stage at Olympia. . . . Dudley Randall's Broadside Press, a solid Detroit institution known all over the world for its innovative publishing feats, celebrated its tenth anniversary last weekend with a three-day poetry festival featuring Don L. Lee, Sonia Sanchez, Audre Lord, and other poetry notables. Congratulations Bro. Randall! . . . Nancy Wilson swept through Detroit last Saturday night for a concert at Masonic. The Main Ingredient opening for Sweet Nancy. . . . On the cabaret scene, two up-coming happenings look pretty hot from here: Friday October 3 at the United Dairyworkers Hall, 15840 Second south of Puritan, where "Two Dirty Old Men" present "Shit on It—Let the Good Times Roll" from 9 to 1:30. The Ghetto Connection and the Direct Current Band will kick 'em out. . . . And The Good People present a "Back to School Jamboree" on Friday the 10th at Local 876 Hall, 12th St. and Grand Blvd. Butterball Jr. of WCHB will have the Fantastic Four ("Alvin Stone"), the dynamite Amalgamated Funk Co. (led by Carole Taylor), Charlotte Page, and the East Side Swingers! Whew! . . . Bro. Jack McDuff just left town after an extended stay at Watts' Club Mozambique. Organist Lonnie Smith hung next door at the Jazz West—two very welcome music spots in the middle of the booming Fenkell-Liver- nois entertainment strip. . . . Bassists Michael Henderson (Miles Davis) and Ralph Armstrong (Mahavishnu Orchestra) are rehearsing some incredible music they're getting ready to spring upon the unsuspecting public. Me, I can't wait! . . . Don't forget blues at Ethel's on Mack Avenue east of Grand Blvd., catch the Mojo Boogie Band wherever you can, and watch for WGPR-TV to open its eye on the Motor City soon. . . . like my ma used to say, "Nuf sed."

See you next time. . . .



# EARTH, WIND & FIRE:

## SPECTRUM MUSIC

Interview  
with Maurice White  
of E. W. & F. by David Fenton

(Editor's Note: Grudging recognition is finally being accorded the geniuses of modern-day popular music—Stevie Wonder, the Isley Brothers, Gamble, Huff & Bell—even though the stunning variety, the emotional depth and the social weight of their musics remain invisible to most white Americans. These qualities are quite effectively obscured by the term "disco music," which seems to me to be just another way of saying "those niggers sure do love to dance." Anybody with feeling left sure loves to dance, but dancing and feeling wonderful do not preclude even the highest degree of human intelligence. In fact, one might easily say that the highest intelligence is that which is carefully rooted in the dance of the feelings, and that music without feeling—music which does not move you—can hardly be called intelligent.)

It is exciting to have popular music as dance music again—modern-day rock and roll in the United States started out like that ten years ago, and as it became removed from the dance it lost most of its intelligence, wit and interest. The Jefferson Airplane, the Grateful Dead, the Mothers, Big Brother and the Holding Company, the Doors, the MC-5, were all dance bands in 1965. Dances were where music was played and heard, and the spirit inherent in that period was remarkably similar to the feeling of today. Plus the songs were saying something about what was happening in the world—something like what "Living for the City," "Fight the Power," "Rich Get Richer," and "That's the Way of the World," for example are saying right now.

One of the most prominent figures in the new wave of black music—dare we call it "the new black music?"—is Chicago's Maurice White, founder, leader, composer, arranger, and producer for the miraculous Earth, Wind & Fire band, the non-stop nine-piece spectrum music orchestra whose latest LP, *That's the Way of the World*, topped the popular music charts for some time, spawning a number one single ("Shining Star") and a top-ten follow-up (the title song).

Maurice, one of the pioneers of the "fusion music" which is very happily gaining a wider audience each day, has conceived EW & F on the broadest scale: in every way a commercial performing band with a deep grasp of popular musical taste, Earth, Wind & Fire uses its popular base as an instrument through which to express emotions and intelligence from the entire spectrum of black music, from African and New World roots through blues, jazz, R&B, rock and roll, Jimi Hendrix, Motown, and out into the provinces of Ra. Maurice's kalimba struck me as the perfect metaphor: an electronically amplified African thumb piano, plugging the ancient lore into the wall of industrial sound to produce the full spectrum of musical possibility. *That's the Way of the World* and *Open Our Eyes*, their last two LP's, have so much music from so many different places woven into such a beautifully seamless and thoroughly elegant fabric; and their live performances, as their recent two-night smash appearance at Pine Knob, spread the fabric out to embrace and capture the mind and body of the audience.

Maurice White and Earth, Wind & Fire have it all, and what's more, they give it all to you. The SUN's David Fenton caught Maurice backstage at Pine Knob before EW & F's second show there, and the interview below was edited from the tape of their conversation.)

—John Sinclair

SUN: You've had incredible success recently in terms of rising to the top of the charts while making some

SUN: Would you say, then, that there's been a change in the audience that has enabled you to reach the successful level?

Maurice: Yes, there has been a change. I think people now are just accepting feelings that are true; they don't have time to segregate their music anymore, you know? Which is good for everybody.

SUN: Traditionally many musicians have looked upon themselves as part of the minstrel tradition, the whole communicative tradition. Do you regard yourself in this light?

Maurice: Yes. Well, in our situation we are a bunch of people who have humbled ourselves to the universe. You know, allowed ourselves to be used for a positive purpose. That's what we're all about.

SUN: I read an interview once where you mentioned the jazz influence on yourself. For example, when I listen to "Africano" on your new album, I hear John Coltrane. And your production work with Ramsey Lewis on "Sun Goddess" was really stunning.

Maurice: Well, I was with Ramsey's band, as his drummer, for three years just before I started Earth, Wind & Fire, so our association goes back to that.

I once had the opportunity in Chicago to sit in for Elvin Jones in Coltrane's band, and it was one of the things that changed my life around completely. Trane was very encouraging to me and he was very inspirational in terms of giving me this positive will to keep doing what I was doing. I never forget enlightening words because enlightening words don't come your way too often. When you get them you should utilize them. He was responsible for encouraging the concept I had in mind. I consider him the major spiritual force of his time, and he is still a force.

When I formed the group I was playing with a jazz trio. But I formed the band because I wanted energy that could appeal to more than one segment of people. I noticed a change in people my age. (I'm 29 now.) They wasn't just digging on jazz—music was going some other place. Not to put jazz down—my age group wanted jazz, but they wanted something else too, so this was the reason I formed Earth, Wind & Fire. To appeal to people, with a total appeal. So John Coltrane stood out in my mind, he was one person who totally influenced me on a positive level musically, and it's only natural that you might hear him in my music, yes.

SUN: In that regard, do you think your music has the potential of turning people on to the more "pure" forms of jazz?

Maurice: Well, jazz as a whole, the word jazz, is no more. There's a

new music that's evolved, and that music is spectrum music. Which encompasses everything. That's what real life is coming to be now. Life is coming to encompass everything—you have to think of everything now. You can't sit off in a corner someplace and say I'm this or that—you got to encompass the whole universe. This is what life's about. And music is taking the same shape.

SUN: What keeps you creating all this music that people love so much?

Maurice: The people keep us doing it. Because like I said before, we are a reflection of the people, and so in turn what they do has turned us on. They tell you almost what to do.

SUN: Once you're able to reach them, once they let you put out records, put you on the radio. . . .

Maurice: Well, you go through a test, you know, in reference to that. We went through a test for a long time. The first two or three albums we made, you know, it's like we wasn't going to change until somebody heard us. It was like saying to the people, OK, you might not like it, but the next one's going to be the same, and the next one, until you finally get accustomed to hearing us.

SUN: Where this has certainly worked well for you, it seems that many genius creative musicians are having a hard time eating regularly because their

continued on page 20



"There's a new music that's evolved, and that music is spectrum music."—Maurice White

top photo: David Fenton  
bottom photo: Leni Sinclair

incredibly beautiful music. Other black artists are beginning to enjoy the same level of success at last. Do you think this signifies a change in popular music?

Maurice: Well, for a long time after the influx of underground music—basically white underground music—there was a time when most black music was in the background. English groups came over here and they started to influence the public with a form of music that had already been experienced in the U.S. during the 50's and 60's. So what's happening now is like America is reaching back to its roots again to draw out a new music, and usually that music always come from the black musicians. They're the ones that come up with all the musical trips, and we can start back with the blues and you notice how American music really came about.

But now, of course, black people as a whole are experiencing the same kind of "underground" situation that the whites experienced four or five years ago. My group, Stevie Wonder, a lot of the other groups that're out now have been part of that underground scene—the Isleys—everybody involved in that has been people who have been associated with pulling the level of humanity's head upward once more: to start to think in a positive manner about themselves.

SUN: It's true that black people have experienced the "underground" phenomenon that white people did, but certainly your audience isn't comprised solely of black people.

Maurice: No. What has happened, due to the fact that we're talking on a spiritual level, this encompasses everybody. The same thing I say to one person, I can say to the next. We're into the mind and the soul and things of that sort, and this is why we have like a very mixed audience, because we have people of all kinds that feel the same way we do.

See, our band came about more or less as an entity to render a service to humanity, that's what it's all about really. It came about to try to help change things. You know, our purposes are all different, because we aren't in the music industry to have hit records.



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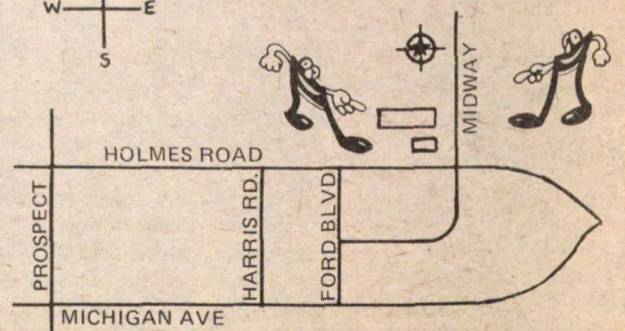
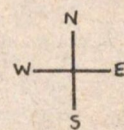
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Bruce Springsteen

photo: Barbara Weinberg

## THE REAL BS?

Punch managed to parlay the independent sale of some 50,000 album units into a label deal with Warner Brothers Records. A label deal! One more Palladium album was released through the Warner deal, a dreadfully packaged number called "Seven" which contained more brilliant music but never got anywhere either, and then Seger was no longer with the Bugs Bunny people in Burbank. In fact, he was back with Capitol again, surely a bizarre choice by any objective standard, and *Beautiful Loser* is the first Capitol release of the current period.

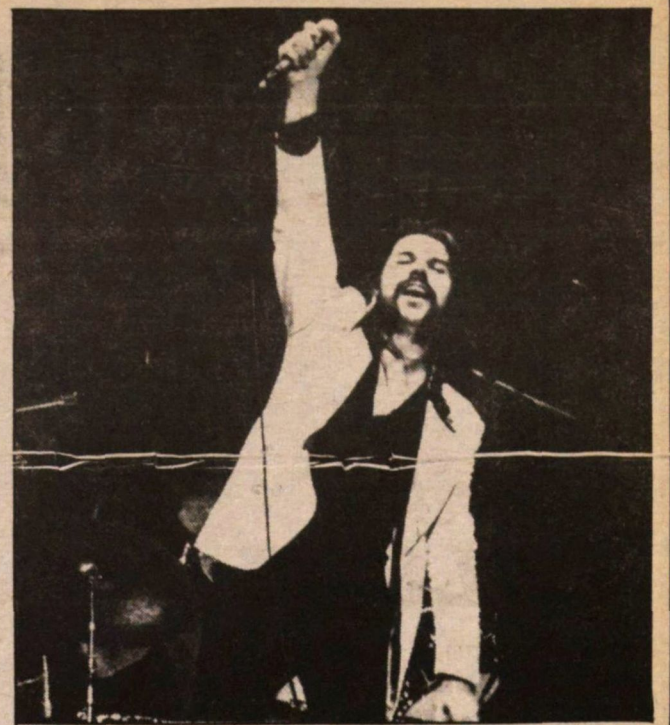
If Bob Seger is to end the "beautiful loser" parts of his career at last, he must overcome his reluctance and/or inability to function within the rigid limits of the recording industry—as must everyone who is making it today, with the exception of those who have become so well established through following the rules at any given time that they sell records just by putting them on the market. He will have to deal with a major booking agency, a major publicity outfit, interviewers, television shots, and the rest of that shit or he is guaranteed not to get over.

This is not my game. I would make Bob Seger Number One if I could, but unhappily such is not within my power. If Bob is ever going to make a breakthrough he is going to have to participate fully and carefully in the process of following the formula for pop success. Otherwise he will remain where he is now, on the outer fringes, denied recognition of his genius by the national and international music public, scuffling to keep a band together and working 266 nights a year just to keep even.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bruce Springsteen, the white pop hero of the moment, presents an interesting and indeed instructive contrast. Currently hailed by the vendors of pop comment—from Jon Landau and Dave Marsh to Christine Brown and Lisa ("Wherebuy") Katz—as everything from "the new Dylan" to "the new Mick Jagger" and even "the new King of Rock and Roll," Springsteen is an artist of little compositional interest and even less emotional depth who has parlayed a stable working band, an obviously careful and thorough manager, a major recording company (Columbia Records), a brilliant publicist, a competent booking agency, and the growing lust among pop writers for the rock equivalent of Adolph Hitler, into a hit album and (coming up fast) major concert status. (By "major," I mean capable of filling halls of 7000-10,000 seats in smaller venues and 12,000-20,000 seats in cities like Detroit and New York.)

Musically not in Seger's league, in my own humble opinion, Springsteen is reaping the



Bob Seger

photo: Leni Sinclair

rewards of pop stardom which, if musical value were the standard, would rightfully be Seger's. Springsteen's songs, exactly constructed to resemble superficially the compositions of the master poet Bob Dylan, are closer to the work of another pop hack also highly revered by the likes of Landau and Marsh: a one-shot pseudo-folk "singer-songwriter" named Don McLean whose smash single "American Pie" would seem to be the real inspiration behind the whole of Springsteen's compositional work.

You might wonder why I mention the shadowy pop figures Landau and Marsh twice in two paragraphs while discussing Springsteen's present market impact. Landau, the former record review editor for *Rolling Stone*, now elevated to columnist status there and also working intermittently as a record producer (he is given co-production credit on the *Born To Run* opus), and Marsh, a former Detroit who cut his pop teeth as editor of *Creem* magazine, progressed to the music editorship of Boston's *Real Paper*, stepped up to music critic for *Newsday*, a Long Island (N.Y.) daily, and who now reigns supreme as Landau's replacement at *Rolling Stone*, are two of the most influential young men in pop criticism circles, which means that the musicians and entertainers they rave over stand a considerably better chance of selling a million records than those whose recordings are rejected as inferior by this dynamic duo.

Springsteen, who has released two albums previously, both with Columbia Records, has received what they call "widespread critical acclaim" throughout pop writing circles since his initial hype as "the new Dylan" three years ago. He has used basically the same band (including saxophonist Clarence Clemons) and the same producer (Mike Appel) for all three of his LPs, his songs are uniformly stilted and contrived on each, the reviews and articles have been overwhelmingly positive; yet sales of *Greetings from Asbury Park N.J.* (approximately 100,000 units) and *The Wild, The Innocent & the E. Street Shuffle* (120,000 units) (*deep* title, right?) have not been those of a major pop star, while *Born To Run* has vaulted to the top of the charts in three short weeks and will probably achieve gold (500,000 units sold) and possibly even platinum (1,000,000 units) status within a very short time. (In case you're interested, the difference between 100,000 and 500,000 units sold amounts to something like \$1,200,000 to the recording company at the wholesale level.)

Early in 1969 I was managing a rock and roll band known as the MC (for Motor City) 5.

We had released an initial album with Elektra Records, recorded live at the Grande Ballroom, which sold approximately 100,000 copies nationally before it was

taken off the market, altered, and then re-

issued by continued on page 21

continued from page 11

i.e., in those places where the record is getting radio airplay, and on bills with other, better established performers by contrast to whom the artist under discussion would appear quite thrilling indeed.

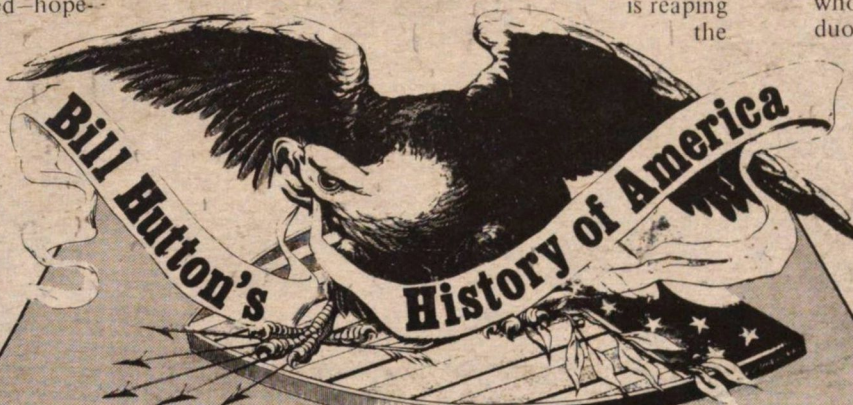
Fundamentally, tours must be arranged to coincide with the release of new recordings (LPs). These tours must be accompanied by magazine articles, full-page ads in the music and related media, billboards in L.A. and selected urban areas, high-pressure radio promotion to gain all-important radio exposure, appearances on the ghastly television "rock shows," and whatever other mass exposure can possibly be gained. All of this must be precisely engineered to coincide exactly with the release of "current product."

One of the reasons Bob Seger isn't making it yet, after ten or twelve years of steady struggle, and with some of the best rock and roll records of those years to his infinite credit, is his inability to put all these factors together at once, if at all. For example, while his current single ("Katmandu") and album (*Beautiful Losers*, the perfect title) were climbing the national charts, he was finishing a road tour and preparing to rest and record for 3 months. Then (according to a source within the band) he plans to put a new band together, with himself on lead guitar, and seek work with it. When his next record is released—hopefully, the live one from Cobo Hall—it will be like starting all over again.

The music business is a \$2 billion a year operation. It is not an artistic advancement and preservation society but another means through which a few people can control the musical life of millions of people and make themselves millions of dollars in the process. It is not based on good guys should get a break. It is based on greed and the lust for money and power. There is a way to play the game successfully, but like other games, it is not all luck that brings victory. One must, as they say, "take care of business."

Seger's recording career, from the business point of view, has been a tragi-comedy of errors. First cut for manager Punch Andrews' own Hideout Records, Bob's early singles were bought by Cameo-Parkway for national release. C-P went out of business then, and Bob landed with Capitol for his first LPs. During this period, and despite their possession of the Beatles for U.S. purposes, Capitol was the dog record company of all the majors, and Seger's *Mongrel* album best describes the way his records were treated there.

He finally broke away from Capitol to set up Palladium Records of Birmingham, Mich., Punch Andrews, Prop. Palladium released *Smokin' O.P.'s*, a typically erratic Seger album streaked through with pure genius, and



## The Father Of Our Country

George Washington you stupid SOB! You scarfaced pederast! You Betsy Ross fucking, land owning, *slave* owning distorted over and over again, referred to since birth as a man of infinite goodness and courage. . . Great Iron Jawed Pot Head! George, George if you could see what's happening here now. The Fugs are out in the street and Taco stands are going up all around us and our country is engaged in yet another war. What are we to do oh great one, as castles fall down around us? We don't want to have to cross the Appalachians again. Our economy is falling apart. George, give us some reassurance that next year things will be all right.

Behind a Shell Oil Co. scallop shell the image appears. George Washington! Resurrected! He's dressed in sheer nightshirt and it is possible to see bulging sex organs beneath it.

"I have come to save all ya," he calls in raspy gargle to sell out crowd at Dodger Stadium, men in shirt sleeves with bottles of orange pop in their hands, women fanning their faces with programs, children crawling blood worms around railings. "There's troubles in these times and I got just what the doctor ordered!" Greasy flies buzz incessant around the speaker's head and he swats at them with boney fist. "You got your wars. And you got your niggers riot through the street—Gettysburg, or some Goddamn place like that. Well," he reaches into worn out leather satchel and brings out a bottle of green liquid, "this is what I've come back for—Smith's Tonic!"

Immediate millions of boos and hisses rent the air and George Washington takes momentary refuge as a deluge of junk falls around him. Hesitantly he reappears and continues his talk.

"Now don't be upset goddamnit! This shit works. I guarantee it works. Just cool it and let me give my spiel."

"Friends, are you bothered about doubts? Does the news of your son's death who had all the promise, leave you depressed? Does the thought of an atomic holocaust keep you in your cellar while others are out at the lake? If these things bother you, if anything bothers you, reach for the bottle with the American Flag on the front -- Smith's cure-all tonic. It's a revolutionary new concoction from Joe's Drug Outlet and has a minty taste that kids will love. Grown-ups love it too. So do dogs and cats and armadillos if you have any. So, forget about our country." George Washington reaches beneath his nightshirt and slowly starts to masturbate. "Take this shit in the morning. Take it at night. Watch nightmares disappear..."

In a fit of uncontrolled passion he rips the nightshirt away from his body and masturbates with both hands, saliva and blood dripping from his mouth as his old pearly eyes search the area for Nathan Hale, Benedict Arnold, Patrick Henry & George Rodgers Clark. He is up on the scallop shell, spot lights illuminate his pearly white frenzied body, as white attendants appear with a straight jacket and drag the first President of the United States away.



# CONCERTS

## At Pine Knob

The late lamented Summer of '75 brought some truly beautiful music to Oakland County's Pine Knob Concert facility, for my taste the most enjoyable music venue in the area. Smokey Robinson's magnificent "Quiet Storm" show, for example, and the stunning Earth, Wind & Fire performances of last month, two of the finest concerts I've attended all year, still reverberate happily in my mind.

But the magnificent homecoming tour-de-force by Detroit's queen of queens, the incomparable Aretha Franklin, was simply the most thrilling, the most deeply moving

## Aretha Franklin

musical offering I've witnessed in a long, long time.

Gleefully demonstrating her total mastery of her voice, her near-perfect material, and her full orchestral accompaniment—horns, strings, and voices (the Prima Donnas) conducted by H.B. Barnum—Aretha turned the place inside out, along with the emotional viscera of everyone in sight. (This hardened reviewer, for instance, was reduced to tears over and over again throughout the show, from about 30 seconds after taking my seat.)

The almost unbearable high point of the Saturday night show was Aretha's powerful deliverance of her own classic composition "Dr. Feelgood." Moving to the piano to insure the solidest possible support for this unqualified master work, Ms. Franklin took her huge congregation on an extended emotional bender which was simply the most consummate vocal—no, musical—performance I can even imagine happening these days.

Of course she took the opportunity to feature her current single, the relentlessly rocking "Mr. D.J.," which Aretha wrote and co-produced herself to brighten our radio days. She tried to leave the stage after that one—fat chance!—but came back to brave the late September air once more in the hope of fulfilling her followers' insatiable appetite for the real thing.

I missed the encores trying to get out of the area before the full force of the crowd hit the parking lots, but I remember saying to my friend as we stumbled, emotionally exhausted but totally inspired, up the steps: "If I never hear any music in my life again, this was enough for me to live on." I just wish you could have been there—

—you'd have loved it!  
—JS

town's best music of the period as a backdrop) that includes skipping class, making out at parties, fighting, and getting in trouble with their well-meaning teacher—who only wants them "to be able to put 'high school diploma' on a job application" when they need to later.

The high point of hilarity comes when the two join a couple of do-ragged young hoods in a joy ride in a stolen Cadillac. The event finally ends in tragedy, however, when police track down the car thieves, who believe that Preach and his basketball-hero buddy have turned them in. The senselessness of the black hoodlum street ethic comes home at the end, when Preach reads his last poem to his friend in the local graveyard.

Anyone who went to high school in the last twenty years will love *Cooley High*, and some of us may even learn something from it.

—Frank Bach

## Cooley High

An American International release in a long held-over run at the Fox Theater

*Cooley High* was conceived by the executives of American International Pictures Corporation as a black takeoff on *American Graffiti*. What it turned out to be, however, is something leagues above the usual "blaxploitation" flick. The makers and actors of *Cooley High* have indeed captured a slice of ghetto life that is almost as accurate, as funny, and as touching as if they had started out to be serious in the first place.

The story is about two chums who attend Cooley Vocational High School in Chicago during the early sixties. "Preach" is a cat too-smart-to-study, and just a little homely-looking, who wants to be done with school so he can go to California and pursue his poetry and an acting career. His closest friend is a handsome hero to the girls and a natural basketball champion. Together they and their friends enjoy a romp through the Windy City (with some of Mo-

## Cass Corridor Artists

At Somerset Mall, Troy

Fourteen artists from the Cass Corridor held a highly successful exhibit of their singular works between September 4 and 13 in the Somerset Mall in Troy. One could hardly conceive of a stranger setting than the cavernous, soulless, ultra-modern expanses of the Mall, surrounded by vast stretches of barracks-like condominiums and widely-spaced "contemporary" office buildings made out of one-way glass. Against this background, the Cass Corridor artists threw their rough, funky, gritty concoctions brilliantly crafted from materials readily at hand on the streets of the Motor City—plywood, peach crates, sections of iron girders, cloth tape, and whatever else was cheap and accessible.

Of special genius were John Piet's floor-level metal sculptures, particularly one drolly titled "Detroit Street Creeper." Michael Luchs' "Rabbit," formed from an old black leather jacket and coat hanger wire; Doug James' oil, "The Beautiful Dress," with its rusty, dirty colors and rough metal strip frame; and Jim Chatelain's "Stick Up Painting," a whimsical oil. In an appropriate cultural note, Chatelain's rugged wood slab, titled "Wedge," was accompanied by a sign stating "Please Do Not Step On Work Of Art."

Also worth noting were a large diamond-shaped piece of plywood attacked with a circular saw and painted by Gordon Newton; a still life photograph by Newton incorporating such elements as wrenches and

a Rolling Rock bottle; and Doug James' funky metal sculpture, "Hot Plate."

Bob Sestok negotiated several intricate sculptures out of balsa wood, cardboard, and various scraps, and Steve Foust had a number of interesting constructions of cloth tape.

The imagination and skill shown by the Cass Corridor artists in creating stunning works of art from such materials impressed one as a vivid testimonial to the unconquered spirit of Detroit's inner city artists, forging beautiful things from the flotsam and jetsam of the streets. That their work appealed to the Somerset Mall crowd, which bought most of the pieces on sale, is perhaps equally encouraging. For ten days, at least, the Mall used part of its premium space to offer its exuberant passers-by a measure of contact with the other side of urban reality.

—Derek VanPelt

## Jack DeJohnette

Cosmic Chicken, Prestige

DeJohnette is a drummer/composer of strength, intelligence and longtime experience (with Miles Davis, among dozens of others) who's been developing his own idiosyncratic jazz-rock vision for several years. *Cosmic Chicken*, his latest album, is by far his best effort in that direction and is, in fact, one of the freshest-sounding albums released by anyone this past year.

Most of the tunes here manage to balance a gracefully funky bottom and frequent blasts of black energy jazz (dig especially "Stratocruiser," "Shades of the Phantom" and the title cut). Saxophonist Alex Foster has a wild, naked sound; guitarist John Abercrombie (who's making numerous sessions) is a new master of both line and distortion; and DeJohnette keeps things kicking throughout. This one will keep you coming back for more.

## Commander Cody

And his Lost Planet Airmen, *Tales from the Ozone*, Warner Bros.

Ann Arbor's most famous expatriates are beginning to shape up as the nation's quintessential honky-tonkin' bar band. They alternately project the boyish rowdiness of a factory softball team after a winning game and the depthless despair of a lone barfly, all the while retaining a unique sense of humor and a taste for the novelty number.

Indeed, the Commander's cover of the old Leiber/Stoller gem, "The Shadow Knows," is one of the strongest cuts on the album, accurately reproducing the bug-eyed braggadocio called for. Several of the tunes, "It's Gonna Be One of Those Nights," "I Been to Georgia On A Fast Train," "Roll Your Own," exude that good-timey rockabilly energy.

For all that, one might wish for a harder edge to these performances. It is all a tad too laid back for me. Still, an enjoyable elpee.

## Labelle

Phoenix, Epic

Labelle performs vanguard music in many ways. Few are the groups or individual artists today who consciously combine an explicitly political stance with sock it to 'em music. They see their purpose thus: "We're moving minds, it's action time."

## Chick Corea

## Chick Corea

At Hill Aud., Ann Arbor

Chick Corea is not Return to Forever. Chick Corea is a composer, band leader, pianist and Moog synthesizer extraordinaire. Return to Forever is Stanley Clarke (bass), Lenny White (drums), Al Dimeola (guitar) and Chick Corea, four deep musicians and composers. The quartet played to a full and resoundingly appreciative house at acoustically perfect Hill Auditorium in Ann Arbor last Friday.

It was the first and probably the only jazz concert to be put on under the auspices of the University

Activities Center this season. Given the sell-out crowd and the wild applause which greeted each solo, the lack of jazz in Ann Arbor this year will be sorely missed.

Corea and band set out consciously to popularize the medium loosely defined as "jazz" through the use of electronics and the rhythms of rock. At one point in the concert the entire band switched to acoustic instruments and began to play polyrhythmically, leaving their refreshing brand of rock and roll for the mind behind. Their acoustic music, of course, is never played on the radio, so it was good to see them use the medium extensively during the concert. Stanley Clarke is a hell of a stand-up bass player! Return to Forever is a tight, dedicated unit. Their three straight hours of playing left us inspired.

—Randy Holtzman & D.F.



## What The Winesellers Buy

Written by Ron Milner, Directed by Woody King, presented in July & August at the Fisher Theater

"A black play for black people" was the way *What the Wine Sellers Buy* was billed during its month-long stay at the Fisher Theater, and nothing could be closer to the truth. With an all-black cast of characters, an all-black production crew, contemporary black popular music used for mood and sound effects, the play may have been almost incomprehensible to any white people who happened to see it. But no matter, *Wine Sellers* was a great tribute to the struggle that is black culture in America; and as it broke attendance records at the elegant Fisher, a tribute as well to the

genius of playwright Ron Milner. Milner was raised and continues to work in Detroit, and his three-hour long, two-act masterpiece was set in the former Hastings Street community. The *Wine Sellers* story could, however, be easily transposed to any big city ghetto. The plot centers on a high-school-aged couple, who are faced with the inevitable decision of what to do with their lives and how to support their families, and a slick neighborhood pimp/pusher who has ideas of his own for their future.

The pimp, Rico (brilliantly portrayed by Detroit's Gilbert Lewis), tries to convince Steve, his young neighbor, that he should turn his girlfriend out in the pussy-for-profit game. The ensuing battle between Rico's criminal tendencies and the more positive influences on Steve's life make up the meat of *Wine Sellers*. The struggle is decided in a powerful psychedelic scene in which the degradation of Rico's dope and pimpdom are finally laid bare.

If you're black—or want to better understand what it is to be black in America—and if you missed Milner's *Wine Sellers*, then do not miss another play by this black giant of the arts.

—Frank Bach

## James Brown And The JB's

Everybody's Doin' The Hustle, Polydor, Hustle With Speed, People Records

20 years later and most everybody's come around to James Brown's point of view—the Godfather of Soul has never made anything but "disco music," and he and the J.B.'s continue to grind it out with awe-inspiring style about once every three months. There's nothing on his latest disc destined to be a soul classic, indeed there's even a certain superficial rhythmic monotony, a sameness, from tune to tune. And there's no denying that James' miraculous voice is getting a little thin around the edges. But that's all right, because Papa's new brand new bag is still full of surprises, and there still isn't a band on the planet that's easier or more fun to dance to. Especially nice moments include a remake of "Bag" featuring altoist Maceo Parker at his bluest, and a J.B.-ized "Kansas City."

The J.B.'s elpees minus the maestro always have that huge space to fill. On "Hustle," it's filled nicely time and again by trombonist Fred Wesley. There's a real rowdy can't-wait-to-get-down feel here and just about any tune on the first disc (except the title cut) will sustain your interest better than the latest by the Average White Band or MFSB, for example.

—Bill Adler

## Bobby Blue Bland

Get on down, ABC

Ever since Bobby "Blue" Bland was signed to ABC records, it's been a steady road downhill. In a time when the deep-throated wail of this master vocalist would seem to have more popular appeal than ever before, Bland's producers seem intent on pushing Bobby to the cocktail set instead. Have they taken his last name literally?

It's really a shame. Bobby Blue Bland (notice they've removed the "Blue" image from his middle name as well) has made spectacular, inspirational recordings in his time. His live performances are always tremendous. But "Get On Down" fails to measure up to it. It's all consistently too soft for this man's he gets little room to stretch that resonant voice of his.

Play this record next to the original Duke records version with the Bland of "Turn On Your Love Life" fame, and you'll see what I mean. The thrill is gone (or is that B.B.?).

## Tracy Nelson, Bonnie Raitt

Home Plate, Warner Bros., Sweet Soul Music, MCA

When it comes to women country-blues rockers, give me Tracy Nelson or Bonnie Raitt over weepy ol' Linda Ronstadt any day.

Tracy, who used her deep, astoundingly facile voice to great operatic, but little emotional effect on her last effort (in the venerable tradition of Joan Baez), harks back on this one to the good rock feeling of *Poor Man's Paradise*. Bob Johnston, the man who produced many of Bob Dylan's greatest dates, did this one for Tracy and he's intermittently gotten her rocking once again.

The "sweet soul music" referred to in the title is best represented here by "Baby I Found Out" and "Lies," both of them bitter enough to make your mouth pucker. Tracy also does a job on "Nothing I Can't Handle," a sad tale of scared love she penned herself. Unfortunately, I've never heard another version of Dylan's "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" that wasn't better than hers, and the other tunes remain mediocre vehicles, despite Tracy and the band's dramatic attempts to rise above them.

As for Bonnie Raitt and the overproduction problems of her last album, *Streets*—well, they're all better. The overall ambience here is much looser and Bonnie even plays us some of that good slide guitar of hers.

But what about her voice? What is about Bonnie Raitt that's so singular? Her voice has an immediacy, a warmth, a total, disarming lack of pretension that's irresistible. She's recorded ten good-to-great songs by ten different writers on *Home Plate* and manages to make every one a different page from the diary of an exceptionally wise, sensitive, loving woman. The only clinker is "Sweet and Shining Eyes," an ersatz-sounding cowboy song that Janis Joplin would have eaten up. Otherwise, a lovely album.

# RECORDS

FINE ARTS FILM THEATRE



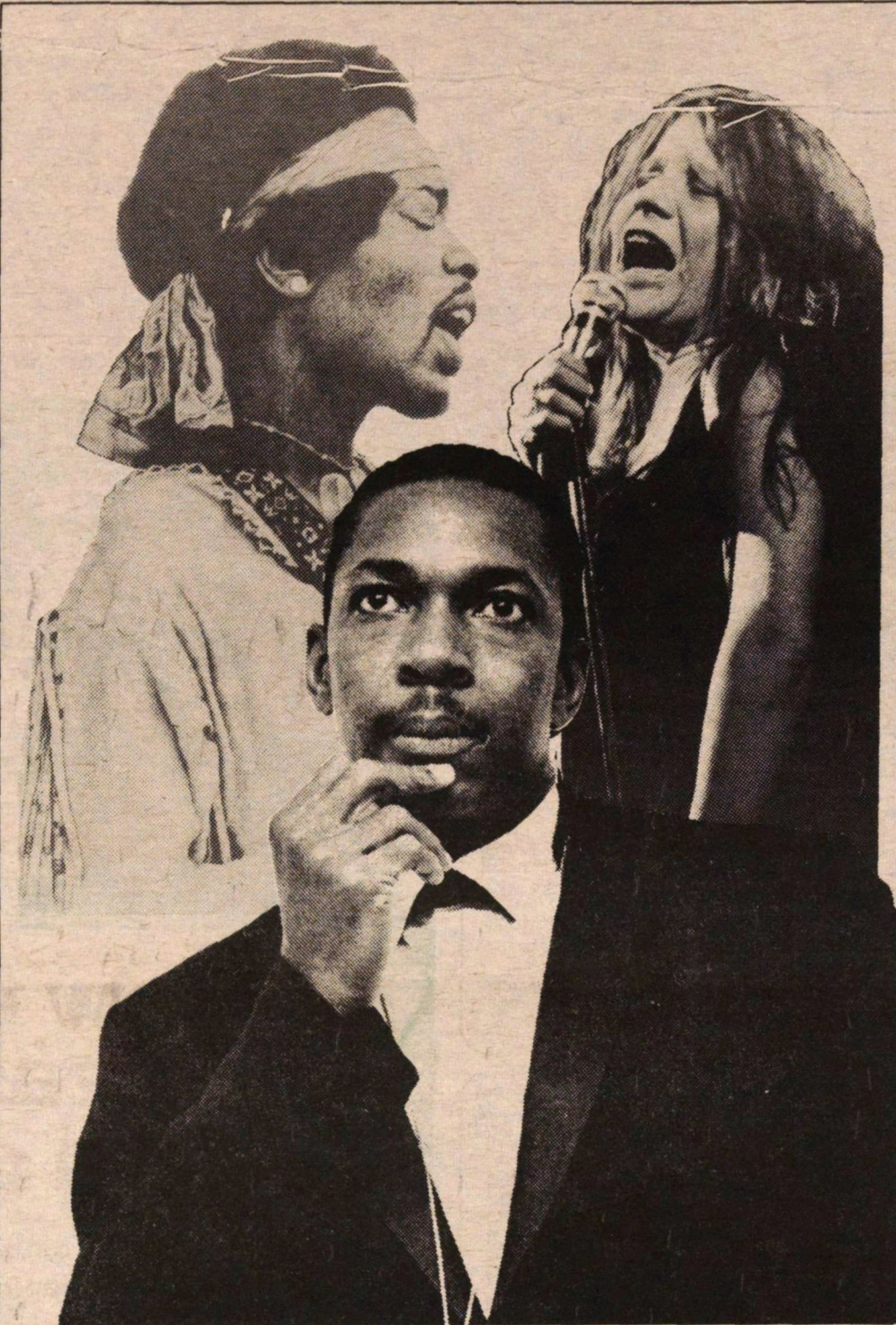
# Calendar

## THE MUSIC SCENE

Club listings, especially the smaller establishments, are subject to changes. Call ahead for confirmation. Please send all music listings information to: The SUN, 603 E. William, Ann Arbor, Mi 48108

### Detroit & Suburbs

A-Train, Novi: 10/10-11, Lightnin'  
**Baker's Keyboard Lounge, 8417 Livernois:** 10/3-12, Chet Baker Quartet: 10/17-26, Richard "Groove" Holmes Quartet. Open every nite but Monday, \$3.50 cover, 864-1200.  
**Beau J's Lounge, 13090 Inkster Rd., Redford:** The Friends-Denny & Rich, Tues-Sat; music starts 9pm. 532-0505.  
**Bob'n Rob's, 28167 John R, Madison Hgts.:** Lenore Paxton (jazz keyboard) sings alone Mon-Tues., with band Wed-Sat., music 9:30pm-2am; no cover. 541-9213.  
**Ben's Hi-Chaparral, 6683 Gratiot:** Blues Bash—a benefit for Detroit Blues Club, features David & Roselyn, percussionist Don Hill & Ted Lucas on Fender bass, 9pm-2am 10/2. Regular R&B—shows 10:30 & 12:30, cover \$2.50. 923-0601.  
**Bobbie's English Pub, 30100 Telegraph, Birmingham:** Matt Michael's Jazz Trio w/ Ursula Walker, 9-1:30 Wed's-Sat's. No cover, 642-3700.  
**Cobb's Corner, corner of Willis & Cass,** Bobby McDonald Trio (jazz rock) Mon's & Wed's; Harlan County (bluegrass) Thurs. Music starts 10pm. No cover. 832-7223.  
**Dirty Helen's Saloon, 1703 Cass:** Esthetics (r&b) w/vocals The First Inversion, 8pm Wed-Sun. 3 shows nightly. 962-2300.  
**Filling Station Lounge, 15435 W. Seven Mile:** Dean Rutledge Thurs-Sun., Phil & Charlie Mon-Wed, 9:30pm; \$1 cover except Thurs & Sun. 838-8466.  
**Golden Coach, 30450 Van Dyke, Warren:** Joanie Summers thru 10/5; Johnny Trudell's Big Jazz Band 10/6; Billy Eckstine 10/17-26. 2 shows nightly, 1 show Sunday, \$3 cover. 573-7850.  
**Henry's Cocktail Lounge, 7645 Fenkell:** 10/1-4, Swiss Movement, 10/15-25, the Chi-Lites. Phone 341-9444.  
**Jazz West, 8418 Fenkell:** After Hours Jazz 2-6am Tues-Sun. 864-0240.  
**JJ's, inside the Shelby Hotel, First & Lafayette:** The Lyman Woodard Organization every Wed-Sat, \$2.  
**The Library, 37235 Grosbeck Hwy at 16 Mile:** Katzenjammers (r&r) Tues-Sun. Music starts 9:30pm, no cover Mon or Tues, \$2 Fri & Sat. 465-6579.  
**Lowman's Westside Club, 14355 Livernois:** every Thursday through Sunday The Other Brother with Pamela Valencia and Sammy Ward. Music starts 10pm, 2 drink minimum, phone 922-4004.  
**Moby Dick Lounge, 5452 Schaeffer, Dearborn:** Fito (salsa rock) Thurs-Sun. Music starts 9pm, no cover. 581-3650.  
**Pretzel Bowl Saloon, 13922 Woodward Ave., Highland Pk:** Wednesdays through Saturdays, Earl Klugh (Latin jazz). Mondays and Tuesdays dancing with The Organization. Phone 865-6040.  
**Rapa House Concert Cafe, 96 E. Fisher Fwy:** After Hours Jazz—open jam session 2-6am. Saturdays, \$1 cover, WO1-9846.  
**Raven Gallery, 29101 Greenfield, Sfld:** 10/14-19 Raun MacKinnon, 10/21-27 Louisiana Red. Shows Tues, Wed, Thurs, Sun, 9:30 & 10:30, Fri & Sat 9:30 & 11:30. \$3 cover. 557-2622.  
**Red Carpet Lounge, 16427 E. Warren:** Cruiser (old Deluxe without Dallas Hodge) every Mon & Tues. Juicy Lucy every Wed-Sun. R&R starts at 9pm. 885-0570.  
**20 Grand-Driftwood Lounge, 14th at Warren:** The Choice Four & The Dramatics, 1st & 2nd weekend of Oct. TY 7-6445.  
**Watts Club Mozambique (Jazz) 8406 Fenkell:** 10/1-8, Lonnie Liston Smith, also at Jazz West after hours. Call 864-0240.



JOHN COLTRANE, center, the great tenor saxophonist and seminal figure of new black music, would have been 48 on September 23. The Trane passed on in 1973. Five years ago, two of the most memorable figures in rock and roll history met with an untimely end within a few weeks of each other—JIMI HENDRIX, left, who substantially redefined the electric guitar, died on September 18, 1970; and JANIS JOPLIN, right, one of the most powerful and compelling rock and roll vocalists of the past decade, on October 4. Both were 27; their deaths were blamed on drug overdoses.

### Ann Arbor

**The Ark Coffeehouse, 1421 Hill St.:** Hoots (open mike) every Wed night 75¢; Wade Mainor, Steve Ledford, Clyde Moody 10/3-4; Art Rosenbaum 10/5; Rosalie Sorrels 10/10-11; Michael Cooney 10/16-18. Doors open at 8:30, shows start at 9pm. Free coffee, tea, refreshments. 761-1451.  
**Bimbo's A2, 114 E. Washington:** Grievous Angels (hot country) every Wed & Thurs, no cover, 9pm; The Gaslighters (ragtime) every Fri & Sat night, 50¢ after 8pm; New McKinney's Cotton Pickers 10/5, 1:30-5pm, Advance tickets \$3.00; Easy Street M.F. Jazz Band 10/12, 9pm-Midnight, Advance tickets \$1.00. 665-3231.  
**Blind Pig, 208 S. First St.:** Boogie Woogie Red (blues) every Monday; The Silvertones (blues) 10/1, 10-11, 30; Mato Grosso (Latin jazz) 10/2 & 23; Reunion (jazz) 10/3-4 & 21; A2 Experimental Jazz Band 10/7 & 28; Melodioso (jazz) 10/8, 14, 22; Headwind (jazz) 10/9; Rabbits 10/15; All Directions (jazz) 10/16; Aldebaran 10/17-18, 29; Workman Blues Band 10/24-25; TRIBE (jazz) 10/31-11/1. Music starts 9:30pm, \$1 cover downstairs only Mon-Thurs., \$1 cover up & down Fri & Sat. 668-9449.  
**Chances Are, 516 E. Liberty:** Sky King 10/1-3; Masquerade 10/4; WhizKids 10/5-7; Shane Todd 10/8-11; Hot Foot Hi-Way 10/12; Mojo Boogie Band 10/13; Express 10/14; Foxx 10/15-18. Doors open 9pm, cover weekdays \$1 students, \$1.50 others; weekends \$1.50 students, \$2 others. 994-5350.  
**Del Rio, 122 W. Washington:** Jazz at 4pm on Sundays, free. 761-2530.  
**Depot House Cafe, 416 S. Ashley:** Gemini 10/11, 18, 25; 9pm-midnight \$1.00. 994-0008.  
**Golden Falcon, 314 Fourth Ave.:** A2 Experimental Jazz Band every Mon; All Directions (jazz) every Tues; Headwind (funk & jazz) every Fri & Sat. 761-3548.  
**Mr. Flood's Party, 120 W. Liberty:** Chuck Coggins & Co. 10/1 & 15; Mike Smith & his Country Volunteers 10/2, 9, 16 & every Fri afternoon; Grievous Angels 10/3-5; Eric Bach 10/6; North Country BlueGrass 10/10-11; Idaho Steam Packet 10/12; Eric Glatz 10/13; Gemini 10/14; Melodioso 10/17-18 & Sunday afternoons. 994-9824.  
**Loma Linda, 990 Broadway:** Little Pleasure (Top 40) Mon. - Fri. 5:30 - 8:30pm; Mixed Bag (jazz) Fri's and Sat's 9pm - 1am, Sun's 9:30pm - 1:30am; Various live jazz groups - Sun's 5:30 - 8:30pm. No cover. 663-0562.  
**Pretzel Bell, 120 E. Liberty:** RFD Boys (bluegrass) Thursdays - Saturdays. Music begins at 9:30pm. Cover Thurs. \$1, Fri & Sat. \$1.50. Phone 761-1470.

### Ypsilanti

**Bimbo's, 327 E. Michigan Ave:** Salem Witchcraft (r&r) 10/1-4; Riley 10/8-10; Sense 10/15-17. music starts at 9pm. 482-7130.  
**Huron Hotel & Lounge, 124 Peral St:** Galaxy (r&r) every Wed-Sun. 9pm-1:30am thru 10/9. Plus disco-dancing every night. 483-1771.

### East Lansing

**Lizard's, 224 Abbott Rd.:** 10/2-8 Paddlefoot (country rock); 10/10-11 Mojo Boogie Band (blues/rock); 10/13-14 Hound Dog Taylor & his Right Hand Band; 10/23-26 Kegbelly (r&r, blues), 10/27 Son Seals & his band (blues). (517) 351-2285.  
**Silver Dollar Saloon, 3411 E. Michigan Ave.:** 10/1-4 Skip Van Winkle; 10/5 Free Concert w/ Sky King & Chris Brubeck; 10/6-11 Azrael; 10/12 Free Concert w/ Mike Green Band; 10/13 Whirlwind; 10/14-16 Rings; 10/17-18 Friends. (517) 351-2451.



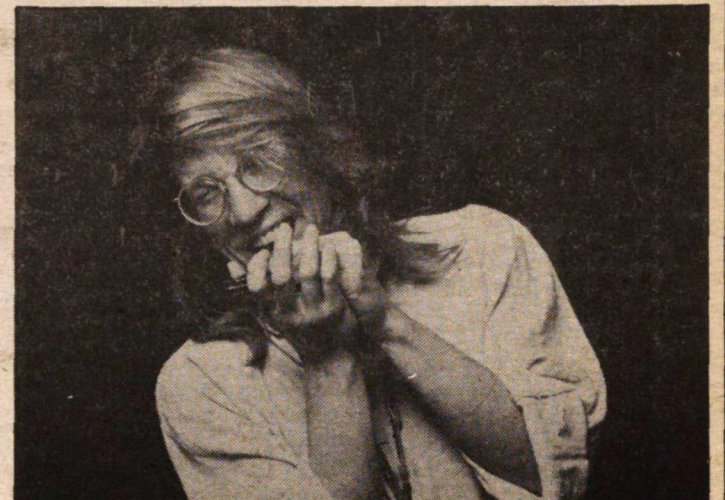
Hound Dog Taylor & the House Rockers at Lizards, E. Lansing 10/13-14

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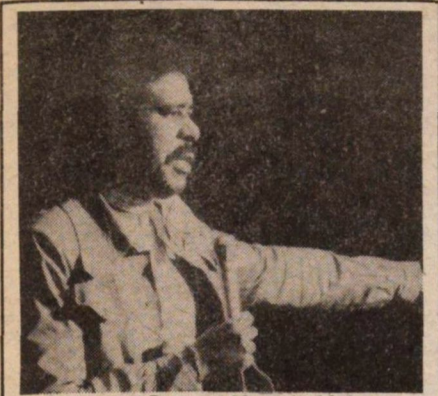
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668-9449



Sky King w/ "Madcat Ruth" on harmonica at Chances Are, A2 10/1-2.



# CONCERTS



Richard Pryor at Masonic 10-6

Oct. 4th. . . Anniversary Show—The Choice Four & The Dramatics. 8pm at Cobo Arena. Tickets \$7, 6 & 5 at all Hudson's & at the Arena.

Oct. 4. . . Blackfoot, Diamond Rio, Kurbstone Beauteaze & Sweet Crystal. 8pm at The Showcase Theatre. 925-9292 for ticket info.

Oct. 5. . . Detroit's Jazz Special series, produced by Bud Spangler, features Mixed Bag, 3-5:30 pm at the Cranbrook Academy of Art Museum, 500 Lone Pine Rd. Series tickets \$12, Individual tickets \$3, Students \$2.50 at J.L. Hudson's & Grinnell's stores, at the museum from 9-4 weekdays, or at the door.

Oct. 5 & 6. . . Jethro Tull at Cobo Arena—Sold out.

Oct. 6. . . Richard Pryor at the Masonic Temple, plus Margie Joseph. A Taurus Production.

Oct. 9. . . Jethro Tull, 8pm at Cobo Arena. Tickets: \$7.50 & \$6.50 by mail. A Bob Bageris Production.

Oct. 10. . . The Good People Present a JAM-BOREE—9pm-2am at Local 876, 12th St. & W. Grand Blvd. featuring The Fantastic Four, Charlotte Page, The East Side Swingers, & Detroit's own Amalgamated Funk. Tickets \$4 in advance at Hudson's & White's Records, \$4.50 at the door.

Oct. 11. . . L & L Productions presents Saturday Night Special featuring Michael Henderson (presently w/ Miles Davis), Ralphie Armstrong (presently w/ Mahavishnu Orch.) Pete Cosey (presently w/ Miles Davis), Les Daniel (presently w/ Jean-Luc Ponty) & special guest Norma Bell (formerly w/ Mahavishnu Orch—presently w/ the Lyman Woodard Organization) 8pm at Masonic Aud. Tickets: \$3.50, 4.50 & 5.00 at Discount Records (A2 & E. Lans.), all Hudson's, Harmony Hse (Hazel Park), Detroit Audio System & Land of Hi-Fi (Northland)

. . . Toots and the Maytals, Jamaican reggae at the Showcase Theatre on Van Dyke. Tickets \$5.00 at Hudson's and Showcase. Call 925-9292 for information. 8pm.

Oct. 12. . . Issac Hayes, 7pm at Olympia Arena. Tickets \$6.50 & 5.50 at the Arena. 895-7000.

Oct. 13 & 14. . . Chicago, 8pm at Olympia Arena. Tickets: \$7.50, 6.50 & 5.50 at the Arena.

Oct. 17. . . Rick Wakeman w/ special guest star Gentle Giant—8pm at Cobo Arena. Tickets \$6.50 & 5.50 at the Arena or by mail.



Norma Bell at Masonic 10/11

Oct. 18. . . George Carlin at Masonic Auditorium. Tickets \$6.50 and \$5.50. Call 925-9292 for more info. 8pm.

# THEATRE

## DETROIT

Hilberry Theatre presents "Of Mice & Men" in repertory Oct. 3 thru December. Ticket info. 577-3010. Cass & Hancock.

Bonstelle Theatre presents Noel Coward's "Present Laughter" w/ Douglas Fairbanks Jr. Beginning Oct. 21. Ticket info 873-4400. Fisher Bldg.

Meadowbrook Theatre presents "A Midsummer Night's Dream" beginning Oct. 9. 8:30pm-week nights \$4.50, 5.50, weekends \$5.50, \$6.50. Wilson Hall, Oakland University, 377-2100.



Ernestine Nimmons in "Porgy & Bess" 10/3-11

Michigan Opera Theatre presents "Porgy & Bess" 10/3, 5, 8, 10 & 11. Ticket info & performance times 963-3717. Music Hall, 350 Madison Ave., Detroit.

The Theatre; Marygrove College Campus, presents "The Me Nobody Knows"—comedy on hassles of city life from a kid's point of view. 8:30pm 10/3 & 4. 8425 W. McNichols. 927-1130.

Studio Theatre, Oakland University, presents "You Can't Take It With You"—comedy classic by Moss Hart & Geo. S. Kaufman. 10/3-5 & 10/9-12. Ticket info 377-3015. Varner Hall, Oakland U., Rochester.

Music Hall for the Performing Arts presents "Sabrina Fair"—a romantic comedy, 10/13-18. 8:30pm eves., Wed/Sat matinees 2pm. Ticket info 963-3717.

## ANN ARBOR

Oct. 2-5. . . Roadside Attractions theatre group continues its run of "The Servant of Two Masters" at the Spaghetti Bender in Ypsi., 23 N. Washington. Thurs-Sun thru Oct. 5th. Dinner theatre reservations & info 485-2750.

Oct. 8-12. . . The UofM Professional Theatre Program - Guest Artist Series presents Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman" in the Power Center for the Performing Arts. Advance tickets & sales info (313) 764-0450.

## YPSI

Oct. 10 & 11, 15-18. . . The EMU Players present George S. Feydeau's "A Flea in Her Ear" 8pm in Quirk Aud.—EMU campus. Tickets \$2.50. More info (313) 487-1221.

# EVENTS

Oct. 1 & 3 Help Celebrate China's National Day—Oct. 1, A slide presentation: Travel in China 7:30pm, Michigan Union Ballroom, Ann Arbor. Oct. 3, Film Festival: The Opening Ceremony of the Chinese Liberation Army Athletic Convention, 1975 May Day Festival in China, Songs of the Fisherman in the South Sea, 8pm, Mich. Union Ballroom.

Oct. 1-3 A University of Michigan Symposium—Biological Determinism: A Critical Appraisal. Oct. 1—Sex Roles 3pm, MLB3, Robin Jacoby—"Historical Perspectives on Sex Roles"; 7:30pm, Amphitheatre, Pauline Bart—"Biological Determinism: Its Impact on Sexism"; Oct. 2—Aggression & Competition, 3:00 Amphitheatre, Richard Kunes—"Political Determinants of Violence"; 7:30 Aud. Ashley Montagu—"Aggression." Oct. 3 Race and IQ. 3:00 Art Schwartz—"The Politics of Statistics: IQ & Heredity"; 7:30 Val Woodward—"Race, IQ, Heredity: Scientific Racism?"

Oct. 2-5 Old World Market—36 national groups participating, Oct. 2-5, E. Kirby north of Art Institute. Proceeds go to Torch Drive.

Oct. 4 Channel 56/WTVS-TV is having an open house for the entire community at their studios, 7441 Second Blvd., Det., 10am-5pm. Station tours, staff explanation of TV program production, closed-circuit monitors, informational material & light refreshments.

Oct. 4-5 Fall Art Fair, 8am-6pm on Sat 10/4, noon-6 Sun 10/5. Produced by the University of Michigan Artists & Craftsmen Guild. 75 Guild artists w/ entirely handcrafted work. Grounds of Community High School, across from Farmer's Market in Ann Arbor.

Oct. 6 Toledo Coalition for Safe Energy—Speaker Genevieve Cook—on Dangers of Nuclear Power Plants—free movie. Noon in the Ingman Room of Toledo U's student union. (419) 475-2039 for info.

Oct. 12 Dinner Benefit for Toledo's Earth Food Coop—serving food 3-7 at Collingwood Pres. Church. \$2.00 advance, \$2.50 at the door. All Mexican food. (419) 475-4286.

Oct. 14 National Organization for Women—Monthly Meeting 8pm. The IWY Planning Council of Washtenaw County will present an informational session about upcoming International Women's Year activities. Women's Festival Oct. 26.



Martha Graham Dancers at Power Center, A2 19/17-19.

Oct. 17-19. . . The UofM Musical Society presents the Martha Graham Dancers—in the Power Center, Fri & Sat at 8pm, Sun at 3pm. Advance tickets & sales info (313) 665-3717.

Oct. 19 A Walk for Hunger, 1:30pm. Starting point Zion Lutheran Church, A2. Funds raised will go to CROP, Community Hunger Appeal of Church World Service. More info: 663-9376, 662-1611 or 663-1870.

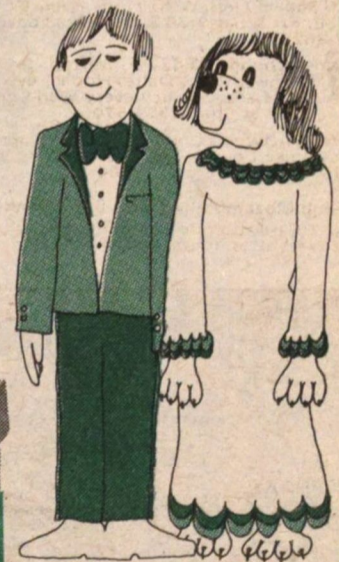
# the Newport Alive with pleasure Guide

## How to get pleasure from a dog bite

Being bitten by a dog can be fun. However, if the dog is engaged to your best friend, it can be embarrassing. If you are looking to get bitten by a four-legged dog, there are several things you can do:

- Make a noise like a bone.
- Dress like a cat.
- All of the above.

Some people think being bitten by a dog is a pain in the leg. This is not always so. Some dogs are very tall.



#3 in Newport's Tongue-in-Cheek Series

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box and Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette FTC Report Apr. 75.  
100's: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette FTC Report Apr. 75.



# Calendar

## TV



10:30pm—"One Man's China"—Documentary by journalist Felix Greene, who roamed through mainland China for five months with his camera & sound equipment. "The People's Communes" is the first in the 7-part series. Ch. 56. Tues. Oct. 7

Wed. Oct. 1  
7:00pm—The Heimaly Eruption (special)—Documents the six months that followed the eruption of the Volcano Eldfell off the south coast of Iceland. Ch. 56.

Thurs. Oct. 2  
7:00pm—Bill Cosby on Prejudice. Ch. 56.  
9:00pm—Low Rent Rendezvous—Films & live local entertainment till midnight. Cable 3 (Ann Arbor)

Sat. Oct. 4  
7:00pm—"The Palace Guard"—Former TV network newsman Gary Gates tells the stories behind the story of Watergate. Ch. 7.  
8:00pm—War & Peace part 2—"Sounds of War" Ch. 56.  
3:00am—A.M. Soundings—Black officers in the Det. Police Dept. Ch. 7.

Tues. Oct. 7  
9:00pm—Masterpiece Theatre—"Shoulder to Shoulder"—1st in a six-part series about the bitter struggle for British women's suffrage. Ch. 56.

Sat. Oct. 11  
8:00pm—War & Peace part 3—"Skirmish at Schongraben." Ch. 56.

Sun. Oct. 12  
8:00pm—The Tribe That Hides From Man—documentary about the search for a mysterious tribe of Indians in Brazil's Amazon jungles. Ch. 56.  
9:00pm—Masterpiece Theatre—"Shoulder to Shoulder"—2nd in a 6-part series about the British suffragette movement. Ch. 56.

Tues. Oct. 14  
10:30pm—One Man's China part 2—"Eight or Nine in the Morning." Ch. 56.  
8:30pm—Say Brother—National Edition—"Vietnam"—Black participation in American wars & the role of blacks in Vietnam. Ch. 56.

Sat. Oct. 18  
8:00pm—War & Peace part 4—"Austerlitz." Ch. 56.



10:00pm—Film Festival—"State of Siege"—Costa Gavras (dir. of "Z"). Ch. 56. Sat. Oct. 11

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## MOVIES

### DETROIT

Detroit Film Theatre, Det. Institute of Arts Aud., 832-2730: 10/3, "Les Enfants Terribles" (Jean-Pierre Melville). 10/4, "Psycho" (Alfred Hitchcock). 10/10, "The Goat Horn" (Metodi Andonov). 10/11, "The 400 Blows" (Francois Truffaut). 10/17, "A Page of Madness" (Teinosuke Kinugasa). 10/18, "A Face in the Crowd" (Elia Kazan)

### ANN ARBOR

Ann Arbor Film Coop, Angell Hall, Aud. A, 769-7787: 10/1, "The Long Goodbye" (Robert Altman). 10/2, "Blow-Up" (Michelangelo Antonioni) & "The Wild Child" (Francois Truffaut). 10/7, "Blow-Up" & "Brewster McCLOUD" (Altman). 10/8, "Thieves Like Us" (Altman). 10/9, "Images" (Altman). 10/10, "Bananas" & "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex \*But Were Afraid to Ask" (Woody Allen). 10/14 & 15, "Les Enfants Terribles" (Jean-Pierre Melville). 10/16, "Contempt" (Jean-Luc Goddard). 10/17, "Sleeper" (Woody Allen) & "Casino Royale" (John Huston & Ken Hughes).

Cinema Guild, Old Architecture Aud., 662-8871: 10/1, "Ivan the Terrible—Part I" (Sergei Eisenstein) & "Films by Vince Scilla". 10/2, "His Girl Friday" (Howard Hawks). 10/3 & 4, "Seduction of Mimi" (Lina Wertmuller). 10/5, "Bicycle Thief" (Vittorio de Sica). 10/7, "Member of the Wedding" (Fred Zimmerman). 10/8, "Dirigible" (Frank Capra). 10/9, "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail" (Akira Kurosawa). 10/10, "A Streetcar Named Desire" (Elia Kazan). 10/11, "Mississippi Mermaid" (Francois Truffaut). 10/12, "Juvenile Court" (Frederick Wiseman). 10/14, "Hour of the Wolf" & "The Last Hunt" (Richard Brooks). 10/16, "The Prince and the Show Girl" (Laurence Olivier). 10/17, "Bus Stop" (Joshua Logan). 10/18, "Some Like It Hot" (Billy Wilder).

Cinema II, Angell Hall, Aud. A, 764-1817: 10/3-4, "Mean Streets" (Martin Scorsese). 10/5, "Point of Order." 10/10, "Johnny Guitar" (Nicholas Ray) & "Red River" (Howard Hawks). 10/11, Children's Film Feature: "Run Wild, Run Free" (3pm), "Badlands" (Terrence Malick). 10/12, Experimental films: "Prelude to Dog Star Man," "Castro Street," "Cosmic Ray," "Boggie Depot," "Andy Warhol's Exploding Plastic Inevitable," "Invocation of My Demon Brother." 10/17-18, "The Passenger" (Michelangelo Antonioni).

Matrix Theatre, 605 E. William, 994-0627: 10/1, "The Magician" (Ingmar Bergman). 10/2-5, "The Groove Tube" (Ken Shapiro). 10/6-7, "Horsefeathers" (Marx Bros.). 10/8, "Virgin Spring" (Ingmar Bergman). 10/9-12, "Easy Rider" & "Five Easy Pieces." 10/13-15, "Adam's Rib" (George Cukor).



Group on Latin American Issues presents "Lucia"—the Cuban epic of love & revolution. 8pm in Natural Science Aud. \$1.50. Oct. 2nd

UAC/Shakespeare, Natural Science Aud., 763-1107: 10/6, "Othello." 10/13, "Henry V."

UAC/Mediatrics, Natural Science Aud., 763-1107: 10/3-5, "Gone With the Wind." 10/10-11, "The Conversation." 10/17-18, "The Great Gatsby."

Ann Arbor Teach-In presents the Midwest Premiere of "The Second Gun," documentary film on the assassination of Robert Kennedy. Oct. 12, 7 & 9pm, Nat. Sci. Aud., UofM

The Inmate Project of Project Community Film Series, Aud. C, Angell Hall, 7:30pm: 10/7, "Women in Prison"—ABC News Documentary. "This Child Rated X"—examines juvenile justice & children's rights. 10/14, "Asylum"—R.D. Laing's therapeutic community in London.

Women's Studies Film Series, Modern Languages Bldg.—Lecture Rm 1: 10/2 Rape: "No lies," "Nobody's Victim" & "Women in Prison." 10/9, Work: "I Am Somebody," "From 3am to 10pm," "Anything You Want to Be," & "Malawi: The Women." 10/16, Black women: "To Be Young, Gifted, And Black" & "The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman."

### YPSI

Center of Educational Resources Film Series Room 213, Pray-Harold, EMU Campus, 7pm: 10/1, Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." 10/2, "Henry V." 10/16, Prejudice: "I Wonder Why," "Bill Cosby on Prejudice" & "Where is Prejudice?"

Mud Cinema, Strong Auditorium, EMU, 487-3044: 10/1-3, "The Conversation" (Coppola). 10/4-5, "Trailing West" & "The McIntosh Man." 10/8-10, "Papillon." 10/18-19, "The Black Wind."

### COMMERCIAL THEATRES

"2001: A Space Odyssey" at Northland.  
"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" at Berkeley.

"A Woman Under the Influence" at Americana, Dearborn, Farmington 4, Roseville, Shores Madrid

"Billy Jack" & "The Trial of Billy Jack" at Briarwood Mall Movie 1 (Ann Arbor)

"Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" at Plaza, Cabin, Livonia Mall, Newcenter, Parkway, Quo Vadis, Showcase (Pontiac), Showcase (Sterl. Hgts.), Somerset Mall, Southgate, Towne, Universal City, Warren Cinema, Michigan (Ann Arbor)

"Cooley High" at Fox.

"Coonskin" at Grand Circus, Mercury, State (Ann Arbor)

"The Other Side of the Mountain" at Americana, Beacon East, Farmington 4, Gateway, Playhouse (Waterford), Southgate.

"Give 'Em Hell Harry!" at Birmingham, Cinema II (Livonia Mall), Showcase Cinema II, Showcase (Sterl. Hgts.), Westborn, Woods, Fifth Forum (Ann Arbor)

"The Homecoming" at Quo Vadis, Punch & Judy, Village

"Janis" at Cabaret 10/8-14

"Jaws" at Americana, Macomb Mall, Mai Kai Pontiac Mall, Showcase (Sterl. Hgts.), Southgate, Vogue.

"Last Tango in Paris" at Studio 8, Terrace.

"The Magic Christian" w/ Ringo Starr at Cabaret.

"Monty Python & the Holy Grail" at Cinema II (Somerset Mall), Quo Vadis, Tel-Ex 3, Woods 2, coming at Fifth Forum (Ann Arbor)

"Nashville" at Abbey, Carousel Twin Theatre, Fairlane, Gateway/Hampton 3, Kingswood, Parkway 1 & 2, Radio City, Southland 1 & 2, Tel-Ex Cinema.

## EARTH, WIND & FIRE

Cont. from page 13

music is considered "too far out" for the popular taste. Maurice: There's another way to look at that, too. In being in music, a lot of the time we tend to be very selfish. Like for instance I could find a certain type of music that I love, and I could get off in a corner and play that and not play anything

else. I could go to a concert and play this all night long and nobody would get off on it.

OK, so I could go home and say, the people ain't cool, because they didn't get off on what I did. But you're not sharing that way. So what we have to do, we play, we give you a little and in return you give us something back. We're communicating our message to the people, and the people are allowing us to play what we want. It's a beautiful marriage.



# Bob Seger/Bruce Springsteen

continued from page 15

the company. Cover stories had been arranged for **Rolling Stone** and other magazines even before the first album was released; **TIME** and **Newsweek** reviewed it; national touring was undertaken; we began production on the second Elektra album and then were suddenly offered the opportunity to terminate our contract there without opposition. A new contract, a very generous one, was negotiated with Jerry Wexler at Atlantic Records, and we started pre-production work on the first Atlantic disc.

At this point I was faced with a terrific dilemma: although we were receiving rave reviews for our performances, many influential rock critics disparaged the band's musical ability, and our potential record sales—the "prime indicator" of pop success—were in danger as a result. We had to have full critical support for our second effort or the band would not be able to realize its fullest commercial potential as a major American rock and roll band.

The strategy I chose was that which Springsteen's people have evidenced with the *Born To Run* LP: I arranged for Jon Landau, then a rising young wimp from Boston who had firmly established himself in the burgeoning "rock press" as a 25-year-old "grand old man" of pop, to come out to Detroit to produce *Back in the USA*. I did this with the knowledge that the band and I would essentially control the production, as Springsteen and Appel apparently have on *BTR*, and Landau's name would go on the back cover as a seal of musical approval, thus producing the inevitable knee-jerk reaction in the lower ranks of popdom and generating the critical acclaim which was the one missing element in our formula at that point.

That Landau was entirely incompatible with the MC5's musical genius is embarrassingly evident on the abortive Atlantic LP. But the failure of that strategy was predicated more directly upon the disappearance of the 5's manager, who was falsely imprisoned by the State of Michigan for two and a half years, shortly after production had begun on *Back in the USA*; and the group's inability to retain effective management after that, or even to keep themselves together personally.

In Springsteen's case the Landau Strategy has paid off beautifully. His presence at the sessions doesn't seem to have significantly disrupted Springsteen's recording direction, while his visible involvement in the crucial third Springsteen LP project was a clear signal to the entire industry that "the new Dylan" and his sponsors at Columbia were indeed serious this time around.

The third album by a new artist is generally regarded as the pivotal release; usually the first two generate less than overwhelming sales response, and the performer must break into the top 20 or 30 albums with record #3 in order to escape the hard fate of cult figures and those others whose sales don't top 150,000 units. It means years more of scuffling for gigs in bars and on small-town concerts across the US—more years of busting one's ass on the road, away from home for long periods, never making enough money even to keep the equipment in proper repair. This is the not very glamorous reality of life in the music business for, say, 95% of all rock and roll bands—the life Seger is still pursuing, I'm afraid, for the most part—and it is of course even worse for most jazz, blues, and R&B performers who also have the unmitigated racism of America in general and the music business in particular to contend with.

The recording company also views the third LP as a crucially important one because its response will indicate, executives seem to feel, the true extent of the ar-

tist's popularity, as opposed to the impact projected by the artist's management from the first day of negotiations through the release of albums #1 & 2. It is almost a last chance shot at the big time; if the artist fails to break through now, the company will be very hard to convince that it should put more money into promoting the artist's career since the sales figures don't warrant such an investment in advertising and promotion.

By the third album also, from the artist's point of view, the record company has had its chance to fulfill its initial promises to the artist. If the company doesn't make the maximum effort to sell the record, the artist most likely will start looking for ways to get out of the present contract and into a new relationship with a company that has the ability to merchandise the artist's product in a big way.

In short, the third LP is a crucial one, and both Springsteen and Columbia have resolved the problem in the happiest possible way for both of them. Landau's association with the project; an all-out

rate at best, and thoroughly abominable at worst.) Within the context of white pop music Springsteen is certainly more viable as a performer than most of his peers; with this widespread conclusion I have no argument. His band is exquisitely tight, hard-rocking, and visually interesting; his show is well-constructed, well-paced, and well-staged; his material is many cuts above the pop average, if only in its intentions; and Springsteen's voice and singing delivery are top of the line.

It is only when Springsteen is taken out of this context and inserted into the ranks of great writers and performers that I must take issue. His claim to greatness must be limited to that category which is inhabited by Elton John, David Bowie, and other masters of pure pop who have astutely analyzed the mass taste of a given moment and come up with a clever pastiche of popular styles and devices, devoid of sincerity or emotional energy, which rings enough bells in the mass musical mind to make people buy their records in great quantities.



Bob Seger kicks 'em out at Cobo

photo: Leni Sinclair

publicity campaign, brilliantly conceived and executed; the decisive backing given the project by Marsh (in both **Rolling Stone** and **Creem**), Paul Nelson (in the **Village Voice**), Peter Knobler of **Crawdaddy**, and other heavy popsters in all possible print media; the scheduling of all-important showcase gigs at New York City's Bottom Line, where the capacity is 450 persons per show and "turn-away" crowds for a week of performances, two shows a night, amount to less than one full house at the Toledo Sports Arena but generate a thousand times the publicity; a national tour of small halls and other showcase performances; a relentless advertising campaign in the popular music press; an equally relentless promotional drive to get airplay on every possible radio station for both the album and the single; and full cooperation and support from the artist himself, in the form of extremely tight, dynamic live performances and an unceasing adherence to the New Jersey punk/street poet image he has so assiduously developed: all of these factors, plus the most precise coordination of each of them with the others, have given Columbia and Springsteen the third album of their wildest dreams, and from a business point of view everyone involved has done an incredibly good job.

I have purposely concentrated on the business end of the Springsteen phenomenon because it is far more interesting to me than his music, which is decidedly second rate. (Of course, my reasoned judgment is that the vast majority of contemporary white popular music is second

Bruce Springsteen is like the Elton John of the Underground to me. He has all the elements—taken from the great white rock and roll artists of the current period, Bob Dylan and Mick Jagger, as well as several lesser lights—and he puts them together convincingly enough to get over resoundingly with his target audience, modern-day college youth. That his songs only parody Dylan's masterful achievements, and that his "high-energy" stage act comes off closer to Abbie Hoffman than Mick Jagger, are considerations of little relevance in this connection; his audience has been so thoroughly mis-educated musically that they can't tell the difference, and frankly, neither can the chumps who write about music for a living, which is one of the reasons the audience has it so bad.

The one Springsteen influence which no one seems to have noticed to date is the mid-50's pop opera, "West Side Story." In fact Springsteen's live performance, at Ann Arbor's Hill Auditorium Sept. 23rd, suggested nothing more positively than a mid-70's update of the Leonard Bernstein classic, with the now-popular stereotype of the repulsively romantic street punk replacing the Puerto Ricans of the earlier show, and with Springsteen playing all the parts.

What I mean is that Springsteen's are not songs of direct experience compellingly told as acts of cathartic artistic release; they are tales of a mythic urban grease scene which, taken together, form a scenario or script for a third-rate television treatment of delinquent white

youngsters of the slums. It is easy to fool persons such as Landau and Marsh regarding the authenticity of such a fantastic proposition, since the streets are not where they feel most comfortable; and it is equally easy to convince well-heeled young college students of today, desperate for an identity separate from that of their despicable parents, that what they are seeing and hearing is the true reflection of the young thugs of the worse parts of town, whose dead-end existence is somehow more exciting than their own.

While this might add up to great pop entertainment, there is no way one can allow it to be palmed off as serious contemporary rock and roll art. The artistic treatment of Springsteen's chosen milieu has already been done to perfection by one Hubert Selby Jr., a Brooklyn writer whose *Last Exit to Brooklyn* is infinitely better written and far more compelling in every way than Springsteen's tiresome songs. The rock and roll version was done by Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels, whose drummer, Johnny Bee (Badanjek) has reams of rock and roll songs of his own composition which are exactly what Springsteen's are supposed to be. Bee's work, like Seger's, and unlike Springsteen's, comes from within the culture or sub-culture he is writing about; that's what gives it its energy and makes it convincing, but you have to be one of the people you're writing about to make it work.

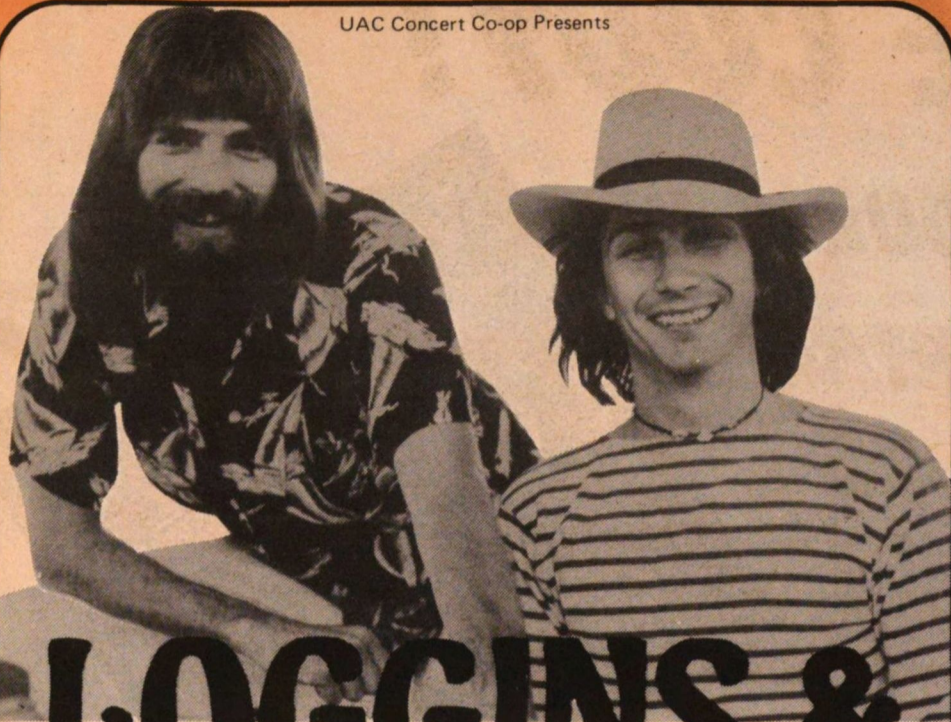
Springsteen, on the other hand, appears to be a person who shares the cultural reality—and the world outlook—of the pop critics and college students who are his idolators. His street-punk characters are romanticized one-dimensional caricatures of urban proletarian youth as seen from the vantage point of a guilty, middle-class suburban kid. As such, their interest is slight for those who do not share this peculiar world view, such as myself.

It makes little difference what I might say about either Springsteen or Bob Seger, however; their fates in the music business, will continue to unfold irrespective of my humble remarks. Springsteen now has the clear opportunity to establish himself irrevocably as a modern-day pop giant, provided his business moves are as sound as they've been to date; and Seger will probably continue to blow his chances for major success, unless his business moves are greatly upgraded. Seger's music will hopefully continue to delight all those who are fortunate enough to come into contact with it, while Springsteen's essentially boring—and even offensive—musical works would seem to have little chance of improving, given their consistency over three full LPs and the positive reaction to them which is now beginning to take on the effervescence of the True Rock Gospel.

Still and all I must invite my readers to make the ultimate test of such matters by playing the recordings one after the other on the record player and noting the differences between the two approaches to essentially the same thematic material. I must insist that, if there are any standards left at all, Seger's are far superior to those of the young New Jersey punk. But, if I may assert once more the maxim that the music business is mainly about business and hardly about music, I must also conclude that of the two, given the nature of his current mass success, Springsteen must be considered "the real B.S." I certainly don't begrudge him his victory, nor do I mean to insult his many fans among my readers by attacking their standards of taste, but I have never been paid enough by any agency of the recording industry to persuade me to love the thing which they are determined I love, and, to paraphrase the great Jon Landau, "it's too late to start now."



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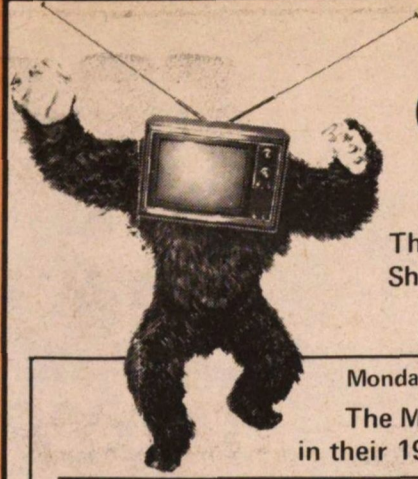
Reserved Seats \$7.00, \$6.00, \$5.00

Tickets just went on sale. Available at UAC box office in the lobby of the Michigan Union, 10:30-5:30 (763-2071)  
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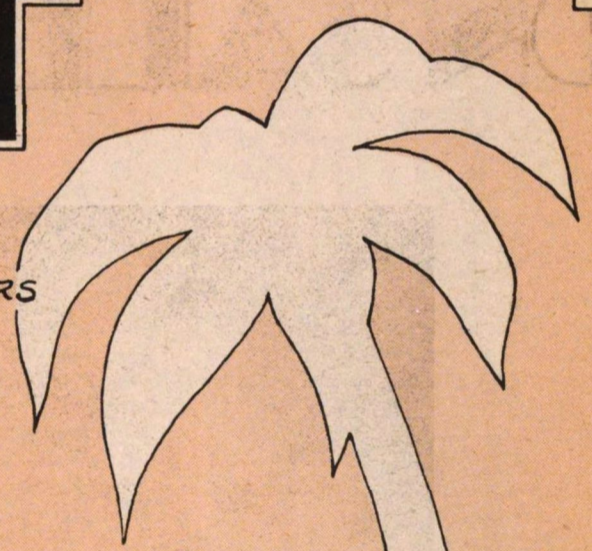
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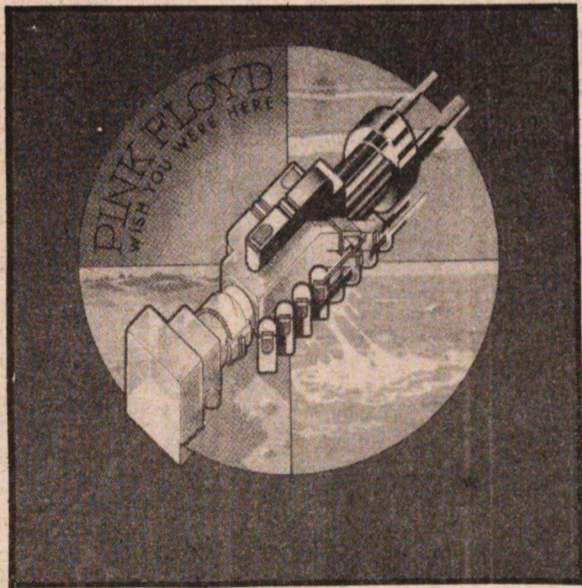
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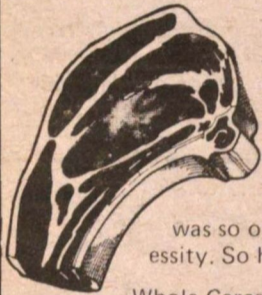


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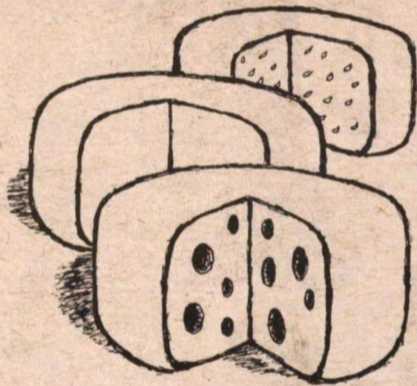
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Above orders include roll & butter, salad or vegetable

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# Police & Teamsters

continued from page 3

The Michigan State Constitution of 1963, however, now gives final authority in these matters to the Civil Service Commission, administered by Personnel Director Ross, which is not expected to give up its authority to either police or Teamsters.

If they cannot win the authority to unionize in the first round, the command officers will be lobbying to submit to the voters an amendment to the constitution itself. The MSPCOA has had a part-time lobbyist pushing the amendment measure among legislators in Lansing since it was drawn up this May. It is similar to the better-known House Joint Resolution "X," which has been vociferously sponsored by the Michigan State Police Troopers Association and its executive secretary, Doil C. Brown. Although the MSPCOA is not yet affiliated—at least legally—with Local 214, they will apparently have full time Teamster lobbyist Otto Wendell working for them, too.

Having its cake and eating it, too, the MSPCOA is being fronted for in the Legislature and the Civil Service Commission by a union which cannot legally represent them. Police officers, as it usually turns out, get their cake no matter what. While the law usually forbids police strikes, even in localities where it allows police unions, hundreds of protesting officers have been known in several cities to call in with the "blue flu." In Boston this fall, police went so far as to use an overtime grievance as an excuse to stage a massive call-in while anti-busing rioters attacked school buses and black students.

The most that the laws allow police as a bargaining weapon is compulsory arbitration, which submits contract questions to a disinterested third party. Officially, at least, that is all Michigan State Police are asking for, and legislators may be inclined to grant it on the principle of "fairness." But the "blue flu" makes the wildcat strike and ever ready court of appeal.

It is no real mystery why command officers chose Teamsters Local 214, which already represents nearly 1,600 local police officers, sheriff's deputies, and airport security guards in some 81 Michigan bargaining units, as well as the lion's share of employees in Detroit's Department of Public Works. Teamsters have a reputation, deserved or not, for delivering the fattest contracts.

And Teamster members may well get the best deal—until the time comes to collect their pensions. The Teamsters' Central States Pension Fund is equally notorious for financially unsound, ethically questionable, or downright shady real estate investments. Even if they unionize, the state troopers could keep their current civil service pension fund. But this pension fund, plagued by cuts in state money, may not be in much better shape than the Teamsters'.

"Someone has to raise questions about the possible political use of police power," says Representative Bullard. "For example, what would happen if state troopers were called upon to keep the peace in an organizing dispute between the United Farm Workers and the Teamsters over migrant farm workers right here in Michigan. It is not good to put that possibility for conflict of interest within the reach of a profession whose highest duty should be the fair and impartial enforcement of the law."

Bullard is one of the few so far to raise questions about the law-enforcement officers' affiliation with a union involved in legally questionable activities. The Teamsters' history—from ex-President Jimmy

Hoffa's earliest days to his probably murder this year—has been rife with serious allegations of organized crime connections.

During a recent \$12 million lawsuit over charges of police brutality and racial insults against Blue Magic, a black Philadelphia-based band, by Ann Arbor Police, local elected officials complained about how police union contracts limited their access to police records which might clear up the facts of the case. The contracts limit public officials' power to govern police activities, in the interest of "job security" for officers.

In hard times, police "job security"—like everyone else's—may be threatened by budget cuts and layoffs. It is far more difficult, however, for employers to fire police officers for misconduct on the job than to fire teachers, assembly-line workers, or over-the-road truckers.

A judge who has a personal or economic interest in a case automatically disqualifies himself. Representative Bullard ar-

*Teamsters Local 214 already represents nearly 1,600 local police officers, sheriff's deputies, and airport security guards in some 81 Michigan bargaining units.*

gues that police should be held to similar standards of professional ethics.

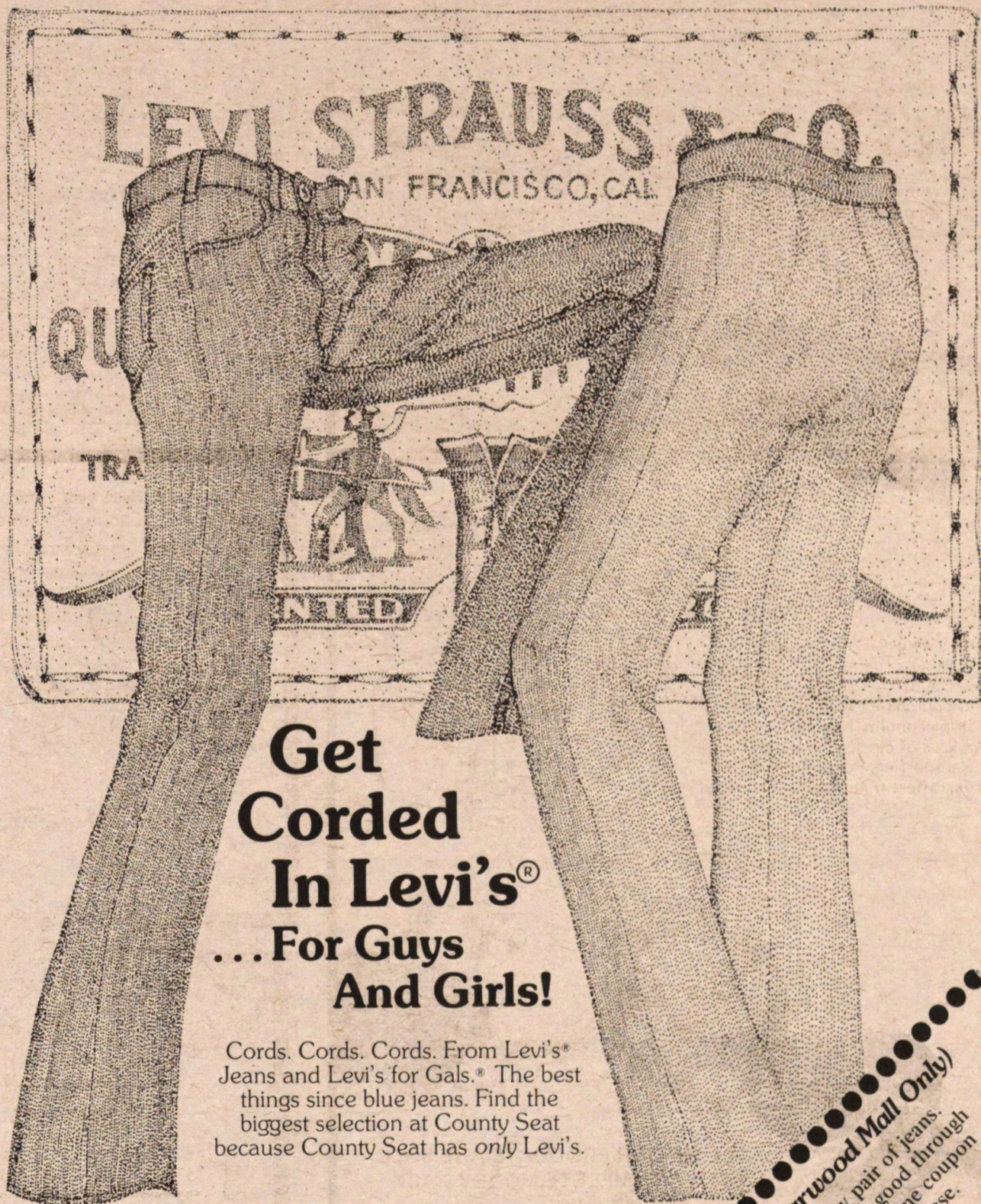
The opportunities for conflict of interest in police work are neither rare nor imaginary. The State Police unionization fight raises the question of whether Teamster-organized state troopers could fairly enforce the law if, for example, truckers protesting fuel prices and speed limits were again to blockade interstate highways as they did in December 1973.

Jimmy Hoffa was fond of recalling that during the early struggle to organize the Teamsters, striking workers were routinely beaten up both by hired crime-syn-

dicate thugs and by police strikebreakers. Hoffa's solution was to deal with his organized-crime enemies on their own terms—by either scaring them off with violence or buying them off with cash.

Would Jimmy smile—if he were alive to do so—to see the labor movement's other traditional enemies, the police, being organized by his own successors?

*Joseph Davis is a free-lance writer who lives in Ann Arbor. He was formerly the workhorse reporter for Good Morning Michigan.*



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GAYNESS AND SPIRITUALITY: conversations about the relationship between people's spiritual and sexual journeys. Sundays at 3:00. Canterbury House, 218 N. Division; 665-0606. [10/11]

WE LIKE THE FACTS We are looking for any person who has knowledge that he or another has been the victim of secret law enforcement files or who has been falsely charged by police. Contact Pat Slack, 313 963-0886. [12/10]

Need Child Care? The Children's Community Center has openings for 5 children between 2 1/2-5 yrs. We are licensed by the Dept. of Social Services. Call 663-4392 weekdays. [10/11]

## FOR SALE

Weathered barn lumber can be used for decoupage or paneling. Call 485-2669. [10/11]

For Sale: Several wood stoves. Write PO Box 41, Saline, MI or call 971-8842 [10/15]

McSpadden dulcimer hand-made, excellent condition. \$70 or best offer. Call Kim AV5-2039 between noon and 6pm. [10/11]

1960 Corvair. Low mileage, \$600. Call Bob at 422-9608 between 8 and 9pm, Mon, Weds, & Fri only. [10/11]

1959 Fender Strat w/ old case. Good Cond—Call 485-3100, ask for Bill. [10/11]

Cordovox Electric Piano—3 stops, Piano, Harpsichord, Honkie Tonk—was \$595. Now \$399. Call Bill at 485-3100. [10/11]

Band Breaking Up! Used Fender Bassman Head—Excellent condition, \$95. ARB Bass Head 120 Watts, \$85. PA, 800 120 Watts, 8 Channels; was \$695, now \$299 (like new). Call Bill at 485-3100. [10/11]

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HIWATT 50 Watt amp with custom fit case. Brand New \$700; two Fender Bassmen 100W amps \$250 each, 761-6959, 429-4336. [10/11]

Ludwig Floor Tom, \$35. Gretsch Snare and stand, \$60. Starlite Bass Drum, \$25. Call 439-1638. [10/11]

Hand made macrame and beaded roach clips, key chains and chokers, \$1.25. Post Paid. Sure to please. Write Judy Williams, 402 Michigan, Monroe, MI 48161. [10/11]

I can make your favorite postcard or photo into a de-coupage belt buckle for five bucks. (Pictures must be slightly larger than 4" wide and 2 3/4" high, and be on reasonably heavy paper.) They don't make this kind of buckle blanks any more (they're machine-stamping them now) so get yours before my supply runs out. I also have a good selection of antique postcards, some as old as 1900—\$6 for a buckle with one of those. Call Gary, 995-3551

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TOY PARTY DEMONSTRATORS Invest your time, not your money. Earn free sample kit plus 25% commission. No delivering, no collecting. AMERICAN HOME TOY PARTIES, 753-4148, 285-3804. [10/15]

Shaklee Corp. needs 700 Distributors in the Ann Arbor-Detroit area to sell a quality line of Biodegradable cleaning products, cosmetics and natural food supplements. 35% & up commission. Plus many extras. Complete information \$1 to: Brown Inc, 3222 Hickam, Orlando, Fla, 32809. [10/11]

Sell your way through the easy way! F/T P/T M/F. 50% profit margin. Phone 995-0426 evenings. [10/11]

Amateur photographer wants girls for nude modeling. Must be over 18. No experience necessary. \$10 per session. Call 547-7928 after 6pm. [10/29]

Receptionist/secretary needed for performing arts productions company, AA area, some travel, dictation, typing, graphics, phone, variable hours. Mr. Redmond 481-0795 or 973-9400. [10/11]

The SUN needs experienced typesetters, key-line artists & photographers on part time basis. Contact Leni Sinclair at 831-1666.

## LOST AND FOUND

Lost: Woman's brown wallet in the Northwest area of Ypsi perhaps near bus station. Reward. Call 485-2020. [10/11]

Found: White Contact Lens Case with one green contact in front of Wine Shoppe at Maynard and Williams. Inquire at Wine Shoppe.

## MUSICIANS

DRUMMER wanted for female rock band. Feminist oriented but into playing just good music. Call Kris, 994-0156 after 6pm. [10/11]

Singer with PA seeks serious R&R Blues Band. Can read and write music, play keyboards, guitar & harp. Call 517-787-9188. [10/11]

MUSICIANS COOP—Join for annual \$20 fee, become member to qualify for 50% discounts on small goods. Martin strings, reg. \$5-member's price \$2.50. Ernie Ball regular Slinky's, reg. \$4.40-member's price \$2.20. Plus straps, picks, everything! Call for information, 485-3100. [10/11]

Musicians wanted. Serious. Back three female vocalists. No experience necessary. JD at 994-1374. JJ at 994-1045. [10/11]

## PERSONAL

Virgo Male—UofM Grad with variety of interests, seeking sincere relationship with intelligent, sensitive woman. Most compatible with Taurus, Capricorn and Gemini. Box 62, Plymouth, MI 48170. [10/11]

Attractive single, sincere white male 27, seeks young (teens or early twenties), attractive, sincere female to share "Free," modern two bedroom apartment in Detroit suburb, for a meaningful relationship in our personal lives, companionship, and assistance in keeping apartment clean. Must like music and going to rock concerts, and the partying that goes with it. Am interested and participate in various sports, such as bowling, skiing, boating, tennis, etc., and attending Pro sporting events, which you should be interested in doing for the most part also. If interested contact: Greg, 313 326-7888, 164 Hubbard Court, Apt. 3, Westland, Michigan, 48185, for a meeting in any area. Phones don't waste your time and mine. [10/11]

White Male, 22, seeks Female; age, looks unimportant for meaningful relationship. All letters answered. Write Boxholder, Box 415, Wayne, MI 48184. [10/15]

Irish Republican Army Traitor: Caged man, you unkey for my money, is unfree. You lost class, now mafioso ass. Hunting you is really fun. Red Row Rover, Run. Post Mortem. [10/11]

Young couple would like an attractive gal in 20's to join us for an evening of fun. Call after 7:30pm, ask for Christine. Detroit-Metro Area preferred; 547-2093. [10/11]

Attention women who need male companionship, write what situation you would like to PO Box M-1965, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. [10/15]

Gay, uninhibited, male, attractive slim, youthful, seeks same Bi or Gay. John Box 13528, Detroit, MI 48203. Send photo please [10/11]

Young male, hung up, seeking a relationship with a woman, 341-5268, ask for Dan. [10/11]

BRAD JONES heard you were in A2. Really want to see you. Give me a chance. Write C. Glassman, 1411 Northside Blvd., South Bend, Indiana 46615. [10/11]

Young man would like to meet dominant woman. Write Box 29, Clawson, MI 48017.

## PUBLICATIONS

RECON October issue includes: Conflict of Interest in the Pentagon, Military Persecutes Gays, AFGE to Unionize Soldiers, Strategy of Irish Republican Clubs, and much more. Send 35¢/copy or \$3/year (12 issues) to RECON, PO Box 14602, Phila., PA 19134. [10/11]

READ MARIJUANA MONTHLY. The only magazine about smoke. Eight Dollars per year. Marijuana Monthly, Box 44428-A, Panorama City, CA, 91402. [11/12]

A decade of social change for a quarter: The Berkeley Barb's 10 anniversary issue is available now for 25 cents from PO Box 1247, Berkeley, CA 94701. A special double issue, with contributions from Allen Ginsberg, Paul Krassner, Kate Coleman and many others. Includes a 16 page supplement of reprints, interviews and photographs reviewing the last ten years: Peoples' Park, drugs and the Haight-Ashbury, the antiwar movement, films, underground comics, music and more. [10/11]

For up-to-date information on issues concerning women and health, read HealthRight, a new quarterly for and about the Women's Health Movement. One year's subscription \$5 (establishment institution \$10). Write to HealthRight, 175 Fifth Ave., NYC, NY 10010.

NO WILL? DON'T die! Protect your family! Why should your state decide who gets your money, furniture, car, etc? Book with fifteen different sample wills, only \$3. You can do it yourself. Order today. Marhow Publications, 7420 Woodman Ave, Box 7756, Van Nuys, Ca, 91409. [11/12]

## ROOMMATES WANTED

Roommate wanted to share 2 bedroom flat with one other person or take over 11 month lease. All utilities paid, near South State and Packard. 994-0792. [10/11]

## SERVICES

Light hauling and local moving, 485-8606. [10/15]

Professional Commercial Artist available for consultation or production. Portfolio available-Free estimates. Kathy Kelley, 995-2753 or 761-7148.

Astrologer-Bill Albertson Spiritual interpretations and Progressions. Natal Charts, Birth Control Charts, Classes, private lessons. Relocation Charts. Call 483-1954.

Astrologers Michael and Margaret Erlewine, Publishers CIRCLE BOOKS ASTROLOGICAL CAL- ENDAR (eleven years experience). Charts cast \$3 (natal, sidereal or heliocentric). Also personal readings, classes. Call 663-6677. Michael and Margaret Erlewine, c/o The Heart Center, 1041 N. Main, Ann Arbor, MI 48104.

Authentic Professional Mid-Eastern dancer for hire. Private partys, ethnic or nightclub engagements. Group and private instruction available. Call 971-0174. [10/11]

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## WANTED TO BUY

I will give you \$8-20 for your old class ring. Also buying wedding bands, dental gold, gold jewelry. Write for details, Box 38, Fraser, MI 48026. [10/29]

## PENNED PALS

Contact with people on the outside can help make a prisoner's stint more bearable. Listed are names of some of those who seek this communication:

William Hill, no.141072, PO Box 69, London, Ohio, 43140.  
Samuel R. Douglas, PO Box E, no. 139384, Jackson, MI 49204.  
J. Madrigal, no. 132220, Lock Box 500, Ionia, MI 48846.  
Aziz Abdultah Latif c/o Ricky McAllister, no. 139971, PO Box 69, London, Ohio 43140  
P.C. Miller, No. 138-401; P.O. Box E; Jackson MI 49204.  
Charles Sanders, No. 135714 P.O. Box E, Jackson MI  
Larry Ricks; Box 57-136-315 Marion OH 43302.  
Claude L. Robinson, PO Box 747, Starke, Fla 32901.  
Joe Fiore, No. 1393555, PO Box E, Jackson, MI 49204  
Joe Nathan McCoy, No. 137-802, PO Box 69, London Ohio 43140  
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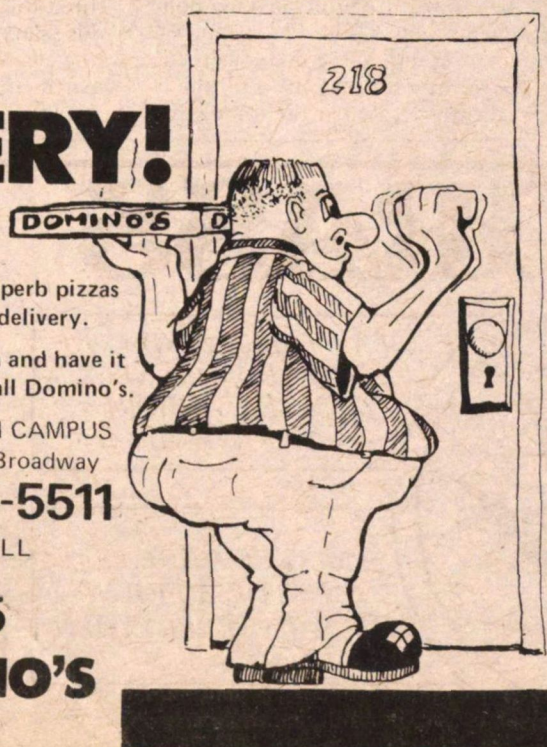
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## Teamsters

continued from page 3

years he receives a full pension. The sixth year—SURPRISE!—his pension drops 50 per cent.

James Riddle Hoffa ultimately made every working man and woman in America pay for his ride to power. A dynamic leader by almost anyone's standards (whether they liked him or not), Hoffa emerged at a point in American labor history when trade unionism was still a fairly progressive force. He had the potential to give new freedom and dignity to working folks, but somewhere along the way the "little guy" from Detroit's west side, whose mother had spent her adult life on a Fisher Body assembly line polishing radiator caps, decided to forget where he had come from.

He used his talents to organize an awesome array of American working people—then he hustled them all.

Jimmy Hoffa was a hell of an organizer.

He did, after all, beat a whole nation before he organized his own funeral.

## Jimmy Hoffa

continued from page 3

was because one night in Chevy Chase, Md., the trucking king beat the walking toothpaste commercial from Massachusetts in an arm wrestling contest.

Listing a set of "charges" that are rapidly being publicized nationally, Hoffa accuses hand-picked successor Frank Fitzsimmons with almost everything from rubbing bellies with mobsters to clogging the kitchen sink. Even though all of Hoffa's allegations are exactly the same things he was accused of fifteen years ago, it doesn't take much reading between the lines to see that the former labor leader was serving notice that he would use whatever means necessary to sit back down on the trucking throne.

Although the "autobiography" could probably also be titled *The Last Will and Testament of James Riddle Hoffa*, it isn't worth the price. Besides being inconsistent at best, Jimmy didn't tell us the truth. Even though he was obviously aware of it, he never mentioned anything about his third "disastrous mistake."

He trusted fat Frank. He battled with Bobby Kennedy.

And he tried to make a comeback.

*Brian Flanagan is a free-lance writer who lives in Detroit. His work appears regularly in the Michigan Chronicle.*

## Coleman vs DPOA

continued from page 5

posed to be fighting crime, the main thing is to have good crime fighters, like STRESS."

But Moses Baldwin, executive director of the Guardians, the black police officers' organization within the DPOA, says the community's fears of a white occupying army are justified. "If an officer lives in the suburbs, he may take an 'I don't care' attitude towards his beat. He will be more prone towards using physical violence."

**"Coleman Young, being the man he is, will not tolerate foolishness. It's either shape up or ship out. Young wants a dedicated and professional police force. He deserves it."**

According to Baldwin, residency is not an issue among black officers. He feels that union money spent on attorneys, witnesses, and accumulation of data for testimony could be better spent to provide training sessions for incoming police officers.

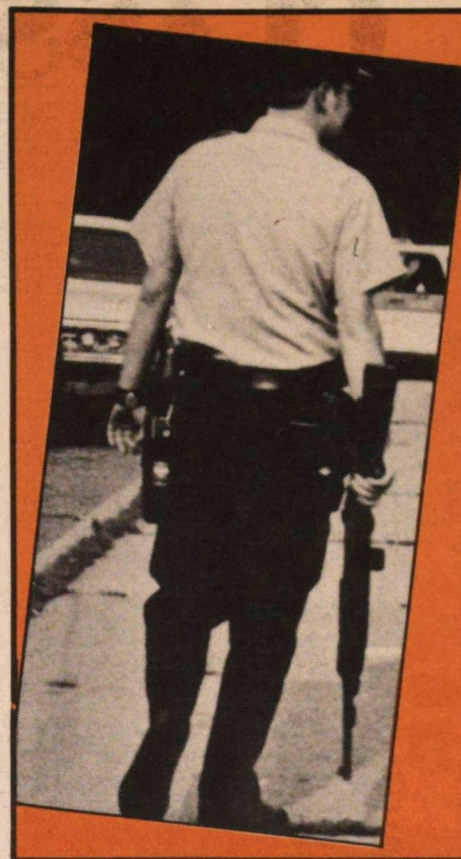
Baldwin estimates that the DPOA has exhausted at least \$50,000 in union dues to continue the fight against residency. He cannot get an exact figure. The secretary-treasurer used to give monthly accounts of the dues balance, but Baldwin says this hasn't been done in two years.

Sexton would not give *The SUN* any amount either. He claims the city has spent more money in policing the department for residency violators. Edwards estimated that \$167,000 has been spent by the police department to investigate residency claims.

Edwards says the city intends to crack down hard on any officers abusing the residency clause. It is launching a major campaign to ferret out suburban domiciles.

The residency fight is not completely settled. The case of Lt. Eugene Caviston is scheduled to go to the Michigan Supreme Court.

Caviston, an 18-year veteran of the force,



holds a legal address in the city while assigned to duty. He can be reached for additional duty at the Detroit phone number. On leave days he visits his wife and family in Farmington Hills. He told the department he would file divorce proceedings against his wife to maintain his job. Wayne County Circuit Court has upheld his right to hold two domiciles, as long as he reports to work from his Detroit address.

Edwards says this case involves the legal definition of residency. "This case could make or break the residency arbitration. The city intends to hold its position that residency is a full-time commitment," Edwards says.

Sexton says the union will also appeal

the arbitration decision to Circuit Court. "In the end we will be right. Everybody knows this. Even the American Civil Liberties Union will be joining our fight."

But Toby Holtzman, administrative secretary of the Detroit ACLU branch, says Mr. Sexton has a "mistaken impression about our branch."

The full ACLU board met in June to discuss the question of residency and decided that requiring officers to live in the city was not "Unconstitutional." It cited "rapid mobilization of officers, commitment to the city, day and night protection for residents, involvement with community problems."

The ACLU position, in line with the City's goals, would prevent white police officers from "nocturnal escape." Taken at face value, there seems little worth to a snoring police officer, whether he's resting in Detroit or Clinton Township.

But police officers are the most visible representatives of the city. They are paid well — \$15,000 after five years of service — to perform an essential service. The officers have 139 square miles of territory in which to find a house, and 15,000 homes for sale. If the cops cannot find a safe home within the 13 precincts, then they obviously aren't doing the job they are paid to do.

Edwards concedes that the residency decision will not bring racism and crime to the zero point. But it will curb the suburban exodus. In a city with too many murders and too few jobs, that is a mighty big step. Combined with the disbanding of STRESS and the increased proportion of blacks and women in the department, it opens the way for a police force whose character suits the times — a force less concerned with preserving its suburban retreats and other privileges, less likely to rely on physical violence, and more responsive to the needs of the city and its residents.

*Maureen McDonald is a free-lance writer who lives in Southfield. She wrote for the Royal Oak Daily Tribune for a year after graduating from journalism school at Michigan State.*

## Drugs, Cops & PR

continued from page 2

traffic, then Mr. Vernier of the DEA should prepare his agency to arrest the state legislatures and supreme courts of Alaska, Oregon, California, Maine, Colorado and Ohio, all of whom have recently followed Ann Arbor's lead in reducing reefer penalties to non-criminal offenses.

Now of course the Ann Arbor Republican party, in close cooperation with their Ann Arbor *News*, is setting out to repeal the \$5 ordinance. Where is their respect for the "will of the voters," who passed the \$5 pot law in a referendum, on this issue?

The whole affair, from Mr. Vernier's in-

sistence that marijuana leads to heroin, to Bill Trembl's dinosaurian reporting in the *News* that undercover agents had to refrain from taking showers in order to infiltrate the "drug ring," reeks of 1950's "Reefer Madness" consciousness. Some people never change with the times.

Calling the people arrested "one of the largest drug operations in the nation" is also an utter lie put forth for political propaganda purposes. With only a couple of exceptions, everyone arrested was accused of selling tiny amounts of drugs. Even the "big guys" were small-time operators in the world of drugs.

Exaggerating by 10 times the street value of the drugs; blowing out of proportion the size of the drug ring; making political statements which police are supposed to shun—there is more here than meets the eye. Is Mr. Vernier setting out to fill the vacancy recently created at the top of the

DEA in Washington? Is the DEA trying to muster some credibility, now that Congress is looking into restraining their massive funding due to lack of results?

Just as the FBI and CIA, it appears the DEA is running amuck, manipulating the press, making false statements, brutalizing people during arrest procedures, and cramming them overnight in a jail cell so small no one could lie down. We've also had reports that agents were sold somewhat larger quantities than they alleged in court. Skim-off, anyone?

As for Krasny, we believe his actions only add to the long list of violations of the public trust during his tenure as Ann Arbor Police Chief. Krasny should be fired for maligning the city which pays his salary and for failing to consult with the elected officials in charge of his department before making political statements of an inflammatory nature.

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## Informed Sources

continued from page 8

the situation. They urge those who share their alarm to do anything possible to stall the bill where it is—preferably “forever,” and at least until the Brown Commission’s majority report, which has never reached the floor of the Senate, is looked at.

Some kind of amended bill is likely to reach the Senate floor by January. In the meantime, the National Committee Against Repressive Legislation suggests

contacting people like Senator Robert Griffin, one of the bill’s sponsors, and Senator Philip Hart, a Judiciary Committee member, to let them know your feelings on the matter—in hopes that they may be moved to defend more vigorously the rights of their constituents. Anyone wishing more information about this terrifying proposition or interested in actively working against it can get in touch with NCARL’s Midwest office at 431 S. Dearborn, Chicago 60605; the Ann Arbor offices of the American Civil Liberties Union or the American Friends Service Committee; or the Detroit office of the National Lawyers Guild.

—DVP

## 10th Precinct

continued from page 5

The image presented of officer Robert “Mustache” Mitchell was that of a tough street cop who had his own very lucrative thing going for him. He was not above taking bribes and payoffs in exchange for protection and certain paternal advice. “He was like a father to me,” said Alabama Red. Don’t sell to whites or kids or when the McNeal children are around, Mitchell told Red, and operate only during specified hours.

But Mitchell’s specialty was his arrangement with informants. In recruiting people Mitchell would tell them he had a hundred “snitches” working for him and would promise a 50-50 split of the loot (money and dope) seized on any raid for which the informant provided the tip.

Sgt. William Stackhouse, one of those charged only with conspiring to obstruct justice, appeared to be Mitchell’s silent partner on many of the deals Mitchell hustled. And Sgt. Carlos Gonzales made an occasional visit to the McNeal home on Pingree for some of Red’s Chivas Regal and pocket money. Stopping by at the McNeals’ on a more frequent basis (in fact, whenever they could catch Red at home) were patrolmen Richard Herold, Charlie Brown and Daniel O’Mara, who regularly copped their fifty bucks or as much as they could squeeze out of Red’s fat wallet. There were also indications that Herold and Brown were peddling junk themselves whenever the op-

portunity presented itself. Officers David Slater and Willie Peoples reportedly enjoyed ripping off dope houses for the money, clothing, TV’s, and stereos they might convert to personal use. And they had a very special relationship with dealer Happy Battle, whom they were said to have beaten, robbed and extorted every time they spotted him on the street until the terrified Battle and his partner Red coughed up payoffs totalling several thousand dollars.

As for the civilians on trial, Harold “Rook” Davis (no relation to Rudy) was pictured as an independent dealer frequently supplied by Happy Battle. Richard “Slim” Kendricks, Harold “Boo” Turner and Bobby Neely were dealers who often did business with the McNeal clan. And Guido Iaconelli was described by Wiley Reed as not only the operator of a Farmington lawn mower shop but also as Happy Battle’s cocaine connection. Morris Bivins, it was said, left his job as an auto mechanic to become one of Battle’s delivery men. Erskine Haslip, the owner of Haslip’s Shoe Store, used his business, according to Wiley Reed, to launder considerable portions of Battle’s profits.

As the trial moved into October, its fourth month, defense attorneys were preparing their attempt to undermine these impressions in the eyes of the 17-member jury charged with deciding the fate of the 16 co-defendants.

*Pamela Johnson lives in Detroit and has been writing regularly about the 10th Precinct conspiracy trial for the Sun.*



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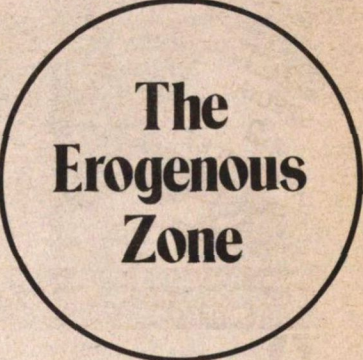
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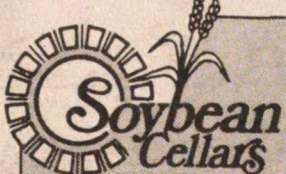


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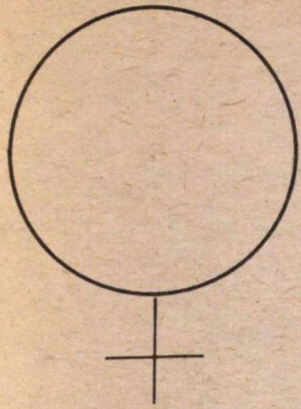
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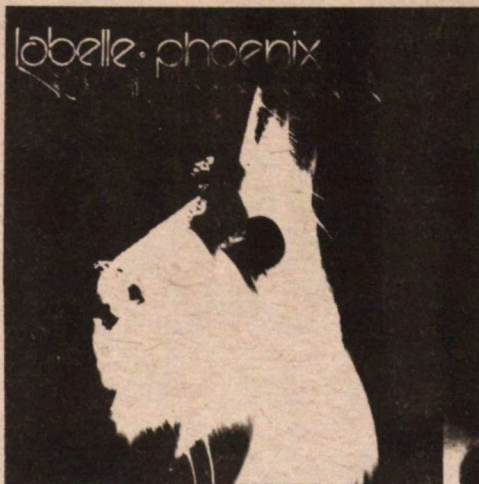
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# Letters

Dear *SUN*,

Although I now live in East Lansing, I am originally from Detroit, and try to keep in tune to Detroit radio (The X, CJOM, and W4). Much the same as you were, I am very disturbed by the ever increasing lack of good radio in Detroit.

Your article on "Detroit's Radio Desert" was excellent!! It explained what's been going on in Detroit these past few months, and what has happened to many of the fine Detroit radio people we've all known for so many years.

I am, as you are, looking forward to the day Detroit has progressive radio once again.

Merrill Gordon  
East Lansing

## AN OPEN LETTER TO PRESIDENT ROBBEN FLEMING and the BOARD OF REGENTS

September 26, 1975

I am not a conspicuous graduate of the University (Literary College 1942 and Law School 1946), but a concerned one. And you should be as concerned as I am. What should be our common concern emanates from statements attributed to Frederick E. Davids, chief of University of Michigan security, in the September 25, 1975 issue of the *Ann Arbor News*:

"If you look back a page or two," said Davids, "public officials, including state representatives, publicly smoked marijuana on the campus and encouraged youth to do it right along with them. People continue to return these people to office," he said, "but as far as I'm concerned, they are unfit for public office."

When I first read the foregoing statement, I couldn't believe my eyes. So I read it again. Then I read it again, again, and again. Each reading elevated my temperature until finally the boiling point was reached. I then had no alternative but to dig my typewriter out of moth balls and write this letter.

The statement of Mr. Davids establishes, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that if anyone is "unfit for public office" that someone has to be Mr. Davids. Apparently Mr. Davids has been a policeman all of his adult life (Michigan State Police Director, and now chief of University of Michigan security). As such, he has been drinking out of the public trough for a lifetime, with the support of Democrats, Republicans, and any other stripe of politician who voted the appropriations to pay his salary and make possible his even-

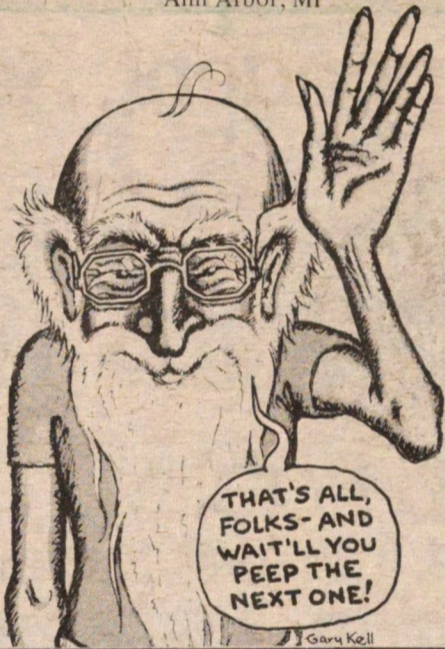
tual pension (from the State, as well as from the University). The gas in his car, the clothes on his back, the food on his table, and the home he lives in, all have been bought and paid for with funds generously supplied by politicians of all kinds for decades. And now the ungrateful cur wants to bite the hands of those who have fed him! What a way to go. A real drag.

Far more grave is the contempt Mr. Davids expresses toward an inviolate tenet of our democracy, namely, SOLDIERS AND POLICEMEN STAY OUT OF POLITICS. If we want a police state in this country, all we have to do is tolerate and applaud the too plentiful likes of the Mr. Davids and their ilk, and they will oblige us in a hurry. 1984 will be here long before 1984.

Mr. Davids has hoed his row. It is time he was put out to pasture. His day and age are long gone. Modern problems demand modern solutions. Mr. Davids is woefully inadequate to supply them. He is a pitiful, obsolete figure, totally out of it, living in the past, and more than ready to take his place in a wax museum devoted to antiquity. In other words, get rid of him. And get rid of him fast.

In closing, I want to make one thing clear. I am not a political activist, nor do I follow any party line. And I am not in the corner of any particular politician. But after too many years of comparative indifference, I do believe I am gradually becoming a citizen, and it has been quite a shock to discover what a rare breed citizens are. If I live long enough, I may make it. Who knows?

Sincerely,  
Donald E. Smith  
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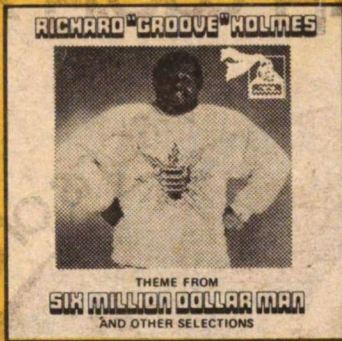
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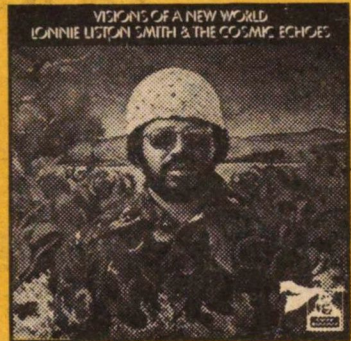
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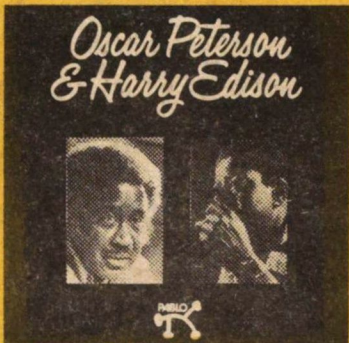
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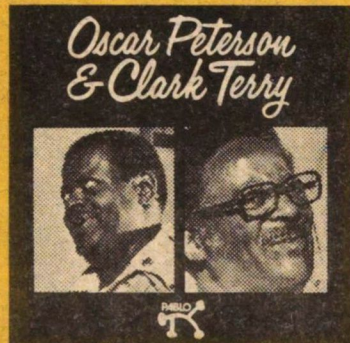
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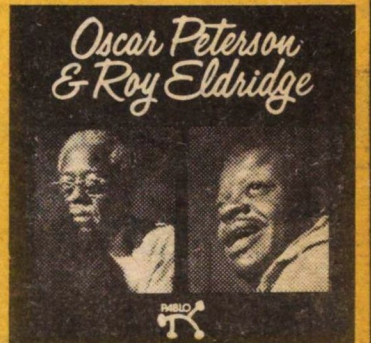
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