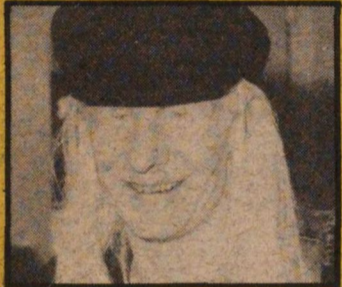




Mardi Gras

Kulchur Editor John Sinclair's special on-the-spot report on the Crescent City's super-spectacular mass street celebration. [p. 9]



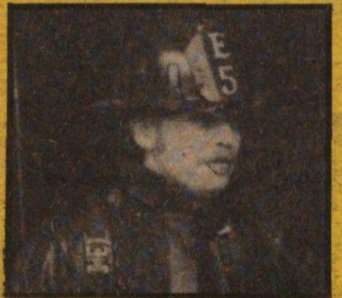
Johnny Winter

And Little Richard at Cobo; plus Albert King, Art Blakey, Marcel Marceau, & more. In the Vortex.... [p.18-19]



Shirley Maclaine

You Can Get There from Here—from TV to the McGovern campaign to China—via the actress/activist's new book. In the Vortex.... [p.18-19]



Firefighters

Things are getting hot, in more ways than one, inside Detroit's Fire Department. Part II of an outspoken interview. [p. 4.]



Weather Warfare

The U.S. military is turning even the weather into a weapon. A startling look at the warfare of the future. [p. 6.]

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Professor Longhair
Alligator Ball
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Harold Melvin
and the Blue Notes
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Volume 4, No. 7

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April 22, 1976

Casinos Could Fill Detroit's Coffers

GAMBLING

By Joel Greer

The billboard jungle along the freeway tells you, if not what you want, what you need. It's usually what to smoke, what to drive, and where to go.

The Sands Hotel of Las Vegas rents space along the Lodge Freeway in Detroit because it offers something special. Since in our so-called "free country," you'd have to travel some 2,000 miles to play blackjack, Las Vegas is often among the first places mentioned when the possibility of a vacation is discussed.

It's about time that someone outside of Nevada began to think about what legalized casino gambling could do for depressed urban economies. Sure, there have been some rumblings about legalizing casino gambling here in Michigan ever since Nevada did it in 1931, but it has taken a statewide fiscal crisis—with particularly harsh effects on the Motor City—to get anyone to really press the issue.

It's been just over a year since the Michigan House of Representatives created a special legislative committee just to see if the state could benefit from a small number of gambling casinos.

As the committee conducted its public hearings throughout the state, studied the Nevada and Puerto Rico casino systems, and learned why New Jersey failed to legalize casino gaming in a 1974 referendum, it was becoming clear that Detroit's developing budget crisis just may threaten the nation's sixth largest city with bankruptcy.

What came out of the committee was House Bill No. 6078, and sure enough, the bill stipulates that casinos would be operated only in the City of Detroit.

"We needed something to fire up whatever we have left," says Representative Casmer Ogonowski (D-Detroit), chairman of the special study committee and one of 21 co-sponsors of the bill.

"Because of our feasibility study, the financial plight of Detroit, and the tremendous support there, we felt that Detroit could most benefit from legalized casino gaming."

Specifically, the bill would create within the Michigan Department of Commerce a state Casino Gaming Commission which would license, regulate and control casino gaming operations.

Under the provisions of the bill, which was placed in the House Committee on Tourist Industry Relations March 4, four casino gaming operations could be established in Detroit. After December 31, 1979, a total of six casinos would be permitted.

Additionally, the casinos, which will be located in hotels containing at least 300 sleeping rooms let on a daily basis, would operate on a limited-hour basis. The Commission would license all operators and employees, and Detroit's Common Council would have the final say concerning operating licenses.

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Will J.L. Hudson's "White Elephant" Become Wayne County's New Jail?

By Nadine Brown

The long, drawn-out issue of a new inmate facility to ease the crowded conditions at the Wayne County Jail—as ordered by a three-judge Wayne County Circuit Court panel—is still up in the air, and rumors are circulating like wildfire.

The panel, Judges Thomas J. Brennan, John D. O'Hair and Victor J. Baum, was given jurisdiction by the court as a result of a suit filed in 1971 by inmates, who charged that overcrowding and other inhumane conditions existed. Sheriff William Lucas was ordered this past

January not to admit any more prisoners until the jail population dropped below its 720 capacity. Then, in February, the panel denied county officials' appeal for a delay and intensified pressure on them to build a new jail.

Now, a controversy has surfaced over whether the Wayne County Board of Commissioners will continue to support a plan it approved last year to build a new jail—on land it voted to purchase from the City of Detroit across from the old Traffic Court site—or a subsequent proposal to renovate the old J.L. Hudson's ware-

house on Madison and Beaubien.

As a result of a recent series of developments, suspicion is growing in the community that a "deal" may be in the making—or is already underway—to dump the plan to build a new jail and go for the warehouse renovation. One of the rumors going around is that Hudson's officials may be planning to move out of the city due to losses in business, and may consider the warehouse a "white elephant" which they want to unload.

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**THE INSIDE
DOPE**
BY
IFFY THE DOPESTER

Spring is in the air, at long last, and this old gray head can't help but turn to thoughts of, among other things, the grand old game. Ah, the crack of the bat, the taste of the hot dog, the sunburn of the bleachers. A few of my readers may recall that I started out as a sportswriter, singing the everlasting praises of Mickey Cochrane and the '34 Tigers in the pages of the old Free Press. Sad to say, we can't very well expect quite the same performance from this year's team, but that sure won't keep me away from Tiger Stadium Tuesday—nor the SUN's Joel Greer, who'll be bringing you the "View from the Bleachers" in our very next edition.

Speaking of sports, accolades are due to many Michigan athletes at this point: to the U of M hoopers for their noble effort against Indiana in the national championship game; to the Pistons, for making the NBA playoffs the third straight year; and to local sluggers Rick Jester (178 lbs.) and Thomas Hearn (132 lbs.), both trained at Detroit's Kronk Recreation Center, for copping national Golden Gloves championships in Miami and landing automatic berths in the upcoming Olympic trials. They made it a proud month for Michigan!

The biggest winner in recent memory, though, is of course the proud possessor of the grand prize in the SUN's second annual "Win a Pound of Colombian" contest, who must remain forever anonymous—at least until the prohibition against the noble weed is lifted. We can say, however, that among the 200 other winners in the contest was none other than Leroy Brooks Patterson, the crusading Oakland County Prosecutor, who scored himself a genuine "Win-a-Pound" T-shirt. Sorry you didn't do better, Brooks—maybe next year!



While we're handing out prizes, we have to present the Detroit Free Press, the so-called "Action Paper," with our solid gold wastepaper basket for news management—for being the only major news medium in town not to say a single word about the contest! When we asked what happened, the City Editor told us that: (1) They were understaffed that night; (2) The contest was "old news" because we held one last year; and (3) It wasn't news because we didn't get arrested.

Somehow, we weren't convinced, perhaps because since the SUN moved to the Motor City last September, the Freep has also been the only major medium in town to have nothing at all to say about the seemingly newsworthy fact that someone is trying to provide an alternative news medium for the Detroit area. Or perhaps we're cynical because one of the paper's top executives told us, and we quote, "We aren't going to help you in any way." Or because we've heard that a memo has gone out to certain employees ordering them not to cooperate with the SUN or mention us in their stories.

In this connection, particular mention must be made of the ever-popular Bob Talbert, the Freep's man-about-town, who originally promised us he would pick the winner of the contest. After management squelched that effort by suspected pothead Bob to express his convictions, he then promised to write about the contest (as he indeed did last year). However, there hasn't been a word from B. T. since about either the SUN or the contest.

Obviously, there is an ax over the heads of those Freep staffers—and there are quite a few—sympathetic to the SUN's efforts. What's the problem, people? We're certainly paying plenty of attention to you, even though you're the competition!

After all, it wouldn't look too good if you didn't live up to those red, white and blue coinboxes and your Bicentennial classified ads campaign. Don't forget, this is supposed to be the land of the free, you know!

Guest Editorial

Giving the City Away

By Larry Nevels and Ronald Massey
*Political Action Committee
The Good People, Inc.*

In direct response to the article of March 20, in the Detroit Free Press, entitled "Milliken Fiscal Relief Plan Merits Close Look by City," I would tend to agree with the fact of looking closely at the Milliken proposal, which I have done, and have reached the conclusion that the Governor has added insult to injury.

What Governor Milliken has proposed is that the state would be willing to help Detroit relieve its deficit by giving to the state the city, piece by piece, as a solution to the deficit problems Detroit is now facing.

Milliken's insulting proposal to Mayor Young reads as follows:

1. The state would pick up the costs—about \$9 million a year—of operating three Detroit cultural institutions.
2. The state would assume responsibility for the functions of the Detroit police crime lab, at a city savings of \$1.6 million.
3. If the mayor would take the long-needed step of transferring the city's mismanaged bus system to SEMTA, the regional transportation agency, the state would assume the bus system's past pension obligations, at a saving to the city of \$8.1 million next year.
4. The state would remove the city's burden of operating a river patrol, at a saving of \$1.5 million a year.
5. To provide new tax revenues, the governor would seek legislative authority so Detroit could levy a three-mill property tax for garbage collection. The tax impact on many Detroit residents—especially the elderly and those on low incomes—would be offset by state tax cred-

its and federal tax deductions. The tax would bring in an extra \$15.2 million a year, and an additional \$5 million in state revenue-sharing funds in the second year of the program, as a result of the increased Detroit tax burden.

Notwithstanding that, because of the deficit that the city is facing presently, Mayor Young has ended the following badly needed services: (1) the Detroit Youth Department, (2) the Detroit Senior Citizens Department, (3) the Detroit Consumer Affairs Department, (4) the East Side Health Center, and (5) the Council of the Arts—which have not been discussed, by way of returning those services, in Mr. Milliken's proposal. But yet, Mr. Milliken proposes that the state would entertain further discussions of relieving still other burdens from the shoulders of the Young administration, such as the operations of Belle Isle, the Detroit Zoo, and Detroit General Hospital. What's next?

If the Mayor agrees to such proposals, it would mean the city would relinquish eight city departments and functions to the state without first restoring those services which were forced to discontinue because of cost and projected deficit.

I would think that the Governor would re-evaluate his current proposal in terms of aiding Detroit, instead of insulting and stripping Detroit of its autonomy and reducing Detroit to a helpless colony serviced by the state.

Mayor Young's problems concerning the projected budget deficit should not be used as the vehicle for giving away the city's right to govern.

"Fiscal Responsibility"

While the city of Detroit is being forced to lay off thousands of employees, eliminate entire departments of city government, and cut back essential services to the bone and beyond in an effort to keep from going bankrupt, it is particularly offensive to have to listen to the city's bankers lecture the Coleman Young administration about "fiscal responsibility"—while they deny the city badly-needed credit and jack up their interest rates to boot.

How is the city supposed to "balance its budget" if the banks refuse to lend the city the money it needs and make it more difficult to repay the money they do see fit to lend?

The banks are already deeply implicated in the causes of the city's current hardships through their well-known, and illegal, practice of redlining—that is, refusing to lend money to homeowners, prospective home buyers, and private developers in most areas of Detroit's central city. The city's lending institutions,

who hold perhaps 70 per cent of its abandoned real estate, don't even have the decency to pay for demolition of their dangerous structures, let alone rehabilitate them. They'd rather wait for the city to do it, at about \$2,000 per job.

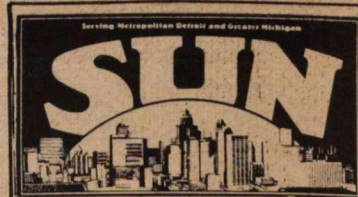
The banks seem determined to take Detroit down the same road as New York City, setting themselves up to pass judgment on how the city spends its money and demanding ever-greater cutbacks, to the point of endangering the health and safety of the city's residents, in return for their grudging financial assistance. The day may not be far off when they refuse to handle Detroit's next bond issue, forcing the city to beg to be "bailed out."

Until Detroit's bankers face up to their responsibility to this community, those who deposit their money with banks who redline should seriously consider putting their hard-earned bucks into a more worthwhile cause.

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The SUN still has full-time opening available for an Editorial Assistant to work closely with the Editor on a number of tasks, including research, writing, editing, and various administrative functions. In the spirit of affirmative action, we're especially interested in qualified blacks and/or women. If interested, submit a letter, a resume, and a few samples of your writing to Derek VanPelt, Editor, The SUN, P.O. Box 1898, Detroit, MI 48231.

WRITERS AND EDITORIAL

WRITERS AND EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL PEOPLE WANTED WRITERS AND EDITORIAL PEOPLE WANTED WRITERS AND EDITORIAL PEOPLE

The Judy Hartwell Case

Rape Within Marriage: Do Women Have the Right to Resist?

By Margie Cohen

On March 16, 1976, a Wayne County jury of eight women and four men acquitted Judy Kay Hartwell, 28, of murder charges stemming from the fatal stabbing of her husband, Freddie Angelo Hartwell. Mrs. Hartwell had claimed that the killing was in self-defense: she had feared that her husband was about to forcibly perform anal intercourse upon her or to tie her to the bed and whip her—both of which she found painful, humiliating, and contrary to her religious beliefs.

The case may have established an important legal precedent, for Circuit Judge Victor Baum instructed the jury that a married woman has a legal right to forcibly resist unwanted sexual advances by her husband. Baum's instruction was a somewhat unexpected positive step toward legal recognition of women's right to control their own bodies.

WOMEN AS PROPERTY

Although Michigan appellate courts have never addressed the question of whether married women must submit to their spouses' sexual demands, Michigan's new Sexual Assault Act implies that they must. The new act, which contains many progressive provisions—including its prohibition of cross-examining rape victims about their prior sexual experiences as a means of discrediting their testimony—retains the archaic and disturbing provision that men cannot be convicted of raping their wives.

Feminists have charged that this aspect of the law perpetuates the historical function of rape laws: the protection of male property rights—i.e., the right of men to exclusive possession of their wives and daughters as sexual commodities—rather than the protection of a woman's right to choose whether or not to engage in sexual relations on any given occasion. Statutory rape laws also reflect this property orientation toward rape, since a father may seek redress for the "violation" of his young daughter, regardless of her willingness to participate in sexual relations.

Laws which refuse to recognize that rapes can, and do, occur within the marital relationship continue women's legal status as the property of their husbands. These laws assume that a man cannot "steal" what is lawfully "his."

Hence the significance of Judge Baum's instructions: although a husband cannot be convicted of raping his wife, she has a right to refuse and resist what may in fact be a rape by him.

TERROR IN MARRIAGE

As valuable as the Hartwell case may be in creating law protective of the bodily integrity of women, to speak of it only in legal terms is to obscure the human dimensions of the case. Judy Hartwell's acquittal was, in a sense, a hollow victory: had the Wayne County Prosecutor's Office been functioning intelligently and humanely, charges would never have been filed against Judy Hartwell, and she would not have been subjected to the anxiety and public exposure of extensive legal proceedings culminating in a week-long trial.

"The Wayne County Sheriffs and prosecuting attorneys responsible for bringing the case to trial never had a real reason to doubt that the killing was in legitimate self-defense," says Mark Weiss, Mrs. Hartwell's attorney. "Mrs. Hartwell's statements to the police, statements of neighbors, and circumstantial evidence all pointed to her innocence."

Judy Hartwell explained the events

leading to Fred Hartwell's death both in her testimony at trial and in her "confessions" to the police. These statements described long years of terror, humiliation, and isolation in a marriage to a man who freely gave vent to a penchant for violence and sadism.

Many women like Judy Hartwell, trapped in marriages in which they are chronically beaten, are embarrassed or afraid to seek help. When help is sought, it's typically not available. Mrs. Hartwell had often called police when her husband was assaulting her, but they refused to help.

Mrs. Hartwell's neighbors readily corroborated this characterization of Fred. Each one affirmed that they feared Fred when he was drunk, that they'd seen him playing with guns and knives, and that they'd seen him abuse Judy and threaten to kill her. Horrifying anecdotes emerged: Fred once held a loaded gun to Judy's chin and cocked the trigger; Fred once struck his pregnant wife with a sledgehammer; Fred once shot off a loaded gun in the living room where his small children played, leading the older boy to cry, "Is daddy gonna kill me?"

On the day of his death, Fred drank steadily throughout the afternoon and evening. Neighbors' testimony that they'd seen Fred drunk that day was hardly necessary: the autopsy report indicated the alcohol content of Fred's blood to be .19—nearly twice the legal limit for

drunk driving. Neighbors did see the six-foot, 200-pound Fred holding Judy in a hammerlock earlier that day, and heard him threatening to kill her.

Judy returned home that evening to find Fred gone. Noting a half-empty bottle of Seagram's on the table and two missing knives, Judy knew Fred had continued drinking in her absence. As was her custom when Fred was out drinking, she gathered up all the sharp knives and other objects which might be used as weapons and hid them under the bed so that Fred would awaken her if he tried

to get at them.

Fred wakened Judy as he entered the trailer, and announced that they were going to have sex "his way." Judy, knowing that this meant any one of a number of humiliating and painful acts—including being spread-eagled, tied to the bedposts, and whipped with a rubber hose—became extremely frightened. Fred ordered Judy to undress herself and him and perform fellatio upon him. Judy was willing to comply, hoping to relax him so that he'd fall asleep. While she was kneeling at the bedside, Fred picked up a butcher knife and hurled it in her direction, but it missed and bounced off a closet. When Judy complained that she was in an uncomfortable position, Fred said, "I'll make you comfortable," and left the room. Judy heard him rummaging in a closet where she knew he kept a whip, straps and ropes.

Hoping to scare Fred away and flee the trailer, Judy found a paring knife under the bed. As she was about to run for the door, Fred obstructed her passage and lunged at her. Judy panicked and stabbed him.

A SEXIST PROSECUTION

An unanswered question: why was this case brought? The investigation was perfunctory; for example, detectives did not bother to search the Hartwell trailer for the whips and other weapons which would corroborate Judy's story. The complete insensitivity displayed by the men who presented the case suggests more sinister explanations: a male chauvinistic perception of the facts of the case (Prosecutor Andrew Telek commented during the trial that, after all, Fred was only seeking "a little satisfaction") or, worse still, that these men obtained some perverse satisfaction from forcing Mrs. Hartwell to publicly expose the details of the sexual humiliations she suffered with Fred.

One thing is clear: the prosecuting attorney had no expectation of winning the case. During the course of the trial he remarked, "I'd have to be Jesus Christ to win this case." Even more unnerving were Telek's comments as Judy, her friends and attorneys anxiously awaited the jury's return. Defense attorney Weiss said to Telek, "Tough case, eh?" Telek replied, "Not really. After all, I didn't exactly have a lot of evidence."

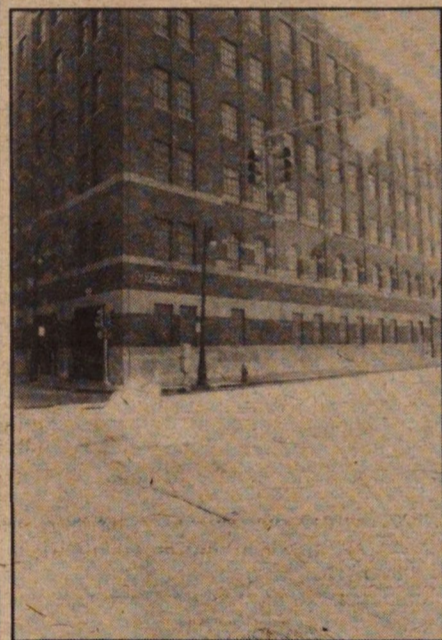
STARTING A NEW LIFE

Although the not-guilty verdict has brought the legal proceedings to a close, the ordeal has not ended for Judy Hartwell. She must anticipate the day when her young sons are old enough to wonder about their father and his death. "I've saved all the newspaper articles about my case," she explains, "so when the boys ask me about it, they can read for themselves. That way, they won't have to take my word as to what happened."

Judy also finds people's reactions to her and to the case to be rather unsettling. "Some people have said, 'Your case means that women can kill their husbands whenever they want and call it rape.' This upsets me, because that's not what this whole thing was about."

Despite the inevitable heartache incidents like this will cause for Judy, some positive things did come out of the trial for her. At the outset of the trial, Judy had very little self-esteem. She had tried to hide the fact that she was beaten by Fred from others, feeling that no one else had ever been in her position. But Weiss and the defense team considered

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The J.L. Hudson Co. Warehouse



The Wayne County Jail

Hudson's Warehouse: "Let's Make a Deal"

continued from the cover

The suspicions have been intensified further by reports that the estimated cost of the warehouse proposal could be more than double the amount cited by its supporters.

A special task force, appointed by former Board chairman Roscoe Bobo (prior to his leaving that post to serve as the Commissioners' legislative agent in Lansing) was assigned to study the warehouse proposal and bring back a report and recommendations to the full body. However, the task force failed to report on the issue April 1 as scheduled. Therefore, the Board's decision as to which course to follow has again been delayed.

But prior to that non-action, the Commissioners voted unanimously at

their March 18 meeting to place on the ballot for the May 18 Presidential primary a proposal for a 5-year millage increase to finance a new County jail. The language, however, does not specify whether the additional one-half mill, or 50 cents per \$1,000 of assessed property valuation, would be used to build a new jail or renovate the warehouse.

The SUN contacted Will Hardy, executive assistant to the Chairman of the Board, regarding the reason the task force delayed its report. He replied that the group said it did not have the necessary information from both sides as to estimated costs for staffing.

Members of the task force are: Dr. James Paulson, assistant dean of Wayne State University's School of Engineer-

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A Shot in the Arm for an Ailing Economy

WHAT LEGAL CASINO GAMBLING COULD DO FOR DETROIT

Continued from the cover

The bill would allow blackjack, bacarrat, keno, craps, roulette, poker, wheel of fortune, and slot machines. Most importantly, casino gaming operations would be taxed at a rate of 35 percent and all revenue would be allocated to the City of Detroit.

So the bill, if it is passed by the House, would then move on to the State Senate before eventually getting to Governor William Milliken's desk for signing.

If the bill passes and is not altered a great deal by amendments, Detroit would have the shot in the arm needed to rescue its faltering economy.

The bill's supporters predict that Detroit would receive a straight \$34 million annually for its coffers. But even more inviting would be the estimated \$189 million in tourist money spent annually in the state of Michigan, with 70% of these funds from out-of-state.

Ogonowski also sees the immediate hiring of 2,000 employees by the casinos and another 29,000 service-related jobs becoming available. "That would save the state another \$35 million in human maintenance (welfare and unemployment) costs," assesses Ogonowski, who also chairs the Tourist Committee where the bill currently sits.

Just two weeks ago, Detroit's Common Council adopted a resolution urging support for casino gambling, and Mayor Young has publicly announced his support many times. "We support the enabling legislation for casino gambling not just because of the potential revenues, but because the opening of casinos could be an economic boost to the city," said Young in his recent address to the Detroit Economic Club. "Controlled gambling would be an important development toward revitalizing Detroit's convention and tourist business."

Currently, two major downtown hotels, the Heritage and The Shelby, are completely shut down, and their future is not promising. Some say that the opening of Renaissance Center, with its 1,400-room Detroit Plaza Hotel, would be enough of an improvement for the convention business—but three of the existing hotels are more than eager to get into the gambling business.

Jim Tuttle, resident manager of the Detroit Cadillac Hotel, calls the gambling bill simply "Super! With 80 percent of the North American population within two hours of Detroit, we would definitely get a jump on Las Vegas." The Cadillac would definitely seek a license, Tuttle concludes.

"We're definitely for it," echoes Executive Vice President and General Manager Robert J. Cahill of the Pontchartrain. "We'd like to be one of the four places chosen," he adds, "and I think casino gambling would not only bring more visitors from out of state—it would stimulate additional convention business into downtown and Cobo Hall."

John Ferris, owner of the Leland House Hotel, also has his check for \$100,000 ready for the licensing commission. "With the Michigan lottery the most successful in the country," says Ferris, "there's no question that there is a market in Detroit for casino gambling. What's more important is what gambling will do for downtown Detroit in additional income."

In addition, the Detroit Police Officers Association; the Central Business District Association, and the Detroit Convention Bureau have all voiced their support.

Other supporters, however, say hotels shouldn't have an exclusive hold on the business. Jerry Schoenith, General Manager and President of the Roostertail, would certainly love to have a license for his nightclub, but would rather see gambling set up in the Belle Isle Casino, currently being refurbished by the City. "The idea here is to help the city," he says, "not help three or four hotel owners."

The important thing is that some type of legislation be passed; where and how gambling is to be supervised must take a back seat. Governor Milliken, while not a supporter of legalizing gambling, most likely would not veto a bill should it come across his desk.

Michigan Attorney General Frank Kelley and Vincent Piersante, head of the state's Organized Crime Task Force, are both against the proposed legislation. "We have no real demand for casino gambling," says Piersante, who figures this would stimulate organized crime. "We don't have the expertise at running casinos," he says. "All that would happen is that all the old-time illegal gamblers from Michigan who left for Nevada in the 1930's would come back."

"I don't understand how Piersante can say that," countered Rep. Ogonowski. "It's nearly impossible for the underworld to be involved in Las Vegas today," he added, citing the study committee's interim report.

"In 1967, the Nevada State Gambling Control Board was authorized to maintain a list of known underworld figures who could not enter Nevada casinos," the report reads.

"Under this law, a licensee who permits a listed person on his premises puts his gambling privilege in jeopardy, and the 'blacklisted' person is subject to prosecution for a misdemeanor."

In other words, Ogonowski figures that Las Vegas has cleaned up its act, and that Piersante's fear of an influx of underworld operatives is highly exaggerated.

The only other opposition would be for moral reasons. "How can it be immoral to put 50 cents in a slot machine if it's not immoral to buy a 50-cent lottery ticket?" asks the Leland House's Ferris. With the lottery, pari-mutuel horse racing, and bingo already legal, the moral question seems to carry little weight.

Keeping casino gambling a Detroit-only matter, chances are that the bill could become law without a statewide referendum. However, there's little doubt that a few of the suburban hotels in Dearborn, Southfield, and Troy would be interested in a piece of the action, too.

Folks as far north as the Upper Peninsula have expressed interest in casino gambling. It's expected that Dominic Jacobetti (D-Negaunee), who is chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, will introduce an amendment to the bill after it reaches the House floor. The effect here could almost be like putting sugar in someone's gas tank. From there, the gambling issue would become a statewide problem again, and a referendum just might be necessary.

Ogonowski fears a referendum because of the large sums of money that could be appropriated by anti-legalization forces. Many say that the 1974 New Jersey referendum was defeated because Las Vegas and illegal gambling poured funds into the anti-legalization campaign. That same thing might just happen here.

"We see no necessity for a referendum," says Ogonowski, looking chiefly at the Detroit picture. "A poll in our district (the 3rd in Detroit) was more than two to one in favor."

While discussion goes on, illegal gambling continues to flourish. "The department of justice has estimated that the total volume of illegal gambling

continued on page 29

By David Weiss

Detroit's abandoned buildings are but another of America's many startling paradoxes: waste amidst plenty, gluttony amidst starvation, satiety amidst suffering.

The City of Detroit is currently demolishing about fifty buildings a week. This number is sure to increase as the weather warms and more violations are reported. Why, though, are houses being destroyed when the housing needs of Detroit's citizens are so pressing?

The reasons are many and complex. Much of the problem can be traced to massive abuse of the Housing Act of 1968, which enabled lower-income citizens to obtain federally-insured mortgages at low interest rates. HUD officials and real-estate sharps then joined forces to take advantage of inexperienced home-buyers—selling substandard housing to financially insolvent people at exorbitant rates. Most of HUD's foreclosed properties now stand abandoned—10,000 in Detroit alone.

Taking their place next to the corrupt HUD bureaucrats are the banks and mortgage institutions. It is estimated that nearly 70 percent of Detroit's abandoned properties belong to them, mostly via foreclosures. Not only do they refuse to either rehabilitate or demolish these buildings on their own—they also make it their policy to refuse loans to private investors who are willing to develop reuse potential.

A recent call to American Federal Savings for information on their ownership of several structures in the city resulted in a fruitful misunderstanding. The employee, thinking that we were seeking a loan to buy property in Detroit, said "Oh, no! We don't loan any money for property purchases in the city." Such organized refusal to support investment amounts to a death certificate for central-city neighborhoods struggling to attract business and residential development.

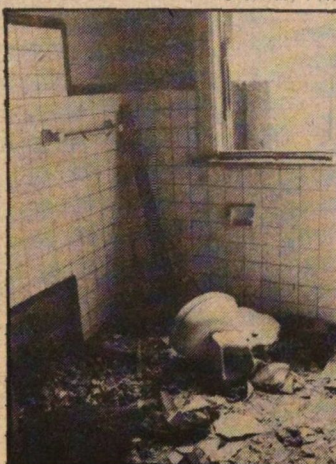
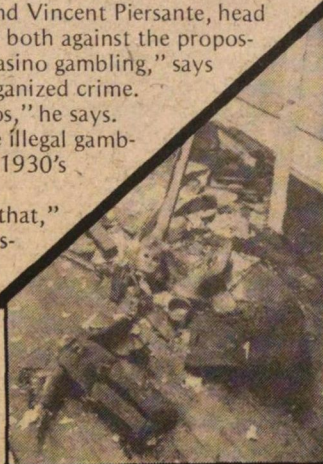
The city Department of Building and Safety Engineering works steadfastly to keep an eye on the increasing number of abandoned buildings. They cite violations of the city's dangerous buildings ordinance, and Common Council orders the owner either to prevent access or to bring the structure up to habitable standards. The only alternative is demolition.

The bankers don't even bother to show up at their hearings. They would just as soon have the City pay to demolish what they obviously consider "worthless" property. The financially strapped City must pay for demolition costs, in return for which they receive title to another



"With gambling legalized, the state's share of revenue would go for educating our kids. Illegal gambling profits merely increase the number of heroin addicts."

ABANDONED BUILDINGS



INSIDE THE DETROIT FIRE DEPARTMENT

By Derek VanPelt

Tensions have been building in Detroit's Fire Department since January 21, when the City issued an "affirmative action" order promoting 36 minority firefighters to officers' positions—over the heads of a large number of whites who qualified, according to the Department's strict seniority system.

Within a week, the predominantly white Detroit Fire Fighters' Association sued to overturn the minority promotions on the grounds of "reverse discrimination" against white people. And on February 10, U.S. District Judge James P. Churchill ruled in favor of the union, voiding the promotions and returning the Fire Department to status quo—three minority officers out of over 400 in all.

The City is appealing the decision, which could endanger other affirmative action programs if allowed to stand. But in the meantime, the issues go beyond the relative importance of the city's affirmative action program and the union's seniority system.

When SUN Editor Derek VanPelt talked with some fifteen members of Phoenix, the black firefighters' organization, at the home of President Napoleon Howard, what emerged was a disturbing picture of a Fire Department and a firefighters' union equally dominated by white veterans and equally insensitive toward black firefighters—and the black community in general.

Phoenix members explained that they are subject to harassment and racist insults on a daily basis on an already-pressure-filled job, that union leadership exploits the racism of its rank and file, and that open physical confrontation may soon break out between black and white firefighters if the promotions are not restored.

Napoleon Howard: In the community, the people of the inner city cannot go into an engine house and speak to anyone in authority from the community. Almost every day in the city of Detroit, there is not a black officer in a single engine house. If there is a confrontation at a fire or a misunderstanding at a fire, the Chief or the Lieutenant or the Captain may not give a damn about relating to the situation. And these situations can become explosive, and they will become explosive.

When black children walk into an engine house, they may be treated with courtesy, they may not. But there's no black officer to help them, to make them feel comfortable, feel like they're at home. I had one occasion to go into an engine house, and I'm a Lieutenant, and the chief wanted to make an issue of one of the firefighters talking to me. So you can imagine how the

er parcel of vacant land. Needless to say, the City needs real revenue from occupied buildings—not the burden of further ownership.

Neither do the banks find it necessary to keep up with tax payments to the city. Again, they would prefer state foreclosure in lieu of taxes.

Private owners of abandoned buildings are generally not as morally culpable as the banks, since most of them simply haven't got the resources to develop their properties. In fact, a handful of these citizens were the only people interested enough to appear before Council last week to argue against demolition of their buildings.

Many of these owners were making their third or fourth appearance to stay demolition of their properties. Apparently, though owners try repeatedly to at least board up the doors and windows, there is an equally determined group of plywood thieves who render their efforts useless.

"What can I do now?" a woman asked the council emotionally. "I want to hold on to the house. Maybe in a few years things will get a little better, and I can fix it up."

Councilman Jack Kelley, a 30-year veteran of the construction trade, took a look at the photographs of her building and estimated it would require \$30,000 to make it habitable again. She was given sixty days to begin rehabilitation efforts. After that: demolition.

Many of the properties held by private owners are old family homes inhabited now only by memories and sentiment—making demolition a painful option. But without the help of them that got—the bankers—there is little hope that the swing of the derrick's boom can be stopped.

Nothing short of economic revitalization—and the attendant loosening of the bankers' death-grip on city development—will forestall the further crumbling of Detroit's central-city area. As is the pattern in America, money and power gravitate not to where it is most needed, but to where it propagates most efficiently—like Troy, Dearborn or Southfield. For those who hold the purse strings, suburban high-rise buildings with orange-mirrored windows seem to be more important than arresting central-city blight.

David Weiss is the Sun's staff writer.

citizen going into the engine house to ask to use the toilet or ask to use the outside phone will be treated. In several engine houses in the city, they have put up "out of order" signs on their toilets so that if a black civilian comes in the engine house and asks to use the restroom, they say it's out of order. These are things that are going on every day.

SUN: Sounds more like Mississippi.

Howard: Well, it is, and it's worse. Like I say, it seems that they're more willing to increase the level of confrontation than to accept their responsibilities as citizens of the City of Detroit.

SUN: How would you describe the typical white firefighter?

Clarence Tobias: Detroit is an industrial town, and a lot of poor whites, as well as poor blacks, have migrated here to better their situation by getting some of these jobs on the assembly line. Many of them wound up in the Fire Department. They may now be making good money, but they are still for the most part ignorant people, and they are easily led. That is why the union is able to manipulate these people against blacks, because this is their original situation. They have come from southern towns; they are either first-generation southerners or second-generation southerners—and I'm saying this prevails predominantly throughout the Fire Department.

In their daily conversation or in watching any news presentation, they hate everybody. They hate Jews, they hate Polacks, they hate Dagos, they hate niggers, they hate; but yet they are all a part of all the particular nationalities that they hate, you understand—so this is what the "melting pot" is all about. When you have a second generation hillbilly and Ukrainian, you don't call him a hillbilly Ukrainian. He's just a white man. Yet he hates Ukrainians, he hates Polish people, he hates Dagos, you see. But he is part of the melting pot process. However, blacks cannot claim to be a part of the melting pot process, since they don't even want us in the pot, you see. And we are highly identifiable in that we are just black. It don't make no difference if I'm a second generation Clevelandite and Mississippian, I'm still a nigger, see?

So they're in a position now that they're just vulgar, they're just doing anything, because they operate from a position of strength. The City has no control over them because of the way the contract is. They bargained away all their control. So these guys are just like a bunch of wild ruffians, they're doing anything, their manner's deplorable.

In the community, they have no black officers that the people can redress themselves to if they think it's an excessive amount of damage being done to their home. The only thing that they see is the hostile white faces that created the problem in the first place. For the most part, if a black says, "Well, hey, maybe you shouldn't do this,"—Well, what the hell does he know?—You see, the guy's banking on, "I've been an officer 25 years, and you're going to tell me how to direct the fire?"

So you see, he just has no recourse. There's nothing fair about the situation. The only thing is that the white guys have got all the marbles, and now it's a position of getting some of them back from

them, which we rightfully deserve. So far we have seen institutionalized racism, in that we have had a judge from an all white county, Lapeer County, and he has set a precedent by "reverse discrimination" against the white firefighters' rights who have all the rights in the first place.

So he is, in effect, telling black folks to wait for another 20 years, and the situation might reverse itself. However, we were the ones who were discriminated against in the first place, and now we're being asked to continue to wait until the situation can right itself.

But with attitudes the way they are, it never will right itself, it's just no way.

So what we're on is an impossible street here, and there's no way to get off, and you've come too far to turn around. So, I mean, what can you do?

James Bush: When you go back, the white firefighters on the job now did not directly discriminate against the black firefighters on the job, but yet they benefit from the discrimination that existed.

And blacks were not educated enough to know that they could go to court to right the discrimination against

continued on page 31



Clarence Tobias

Photos: Joel Unangst

Jim Brown

"You and me run a hundred-yard dash. For the first 25 yards, you put an anvil on my back. You're 25 yards ahead of me, then you say, 'OK, we'll be fair now, you can take the anvil off.' Well, I'll be damned, you know, I've got a long way to catch up. And all I want you to do is meet me at the 50-yard line, and we go at it together."

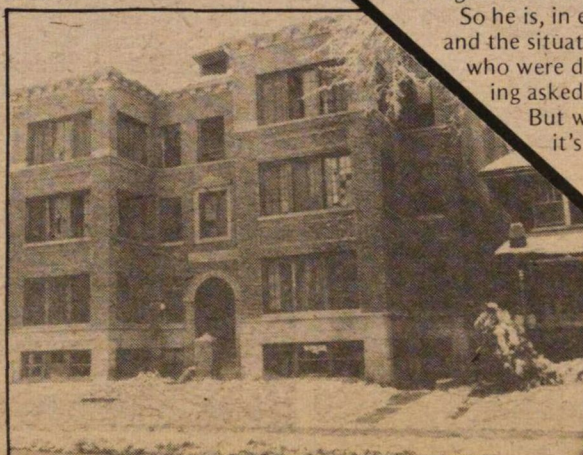


photo: Barbara Weinberg

IN DETROIT CITY...

WEATHER WARFARE?

parent organization, the National Atmospheric and Oceanic Administration; the National Science Foundation; and the Atomic Energy Commission. Between 1961 and 1971, Commerce worked with the Defense Department to affect the course of four hurricanes.

The U.S. has done considerable work with missiles, whose exhaust materials can change atmospheric temperature and electron density, thus affecting rainfall. The military has also looked into altering the ozone layer around the globe, which could lower temperatures and cause wind shifts—subsequently affecting rainfall, desert belts, and sea levels.

Weather mod expert Gordon MacDonald explains (in *Unless Peace Comes*) how droughts can be brought about:

“Preliminary analysis suggests that there is no effect 200-300 miles downrange, but that continued seeding over a long stretch of dry land clearly could remove sufficient moisture to prevent rain 100 miles downwind. This extended effect leads to the possibility of covertly removing moisture from the atmosphere, so that a nation dependent on water vapor crossing a com-



“A nation dependent on water vapor crossing a competitor country could be subjected to years of drought. The operation could be concealed by the statistical irregularity of the atmosphere. A nation possessing superior technology could damage an adversary without revealing its intent.”

petitor country could be subjected to years of drought. The operation could be concealed by the statistical irregularity of the atmosphere. A nation possessing superior technology in environmental manipulation could damage an adversary without revealing its intent.”

Pierre St. Amand, Director of the Navy's China Lake Base, elaborated to the Pell subcommittee: “Strategic use would be use that tended to upset the economy of another country for a long period of time, or to cause extensive damage to the crops of that country . . . It might, to take a negative viewpoint, be advantageous to cause heavy rain during planting season to preclude sprouting and growth, and then to cause severe and protracted drought during the growing season in a country dependent on certain crops for food and foreign exchange.”

Hoping to avert such a genocidal scenario, the Senate two years ago passed a resolution calling for an international ban on weather modification. The House has yet to act on the resolution, but its International Relations Subcommittee is reportedly getting little cooperation from the Ford administration.

The U.S. and the Soviet Union have presented a draft treaty to the United Nations, but many arms control experts consider it weak, since it bans only long-term catastrophic use of weather modification and probably would not have outlawed the U.S. activities in Vietnam.

Until we have strong international controls on weather warfare and a government that can be expected to live up to them, we would be wise to think twice before attributing tragic weather developments, especially in the Third World, to the whims of “Mother Nature.” And the larger question remains: If the U.S. can drown a country's planting season, scorch its harvests, and send a hurricane to devastate it, how long will it be before the ecosphere is totally out of whack and the forces loosed by weather warfare come home to haunt us?

Information for this article was drawn from Mark Looney's article, “Is the U.S. Waging Weather Warfare?”, in the November 20, 1975 issue of WIN magazine, Box 547, Rifton, NY 12471. Used by permission.

...Food as a Weapon

American surpluses portends an increase in U.S. power and influence, especially vis-a-vis the food-deficit poor countries. Indeed, in time of shortages, the U.S. will face difficult choices about how to allocate its surpluses between affluent purchasers and the hungry world.

The implications for the world food situation and for U.S. interests could be considerably greater if climatologists who believe a cooling trend is underway prove to be right. If the trend continues for several decades, there would almost certainly be an absolute shortage of food. The high-latitude areas, including the U.S.S.R. and North China, would experience shorter growing seasons and a drop in output. The monsooned lands in Asia and Africa would also be adversely

affected.

U.S. production would probably not be hurt much. As custodian of the bulk of the world's exportable grain, the U.S. might regain the primacy in world affairs it held in the immediate past World War II era . . . In the poor and powerless areas, population would have to drop to levels that could be supported. The population problem would have solved itself in the most unpleasant fashion.

Fenton

ing \$350,000 to finance its investigation into who leaked Otis Pike's Intelligence Committee report to the Village Voice.

Let us note here that not one government official has yet been prosecuted for their role in the sordid mess partially uncovered by the various federal investigations of intelligence agencies.

THE POWER OF SONG: Former heavyweight champion Rubin “Hurricane” Carter walked out of a New Jersey prison March 20th after serving nine years on an out-and-out frameup. After posting bond of \$35,000, Carter left for a rest-up he'll need, as his trial will begin once again shortly—even though the government's only two witnesses have already admitted they lied. Seems the gov. will now charge Carter was a “look-out” for the murder, since they can't prove he committed it himself.



“Hurricane” Carter

REEFER ON THE RISE: Two more states decriminalized marijuana last week. South Dakota made possession of an ounce a \$20 fine, and Minnesota did the same with a \$100 fine. Three or four more states are expected to do the same shortly, but Michigan won't be among them. Our local yokels in the legislature last week killed the bill to eliminate jail penalties for reefer use for possession of about a half an ounce (real generous, fellas). . . Fourteen active and retired members of the venerable U.S. Air Force were accused of smuggling \$100 million of pure heroin into the U.S. via regular military aircraft flights. After all, they had the example of the CIA's own heroin airlift via Air America to learn from. . . Berkeley, California Chief of Police Wesley Pomeroy has endorsed the total legalization of all drugs, including hard narcotics. Pomeroy said drug abuse is a medical problem that “cops should not be involved in,” and that current laws are dishonest, while promoting abuse and crime. . . .

Later this year Congress will decide whether or not to spend \$92 billion dollars on the B-1 bomber, which Senator William Proxmire calls “a public works project for the aerospace industry.”

In August of 1974, the Office of Political Research of the CIA released an important report titled “Potential Implications of

Trends in World Population, Food Production and Climate.” The report describes how providing adequate food stocks for the world will become an increasing problem in the years ahead, with a key role falling to the U.S.

In the event of adverse changes in climate, the outcome can only be grave . . . The U.S. now provides nearly three fourths of the world's net grain exports, and its role is almost certain to grow over the next several decades. The world's increasing dependence on



DIANA ROSS

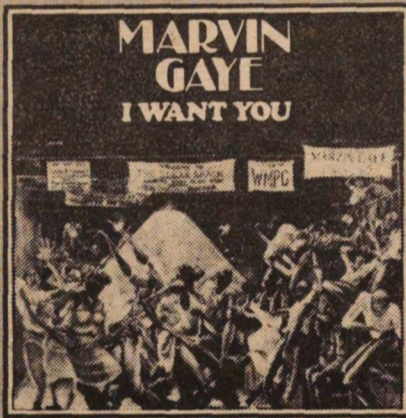
The long awaited new album from one of the world's most acclaimed female vocalists.



THE TEMPTATIONS

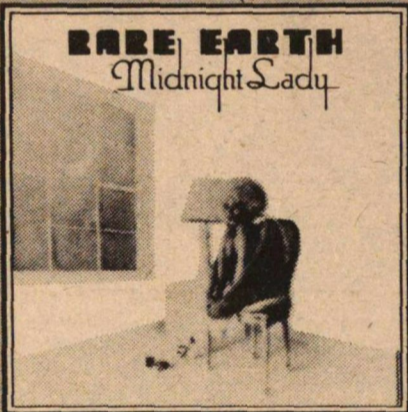
Wings Of Love

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MARVIN GAYE
I WANT YOU

The long-awaited new album from one of music's legendary superstars, including the hit single "I Want You." Marvin Gaye has never been greater.



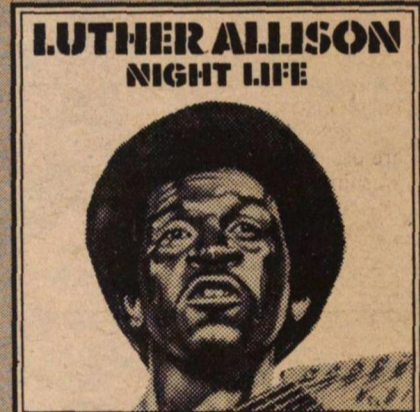
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Reunited with producer Norman Whitfield, Rare Earth has come up with their funkiest, rockiest album to date.



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A classic in modern blues interpretation, featuring Willie Hutch's superb vocals in blues, rock and roll and his always incredible disco renditions. Features the hit single, "Party Down."



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MARCEL MARCEAU

SHIRLEY MACLAINE

"THE NATURAL TRIAL"

HOUND DOG TAYLOR

Special Report: Running the Streets of the Crescent City

MARDI GRAS IN NEW ORLEANS

By John Sinclair

*Well I'm going to New Orleans,
I wanna see the Mardi Gras
When I see the Mardi Gras,
I wanna know what the carnival for.*

—Professor Longhair, "Mardi Gras in New Orleans" (C) 1949, 1972 Hill & Range Music (BMI)

It's Mardi Gras Day, early in the afternoon, and five tribes of Indians are finally marching into a big showdown at the intersection of Washington and Derbigny, uptown in New Orleans. The Wild Magnolias and the Golden Eagles, banded together with their immense second line, have been dancing and chanting all the way up Washington from Dryades; the Golden Stars and the Young Sons of Geronimo, backed by a huge gang of supporters from their own neighborhood, are prancing down Washington from the opposite direction; and the Black Eagles, with twenty or thirty of their own pals behind them, are heading up Derbigny, hell-bent for a showdown.

All around them, in every direction, packing the streets from sidewalk to sidewalk, hundreds of neighborhood citizens mill about, trying to get a clear shot at the action. "Oh, them Indians is pretty today," people who can see the costumed warriors bubble to their friends. "Yeah, an' just as crazy as ever, too!"

Before the confrontation got underway, Bo Dollis, the Big Chief of the Wild Magnolias, and Monk Boudreaux, Big Chief of the Golden Eagles, had paused at Washington and Magnolia to pull their forces together. The spy boys had been

running ahead, searching for traces of other tribes on their turf, and they came running back with shouts of "Golden Stars! Geronimos! Headin' down Washington!" The flag boys checked their standards and then raised them high in the air, showing off the hand-beaded and brightly-feathered insignia of their respective tribes.

The First, Second, and Third Chiefs, the Queens and Princesses, the Witch Doctors—all wearing the indescribably beautiful hand-sewn costumes of their tribes—got their massive headdresses together, shook out their rows of brilliantly-colored ostrich feathers, made sure their long Indian braids were firmly attached to their heads, and then conferred with the Big Chiefs, who were setting the chant and otherwise preparing for the big confrontation. The trusted inner-circle members of the second line—that mass of non-costumed followers who march behind the Indians in the streets, beating tambourines, blowing whistles and chanting back the responses to the calls and boasts of the Chiefs—were getting their marching orders now, and the spectators on the sidewalks started moving into position for the big push across Claiborne (a major street) and up to Derbigny, where all the tribes would meet at last.

Now the Wild Magnolias and the Golden Eagles resume their forward motion, their cries and shouts getting louder and stronger by the minute. "Let 'em come, let 'em come," a flagboy hollers impatiently, and as the second line pounds out a steady chorus of "Hey Pak E Way," the Big Chiefs begin to carry on for real. "Injuns is ready!" "Hey Pak E Way!" "Hey people, is ya ready?" "Hey Pak E Way!" "Let's all have fun now!" "Hey Pak E Way!" "Let's all have fun now!" "Hey Pak E Way!" "Let's do what we wanna!"

cont. on page 11

MARDI GRAS MAMBO with

St. Bernard (Louisiana) Civic Auditorium, February 29

The fourth annual Mardi Gras Mambo, featuring native sons Doctor John and The Meters, blasted off in the St. Bernard Parish Civic Auditorium, a dreary 3500-capacity hall distinguished only by its open dance floor, on the Sunday before Fat Tuesday, and by the time the festivities ground to a halt five hours later the capacity crowd had been turned every way but loose by the nitty-gritty Mardi Gras sounds laid down by the funky Doctor and his second-line pals. Filling the dance floor with their incredibly costumed presence—at least two-thirds of the colorful mob was in full Mardi Gras drag, including half a dozen buddies decked out as a six-pack of Dixie beer—the almost all-white, freaked-out, under-30 audience danced, shouted, and generally partied its collective brains out in fulfillment of everybody's wildest public fantasies, and the musicians had as much fun as everybody in the place.

Doctor John, of course, is the number one ambassador of Mardi Gras music—his efforts go back to his first album, *Gris-Gris*, in 1968, and the Wild Indian anthem "Mama Roux"—and his attendance at the Mambo was deemed so absolute-

ly necessary to the success of the event that the Doctor was moved to perform even though he had been laid up with a disappearing throat for a week before the gig. His road band had been taken off job alert and lay scattered all across the country, so when the day came to set out the *second line feeling* the mighty Meters consented to back up the Doc as they have so many times in the past, augmented by the Dr.'s regular organist Ronnie Barron (also visiting his home town for the holidays) and vocalist Robbie Montgomery, who was flown in from L.A. for the occasion.

The *second line feeling*, it should be noted here, is the essential component of all Mardi Gras music, and the direct source of both hot jazz and classic rock and roll (Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Fats Domino, Larry Williams, Professor Longhair.) It's the original beat of the street, the strutting sound of the stomp-down second-liners, the kids and young men who march right up behind the Wild Indians on Mardi Gras Day, beating on tambourines, blowing on whistles, clapping their hands and chanting back the responses to the shout-ed calls of the Indian Chiefs, stepping out down the middle of

continued on page 15

DR. JOHN & THE METERS



Photo: Nancy Ochenschlager

Left: Canal Street
Top center: Mardi Gras Indian with headdress

Photo:

Billy Asprodites

Dr. John

Above: The Zulu Parade
Center: the Meters performing at the Mardi Gras Mambo

Our special report on **Mardi Gras in New Orleans** comes at a time when **Spring** is finally rearing her beautiful head here in the frozen northland, and our thoughts can't help but turn to one very pregnant question: why don't we start some shit like that *up here*? Detroit could use a few all-out street parties like no other city in the nation right now, and this summer—with all the **Bicentennial** bullshit in full abound—might be the perfect time for people to give birth to a new Motor City tradition. An official celebration is being planned to commemorate **Founder's Day**, July 24th, 275 years after those enterprising Frenchmen landed on the shores of the **Detroit River**, and one would be hard pressed to think of a better time for some **Wild Indians** to appear on the streets of the Motor City. Not only would the maskers and their friends party their brains out in the hot July sun, but people might be reminded of what a beautiful place this used to be when the local "Indians" were running things... We put "Indians" in quotes because the term represents the worst imaginable form of white racism, stemming as it does from **Christopher "Wrong Way" Columbus** and where he thought he had landed. "Native Americans" is almost as bad, since the red folks were here long before **Americus Vespucci** ever got in a boat, but in either case the point is that this proud race is called after some Italian's mistake, and they don't deserve that any more than the rest of the destruction which has been visited upon them since then... "Wild Indians" isn't so bad, since it represents a sly twist on the popular white stereotype and venerates the natives' noblest virtues at the same time, presenting the aboriginal experience as something to be emulated and restored to modern-day life. So if a few tribes of wild Indians hallucinated themselves onto the streets of Detroit to give a slightly different perspective to **Founder's Day**, maybe some of the many native peoples who presently inhabit the city would join in the merriment as well. Who knows, but a tradition has to start somewhere, sometime, and grow from there, and if it isn't this year then we're just one more year further behind!... One step in the right direction was the recent inclusion of a program of traditional "American Indian" dancing, singing, and drumming—presented by more than 30 native performers—in a **Compensatory Education Conference at Cobo Hall**, where teachers were being taught about the features of American life which have always been kept out of the schools... And Ann Arbor received a welcome visit from the **White Roots of Peace**, "a mission of Mohawks and other Native Americans interpreting current events, traditional views of peace, harmony with the Creation, and brotherhood for all peoples." The missionaries convened at the **Union Ballroom**—April 4 & 5, there were Mohawk singers and dancers to lead people in traditional Native dances, the "Danzas de los Concheros" from Mexico performed, and AIM spiritual advisor **Phillip Deere** was on hand to keep everything headed in the right direction. Also travelling with the **Roots** was **Rarihokwats**, editor of the excellent Native newspaper **Akwesasne Notes** and an old pen-pal of our **Kulchur** Editor during his penitentiary days... For information on the **White**



THE COAT PULLER

Roots of Peace and how to get **Akwesasne Notes** delivered to your door, call 764-7442 in Ann Arbor...

SPEAKING OF PARTIES, we'd like to thank everyone who made our **Win a Pound of Colombian Contest Drawing, Open House, and Gala Party** a smashing success, particularly the **Lyman Woodard Organization** and **Carolyn Crawford** (with the **Starship Enterprise**), who kept people on their feet in the **Orleans Room** of the **Leland House** March 31st... We couldn't spot everybody, but among our many honored guests were rock and rollers **Rob Tyner, Jim McCarty** and **Johnny Bee, Rusty Day** and **Jody Blair** of the **High Rollers**, **Ted Lucas, LaVerna Mason, Dennis Frawley** of **WABX**,



Little Milton at Ethel's

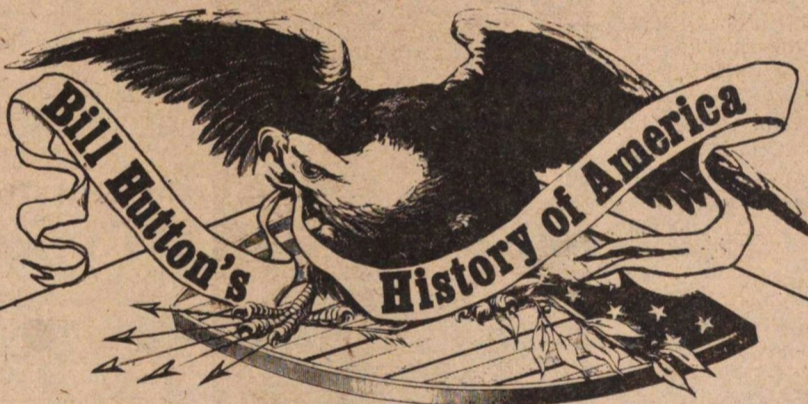


WWWW's new Program Director, Jerry Lubin

WWWW's **Jerry Lubin, Jack Broderick, Deborah Burr** and **GM Bobby Bass** of **WJZZ**, **Carl Arrington** of the **Free Press**, **Chris Jaszczak** and friends from **Probity Productions**, **Brian Flanagan** of the **Chronicle**, a bunch of folks from **WDET**, a spate of record company representatives, Ann Arbor's favorite dentist **Dr. John "Fatrock" Williams, Pete Andrews** of the **Roadhouse**, and so many others we're ashamed not to mention their names... And among the many winners we found the name of one **Bob Rudnick**, the fast-rising Chicago deejay who is now the proud recipient of a year's supply of **CoolLeaf Rolling Papers**... Thanks to everybody who participated in the **Contest**, and we hope the winner of the **Pound** will remember who his friends are when he starts rolling it up!... Also on the home front, the **Sun's** series of **Blue Monday Disco** parties at **Ethel's Lounge** has been postponed momentarily while new manager **Allen White** changes a few things around at the east side blues

palace. **Albert King** was in to celebrate his birthday with an April 4th gig at **Ethel's**, **Little Milton** is on his way back in a couple of weeks, and by that time everything should be going full tilt once again...

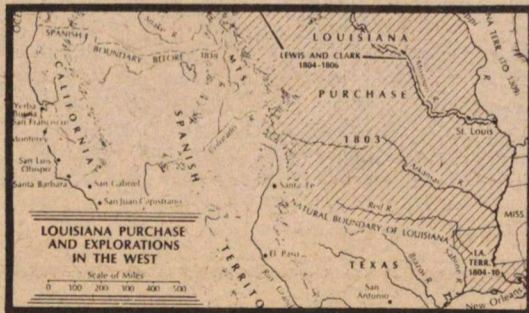
AROUND TOWN: After his birthday party **Albert King** was seen catching **B.B. King's** last set Sunday night at the **King's Row**, where the **Beale Street Blues Boy** packed 'em in (and had to turn 'em away) at \$10 a head all through the weekend. Next up at the West Chicago showplace: **Esther Phillips**, as soon as she gets back from Japan... **Sonny Rollins**, at the **Showcase** this Sunday night for his first Motown appearance since 1962, will offer students and other interested persons at **MSU** an afternoon workshop this Saturday, April 10, between his Friday and Saturday night concert performances at **McDonel Kiva** in East Lansing... And speaking of the **Showcase**, next weekend's triple bill—**Ravi Shankar** Friday, **Jean-Luc Ponty** with **Mickey's Pulsating Unit** Saturday, and **Tom Waits** Sunday—is the solidest program yet for the hard-hitting crew at **Probity Productions**, and the prospects continue to shine ever brighter. Look for a mid-May date with **Oregon** and the **Gateway Trio** (**John Abercrombie, Dave Holland** and **Jack deJohnette**), and listen to the new, **Probity**-sponsored hour of progressive sounds on **WWWW-FM** every Sunday night at 10 p.m., hosted by the great **Ann Christ** and titled "Fusion 4." **Ann** can be heard on **W4** every night during the week now too, from 2 to 6 a.m., and she gets to play a lot more jazz than they let on the air there otherwise... Our old pal **Jerry Lubin** seems to be in the driver's seat—that's the **Program Director**, ya'll—at the big **Quad Rucker**, which should mean nothing but good news for local rock and roll fans. If the **WWWW** brass (the station's owned by **Detroit Free Press** columnist **William F. Buckley Jr.**, the high mind of the nation's far right wing) lets **Lubin** do what he knows will work, the music will move off the thin white line it's held for so long and stretch out into people's minds for a change, which is just about what we need. **Lubin** has put up with a lot of distasteful music at **W4** since he came back from the west coast to take a job as a deejay there, and now that he's got the chance to do something about it, we should be hearing the results before long... Elsewhere on the air, the word is out that **WJLB** has fallen behind **WCHB** in the all-powerful ratings for the first time in years, with **WCHB's** new disco format getting the nod as the main reason for **WJLB's** sudden decline. But ratings or not, **John Edwards' "Jazz on AM"** show on **WJLB** every night at midnight thru the week is the finest thing that's happened to AM radio in some time, and they better not mess with it!... Our **Kulchur** Editor was honored recently by the inclusion of some quotes from his review of "Taxi Driver" in an ad for the same movie that ran in the **Free Press** and the **News**, but later versions of the same layout eliminated any reference to **Sinclair** and the **Sun**. This couldn't be part of the **Freep's** continuing white-out campaign on our humble newspaper, could it? Or is it just another coincidence?... We wouldn't bother you with this shit except that it means quite a bit to us to be able to reach



WE BUY THE LOUISIANA TERRITORY

New Orleans at this time (1800) belonged to Spain. At the close of the French and Indian war, France gave the city of New Orleans to Spain, since Spain had been her ally. The Spanish had some asshole consulate there who wore paper epaulettes on his shoulders and drank Dutch chocolate milk through a straw. He was sitting around his office one day with his feet up on the desk, cleaning his nails with a small stainless steel file.

"Bonito," he said to the empty room. "Bonito, Bonito, Bonito." The fat consulate stood up and moved to the window. The curtains moved in the breeze. "Bonito, my friend—and we are friends, verdad?" turns around raising eyebrows.



"You still owe me six bucks for that fur trapper we rolled last week." He spins around. "You what? You say you went to a brothel with that money?" The consulate paces nervously glancing at nonexistent Bonito. "Ahem, I see. Well, now, my friend, tell me what you *did* with the money this night in the Brothel you speak of." The fat Spaniard loosens his tie. He is sweating. "And then you... yes, yes, yes..."

Soon New Orleans changed hands again. She became the property of France. President Jefferson knew that France needed money to carry on its wars, so he sent Robert Livingston and James Monroe to France and they bought the Louisiana Territory.

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

學 **Kulchur**
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MARDI GRAS

continued from page 9

"Hey Pak E Way!"
 "Let's do what we oughta!"
 "Oh that's my gang ya'll!"
 "Well that's my gang ya'll!"
 "Wild Magnolias!"
 "Gonna do what we wanna!"

"Hey Pak E Way!"
 "Hey Pak E Way!"
 "Hey Pak E Way!"
 "Hey Pak E Way!"
 "Hey Pak E Way!"
 "Hey Pak E Way!"

Going across So. Claiborne Avenue passing white motorists gawk through their car windows, point and stare as the Indians dance through the intersection in full tribal regalia, pushed on by the surging second-liners and their relentless tamborines. Spy Boys and Flag Boys gesture fiercely, stopping traffic to let the Chiefs and their legions through. Then it's straight ahead up Washington, the chiefs dancing and singing like wild Indians, the second liners strutting and shouting that endless "Hey Pak E Way," the Flag Boys running ahead crying "Flag Boy make Cha Wa! Make No Houm Bah! Make Way for Wild Magnolia!"

Nancy Necktie, my companion and guide, is running around like an Indian herself, skipping and smiling and snapping photos of everything in sight. Masked in whiteface and some neo-psychedelic costumery, camera clicking away, a bottle of beer in her free hand, the young neckwear magnate is having the time of her life out here in the streets with the Wild Magnolias. She's been to Bo Dollis's house at 1960 Jackson, attended rehearsals at the H&R Bar at 2nd & Dryades, watched the Indians sew together their incredible creations in the last days before Mardi Gras, and now it's actually happening—the legendary ritual of the wild Indians, the one day of the year when the streets belong to the creatures of beauty and song.

Elsewhere in the funky southern metropolis pandemonium also reigns, but it's of a whole different order and magnitude: the official Mardi Gras celebration takes place downtown, in and out of the Vieux Carre, or French Quarter, and out in various exurban neighborhoods, where the elaborate floats of the straight Mardi Gras krewes are towed down the streets by tractors, and bands are hired to lend the spectacle a slender shred of authenticity.

Mardi Gras, or Fat Tuesday—the last day before Lent begins—is basically the province of the white New Orleans aristocracy, a gaudy component of the local social season which starts three days after Christmas and winds up the night before Ash Wednesday, fifty parades and an equal number of exclusive society balls later. The celebration, modeled on the traditional

French Shrove Tuesday festivities, took root in Nouvelle Orleans soon after the exotic seaport was colonized by the French, and by the early 1720's numerous citizens could be seen parading roughly in costume through the streets of town on a Mardi Gras morn.

By 1766, when the Spanish took over, the custom had been firmly established, and even a long-standing ban by the Spanish authorities was finally overturned so that by 1803, when the French retook possession of Louisiana and then quickly dealt it off to the U.S. of A., the Mardi Gras parade was an irrepressible fact of life in New Orleans. The Americans put a stop to it in 1806, but the tradition was so strong by then that the Yankees were persuaded, in 1827, to let the maskers return to the streets for that one day a year.

Unable to suppress the joyous carnival spirit of old New Orleans, the Americans soon figured out a way to impose their own twisted set of cultural values on the celebration, and in 1838 a group of American businessmen organized the first formal Mardi Gras parade. But let me quote from the eminent Mr. Robert Tallent, author of the definitive tome *Mardi Gras*: "Until then (1838) maskers had formed lines and chains and walked and run through the streets on Mardi Gras to the amusement or disgust of the spectators, but without real organization or plan. They romped and shouted and behaved as foolishly as possible, but those taking part were usually considered wild young men at best. Perhaps a few groups had also ridden about in carriages and wagons, but there was no semblance of order."

"It was the Americans who gave Mardi Gras its present pattern. It was they who, at least to some extent, took it away from the people and changed what had been an unorganized and informal street revel into an entire social season, a highly stylized program of balls and pageants, related to debutantes and a caste system as rigid, although in a different way, as that of the Creoles . . . The Americans . . . kept alive and increased the whole concept of imitation aristocracy and the ridiculous snobbery that still characterizes some of the Mardi Gras krewes." (pp. 103-104).

Since then the American pattern has spread over Mardi Gras much as it has spread over the rest of the land, reducing the multi-various beauty of native and other immigrant cultures to a plastic smear seen through a slide projector in a museum. In New Orleans now the Mardi Gras celebration is a strange combination of Chamber of Commerce-type parades, organized and produced by rich New Orleanians, and a gargantuan week-long street festival in the Fort Lauderdale-Woodstock mold, with beer and wine and liquor flowing freely twenty-four hours a day, through which the organized parades pass in all their hincty glory.

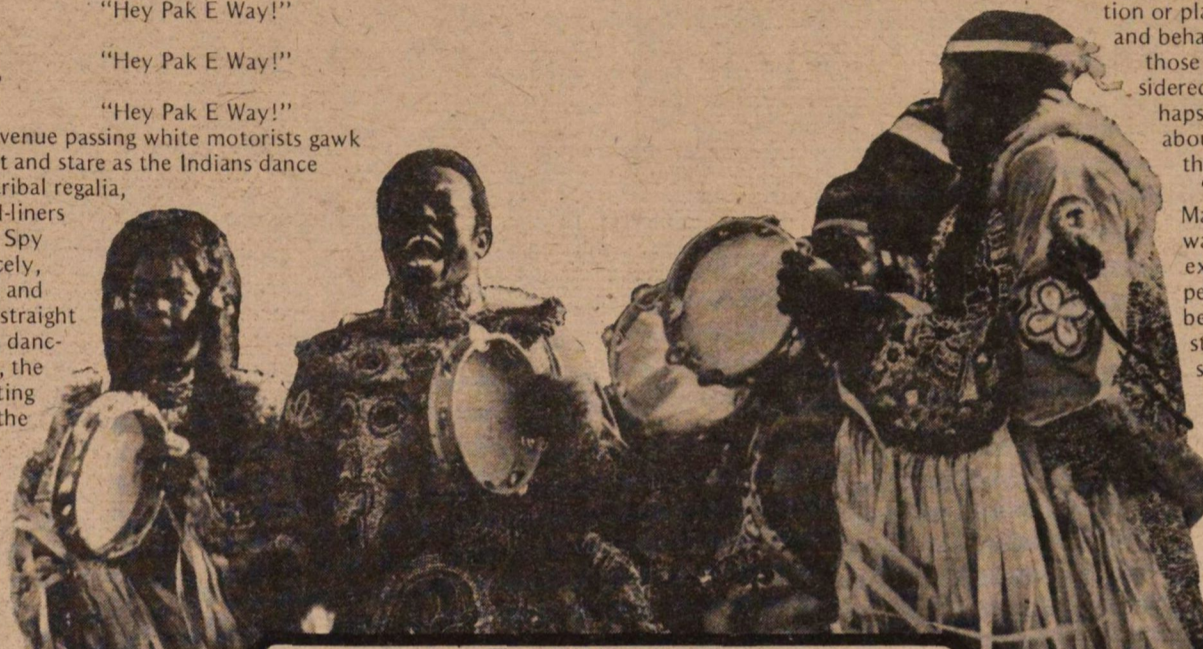
The modern-day celebration reveals its true nature during these prolonged passages, when the wealthy maskers on their expensive floats pose haughtily high above the crowds and the peons stretch out their hands and holler, "Throw me something, mister!" The aristocrats reward these pleas with paltry showers of plastic beads and trinkets and scant handfuls of phony "doubloons" stamped with their krewe's name, the suckers on the street turn their attention to the next float in the parade, and the whole procession lurches on down the block.

But even given its essentially vile social role as an annual public affirmation of the reactionary conditions of everyday life in New Orleans, the Mardi Gras celebration is an incredibly vibrant and positive event to be taking place in the streets of an American city. And since it is strictly controlled by the ruling class of the city, Mardi Gras enjoys the full and almost uncontrolled enthusiasm of the local news media, which would certainly be freaking out of their gourds if any other stratum of society were to propose such an all-out bacchanal.

Dig this, from the front page of the daily *Times-Picayune*, under the banner headline "Million Had A Good time":

"The tragedy of the 1976 Mardi Gras, in this our Bicentennial year, is that 209 million of the 210 million Americans were not here to celebrate it with us."

Continued on page 13



The Wild Magnolia Tribe

PROFESSOR LONGHAIR and the ROCK OF AGES

plus The Rhapsodizers at the 501 Napoleon Club, New Orleans—February 28

Fats Domino got all the action in the 50's, but it's the obscure New Orleans pianist Professor Longhair who has been awarded the undying love and respect of his fellow musicians in the Crescent City, and the 57-year-old "Bach of Rock"—quiet as it's kept—continues to produce some of the most vital, hard-driving rock and roll music to be heard these days.

Born in Bogalusa, Louisiana, in 1918, Roy Byrd came up in the clubs and joints of New Orleans, picking up on the piano lore of men like Roosevelt Sykes, Sullivan Rock, Robert Bertrand and Kid Stormy Weather. He got his first big break—and his nickname—in 1949, when an impromptu guest set with Dave Bartholomew's band at the Caldonia Inn led to a long stay at the club for his own band (Walter "Papoose" Nelson, guitar; Robert "Barefoot-in'" Parker, alto saxophone; "Big Slick," and later Al Miller, drums). Struck by the musician's elongated hair and general weirdness, the clubowner tagged the band "Professor Longhair and the Four Hairs Combo," a name which has stuck to the reclusive pianist/vocalist ever since.

Longhair staked out his claim to national recording fame in 1949-50 with a series of R&B hits on a number of labels—"She Ain't Got No Hair" (Star Talent), "Bald Head" (Mercury), "Mardi Gras in New Orleans," "Professor Longhair Blues," and "Hey Little Girl" (Atlantic)—and under an equal number of names: Professor Longhair & His Shuffling Hungarians, Roy Byrd, Roy "Baldhead" Byrd, Professor Longhair & His Blues Scholars, and "Roland Byrd." But this professional confusion kept the pianist

from consolidating his recording successes, and after his "Gone So Long" for Federal Records in 1951 and "Tipitina" for Atlantic in 1953 Longhair faded into near-total obscurity—broken only by the classics "Go To the Mardi Gras" (Ron, 1959) and "Big Chief" (Watch, 1965)—until 1972, when he was hailed by Dr. John as the progenitor of the modern-day music of New Orleans and commemorated by Atlantic Records with an album full of his original recordings for the label (*Professor Longhair: New Orleans Piano*, Atlantic SD 7225).



Professor Longhair

In the New Orleans piano music of the modern era—the mostly unacknowledged wellspring of rock and roll—one might say that Fats pioneered the rock, while Prof supplied the mighty roll. Both shared the same pool of professional musicians—Fats rose to glory in Dave Bartholomew's band, and Papoose was Fats' guitar player for years—but Domino enjoyed a long, stable relationship with Imperial Records, a string of smash singles which even came to dominate the pop charts, and a highly profitable touring

schedule, while Longhair languished in the tiny night-spots of New Orleans, unable to put together two solid records in a row. Today Fats commands thousands of dollars a night in the lounges of Las Vegas, and Longhair remains unrecorded by an American company (he does have two LPs out on the French Barclay label), a resident folk legend in the city of his lifelong travail.

All of that is just so much horseshit, however, once you hear his current band, a cooking composite of the city's finest young veteran musicians which rocks

continued on page 16

New Orleans, the Mardi Gras celebration is an incredibly vibrant and positive event to be taking place in the streets of an American city. And since it is strictly controlled by the ruling class of the city, Mardi Gras enjoys the full and almost uncontrolled enthusiasm of the local news media, which would certainly be freaking out of their gourds if any other stratum of society were to propose such an all-out bacchanal.

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Continued on page 13

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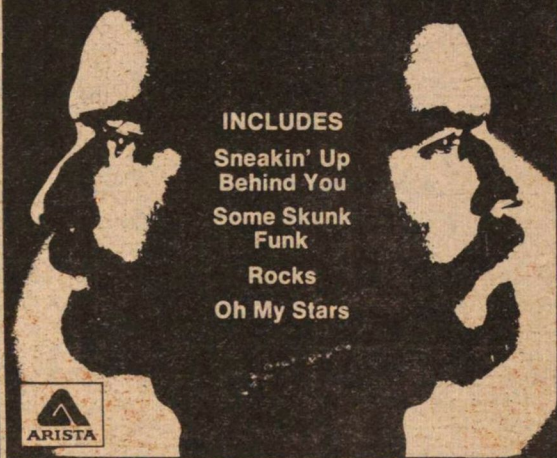
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photo by Hannah Kroll

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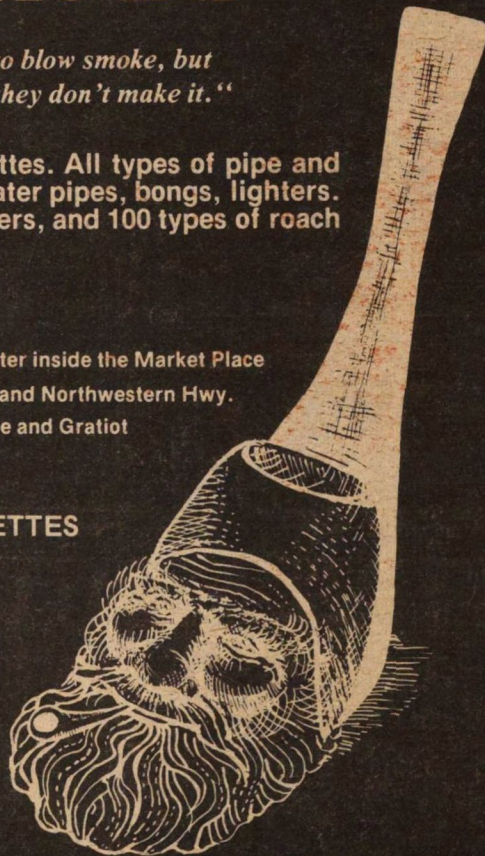


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MARDI GRAS

Continued from page 11

"For the one million or so of us who were here, we know we had a good time."

It is this officially-endorsed atmosphere of *Anything Goes on Mardi Gras* which has long set the stage for all kinds of unofficial shenanigans in the streets on Shrove Tuesday, including the lewdest and most bawdy hi-jinks by the high-stepping sports of the lower classes, who have always seized upon this day of merriment for the upper class as their opportunity to act out their own public fantasies in similar measure. The aristocratic organizers of the formal festivities graciously give their social inferiors the freedom to cavort as they wish, for to attempt to do otherwise would cause them to curtail their own fun, and they enjoy themselves much too much to do that.

Consequently there is much more to Mardi Gras than meets the untrained eye, including a long tradition of drunken violence, gang fights, and general devilment which has often threatened (as in the 1850's) to put an end to the whole carnival celebration. At the same time there is the splendid musical tradition of Mardi Gras, from the well-known parade-band jazz of the Young Tuxedo Brass Band, the Onward, Olympia, and Excelsior Brass Bands and many others, to the primitive call-and-response chants of the wild Indians and the barrel-house, goodtime R&B of Professor Longhair, Fats Domino, Allen Toussaint and Doctor John.

It is at this point, dear readers, that your humble correspondent presumes to step into the picture. A follower of the music of New Orleans since I first heard Fats Domino in 1954, at the age of 13, and an amateur ethno-musicologist to boot, I had been hot on the trail of the Mardi Gras sound ever since the good Doctor John (Mac Rebennack) had regaled me with tales of the wild Indians, Professor Longhair and the Zulu Parade back in '72. My nose was opened up wider early in 1974, when a chance meeting in Los Angeles with French record producer Phillippe Rault exposed me to the Wild Magnolias and the whole cultural reality of the wild Indians.

Rault had just been in the studio with the Magnolias, cutting their first record—and the first such recording by any Mardi Gras Indian tribe—with a mind-boggling collection of New Orleans musicians, including the legendary Blind Snooks Eaglin on wah-wah guitar, jazz saxophonist Earl Turbinton on reeds, his brother Willie Tee on keyboards and arrangements, Julius Farmer on bass, Larry Panna, drums, and Alfred "Uganda" Roberts, congas. Rault had the master tape with him—we were sitting around smoking hash at Village Recorders, where Ed Michel was putting together another Gato Barbieri record for ABC/Impulse and listening to my tapes of the 1973 Ann Arbor Blues & Jazz Festival on the side—and as Michel threaded it up on the four-track, Phillippe handed me a large scrapbook filled with material on the Magnolias.

My mind was blown! In the scrapbook were pictures of black men with long braids, dressed in the most beautiful garments of beadwork and feathers, and crowned with these magnificent Indian-styled headdresses made of two- and three-foot-long ostrich plumes dyed to match the rich, brilliant colors of their costumes. The music now blasting through the huge studio monitor system was similarly intense, a series of hypnotic chants on the African call-and-response model which told the story of the yearly Indian ritual and the mighty exploits of the tribes.

This is the missing link, I flashed immediately. This is the music that came before the jazz bands marching back from the funerals, the

direct link between African "perambulating chants" and American rhythm & blues dance music. This is where it all came from—where all American popular music, finally, goes back to—and it's still in its purest form, right out there in the streets for people to move to.

Suddenly what I was seeing and hearing meshed together in my mind with what Dr. John had said about the wild Indians and the whole Mardi Gras trip, and it all began to fit together. These Indians were black men, working-class denizens of the Third, Seventh and Ninth Wards in New Orleans where blood and culture lines go directly back to slavery, to the West-Indies and to Africa itself, and where religion is still a vital part of everyday life. Not religion in the European sense, but magic—voodoo—ancestor worship—praise songs directed to specific gods—communal dancing and singing to drums and tamborines—haints and spells, incense and herbs, black cat bones and mojo toofs, all grounded in the ancient religious belief that the gods are everywhere, control every aspect of daily life, and must be appeased through any and every possible means.

In this culture, which thrives in New Orleans and other areas of the south—not to mention many northern cities—to this day, the official Christian religious trappings have been adopted as an overlay, providing a cover for the practice of the ancient African religions and their modern-day Afro-American-permutations. Thus Mardi Gras, for example, means little more to New Orleans blacks than an opportunity to practice the ancient rituals in public for once, utilizing the anything-goes atmosphere created by the ruling Christians to indulge their own barely-suppressed version of reality for one day each year.

While Mardi Gras is simply the day before Lent in the white Christian community—the occasion for one final fling before saying "farewell to the flesh" (the literal translation of Carnival) for forty days—the holiday has a wider and deeper resonance with respect to the former Africans in North America and throughout the New World. For Afro-Americans and native "Americans" alike—the people who were here before the

whites arrived—the beginning of Lent could serve as a metaphor for the imposition of Christianity itself, that insane institution which rails against the pleasures of the flesh all year round, reduces all gods to one omnipotent, omniscient father-figure, and insists that work, rather than good clean fun, is the only path to eternal salvation.

In this context the violent extremes of the New World carnival celebrations in Trinidad and Rio de Janeiro, for instance, or the intensity of the black Mardi Gras festivities in New Orleans, should be easy to understand. All the pent-up energy and desire to be one's self which must be ruthlessly suppressed for survival's sake the rest of the year is unleashed during Carnival season, and the pagan rites—dating back directly to the communal cultures of Africa and South and Central America—can safely be practiced in the streets.

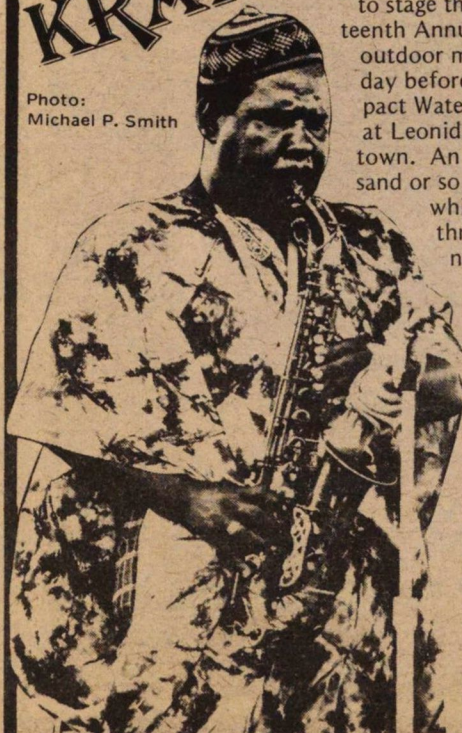
Where the old religion

Continued on page 15

With EARL "TRICKBAG" KING, PROFESSOR LONGHAIR, EARL TURBINTON & NUCLEUS, THE RHAPSODIZERS, and REGGAE SUNDAY at Waterworks Park, New Orleans, March 1

KRAWELLIGATOR BALL

Photo: Michael P. Smith



Earl Turbinton

Poppa Gator and his Alligator Krewe combined with the Krewe of the Krawe to stage the "strictly 'scoious'" Fourteenth Annual Krawelligator Ball, an outdoor masked jamboree held the day before Mardi Gras in the compact Waterworks Park, So. Claiborne at Leonidas, on the eastern edge of town. An intimate crowd of a thousand or so mostly costumed young whites pranced and danced through the afternoon and evening to a spicy musical gumbo made up of equal parts blues (Earl King), R&B (Professor Longhair), roots rock & roll (The Rhapsodizers), jazz (Earl Turbinton & Nucleus), and white folk/reggae/ragtime (Reggae Sunday). For those who hadn't had enough by midnight, the thoughtful Poppa Gator had arranged for The Meters to keep things going at the popular 501 Napoleon Club, a funk joint at the corner of Napoleon and Tchoupitoulas, just off the Mississippi River, and Longhair could be heard in the

college district with the rest of his band until 4 A.M.

But the Alligator Ball was the main thing that day, and its comfortable distance from the madness going on in the Vieux Carré lent the event a superbly mellow vibe which took this jaded reporter back to the days of the Tartar Field free concerts, or the early Ann Arbor West Park afternoons, with the added treat of the many imaginative costumes being sported by the masked set. Hundreds of free bananas were set out in front of the stage, crawfish could be bought and eaten by the pound, beer and wine were in plentiful supply, and the joints did be passed around all day.

A blond-haired brother on enormous stilts danced with a gypsy lady, while a bearded woman and her bearded mate, both dressed in full Middle Eastern drag, looked on and smiled. The human six-pack of Dixie beer, conspicuous at the Mardi Gras Mambo the night before, circulated around the grounds, exchanging pleasantries with the Tin Man and a Couple of Frankenstein-looking fellows. And the weather was just as mellow as you could ask for.

The music fit into the afternoon like a hand in a glove. Reggae Sunday, a four-man ensemble (2 acoustic guitars, stand-up bass, and congas), started things off with a long, laid-back set of folkie blues, lightweight jazz, and airy reggae which finally brought the sun down over the hills behind the waterworks next to the park. The Rhapsodizers followed with some good-time boogie from a blues-band perspective, drawing the maskers to their feet for some energetic warmup dancing and lots of good-time smiles all around.

Professor Longhair and his electric piano popped in next, with Alvin Robinson on guitar, Julius Farmer on bass, the Rhapsodizers' drummer and an off-brand conga man laying down the second line. Longhair played his irrepressible Mardi

Gras set—"Go to the Mardi Gras," "Big Chief," "Mardi Gras in New Orleans"—and had the big top swaying for a solid hour before packing up and splitting for the nighttime gig at Jed's on Oak Street.

Earl "Trickbag" King, one of New Orleans' most unsung musical heroes, took the stand with a pick-up band for a well-received set of his patented soul blues. King, a guitarist/vocalist/composer who is responsible for the rock classic "Come On (Let the Good Times Roll)"—recorded by Jimi Hendrix and Doctor John, among others—is a solid but unspectacular performer who labors in the funky local bars with the occasional white college or concert gig to keep his hopes up, a 45 every few years to keep his name alive, and a die-hard audience of local blues fans to follow his unflagging efforts to gain the audience he deserves. Papa Gator and Krewe are to be commended here, as throughout the evening, for their exquisite taste in all things.

Earl Turbinton is the city's pre-eminent modern jazz light and a musician of inspirational breadth and depth—he plays regularly in Longhair's band, backs up the Wild Magnolias on their dates, and experiments with jazz units of a number of persuasions, maintaining his own *Nucleus* for opportunities like this one, where he can stretch out into space and go as far as his horn will let him. A *strong* player in the grand tradition (Sonny Rollins, Coltrane, Jackie McLean), Earl led his quartet (bass, drums, and a woman playing flute) through an exhilarating set of unique and wide-ranging improvisational music, charging the waning audience with enough spirit to keep them on their feet whooping and cheering until the very end.

As Earl Turbinton packed up and headed for Longhair's gig (these cats worked almost steadily, two and three jobs a day, all through the Mardi Gras season), the rest of the crowd shuffled to their cars for the crosstown pull to the 501 Club and the hot rock and roll of The Meters. On the way out of the park they stooped down and picked up every vestige of waste the afternoon had produced, leaving the site as clean as they'd found it. Ah, Poppa Gator—you were too much, my man!

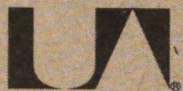
—John Sinclair

EXPOSED!

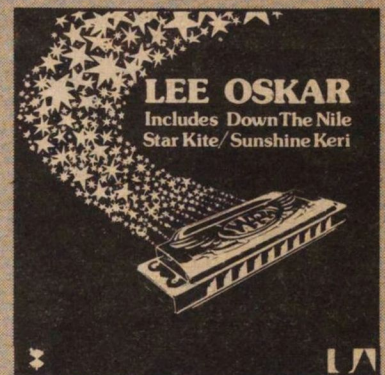
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| Friday, April 16 | Municipal Auditorium |
| Saturday, April 17 | Municipal Auditorium |

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Continued from page 13 still lives, as in New Orleans, it exists in greatly permuted form, having assimilated into itself elements of the whites' religious trips, components of a number of African and New World sects, and the customs and practices of modern-day urban ghetto life. It can be seen in its pure state only on Mardi Gras Day and on St. Joseph's Night, a couple of weeks later, when the Indians parade in the streets in full costume, and even then the African ritual has been altered to reflect the American experience.

The wild Indians represent a unique and highly unusual synthesis of two aboriginal cultures, the West African and the Southern American Indian, which share a great many factors in common: a tribal, communal form of social organization, a pantheistic religious environment, and a highly formalized system of communal worship centered on music and dancing, to name a few.

Originally masking as Indians in order to participate in the Mardi Gras celebration of the whites (or so one popular story goes), New Orleans blacks in the latter 19th century adopted the Indian persona and began to develop it for their own purposes, investing it with enough pure Africanisms to make it more and more suited to their peculiar needs.

It is widely said that the blacks who became "Indians" on Mardi Gras held the original Indians in great respect, particularly admiring their refusal to bow down or humble ("houm-bah") themselves before the whites. They also expressed tremendous admiration for the Indians' beautiful ceremonial garb and for their ferocious fighting ability; in fact, until recent years the wild Indians met in actual combat on Mardi Gras, with the various tribes (there are now some twenty to thirty) challenging one another to sure-enough wars on the battlefield complete with guns, knives, broken bottles, and other instruments of mayhem.

Under the older practices the Indian tribes were judged on their fierceness, fighting ability, and the number of casualties they were able to inflict on rival tribes. After the second World War much pressure was brought to bear against the systematic violence of the Indian confrontations, and gradually the values of beauty in dress and artistic prowess in the songs and dances of the ritual became pre-eminent. Now the Big Chiefs go into fits of dancing and singing frenzy when they meet another tribe, striving to impress the spectators with their beauty and grace rather than their ability to inflict harm on their peers. And on St. Joseph's Night formal competitions are held among the many tribes, with the Big Chiefs, secondary chiefs, flag boys, spy boys, queens, princesses, and witch doctors all vying to be named the baddest in their category.

The costumes are the central focus these days, and the Indians spend many hours before Mardi Gras Day designing, cutting, sewing, beading and feathering their own elaborate outfits. Each year a new design and color scheme are devised by each tribe, and after St. Joseph's Night—the second and final appearance of the Indians for another year—the costumes are taken apart bead by bead and feather by feather. (A new tradition begins this year, however, as the Indians have decided to keep their outfits intact until after the annual Jazz & Heritage Festival, held in the middle of April, where they will ma-

ke an official appearance in 1976 and hereafter.)

The members of the tribes grow up in the tradition, marching first as young boys, then as spy boys and flag boys, and finally graduating into the ranks of the Chief and Witch Doctors. There is also an increasing number of little girls and young women in full costume taking part in the ceremonies these days, marking a distinct break with tradition. All the members of a particular tribe come from the same neighborhood, the second-liners are their neighbors, friends, relatives and co-workers, and they dance and sing for the rest of the people in the immediate community. Most white New Orleanians, and many blacks as well, don't even know the Indians exist, and the Indians don't particularly care if they do.

The Wild Magnolias, the Golden Eagles, Young Sons of Geronimo, Golden Stars, Mowhawks, Black Eagles, Wild Tchoupitoulas, Golden Blades, Little Red White & Blues, Wild Squatoolies and the rest of the tribes have emerged and evolved within the boundaries of New Orleans' black neighborhoods, where they exist as year-round cultural heroes—particularly among the young men of the community, who follow their exploits, march with them on the holy days, and wish to god they could wear the formal dress of the Chiefs and other official tribesmen. They provide a thread of cultural continuity which is as strong and bright as their garb—rehearsing and hanging out in the neighborhood bars, bragging of their conquests and their plans for next year, and generally providing a clear and visible link to the glorious culture of their ancestral homeland.

Until the past few years the Indians were almost totally unknown to the world at large. Since the Wild Magnolias cut their album (released here on Polydor Records in 1974) and have accepted public engagements outside the Mardi Gras context, however, it's just a matter of time until they move into the mainstream of American popular culture, bringing the rest of America a musical and cultural treat unlike anything it's ever seen before.

I was blessed with the opportunity this year to visit New Orleans during Mardi Gras, where I marched in the streets uptown with the Wild Magnolias and witnessed this incredible phenomenon for myself. I'd like to thank my guide, Ms. Nancy Ochenschlager of Ann Arbor and New Orleans; Quint Davis, manager of Professor Longhair and the Wild Magnolias and producer of the New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival; Doctor John, Ronnie Barron, and Earl Turbinton, native musicians of New Orleans; Cyril Neville, George "Freak Man" Porter, and the rest of the Meters; and everyone else who helped me get my story in the Crescent City; the staff of the Home Sweet Home motel, where I rested my weary ass each morning after conducting my lengthy investigations into the life of the city; the publishers of the Sun, who grudgingly paid my way; and everyone else who helped make my first visit to New Orleans a thoroughly enjoyable, educational, and inspirational trip. A New Orleans photographer and filmmaker named Jules Cahn has recently issued a 15-minute color videotape of wild Indian footage, and if you ever hear that it's being shown somewhere near you, please don't miss it. Bonaroo!

MARDI GRAS MAMBO with DR. JOHN & THE METERS

continued from page 9 the street on this one day in America when people can "do what they wanna" right out in the open.

All the Meters—Arthur and Cyril Neville, Leo Nocentelli, George (Freak Man) Porter, and Joe (Zigaboo) Modeliste—and Doctor John (original moniker: Mac Rebennack) came up in the streets of New Orleans, fol-

lowing the Indians every Mardi Gras Day from the cradle on up. The Meters play straight-out rock and roll now, basically, with Nocentelli's very modern rock guitar lines predominating, but they continue to be based in New Orleans and keep in firm touch with their roots in the second line. Dr. John himself has specialized in the art of the second line sound since he started recording, and at this time of year he's so deep into it he can't talk about anything else.

The real Mardi Gras Mambo is in the streets of the 3rd Ward, uptown, on Mardi Gras Day, but the feeling can be reproduced any time in any place where people are gathered to get down and have a good time—provided, of course, that the musicians on hand are steeped in the beat of the street. At the St. Bernard Civic, at the other end of town from the 3rd Ward, in a white-dominated neighborhood, with a young white audience milling around inside a standard suburban service center

milieu, the simple presence of Dr. John and the Meters gives the evening the authenticity and energy it needs to turn everybody royally around, and the spirit of the streets is transmitted directly to the children of the shopping centers.

The music is the same that you've heard on their records, played with all the intensity of the moment, but Mardi Gras in New Orleans takes it all into a higher dimension: into a place where the music lives and

continued on page 16

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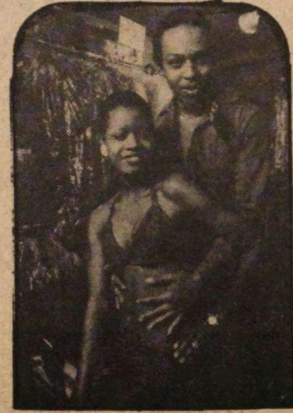
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Gloria Steinem

continued from page 10

the **Freep's** 600,000 readers with the word that we exist, especially when the old grey ghost of a newspaper refuses to offer anything of interest to the communities we serve with our **Kulchur** section. Maybe they think we're part of the great **Red Menace** or something, but it's about time



THE COAT PULLER

they let the **Sun's** name appear on their hallowed pages once in a while—it's the least they could do! . . . Our highest congratulations to the **Feminist Economic Network Association**—the people behind the **Feminists' Federal Credit Union** and related alternative institutions—on the opening of their **Feminist Women's City Club** at 2410 Park Avenue, downtown. Their grand opening this weekend (April 9-10) will feature a guest appearance by editor/writer **Gloria Steinem** of **Ms.** magazine and music from **Ursula Walker**, pianist **Bess Bonnier**, the **Women's Chamber Orchestra**, folksingers **Lauri McPherson** and **Linda Shelvey**, plus an all-woman art show with the **West-East Bag** and a women's film festival highlighting the movie "**Very Curious Girl.**" Swimming, self-defense, health clinics, exercise classes, and economic planning for women will be

continuing focuses of attention over the two-day affair, and the facilities will be shown off for all to see. Call 964-2620 for more information . . . Another group of local feminists is opening up **Her Shelf**, a "wimmins books & crafts" store at 2 Highland St. in Highland Park, later this month, and they'll stage a **Women's Film Festival** at **UD** and **Marygrove** this weekend (April 9-10) to help raise funds for the store. Call **Anna Tursich** at 867-5764 for more information . . . Don't miss the genius pianist **Cecil Taylor** and his powerful **Unit** at Ann Arbor's **Power Center** April 15th—really! . . . Two major black films, the show-biz melodrama **Sparkle** and the serious epic **The River Niger** (which was financed completely by black investors), are now playing at downtown theatres and elsewhere in the area, with Detroit's **Lonette McKee** featured in the



former and veteran actors **Cicely Tyson**, **James Earl Jones**, **Lou Gossett**, **Glynn ("Cooley High") Turman**, and **Roger E. ("Leadbelly") Mosley** starring in the latter . . . **Sparkle** also has music written and produced by **Curtis Mayfield** and sung by **Aretha Franklin**—'nuf said.

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DR. JOHN

continued from page 15

breathes the way it was meant to, and where—as in the streets—it is immediately rewarded with shouting and dancing, and people partying their asses off. Which, one is forced to conclude, is exactly what it deserves!

—John Sinclair

PROFESSOR LONGHAIR

continued from page 11

and rolls until the walls fall down. Billed as **The Rock of Ages**, Longhair and his outfit—**Earl Turbinton**, alto and soprano saxophones; **Alvin "Shine" Robinson**, guitar; **Julius Farmer**, bass; **Lon Smith**, tenor saxophone; a white guitarist named **Billy**; and an unidentified drummer—play so *hard*, but yet so *musically*, that they put most of the superstars to shame. In no way a nostalgia trip, nor a reverential re-enactment of music which was once vital and for real, the Professor's 1976 edition is as up-to-date as anything you hear, as full of life as the best music always is, and as easy to get next to as your own dancing feelings, which this music insists *must* come out.

Working off of the Professor's classical repertoire—"Go To the Mardi Gras," "Big Chief," "Tipitina," "Mardi Gras in New Orleans"—and building relentlessly on the energy of the excited crowd at the 501 Napoleon Club, where your reporter caught the band the Saturday night before Mardi Gras, the Rock of Ages provoked continuous wall-to-wall dancing all night, with Longhair leading the charge from his shaky perch at the electric piano. Turbinton contributed a series of mind-altering saxophone solos, Robinson and Farmer demonstrated why they're the most popular rhythm team in New Orleans, the young Billy's guitar solos smoked like crazy, and Lon Smith threw in an entire tenor's worth of rock and roll saxophone in the grand tradition of Lee Allen, Herb Hardesty and Alvin "Red" Tyler.

For an amateur ethno-musicologist who had gone to dig Longhair as an aging relic who had to be seen before he faded from sight completely, your investigator was totally blown away by this exhilarating rock and roll orchestra and its legendary, up-to-the-minute New Orleans sound. If someone doesn't sign them up and put them on the road while they're doing it like this, music lovers all over America will be deprived of one of our mightiest national resources, and that's something we just can't afford. Professor Longhair can't live forever, you know—but you can bet his music will!

—John Sinclair

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PERFORMANCE



Photo: Leni Sinclair

Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes

At the Fisher Theatre, March 26 - 28

Old pro Harold Melvin brought his brand-new Blue Notes into the Fisher Theatre for a three-night, six-show stand designed to demonstrate the viability of Melvin's version of one of the most popular singing groups to emerge in recent years. With his former lead singer, the fiery Teddy Pendergrass, now out on his own with the rest of the original Philadelphia International recording group, competing for jobs and popular acclaim in the entertainment marketplace, Harold Melvin is facing perhaps the toughest challenge of his long career. But the evidence displayed opening night at the Fisher indicates that Pendergrass & Co. have a bitter fight on their hands, for Melvin is not about to give up his hard-won status at the top of the business without an all-out battle, and his new aggregation should turn out to be a very potent weapon indeed.

Following a well-received, highly energetic set by the fast-stepping Sylvers ("Boogie Fever"), and backed by Melvin's "Million Dollar Movement" band augmented by the Fisher Theatre strings and horns, the new Blue Notes unveiled their lead singer, David Ebo, with the aptly-chosen "I Need a Friend." Ebo, who has Pendergrass's size and strut in his favor with Teddy's many fans, still has a long way to go before he can command the total attention of his audience, a feat his predecessor performed with ease. A tour of two under Melvin's painstaking direction, however, should shape his considerable potential into something awesome to behold, since he has all the raw talent, power, and range Melvin's conception demands, and he has the maestro at hand to take him through the changes step by step.

It is Harold Melvin's conception, after all—Pendergrass began five years ago as a drummer in the Blue Notes' back-up band—and the mere existence of the present group on stage is a tribute to its leader's determination to keep his winning combination not only alive, but growing and developing along the lines Melvin has carefully laid out over the years. The continuing success of the Wake Up Everybody single and album—ordinarily a tremendous boom to a per-

forming group—is in this case a sizable liability, since its millions of adherents rightfully expect to see and hear the singers who were on the record when they buy tickets to their concerts. But Melvin has acted swiftly and tastefully to fill the void left by the departure of his well-groomed favorites, and if he can get them through this initial tour in one piece he'll probably end up exactly where he obviously means to be—right where he was headed before Pendergrass split.

Harold followed Ebo's introductory feature with his own lead—announced as "the mature voice of our mature leader" by one of the Notes—on the popular "To Be True," bringing Ebo back to the fore in a poorly-chosen "If You Don't Know Me By Now," which, in addition to its meaningless lyrics in this context, suffered from Ebo's own present limitations as a hot lead singer. The arrangement also dragged considerably, and when the orchestra continued to undercut the vocalists on the next number, "Take Me Back," Melvin could be seen personally tightening up the rhythm section and then the rest of the unit until everybody finally caught a classic Blue Notes groove.

Ebo next took a shot at "Wake Up, Everybody," a magnificent gamble on Melvin's part which paid off much better than one would have expected as the tall, arrogantly serious Ebo worked his way through the Pendergrass tour-de-force with energy and guts. What he lacked was the supreme confidence and mature grace of Mr. Teddy Bear, but six months on stage with this combination will go a long way toward bringing the young Ebo up to par.

The musically inconsequential Sharon Paige was brought on next to sing "Hope We Can Be Together Soon" and "You Know How to Make Me Feel So Good," two tender numbers that neared greatness from Melvin's soft-core staging which had Ms. Paige turning indecisively from Ebo to Melvin; the two men crooned their

pleas for her sumptuous company. Sharon danced off as Melvin whipped the band into "the national anthem," the irresistible "Bad Luck," which combined Ebo's best vocal effort of the evening with some stunning choreography by the Notes before Ebo was left alone to keep the groove going. A roving return by the singers took the song—and the concert—out, leaving the audience pondering over the group's performance and ready for the next step: the first Detroit appearance of the Teddy Pendergrass ensemble. Until then, Harold Melvin & the new Blue Notes—with Sharon Paige—have set the mark against which the popular Teddy Bear and company will have to be measured, and it should prove to be a high mark to hit. —John Sinclair

Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers

At Baker's Keyboard Lounge



Photo: Leni Sinclair

Veteran jazz percussionist Art Blakey, now 57, led his latest hard-bop outfit into Baker's last month for ten days of the finest late 50's/early 60's improvisational music one could hope to hear. Boasting the seasoned trumpet star Bill Hardman, who was with Blakey in 1956-58 when Jackie McLean and Johnny Griffin were the saxophonists in the band, and the hard-driving young white tenor saxophonist David Schlitter, the 1976 Jazz Messengers retain all the fire and strength of the classic Blakey quintets without sounding one minute out of date, an example which many more "modern" ensembles might do well to follow.

But they don't have Art Blakey, after all, and that leaves a big hole in almost any band these days. Art is another of this country's least acknowledged but most important national resources, a brilliantly resourceful percussionist who has played a major role in shaping the sound of all popular music from his position as one of the first jazz drummers to grasp and develop the

Bird-and-Diz approach to rhythm and sound.

Prominently featured as the drummer for Billy Eckstine's groundbreaking bebop big band of 1944-1947—an orchestra which had Dizzy Gillespie as its musical director, Charlie Parker, Dexter Gordon, Gene Ammons, Leo Parker and Lucky Thompson on saxophones, Miles Davis and Fats Navarro in the trumpet section, vocals by Eckstine and the 20-year-old Sarah Vaughn—Blakey formed the Jazz Messengers in 1955 following the success of his 1954 unit which included Clifford Brown, Lou Donaldson, and the young Horace Silver (heard on A Night at Birdland, Volumes 1 & 2, on Blue Note Records).

In the twenty-one years since then Art Blakey has introduced or extensively showcased an incredible number of creative musicians in his Jazz Messengers, starting with Kenny Dorham—Hank Mobley—Horace Silver—and-Doug Watkins, then Donald Byrd, Jackie McLean—Bill Hardman, Johnny Griffin, Lee Morgan—Benny Golson—Bobby Timmons, Freddie Hubbard—Wayne Shorter—Curtis Fuller—Cedar Walton, the Brecker Brothers, Tyrone Washington, and many others. His current edition lacks the pioneering, out-on-the-edge quality of the earlier bands, but they make up for it by charging the classic repertoire and stance of the 1958-61 Messengers with the energy, intelligence and wit of today. Thus this rich historical period—which is almost totally unnoticed by the music pundits of the present era—is brought back to life and delivered in full, undiluted strength to the eager present-day jazz audience.

Blakey's last set Friday night, upon which this review is based, opened with a patented mid-tempo bounce number which immediately took the edge off the room. Tenorist Schlitter was featured next on a warm, full-bodied ballad offering which switched into Blakey's favorite double-time trot for the improvised choruses, providing a firm basis for the young saxophonist's extended essay covering the major tenor styles of the 50's.

Schlitter, like Pat LaBarbara (heard here recently with Elvin Jones' quartet), stays strictly

within the boundaries of a particular modern saxophone tradition (in LaBarbara's case, mid-

period Coltrane), working the genre for all the emotional and musical gold which has been left virtually untapped since 1963 or so. He combines the approaches of tenor giants Sonny Rollins, Benny Golson, Johnny Griffin, Hank Mobley, early Wayne Shorter, and the John Coltrane of 1955-57 to fashion a synthesis which effectively echoes the entire era without sounding like a cop on any one player—definitely an interesting and highly rewarding conception, and absolutely perfect for this Blakey organization.

Hardman and Schlitter stepped out decisively on the Jazz Messengers classic "Blues March," with the diminutive tenor man outstanding once again and Hardman fluent and fiery as ever. The trumpeter got his feature on "It Might As Well Be Spring," shining brightly through the standard Blakey arrangement: ballad tempo on the theme, double-time for the choruses, back to the ballad and out. This veteran musician has improved tremendously since his last, faltering stint with the master drummer in the mid-50's, and his playing at all tempos is utterly fluid and tasteful these days.

"Moanin'" and "A Night in Tunisia" finished off the rest of the night in grand fashion, with more quintessential tenor saxophone from Schlitter, sparking horn from Hardman, solid backing by pianist Ron Burton and bassist Chen Suzuki, and the inimitable Art Blakey bebop tip. The master took his chance to stretch out some on "Tunisia," laying down a multi-directional solo which turned the place inside out with joy and delight, and then Schlitter and Hardman added the sweetest topping one could possibly want before laying down their arms for the evening.

Johnny Winter and Little Richard

At Cobo Hall, March 18

On Thursday evening, March 18, Detroit was treated to a rare visit from Johnny Winter and Little Richard, two heavy-duty rock and rollers who have continued their activity into the 70's. The show started out with a bang as Little Richard unleashed his repertoire of rock and roll classics—"Tutti Frutti," "Long Tall Sally," "Rip It Up," "Directly From My Heart to You"—backed up by a hard-rocking collection of young R&B veterans called the Originators. Richard hasn't changed a bit since his early days as one of the real originators of rock and roll, and with his current band he puts on a show in the grand tradition which is good for lots of laughs along with the pounding beat and Richard's insane lyrics.

Little Richard and the Originators got the mighty high of the evening when they brought up a few people from the audience to dance on stage during "Long Tall Sally." People all over the cavernous hall were twirling and jumping around in their seats while their representatives churned about on the big stage with Richard and the band. This set was a sho' nuff rock and roll good boogie music show—that's what Little Richard's about, for sure.

On the other hand, Johnny Winter was the undying love and attention of his audience—both in and out—with a show which offered only Winter's unfailing guitar artistry in front of a non-descript, mechanical back-up trio (2nd guitar, bass and drums). Obviously a crowd favorite, Johnny strutted on stage to the Stones' "It's All Over Now" and breezed through a long set of well-known material, including "Rock and Roll Hootchie Koo," Dylan's "Highway 61," Chuck Berry's "Johnny B. Goode," the traditional "Rock Me Baby" and the Stones' "Jumpin' Jack Flash." Winter was crippled by a drummer (as usual) who seemed locked into the most monotonous backbeat bang-bang-bang imaginable, a device which severely undercut Winter's hot guitar leads on tune after tune. The longer the set went on, the more irritating grew the drummer's unimaginative hacking, until it was a relief when the band finally left the stage.

Most of the audience wasn't so picky, however, and Johnny Winter and Co. were called back for more and more of that smoking guitar. Now if he could just hook up with Little Richard's outfit—my oh my, wouldn't that be fun? —Bernadette Harris

Photo: Michael Marks

Hound Dog Taylor

Beware of the Dog (Alligator)

Beware of the Dog is a live performance of Hound Dog Taylor dating back to 1974. More than just "the blues," Taylor's music crackles and bites with the collective sorrows and joys of this richly soulful musician. Hound Dog is joined here by the House Rockers—Brewer Phillips on guitar and Ted Harvey on drums. Together they beat out some exciting versions of well-known blues classics—"Dust My Broom," "Rock Me"—as well as some of Taylor's personal testimony—"Freddie's Blues" and "Let's Get Funky." The recording is a little rough-edged, but who cares? Hound Dog Taylor doesn't need the audio cosmetics to get across—the music itself says all that needs to be said.

Ron Shaull Shakedown

Makin' Ya' Feel Good (Point Blank)

The Ron Shaull Shakedown is a group of hard-working people out of Jackson, Mich. Ron himself is a real man and while he ain't knockin' on Coltrane's door with his playing, he's still got something to offer. This is the Shakedown's first venture at 33-1/3 and is produced and recorded with their own resources. Frankly, the difference between home brew and the record company-financed project is sorely felt here. Musicians of talent can sometimes use the boost that a good studio can offer their recorded sound.

Nevertheless, the Shakedown still does a little shaking down—whether it be steaming funk or instrumental ballads. You'll be treated to some mean guitar pickin' by Junior Dixon on "Luvta Party," along with the vocal of Terry Vestrand. Move over, Chaka, this lady can sing a taste! Ron himself pitches in some awfully sturdy tenor sax blowing all over this album. These people have gone through quite a bit of rigamarole to get this record all. Give it a chance, and maybe you'll be glad you did.

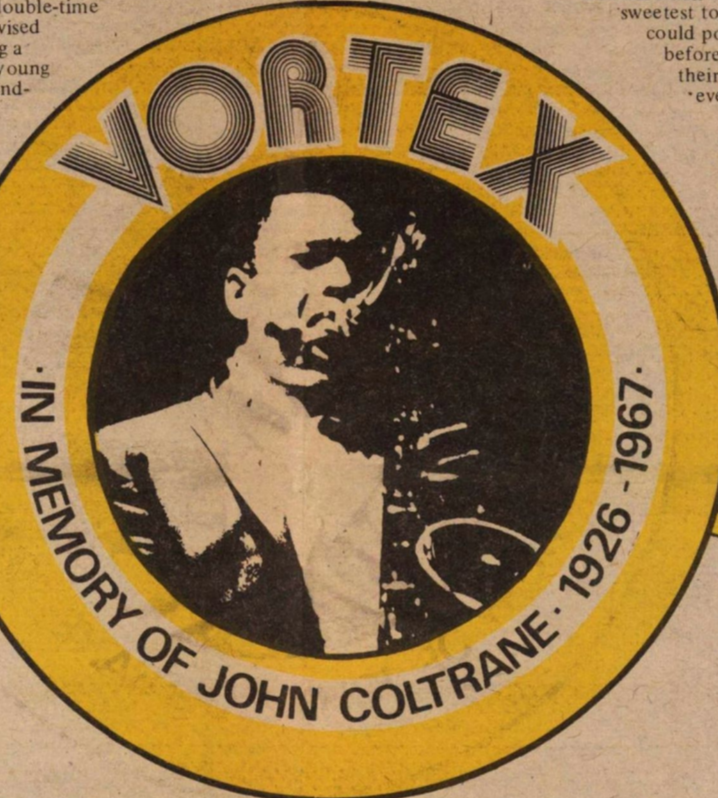


Photo: Michael Marks

SIDES

By David Weiss

Stanley Free—a player of gigantic scope and feeling whose encyclopedic grasp of the jazz idiom is mindful of Jaki Byard's genius. No more could be said but that it would be criminal not to own this record. (Available from Mozzwin Records, 415 Central Park West, New York, NY 10025).

Kenny Wheeler—Gnu High (ECM). Kenny Wheeler's ECM date, Gnu High, is just about as solid as Ali's left hook and as colorful and bright as a paint factory. Wheeler is a trumpet-flugelhorn player of British extraction and is an off-used studio musician there. You may remember his horn from Anthony Braxton's sometimes brilliant New York, Fall 1974 album. This date features Kenny's own writing—an airy lyric gift it is too.

Rather than being gritty, down-home and funk-laden, this music is bright and cerebral, especially on "Smatter." The terrain it explores is nothing gleaned from a Motor City type of pulse. This stuff takes you to the whitened heights of the Swiss Alps or to the cool vagueness and mystery of Pluto.

Assembled here with him, appropriately, are a few elfin, sort of leisurely and picturesque players. Keith Jarrett brings his one well-worn suitcase—that hard-edged but bouncy punch that he's been laboring at for years, but more palatable than usual under Wheeler's compositional advice. Dave Holland's fat and reliable bassism and Jack DeJohnette's inventive

Here's another round-up of the very latest sides to meet the light of day. A few are artist-produced and -distributed and reflect the care and control that can be exercised when the executives are left chewing unlit cigars in their business offices. That's not to say that the other releases here are in any way inferior: ECM has come up with a couple of lively dates and Alligator Records continues to churn out a loving batch of the blues.

Bob Moses

Bittersuite in the Ozone (Mozzwin)

Bob Moses' album, Bittersuite in the Ozone, is a record so human, so goddam bloody real, that you fully expect it to climb out of the jacket alone and lay down on the turntable for a ride. It is music that breathes, grunts, cries, sings and laughs—it makes categories arbitrary and insignificant. Though the players involved are known for their jazz affiliations, the musical appeal made here is universal.

The music of Bob Moses can only be defined by reference to itself: it is simply unlike anything else around us. Moses does admit his indebtedness to several important influences in the album's dedication: "For Duke, Mingus, Tatum, Rahsaan, Elmo and Eric. Your music is timeless and eternal. I use it for learning and inspiration, not imitation." Pretty lofty language, but quite true. The Mingus stamp is particularly well imprinted: the arrangements are dark and gurgling, primal and deep like Mingus' own archetypal masterpiece, The Black Saint and the Sinner Lady.

The album, on Bob's self-owned "Mozzwin" label, is a stirring display of love and energy. He has surfaced on a few of the more unique albums in the last five years: Steve Marcus' "The Lord's Prayer"—on which he does a rousing version of Dylan's "Tom Thumb's Blues"—and also on Gary Burton's "Lofty Fake Anagram." "Ozone" finds him in the company of a gaggle of familiar faces and voices: Eddie Gomez, Randy Brecker, Howard Johnson, David Liebman, Billy Hart and others. All combine to create a music of tropical lushness and texture—from the African tribal echoes of "mfwala myo la la" to the humor and spunk of "message to the music business." A full side is dedicated to the talents of pianist

Shirley MacLaine: You Can Get There From Here

(W.W. Norton Company, 1975)

"In China I saw an entire nation, once degraded, corrupt, demoralized and exploited, that was changing its very nature. . . I realized that what we call human nature can be changed, then absolutely anything is possible. And from that moment my life changed."

So explains actress, comedienne, Hollywood star and political activist Shirley MacLaine in You Can Get There From Here, a very lively, readable and moving account of her life in a major television series, as a full-time worker for George McGovern's tragic 1972 campaign, and as the leader of a tour of American women through the People's Republic of China.

MacLaine is very outspoken on how the experience of viewing China provoked deep self-examination for her on an individual and social level. Five years ago this book would have been regarded as positively subversive.

You Can Get There From Here begins with our heroine sensing the doom of Hollywood losing out to television. Despite her doubts about the "lowest stupid denominator" approach of the tube, she accepts an offer to do a multi-million dollar TV series based upon her cavorting around the globe having sit-com adventures. In time, though, the scripts for the series remain characteristic of the media's self-perpetuating low view of women's intelligence, and Shirley realizes that she wants no part of it. Plus the show is bound to fall, anyway.

Sure enough, the series bombs, and MacLaine

returns to New York, where the intensity of activity around the Indochinese war and 1972's general political fervor convince her to work full-time for George McGovern in the primaries and the general election. Herein lie the tragic moments of the book, as McGovern's waffling on positions (especially abortion) and his inconsistency on the albeit sabotaged Eagleton affair ("who I support 1,000%"), in MacLaine's view, blow what had once been McGovern's growing chance of victory. The descriptions in this passage of MacLaine's campaign travels to every nook and cranny of the nation, and especially her writing on the press corps, are among the book's highlights.

After the campaign, MacLaine is invited to lead a delegation of "representative" American women on a long tour of China. She chooses people from a wide range of backgrounds, including a militant American Indian, a middle-aged black from the South, the wife of a Texas factory worker and a 12-year-old student. The women are thrust into an environment so alien as to shatter their basic assumptions of human nature and social possibility. Viewing rural co-operatives worthy of the name, schools where children are raised in an atmosphere of selflessness and mutual trust, and a whole society learning to act as one, meshes into an experience which ends up decisively changing each of the women's lives after the tour.

MacLaine's book is bound to sell well and contribute to the emerging understanding that communism as practiced in China is not the bogeyman we've been programmed to believe. The emergence of recognized media figures such as MacLaine, Francis Ford Coppola, Robert Redford, Marlon Brando and the like, outside their usual entertainment image, is a major step forward both for People's China and for the American people, who might otherwise never have the chance to confront the reality of China in such a positive, supportive context. You should enjoy reading Shirley MacLaine's book, because it's true—you can get there from here. —David Fenton



Photo: Dirk Bakker

Albert King and Norma Bell

At the Showcase Theatre, March 27

The Showcase Theatre is rapidly becoming known as a place where one can see and hear quality performances at eminently reasonable prices. Consider Probitz Productions' marquee for Saturday, March 27: the great Albert King and his super-tight blues band, plus Norma Bell and her new band Necessity, making their stage debut. Tickets were at 4, 5, and 6 dollars, and the music was out of sight.

This combination provided quite a unique package of talent, with the fascinating alto and soprano saxophonist/vocalist Norma Bell on one end of the musical spectrum, and the mighty Mr. King stretching out the other end with his masterful blues approach. The 24-year-old Ms. Bell has been featured on record with the Lyman Woodard Organization (on Detroit's own Strata Records) and has toured the country (and parts of Europe) with the Spinners, Stevie Wonder, the Mahavishnu Orchestra and, most recently, Frank Zappa and the Mothers.

Opening for a veteran like Mr. King must have been an invigorating experience for Norma Bell & Co., for they set out a sizzling show. Spotlighting mostly original material written by Norma, the saxophonist was exceptional both instrumentally and vocally, especially in her tribute to Jimi Hendrix titled, simply, "Jimi." Pianist Daryl Dybka was outstanding in accompaniment and solo, and the rest of the group acquitted itself admirably.

The Natural Trial

A Play by Gerald Lemmons. Performed by the Black Artists' Manifesto at the Langston Hughes Theatre, March 25-28

Gerald Lemmons' The Natural Trial—staged the weekend of March 25-28 at the Langston Hughes Theatre—presented the Black Artists' Manifesto troupe in a compelling drama of mass economic failure and urban panic. Set in a black neighborhood in a major city where an economic crisis is about to strike, The Natural Trial focuses on a black store owner (played by Michael Jackson) and his wife (Alice Peaches Jones) who are warning their customers to prepare for the fiasco ahead.

Taking precautions themselves, the couple build a shelter two hundred feet below the ground and stock it with enough goods to get

them through the crisis. When the shit hits the fan people are fighting in the streets for a slice of bread; water is rationed, electricity is discontinued, and the food stamps are used to feed only the whites, leaving the blacks to survive any way they can.

In the shelter are a group of survivors: Tyrone and Trudy, the two storeowners; their friends Anne and Emmanuel (Ira Lynelle Reid and Gregory Johnson) who give birth to their first child while underground; Harold and Judy (Curtis Martin and Linda Berry); Thomas and

continued on page 26

Marcel Marceau

At Music Hall, March 20

The Music Hall celebrated the oncoming of the Vernal Equinox by giving Detroiters a sight to see the humor in our own situations. The Bip selections included "Bip as a Skater," "Bip at a Society Party," "Bip as a Lion Tamer," and "Bip Dreams He Is Don Juan." A word must be said in behalf of M. Pierre Verry, Marcel's traveling partner who introduces each pantomime with a card and interprets the entire idea of the skit with a single facial expression. Pierre has been with Marceau since the two of them studied under Etienne Decroux together and founded the Compagnie de Marcel Marceau in 1951. The people in charge of the lighting and the entire Music Hall staff are to be commended as well, for an exquisite evening of the finest in mime under the best of conditions. Let's have some more, right away! —Leslie Hankey

At Music Hall Saturday afternoon Marceau chose selections from his "styles" repertoire for the first half of his show. Masterfully interpreting the forces of nature in "The Tree," keeping with the theme of Spring in "The Kite," commenting wryly on social justice in "The Trial," Marcel displayed his brilliant artistry in scene after scene of silent showmanship. In "The Pick-pocket's Nightmare" he proved a master of illusion as well, merging his mime artistry with a magical use of stage props to blow everyone's mind repeatedly. "The Mask Maker" and the impressive "Creation of the World" rounded out the styles display and set the stage for the second act, home of the very popular "Bip." Bip the Clown has been Marcel's alter ego since the character was conceived in 1947. It is

Photo: Dirk Bakker

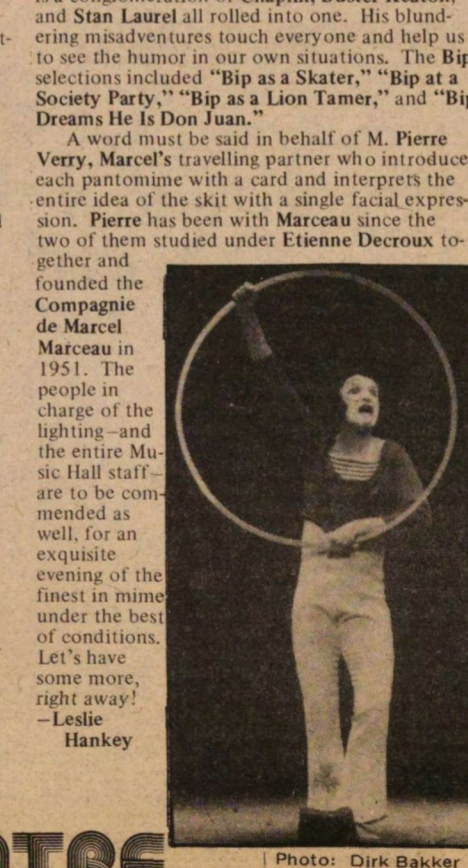


Photo: Dirk Bakker

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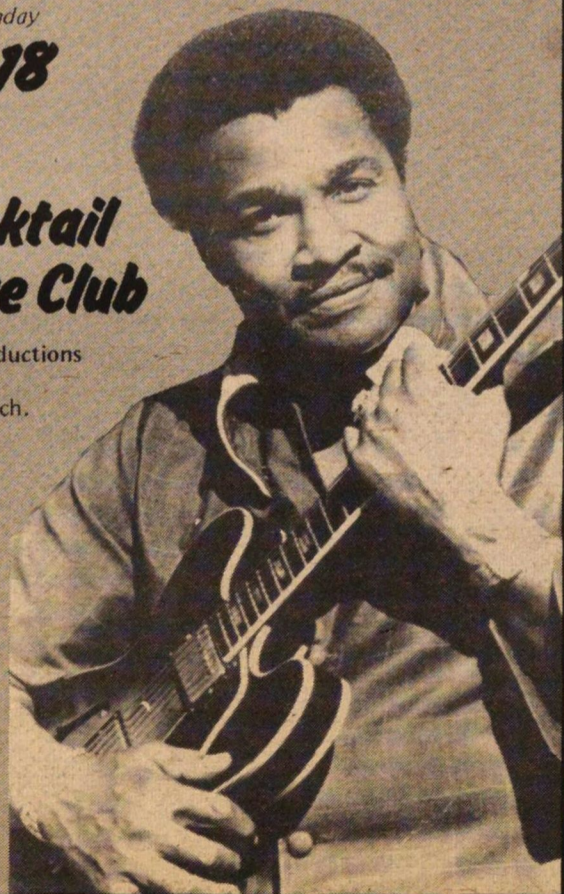
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CALENDAR

THE MUSIC SCENE

Detroit & Suburbs

Backyard Lounge, Ford R. at Middlebelt, 522-5660: **Van Coot**.
 Baker's Keyboard Lounge 20510 Livernois, 864-1200: Thur 4-11, **Gabor Szabo Quartet**; April 15-18 **Les McCann**; April 20-25, **Ron Carter Quartet**.
 Belange House, Main at 12 Mile Rd., Royal Oak, 548-8700; Thru 4-18, **Shades of Gray**; April 20-May 2—**The Sounds of Detroit**. Monday nights—**Disco**.
 Ben's Hi-Chaparral, 6683 Gratiot, 923-0601: **Disco**, no cover.
 Bijou, Southfield at 13 Mile Rd., 644-5522: Tues.—Sat., **Jim Jewhurst**.
 Bilanni's Pub, E. Warren & Alter Rd., 885-2724: **Moment on Fri. & Sat.**
 Bob & Rob's, 28167 John R., Madison Hgts. 541-9213: **Lenore Paxton** (jazz keyboards) sings alone Mon. & Tues., with band and **Dan Fagenson** on bass, Wed.—Sat., no cover.
 Bobbies English Pub, 30100 Telegraph, Birmingham, 642-3700; Wed.—Sat., **Matt Michaels Trio with Ursula Walker**; Mon. & Tues., **Amy Jackson** sings.
 Bobbies Lounge, 15414 Telegraph, Redford 531-0189: **Zoom**; starting 4-25 **Nature**. **Bonfire Bar-B-Que**, 20070 W. 8 Mile Rd., (just west of Evergreen), 355-0077: **After Hours till 4 am**.
 Boogie Down Lounge, 9933 Greenfield, (bet. Chicago & Plymouth), 835-5811: **Robert Lowe Quintet** featuring vocalist **Bonita Woods**. Mon. & Tues.
 Brendan's Irish Pub, 34505 Grand River, Farmington, 477-5090: Fri. & Sat., **Jack Daniels**.
 Cabaret, 5830 Connor (1/2 blk. E. of I-94) DR2-5020: Thru 4-11 **Mirage**; **Chapter Eight** thru April.
 Clamdiggers, 30555 Grand River, Farmington Hills, 478-3800: Mon.—Sat., **Bob Sealey and Bob Milne**.
 Compared to What: Trinity Methodist Church, 13100 Woodward: April 16, **Sippie Wallace, Michael & Barbara Smith**.
 Cobb's Corner, corner of Cass & Willis, 832-7223: Tues. & Sun., **High Roller**; Fri., & Sat., **Shadowfax**.
 Elephant Disco, Livernois & Long Lake Rd., Troy, 879-6810: **Disco**, Mon.—Sat. 8:30-2:00; Sun., 7:00-2:00.
 Ethel's Cocktail Lounge, E., Mack, east of Grand Blvd., 922-9443: **Blue Monday Disco Party**, April 12 with **Little Mack Collins** and his band and **Nelson Sanders**.
 Golden Coach, 30450 Van Dyke, Warren, 573-7850: April 13-25, **Johnny Desmond**.
 Gnu Joint, 5700 Cass at Palmer, 871-9623: **The Copeland Blues Band**.
 Henry's Cocktail Lounge, 7645 Fenkell, 341-9444: Please call for information.
 Holiday Inn Lounge, Woodward in Highland Park, 883-4550: **The Dave Hamilton Trio**, **Inn Between**, 3270 W. Huron, Waterford, 682-5690: Thru 4-10, **Judy Roberts**; starting May 12, **Travis**. Wed.—Sat.
 Interlude Lounge, 5491 E. 12 Mile Rd., Warren, 751-4340: Thru April, **Lorio**.
 Jazz West, 8418 Fenkell, 341-7118: **Disco** nightly.
 J.C.'s Rock Saloon, 1405 Gratiot, (bet. 6 & 7 Mile Rds.), 526-3445: Thru 4-11, **Catch**.
 King's Row Showcase Lounge, W. Chicago at Meyers, 834-1260: Please call for information.
 Library, 37235 Groesbeck, Mt. Clemens, 465-6579: **Riot**.
 Lowman's Westside Club, 14355 Livernois at Ewald, 993-5346: 4/16-18, **Spanky Wilson, Tribe & The Rod Hicks Trio**. Call for info.
 Mardi Gras, Fullerton & Livernois, 931-3212: **Chapter Eight and Queeny Vee**.

Murphy's Cocktail Lounge, 7419 Puritan, 864-8340: **Disco with Rappin' Roge**.
Music Man Lounge, 15624 W. 6 Mile Rd., nr. Greenfield, BR 30433: **Disco**.
Ocie's Paradise Lounge, 8202 Fenkell at Rose-lawn, 861-1511: **Disco**.
Olde World Cafe, Pine Lake Mall, Orchard Lake Rd. and Lone Pine Rd., West Bloom-field, 851-3252: April 8-10, **Dave Alexander**; April 11, 18, 25, **J.A.M.**; April 12-14, **Albrecht, Roley & Moore**; April 15-17, **Paul and Donna**; April 19-21 **Greg Bar**; April 22-24 **Mike Waddell**; April 26-28, **Barrett Tucker**; April 29-30, **Barrie Brothers**.
Painted Pony 21980 Telegraph, Trenton, 675-3870: Thru 4-10, **Fantasy Hill**.
Peppermill Lounge, 8 Mile Rd., east of Groes-beck, 526-4502; Sun.—Tues., **Tom Powers**; Wed.—Sat., **Peter Demian**.
Playboy Club, 20231 James Couzens, south of 8 Mile Rd., 863-8855; starting 4-12, **Togetherness**.
Poison Apple, 38418 Ford Rd., Westland, 326-3500: April 11 & 29, **Salem Witchcraft**.
Rapa House Concert Cafe, 96 E. Fisher Fwy., 961-9846: **After hours jazz and open jam sessions, Sat. 2-6am**.
Raven Gallery, 29101 Greenfield, Southfield, 557-2622: Thru April 11, **Little Sonny**; April 13-18, **Lori Jacobs**.
Roman Gate, Woodward at 14 Mile Rd., Roy-al Oak, 549-4141: Fri. & Sat., **Barbara Bradius**.
Roostertail, 100 Marquette at the river, 823-2000: **Paul Lochrio and the Jubilations**.
Subway Disco, 525 W. Lafayette, 964-7938: **Disco with Roadwork**.
Twenty Grand Driftwood Lounge, 5025 14th St. at Warren, TY7-6445: **Disco**

Ann Arbor

The Ark Coffeeshouse, 1421 Hill St., 761-1451: 4/9-11, **Michael Cooney**, \$2.50; 4/15, **'Mad-cat' Ruth**, \$1.50; 4/16-17, **The Friends of Fiddler's Green**, \$2.50; Every Wed. is **Hoot Nite** (open mike) \$.75.
The Blind Pig, 208 S. First St., 994-9797: 4/9-10, **Wendell Harrison Quartet**; Every Monday nite is **Blue Monday** with **Boogie Woogie Red**; 4/14, **Synergy**; 4/16-17, **Jimmy Dawkins**, \$1.50; 4/21, **Friends Roadshow Band**; 4/23-24, **The Silvertones**. \$1.00 cover down-stairs only weekdays; \$1.00 up & down weekends.
Chances Are, 516 E. Liberty, 994-5350: 4/6-10, **Sky King**; 4/11, **Masquerade**; 4/12 & 20, **Lightnin'**; 4/13, **After Hours**; 4/14, **Whiz Kids**; 4/15-18, **Foxx**; 4/19, **Mojo Boogie Band**; 4/21, **Windjammer**; 4/22-25, **Molkie Cole**. Cover weekdays \$1 students/\$1.50 others; weekends \$1.50 students/\$2.00 others
Del Rio, 122 W. Washington, 761-2530: Every Monday lunch, guitarist **Corey Sea**, 12-1:30 pm; every Sunday afternoon, live jazz, free.
Golden Falcon, 314 Fourth Ave., 761-3548: Every Mon. night, **The Silvertones**; Every Tues. night, **Rabbits**; Every Thurs.—Sat., **Melodioso**; Every Wed. & Sun., soul night with a DJ. Cover \$1.00 Mon., Tues. & Thurs.—Sat.
Mr. Flood's Party, 120 W. Liberty, 994-9824: 4/8 & 15, **Mike Smith & his Country Vol-unteers**, \$.75; 4/9, 10 & 14, **Stoney Creek**, \$1.00; 4/11, **Fred Small**; 4/12 & 18, **Catfish Miller**; 4/13, **Aging Children**; 4/16-17, **The**

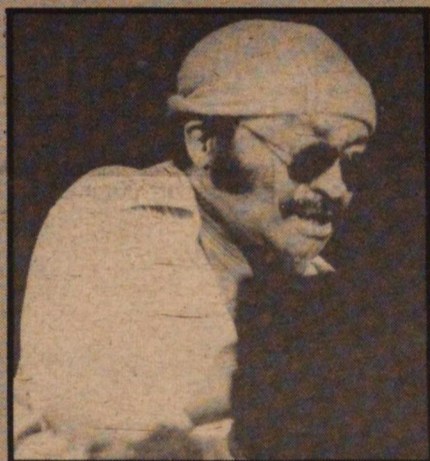
Silvertones; 4/19, **Eric Glatz**; 4/20, **Gemini**; 4/21-24, **The Mueller Brothers**, \$1-\$1.50; Every Fri. afternoon 4:30-7:30, **Kevin Lynch & his Western Swing Friends**, free.
Heidelberg, 215 N. Main, 663-7758: Every Fri. & Sat. 9-1, **Mustard's Retreat** in the **Rath-Loma Linda**, 990 Broadway, 663-0562: Every Mon.—Sat. 9-1, **JB & Company**, no cover.
Page One, Arborland Shopping Center, 971-6877: Every Mon.—Sat. **Colt Revolver**, \$1.00 cover.
Pretzel Bell, 120 E. Liberty, 761-1470: Every Thurs.—Sat. night, **The RFD Boys**.
Ramada Inn, 2800 Jackson Rd., 769-0700: Every night except Monday, **Medium Cool** in the **Sawmill Lounge**, no cover.
The Roadhouse, North Territorial at U.S. 23, 4 miles N. of Ann Arbor: 4/9-10, **Mojo Boogie Band**; 4/14, **Carolyn Crawford & Starship Enterprise**; 4/15, **Rusty Day & the High Roll-ers**; 4/16 & 17, **Sonic's Rendezvous Band**; 4/21-24, **Honey Boys**. Cover \$2.00, 9 pm-2 am
Rubaiyat, 102 S. First St., 663-2401: Every Fri. & Sat. night, **Open Road**, no cover.
Win Schuler's, 3600 Plymouth Rd., 769-9400: Every Mon.—Thurs. 8-12, **Mustard's Retreat**.

Ypsilanti

Casa Nova Restaurant, 11 W. Michigan Ave., 483-3027: Every Wed.—Sat., **Jonathan & Michael**, no cover.
Huron Hotel & Lounge, 124 Peral, 483-1771: Every Tues., Thurs., Fri. & Sat., 9:30-2, live entertainment. \$2 cover.
The Pub, Michigan Ave, Wed.—Sat., **Sue Michaels** vocalist, pianist with percussionist **Chris Williams**.
 Every Fri. & Sat. 9-12, classical guitarist **Pete Miller**; Every Sun. 9-11 pm, **All Directions**, funky jazz. No cover. Food served till mid-night.
The Sure Thing, 327 E. Michigan Ave., 482-7130: Every Fri., Sat. & Sun. live entertainment. 4/8-10, **Meriah**.
The Suds Factory, 737 N. Huron, 485-0240: **Disco** music, carry out beer, pizza & subs.
T.C.'s Speakeasy, 207 W. Washington, 483-4470: Every Sun., **John Jocks**; Every Mon. & Tues., **Frederick Johns**; Every Wed. & Thurs., **Ty Cool**; Every Fri. & Sat., **Ty Cool & Mark Hurst**.
Spaghetti Bender, 23 N. Washington, 485-2750:

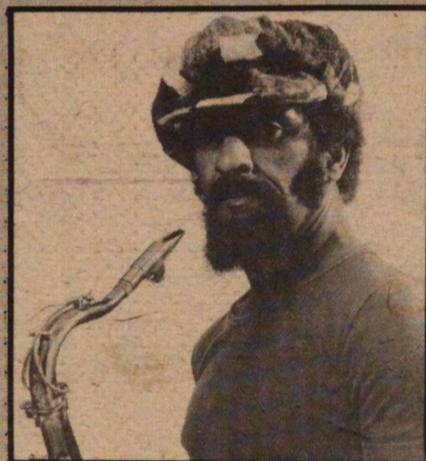
E. Lansing

Lizard's Underground, 224 Abbott, (517) 351-2285 April 7-11, **Paddlefoot**; April 12-13, **Luther Allison**; April 14-17, **Bryan Lee & The Blues Power Band**.
Hobie's, 930 Trowbridge Rd., (517) 351-3800: April 11, 18, 25 **Joel Mabus**, April 12, 19, 26, **Ray Kamalay**; April 10, 13, 20, 27, **Joel Grifka**; April 17, 21, **Pete & Randy**; April 14, 28, **Joe Fitzpatrick**; April 8, 15, 22, 29, **Barb Bailey**; April 23, **Schreiber & Pinckney**; April 9, 24, **John Campbell**; April 16, 30, **Mark Sewell**.
Olde World Cafe, 211 M.A.C. Ave., (517) 351-3535: April 8, 15, **Glen Blankenhorn**; April 9, **Pete & Randy**; April 17, **Barrie Brothers**; April 11, 18, 25, **Jim Spillane**; April 12, 19, 26, **Terry & Bobby**; April 20, 27, **Barb Bailey**; April 16, **Bob Borner**; April 10, 23, **Mark Proux**; April 13, 24, **Sally Rogers**; April 14, 21, 28 **Joel Mabus**; April 22, **Joe Grifka**; April 29, **Bruce Goutner**; April 30, **Ken Miller**.



Cecil Taylor

at The Power Center, Ann Arbor, April 15.



Sonny Rollins

at MSU in E. Lansing, April 8-10 and at Detroit's Showcase Theater, April 11.

Two of the major jazz figures of the past 25 years will make rare appearances in Michigan next week. Pianist **Cecil Taylor** and his *Unit*, one of the most exciting musical ensembles in the world, will visit Ann Arbor's *Power Center* on Thursday, April 15, while **Sonny Rollins** and his quintet make two area appearances: at *MSU* April 9-10, and at Detroit's *Showcase Theatre*, Harper & Van Dyke, Saturday April 11. Music lovers of all stripes should not miss this golden opportunity to hear—and see these two perfect masters of the art of improvisation. See you there!

-- John Sinclair



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CALENDAR

MOVIES

DETROIT

Detroit Film Theatre, 5200 Woodward, 832-2730: 4-9, "Distant Thunder," (India-1973-dir.: Satyajit Ray); 4-10, "My Night at Maud's" (France-1969-dir.: Eric Rohmer); 4-16, "King Lear" (U.S.S.R.-1971-dir.: Grigori Kozintser); 4-17, "Forbidden Planet" (U.S.-1956-dir.: Fred Wilcox); 4-23, "Fist—Right of Freedom" (Germany-1975-dir.: Rainer Werner Fassbinder); 4-24, "Shame"

(Sweden-1969-dir.: Ingmar Bergman); 4-25, "High School" (1968), "Law and Order" Cabaret Cinema, 25570 W. 8 Mile Rd., Southfield, 356-4666: April 7-13, "Monty Python & the Holy Grail," "The Magic Christian"; April 9, 10 at midnight, "Return of the Dragon"; April 14-20, "Magical Mystery Tour," "200 Motels"; April 16-17 at midnight, "The Rolling Stones Film You'll Never See"; April 23-24 at midnight, "Pink Floyd." (1969) (U.S.-dir.: Frederick Wiseman). American Film Panorama, Wed.-Sun. at 2:00 pm at the Institute of Arts, free of charge: April 7-11, "Blonde Venus" (1932-Dir.: Josef von Sternberg); April 14-18, "Our Daily Bread" (1934-Dir.: King Vidor); April 21-25, "The Informer" (1935-Dir.: John Ford).

"Family Plot" at the Americana, Macomb Mall, Northcrest, Pontiac Mall, Quo Vadis, Southgate, Somerset Mall, Warren Cinema.
 "All The Presidents' Men" at the Americana, Livonia Mall, Movies at Fairlane & Lakeside, Showcase-Pontiac, Southgate, Showcase-Sterling Heights, Woods.
 "White Line Fever" and "Hard Times" at the Abbey, Allen Park, Camelot, Carousel, Farmington 4, Macomb, Northgate, Old Orchard, Royal Oak, Shores Madrid, State Wayne, Taylor and drive-ins: Dearborn, East Side, Ecorse Rd., Galaxy, Holiday, Oak, Waterford, Wayne.
 "Swept Away . . ." at the Somerset.
 "Sparkle" at the Grand Circus, Norwest, Bel Air Drive-In.
 "Countdown at Kusini" at the Adams, Alger, and drive-ins: Ford Wyoming, Jolly Roger and West Side.
 "Echoes of a Summer" at the Bloomfield, Movies at Fairlane, Showcase, Tel-Ex, Universal
 "The River Niger" at the Palms, Mercury, Universal City.
 "I Will, I Will . . . For Now" at the Americana, Macomb Mall, Showcase-Sterling Heights, Southgate, Warren Cinema.
 "Give 'Em Hell, Harry" at the Calvin, Camelot, Carousel, Gateway, Jewel, Showboat, Studio 8, Tel-Ex.
 "Las Vegas Lady" at the Alger, Norwest, Fort George, Galaxy, Gratiot, Wayne.
 "Seven Beauties" at the Towne.
 "Gable and Lombard" at the Americana, Mai Kai, Southgate.
 "Dog Day Afternoon" at the Quo Vadis and Tel-Ex Cinema.
 UM-Dearborn Film Series, Room 179; Engineering Lab Bldg., 7:00 and 9:30 pm, \$1.00 at door: April 9 & 10, "Blazing Saddles"; April 14, 16, 17, "O Lucky Man."
 "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest" at the Farmington 4, La Parisien, Macomb Mall, Movies at Fairlane & Lakeside, Showcase-Pontiac, & Sterling Heights, Somerset Mall, Southland, Tel-Ex, Vogue, Warren Cinema.
 "Robin and Marian" at the Beacon East, Movies at Fairlane and Lakeside, Northland, Pontiac Mall, Quo Vadis, Showboat, Showcase-Sterling Heights.
 "The Hindenburg" at the Eastwood, Farmington 4, Jewel-Mt. Clemens, Movies Fairlane and Lakeside, Shores Madrid, Showboat, Taylor Cinema, Universal City; drive-ins: East Side, Michigan, Oak.
 "The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox" at the Abbey, Beacon East, Playhouse-Waterford, Showcase-Sterling Heights, Terrace, Towne, Wyandotte-Annex.
 "Lipstick" at the Madison, Gateway, Hampton, Old Orchard, Parkway, Radio City, Stage Door-Union Lake, Terrace, Warren Cinema, Westborn, Wyandotte-Main, Miracle Mile Drive-In.
 "Taxi Driver" at the Americana, Eastland, Fairlane, Kingswood, Showcase-Sterling Heights, Southgate.

"Winterhawk" at the Abbey, Dearborn, Hampton, Livonia Mall, Parkway, Pontiac Mall, Quo-Vadis, Royal Oak, Southland, Tel-Ex.
 "Next Stop Greenwich Village" at the Village.
 "Barry Lyndon" at the Americana, Dearborn, Woods.

ANN ARBOR

Ann Arbor Film Co-op, Aud. A—Angell Hall or Modern Languages Bldg., U of M, 769-7787: Showtimes 7 & 9, Adm. \$1.25. 4/8, "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962, David Lean); 4/9, "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966, Mike Nichols) MLB 3, "Love And Anarchy" (1973, Lina Wertmuller) MLB 4; 4/13, "Hester Street" (1975, Joan Micklin Silver); 4/14, "The Ruling Class" (1972, Peter Medak); 4/15, "Day For Night" (1973, Francois Truffaut); 4/16, "Milestones" (1975, Robert Kramer, John Douglas) MLB 3, "The King of Hearts" (1967, Philippe de Broca) MLB 4—7 only, "The Band Wagon" (1953, Vincent Minelli) MLB 4—9 only; 4/20, "Yellow Submarine" (1968, George Bunning) 7, 8:45 & 10:30; 4/21, "Reef Madness" (1933, Leo Grasnier) 7, 8:45 & 10:30; 4/22, "The King of Hearts."
 Cinema Guild, Old Architecture Aud. (Tappan & Monroe) U of M, 662-8871: Showtimes 7 & 9:05, Adm. \$1.25. 4/8, "Cover Girl" (1944, Charles Vidor); 4/9, "The Bank Dick" (1940, Edward Cline); 4/10, "She Done Him Wrong" (1933, Lowell Sherman); 4/11, "Blood of the Condor" (Bolivian, 1965, Georges Sanjines); 4/13, "The Third Man" (1949, Carol Reed) 7 only, "Touch of Evil" (1958, Orson Welles) 9:05 only; 4/14, "The Devil Is A Woman" (1935, Joseph Von Sternberg); 4/15, "New Orleans" (1947, Arthur Lubin); 4/16, "Jailhouse Rock" (1957, Richard Thorpe); 4/17, "A Night At the Opera" (1935, Sam Wood); 4/18, "Bridge On The River Kwai" (1957, David Lean).
 Cinema II, Aud. A—Angell Hall, U of M, 764-1817: Showtimes 7 & 9 (or 9:30), Adm. \$1.25. 4/9, "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975, Terry Gilliam & Terry Jones); 4/10, "The Gambler" (1974, Karel Reisz); 4/11, "Woman In The Dunes" (1964, Hiroshi Teshigahara); 4/16, "Jimmy And The Gent" (1934, Michael Curtiz) 7 only, "Public Enemy" (1931, William Wellman) 9 only; 4/17, "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955, Robert Aldrich); 4/18, "Wanda" (1971, Barbara Loden); 4/23, "Bedazzled" (1967, Stanley Donen); 4/24, "The Connection" (1962, Shirley Clarke); 4/24, Children's Matinee Film Series presents "Willy Wonka And The Chocolate Factory" (1971, Mel Stuart) 1 & pm, Adults \$1.00/kids \$.50.
 New World Film Co-op, Natural Science Aud. or Modern Languages Bldg.—U of M, 994-0617: Showtimes 7 & 9, Adm. \$1.25. 4/8, "Phantom of the Paradise" (Brian de Palma); 4/10, "Les Violons Du Bal" (Michael Drach) MLB 4, "The White Dawn" (1974, Phillip Kaufman) MLB 3; 4/15, "Death Race 2000" (1975, Roger Corman); 4/22, "Take The Money And Run" (Woody Allen); 4/24, "The Last Days of Man on Earth" (Robert Fuest).
 UAC/Mediatrics, Natural Science Aud.—U of M, 763-1107: Showtimes 7:30 & 9:30, Adm. \$1.00. 4/16-17, "Start The Revolution Without Me" (1967, Bud Yorkin) 7, 8:45 & 10:30
 Women's Studies Film Series, Modern Languages Bldg.—Lecture Rm. 2, U of M, 763-2047: Showtime 7 pm, free. 4/8, Portraits: "This is the Home of Mrs. Levant Graham" & "Janie's Janie"; 4/15, Media: "The Blue Angel" (women, decadence, and the beginnings of German fascism—Marlene Dietrich).

The coach is waiting for his next beer.
 The pitcher is waiting for her first bra.
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CALENDAR

CONCERTS

DETROIT

April 9: George Carlin, Travis Shook and Club Now at the Royal Oak Theatre, Fourth & Main, 8 pm & 11 pm, \$7.50, 6.50.
 April 10: Maruga-Brubeck-Robinson at UM-Dearborn, Recreation Organization Center, 8:30 pm, \$3.00.
 April 11: Donald Byrd and the Blackbyrds, Lonnie Liston Smith & the Cosmic Echoes, and Roy Ayers with Ubiquity and Mandrill, U of D Field House, 8 pm, \$7.50, 6.50, 5.50.
 April 11: Grover Washington and the Brecker Brothers at Masonic, \$7.50, 6.50, 5.50.
 April 11: Sonny Rollins at the Showcase Theatre, 8:00 pm, \$5.50, 4.50, 3.50.
 April 11: Joe Cocker at Cobo, 8:00 pm, \$6.50, 5.50.
 April 11: Odetta at Music Hall, 6:30 pm.
 April 13: Status Quo and Heart at Ford, \$3.50, 2.50.
 April 14: Dizzy Gillespie at the Northwest Activities Center, 224-7595.
 April 14: Lynyrd Skynyrd at Masonic, \$6.50, 5.50, 4.50.
 April 16: Ravi Shankar at the Showcase, 8:30 pm, \$6.00, 5.00, 4.00.
 April 17: America at Masonic, \$7.50, 6.50, 5.50.
 April 18: Tom Waits at the Showcase, 8:00 pm, \$6.00, 5.00, 4.00.
 April 18: Les McCann, The Crusaders at Masonic, \$8.00, 7.00, 6.00.
 April 18: Easter Parade of Stars at Cobo, 4:00 pm, \$5.50, 4.50, 2.00.
 April 18: The Temptations at U of D Field House, 588-0441.

April 19: Santana at Cobo, 8:00 pm, \$7.50, 6.50.
 April 20: Genesis at Ford Aud., \$6.50, 5.50, 4.50.
 April 23: Roberta Flack and Bill Withers at Masonic, \$8.50, 7.50, 6.50.
 April 24: Roy Buchanan and Rare Earth and the James Cotton Blues Band at U of D Memorial Bldg., 8:00 pm, \$6.50, 5.50, 4.50.
 April 25: Weather Report and John McLaughlin at Masonic.
 April 29: The Tubes at Masonic, \$7.50, 6.50, 5.50.
 April 30: John Denver at Olympia.
 May 5: Shawn Phillips at Masonic, \$7.50, 6.50, 5.50, mail order only.
 May 8: Aerosmith, Foghat, Ted Nugent at Pontiac Stadium, 6 pm.
 May 10: Bob Marley and the Wailers at Masonic, \$6.50, 5.50.
 Coming August 6 & 7, "The Kool Jazz Festival" at Pontiac Stadium.

ANN ARBOR

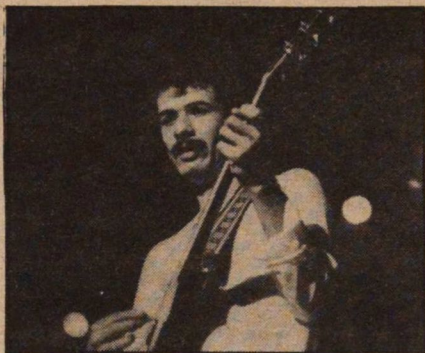
April 15: Eclipse Jazz presents Cecil Taylor in the Power Center. Tickets \$4.50 at Hill Box Office, Discount Records (A²), or by mail to: Eclipse Jazz, UAC, Michigan Union, A² 48109.

E.LANSING

April 8-9-10: Sonny Rollins at McDonel Kiva, 8:00 pm and 10:30 pm, \$2.50, \$3.00.
 April 23: Roscoe Mitchell at Wonders Kiva at 8:00 pm, \$3.00.



Roberta Flack at Masonic, 4/23



Carlos Santana at Cobo Hall, 4/19

SPORTS

April 10-11: National Golden Gloves Champion Rick Jester will lead a group of amateur boxers into the Semi-finals of the 1976 Michigan A.A.U. Boxing Championships which will be held at Dearborn's Divine Child High School. Sessions April 10 are slated for 1 pm and 7 pm while final matches will be held April 11 at 3 pm. 285-7306. The finals are scheduled for April 24 in Allen Park.
 April 13: The Detroit Tigers are scheduled to open the home portion of their 76th American League season with a single game against the Milwaukee Brewers. Tiger Stadium, 1:30 pm, \$4.50-\$1.50. 963-9944.
 April 23, 24, 25: The Tigers open a five-game home stand with a three-game series against the Texas Rangers. Both Friday's (April 23) and Sunday's games will begin at 1:30 while Saturday's (April 24) game is scheduled for 2:15 pm. 963-9944.
 April 9: The Detroit Pistons, just assured of a playoff berth, meet the Atlanta Hawks

in the final home game of the season, Cobo Arena, 7:30 pm, \$7-\$3.50, 962-2628. Regardless of the outcome, playoff tickets for a Detroit-Milwaukee best-of-three series will go on sale at noon Saturday April 10 at the Cobo Arena Box Office. Tickets will also go on sale for the best-of-seven series with Golden State should Detroit get past Milwaukee. Tickets for both series are priced at \$10 for arena and \$6 for the balcony.

HORSE RACING

Thoroughbred Racing: Hazel Park, 3:30 pm, Monday thru Friday, 2:30 pm Saturday, \$2.00, thru July 18. 398-1000.
 Harness Racing: Windsor Raceway, 8 pm Tuesday thru Saturday, 1:30 pm Sunday. \$2.00 thru April 18. 961-9545.
 Harness Racing: Wolverine Raceway (Detroit Race Course), beginning Monday April 12 thru July 17. Monday thru Saturday, 8 pm, \$3-\$2. 421-7170.

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Sunday, April 11, 1976 at 8:00 P.M.

Tenor Sax Giant

SONNY ROLLINS

And Nucleus

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Friday, April 16, 1976 at 8:30 P.M.

Master Of The Sitar

RAVI SHANKAR

With Alla Rakha

TICKETS: \$4, \$5 and \$6

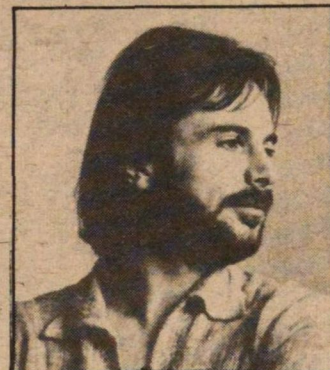


Saturday, April 17, 1976 at 8:30 P.M.

Jazz Violin Genius

JEAN-LUC PONTY

TICKETS: \$4, \$5 and \$6



Easter Sunday, April 18, 1976 at 8:00 P.M.

The Country's Youngest Surviving Beatnik

TOM WAITS

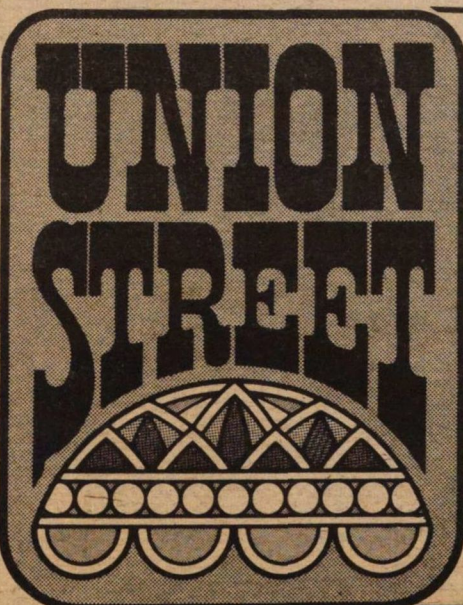
TICKETS: \$4, \$5 and \$6



In Association With Rolling Stone Lecture Service Probity Presents
 Wednesday, April 21, 1976 at 8:00 P.M.

JEREMY RIFKIN
 PEOPLE'S BICENTENNIAL COMMISSION
 \$2.00 GENERAL ADMISSION

TICKET INFO: Mail order tickets available at P.O. Box 8783, Detroit, Michigan 48224. Send certified check or money order and stamped, self-addressed envelope. TICKET AGENCIES: Discount Record Stores (Ann Arbor), WhereHouse Records (Ypsilanti), Boogie Records (Toledo), Warehouse Records (in Windsor on Ouellette), Dearborn Music (Michigan Ave.), Mickey Shorr's (Royal Oak), Discount Records (Birmingham), Full Moon Records (Rochester), and these Detroit locations: Good Vibes (near Jefferson and Chalmers), Fiddlers's Music (Mack), and all Hudson's ticket outlets.



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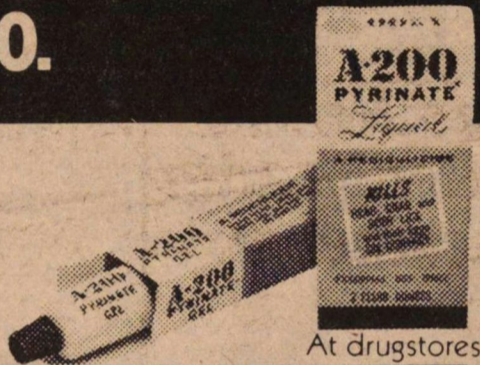
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CALENDAR

EVENTS

DETROIT

April 18, 5-9 pm, the Young Adult Committee of the Fashion Extravaganza for the March of Dimes is sponsoring the **3rd Annual Fashion Show**. Proceeds go to the March of Dimes. At the Hyatt Regency in Dearborn, tickets are \$5.00 in advance, \$6.00 at the show. 695-5652 or 864-6000.

April 19: "Fashions for Freedom" fashion show at the Northwest Activities Center, 224-7595. Opening on April 11, the **Easter Flower Show** at the Belle Isle Conservatory, 9 am-6 pm everyday thru May 6, free of charge. More than 500 Easter and outdoor hybrid lillies.

Green Thumb Mondays, at the Belle Isle Casino, April 12—Roses; April 19—Lawns; April 26—Shrubs & Evergreens. Classes are at 10:30 am, 331-0414.

April 25 the **March of Dimes 20 Mile Superwalk** with a free concert for participants. **Dan Schaefer Group, Showcasemen, Lorio, Travis and Lightnin** at Pontiac Stadium, 12-6 pm.

A Women's Film Festival on 4-10 at U of D Life Science Bldg. Aud. at 8:00 pm and 4-11 at Marygrove College, Library Lecture Hall at 2:00 pm. With free child care. Three hours of women's films including one on Aretha Franklin; a dance interpretation of a Nina Simone song and 7 others. Adm. \$3.00, \$1.00 for persons under 16, all proceeds to Her Shelf, Detroit's first women's bookstore.

pm, Mrs. Meri Schaper of the Women's Counseling Center will speak on "Biological Needs, Abortion and Contraceptives" in the Shaw College Conference Room; April 27 at 2:30 pm, from the Rape Crisis Intervention Center, a discussion of "Rape," Rm. 202; May 4 at 2:30 pm, from the Crisis Intervention Center, a discussion on "Suicide," Rm. 202. Free of charge.

ANN ARBOR

April 8: **Sex & Sexuality Conference** (last day)—7:30-10:30 pm Workshops: Women & Their Sexual Identity; The Politics of Contraception—Feelings, Values, Responsibility; Bioenergetics—Body work for women. For further info, 764-9287. Sponsored by U-M International Women's Year.

April 9: **Disco Dance** at the Law Quad. Advance tickets 995-1055.

April 10: **Bicentennial Sock Hop**, 8-11 pm in Barbour Gym. Live band, refreshments. Donation \$.50. Tickets in SEI Office, 1234 SEB & at the door. Sponsored by Students for Educational Innovation.


April 10: **Conference & Benefit Banquet—Operation: Community Education**. Special Guest Speaker: **Laila Mannan** (Sonia Sanchez) Poetress, Author, and Director of Cultural Development for the Nation of Islam. Noon-4 pm, live band, at Holiday Inn-West, 2900 Jackson Rd. Tickets \$10 includes full meal, live music, and conference fee. Profits go to Hunger Relief. Sponsored by World Community Food Foundation.

April 11: **Ann Arbor Art Association—Pot Sale**, 11 am to 5 pm. A slide show of the artists works as well as demonstrations of various ceramic techniques will be part of the celebration. At 4 pm an art auction of donated works by the potters involved will begin. No admission—All welcome at 117 W. Liberty.

April 12: **Martin Sostre**, reknowned jailhouse lawyer and champion of prisoners' rights, recently released from prison will speak at the Rackam Lecture Room, 1st floor, 7:30pm—free.

April 24 & 25: "Rites of Spring" a festival/workshop in Dance Orientale at Art Worlds. The festivities open Friday evening with a party featuring live music & open dancing. For more info 994-8400.

April 24: **Ann Arbor Tree Planting Day** (Bicentennial Citizen Landscape Project) in the New Gallup Park. Bring your shovel.



The **Jumping Jivesters**, part of the Community Music Series, 4/15.


Community Music Series, every Tuesday at 1st Unitarian Church, Cass & Forest. April 13 features **Eddie Abrams and His Jumping Jivesters** featuring **Jerry Reed**, jazz tap dance, 7:30, \$.75. For more info: 833-9107.

April 21, 22, 23, **The World's Largest Garage Sale** at Cobo Hall, 10:00 am—9:00 pm, entertainment and music, \$.25.

Sculpture Show by **Sergil Di Gusti** at the Detroit Artists Market, 1452 Randolph St., 962-0337.

April 9, 10, 11: **Sarah Caldwell** will conduct the **Michigan Chamber Orchestra** and **Kenneth Jewell** Chorale in Bach's "St. John's Passion" at the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, 4800 Woodward at Hancock, 4/9 & 10 at 8:30 pm, 4-11 at 4:00. 832-7400.

Women's Forum Series, at Shaw College, 7331 Woodward Ave., 873-7920: April 8 at 12:30



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215 S. State St. (upstairs), Ann Arbor 994-6059

STAR TRACKIN'

PEOPLE'S ASTROLOGY

By Genie Parker

The peak of the full Moon this month is early Wednesday morning, April 14th. At the peak, it's in **Libra**—the sign of balance, harmony, and justice—and should generate good feelings all around.

Immediately that afternoon, the Moon moves into **Scorpio**, the sign of extreme intensity, and our sensitivities will be heightened and exaggerated.

Passover is celebrated beginning on the 15th, and Easter on the 18th; but perhaps even more significant is the movement of the Sun into the sign **Taurus** on the 19th—which was noted at this time of the year, long before Passover and Easter were created by their respective religions. **Taurus** is an earth sign, and signals the actual resurrection (after the initial recharging, during **Aries**, that culminates winter).

Be sure and read your rising sign and Moon sign, as well as your Sun (birth) sign in the following paragraphs of suggestions for April 8-22. Good luck with your spring fever.



ARIES (March 20-April 18)—This has been a very sensitive time for you. Your home, close friends, and lovers have been on your mind a lot. It's very up and down, and things develop rapidly. Try more than ever to analyze thoroughly before you say or do anything.



TAURUS (April 19-May 19)—Your imagination is more vivid than usual, and you have been less stubborn and lazy. Take advantage of the times to design thoroughly the plans you may be making for developing your life. The effects can show very well in the near future.



GEMINI (May 20-June 20)—It has been easier for you to communicate your million ideas recently, and more possible to actualize your most concrete thoughts. Try to get as much of your life organized now as you can, and look forward to some very interesting times.



CANCER (June 21-July 21)—This must be a rather rocky time for you. Your emotions have been quite volatile as you face some strong disappointments. Go ahead and communicate what you're feeling so you can get some useful feedback—and try to understand that everyone you're talking to also has their own problems.



LEO (July 22-August 21)—You've been feeling much more energetic recently. Friends and those you love have seemed more important. Actualizing your thoughts has been hard, as has communicating them. Develop your imagination and try not to be overwhelmed by the intensity of the times.



VIRGO (August 22-September 21)—Your abilities to analyze and criticize have been of more concrete use to you. Your imagination may seem to lead you off the right track at times, but try to use it more in applying your understanding.



LIBRA (September 22-October 22)—You have been having very good feelings about the people closest to you. But you have also been more sensitive and thoughtful during these times, and can be hurt or disappointed fairly easily. Think things through and let your best feelings flow out.



SCORPIO (October 23-November 20)—The big changes you've been experiencing are going to go on for a while. It can all be fun and very exciting if you open yourself to new possibilities, but can be very confusing and seem out of control if you don't keep the best things in mind.



SAGITTARIUS (November 21-December 20)—Take advantage of this time to plan some details for reaching the goals you set for yourself. It should be easier to go the routes you map out if you don't let your imagination get out of hand.



CAPRICORN (December 21-January 20)—You think a lot about the problems you have been facing. Surges and set-backs have been common, and you have been more sensitive than in the past. Try to take a good-natured approach and open yourself to new ideas—it is easier now for growth and development in very concrete ways.



AQUARIUS (January 21-February 18)—On the one hand, you have been going through immense changes in your life, and on the other, you are tending to want to hold on to your old ways. Try to balance these effects by taking advantage of new situations and stabilizing your mind with concrete action.



PISCES (February 19-March 19)—Your imagination sometimes leads your mind to wandering away from concrete results. Your eagerness to help others is what saves you from being ineffective. Focus in on the details involved in any plans you may have—they are the key to actualizing your good thoughts.



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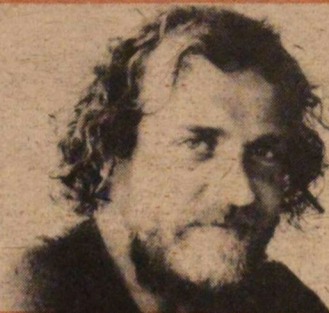
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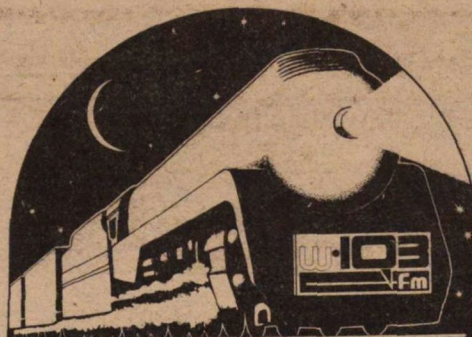
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The Natural Trial

continued from page 18

Lois (Donnell Berry and Marlene Johnson), two revolutionaries—a brother and sister—who are being sought by the FBI in connection with a shootout which left all the other members of the Revolutionary Party dead; and Bessie (Emma Cole), who was saved on the humble and (later on) at the expense of Thomas' life.

As the survivors cluster together in the shelter, all hell breaks loose outside. The social order disintegrates, and violent anarchy descends on the city. During one heated scene the shelter-dwellers venture back upstairs into the store to grab some more sustenance; an explosion outside the building brings down the walls on Thomas, the escaped revolutionary, killing him as he tries to help Bessie to safety.

The crisis abates, and the small band of survivors staggers back up to street level to survey the ruins. As the only citizens with the foresight to prepare for the holocaust, the handful of blacks looks out over the bleak cityscape and prepares for the long struggle ahead.

Working with a large cast (21 actors), complicated staging, and a wealth of sound effects, Gerald Lemmons and the Black Artists' Manifesto turned in an exciting, convincingly-performed dramatic effort—their best yet, in this writer's humble opinion. If you missed it, you can look for these upcoming BAM productions at the Langston Hughes: Dreamin' Inside Out, by Michael S. Gordon (May 20-22); The Trip (a musical), by Gerald Lemmons (July 22-23); Circle of Voices, by Gerald Lemmons (September 23-24); and Louis, also by Lemmons (November 18-19).

—Bernadette Harris



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CALENDAR

TV

April 10: **Rock Concert** with Chuck Berry, Ruby Starr, Grey Ghost. Ch. 50, 11:00 am.
 April 10: **The 2nd Annual Comedy Awards**, with Alan King and Steve Allen as co-hosts. Ch. 7, 10:00 pm.
 April 10: **Lou Gordon Program** with Frank B. Andrews, fiancée to a Manson follower and Arthur Hadley.
 April 10: **"Mutiny On The Bounty"** (1963) with Marlon Brando and Trevor Howard. Ch. 7, 12 midnight.
 April 11: **Lou Gordon Program**, Ch. 50, 10:00 pm.
 April 11: **For My People**, news produced by Project Bait. Ch. 50, 11:30 pm.
 April 14: **"The Latin American Ethnic Festival 1975"**, Ch. 56, 8:00 pm.
 April 15: **Detroit Black News** with Ron Scott, Ch. 56, 8:00 pm.
 April 16: **Midnight Special**, Ch. 4, 1:00 am.
 April 17: **Rock Concert** with Bad Company, The Commodores, Rare Earth, Spanky and Our Gang, Ch. 50, 11:00 am.
 April 17: **The Lou Gordon Program**, Arthur Janoff discusses Primal Therapy; Miss Universe Summer Bartholemew; and private



"Mao's China", Ch. 56, 8pm. 4/22.

detective/FBI agent John T. Lynch. Ch. 50, 10:00 pm.

April 17: **"Lord Of The Flies"**, William Golding's brilliant novel about adventures of young boys cast ashore on a remote island, featuring non-professional actors. Ch. 56, 10:00 pm.
 April 18: **The Lou Gordon Program** with Irene Kossorla, psycho therapist; Ms. Rossner discusses "Are Singles Really Happy." Ch. 56, 10:00 pm.
 April 18: **For My People**, news produced by Project Bait, Ch. 50, 11:30 pm.
 April 21: **"Joey"**, the autobiography of a 55-year-old who was spastic since birth. Ch. 56, 8:00 pm.
 April 22: **Mao's China**, three hours of French film footage. Ch. 56, 9:00 pm.
 April 23: **Detroit Black Journal** with Ron Scott and guests. Ch. 56, 9:30 pm.
 April 23: **Soundstage** with Don McLean and the Persuasions. Ch. 56, 10:00 pm.
 April 23: **Rock Concert** with Uriah Heep, Eddie Kendricks and Mirabai. Ch. 50, 11:00 am.
 April 24: **"Nicholas Nickleby"**, an all-star British cast, including Sir Cedric Hardwicke in the adaptation of the Charles Dickens novel. Ch. 56, 10:00 pm.

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THEATRE

DETROIT

Hillberry Theatre, Cass and Hancock, 577-2960: April 8 (2:30), 9 (8:30), 10 (8:30), 14 (2:30), 23 (8:30) "The Miser"; April 8 (8:30), 22 (2:30), "As You Like It"; April 16, 17, 21, 22, 24, all at 8:30, "The Time Of Your Life."
Bonstelle Theatre, 3424 Woodward, nr. Mack, 577-2972: Starting April 23 (8:30), 24 (8:30), 25 (2:30), "The Great White Hope."
Mercy College, 8200 W. Outer Dr., 531-7820: "Personals", a musical romp through 200 years of history. Thur.-Sun., dinner 7:00 pm, showtime 8:30, call for reservations.
Fisher Theatre, Grand Blvd. at Second, 873-9400: "Same Time, Next Year" with Joyce Van Patton and Conrad Janis.
Detroit Repertory Theatre, 13103 Woodrow

Wilson Ave., 868-1347: Elmer Rice's "The Adding Machine," \$5.00, 4.00, 3.00.
Northwest Activities Center, 18100 Meyers at Curtis, 224-7595: April 23-25, April 30-May 2, "The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window" by Lorraine Hansberry performed by The Group Theatre.
Meadowbrook Theatre, Oakland University, Rochester, 377-3300: Thru 4-18, "Born Yesterday", a humorous satire by Garson Kanin.
Somerset Dinner Theatre, Somerset Mall, Big Beaver at Coolidge Rds., Troy, 643-8865: "Last of the Red Hot Lovers", dinner at 7:00 pm, show at 8:30.
Botsford Inn, 28000 Grand River, Farmington Hills, 274-4800: "Plaza Suite" every Thurs., dinner at 7:30 pm, show at 8:45 pm.

ANN ARBOR

Professional Theatre Program, Mendelssohn Theatre, 764-0450: April 7-11, Guest Artist Series presents Tennessee Williams' **Camino Real** in the Power Center. Advance ticket sales through PTP Ticket Office or Hudson's; April 16-18, "Pinocchio" in the Power Center, Tickets \$3 adults/\$2 children.
Dinner Theatre of Campus Inn, E. Huron & State, 769-2200: M.M. Productions present "Dames At Sea" April 10-11, 15-17, 22-24 in the Regency Ballroom—\$12 Thurs., \$12.50 Fri. & Sat., cocktail show \$3.00.
U of M Gilbert & Sullivan Society, Mendelssohn Theatre, 994-0221: April 14-17, "Ruddigore."
Roadside Attractions presents "The Caretaker" April 9 & 10, 8:30 pm in Arena Theatre, Frieze Bldg. Adm. \$2.50/Students \$1.75.

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**Carolyn Crawford
& the Starship
Enterprise**

April 14

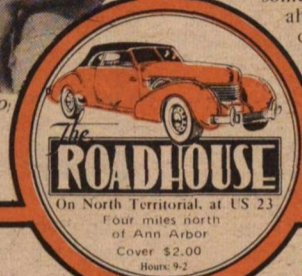
The Roadhouse presents a very special opening Wednesday evening with Phila. International's new recording artist Carolyn Crawford. She started her career with Motown, releasing several regional hits, and has recently moved to the Phila. International label where Gamble & Huff have produced her 1st two singles, *Just Got To Be More Careful*, and *It Takes Two To Make One*. We were very fortunate to arrange this appearance and we hope you'll join in the fun.



Rusty Day & the High Rollers

April 15

Rusty, former Cactus lead singer, and one of our local reigning r&r experts has put together a steamroller unit of Detroit veterans, Jody (The Howling Troll) Blair on guitar, Steve Dansby, also guitar, and what Rusty says is "the best rhythm section in the Midwest," John (Soybean Slim) Souter on bass and Frankie Robbins from Ashville, N.C. on drums. Sounds like some straight ahead good old rock & roll.



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April 16 & 17

Another recently formed unit featuring Scott Morgan on vocals and guitar (former Rationals lead singer), Fred Smith on guitar (MC 5 veteran), Ron Cook on bass (Mitch Ryder's Detroit), and Scott Ashton on drums (Stooges). Obviously these four know what they're doing and it will be exciting to see just what they will have cooked up.



The Honeyboy

April 21, 23 & 24

They opened the club for us in March, and were just so good, we brought them back as soon as we could. Jim McCarty on guitar, and Johnny "Bee" on drums are two of the best rockers in America and that's no hype, just the truth. Add John Fraga on bass and the accomplished newcomer Dennis Robbins on guitar and get ready to sit back and listen to it how it should be played.



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April 19

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Lightnin

April 21

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April 22-25

Molkie Cole

JAIL

continued from page 3.

State University's School of Engineering; Dr. Warren W. Yee, a partner in the architect firm of Harley, Ellington, Pierce, and Yee Associates in Southfield; Al Moore, executive director of the UAW's Community Action Program in Southeast Michigan; Robert Forbes, administrative assistant to the president of Metropolitan Detroit AFL-CIO; Harry Philo, head of the law firm of Philo, Maki, Cockrel, Robb, and Spearman; Robert McKendrich of the Greater Detroit Chamber of Commerce.

Perry Johnson, Director of the State Department of Corrections, was also asked to participate on the task force; he is represented by Robert Groenleer.

Asked why the task force didn't think of staffing costs earlier—especially in view of the fact that staffing money was discussed at length when Sheriff Lucas presented his request for appropriations for staffing of the temporary barracks at the Detroit House of Correction—Hardy later replied that Lucas had given his estimates verbally, but didn't give a written statement. He said the warehouse group had submitted its estimate in writing.

During a subsequent interview, Frank Wilkerson, Wayne County Jail Administrator, said, "We sent our staffing estimates to the task force March 31. It was hand-carried by a messenger." He added that it was not requested in writing until the previous Thursday. Wilkerson called in Lt. Leon McConnell, who is assigned to that area of the case, and he gave the following figures:

Staffing for a newly built jail would require 281 persons at a cost of almost \$6 million a year, while the backers of the warehouse facility call for a staff of 377 persons, which would cost over \$8 million annually. McConnell emphasized that "it would cost the taxpayers \$2,440,800 more to operate the warehouse annually than it would for a new jail building."

County officials have been discussing and working with three architectural firms, Giffels Associates, Inc., Howard Sims and Associates, and Sidney E. Shorter and Associates, since mid-1974 on plans for building a new jail in downtown Detroit at an initial cost of around \$20 million.

In March 1975, a group of Detroit investors—Robert Dice, a Detroit attorney; Aubrey V. McCutcheon, Executive Deputy Superintendent of the Detroit schools, and the Grossman and Company realty firm—said it had an option to buy the Hudson's warehouse. Although the group didn't disclose the cost of the potential purchase of the warehouse, they said they could renovate the facility into a 750-inmate capacity jail within 18 months at a cost

of \$18 million.

But the Department of Corrections reviewed the warehouse proposal in May of 1975 and criticized it for being too large and lacking proper access to Detroit Recorder's Court, among other things. And after the group revised its proposal, the Wayne County Commissioners turned it down in September '75 and approved appropriations of \$1.3 million to develop working drawings on the Giffels plan.

The Grossman group filed a suit in Wayne County Circuit Court to halt that transaction, and earlier this year it hired Robert E. Fitzpatrick, a former Chairman of the Board of Commissioners (during 1971 through 1974), to convince the board that it should reconsider the warehouse proposal.

The investors engaged the services of Gruzen & Partners, a New York-based firm of architects and criminal justice planners that reportedly specializes in designing detention and correctional facilities. On March 2, Paul Silver, an architect and project director with the Partners, appeared before the Board of Commissioners' Committee to present the warehouse proposal, a design of the Gruzen firm.

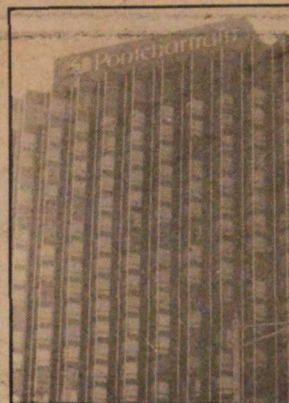
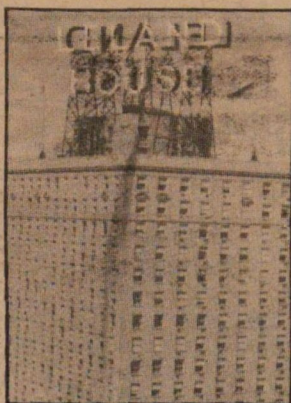
Cited in the report were plans for a tunnel to transport prisoners to and from Recorder's Court (which has drawn strenuous opposition), "all built-in" room furniture for 400 individual inmates, an electronic surveillance unit, full air-conditioning, and a wide range of inmate activities and services.

The renovation plan, according to its proponents, could be purchased for "a fixed price of \$20 million, or leased for 25 years at an annual rent of \$2,300,328 with option to purchase for \$1 at the end of the 25-year term." But this is "subject to the lessee assuming the lessor's obligation to maintain the roof and four outer walls during the last six years of the term."

At the end of the presentation, one commissioner, obviously in support of the plan, immediately moved that the board halt all renovation of Wayne County Hospital's "M" building (which was undergoing renovation to accommodate prisoners being housed temporarily at Dehoco) until April 1, when the task force was to report its recommendations.

The motion was quickly opposed by Commissioners Lee Flowers and Arthur Carter. Flowers pointed out that "We adopted a motion to renovate the 'M' building at the same time we Ok'd work on Dehoco." The motion to halt was adjusted to a recommendation to the full board instead. Later, Judge Baum ordered the board to get on with renovation of the "M" building.

That eager caper indicated to several of us who were observers at the session that apparently there had been some behind-the-scenes planning, and the anx-



GAMBLING

continued from page 4

was \$29 to \$39 billion in 1973." according to the House interim report. "Other estimates range from a low of \$600 million annually to a high of \$500 billion."

Of the many types of illegal gambling, sports betting, the numbers racket, and off-track horse betting are in the forefront.

Montana and Nevada are the only currently offering legal sports betting. Twelve states have lotteries: Nevada and New York offer legal off-track betting. Most states allow horse racing, and nine allow dog racing.

Piersante, despite his opposition to casino gambling, favors legal sports betting and off-track betting, but neither has really been studied effectively in Michigan. Should the casino gambling bill make it, it's expected that those other forms will follow shortly after.

Realistically, legalizing casino gamb-

ling in Detroit will not completely solve our fiscal crisis or stamp out illegal gambling.

"It is widely believed, although there are no hard figures available, that illegal gambling is the largest source of revenue for organized crime," reads the interim report, "and that a certain amount of gambling proceeds are used by organized crime to finance other, more nefarious enterprises, such as loansharking, narcotics, and corruption of public officials."

Perhaps Ogonowski sums it up best: "With gambling legalized, the state's share of revenue would go for education of our kids, whereas illegal gambling profits merely increase the number of heroin addicts."

Joel Greer, who lives in Detroit, has written about sports for the Michigan Daily and the Ann Arbor News.

ious motion-maker blew it.

At a press conference called later by V. Lonnie Peek, Chairman of the Concerned Citizens Council, serious questions about the warehouse plan were raised. Peek was flanked by Susan Watson Peek and Commissioner Carter. They questioned the logic of digging a tunnel underneath Gratiot, down the middle of Beaubien, and underneath Madison to the jail, as the Gruzen plan proposes.

The tunnel, they said, could create engineering problems and add to the cost, and it could pose problems for the Sheriff and Detroit Police in transporting prisoners. They stressed the need to alert the public to what is going on.

Carter challenged the cost cited by the Gruzen group as being far below what such a project in an old building would really amount to. He said while the plan to build a new jail is estimated to cost about \$23 million, the renovation plan could amount to about \$55 million over the next five years on the proposed pay-as-you-go basis.

During the earlier interview, Lt. Mc-

Connell of the Sheriff's Department said, "The main drawback to the use of the warehouse is that it is infested with pests. It has something like 49 large pillars on the six floors. And the building is so heavy that they have to have them for support. Remove the pillars and the building falls."

"That building was designed for a warehouse, not a jail," he said, and adding that the present jail is 50 years old and is run down. "The warehouse is 35 years old, so it doesn't make sense to put a lot of money into renovating that structure."

The writer was one of several persons who spoke at a public hearing called by the Board's General Government Committee March 17 to get a sounding as to whether it could generate support for the one-half mill property tax increase for a new jail.

All but one of the dozen or more speakers said they would favor a tax increase for a newly built jail, but would not go for renovating any old building.

Nadine Brown is a regular contributor to the Michigan Chronicle.

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2am-6am

Phoenix

continued from page 5

them. And if they did stand up for their rights, they were either taken out and lynched or threatened not to go to court. Now it's in reverse. We're smart enough to go to court now, and when we get to court, they got another way, they got a man who says, "Hey, you're not getting discriminated against." So you're put into a bind. Where can you win? What can you do to right the discrimination that exists?

Jim Brown: The average white firefighter, in fact, has over 15 years on the job. First of all, they want to exclude blacks, even though we've been here longer, we have actually more claim to the jobs, but they don't want to relinquish it. They live in neighborhoods--well, we call them pockets, you know, white pockets, scattered on the outskirts of the city. And they do all their socializing within this little community or out in the suburbs. Very seldom do they come into the inner city. They only come down here just to work, and then when they come down here, they consider it a battlefield. And they consider the majority of black people down here "animals"--now that's a word that they use all the time, "animals" and "jakes." I guess there's been a lot of reaction to the word "nigger" and "Negro"--just all these odd names they give to black people--so now they call them the "jakes."

SUN: You've done some investigating which shows that perhaps 300 of these white firefighters live outside the city, in violation of the residency rule.

Jim Brown: Right, quite a few of them live outside the city, but they cover for each other. They'll never let you know exactly who.

And to keep blacks away from them, since there is such a dislike for blacks, a lot of engine houses have dogs. And these dogs are trained. They're just alley mutts, they pick them up out of an alley, you know. Maybe this dog belonged to a black person, jumped the fence and got away. OK, they'll take this dog, they'll feed it and they'll win the dog over. And then every time a black come around, they say, "Kill, kill, kill." If a black's car quits out there on him and he goes to the engine house and wants to use the phone here--I'm a taxpayer, actually this is part of me, you know, it's part of his money. They knock on the door, the dog will greet them at that door, and nine times out of ten, they have to call that dog off.

People have been bitten by these dogs, these stray mutts, even black firefighters. I've been at the engine house when I couldn't get out my car because the dog came out there and see, "Well, this is a black guy," and he'll sit there and bark until somebody come out and escort me inside. I didn't know people here could be that racist until I came on the job.

SUN: The union argued that your promotions would have ruined their seniority system. Does it need to be reformed anyway?

Napoleon Howard: It needs to be reformed, for the simple reason that the only criteria to get a promotion is time, that's one. The union represents a man with 10 or more years seniority, that's second. The majority, which is white, rules, and right now, it seems like, white is right.

Jim Brown: The seniority system is going to change eventually, anyway. The younger white on the job is going to change seniority because I'd say 70 per cent of the young whites on the job, those with under ten years, have taken fire science courses. And the only purpose of taking these courses is to ultimately help you in a supervisory capacity. And so, unless they change the seniority

system where you will get a promotion on merit and education, then all this has been in vain.

So I do believe they're changing, but the union is reacting because we're trying to get in on the forefront of this change. And they want us excluded from it.

John King: I think there's a big difference between the union and the Phoenix. The union, like every other union, their sole purpose is to get as much monetary gain as they can for their membership in general. In general, you're talking about white people. I think the Phoenix' main goal is to more effectively deliver fire service. And one of the methods we used to more effectively deliver fire service, we think, is a change in the promotional system, one where we use merit, also. And that's where we get into a problem. We felt, and the City also felt, that there was a *prima facie* case for a judgment in our favor. When you can show one black boss out of 400, that on the surface shows discrimination. And if you had no type of case, it's up to the union to prove that it wasn't discrimination. Judge Churchill didn't see fit to go that particular route, which we thought he was in error, and that's why we want to take it to a higher court.

And I think it just boils right down to that, are we talking about, are we talking about money, and damn everything else, or are we talking about what's best for the citizens of Detroit?

And just to touch on 1967, the people that headed this Fire Department felt that in order to defuse the situation on 12th Street, you take the only black Lieutenant you have and you make him an instant Chief. So they in essence recognized that maybe you need black officers in black places to ease the situation. That was done with no gripe from the union at all--a matter of saving your ass.

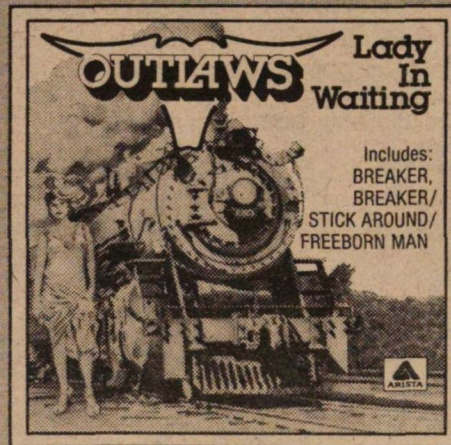
Now, when things are not volatile, they seem to take another posture. We're saying, No matter if everybody in the department was black or if everybody was white, there has to be a different system of promotion to make the people qualified out there on that street--to at least know that you know the difference between a hazardous situation and one that's not hazardous; to at least know that you know what it is to put down foam.

We have to change our whole system of doing things. It's not just black firemen. It's not just the city of Detroit who now recognizes it, after years and years of discrimination, that it has existed, but the union has to recognize also. And I think it's ludicrous for them to think that the citizens are going to continue to pay the wages of firefighters who in some cases live outside the city, continue to pay the wages of also some firefighters that got in the Fire Department with less than a high school education up to 1968. Those same people reflect themselves in being bosses today. And I think that's the crux of the problem.

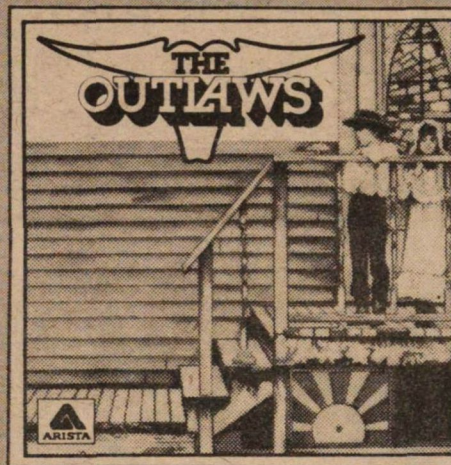
We recognize seniority as being a viable tool. But we do have some problems with it when we have been excluded in the seniority process prior to that. Take the analogy of you and me running a hundred-yard dash, so for the first 25 yards you put an anvil on my back, OK? And you're 25 yards ahead of me, then you say, "OK, King, we'll be fair now, you can take the anvil off." Well, I'll be damned, you know, I've got a long way to catch up. And I think, "All I want you to do is, if I meet you at the 50-yard line, then we go at it together." I think that's where, basically, we're coming from.

continued on page 32

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Drug
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DRUG HELP

Mobile
Crisis
Teams

Phoenix

continued from page 31

SUN: How are the City's budget cuts and layoffs affecting you on the job?

Joseph Burrell: We don't have the manpower that we'd like to have. We do not utilize the manpower we have. We have engineers that sit and do nothing. We have men that have not been close to a fire in 20 years, 10 years. They are all supposed to be firefighters, people fighting fires. And with the proper direction, we can manage with what we have. The City has so much money, that's all they have, and we don't have enough money to cover every situation. We can give the City adequate fire protection with the manpower we have. And there's no way that we cannot do it.

We have right today officers downtown that don't go to fires. They don't know what a fire is—the directors of the Firemen's Fund, directors of our union, and different people. We have enough waste that we can utilize these men.

Terry Barker: We were all trained in the concept of the "buddy system," you know, and like, now we don't have anyone to assist us, you know, if we do get hurt or something like that. You know, if you're at a fire by yourself now and you get hurt, there's no one there to pull you out, you know, unless you wait for the next arriving company. And like, psychologically, it's got to have some type of effect on you at a fire, how you function. Before, you might go all out and you know, at least you know there's somebody there and if something happened to you, somebody knew you were there and knew where you were, and would make an attempt to get you out. But now it's like, if you go in there and you end up getting hurt or something, nobody knows you're there, nobody knows where you are. And you can get lost and they won't find you until after the fire's out and you're dead. That to me, that's the most important thing, you know, because you don't have the back-up anymore.

Jim Brown: Another thing—it's not official, but the union has encouraged a slow-down. They tell the guys that since we had the cutbacks and, in a lot of cases, your buddy is at another engine house and you're there by yourself, don't go in. Wait for help. What it might mean is waiting for the second arriving company. Most of the cases, depending on where the fire is located in your district, when the second arriving company comes that house is booming, it's really going. Whereas, if two men could get right on it, they could pull it right out or at least control it until they got some help. And that could contribute to a lot of deaths.

Napoleon Howard: You're going to go in a fire house, this is all you hear from white fire fighters — they want to change the rule of residency. They don't want to change the rules for seniority, but they want to change it for residency.

Now you take this problem we have with 36 blacks being promoted. Now if our firefighters had the option not to live in this city, and they didn't live in this city, and they didn't like the way the promotions went, what do you think? Half this city would have burned down then. Because they had nothing to lose with this city burning down. The only thing they had to lose was their paycheck, and if they had over 10 years, they wouldn't have to lose that, because their seniority is going to keep them on the job. If you haven't got residency, and they want a work slow down and they didn't live in this city, this city would burn down. Because they wouldn't give a damn what burned or who—the only persons that would be hurt are those who live in the city, not them. That's one of the reasons why residency is so important to this city. Very important.

SUN: What about the union's support of political candidates?

Reginald Amos: In the primary between (Mel) Ravitz, Coleman Young and (John) Nichols, at one union meeting they said they weren't going to endorse any politician, OK? Two weeks later the Battalion Director's coming around saying that they had this paper for Ravitz and they were trying to get in everybody's mind that Ravitz was a friend of the firefighters. I asked the guy, I said, "I thought you weren't going to get behind any politicians." And they say, "Well, we're not, it's just a survey." A week later, the union was behind Ravitz. Now I don't know exactly how many thousands of dollars they gave Ravitz, but Ravitz lost and threw his support behind Young and they still went behind Nichols. And Berry's explanation was that we have to support our brothers in blue. And ever since '72, that I know of, they were saying that firemen and policemen couldn't get along.

Napoleon Howard: This came in two different separate elections. The first one, beginning with (Richard) Austin. They refused to even let Austin come into the union hall and talk—and then stipulated that they sent a letter, but it was too late at the primaries. They gave X number of dollars to Roman Gribbs at the time that he was running against Austin, and it was a close election. They also turned around and did the same identical thing with Coleman Young.

Richard Martin: They said Austin did not send them a letter saying that he wanted their support—that was their excuse for not hearing him.

Hartwell

continued from page 3

part of their job to be to increase Judy Hartwell's acceptance of what she had done as having been justified and correct, and to support and encourage the strength she was beginning to acquire.

The trial brought Judy much support from friends, neighbors, court spectators, and representatives of women's groups. After the verdict was announced, jurors hugged Judy and told her they'd been with her all along. By the time the trial was concluded, Judy was beginning to acquire a sense of dignity and self-worth, and began to feel strong and positive about the future.

WHERE CAN WOMEN GO?

A final point: Judy's case dramatically brings home a common plight of women trapped in marriages or other relationships in which they are chronically beaten. Many, like Judy, are embarrassed or afraid to seek help. Attorney Weiss adds, "When help is sought, it is not available

in 'family trouble' situations."

Judy Hartwell had called the police in the past when Fred was assaulting her, but they refused to assist her. The previously-mentioned beating with a sledgehammer followed a phone call to the police in which help was refused. In her tape-recorded "confession" to the police, Judy expressed her feelings of helplessness and of having nowhere to turn for protection from Fred, which led to her panic and ultimately to the stabbing.

In Washtenaw County, a domestic violence/wife assault task force has been established by the National Organization for Women to provide help for women in this type of situation. No such program exists in the Detroit area.

Hopefully, Judy Hartwell's story will force the police and public to recognize the fact that women who are beaten by their husbands are victims of crimes who need and are entitled to protection, if for no other reason than to prevent more tragedies like the Hartwell family's.

Margie Cohen is a free-lance writer and a legal assistant who lives in Ann Arbor.

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(No. 24) Part I of our exclusive interview with UAW President Leonard Woodcock on the progressive possibilities in the Democratic Party in '76. . . The Kulchur staff picks its candidates for "New Stars of '76" from the cream of local talent.



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FOR SALE

3 good 14" tires for sale. Also 2 good snow tires. \$15-each. Call Leni at 961-3555.

Take steps to sell those unused, unwanted items around your home or office. Call Sun Classifieds, 961-3555.

GIGS

Fender bassist available. 8 years professional experience-all styles. Seek decent-playing week-end or full-time non-road gig. Have transp, equip. Please call days or early evening. Pine 264-3197.

HELP WANTED

The SUN needs an experienced, fast paste-up artist, part-time. Call Barbara, 961-3555.

Interested in newspaper distribution work? Positions now open in Sun Distribution Department—See page 3 for details.

The SUN needs an experienced process camera operator, part-time. Call Leni at 961-3555 for appt.

ADVERTISING SALES-PERSON—The SUN newspaper has position open for ambitious, creative person to sell ads to lucrative accounts throughout Metro Detroit. Guaranteed Salary versus high commission rate, position with fast-growing newspaper with 35,000 circulation and excellent growth potential. Send resume to Ad. Manager, The Sun, Box 1898, Detroit 48231.

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:

Gerald Littleton
No. 9880
P.O. Box 779
Marquette, MI 49855

Harold Holloway
No. 22124-A
Box No. PMB
Texarkana, Texas 75501

PERSONALS

To respond to a box number in any section of the SUN classifieds, please address your envelope to Classified Box No., The Leland House Hotel, Suite 202, 400 Bagley, Detroit 48202.

Any female who wants to have her very own personal male slave, please contact me. Write: Occupant, P.O. Box 7119, Flint, MI 48507 for details.

I am seeking new friends to correspond with. I'm 6ft. 1in. tall, weigh 156 lbs. My hobbies are... chess, fishing and debating. I hope that some one will be kind enough to write. Jerome S. Charlton, No. 144-157, P.O. Box E, Jackson, MI 49204.

Are you a passionate lady desiring an affectionate, intelligent, gentle lover? Young man, blond, 6'6", slender, seeks to share scarce time with honest discrete girl with ideas, no absurd hangups. The SUN, classified Box 25.

Oriental ladies want to write to you. Names, ages, photos, info on how to contact them. Free. Cherry Blossoms, Stehikin, WA 98852.

Gay females all areas, join "Gay Correspondance Club." Inter-racial, swingers from all over U.S. and Canada. Send photo and revealing letter (state your pleasure and preference) for confidential application. Excellent way for the novice or others unable to openly consort, to meet. Discreet and private. P.O. Box 89, Detroit 48231

I would like to correspond with a woman. I'm a student in the drafting field. I'm black, 25 years of age, I'm serving a very light sentence, but it's very very lonely. I never been put in this type of situation so I hope you know what I mean. Calvin D. Patton, No. 129-533, P.O. Box E, Jackson MI 49204

I am looking for some people to correspond with, I only hear from my mother and she is in and out of the hospital now so I don't hear from her as often as I used to, so I am asking for people to correspond with to help me through these hard times. I have been in prison now since I was 20 years old, so that is almost 10 years now, don't let the age 30 get to you man, I don't care how old you are just write to me, if my age doesn't bother you then your age won't bother me, but please, lets hear from someone, ok? Ron Browning, No. 125538, P.O. Box 14602, Phila., PA. 19134.

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Do you have an attitude against cigarettes and the insidious tobacco pushers like I do? I'm doing some research on the subject, and could use any information (old articles, ads, etc) that people could share with me. Mail to Gary, P.O. Box 1898, Detroit 48231.

PUBLICATIONS

RECON, April issues includes: Pentagon Budget, Interview with General Giap, Women Marine Speaks Out, Top 100 Military Contractors, and much more. Send \$3 year (12 issues) or 35 cents a copy, to RECON, P.O. Box 14602, Phila., PA 19134.

AGAINST THE WALL—a magazine of self-liberation and voluntary alternatives. Sample copy, 75 cents postpaid. Box 444, Westfield, NY 07091.

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Victorian Mansion, WSU, Medical Art Center area, to share with 1 or 2 interesting, aware, responsible persons interested in co-op living, non-smokers only. Grad students or professional preferred. 873-9015.

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\$3.00 per issue (minimum) for 30 words.
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If you charge a fee for any type of service, you are a business.
\$1.90 per line (Line is 25 characters. Letters, spaces, punctuation, etc. count as characters.)
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To reply to a SUN box number, address your envelope to The SUN, Classified Box _____, The Leland House Hotel, Suite 202, 400 Bagley, Detroit, Michigan 48226.

DEADLINES:

Deadlines for classified ads are every other Friday at 6 PM before the issue's Thursday publication day.
Deadline for copy changes or cancellation is noon Thursday, one week before the publication date. There is a \$1.00 service charge for cancellation.

The SUN is not responsible for ad errors beyond the first insertion without notification.

All advertising is subject to The SUN's approval as to text and character.

CATEGORIES: Please circle the category your ad is to be placed in.

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Fill in the enclosed form completely.
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All ads must be accompanied by payment. We do not have the facilities to bill or take phone orders.

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Strictly confidential but must be included for your ad to run.
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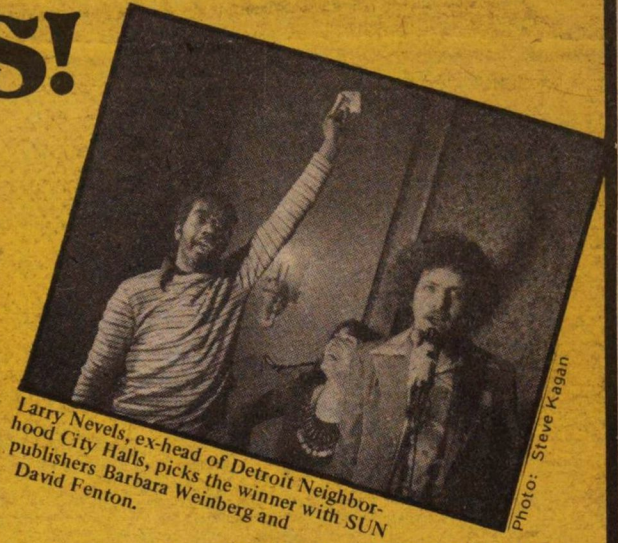
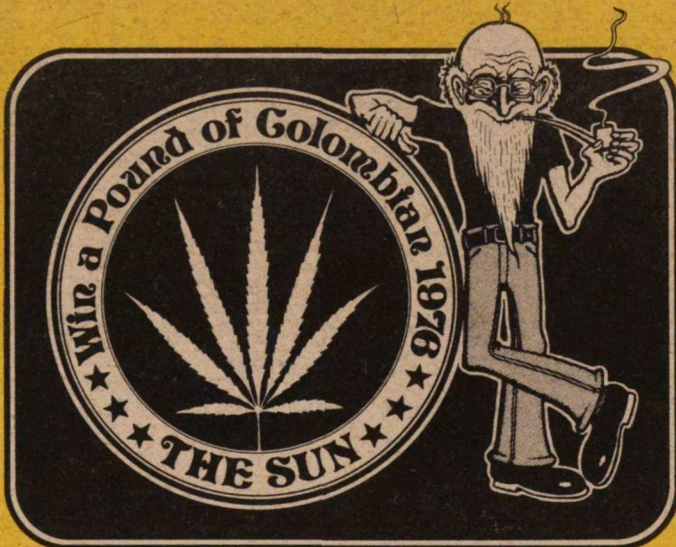


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The WINNERS!



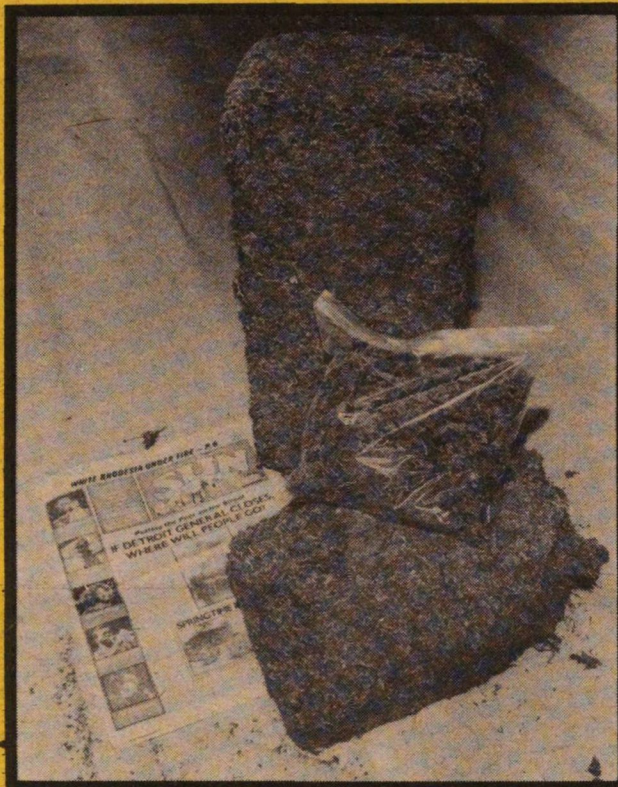
The Winner enjoys his take.



Larry Nevels, ex-head of Detroit Neighborhood City Halls, picks the winner with SUN publishers Barbara Weinberg and David Fenton.

Photo: Steve Kagan

- 2nd Prize—Lifetime supply of CoolLeaf rolling papers: James H. Bradford, Detroit
- 3rd Prize—10 lp's from Warehouse Records: David Greenberg, Ann Arbor
- 4th Prize—acoustic guitar from Music Mart: Gary N. Hughes, Ann Arbor
- 5th Prize—African kalimba from Music Strings & Things: F. Richey, Detroit
- 6th Prize—2 season passes AA New World Films: David C. Weaver, Ypsilanti
- 7th Prize—one pair of Kalsø Earth Shoes: Larry Bayly, Ypsilanti
- 8th Prize—4' bong from Tobacco Rd: Lamar Anderson, Detroit
- 9th Prize—gold plated asher: Simon Semaan, Hazel Park
- 10th Prize—50 winners—one year supply of Cool-Leaf Rolling papers: E. B. Katzer, Ann Arbor/Robert R. Hoffman, Detroit/Chuck Drumm, Union Lake/Don Hunt, Ann Arbor/Mrs. G. Cooper, Troy/Jim Jametes, Ann Arbor/Van Maula, Plymouth/Michael Cook, Bloomfield Hills/Joe Keefe, Detroit/Rita La-Clair, Ypsilanti/Chris Palmer, Livonia/R. Steranko, Ypsilanti/Katherine A. McGlue, Detroit/Mark Chapman, St. Clair Shores/Debbie Leshok, Detroit/Richard Jackson, Detroit/Lynn Bellair, St. Clair Shores/Bob Rudnick, Chicago/Denny Conzett, Belleville/Marc Kiser, Dearborn/Michael Prince, Wixom/Joan Morgan, Wixom/Joan Morgan, Wixom/ Dan White, Detroit/P. Mitchell, Inkster/ Geraldine Gehrig, Detroit/Mary Beth Hahnefeld, W. Bloomfield/Albert Chisolm III, Ypsilanti/Diana Simons, Plymouth/Todd Whitman, Sterling/ Judy Tetz, Detroit/Ken McLaughlin, Ypsilanti/Dennis Darling, Pontiac/Al Blackwoods, Pontiac/Julian Moody, Ann Arbor/Ted Ledbetter, Birmingham/



- Jay Baugh, Tecumseh, Mi./Dale Barnesby, Allen Prk./Bruce Ranta, Detroit/Craig Posen, Oak Park/Robert Zielinski, Flint/Rene D. Bastien, Dover, Delaware/Mike Cappa, Detroit/Robert Monks, N.Y./Marvin Berkowitz, Detroit/Liz McCormack, Whitmore Lake/Ron Russ, Union Lake/Mark M. Steinke, Saginaw/Richard J. Beattie, Roseville/Clifford Baldwin Jr., Detroit/
- 11th Prize—15 winners of the "Clean Machine." Jerry Bosak, Flint/Richard D. Mowery, Whitmore Lake/Jo A. Krogol, Westland/Frederick J. Douglas, Highland Park/Al VanKampen, Ann Arbor/Rosa Linda Cruz, Ann Arbor/Tom Fritz, Woodstown, N.J./George L. Waller, Ypsilanti/C. Fischer, Ann Arbor/Andre D. Turner, Detroit/Peter Gilles, Detroit/Gary M. Lee, Flint/Ken Ward, Westland/Forest M. King, Royal Oak/Jon Present, Detroit
- 12th Prize—15 winners of free one-year subscriptions to The Sun: David Holtz, Westland/Frank McCoy, Sommerville, Mass./Richard Pickner, Bloomfield Hills/Charles Gralitz, Belleville/Wesley Arbuckle, Oxford, Ohio/Gary Salim, Birmingham/Elliot David, Southfield/Brian Hurley, Upland, Ca./Pam Chatman, Detroit/Sandy Reeber, Livonia/Tim Skypinski, Dearborn/Timothy Hohs, Fruitvale, Idaho/Jim McMillan, Livonia/Eric Olsen, Ann Arbor/Foster Winter, Ann Arbor/Greg Jewell, Westland/Thomas Mihelich, Union Lake.
- 13th Prize—15 winners of a "Win a Pound of Colombian" T-shirt: Ken Wilinski, Dearborn Hts./ Ed Hatt, Roseville/Daniel Snow, Detroit/Mark Jones, Ann Arbor/John Williams, Ann Arbor/Lee Leonard, Detroit/Sandra Jennings, Plymouth/Robert Camuto, Ann Arbor/J. Gerski, Ann Arbor/Dwight Hozer, Ann Arbor/Mark Sulek, Detroit/Ann Murphy, Wixom/Steve Joins, Detroit/Annina Mitchell, Ann Arbor/L. Brooks Patterson, Pontiac.

Note: Winners should contact Peggy Taube at The Sun to arrange receipt of your prize.

Wednesday afternoon, March 31, the Michigan House killed a bill making possession of up to 18 grams (two-thirds of an ounce) of marijuana punishable only by a \$100 fine, with no court appearance or jail time involved. The legislators, who had already whittled the "decriminalized" amount down from an original three ounces, explained that they didn't want to "send a message" to young people that condoned pot-smoking.

Meanwhile, that evening, a message of a different sort went out to the legislators on the evening news, as The SUN chose over 200 winners of our second annual "Win a Pound of Colombian" weed contest. The grand prize winner was pulled at a gala party inside Detroit's Leland Hotel (also the site of the newspaper's offices) by Larry Nevels, until former the head of Detroit's Neighborhood City Hall

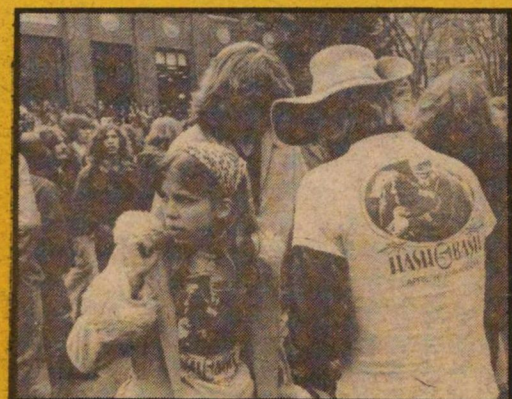
Program. One pound of gold Colombian was delivered shortly thereafter to the winner's door, where it was greeted with great surprise and glee. As if that wasn't enough, on Thursday morning, April Fool's Day, people began arriving at the University of Michigan Diag to attend the fourth annual Ann Arbor Hash Bash, which soon grew into a highly-spirited crowd of several thousand, filling up the venerable campus crossroads, toking the assassin of youth!

As for the legislators, perhaps some of this activity was reflected upon during their twice-daily martini break. Recent action by South Dakota and Minnesota, providing \$20 and \$100 fines, respectively, for holding an ounce, could also have provoked some thought. Backers of the Michigan bill vowed to reintroduce the propot measure shortly.

A² HASH



BASH!



Scenes from the hash bash Photos: Steve Kagan