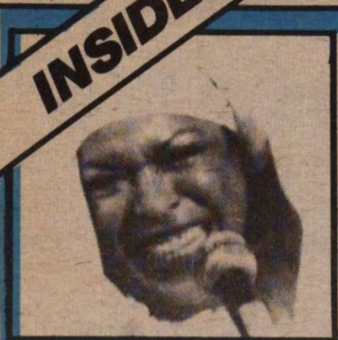


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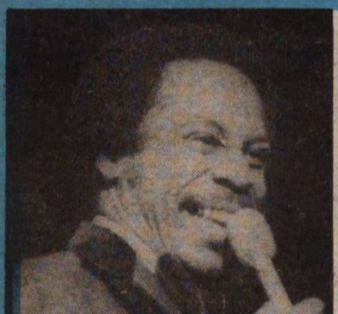
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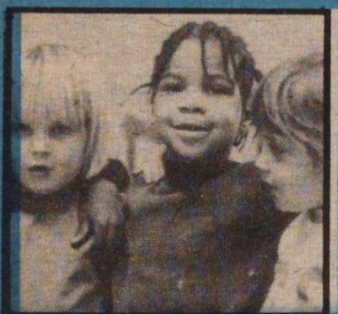
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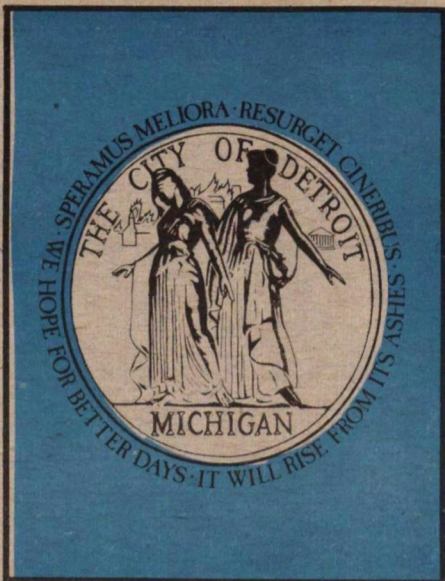
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THE MASTER PLAN: Detroit In Motion

By Nadine Brown

"Renaissance" is defined as a rebirth, a revival. The term is taken from the great revival of art and learning in Europe in the 14th, 15th and 16th centuries.

The fabulous structures rising rapidly along the riverfront of our fair city, depicted in a slide film last year as the creation of "a second renaissance," are part of a rebirth that has been going on for nearly four decades.

Right in the middle of those soon-to-be-towering buildings is the awe-inspiring complex called the Renaissance Center, which has already attracted tenants who have leased some 20 per cent of the over two-million square feet of office space.

Detroit, with its port to world trade, is one of the most strategic cities, not only in Michigan but in the nation. It has, without a doubt, the potential for becoming once again a dynamic center of progress. And no one in his or her right mind would reject a rebirth from the old and outmoded to new and progressive methods to enhance the welfare of this city and its citizens.

But many people who have been victims themselves, or have watched developments of the plan—which really began to take shape in the late '30's, under the persistent direction of the late Mayor Albert Cobo (for whom Cobo Hall was subsequently named)—and seen the resulting human suffering, have some nagging doubts about their future.

Despite recent assurances and some visible progress on long-awaited building activities in the central city, many citizens who remember the unfulfilled promises of the past cannot shake off their apprehension. "Seeing is believing," they say.

This concern is not prompted simply by the isolated build-up of downtown and along the perimeter of the city. Most would welcome those developments if it were not for the obvious and prolonged lack of official consideration for the plight of the black and poor minorities who have consistently suffered while wealthy whites have taken over the grand structures.

continued on page 4

The Convention That Needn't Have Been The Great Democratic Sleep-In

By David Fenton

The scene is the New York Hilton Hotel. Delegates, alternates, and big-shots representing the Michigan delegation to the 1976 Democratic convention are "caucusing" in a hotel ballroom.

Nobody is paying much attention to the proceedings. Instead, people seem far more interested in greeting their buddies or shaking hands with Jim O'Hara (D-Mich.), who's running for the U.S. Senate. The hum of the room drowns out the podium speakers, until Morley Winograd, Michigan's Democratic Party chieftan, announces that we will now talk about who gets tonight's guest passes to Madison Square Gardens.

The room falls silent instantly, while all eyes switch to Morley to find out how to get friends and relatives into the convention's "honored guest" gallery. The guest passes are the hottest issue of the caucus.

This incident bespeaks much of the atmos-

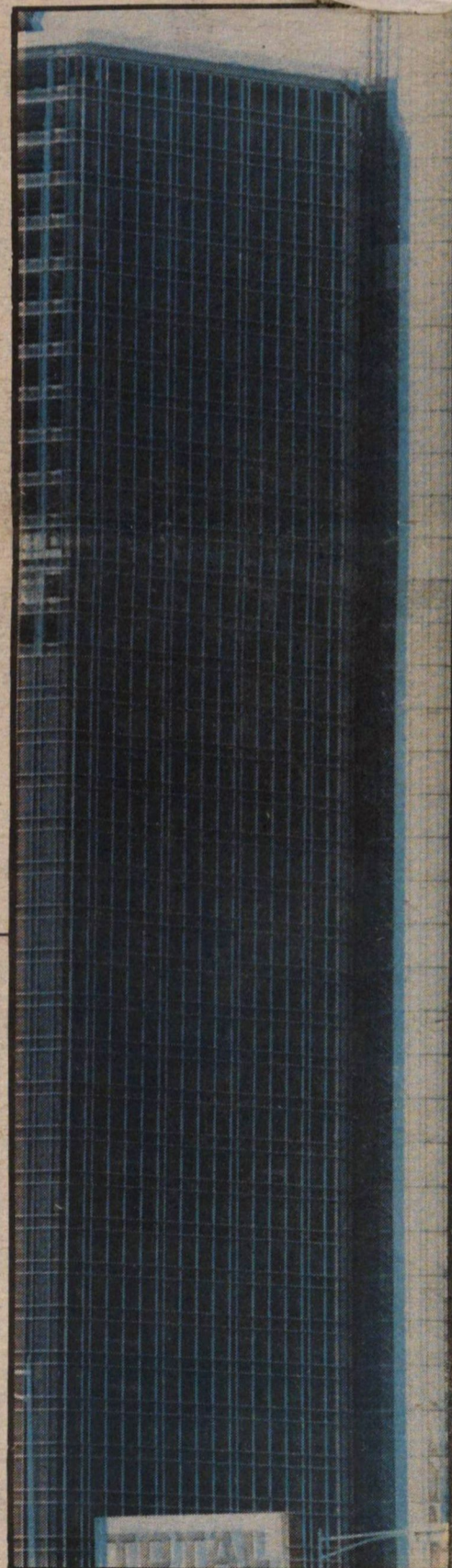
phere and productivity of the great Democratic gathering two weeks ago in the Big Apple.

The concensus among the almost 10,000 reporters covering the event is one big yawn—about the hottest story they've had to work on was following Amy Carter to the Central Park Zoo. Network commentators are reduced to the familiar extemporaneous drivel. As the first Democratic Convention to be entirely a media event, the actual floor proceedings, votes, roll-calls, etc. were irrelevant—Jimmy Carter's victory was cinched the night of the Ohio primary, anyway.

Watching the TV box is, this year, a far better way to get the story than actually sitting on the convention floor. Because the convention isn't designed for the delegates, it is designed for TV. After all, without network coverage, the convention would basically not exist.

Unity was the catch-word for the Democrats

continued on page 7



Burying Detroit's Subway Plan, p.3

Mass Transit Plan Fails Move Detroit Where?

By C. D. Woodruff

In 1920, Detroit William Taylor received national acclaim for his proposed rapid-transit subway system, known as "Taylor's Moving Sidewalk." This system was designed to provide moving platform service under Woodward Avenue from the riverfront to McNichols. Taylor's dream was recorded for posterity but soundly rejected by his contemporaries as "too costly." However, Taylor can be credited for identifying a truly basic need of our city: the need for efficient, dependable mass transportation.

Today, 56 years since the first mass transit system was proposed for this area, the transportation dilemma of Michigan's largest city and its rapidly expanding suburbs remains unsolved. Mass transportation still constitutes the single most urgent and neglected transportation problem facing our state.

The implementation of a comprehensive, balanced transportation system for Southeastern Michigan is only a little closer to reality today than it was in 1920. Why? Because the controversy which smoke-screens mass transit in Michigan involves the intricate issues of public finance, urban government, urban planning, the redevelopment of urban living patterns and the auto industry.

On July 2, the state House of Representatives provided tri-county (Wayne, Oakland and Macomb) residents with a unique Bicentennial keepsake, the overwhelming defeat of compromise legislation designed to provide the \$13 million local contribution Michigan needs to qualify for long-term Federal matching grants in transportation. The price tag was apparently "too costly" for legislators currently campaigning for reelection. Despite the added impetus of fierce competition for the remaining Federal funds earmarked for transit programs, legislators cast a vote of 65-28 against the compromise legislation. It was the final day of the legislative session before summer adjournment, and the anti-Detroit forces rallied to blockade the measure, which many felt showed preferential treatment for Detroit.

Rep. Robert Ryan (D-Detroit), Chairman of the House Urban Affairs Committee, blamed the failure on "interjurisdictional hate . . . a societal or legislative attitude

that prevails here (in the House) that says that anything good for Detroit is wrong."

Organized lobbyists such as the real estate concerns and the Automobile Club of Michigan provided the most vocal opposition to the legislation.

The state's interest in mass transit first took committee form in 1968, when the Joint Legislative Committee on Urban Mass

Just what are the transportation needs of a metropolitan area like Detroit, where 64% of the population owns cars? One thing is certain: the greatest transportation problems exist while traveling between work and home. Many residents no longer live in the city, but continue to work there. As a result, the volume of passenger traffic during rush hours in the downtown area is greater than at

mobility modern society has created has in turn created many of the very problems transportation has allowed it to run away from.

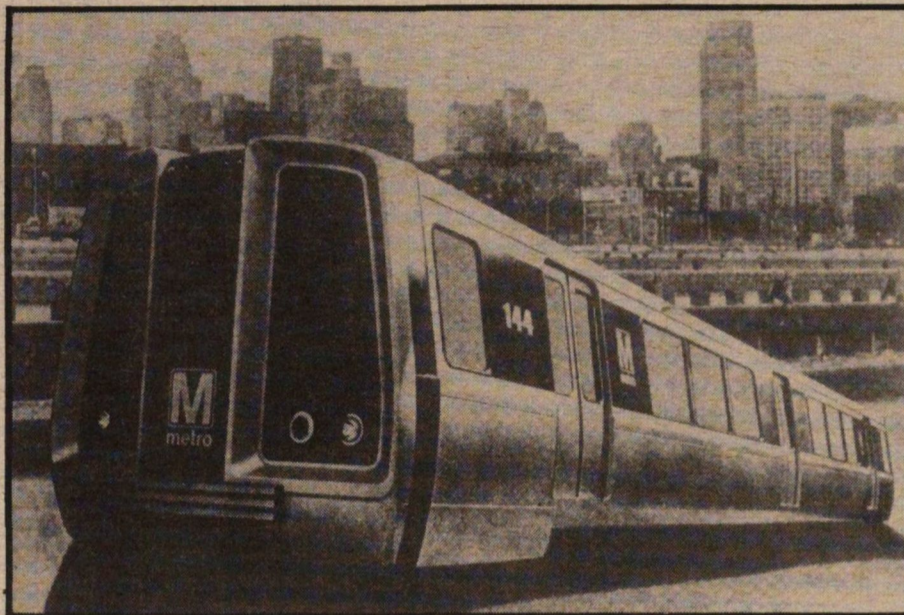
In 1967 the Legislature created SEMTA, the SouthEastern Michigan Transportation Authority. SEMTA'S job has been to provide "a workable transportation system to the area in which over half of the state's citizens live."

As SEMTA's work benefits primarily suburban areas, many Detroiters maintain a defensive attitude about those "orange suburban buses" which dart in and out among the familiar green Detroit-DOT buses during peak hour service. Average citizens, when asked about the prospect of rapid transit, strike two major chords: "They can't even run what they have now—rapid transit would only create a bigger mess . . ." and "rapid transit? Oh, you mean service for whites to get in and out of the city even faster than they do now."

Clarence Generette, selected a year ago as the first black to serve as SEMTA's General Manager, is slowly but surely dispelling many of the negative views Detroiters hold concerning SEMTA. "People had fears of me taking their buses and running them out to Birmingham," Generette remembers. "Some crazy notion persisted that SEMTA would take away service and serve only white racist suburbanites . . . People even saw me as a white racist," he chuckled, "but it has softened quite a bit. There's no denying that the SEMTA plan was originally designed to benefit the suburbs; my experience has shown me that such plans often work in reverse—in Western Wayne County it could work both ways—and we intend to make it do just that.

"For example," he said, "in Cleveland, Ford Motors built a huge engine plant by the airport and, despite the original objectives, Rapid Transit started hauling blacks from the eastside of Cleveland on a 16 mile trip, and those people were given opportunities for employment away from the city." Generette added that "the main job of mass transit is the work trip, not recreation or culture. People do not go to Cobo Hall on the bus."

SEMTA's proposed Transit Action Pro-
continued on page 23



Until the Legislature designs a financing package which will appease outlying counties, mass transit in Detroit will remain stalled.

Transportation published a special report. The committee made three basic observations on urban mass transportation: "First, it is a very big business; one is talking in terms of millions, even billions of dollars. Second, it should have the highest priority in both short and long term planning. It is mandatory for any metropolitan area with its aging inner city and fast-growing suburbs to arrange for the mass movement of its people and goods, with speed, economy and efficiency. And third, it cannot be done overnight."

any other time. Veteran center city drivers average speeds of 6-10 m.p.h. during peak hours. Motorists today are not defeated by the number of stops they have to make in their exodus in and out of the center city—what they're really concerned about is being able to find a place to park.

Cities suffer from an overpopulation of motor vehicles. Despite Detroiters' delight in being the home of the auto industry, the reality is that there will never be enough highway and parking facilities to allow all people to freely move in private cars. The

Integration is a Key Detroit's "Alternative" Schools

By Pat Williams and Linda Hawkins

Picture this: a small group of racially, socially and ethnically integrated children, learning at their own speed with a loving teacher nearby. The children learn what interests them. They are not coerced into studying. There are no grades, no report cards, no one to cajole or infringe upon their intellectual curiosity.

Ideal? Maybe, but not very realistic. Still, open-classroom, small-group education that zeroes in on a child's social, emotional and academic needs is what many "alternatives" to public education have attempted to offer.

Detroit Public Schools sources indicated that about 12%—or 37,000 out of 284,000 Detroit school children—were enrolled in parochial or private learning institutions in 1975. Close to 1% of all Detroit school children are enrolled in the alternative schools. The Sun looked at six private, non-traditional schools in the Detroit area—Taproot, Upland Hills, Detroit Alternative Schools, Waldorf, Friends and the City School of Detroit—to determine exactly what alternatives they offer to Detroit Public schools.

While each of the alternative schools is unique, similarities among them exist. On the whole, they are geared toward small

groups of children—and towards reaching the "total child." Because enrollments are limited, teachers can give children more individual attention. There are more resources with which to single out emotional or learning problems before they get out of hand. There is more time, money and commitment to offer courses of study that generate pupil interest.

For example, when teachers at Detroit Children's School noticed that boys wanted to play soldier, they developed a course on

World War II—and peace and war.

Tuitions range from \$300 to \$2,000 per pupil per year. In many families, both parents work to pay the high costs of their children's alternative education, but financial aid in the form of scholarships and work exchange arrangements is promoted in order to create racially, ethnically and socially balanced schools.

Taproot School, in northwest Detroit, began five years ago with a group of teachers who were disenchanted with their ex-

periences in Detroit public schools. "The kids at one school talked of burning the place down," recalled Taproot's co-director Jeaninne Cohen. Taproot is a version of the individualistic Piaget "total approach" to learning. "We try to give kids an opportunity to express their feelings about what is going on; they can come up with their own solutions," Cohen said.

The Taproot school building at Meyers and Puritan in Detroit is a series of large, indestructible rooms with cushiony couches and low tables. The newest innovation is a huge outdoor play area that parents and friends of the school fashioned out of wood and tires.

A typical day at Taproot begins with a morning meeting, when teachers and children talk about their feelings or air problems, and plan their day. Taproot maintains a ratio of 50 children to six teachers in its program for ages five through 12. Keeping children and staff close is important, Cohen emphasized. Taproot tuition is \$950 a year.

The Detroit Alternative Schools is actually two schools operating under one roof: Detroit Children's School and Detroit Free School. The two functioned independently until two years ago, when they

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The Master Plan



continued from the cover

Two separate articles on urban redlining (*Sun*, February 5 and July 15) cited urban renewal, labeled "negro removal" some 30 years ago, as a major culprit—among other methods used—in isolating black and poor minorities into decaying areas of this and other cities across the nation.

Many of our readers can remember the mass removal of citizens along Lafayette Street to make way for the elegant townhouses and apartment buildings. The new constructions were to be in the low-cost bracket, and the uprooted people, many of whom owned their homes, were promised the opportunity to move back into the area.

But this did not occur, because the new living quarters were priced far above their ability to pay.

Each of the freeways that most motorists enjoy today was built at the cost of people removal from the affected areas. Entire neighborhoods were wiped out to provide a rapid means of transportation for the ever-growing number of suburbanites who work in Detroit.

But even though people were uprooted to make way for new and costly homes and for freeways, there still remain acres and acres of land possessed by absentee land-owners for no one seems to know how long. According to our sources, the City is finally getting ready to find out who and where those persons are.

These and other factors we've cited previously make it crystal clear that a Master Plan is underway—one specifically designed to squeeze out and/or lock in what are termed as undesirable and non-productive people: that is, the black and poor minorities.

However, a ray of light has begun to glimmer in this whole mass of confusion, starting with the battles Mayor Young and the City Council have fought with the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD).

Mayor Young has campaigned for much of his term in office, along with the Council, to get HUD to release the houses it owns to the city.

Last April, HUD finally agreed to Mayor Young's proposal to sell to the city—for \$1 each—all the vacant lots it owns and expects to acquire through June 1977. The agreement, reportedly the first of its kind in the nation, will result in the city taking over more than 3,000 HUD-owned vacant lots.

The arrangement will save HUD the heavy cost of carrying each lot on its inventory, maintenance expenses, etc., and places the properties under the ownership of the city, where they properly belong. The city plans to sell some lots to adjacent property owners and allow some for its Farm-a-Lot program, which will save additional maintenance costs.

Mayor Young and the Council have also made considerable progress toward aiding the efforts of the city's numerous community councils, which—if it continues—should indicate quite a bit of upward motion for several projects which have been stalled for long periods of time.

The Virginia Park Community Investment Associates' development project, which began a decade ago, was stymied as a result of the 1967 riot. Bounded by Clairmount on the north, Lodge Freeway on the east, Grand Boulevard on the south and 14th Street on the west, the area, where the riot was mostly concentrated, seemed doomed to failure for years thereafter.

Most of the eye-sores have now been razed, and the work that has begun looks quite promising. The associates are presently in the process of raising \$300,000, or 10 per cent of the cost, for building its shopping center along Rosa Parks Blvd. (formerly known as 12th St.), scheduled to open in December 1977. The complex will cover 8-and-a-half acres, with over 60,000 square feet of space.

Under the leadership of Christopher Alston, president of the Coordinating Council for Community Redevelopment and chairman of the Forest Park District Council, those groups on the city's east side have also been able to withstand the many battle scars in their long struggle to keep their dream alive.

In July, the City Council authorized HUD homes for the Forest Park organization's Self-Reliance Homeownership Program, which was founded by Alston. The Council resolution has authorized the City's Community & Economic Development Department to be a conduit (channel) between HUD and the Homeownership Program for the \$1 PROP houses.

Spokespersons pointed out in a news release that the Self-Reliance Homeownership Program, "a new concept in urban homesteading," will renovate the \$1 PROP homes it will buy from HUD, bring them up to a mortgage standard, and then sell them at the cost of rehabilitation—plus normal handling charges (from \$10,000 to \$12,000)—to people who agree to accept pre-purchase and post-purchase counselling.

Purchasers must also agree to occupy the homes for five years, and take pride in their ownership.

"In order to minimize every possible financial burden on the buyer," the group emphasizes, "the plan is to operate on a minimal budget, using—to the fullest extent possible—volunteer technical and consultative assistance and counselling: neighborhood groups, block clubs, citizens' district councils, church groups, etc., to assist in the home and customer selection process, and in homeownership counselling for the purchaser."

SRHP spokespersons say they have been afforded excellent understanding from HUD Area Director Elmer C. Binford and his staff, and have received full cooperation from the city in this matter.

Other areas now in the developing stage are listed as Leland-Orleans, Woodward East, Hubbard-Richard, and Woodward-Woodbridge. Among the areas in the Study stage are NW-HUD, B2-B4, Harmonie Park, Greektown, Davison-Mound and Myrtle-Stimson.

A great deal of caution is being taken to prevent the mistakes made two or three years ago, when many welfare recipients became frustrated and disillusioned after being duped into putting their measly \$200 or \$300 down on a home, only to lose it. Shortly after they moved into their new homes, violations were found that were far too costly for them to pay for.

New Detroit, Inc., which was created as a result of the '67 riot to correct some of the problems that caused the upheaval, has concentrated primarily on four areas: social, political, economic and group programs and projects. The multiracial organization has, through its Housing Committee, provided some \$4.5-million in funds for non-profit housing development in the war-torn inner city. One well-known example is the Elmwood area.

"Making Detroit a better place to live is our aim," says chairman F.C. Matthaei, Jr. He agrees with Richard C. Gerstenberg, New Detroit's 1975 chairman, that "New Detroit has learned that there are no quick solutions to problems that have developed over scores of years. Social change by itself is a slow process.

"But one important thing is that minority groups must have a significant voice in the decision-making process."

Those who are familiar with the situation and are sincere in their efforts to effect solutions to the problems that beset the people agree that black and other minority citizens must be included in all matters that involve their destiny. The trouble is, however, that it

continued on page 25



OCC President Dr. Joe Hill

OCC RESCINDS SUN BAN

The *Sun* press conference of two weeks ago and subsequent public outrage against the Oakland Community College banning of the *Sun* (*Sun*, July 29) have resulted in an agreement being reached between the *Sun* and the OCC administration to continue the newspaper's free campus distribution program

as a matter of fundamental First Amendment right.

David Sinclair, *Sun* Co-Publisher; Vince Harrington, Distribution Coordinator; and Kenneth Mogill, attorney, met with Oakland Community College administrators on July 16 at the OCC Central Office. Dr. Joe Hill, OCC President, arranged the meeting. Other OCC representatives present included Dean Yeramian, Dean Mitchell, George Cartsonis, and Trustees Willing and Hackett, who assured the *Sun* reps that the paper will no longer encounter illegal seizure and harassment at Highland Lakes, Auburn Hills, Orchard Ridge, or any other OCC campus.

Meeting the day after a stormy public Trustees' meeting at which several OCC students and faculty made known their repugnance at

the administration's unconstitutional ban, the OCC officials affirmed the *Sun's* right to distribute on campus and gave their approval for immediately recommencing the program.

Following broad guidelines discussed at the conference, details as to specific distribution points on each campus remain to be worked out.

The *Sun* views the agreement as a victory in its struggle to uphold the First Amendment and to secure the paper's rights under the Constitution, as well as an important reaffirmation of the role media and the public must play in ensuring responsible conduct on the part of public officials.



DEA

James Thornton and Randolph Kuhlberg became the last of 25 co-defendants to plead guilty in the Roger Fry-DEA-"Reefer, Inc." conspiracy trial two weeks ago (*Sun*, June 3).

Thornton and Kuhlberg pleaded guilty in exchange for two- and one-year sentences nine weeks after the beginning of the trial May 24. San Diego importer-exporter Roger Fry, the driving force behind the multi-million-dollar agribusiness enterprise, pleaded guilty three days earlier and received a 10-year unpardonable sentence.

Assistant U.S. Attorney Peter

Rosen said he was surprised the co-defendants had pleaded guilty to charges that ranged from simple possession of marijuana to running a "continuing criminal enterprise."

The government contended that Fry had a fleet of tandem tanker trucks in his employ which hauled five-ton loads of marijuana across the Mexican border five times a day, seven days a week. Talk of having imported 15,000 tons of marijuana into the United States, however, was called "grossly exaggerated" and "sheer speculation" by defense attorneys.

By Tom

Giving the People What They Want

By Henry Reske

Part II

Part II of "Dearborn: Built by Ford, Ruled by Hubbard" looks at the times a Dearborn newspaper editor refused to buckle under to Hubbard pressure, when the Ford Motor Co. exerted pressure of its own on the erstwhile city dictator and the racism which has enveloped the city.

Fearing a cut off of the useful information Dearborn's city hall provides local newspapers, the papers in that city resist printing anything critical of the Hubbard administration.

If not for a state audit—prompted by charges of corruption levelled by Dearborn citizen Douglas Thomas—the Dearborn newspapers would never have written anything critical of Hubbard.

But even with Hubbard's control waning due to his ill health, Thomas levelling charges and state investigators swarming over city records, the local papers proceeded almost as usual.

The publisher of the Dearborn *Times-Herald*, Frank Bewick, ran a front page editorial proclaiming that his paper would not be a part of the vulture-like attack on the ailing Hubbard. His editorial closely followed the firing of *Times-Herald* editor Gary Farrugia, who had been critical of the Hubbard administration in articles he had written and edited.

Although both Bewick and city officials deny it, members of the local and downtown press generally agree that Bewick was coerced into firing Farrugia for his aggressive coverage of the Hubbard administration. City officials have even taken privately to joking about their part in the firing.

The massive power of the Hubbard administration would go unrivaled if not for the awesome Ford Motor Co. Ford is definitely a power to be reckoned with. Its industry and holdings pay about 50% of all Dearborn taxes and have provided a great deal of the money that Hubbard has used to provide the city with services that aid in his seemingly endless reelections.

When Ford talks, the city listens. Nearly a year ago the Dearborn Board of Education voted to assess the entire millage approved by voters. Some citizens were angered by the move because the board had earlier promised to return some of the millage if it wasn't needed. Preliminary figures showed the board would have an excess, but board members believed all the money would later be needed because of upcoming city employee contract talks, rising costs of fuel, impending Blue Cross and Blue Shield rate hikes, and the uncertainty of state aid. Assessing the entire millage, and not returning the one-mill excess, meant \$900,000 in FoMoCo taxes.

Ford officials demanded—and got—a special meeting of the board to discuss the issue. Ford sent Robert Whan, Associate for Municipal and Community Affairs at Ford, and Ford's Supervisory Tax Attorney, Frank Stocking, to the meeting. Whan chided the board for its decision, which he termed "ill-timed due to poor economic conditions."

"We view as a totally unrealistic luxury any suggestion that this is an appropriate time for the school district to build up cash reserves at taxpayers' expense in order to ward off future uncertainties," Whan said. Meanwhile, the tax attorney presented the board with a complex 12-page document designed to prove that the board wouldn't need the additional money.

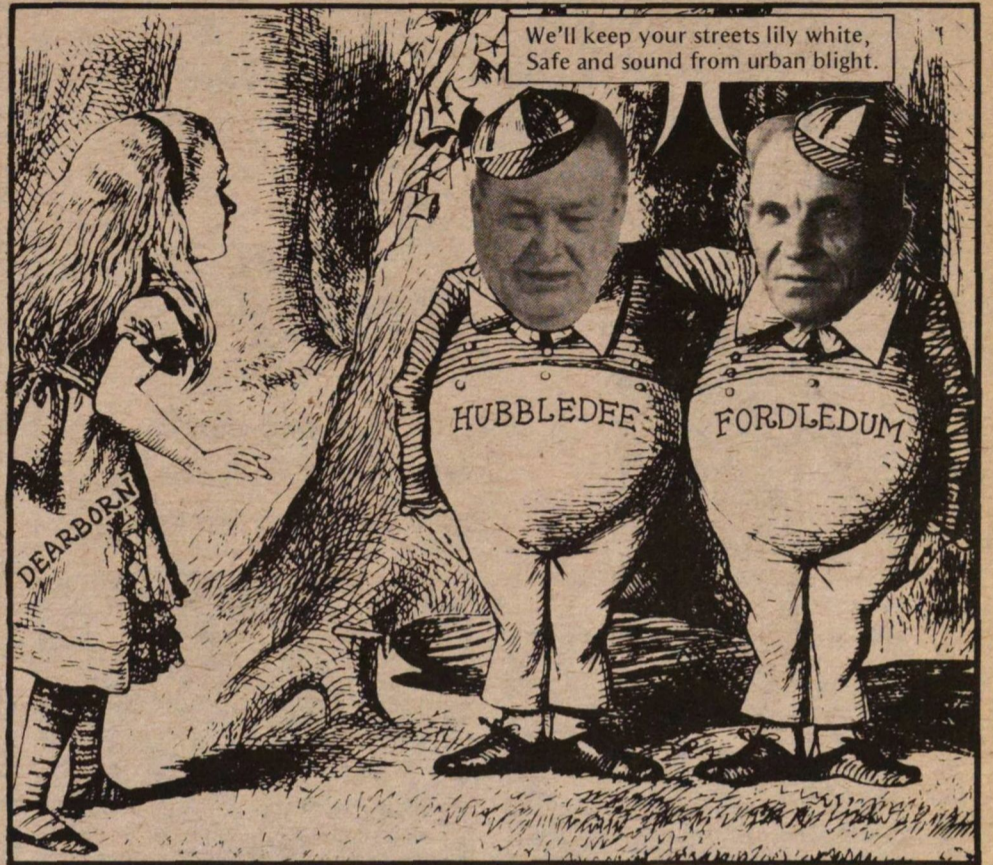
The City of Dearborn sent its acting chief administrator, Robert Keith Archer, to bolster the Ford arguments. The School Board eventually rescinded its vote and returned the mill.

About a year later all the predictions of rising costs proved out, and the board is now facing a \$7.7 million deficit. The board has also recently voted to close schools and lay off more than 60 teachers. They maintain the school closings and lay-offs are necessary because of declining enrollments. Yet parents insist that both the schools and the teachers could be kept on with the additional funds.

The extent of the Ford-Hubbard mutual hand-washing is hard to assess. Yet the fact that Hubbard has existed so long in the town Henry Ford built seems to suggest more than just a platonic relationship.

Hubbard, however, must be given credit for opposing Ford Motor Co. on at least one occasion. Ford, in 1948, was backing a row housing complex in Dearborn, sponsored by the John Hancock Insurance Company, which Hubbard viewed as a threat to the racial make-up of Dearborn. Hubbard reasoned that the low-rent housing would soon attract blacks. So Hubbard put the issue to a city-wide advisory vote, with the voters deciding 15,948 to 10,562 against the project.

On another occasion when Hubbard and Dearborn residents asserted their racist tendencies, in 1963, a near-riot ensued in Dearborn when local residents thought a black family was



Hubbard knows what his people want and how to give it to them. Whether it was keeping the city lily-white or giving the people a retirement village in Florida, Hubbard has delivered.

moving into their lily-white city. Residents on Kendal, in Dearborn's east end, had spied blacks moving furniture into a house and became enraged. They took it for granted that blacks were invading the all-white neighborhood. In actuality, the blacks were employees of a moving company relocating a white family. Such facts eluded the angered mob, however, and when the owner of the house arrived to explain that the home was actually rented to whites, the crowd began throwing eggs and rocks.

Police Chief Garrison Clayton arrived with uniformed police officers to quell the disturbance, but he ordered the police to leave when he scoped out the nature of the incident. Hubbard, who was spending the day at Camp Dearborn, agreed with the action—or rather inaction—of the police.

The crowd vandalized the home and the owner's car, ripping its convertible top and pouring sugar into the gas tank. The disturbance finally ended when the homeowner's attorney arrived with the deed to the home proving it was not owned by blacks.

Federal charges were brought against Hubbard, the police chief and the director of public safety for the police inaction. Hubbard went into hiding for five days by flying to Boston and staying with friends. When he came out of hiding he was arrested and a trial ensued, with all defendants being judged not guilty.

A civil suit brought by the homeowner for physical and mental injuries against Hubbard and his cronies was settled out of court with Hubbard paying \$4,500 in damages, a lot less than the \$250,000 requested in the suit.

Other examples of Hubbard's racism include his directive that rioters during the 1967 Detroit rebellion would be shot on sight if they entered Dearborn and that, among other things, the riot resulted from liberal court decisions and Martin Luther King "raising hell."

continued on page 23

date...



Panzenhagen

Government officials claim that more prosecutions are being developed nationally in "pot-by-the-ton" distribution cases in Boston, Minneapolis, Miami, Washington and Seattle.

PRIMARY POLITICS

The four-way race for the Democratic Party nomination to the U.S. Senate seat being vacated by Phil Hart (*Sun*, July 15) heated up last week as the August 3 primary showdown grew closer.

Candidates leveled charges against candidates and an Austin media specialist and a television talk show host exchanged barbs.

Invited to debate on the Lou Gordon program were Democratic candidates Richard Austin, Secretary of State; James O'Hara and Donald Riegler, Congressmen; and James Elsman, a Birmingham attorney.

Austin declined to appear on the show, however, and refused to sign a waiver which would have allowed his three rivals to appear without violating Austin's right to "equal time." The debate was cancelled.

Critics claimed Austin was trying to keep a low profile in the campaign and slip into the nomination via his well-known name. But Austin spokespeople coun-

tered that Gordon was prejudiced against Austin and his campaign, so their candidate would not appear for that reason.

Instead, Austin and his three Democratic rivals, along with the four Republican candidates for U.S. Senate, appeared on public television July 30 to discuss the issues. Meantime, Gordon and media specialist Jack Casey exchanged epithets, Lou calling Austin a "plastic candidate" and Casey dubbing Gordon a "plastic entertainer."

On other fronts, the Riegler campaign spread word that "a vote for O'Hara is a vote for Austin," insinuating that the race had drawn to a showdown between

Austin and Riegler.

O'Hara accused Riegler of being up to his old tricks again, tampering with poll results to make it look as though he were Austin's number-one rival. Throughout the Senate race, Austin had outdistanced both Riegler and O'Hara by comfortable 2-to-1 margins.

Not to be left out, long-shot candidate James Elsman charged Austin with perpetuating contributions from the Secretary of State's branch managers to finance his Senate race.

Austin conceded that branch managers, according to the so-called patronage system, have kicked back three-quarters of a million dollars in the last five years to fund, in part, not only his campaign but the campaigns of other Democrats. He refused,

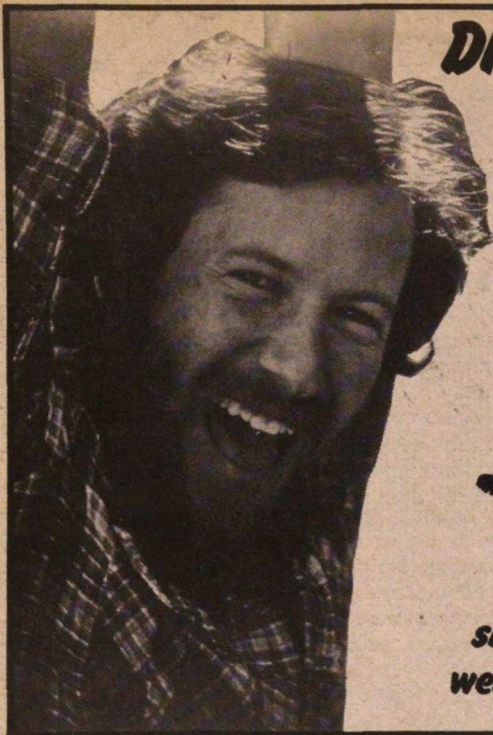


Richard Austin

however, to allow reporters to look at records of those kick-backs.

Elsman, meanwhile, was charged by Troy Associate Municipal Judge James R. Hand with violation of Troy zoning ordinances in connection with campaign signs Elsman had posted. Elsman will go to trial Aug. 5, and, if found guilty, could be fined \$100 and/or 90 days in jail.

continued on page 23



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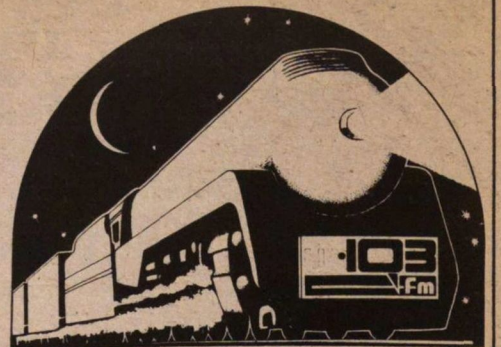
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The Convention That Needn't Have Been

THE GREAT DEMOCRATIC SLEEP-IN

continued from the cover

this year, and one really cannot blame them for going to extreme lengths to preserve it. The memory of the 1972 floor fights which resulted in George McGovern's acceptance speech being delivered to a sleeping nation at 3 a.m. still haunts the Dems, from George Wallace to Jerry Brown. Still, watching the Carter deputies squelch an effort on the floor to allow one lousy hour of debate on three major issues is sobering indeed.

You have to hand it to Carter's mostly under-35 campaign staff, though. The whole thing is smoothly organized down to the smallest detail. An incredible engineering feat, both the campaign and the convention, and certainly a tribute to Carter's much-vaunted organizational skills.

After attending the Michigan caucus Monday morning, your reporter saunters downstairs to check out the lively California delegation and its zen prince emeritus, Jerry Brown. These people really are behind their 38-year-old governor—wild cheers, ovations and the like. I see more energy among the California delegation than anywhere else at the convention.

Then it's over to the Statler Hilton, across from the Garden, for a gathering of the Democratic left, hosted by Detroit Congressman John Conyers, where Tom Hayden is the featured speaker.

Hayden, fresh from gaining 1.2 million votes, or 40%, in the California Democratic Senatorial Primary (spending \$1 million to do it) addresses about 200 people on the need to keep the progressive spirit of '68 and '72 alive in the party. He urges the crowd not to give up but to penetrate the Democrats more deeply so that future conventions could be less of a big sleep. Tom eloquently expresses confidence that the generation of activists of the late 1960's is now moving into positions of power and influence in politics and society at large, and that change is inevitable.

Conyers takes the podium next to reflect upon how political elections are second-rate affairs until corporate power is squarely confronted. "If we don't deal with the problem of the corporate, entrenched enterprise which now forms that part of government sitting in misery alongside all of us in the public government, making all the major decisions domestically and in terms of foreign policy, then we will have ultimately failed. ..."

Opening night at Madison Square is demonstration night. New York's hospital workers, under the banner of the very vocal Local 1199, are on strike, and 6,000 of them are rallying on Eighth Avenue. Leon Davis, the union head, is shouting at the delegates across the street that they "better not get sick in New York." The next instant, Davis collapses and is ushered off in a cab.

The Yippies—yes, some some such assemblage is still around—are marching around with Wavy Gravy of the old Hog Farm and banners proclaiming "Nobody For President" in 1976. A gay march is dispersing at another end of the block, and the pro-abortion forces are finishing their rally. Meanwhile, the New York police are keeping everyone in their own little protesting niche.

But the high point of the opening night came after the convention dispersed. More stories were written about the *Rolling Stone* "Cracker Chic" party than just about anything else in the New York press. *Stone's* editor Jann Wenner, after endorsing Carter, decided to throw a gala and invite Con-

Thursday is the most moving day of the whole shabang. Fritz Mondale, a V-P choice obviously made in concession to the doubting liberal wing of the party, gives a rousing, arm-waving speech that mentions Nixon and Watergate for the first time at the convention.

And then Jimmy himself mounts the podium. Slowly, methodically, relishing every dramatic moment, and quoting (slightly mis-quoting, actually) from Bob Dylan, Jimmy delivers his version of the Sermon on the Mount.

Not for nothing is this man a Sunday School teacher. The speech promises to heal the nation's wounds, to not let "the big shot crooks go free while the poor ones go to jail," to revamp the disgraceful wealth-protecting U.S. tax system, to reorganize government, to end waste, to guarantee jobs and income for all. It is a masterful speech, thoroughly platitudinous, but all in all very moving.

In fact, Carter has delegates and spectators literally crying in the aisles. As in the primaries, the Atomic Peanut displays his obvious talent for uniting those present in the hope that the nation can change positively.

As a finale, Carter brings Rev. Martin Luther King Sr. to the podium to deliver a benediction. "I've been up to Heaven," the elder King offers, "while watching Carter and Mondale speak." Coretta King is standing nearby. People are visibly moved again by the rousing revivalist proceeding. Here stand the Democrats, united, a white southerner running for president being blessed by a black southerner whose son was murdered in the struggle for equality.

Then the entire assemblage launches into "We Shall Overcome." A nice vision. It would feel good to believe in something like that. But Lyndon Johnson sang "We Shall Overcome" too, then went right on overcoming the Vietnamese people with death. Politicians will say anything to be elected.

Afterwards, at the Carter victory party at the Americana Hotel, one of Carter's press secretaries tells me that he feels his work with Carter is a logical progression from his anti-war student activist days. He is 26. Carter's chief of scheduling, 28, saved my ass from the security forces attempting to eject me, and sermonizes that I'll trust Jimmy after he is elected.

These southerners at the party are a breed of young activists who have never held power before, and the Washington and New York establishment is apparently scared to death, because this time, the nominee isn't one of them.

Or is he? A week after his rousing, populist acceptance speech and promises of economic reform, Carter is covering second base at the "21 Club" by assuring top business leaders like Henry Ford II, J. Paul Austin of Coca Cola, and Edgar Bronfman of Seagram that "I don't intend for government to dominate business" and reaffirming his belief in "free enterprise in the multi-national corporation."

But hanging with his campaign staff until five in the morning, I can be sure of one thing. Jimmy Carter has some very bright, committed, and socially conscious people working very hard for him, and they pulled off what every-

one said was impossible. Since Carter is pretty much a sure win against Reagan or Ford, it will be interesting to see how long they're able to

stick with him, and how much power he puts into their hands come next January.

All photographs of the convention were taken by Steve Kagen, a freelance photographer from Ann Arbor.



Demonstration outside the convention



Carter campaign worker



Jesse Jackson

gressmen and women, Senators, stars and media heavies of all stripes in the *Stone's* continuing quest for legitimacy.

The crush gets so bad at the door and inside that the entrance is blocked by police, and celebrities Warren Beatty, Jane Fonda and Paul Simon, politicians McGeorge Bundy, Bella Abzug, and Tom Hayden, journalism types Ben Bradlee, Sally Quinn, Carl Bernstein, Dorothy Schiff, and Seymour Hersch—among many others—simply can't get in. Not so Walter Cronkite—he gets his own police wedge right



Barbara Jordan

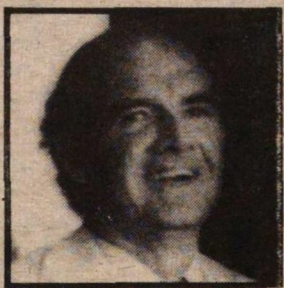
through to the door. So the celebs and celeb-watchers who can't get in hold a block party on East 68th Street.

Tuesday Barbara Jordan, the black Texas Congresswoman who gained fame during the Nixon impeachment proceedings, gets the strongest response of anyone at the event. A cry goes up from the floor calling for Jordan as Vice President, but some of it seems slightly patronizing. John Glenn gives a speech so spacey that no one listens.

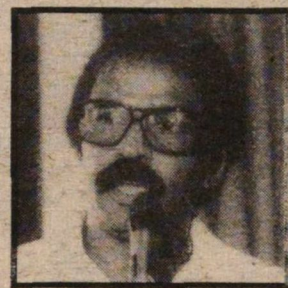
Walking around the floor, I spot Mayor Daley talking with his wife and cronies. Dan Rather looks better with make-up on TV than in the flesh. A rather sporty-looking George McGovern is signing autographs. The floor is so crowded one can hardly move.

Hubert Humphrey really is pink and bubbling with amphetamines. But he gets his dander up about these Republicans who "preach the work ethic and then insure unemployment." The old fire is still burning in Hubert. McGovern takes the podium to preach that the disunity of the Democrats elected Richard Nixon twice. No disunity here, George.

Wednesday is roll call day, but the Ohio delegation's vote—putting Jimmy over the top—is anticlimactic at best. During the afternoon Jerry Brown hosts a benefit party for Cesar Chavez and the United Farm Workers of California. Brown later has Chavez nominate him at the convention.



George McGovern



John Conyers



Hubert Humphrey



Tom Hayden

Here stand the Democrats, united, a white southerner running for president being blessed by a black southerner whose son was murdered in the struggle for equality.

Sources Informed Sources Informed Sources Informed Sources Informed Sources Informed Sources

The Thaw Turns To A Freeze Again

Whatever Happened To "Detente" With Cuba?

By Stephen Kinzer

The causes of the sharp turnaround in U.S.-Cuban relations lie deeper than the Angola episode—they have to do with Washington's view of the world as a chessboard with only a very few players allowed to participate, and with America's inability to accept the presence in our hemisphere of a nation not dependent on the U.S. for anything. Stephen Kinzer of the Boston Phoenix reviews the current situation:

The first sign the American public had that U.S.-Cuban relations might improve was the visit to Havana of Senator George McGovern in May of 1975. More significant than the visit itself were two "signs" that clearly made the McGovern visit an important symbol of Cuba's continuing desire to re-establish a cooperative and mutually beneficial relationship with her giant neighbor.

First was the Cuban decision to allow a large number of American journalists, including representatives of major periodicals and networks, to accompany McGovern. Second was the extraordinary reception McGovern received from Prime Minister Castro. The two were together during almost all of McGovern's visit and had several wide-ranging discussions that far exceeded, both in length and in form, what was required by diplomatic protocol.

McGovern reported that Castro's only prerequisite for direct negotiations with the U.S. was a dropping of the unilateral trade embargo which this country maintains against Cuba. Castro indicated to McGovern that even if sanctions were lifted only on food and medicine, the Cubans would be satisfied enough to proceed to negotiations. McGovern himself endorsed this proposal "very strongly," and added that he and Castro had agreed that with Nixon out of the White House, progress could be made.

Castro also told McGovern that Cuba was willing to consider the question of "compensating" American companies whose holdings in Cuba were nationalized after Castro came to power. Claims by the companies totaling \$1.8 billion have long been considered an obstacle to renewed trade between the two countries.

Castro and McGovern also agreed that an exchange of baseball and/or basketball teams between Cuba and the U.S. would be an ideal next step.

Significantly, the State Department let it be known that it welcomed the "conciliatory" comments Castro made to McGovern.

The pace of what then seemed to be a U.S.-Cuban detente quickened after the McGovern visit. The State Department reported in June that it had received more than 100 inquiries from U.S. businesses wishing to trade with Cuba. In July, it was announced that world-renowned Cuban ballerina Alicia Alonso, a friend of Castro, would visit the U.S. Later that month, the U.S. joined 15 other Western hemisphere neighbors in voting to end the Organization of American States (OAS) embargo against Cuba and "allow" each nation to decide for itself how to deal with Cuba.

In August, the Cubans returned \$2 million that had been extorted from

"Although economic relations with the United States may be useful to our country, these relations will never be re-established on the basis of giving up one iota of our principles."



Southern Airlines by a hijacker who later landed in Cuba. Senator John Sparkman, a conservative Alabama Democrat involved in the transaction, called for a "staged removal" of the U.S. embargo.

The first official response of the U.S. to these overtures was a modification of some of the terms of the embargo. The administration ended its prohibition against giving aid to nations that trade with Cuba; agreed to allow refueling and docking rights to ships carrying flags of nations trading with Cuba; and agreed to support legislation repealing the prohibition against food credit sales to nations trading with Cuba.

But the State Department refused to characterize the move as a conciliatory gesture, and said that further steps would depend on the "Cuban attitude."

During the summer, U.S. auto manufacturers, taking advantage of a decision allowing their foreign subsidiaries to trade with Cuba, signed an agreement to sell several thousand vehicles to Cuba in a pact totaling \$1.2 million.

The State Department also quietly eased travel restrictions on Cuba diplomats in the U.S. This move led, among other things, to several private visits to Boston last year by Cuban diplomats.

In September, Secretary Kissinger admitted that the policy of "reciprocal steps" was making progress. In October, American cellist Christine Walewska became the first American artist to perform in Cuba since the Revolution. Later that month, the Commerce Department released a study showing that the embargo was becoming "costly" for the U.S., and that its effectiveness was diminishing because steadily increasing sugar prices were improving Cuba's trade position. Among Cuba's main trading partners are Canada, France, Britain, and Japan.

PROLETARIAN INTERNATIONALISM

So it was just six months ago that the momentum towards a genuine rapprochement between Cuba and the U.S. seemed greater than ever before. The process that began in 1973 with the anti-hijacking agreement, and accelerated in 1974 and 1975, seemed about to culminate in a breakthrough that would at last end the unnatural enmity between the world's mightiest power and a small neighboring state which wants only to be treated as independent and sovereign.

But there is a fundamental contradiction between U.S. foreign policy and Cuban foreign policy. Cuba-watchers caught up in the excitement of last year's developments may have been too optimistic in their hope that this contradiction could be overlooked in the interest of co-existence and mutual advantage.

For Henry Kissinger, the third world is an arena in which the great powers vie for worldwide hegemony. The developing nations of Asia, Africa, and Latin America are viewed only as pawns in a game they may not participate in and are not even expected to understand.

But to the Cubans, the world looks different. The developing world they see is divided between nations struggling for independence and the economic and political forces which conspire to prevent their development.

Perhaps no people on earth take so seriously the Marxist ideal of proletarian internationalism.

continued on page 26

By Jan Prezz

High flying Jack Ford, son of outspoken Betty Ford, has finally made it after hanging out with all of them rock stars: Jack's mug is on the latest cover of Rolling Stone. When asked if he still smoked pot he hemmed and hawed, saying, "it didn't seem to be uh... a needed part of my life. It just made life a lot easier not to than to do it." But an anonymous Secret Service agent 'fessed up, saying—"Jack is not a stoned hippie... he probably smokes a joint or two. But he's not a pothead."

The Caribbean is growing as one of the world's leading potential crisis points. According to Pacific News Service, U.S. concern over rising Soviet and Cuban influence in the Caribbean has prompted the former chairperson of the Joint Chiefs of Staff to predict that "in the next two decades the Soviet naval presence in the Caribbean and South America is likely to become stronger"—giving muscle to Soviet diplomacy and trade ambitions. The nationalism of the Caribbean countries is making America nervous especially since America has financial interests spread across the Caribbean. Also, a vast complex of military installations in the Caribbean serve America's military and intelligence activities in Latin America. Of these military installations America is eager to preserve its own Bermuda Triangle of great bases—Guantanamo, Cuba; Roosevelt Roads, Puerto Rico—the Pearl Harbor of the Atlantic; and the Panama Canal Zone, which has 14 military bases alone. What Monroe Doctrine?

There were two Fritzes at the 1976 Democratic National Convention in NYC. The first "Fritz", Walter "Fritz" Mondale (brother of William "Mort" Mondale) is the new symbol of Democratic Party unity.

The second "Fritz," Fritz Efaw, was one of the only visible signs of division at the convention. Efaw was cheered by some, while other delegates showed their displeasure by holding their noses and booing. Efaw, it seems, is one of the new delegates from abroad—he's spent the last seven years in exile in England for being a draft resister. In an attempt to bring the question of total amnesty for the 790,000 draft resisters before the convention, Fritz was nominated for the vice-presidency.

Efaw would be covered under Jimmy Carter's proposed "pardon plan," which would apply to only 7,000 draft resisters.



Jack Ford

DETROIT CITY LIMITS

TED LUCAS

MIXED BAG

"BINGO LONG"

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY

JAN HAMMER

SUN

«KULCHUR»

NEWPORT REPORT

JAZZ AT MONTREUX

"SILENT MOVIE"

ALL NIGHT STRUT

STANLEY TURRENTINE

JOHNNY GUITAR WATSON

Homecoming—Short, Sweet, Ends in Defeat**City Celebration Cut Short**

By Frank Bach & John Sinclair

On Monday, July 19, halfway through an incredible program of thirteen major concerts featuring Motor City-originated artists, the Detroit Bicentennial Commission abruptly cancelled all but three of the remaining events in the gala *Homecoming '76* celebration.

With ticket sales amounting to only a few hundred persons per show and going nowhere for the rest of the series, Bicentennial Executive Director Joyce Garrett and Festival Executive Producer Walter Mason announced that the remaining concerts scheduled for Masonic Temple—including Kim Weston's "Tribute to Dinah Washington" and Clifford Fears' "Blues Ballet" set for that night's *What Color Is The Blues* show; the *Keyboard Harmony* concert featuring Dorothy Ashby, Harold McKinney, Barry Harris, Tommy Flanagan, Roland Hanna, and other Detroit piano greats, scheduled for Tuesday night; Wednesday's *Star Track* show, whose stars remained a mystery until it was scratched from the list; and *Detroit Renaissance*, the Thursday night concert which was going to try to present a long list of locally-based talent at a low ticket price—would be cancelled.

Two concerts at the city-owned Ford Auditorium—*A Touch of Class*, featuring Yusef Lateef with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, conducted by James Frazier; and *Jazz Synthesis*, a concert by the West Bloomfield Symphony of work by Detroit composer/arranger/orchestrator Dave VanDePitte—would be staged as scheduled, at Ford Auditorium.

Although only eight of its thirteen major events ever got off the ground, *Homecoming '76* was a tremendous artistic success for the musicians, the City, and the limited number of people who were able to attend. Despite everything that went wrong—principally the stunning lack of paying customers—the Homecoming Festival, while it lasted, was a warm and wonderful tribute to the native art of Detroit and the ideals, if not the promotional expertise, of the Festival's producers.

Things got off to a somewhat awkward start on July 16 with *The Stars Salute Detroit*. On the positive side was a major performance by *The Homecoming Dancers*, a youthful troupe especially assembled by dancer/choreographer/teacher Clifford Fears, and a guest spot by the legendary jazz vocalist Billy Eckstine.

Fears' troupe had what turned out to be their best opportunity during the Festival at this concert, as they presented an extended series of skits conceived and choreographed by Vera Embree. The routines loosely reflected the history of this area, representing the first settlers with a piece based on an early French square dance, the English with a waltz-inspired routine, and contemporary culture with a thumbnail sketch of popular dances of the last few decades. They finished with Embree's "Tribute to Ziggy," in memory of the great Detroit dancer/entertainer/teacher, Ziggy Johnson, with whom Fears began his studies as a teenager.

Although they had only three weeks to prepare Embree's works for the Festival, this performance displayed the exciting potential of Fears' students, slated to appear several times throughout Homecoming. To get from the dancers to headliner Eckstine, however, the tiny crowd at Masonic had to sit through the likes of Itojo Kumano, the Japanese pop star whose renditions of Frank Sinatra and Carpenters songs in no way justified her presence on the bill. Unfortunately, our reviewers never made

it through to the end of the concert to see Eckstine or Detroit child wonder Lisa Stone (scheduled to sing the Val Benson-Jimmy Griffith song "Detroit Renaissance" at the show's closing) because things were running about two hours late, and the next, much more promising event was already underway at Orchestra Hall.

Midnight Jams brought Motor City jazz back to the funky but still-vibrating Orchestra Hall, which was built for the Detroit Symphony in 1919; showcased jazz, vaudeville, and films as the Paradise Theatre during the 40's and 50's; and is currently undergoing extensive renovation. The old place rang out with the creative contemporary music that consistently proved to be the most exciting stuff Homecoming had to offer, spiced with brief but refreshing spots by Virginia Capers, star of the musical *Raisin* (which was then closing a long run at the Fisher Theatre), and the hot song-and-dance team from *All Night Strut* (which was at Music Hall).

Homecoming was quite fortunate that Jimmy Wilkins' big band offered its services for no less than three events—the orchestra's big, beautiful sound got things off to a swinging start at the Midnight Jam, warming it up and introducing vocalist Dennis Rowland, whose exquisite baritone proved a tasteful complement to the classic sound of the Wilkins organization. The Shoo Be Doo Show Jazz-A-Go-Go Band, despite its goofy moniker, provided several very interesting pieces with the assistance of Professor Barry Harris on piano and Eli Fountain, Jr. doing percussion. Roy Brooks directed his large Aboriginal Percussion Choir through an extended, multi-textured exercise in rhythmic creativity, and a quiet guitar duo by Wayne Wright and Ron English mellowed things out at about 4:00 AM. The show closed with a competent but ill-timed "disco" set by The Contagious Others band, with the well-known Other Brothers out in front.

Although only a small crowd of a couple hundred people were in attendance and things were loose as ever

onstage, the spontaneous, impromptu nature of the event was inoffensive. Two well-stocked refreshment stands turned the lobby into a unique social scene, as young City government people rubbed elbows with musicians, artists and other folks who happened to make it to the show.

The musicians swapped stories and tried to gauge the groove that would carry them through the rest of the week.

The groove they hit the next night, at Saturday's *Jazz Reunion* show, was undoubtedly Homecoming's highest experience. Although ticket sales were slow again, the Bi-Centennial Commission wisely decided to fill some seats by any means necessary and, with the help of WJZZ radio, the Tribe organization, and this newspaper, gave away almost 1,000 complimentary tickets the afternoon of the concert. The audience was a fortunate one.

The Kenny Burrell Quartet brought the glory of the 50's jazz scene squarely into focus, opening the concert with a serious, well-received set. Recreating late 20's/early-30's big-band music was The New McKinney Cotton Pickers, performing with Dave Wilborn, the vocalist with William McKinney's original Detroit band. After a respectful reception for the Cotton Pickers' subtle and interesting arrangements, tenor saxophonist Candy Johnson (who was sitting in with the Pickers) came out front as

continued on page 22



Clifford Fears' Homecoming Dancers performing at "Jazz Reunion" at Masonic Temple

Top: Yusef Lateef with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Joe Frazier conducting



SORRY 'BOUT THAT: The extensive coverage of the **Detroit Homecoming Festival** in our last issue easily outdistanced the event itself, which fell completely apart on Monday, July 19 with the cancellation of all remaining shows (except those with the various symphonies, of course) by Bicentennial Director **Joyce Garrett** and Festival Producer **Walter Mason**, who said they had lost enough money by then, thank you. We really can't say we didn't warn you, dear friends, but that sure doesn't help take the sad feeling away . . . While it lasted, the **Homecoming Festival** was festive indeed—in its own inimitable **Motor City** way, needless to say—and everyone we saw, musicians and diggers alike, were having the time of their lives. (See if you can match the nouns and verbs up back there, just for kicks.) Seriously, friends, for a few very brief days in July this tired old beat-up city was kicking its burned-out feelers around in the air and noticing how . . . hmmm . . . nice everything seemed to be for a change. Didn't it used to be like this a lot, some mused. And why don't we all get together more often, anyway? But the financial irresponsibility of the Homecoming producers pulled the plug on the whole thing before everybody could get wired up enough to make it keep happening for a while, and who knows what it'll take to stir it up again after all that grief? . . . Still and all, everything considered, we're terribly glad that **Ms. Garrett**, **Mr. Mason** and Company made their ill-fated try, and we wish now—as we have all along—that there was enough good luck in the world to go along with their good intentions and make up for their bad planning and bad arrogance in the face of its results. Harsh words, perhaps, but the question of



THE COAT PULLER

public art is no frivolous matter, and city officials—no matter how politically progressive—must learn to treat the creative artists in their community with full and complete respect. Just between us and you, if we may be so bold, the way Detroit artists were treated during the entire course of this disastrous project—given the happy fact that they were formally recognized by city officials for the first time in Detroit's long history—was just short of criminal. With months to prepare for the event, its organizers didn't bother to contact the musicians until late in the game, and then made contact with most in only the vaguest way. By the time the Festival started, only Mr. Mason's brilliance as a

producer—coupled with the thorough-going professionalism of the Detroit musicians—was able to make any semblance of order out of the general confusion and chaos which prevailed. We daresay that formal apologies to all concerned are in order, and then let's try to be more sensitive to what's happening from now on, OK? . . .

HOMECOMING HEROES: included choreographers **Vera Embree** and **Clifford Fears**, who dashed off sketches for the series of **Homecoming** shows in less than three weeks and then, with **Clifford** in the lead, whipped together the company of **Homecoming Dancers** which performed them—or at least **Ms. Embree's**. **Mr. Fears** had his first ballet of the **Festival**, the **Hastings Street**-oriented "**Blues Ballet**," with music especially and quickly composed by **Margaret Harris**, in town as the conductor of the **Raisin** orchestra at the **Fisher Theatre** and subsequently guest conductor of the **Jimmy Wilkins Orchestra** for **Virginia Capers'** appearance at **Midnight Jams in Orchestra Hall**—now that's a mouthful—but the "**Blues Ballet**" was cancelled out as the **Homecoming Dancers** were standing onstage at **Masonic Temple** waiting for the dress rehearsal to begin . . . **Bob Bass**, General Manager of **WJZZ-FM**, who was pressed into spontaneous M.C. duty for the **Detroit Reunion** and other shows, and who organized the massive ticket giveaway on Saturday which gave the brilliant musicians who performed at the **Reunion** show an audience at least somewhat worthy of their mind-altering offerings . . . **Woody Miller** and **Mark McCulloch** of **Midtown Associates**, who got one of the ubiquitous last-minute calls from the **Festival's** pro-



continued on page 16

THE DEPRESSION

One evening in 1930 a factory worker walked slow into his home & he looked tired and worried.

"What's the matter, John?" ask his wife anxious glance in her eye.

"I'm laid off! Out of a fucking job! The factory closed today."

"But it'll open again . . ."

"I doubt it," answered Mr. Gale throwing cap aside and sit in chair. "Two other factories are closing in town this week and they'll probably stay closed for months. Things are looking bad all over the country."

"Have you taken a shit yet?"

"What!?!?"

"Well, have you taken a shit yet? I got some new Jones Scented Toilet Paper at the store today. You can have the nicest smelling asshole at the plant if you go use some."

"Betty, for Christ's sake, I'm fired!"

"But why, John?" asked his wife. "Everyone's been so prosperous."

"Yeah, that's the way it looked for awhile all right. But things have changed. Lots of companies are closing. They won't be hiring anyone and plenty of us will be out of jobs." He opens a can of chocolate covered ants. "It certainly looks like trouble ahead."

It began in the fall of 1929 sweeping country like a mad net. Depression. Hard times for millions. Thousands of factories, mills and other businesses closed. Smoke no longer poured from the steel mills in Pittsburgh. Workers no longer streamed from the Ford Motor Company in Dearborn, Michigan. And with no work the banks suffered. People took their savings from the banks and soon many banks failed and some depositors lost their money. Things reached a point where people could not pay their grocery bill or rent bills. "For Rent" signs hung from empty porches. Men walked streets looking for work. They stood in one spot for a long time with their hands in their pockets and no ideas. They jumped from hotels screaming desperate. Churches ran soup lines and people stood in the lines for clear soup and bread. All over the country. Men looked at each other and did not talk. They came up to you and asked if you'd like to buy an apple mister.

A man and a woman were in a boat out in Santa Monica Bay. It was night and they sat on the afterdeck in wicker chairs drinking Scotch.

"Well how do you like that, Vahlia, you dope!" said the woman. She had long blond hair & with a bikini.

"Something the matter, doll?"

"The Depression!"

"What's wrong with it?" asked the man smoking a pipe of uta.

"No good."

The boat rocked gently. On shore lights burned.

"Why it's lasted this long I'll never know," the woman said. "I do know it's your fault, though, tall, dark and handsome."

"I don't get you?"

"In all the excitement of leaving *The Narko* with you, Joe, I packed the wrong gear!"

"They are jumping from the Hotel Madrid."

"It is the Depression."

"You wanted it that much?" he asked her.

"What?"

"You know . . ."

"Don't look at me like that, Joe."

"Well, we're broke now. You know that I suppose?"

"Let's play Gin Rummy," she said.

"We'll have to start again somehow."

"Come on up to the bow with me and do the Big Apple."

"I'll have to find some sort of employment. Something." The man gazed vacantly across the water.

The lights on shore were far away.

"Life's full of mystery," said the man and then he began to weep.

"Come on up to the bow of the boat. We'll take off our clothes and do the Lindy and the Black Bottom and the Big Apple and the Charleston. I got some dirty pictures of a Jew getting fucked by a mule. We'll discuss Freud and read some F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway. We'll eat eskimo pies and play backgammon and drink in speaks. I'll be a flapper and you put on the racoon coat and wear the wide pants with a hip flask. It's not over! We'll watch Shipwreck Kelly and Floyd Collins. It hasn't ended! Let's go! To the bow of this boat! To the rocking hours! Let's make it!"

The man looking down at the water. It was black. He was coughing and looking at the puke on the dark water. Jesus, he thought. Somehow he had to get rid of this broad.

SECOND ENDING

The man looked down at the water. It was black. He fell over the rail and swam as deeply as he could and he felt happy at the feeling inside his brain and everything was fast and slow and then he was dead.



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

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NEWPORT REPORT

By Gary Giddins

Two acts too many were jammed into the "Blues at Midnight" bill—the first musically compelling concert of the 30-event Newport in New York extravaganza—but from the moment Bobby Bland appeared, sauntering as though the stage were a boudoir, you knew something special was in the air. Looking 20 pounds trimmer than his last New York appearance, his mod suit and natural traded back for a pink shirt and processed coif, he was in magnificent voice. He was loose, witty, and liberated, exchanging light patter, conducting a hand-clapping routine, and singing with a luster he hasn't displayed in this city in years. Even in the '60s, Bland frequently performed as rigidly as a mannequin, every phrase and gesture in its proper place. Last week, he seemed renewed—I've never heard better performances of "I'll Take Care of You" and "Driftin'." His tempos were perfect, the band was a tightly rehearsed jump unit, and the set much too short. If his next record reflects what appeared to be a profound determination, rather than the machinations of ABC's hack arrangers, he may peak again. What a shame that white audiences still don't know who he is.

Fats Domino, too long absent from this area, crammed as many of his hits into half an hour as possible, and although he was practically gone before he started, his vitality and spirit—not to mention songs like "I'm Walkin'," "Let the Four Winds Blow," and "I'm Gonna Be a Wheel"—were as exhilarating as ever. Muddy Waters was energetic, although his band was uneven. His basically typical set was highlighted by a richly voiced "Sail On."

The more ambitious jazz programs began well with "Mingus Flamenco." Mingus's current quintet, with Danny Mixon on piano, and Ricky Ford on tenor, was augmented by alumnus Jimmy Knepper on trombone. Their set included "For Harry Carney," by Sy Johnson; Mingus's "Remember Rockefeller at Attica," a lusty, jubilant piece that belies its title; and the mercurial "Sue's Changes." The climax of the concert was the union of dancers and musicians for "Ysabel's Table Dance," an excerpt from Mingus's epochal "Tia Juana Moods." It was a fascinating performance, during which the

Left to right: Charles Mingus, Herbie Hancock, Dizzy Gillespie, Thaddeus



Sarah Vaughan



Elvin Jones

Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Anthony Braxton, Sonny Stitt, Eddy Loackjaw Davis

dancers gave the illusion of improvising—Sy Johnson assures me it was an illusion—and Mingus, Mixon, and Danny Richmond cut a few steps themselves.

The other special productions were less successful. Cannonball Adderley's "Big Man" was a mess; although Joe Williams tried to breathe life into John Henry, the

appalling sound mix and open-rehearsal ambience defeated whatever potential the work may have. The "Tribute to Trane" was basically a repeat of a New York Jazz Repertory Company program of two years back. Elvin Jones's quartet played an invigorating set, highlighted by a Ryo Kawasaki guitar solo on Coltrane's "Acknowledgement," followed by a somnambulant meditation from McCoy Tyner's group. Both leaders joined the Repertory Company as Andrew White conducted his transcriptions of Coltrane solos. It was an impressive, even exciting feat, with a virtuosic White alto solo that seemed to terrify the other saxophonists on stage, but cohesion was intermittent and Jones and Tyner, who played nicely on "Giant Steps," seemed at sea.

The most exciting moment at Keith Jarrett's recital was the temper tantrum he threw because of late arrivals at intermission. It had that certain emotional je ne sais quoi lacking in his music. Charlie Haden and saxophonist Jan Garbarek joined him, and a string ensemble plodded through a pretty melody so satisfied with its prettiness it had no place to go for the hour or so it lasted.

Certainly the most ambitious concerts were the four devoted to music composed and recorded by Duke Ellington between 1927 and 1943. Five orchestras appeared under the aegis of the New York Jazz Repertory Company—the Ellington Orchestra, directed by Mercer Ellington, two NYJRC units conducted by Dick Hyman, and one each conducted by Bob Wilber and Joe Newman. The most cogent criti-

cism of the Repertory Company approach possible was provided at the first concert by Cootie Williams, who guested on a few of the '20s classics associated with trumpeters Bubber Miley, Jabbo Smith, and himself. He played with such exquisite fire, finesse, and urgency that the rest of the band receded into the ether.

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By Leslie Hankey

Traveling to a music festival surrounded by high, postcard mountains, amidst a quiet Swiss village settled on a clear lake—whew! The annual Montreux Jazz Festival certainly is an adventure for everyone involved, including the press, participants, and especially the musicians who play there.

In its tenth year, the Montreux Festival has an international reputation for showcasing top-name performers as well as being the scene of many hot "live" recordings by music greats. The secret of its success undoubtedly revolves around the word "promotion." The "Presse," as the Swiss would say, are all present and accounted for. There are special press boxes for the "critics' viewing delight," and an act performing there can count on excellent widespread exposure. Record company big-shots are there too, and their ears are wide open.

The entire festival is filmed for television-broadcast in Switzerland, and the TV hook-up is also used to provide live closed-circuit coverage throughout the casino where the concerts are held. Tapes of the previous year's performances are played over the system during equipment changes.

Artists who play at Montreux also help to promote the Festival itself through "Live at the Montreux Jazz Festival" records, which provide additional revenue to the Festival organization.

The "main man" behind Montreux is Claude Nobs, who handles production as well as MCing the festivities. The Festival is his brainchild, and he seems to enjoy it more than anyone. He can be seen doing his continuous, non-stop dancing in the wings or at stage-side, and when he announces he speaks in both French and English, his voice a-quiver with excitement over the players to come.

The Festival is programmed in three categories: Folk and Country (two days, June 25-26), Soul and Electric Blues (three days, July 2-4) and Jazz (six days, July 6-11). Concerts were held in the evening at the

Art Blakey



Luther Allison



Luther Allison

casino, and there were several free music presentations at outdoor locations in the afternoons. The first Soul and Electric Blues concert was our introduction to this year's Montreux, and it opened with Franky Miller's Full House, whose lead singer did a good Joe Cocker imitation in front of a band with a steady even-keel that kind of left me cold.

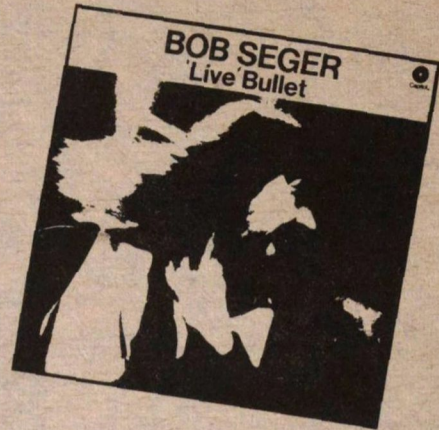
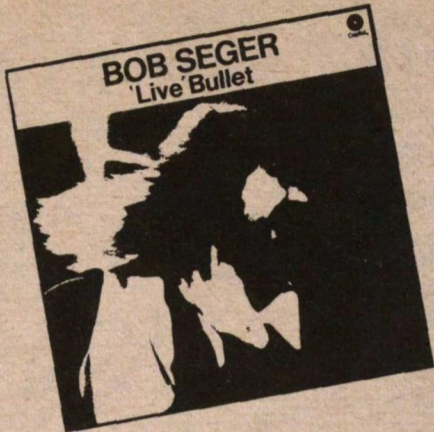
Odetta serenaded the audience of mixed nationalities with her brand of soul-folk. Next up was Stuff—a collection of fine New York studio musicians who have played on the scene for years with the likes of Aretha Franklin, Gladys Knight and The Pips, James Brown, Hank Crawford, Esther Phillips, Gato Barbieri, etc., etc., etc. The members most recently backed Joe Cocker on his last tour of the U.S.: Gordon Edwards on bass, Richard Tee on keyboards, Cornell Dupree and Eric Gale on guitars, and Steve Gadd on drums. Odetta joined in for the encore and the entire casino rocked.

The festival's tribute to the rock and roll of the 60's was provided by Eric Burdon, whose vocals seem to have mellowed and improved with age. He sang his heart out on a few old hits as well as some Sam Cooke lyrics and toe-tappin' T-Bone Walker tunes. The band had a kind of Chicago blues sound, and, compared to the "wet dream" rock stars of the present, they would have to be rated "good news" for rock and roll.

The theme of the next evening's show was "Rock My Soul" and Luther Allison was just the man to do it right! Everyone's "European Cool" was blown completely as the band got them moving, and few were able to maintain during Luther's performance. Also on the bill were Nina Simone, Al Jarreau, pianists Sammy Price and Eddie Boyd, tenor saxophonist Hal Singer and drummer Doug Hammond, plus The Crusaders, who did sets in both the soul and jazz segments of the fest.

continued on page 16

The Music People



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City Celebration Cut Short

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leader of a quintet with Tommy Flanagan on piano, Herbie Williams on trumpet, Ed Locke on drums, and Eugene Taylor on bass. Famous for his tenor part on "Honky Tonk," Johnson played his 40's and 50's funk to the general delight of the still-gathering crowd.

Della Reese closed Part One with a set of popular material that got an absolutely explosive response. Brought back for an entirely unexpected encore by a long standing ovation, Della loved every minute of it and responded with some very inspired, down-to-earth vocalizing in front of Jimmy Wilkins' smoking band, conducted by her musical director Marvin Jenkins.

In contrast to the first half of the concert, which seemed to build perfectly from Burrell's tasteful guitar on through to the fire of Della Reese, the second half was a series of high-energy blasts and musical surprises. An army of Detroit jazz giants set the tone with a highly communicative (and highly competitive) "jam" in the classic, solo-trading tradition. TV crews should have been there to record this historic occasion so that every citizen could have the opportunity to witness, and study, the high-level Motor City musical exchange. Colorful Roy Brooks was on drums; Herman Wright, bass; the highly-respected Barry Harris on piano; Wayne Wright, guitar; a quiet but incomparable Marcus Belgrave on trumpet; George Bohannon, the popular West Coast-based trombonist; and saxophone players Sonny Red (alto) and George Benson (tenor). They were joined by Jack Brokensha on vibraphone, who was soon nudged aside by none other than Terri Pollard, demonstrating that she is every bit as good on vibes as she is on piano with the Wilkins band.

A late-running program gave brief sets to The Homecoming Dancers, who looked like they were rushing through Embree's "Jazz Ballet," and Gerald Wilson, who got to lead the Wilkins' band through only one song, his well-known "Viva Torado." Donald Byrd and The Blackbyrds hit for a quick batch of electric boogie, with Byrd surprisingly favoring the tamborine to his trumpet and keyboard man Michael Toney providing most of the musical direction. Still, "Funky Music Makes Me Feel Good," the Blackbyrds' smash, provided a suitable release for whatever pent-up energies were left in the place.

Sunday was a day of relaxation and meditative music for Homecoming—and a lot of it, including two concerts and two boat rides. Tastiest on the bill was *Riverboat Rhythms*, which featured Tribe (with Spanky Wilson) and members of the New McKinney's Cotton Pickers on the deck of the cozy (125 capacity) *Papoose*, which cruised the Detroit River from the Bob-Lo dock past Belle Isle and back around by the Ethnic Festival site. We could do this every Sunday!

Sunday afternoon's religious performance at Masonic Temple, *The Power and the Glory*, was highlighted by a truly inspirational reading of Martin Luther King's "I Have a Dream" speech by actor Tommy Butler (of *Selma* fame); Rev. Charles Nicks and the mighty Saint James Choir; James Tatum's *Jazz Mass*, including a segment performed with The Homecoming Dancers; and the gospel-soul of Tessie Hill. Sunday evening at Orchestra Hall saw the Metropolitan Magic presentation, which featured the vocal resonance of Shirley Love and black tenor George Shirley singing separately and together in segments from *Carmen*.

Tuesday night's *Touch of Class* show was attended by many Detroit Symphony regulars, as well as people who were especially interested in the combination of the Symphony and Detroit jazzman Yusef Lateef. The crowd filled over half of the seats at Ford and was the largest to attend a Homecoming concert. Lateef's segment was the biggest treat, as his quartet (Kenny Barron, piano; Albert Heath, drums; and Bob Cunningham, bass), accompanied by the Symphony and conducted by James Frazier, performed Yusef's "Detroit Suite" (excerpted from the Atlantic LP, *Yusef Lateef's Detroit*). Although it seemed to suffer from the Symphony's unfamiliarity with the piece, "Detroit Suite" was exceptionally moving nonetheless, with Lateef introducing the five separate segments—recreating scenes from his childhood in the city—and switching off on flute, tenor sax, seal-horn, and assorted bells and percussion instruments. Pianist Ruth Mekler Laredo also performed with the Symphony, and Lloyd Richards, Michael Tolan, and Leigh Taylor-Young read patriotic pieces in front of Detroit's Euro-classical orchestra.

The artistic success of Homecoming, however brilliant, was far overshadowed by the monumental financial and political disaster spawned in its wake.

The concerts at Masonic (4642 seats), for example, where hall costs amount to nearly a dollar a seat before overtime charges (and the Detroit Reunion show ran until almost 3 a.m.), sold something like 49 (Friday) and 75 (Saturday) advance tickets. This put the Bicentennial Commission thousands and thousands of dollars behind with each successive concert, until finally the Monday morning panic brought the Festival to a shuddering standstill.

How did the Commission get into such a mess? The problem started last fall, when the idea of a Homecoming festival was still being finalized by Bicentennial Executive Director Joyce Garrett and her staff at the Veteran's Memorial Building. The Commission had applied for—and was ultimately rewarded—a \$25,000 grant from the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA) with which to organize a "Bicentennial Jazz Festival" in the city of Detroit.

The Commission's first step was to retain superstar producer Walter Mason (Sammy Davis Jr., Diana Ross, the Supremes) as Executive Producer for the event. Mason would be responsible for shaping, directing, producing, and helping to sell the series of Homecoming concerts to the public, while the Commission would provide its prestige, contacts, staff, and general support services to make the event a success.

Mason, a brilliant producer, evidently has few skills as a promoter; unfortunately, the two functions are equally dominant in the concert business, with promotion making the ultimate difference in terms of the financial success or failure of a commercial musical event—that is, one for which tickets are sold. Without adequate promotion, the most stunning artistic production is doomed to financial failure, and the performers are robbed of their rightful audience in the bargain.

The concert business is a cut-throat affair. A leading contender in the yearly \$2 billion-plus popular music sweepstakes, the concert industry demands the promotional skills of a P.T. Barnum, the advertising know-how to reach the necessary ten or twenty thousand people in a community of four-and-a-half-million at the lowest possible cost, an intimate familiarity with the waxing and waning of popular trends and the artists who popularize them, and an iron-clad determination to *get the money* by any means necessary.

While only a few years ago amateurs could enter the concert business with a little money and even less experience, counting on their superior musical taste or their special knowledge of the burgeoning concert market to get them across, nowadays the professional promoters have sewn up the business to a frightening degree, and they leave very little room for inexperienced or underfinanced competition. Through adroit packaging and the careful manipulation of popular taste—carried out in full partnership with the corporate-owned recording companies—the pros have reduced the concert business to an increasingly simplified formula, one which pays off handsomely for them while degrading and simplifying the paying customers, steadily limiting their cultural choices to those "acts" which can be quickly and easily marketed to the most people at once.

The Homecoming Festival was a landmark attempt at reversing this trend, but its methodology brought to mind the folly of attempting to stop an elephant with a peashooter. Starting with a totally inexperienced and hopelessly underfinanced Bicentennial Commission staff, a producer apparently devoid of promotional skills, and a daring, non-commercial artistic concept, the Commission further crippled its chances of success with a series of idiotic, almost scandalous errors:

- First, when the Commission was approached by representatives of the locally-based, non-profit Allied Artists' Association of America (AAAA) and other community arts organizations which wished to participate in the Homecoming affair—experienced grass-roots institutions with deep community ties and the desire to contribute their knowledge and expertise to the effort—Walter Mason and the Commission callously picked their brains, took their best ideas out of context, excluded them from the planning process thereafter, and ultimately took all the credit themselves for the Homecoming's artistic concept.

- After repudiating the participation and advice of the locally-based arts institutions, Mason compounded the Commission's problems by remaining out of town most of the time, effectively destroying any possibility of meeting the Commission's original, fairly sensible timetable, which called for all artists and shows to be secured by January 1st, 1976. This would have given the Commission fully six months

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Clockwise from top right: Donald Byrd; Tommy Flanagan and Herman Wright; Phil Ranelin of Tribe; Jack Brokensha and Terri Pollard.



Mayor Coleman Young and Della Reese



Barbara Weinberg



Lani Sinclair

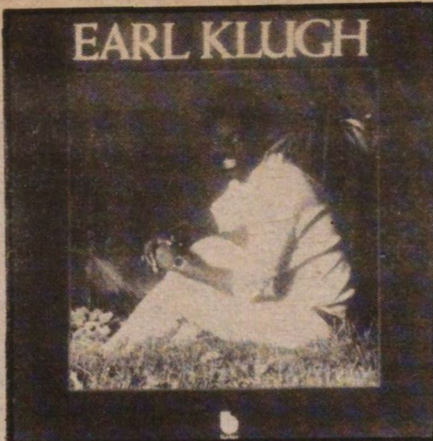


Lani Sinclair

RECORDS

Earl Klugh - Mixed Bag - Ted Lucas

Mixed Bag: *Mixed Bag's First Album* (Tribal)
 Earl Klugh: *Blue Note* (UAMARG, Inc.)
 Ted Lucas: *Ted Lucas* (OM Records)

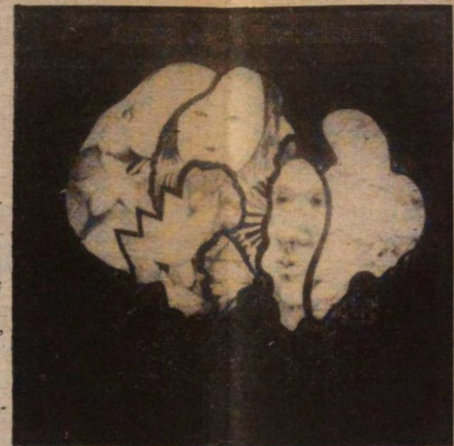


and show him a master of color and chordal voicing. Not only that—the brother cooks like a nuclear reactor. Klugh's own "Venetta" is worth the price of admission alone—light and fresh and backed by a sensitive rhythm section with Harvey Mason and Dave Grusin, a pianist who also produced and arranged the date quite tastefully. Strings and horns are used to a mellow end, especially on "Waltz for Debby." You must have this album, amigos.

A few of our own neighbors have entered the race to hawk their wares on the open market—and with uniformly fine results. Detroit blues has often been in the musical vanguard, so it's really no great surprise. This time around guitarist Earl Klugh, singer-composer Ted Lucas and Ann Arbor's *Mixed Bag* are parlaying their talents on wax. If they get the right kind of attention from the main-money ofays, the music's good enough to move a lot of folks.

Earl Klugh's second *Blue Note* album is a wonder to behold. Simply titled *Earl Klugh*, it is a showpiece album for one of the finest guitar men in our hemisphere. His mostly acoustic songs are delightfully melodic

the host for a rather unique session on Atlantic. Lee Konitz and Anthony Braxton on altos and Roy Haynes on drums with Brubeck regular Jack Six on bass to add a little variation to the dead-weight stasis that is Brubeck. Dave still can't manage out the coldest piano sound since "Arctic Art." Wildeme warned a steel in the thirties. Ne'erther-



Half of the album features Ted's soulful and appealing vocal stylings as he performs his own material. His writing is natural and relaxed and some very mellow listening. "Lean and Sane and Simple Melody" is such a song. The other side of the album features Ted's instrumental talent in various settings: his guitar on a home cookin' "Sonny Boy Blues," or some meditative and beautiful sitar work on "Love and Peace Raga." Do yourself a nice favor and find this album.

Nearly as familiar to Detroiters as Vernors or T-Birds is the talent of Ted Lucas. He's been turning audiences upside down in this area (and elsewhere) for as long as I can remember. It's certainly no mistake and the evidence is contained in his album, self-conceived and produced, entitled *Ted Lucas*. And Lord have mercy, what those folks in Ann Arbor haven't come up with! *Mixed Bag's First Album* has suddenly become the most played album in my home. God-dam, what beautiful results these men have come up with—producing, playing and packaging this on their own, and all done



beautifully. *Mixed Bag* is an assemblage of talent familiar to area listeners—Ron Brooks on bass; Danny Spencer, drums; Gaff Dunsun (or is that Eddie Russ?), keyboard; Jerry Glassel, guitar; Larry Nozero, reeds; and Dave Koether, percussion. To describe the unique beauty of the music on this album would involve a lot of words. Suffice it to say that you will hear great bursts of energy from very talented instrumentalists: Larry Nozero's soprano sax singing on "La Margarita" or Glassel's stinging guitar on "Ziaus." And much, much more. Only if you are a masochist of the highest order would you be justified to deny yourself the great pleasure of this music. —David Weiss

less, the new blood on this album all but makes up for the Elder Brubeck's clatter. Braxton brings his rush-hour rhythmic attack to "In Your Own Sweet Way," and Brubeck teams with Konitz in an exciting duet of "Don't Get Around Much

Any more." Not a bad little jam session, all in all. I don't honestly know what it is that Larry Coryell's been eating lately, but it hasn't done him any good. He's become lazy, cold and contrite. A recurring nightmare is his latest album *Aspects*. Almost-disco, old-lunk-imitated, Brecker Brothers-synthesizers—you name it, this stuff just ain't got it. Coryell's seen better days.

The scientists over at Philly International have come up with a few more: Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes' *Great-est Hits*, MFSB's *Summertime*, and *Unemployment Blues* by Force of Nature. Gamble and Huff notwithstanding, the two latter choices are a trifle thin. Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes need no special arranging talent to buttress their dynamic vocals. This is a great album if you can deal with so much Philly soul at its smoothest: "Wake Up, Everybody," "The Love I Lost," "I Miss You," and others are on this one. MFSB's *Summertime* is just another forty minutes of anonymous disco. Variations on a deadbeat, no more. *Force of Nature's* first album, *Unemployment Blues*, is a little bit better. They are giving voice



ego. Ninth generation versions of old fifties R&B, the Winters are still kicking away at their faithful old routines. And although it may be granted on a nice day, that they are occasionally exciting, theirs is a generally tired act and nothing worth bleaching your hair over. Speaking of age-old favorites, the J. Geils Band has a new album, also recorded live, called *Blow Your Face Out*. I've heard tell these chalk busters put on some wild show. I guess they must, if everybody makes a fuss over them, cause their music ain't nothin' to write home about. Hey, good luck to these self-proclaimed tough punks. This stuff helps the Westinghouse fall, so why not blow it til the goddam cows come home.

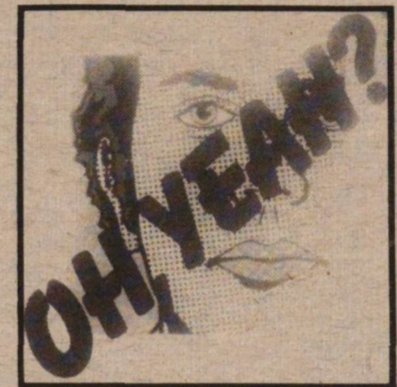
Arista has a nice find in Ben Sidran. His album, *Free In America*, is truly original. Good compositions, well performed, and accompanied by the likes of Woody Shaw, Fathead Newman, Phil Upchurch and the Breckers. No shit, this cat is somethin' else altogether. Lyrical tunes with a bite and a fresh approach and backed up by Ben's surge and punch at the piano. Don't wait for it to show up on the charts to buy this, it may never make it.

Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes are a spinoff from the Bruce Springsteen whirlwind. Bruce tells some phony legend about them on the liner notes in an attempt to mastermind another P.R. fraud. But, alas, the album, *I Don't Want To Go Home*, makes me want to do just that. I don't care who the cat knows.

Johnny Guitar Watson's *Ain't That A Bitch* is some pretty gritty 90-proof funk. The guitar man really arranged up some nice sexy textures here—phased guitars and slender muted horns and his own personal singing style. The cover is reason enough to buy it—Johnny sitting on a leather couch with two women and an Afghan drooling at his feet—need I say more about this twisted genius? Those lovable albino, Johnny and Edgar Winter, have just released a new album, *Together*, recorded live in San Di-

ago. Finally, the masters of adolescent bad taste—Cheech and Chong—have embarrassed their parents again. *Sleeping Beauty* testifies to the poor jerks, bereft of reason, who run the record companies.

Don't you dare buy this crap—get yourself a new trim or some shoes.



to a stronger message and backing it with a cooking band and a couple of pretty mean singers. No great bargain, though.

Jeff Beck surfaces again with *Wired*, this time with help from Jan Hammer and Narada Michael Walden (of Mahavishnu fame), on an album that is not totally boring. He does a careful version of "Mingus' Goodbye Pork Pie Hat," but it is a brief melodic oasis on an album that is mostly dedicated to amplitude and electronic deo-dadism.

Speaking of ol' Hammerin' Jan Hammer, that most alien of aliens has another "album" out called *Oh Yeah*. This guy probably synthesizes his eggs in the morning. That's all he seems to know, and personally it bodes me to paranoia.

Those lovable albino, Johnny and Edgar Winter, have just released a new album, *Together*, recorded live in San Di-

JEFF BECK WIRED



Bingo Long's Traveling All Stars

Produced by Berry Gordy. Starring James Earl Jones, Billy Dee Williams, Richard Pryor.

Ethically there's something cheap about *Bingo Long's Traveling All Stars* and *Motor Kings*. It's about the Negro National League baseball teams in the 1930s—a pre-civil rights era phenomenon—but it treats that subject in the manner of *Amos 'n' Andy* stereotype comedy and with plot turns and molder jokes stolen from *The Sting*. The history of blacks in America has not been sufficiently covered by the movies to the extent that any part of it can soon be made the basis for a joke or easy turn on entertainment. *Bingo Long*, which was written and directed by whites and produced by Berry Gordy, glosses over the historical facts and their political ramifications, demonstrating a gross insensitivity toward the struggles of black people. Incredibly, the picture wants us to see how



Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes

Silent Movie

A 20th Century Fox film starring Mel Brooks, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, and Sid Caesar

Silent Movie moves rapidly, dazzling the audience like a first-rate magician; guess what Mel has up his sleeve next? Brooks has packed the film with surprises, twisting and turning from one laugh to the next. The only big problem with the film is the ending. Brooks has you moving at full speed, then crashes you into a wall. There are no yield signs and no yellow lights to warn about the finish. All of a sudden a bunch of kids who want to leave the theatre like a bunch of kids who want the roller coaster to go around one more time. But Brooks is probably right in not spoiling his audience. He wants us to come back for more—and he certainly won't be disappointed. What's next, Mel? How about a black & white film shot underwater in 3-D?

—Bob Waller



Some people will say anything for a laugh. In his latest film, *Silent Movie*, Mel Brooks prefers to say nothing. Drawing on the style of the Golden Years of Slapstick, Brooks delivers a humorous return to the time of Charlie Chaplin and Buster Keaton: a time when the comic's funny business relied almost strictly on his actions.

Brooks, like the character he portrays in *Silent Movie*, is a daring man with a bold idea. He creates a silent film with performers from two extremes, superstars and crazies, and sets out to save the ailing Big Pictures company from conglomerate death at the hands of the giant corporation, Engulf & Devour.

The superstars include brief appearances by Burt Reynolds, Anne Bancroft, James Caan and Lisa Minelli. They are simply icing on the cake, while the real honors belong to the crazies: Marty "Eggs" Feldman, Dom "Bell" DeLuise, the excellent Sid Caesar, and, of course, Brooks. These nuts create a marvelous spectacle of dingbat humor, shooting from one sight gag to the next like three goofiest maniacs in the western world.

The plot is sparse: can a silent movie, loaded with top stars, save a failing studio (headed by Sid Caesar) from impending doom? Can a semi-alcoholic director ("Mel Funn") survive his battles with love, the bottle, and the bad guys, and still come out on top of the film industry? But who can be upset about the story when hit by a barrage of hilarious scenes? Brooks, Feldman and DeLuise make an incomparable trio; each complements the other rather than trying to steal the scenes for personal glory. They're not quite a modern *Three Stooges*, because they are close friends who would help each other out through all the bad times. In other words, there is plenty of heart beneath the zany covering. Bernadette Peters delivers a fine performance as the sexy nightclub dancer who falls for the hero, proving once again that a silly hoover can have a heart too.



SIDES

Records by David Weiss
 MFSB: *Summertime* (Philly Int'l Records)
 Jeff Beck: *Wired* (Epic)
 Jan Hammer Group: *Oh, Yeah?* (Nemperor Records)
 Johnny Guitar Watson: *Ain't That A Bitch* (Philly Int'l Records)
 Stanley Turrentine: *Everybody Come On Out* (Fantasy Records)
 Ben Sidran: *Free In America* (Arista)
 McCoy Tyner: *Fly With The Wind* (Milestone)
 Hampton Hawes: *The Challenge* (RCA)
 Dave Brubeck: *All The Things We Are* (Atlantic)
 Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes: *I Don't Want to Go Home* (Epic)
 The J. Geils Band: *Blow Your Face Out* (Atlantic)
 Johnny and Edgar Winter: *Together* (Blue Sky)
 Force Of Nature: *Unemployment Blues* (Philly Int'l Records)
 Larry Coryell: *Aspects* (Arista)
 Cheech and Chong: *Sleeping Beauties*



The material on *Everybody Come On Out* is about half upbeat funk, half lazy ballads. The sturdier tunes succeed with the help of a fine rhythm section—Joe Sample, Harvey Mason and Herbie's former percussionist Bill Summers. If you dig what comes out of WJZZ all day, chances are you'll find a good cross-section of it on this album.

Hampton Hawes recorded his only solo album in Japan in 1968 and RCA has finally released it here. *The Challenge* is a collection of a dozen mostly familiar melodies, but twisted and shaded and improvised into newness and vitality. Hawes is a gifted pianist whose best work demands repeated listenings.

Echoes of a long line of pianists dating back to Fats Waller ring out in Hampton's playing. "Tokyo Blues" and "Bags Groove" show how deep is his feeling and understanding of older forms. Monk and Bud Powell, Tristano and Cecil Taylor could all be proud of this healthy extension of their heritage. Dig on Hawes, hear?

Dave Brubeck's

Will Rogers or Mark Twain or some such American probably said something about the only perennially expectable phenomena being death and income taxes. As a latter-day observer of lesser rank, allow me to add records to the list. They just keep comin' up like weeds, some bearing beauty or color, while others are almost poisonous to the touch. Delicate creatures they are, and ornery if not shown respect.

Praise the skies when respect is shown in great abundance as McCoy Tyner has done on *Fly With The Wind*. This man reared in the giant shadow of John Coltrane, takes an entire conception with him into the studio, not just a batch of licks. The last few years have seen the expansion of Tyner's setting to include strings and extended instrumentation. Here he is accompanied by drummer Billy Cobham, bassist Ron Carter and flautist Hubert Laws, plus an ensemble of lesser-known but able musicians.

The textures and rhythms are multi-

Detroit City Limits

By Steve Williams and Rob Spinazzola (Magi-Media Books, 1976)

Most of us aren't touched by poetry very often in this industrial City—which is one of the reasons why Steve Williams and Rob Spinazzola's new book, *Detroit City Limits*, is so interesting. Of course, Detroit poets have been writing, and publishing, their own work for a long time here, from the mimeographed-and-stapled books that the Artist Workshop Press produced in volumes of a few hundred copies back in the early sixties, to the beautifully-printed single poems turned out and distributed free by the Alternative Press. But *Detroit City Limits* has taken this brave poetic tradition one step farther, and brought it a lot closer to all of us.

The book is a handy paperback, conventionally bound, well printed, and full of clear photographs and good poetry—easily worth the modest cover price of \$1.95. Williams and Spinazzola, both of whom live in Detroit, have put together Magi-Media publishing to print up the copies, and they've contracted with the independent Big Rapids Distribution Co. to get the books placed in stores throughout the area.

This home-grown work of art is mostly about the street-level, everyday realities of life in the Big City. Like the feeling of liberation you can (still) get from walking down a deserted street after dark:

In the night
 a walk
 becomes a rhythm
 of thought
 The thumping
 of leather
 is lost in the
 whirling

of ideas,
 dreams,
 Here Kings are born,
 war abolished,
 and life
 is bursting
 all around
 In the night
 a walk
 can be a foolish thing*



The book focuses on the Motor City, of course, and especially the Cass Corridor/Wayne State neighborhood—which gives it special significance to Wayne State alumni and Detroit folks in general. The men that drift through life on stoops and curbs of the decaying center city are the subject of *Cass Corridor Blues*:

Mama oh mama
 look what you done
 Brought up a day-dreamin boy
 Not a house ownin son.*
 And the guys who hang out in the industrial bars, of which visions at the Bronx bar gives us a typical picture:
 pale old men
 edged on the stool
 clasping the night's entertainment,
 wear shaky fingers,
 jumbled logic
 and glassy stares
 too well.*

This book recreates a lot of different views of the Detroit scene, both through the photography of Rob Spinazzola and his and Steve Williams' experiments with words and rhythm. Ask for it wherever you buy magazines and books, or get in touch with Magi-Media at 4428 Second, Detroit 48202.

—Frank Bach
 *copyright 1976,
 Steve Williams and Rob Spinazzola

BOOKS

FILM

All Night Strut

At the Music Hall

One of the most enjoyable evenings in town this past month has been a four-person song-and-dance group called The All Night Strut. Presenting some of the best and most memorable material from the 30's and 40's, The All Night Strut is virtually a trip down Memory Lane covering musical forms as diverse as jazz, bebop, ballads and opera.

The Strut (getting their name from Bessie Smith's immortal "Gimme a Pigfoot" of 1933) consists of four talented Clevelanders: Robert Chidsey, bringing memories of the young male tenor who was standard equipment for big bands; Dean Hill, as accomplished a dancer as a singer, evidenced by his gymnastics in the musical interlude from "Mint the Moocher" (1931, Cab Calloway at the Cotton Club); Elaine Pihountas as Bessie, in a stunning rendition of a Porgy and Bess medley from the 1935 musical hit by George



and Ira Gershwin; and Laura Robinson, who did wonderful justice to Ms. Smith's "Gimme a Pigfoot."

The first act started with "Chatanooga Choo Choo" (1941, recorded by Glenn Miller and His Orchestra), and included "Brother, Can You Spare A Dime" (first recorded in 1932 with Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee, later popularized by Barbara Streisand); "In the Mood" (1938), which has been enjoying commercial attention recent years; "Fascinating Rhythm" (1924, an earlier number from the Gershwins, presented by Fred and sister Adele Astaire in "Lady Be Good"), and the Ink Spots' "Java Jive" (1941).

Act II contained such hits as Fats Waller and Louis Armstrong's "Ain't Misbehavin'" with some wonderful Armstrong trumpet imitations, especially from Ms. Robinson; "Operator," the gospel tune revitalized by Manhattan Transfer, another 30's-40's nostalgia song-and-dance group; Johnny Mercer's "Dream," sung by Frank Sinatra in 1944; "Bjou," from Woody Herman and Orchestra in 1945; and "Bee Me, Daddy, Eight to the Bar," a fine and funny song from 1940 originally sung by the Andrews Sisters.

The finale had "Hit That Jive, Jack!" (1941), as sung by the late Nat "King" Cole; Charlie Parker's "Billie's Bounce" (1945), and one of 1932's finest, "It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing," from Duke Ellington and Orchestra. One could only marvel at the patience and diligence in choosing musical material, and the frustrating experience in having to weed out from the scores of wonderful and stirring music from that period.

Backed by a three-person band—Tom Woehlmann on bass, Tom Pitt on piano, and Tony LaBianca on drums—The All Night Strut was conceived, directed, and choreographed by Fran Charnas. It's in its final week at the Music Hall now. —Sheri Terebello

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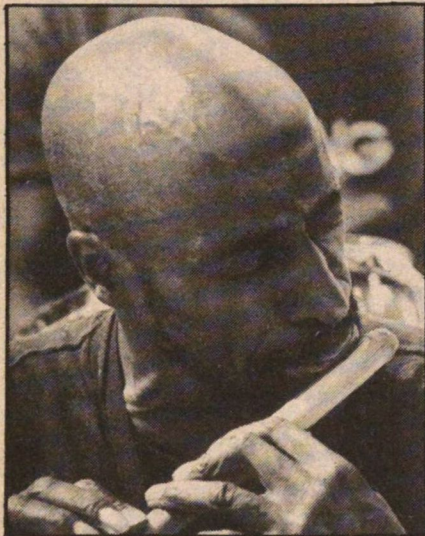
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Newport

continued from page 11

Cootie's magnificent performance reminded us that on the original recordings, every musician was an individualist, a vital contributor. Only when the NYJRC is able to operate like a symphony orchestra, with stable personnel performing regularly, will it be possible for it to produce musicians capable of mastering not merely the outer garments of styles created by Williams, Hodges, Nanton, Bigard, and the rest, but the strength and conviction that lay at the core of their conceptions.

Herbie Hancock led three bands: the Miles Davis quintet of the '60s, with Freddie Hubbard, who had played on most of Hancock's Blue Note recordings, replacing Miles; his first sextet; and the Headhunters, which made him a star. For the quintet, Tony Williams and Ron Carter electrified the band, as they did a decade ago, while Hubbard and a less extroverted Wayne Shorter coursed seamlessly through "Maiden Voyage," "Eye of the Hurricane," "Nefertiti," and "Red Clay." I don't think it's much of an exaggeration to say that for some of us it was as exciting a reunion as a Beatles get-together would be for rock fans. It is a sad irony, one that has been repeated throughout jazz history, that this band is so much more enthralling than any of the bands its members are currently leading.

Hubbard performed later the same evening in a superbly invigorating set by Art Blakey, who can damn near shake the heavens. Hubbard played with vibrancy in every range of the horn, climaxing his solos with long stratospheric flights, every note articulated, every idea melodically transfigured: After several years of being bored by his CTI and Columbia recordings, it was like discovering anew that there is indeed a great trumpeter among us, a player with faultless technique and the taste to match. He also played brilliantly at the Midnight Jam—a benefit for John Gensel's Duke Ellington Center at St. Peter's, and Rahsaan Roland Kirk, who recently recovered from a crippling stroke—but everyone played well at the jam: It was the highlight of the festival.

Musicians who played typical or undis-

tinguished sets at other events surpassed themselves here. Even Sarah Vaughan, whose solo concert merited—despite the entirely unnecessary string section—all the superlatives I've used in the past three years, transcended herself, achieving a height that defied any logical response but gooseflesh. When Dizzy Gillespie joined her for a scintillating, ribald "Lover Man," Radio City froze with the tense expectancy of a maternity ward. The opening band included Illinois Jacquet and Harry Edison, piloted by the unexpected Count Basie, with improvised blues singing from Joe Williams; Bill Evans found a strength that has eluded him for years in the drumming of Elvin Jones, and they were joined by

Montreux

continued from page 11

Other highlights during our stay in Montreux included Clark Terry and The New Hampshire Big Band, Weather Report, and an avant-jazz group from Germany called Passport. Also in attendance were Billy Cobham-George Duke-John Scofield-Alphonso Johnson, and John McLaughlin's Shakti.

The biggest thrill for this reviewer was the illustrious Art Blakey and The Jazz Messengers. Blakey is just as energetic and exciting as he has been for the last 20 years. His current Messengers include longtime associate Bill Hardman on trumpet, Michael Tucker on piano, Christopher Amberger sitting in for Cameron Brown on bass, and David Schnitter on tenor sax. Schnitter is a pleasant surprise to those who haven't seen Blakey in the last couple of years—he did some fine blowing as well as some interesting vocals and scat singing on "Georgia." Blakey's seven year old son was also on hand to jam on the shakers.

There were some great musical moments in store for those who attended the final days of Montreux '76. Just to mention a few—Sun Ra and his Arkestra, Thad Jones and Mel Lewis, Sarah Vaughan, and The Preservation Hall Jazz Band.

Although we had to leave early, it must be said that the entire Montreux Jazz Festival is a trip in itself—and all or part of it well worth taking off, if you can make it out to the fairy-tale land of Switzerland.



continued from page 10

ducers and then dashed around night after night handling backstage production details, calling light cues, MCing, setting up mike stands, etc. It certainly seemed a curious use of their many abilities, especially when the promotion of the event so desperately needed their carefully-honed promotional and publicity skills, but what the hell... And musicians, musicians, musicians: Roy Brooks and his Aboriginal Percussion Choir, or Roy performing with the bebop all-stars at the Reunion show, or Roy holding down the fort at the MUSIC Station, in Trapper's Alley Greektown, where Sonny Red, bassist Herman Wright, and Brooks himself were spotlighted the rest of the week; Jimmy Wilkins and his incredible Orchestra, who were all over the place, the players popping in and out of jams, other bands, and their regular gigs to make their heavy presence known; the queen of the piano, Ms. Terri Pollard, heard with the Wilkins band and the all-star jam and seen everywhere too; the musical brothers of Tribe, cooking away on the river or popping up individually—Harold McKinney, Wendell Harrison, Marcus Belgrave, Phil Ranelin, Rod Hicks—on every variety of set—and Charles Moore was even seen to rejoin the Tribal fold (after the longest of absences) for one of their many shows; George Bohannon, Yusef Lateef, Kenny Burrell, Donald Byrd,

Gerald Wilson, Della Reese, Marlena Shaw, Hugh Lawson, Louis Hayes, Billy Burrell, and the many expatriate Motor City-ites who were back in town for the blow-out; and a special tip of the Coat Puller topper to legendary Detroit musicians Abe Woodling and Beans Richardson, who have been seen—and heard!—for the first time in recent memory...

TIDS & TADS: Yusef Lateef and his quartet—Kenny Barron (of the Philadelphia Barrons) on piano, Albert "Kuumba" Heath (of the Philadelphia Heaths) on drums, and the mind-boggling Bob Cunningham (late of Sun Ra and his Arkestra) on bass—are turning it out at Baker's all week, sounding like a musical university and playing the real thing like it was meant to be played. Why can't the Michigan Council for the Arts or somebody offer this creative genius a modest stipend to reside in Detroit for a year or two and spread his beautiful music and wisdom over the entire town?... The incomparable Harold Smith and the Majestics, Detroit's top gospel organization, have just been awarded Ebony magazine's top 1976 award for Gospel Album of the Year, the Majestics' million-selling *Lord Help Me To Hold On* (Savoy Records)... Sam Sanders & Visions at the MUSIC Station this weekend (July 30-31) and at the Perfect Blend a couple of Mondays and Tuesdays in August—see our Calendar for details... We missed the Tribute to Rita Griffin (of the *Chronicle*) held at Watts' Club Mozambique July 23, but Ron English tells us it was a smashing success. Featured were headliner Grady Tate, his Detroit backing

the always fascinating Lee Konitz and Warne Marsh. Finally, there was a loose-limbed jam including both Blakey and Williams on drums—it was Blakey who propelled the band; Hinton and Duvivier on basses; Hancock on a genuine acoustic piano; plus Gillespie, Eddie Davis, Anthony Braxton, Sonny Stitt, Hubbard, and Jon Faddis, who played a good crazy-quilt solo made of Gillespie snippets. Rahsaan joined them on tenor, using an attachment that made it possible for him to overcome the partial paralysis and play the horn with one hand—but you wouldn't have known that just from listening. He responded to a 10-minute ovation—reminiscent of Newport's Newport days—with an unaccompanied solo.

There were other bright moments: Basie's reunion band shouted and punched, and Jimmy Forrest's "Body and Soul" solo is always a delight; Frank Foster, an undependable player at times, was consistently on target at several events, including an after-hours jam at Storyville with Hubbard, Rahsaan, and Ron Carter; Benny Goodman conducted a sunny set, with creative contributions from Teddy Wilson and blistering work by Buddy Tate; Ted Curson provided a rousing climax at a concert that also included a halting, sinuous chamber piece by Anthony Braxton; Monk was in good, though somewhat retiring form—he need no longer apologize for using his son on drums, not that he ever did; Tal Farlow's return revealed why an older generation of guitar freaks holds him in awe; and a Roseland Dance and 52nd Street Fair have yet to take place as this is written.

It was a satisfying festival and its success should provide the basis for improving it next year. Here's my suggestion: The absence of any representatives of new jazz vitiated its impact; if these musicians can't fill Carnegie Hall, then Wein should consider other rooms—City Center, Town Hall, Cami Hall, the Top of the Gate. Contemporary musicians must be brought under the Newport wing, if the event is to retain its integrity and a viable reputation as an annual summa for creative music.

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unit (English, guitar; Teddy Harris, piano; Robert Allen, bass; and the delightful Richard "Pistol" Allen, drums); Redd Foxx's partner Slappy White; the Love Bug and Us bands; MC Cha-Cha Hogan; and a massive jam featuring Larry Smith (of the Lyman Woodard Organization), trumpet comer Cass Harris, and the prominent pianist Johnny Griffith. Eli Fountain, George Davidson and many other notables were seen in attendance... Drummer Leonard King has taken over Bud Spangler's old "Jazz Today" spot at WDET-FM, Monday nights at 9:00, filling it with a tasty program of all kinds of emotionally-derived music called "Full Circle"... Ron Milner is set to open the Midtown Theatre, Third and Canfield, the 13th of August, with a third local staging of his current masterwork, *Seasons Reasons*. Look for a feature in our next ish... And speaking of openings, we also missed—much to our chagrin—the official Grand Opening of the new ballroom at the Showcase Theatre, operated by Probity Productions. Shoo-Be-Do and his Jazz-a-Go-Go Revue kicked things off, aided and abetted by Prof. Hiroshima Cox and his trio... Oh, there's so much more, but they're starting to pound on the Coat Puller's head, and it's time to get this issue off to bed... See you at the MUSIC Station, where it be's happening, and please, please don't miss the powerful Ms. Carolyn Franklin in her return to the local stage, this weekend (thru August 2) at Watts' Club Mozambique. Welcome back, Carolyn!

CALENDAR

THE MUSIC SCENE

Detroit & Suburbs



Sam Sanders and Visions at the Music Station and the Perfect Blend

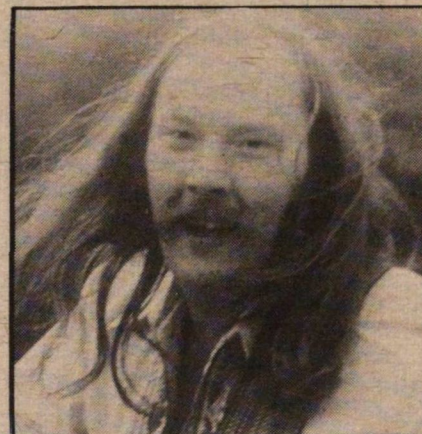
All Around, 25621 Ecorse Rd., 292-6838: Wed.-Sun., Jack Rainwater, \$1.00.
 A-Train, 28075 Grand River, Novi, 348-2820: Mon. & Tues., Sequoya; Wed.-Sat., The Diddies.
 Baker's Keyboard Lounge, 20510 Livernois, 864-1200: Yusef Lateef thru Aug. 1.
 Belonger House, Main at 12 Mile, Royal Oak, 548-8700: Harvest.
 Bob & Rob's, 28167 John R, Madison Heights, 541-9213: Lenore Paxton sings alone on Mon. & Tues.; with band and Don Fagenson on bass, Wed.-Sat., no cover.
 Bobbies English Pub, 30100 Telegraph, Birmingham, 642-3700: Thru Aug. 1, Connie Graham
 Bobbies Lounge, 15414 Telegraph, Redford, 531-0189: Skip VanWinkle.
 Bonfire Bar-B-Que, 20070 W. 8 Mile Rd., just west of Evergreen, 355-0077: Music from midnight-4 am, Wed.-Sat., The Bill Trio Band.
 Brendan's Irish Pub, 34505 Grand River, Farmington, 477-5090: Freeman Tucker Band.
 Bruno's Lounge, 17323 Harper nr. Cadieux, 882-2010: July 30-31, Detroit Blues Band, no cover.
 Cabaret, 5830 Connor, 1/2 blk. east of Ford Fwy., DR2-5020: Chapter Eight thru Aug. 1; Mirage starts Aug. 4.
 Clamdiggers, 30555 Grand River, Farmington Hills, 478-3800: Mon.-Sat., Bob Milne.
 Compared To What, Trinity Methodist Church, 13100 Woodward in Highland Park, 865-3440 & 893-0942: July 30, Aging Children; Aug. 6, Oakland University Big Band with Doc Holiday; Aug. 13, Boogie Woogie Red; then-closed till September.
 D.B.'s, Hyatt Regency, Dearborn, 593-1234: July 29-31, Ink Spots; Aug. 5-7, Kelley Garrett; Aug. 12-14, Serendipity Singers; Aug. 19-21, Clint Holmes; Aug. 26-28, Donna Valery.
 Delta Lady, Woodward, south of 9 Mile Rd., 545-5483: Aug. 2 & 3, 9 & 10, Julie Toczny Quartet.
 Desoppers', 12 & Harper, St. Clair Shores, 775-9192: Wed.-Sun., Entourage.
 Doug's Body Shop, 22061 Woodward bet. 8 & 9 Mile, 399-1040: Mondays, Dr. Dicks Good Vibes, with Dick Tapert on vibes, Dennis Tini—piano, Bert Myrick—drums and Fred Housey—bass.
 Driftwood Lounge, Grand River at Inkster, KE5-6700: Holy Smoke, Thur.-Sun.
 Francesco's, 22302 Michigan Ave., Dearborn, 561-1655: Sundowners; Sundays, Billy Rose Quartet.
 Gino's Falcon Showbar, 19901 Van Dyke at Outer Dr., 893-0190: Katzenjammer.
 Henry's Cocktail Lounge, 7645 Fenkell, 341-9444: Please call for info.
 Holiday Inn Lounge, Woodward in Highland Park, 883-4550: Dave Hamilton Trio.
 Inn Between, 3270 W. Huron, Waterford, 682-5690: July 28-31, Judy Roberts.
 Interlude Lounge, 5491 E. 12 Mile Rd., Warren, 751-4340: Bob Schneider Show.
 J.C.'s Rock Saloon, 14050 Gratiot, bet. 6 & 7 Mile Rd., 526-3443: Aug. 9 & 10, Nucleus.
 The Landing, 10 Mile & Southfield, Southfield, 557-5035: July 30, Southside Johnny & the Asbury Jukes.
 LaHonda, 6340 Auburn Rd., Utica, 739-1017: thru July 31, Box Lunch.
 Living Room, 23307 Telegraph, 676-7373: thru Aug. 1, Gandolph.
 Mardi Gras, Fullerton & Livernois, 931-3212: Thur.-Sun., Wild Disco.
 Music Station, Trapper's Alley in Greektown, Monroe St., downtown: end of July, Sam Sanders & Vision. Coming back in Aug., Eddie Jefferson.
 Old Mills Attic, 5838 Dixie Hwy., Waterford, 623-9300: Joanie Allen.
 Olde World Cafe, Pine Lake Mall, Orchard Lake at Lone Pine Rds., West Bloomfield, 851-3252: July 29-31: Paul & Donna.

Peppermill Lounge, 8 Mile Rd., east of Groesbeck, 526-4502: Sun.-Tues., Tom Powers; Wed.-Sat., Peter Demian.
 Perfect Blend, 24901 Northwestern Hwy., Southfield, 353-4070: Aug. 2 & 3, 9 & 10, Sam Sanders and Vision; Aug. 4-8 & 11-15, Dan Schafer Group.
 Playboy Club, 20231 James Couzens, so. of 8 Mile Rd., 863-8855: Spanky Wilson thru end of July; first 2 weeks of Aug., Custom Taylor.
 Poison Apple, 38418 Ford Rd., Westland, 326-3500: July 29, Salem Witchcraft.
 Rapa House Concert Cafe, 96 E. Fisher Fwy., 961-9846: After hours jams with Ernie Rodgers and jam sessions, Sat., 2-6 am.
 Raven Gallery, 29101 Greenfield, Southfield, 566-2622: thru end of July, Professor Irwin Corey.
 Red Carpet, 16427 E. Warren at Outer Dr.,

885-0570: July 28-Aug. 8, Holy Smoke; Aug. 11-15, Ruby Jones; Aug. 18-22, Zooster.
 Roostertail, 100 Marquette at the river, 823-2000: Thru Aug. 5, Paul Lochriccio and Jubilation; Aug. 6-15, The Supremes.
 Ted's Gatsby Room, Woodward at Square Lake Rd., Bloomfield Hills, 338-0327: thru July, Familiar Faces; Aug. 3-28, Loving Cup.
 Trio at Franklin Place, Northwestern Hwy., at 12 Mile, 358-1860: Bobby Laurel Trio.
 Watts Club Mozambique, Fenkell at Northlawn, 864-0240: call for info.

Ann Arbor

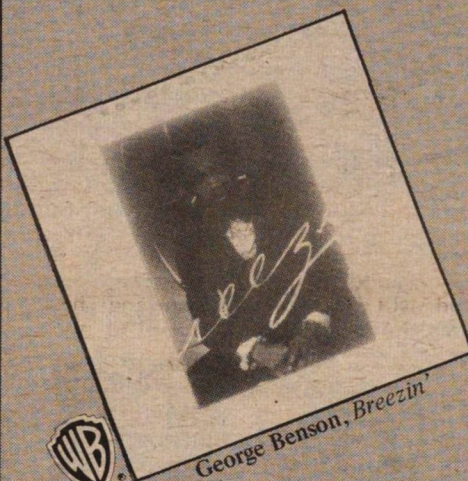
The Apartment, 2200 Fuller Rd. (in Huron Towers), 769-4060: JB & Company thru July 31; Skat thru August, Mon.-Sat.



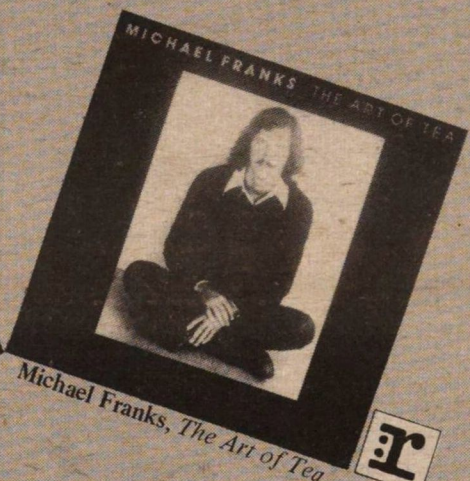
Catfish Hodge at Mr. Flood's Party August 2

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DISCOS

Ben's Hi-Chapparral, 6683 Gratiot, 923-0601: Disco every night.
 Bogart's, 26355 Michigan Ave., Inkster, 277-7651: Disco every night.
 Boogie Down Lounge, 9933 Greenfield (betw. Chicago and Plymouth) 835-5811. Open every night.
 Coral Gables, 2245 N. Woodward, Berkley, 398-7333, Tues.-Sun., "Terra-Nova."
 Cravat Lounge, 10630 Grand River, WE3-9000, Thurs.-Sun., "Ken Watts & the Beaty Players."
 Diamond Lounge, 15350 Fenkell (1 blk. east of Greenfield), 493-9635, Thur.-Sun., D.J. Sweet Jerry.
 Elephant Disco, Livernois & Long Lake Rd., Troy, 879-6810, Disco every night.
 Golden Coach, 30450 Van Dyke, Warren, 573-7850: Open every night except Sunday.
 Green's Playroom Lounge, 8121 Linwood, 896-4530, D.J.—The Rag Man on Mon. and Thur. Sun.
 The Landing, 25060 Southfield Rd. at 10 Mile, Southfield, 557-5035, open seven nites, cover charge of \$5.00, includes 2 drinks, dining upstairs.

Jazz West, 8418 Fenkell, 341-7118, disco every-night.
 Murphy's Cocktail Lounge, 7419 Puritan, 864-8340, D.J. Rappin' Roge every night.
 New Alpine Disco Lounge, 7030 West 7 Mile Rd. at Livernois: every Tuesday night starting June 15, Disco Dancing from 9 pm till 4 am with music by Sweet Gee and Mr. Mezmo.
 Ocies Paradise Lounge, 8202 Fenkell, 861-5111, open everynite with D.J. Rappin' Rino.
 Oliver's, 16360 Harper, nr. Whittier exit off I-94, 881-7230: Disco dancing to: Circus.
 Poison Apple, 38418 Ford Rd., Westland, D.J. John, everynight.
 Rose Room, Michigan Ave. at 24th, 894-1860, Wed.-Sun. with Arthur "Baby" Hughes.
 Syndrome, Telegraph at Ford Rd., Dearborn Hghts., Disco all week, instructions on Mon.
 Subway Disco, 525 W. Lafayette, 964-7938, live disco bands and D.J.'s Bob Grant and Brent Hudson.
 Uncle Sam's, 14060 Telegraph at Schoolcraft, Redford, 638-1645, dancing seven nights a week with D.J. Jim Tupper.

The Blind Pig, 208 S. First St., 994-4780: 7/30-31, Bill Heid Group; 8/2 & 9, Boogie Woogie Red; 8/4 & 11, Synergy; 8/6-7, Mickey's Pulsating Unit; 8/13-14, Wendel Harrison Quartet. Cover \$1 downstairs only Mon. & Wed., \$1 up & down weekends.
 Del Rio, 122 W. Washington, 761-2530: Every Monday lunch, guitarist Gale Benson, 12-1:30 pm; every Sunday afternoon, live jazz free.
 Golden Falcon, 314 Fourth Ave., 761-3548: Every Sunday, Benson & Drellis Quartet; every Mon., II V I Orchestra; every Wed., Headwind; every Thurs., The Silvertones; every Fri. & Sat., Melodioso. Cover \$1.
 Mr. Flood's Party, 120 W. Liberty, 994-9824: 7/29, All Directions; 7/30-31 & 8/4, Stoney Creek; 8/1 & 8, Gwen & Kevin; 8/2, Catfish; 8/3 & 10, Eric Glatz; 8/5-7, Red Mountain String Band; 8/9, Eric Bach; 8/11-14, The Mueller Brothers.
 Heidelberg, 215 N. Main, 663-7758: Every Fri. & Sat., 9-1, Mustard's Retreat in the Rathskeller.
 Page One, Arborland Shopping Center, 971-6877: Disco every Mon.-Sat.
 Pretzel Bell, 120 E. Liberty, 761-1470: Every Thurs.-Sat., The RFD Boys.
 Ramada Inn, 2800 Jackson Rd., 769-0700: Disco every night except Monday.
 The Roadhouse, North Territorial Rd. at US 23, 4 miles N. of Ann Arbor: 7/30-31, Rockets; 8/4, VFW; 8/6-7, Wholesale; 8/11, 13-14, Summer hours 9 pm-2 am Wed., Fri. & Sat.
 Rubaiyat, 102 S. First St., 663-2401: Every Fri. & Sat., Rabbits.
 Second Chance, 516 E. Liberty St., 994-5350: 7/29 & 31, Masquerade; 7/30, Whiz Kids; 8/1, Stonefront; 8/2, Cheap Trick; 8/3, Sonics Rendezvous; 8/4-8, Tantrum; 8/11-15, Free Wheeling. Cover weekdays \$1 students /\$1.50 others; weekends \$1.50 students/\$2 others.
 Win Schuler's, 3600 Plymouth Rd., 769-9400: Every Mon.-Wed., Foxcroft; every Thurs.-Sun., Caravan in the Black Jack Tavern.

Ypsilanti

Casa Nova Restaurant, 11 W. Michigan Ave., 483-3027: Every Wed.-Sat., Fiddlesticks, no cover.
 Huron Hotel & Lounge, 124 Peral St., 483-1771: Disco every night.
 The Pub, 205 W. Michigan Ave., 485-2573: Every Wed.-Sat., Sue Michaels on piano with percussionist Denny Brown.
 Spaghetti Bender, 23 N. Washington, 485-2750: Every Fri. & Sat., 9-12, classical guitarist, Pete Miller; every Sun., 9-11, Stoney Creek, no cover, no minimum. Food served till midnight.
 The Sure Thing, 327 E. Michigan Ave., 482-7130: Live rock bands nightly.
 The Suds Factory, 737 N. Huron, 485-0240: Disco music, carry out beer, pizza & subs.
 T.C.'s Speakeasy, 207 W. Washington, 483-4470: Every Sunday, John Jockes; every Mon. & Tues., Mike Lebert; every Wed. & Thurs., Ty Cool; every Fri. & Sat., Ty Cool & Mark Hurst. No cover.

E. Lansing

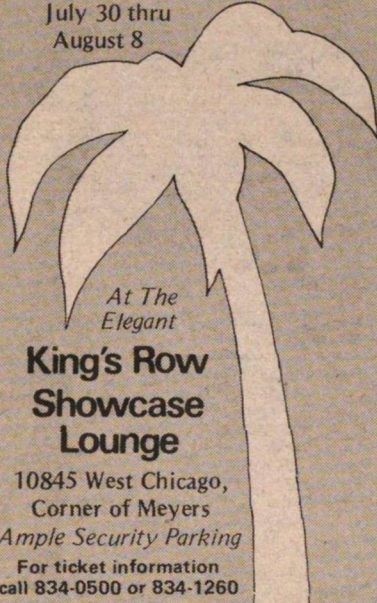
Lizard's Underground, 224 Abbott Rd., (517) 351-2285: thru July, Paddlefoot; Aug. 1-4, Red Mountain String Band; 5-8, Salvatore Fox; 9-14, Jawbone; 15-17, Dixie Diesels; 18-21, Catfish Hodge & Friends; 22, Silvertones; 23-28, Baraboo.
 Hobies, 930 Trowbridge, (517) 351-3800: July 29, Barb Bailey; July 30, Joe Fitzpatrick; July 31, Pete & Randy.
 Olde World Cafe, 211 M.A.C. Ave., (517) 351-3535: July 30, Joe Grifka; July 31, Barrie Brothers.

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CALENDAR

CONCERTS



Preservation Hall Jazz Band at Meadowbrook,
Aug. 6

July 29: Carlos Montoya at Royal Oak Theatre,
8 pm.
Doobie Brothers at Pine Knob.
July 30: Tony Bennet & Woody Herman at
Meadowbrook.
Pavlov's Dog & Mike Quatro at Masonic.
Sha-Na-Na at Pine Knob thru 31st.
August 1: Judy Collins at Pine Knob.
Ravi Shankar at Meadowbrook.
August 5: Lettermen at Pine Knob.
August 6: Kool Jazz Festival at Pontiac Stadium
with Marvin Gaye, The Stylistics, Smokey
Robinson, Staple Singers, Harold Melvin &
the Blue Notes, Donald Byrd & the Black-
byrds.
Preservation Hall Jazz Band at Meadowbrook.
Mac Davis at Pine Knob.
August 7: Kool Jazz Festival at Pontiac Stadium
with The Spinners, Al Green, Ray Charles &
His Orchestra, B.B. King, The Crusaders,
Mac Davis at Pine Knob.
August 8: Earth, Wind & Fire at Pine Knob.
Black Jazz Composers Pops at Meadowbrook.
August 9: Earth, Wind & Fire at Pine Knob.
August 10: America at Pine Knob.
August 11: America at Pine Knob.
August 12: Carpenters at Pine Knob thru 13th.
August 14: Seals & Crofts at Pine Knob thru 15th.
August 14: LaVerna Mason, Feminist Women's
City Club, 2110 Park Ave., 8pm, \$3.00 for
non-members, \$2.50 for members.



Smokey Robinson at Kool Jazz Festival, Aug. 6



Linda Ronstadt at Pine Knob, Aug. 29-30

August 15: Average White Band at Cobo.
August 16: Loggins & Messina at Pine Knob.
August 17: Yes at Cobo.
Quincy Jones & Bros. Johnson at Pine Knob.
August 18: Neil Sedaka at Pine Knob.
August 19: Janis Ian at Pine Knob.
August 20: Natalie Cole at Masonic.
Tex Beneke & His Big Band at Meadowbrook.
Crosby & Nash at Pine Knob thru 21st.
August 22: Chicago at Pine Knob thru 26th.
Ronnie Dyson, Margie Joseph, Chi-Lites at
Masonic.
Johnny Rodriguez at Meadowbrook.
August 26: Johnny & Edgar Winter at Cobo.
August 27: Dionne Warwick & Isaac Hayes at
Masonic, 8 & 11 pm.
Barry Manilow at Meadowbrook.
August 29: Linda Ronstadt at Pine Knob thru
30th.
Bobby Short at Meadowbrook.

Concert Phone Nos.	
Cobo Hall	224-1000
Ford Aud.	224-1070
Masonic	TE2-6648
Meadowbrook	377-3100
Olympia	895-7000
Pine Knob	647-7790
P'Jazz	965-0200
Pontiac Stadium	857-7700
Royal Oak Theatre	543-8222

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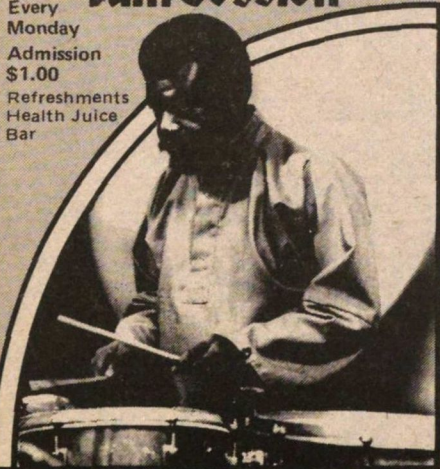
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Monday
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\$1.00
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Health Juice
Bar



THEATRE



"Selma" at Music Hall, Aug. 10

"Plaza Suite", Neil Simon's comedy trio of one-act plays opens Aug. 3 at the Fisher Theatre and continues thru Aug. 15 with evening performances Tues.-Sun. and matinees on Wed. and Sat. The cast is six stars from three of TV's top rated soap operas.
"Sacramento Fifty Miles" for the children ends its run at the Hillberry on July 29.
"The Good Doctor" opens on July 30 at the Hillberry.
"Seascape" opens at the Studio Theatre on July 28, call 577-2972 for more info.
"Guys and Dolls" opens July 28 for ten nights at the Crosswell Opera House and Fine Arts Assoc. in Adrian, (517) 263-5674.
"Selma", a play by Tommy Butler who also stars as Dr. Martin Luther King opens at the Music Hall on Aug. 10.

"Star Spangled Girl" at the Somerset Mall Dinner Theatre, 7:30 pm, Fri. and Sat., in Troy, 643-8865.
"Heartbreak House" by George Bernard Shaw in the Power Center, July 30, August 2 & 5, 763-3333.
"Hedda Gabler" by Henrik Ibsen in the Power Center, July 31, August 3 & 6, 763-3333.
"Once In A Lifetime" by George Kaufman and Moss Hart in the Power Center July 29, August 1, 4 & 7, 763-3333.
Ann Arbor Dance Theatre Summer Performance at Dance Space, 314 1/2 S. State, July 29, 30 & 31, 8:30 pm, \$2 admission.
"A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum", dinner theatre at the Ann Arbor Inn every Fri. & Sat. thru August 20th, 769-9500.

EVENTS

July 30-Aug. 1: The Ukrainian Ethnic Festival at the riverfront.
Aug. 6-8: Arab World Ethnic Festival at the riverfront.
Aug. 13-15: Polish Ethnic Festival at the riverfront.
Youth/Police Conference at McGregor Conference Center, W.S.U., July 31, 8:45-4:30 pm, keynote speaker: Congressman John Conyers, sponsored by: The Youth Caucus of New Detroit, for more info., 961-9160, ext.19.
August 13: Opening of the art gallery "By the Hands and Minds of Women", Feminist Women's City Club, 2110 Park Ave., 7pm.
August 15: Party for the Michigan Travelers, women's professional softball team, buffet available, Feminist Women's City Club.
Peter Psarianos at Trapper's Alley, upstairs in Greektown thru the end of July with shows, at 9, 10:30, and midnight, Sun. at 4 & 7, \$1.50.
Detroit Tonight Tours, complete evening tours aboard an English double-deck bus, with package prices, call 961-5180.
Women's Equality Day on the Kern Block on Thursday, Aug. 26, commemorating the passage of the 19th amendment giving women the right to vote.
Benefit for Howard Wittenberg, State Representative, in Harper Woods, July 31, 3-7 pm with Ted Lucas, Nucleus, Peter Psarianos, \$2.00, Nadine east of Coolidge, between Lincoln and 11 Mile.
The Children's Zoo, Conservatory and Aquarium on Belle Isle open daily and on weekends. Edgewater Park open daily from 12:30-6 pm and weekends 12:30-8 pm. 531-2660.
Concerts in the Park every Saturday afternoon at Palmer Park, bring your own instruments.
Buffet and Entertainment every Friday evening at the Feminist Women's City Club, Park and Elizabeth, 5-7 pm.
Summer Concerts at OCC, Orchard Ridge, in the amphitheatre, July 21, Final Decisions; the amphitheatre, July 25, Jack Brokensha.
Boat Cruises to Bob-Lo from Detroit and Wyandotte, call 496-1044.
Local Artist Jazz Series at the Unitarian Church at Forest and Cass every Tuesday, 7:30-10:30.
Free-The Detroit Concert Band every weekend at the State Fairgrounds.
Michigan State Fair starts August 27 and runs through Sept. 6.
Metropolitan Beach open daily, 963-3022.
Hogarth to Hockney, Three Centuries of English Graphic Art at the Art Institute, Main Bldg., ground floor.
Detroit Community Performing Arts Groups/Bicentennial Touring Show Wagon gives FREE performances: "Ollies Children's Workshop" at: Aug. 9, North District, Hawthorne Center, Hawthorne & Greenfield; Aug. 10, Johnson Center, 8640 Chippewa; Aug. 11, Considine Center, 8904 Woodward; Aug. 12, Tindal Center, 10300 W. 7 Mile.
Dossins Great Lakes Museum is open on Belle Isle too.
The Detroit Zoo at 10 Mile, just west of Woodward, is open every day.
The Planetarium at Cranbrook offers "Bicentennial Skies" with the price of museum admission, 500 Lone Pine Rd., Bloomfield Hills.
Old Time Summer Festival at Greenfield Village in Dearborn.
ANN ARBOR
7th Ann Arbor Medieval Festival, theatre, music, dance, crafts, July 31-11 am in West Park, 3 pm in Burns Park; August 1-11 am on the Ark Coffeehouse lawn, 3 pm in the Arboretum; August 7 & 8-a week's end Medieval Fair 10 am til dusk by the U of M Music School pond. FREE.

TV

JULY 30
Senate Primary '76, meet the candidates for the U.S. Senate seat in a two-hour special, 9 pm, Ch. 56.
JULY 31:
Film Festival-"Ceasar and Rosalie" and "The Man in the White Suite", 9 pm, Ch. 56.
The Gino Washington Show with Chapter Eight, 6 pm, Ch. 62.
Future Shock dance party with James Brown, 9 pm, Ch. 62.
Supersonic with rock stars, 1:30 pm, Ch. 9.
AUGUST 1
The Lou Gordon Show with the Truth about Cocaine, 10 pm, Ch. 50.
For My People, news and interviews produced by Project Bait, 11:30 pm, Ch. 50.
Old Time Gospel Hour, midnight, Ch. 50.
AUGUST 5
Detroit Black Journal, 8 pm, Ch. 56.
AUGUST 6
Black Perspective on the News, 9:30 pm, Ch. 56.
Midnight Special, 1 am, Ch. 4.
AUGUST 7
The Lou Gordon Show, the "Good Samaritan of Detroit", 10 pm, Ch. 50.
The Gino Washington Show with guests Chapter Eight, 6 pm, Ch. 62.
Future Shock, dance show with James Brown, 6:30 pm, Ch. 62.
AUGUST 8
For My People with news and interviews from the community, produced by Project Bait, 11:30 pm, Ch. 50.
Old Time Gospel Hour, midnight, Ch. 50.
EVERYDAY:
The Scene, local dance show, 5 pm, Ch. 62.
Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman, 11:30 pm, Ch. 2

CALENDAR

MOVIES

DETROIT

Royal Oak Public Library Sound Film Series, 222 E. 11 Mile Rd., FREE, at 6:30 pm: July 29, "39 Steps", Alfred Hitchcock; Aug. 5, "School for Scoundrels", with Terry Thomas; Aug. 12, "Waltz of the Toreadors" with Peter Sellers; Aug. 19, "Way Out West" with Laurel and Hardy also short subject on MGM musical, in color with all the great old-time stars; Aug. 26, "Gay Desperado".

Detroit Film Theatre at the Art Institute, two shows nightly, 7 and 9:30 pm: July 30, "La Chienne (The Bitch)" (France-1931-Jean Renoir); July 31, "Nashville" (U.S.-1975-Robert Altman); Aug. 1, "Shanghai Express" (U.S.-1932-Josef von Sternberg); Aug. 6, "The Gentleman Tramp" (U.S.-1976-Richard Patterson); Aug. 7, "The Passion of Anna" (Sweden-1970-Ingmar Bergman); Aug. 8, "The Long Voyage Home" (U.S.-1940-John Ford); Aug. 13, "The French Provincial" (France-1975-Andre Techine); Aug. 14, "Forbidden Games" (France-1952-Rene Clement); Aug. 15, "Gilda" (U.S.-1946-Charles Vidor).

"Murder By Death" at the Americana, Beacon East, La Parisien, Movies, Showcase, Somerset Mall, Southgate.

"Logan's Run" at the Beacon East, Dearborn, Northland.

"The Shootist" at the Alger, Calvin, Gateway, Livonia Mall, Macomb, Northcrest, Playhouse, Quo Vadis, Radio City, Tel-Ex, Universal City, Wyandotte, and drive-ins: East Side, Ecorse, Gratiot, Oak, Walake, Waterford, Wayne.

"The Outlaw Josey Wales" at the Madison, Movies, Quo Vadis.

"Drive-In" at the Dearborn, Mt. Clemens, and Van Dyke.

"Ode To Billy Joe" at the Bloomfield, Hampton, Livonia Mall, Movies at Fairlane, Quo Vadis, Showboat, Showcase, Tel-Ex, Warren, Woods, and at drive-ins: Algiers, Bel Air, Fort George, Galaxy, Grand River, Holiday, Pontiac, Troy.

"Monty Python and the Holy Grail" and "The Groove Tube" at the Cabaret, Eastland, Southfield, Westborn, and Miracle Mile.

"Gus" and "Bambi" at the Abbey, Allen Park, Huron, Livonia Mall, Macomb Mall, Main, Movies, Old Orchard, State, Warren.

"Midway" at the Americana, Mal Kai, Showcase, Southgate, Warren.

"The Man Who Fell to Earth" with David Bowie at the Towne.

"The Bingo Long Travelling All-Stars & Motor Kings" at the Palms, Birmingham, Carousel, Mercury, Ford Wyoming, Jolly Roger, West Side and Playhouse.

"Silent Movie" at the Americana, Allen Park, Movies, Showcase, Terrace, Warren.

"Creature From Black Lake" at the Adams, Farmington, Gateway, Movies, Tel-Ex, Universal City, and drive-ins: Bel-Air, Blue Sky, Wayne.

"The Omen" at the Abbey, Americana, Fairlane, Old Orchard, Plaza, Pontiac, Showcase, Southgate, Vogue.

"All The President's Men" at Berkley, Dearborn, Farmington 4, Hampton, Northgate, Penn, Punch & Judy, Quo Vadis, Roseville, Shelby, Shores, Showboat, Studio, Taylor, Tel-Ex.

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. 7/29, "Yellow Submarine" (1968, George Dunning) 7, 8:45 & 10:30; 7/30, "The Godfather" (1972, Francis Ford Coppola) MLB3-7:30 only, "To Be Or Not To Be" (1942, Ernst Lubitsch) MLB4-7 only, "The Palm Beach Story" (1942, Preston Sturges) MLB4-9 only; 8/2, "A Clockwork Orange" (1971, Stanley Kubrick); 8/3, "Last Tango In Paris" (1973, Bernardo Bertolucci); 8/4, "Visions Of Eight" (1973)—a documentary of the 1972 Olympic games in Munich; 8/5, "Nashville" (1975, Robert Altman); 8/6, "Love And Death" (1975, Woody Allen) MLB3-7 & 10:30, "Take The Money And Run" (1969, Woody Allen) MLB3-8:45 only; 8/6, "Experimental Animation Night", MLB4-8 only; 8/10, "Enter The Dragon" (1974, Robert Clouse); 8/11, "Trash" (1968, Paul Morrissey) Aud. A-7 only, "Marat/Sade" (1967, Peter Brook); 8/12, "Love & Anarchy" (1973, Lina Wertmuller); 8/13, "Phantom Of The Paradise" (1974, Brian De Palma) MLB3-7, 8:45 & 10:30, "Quackser Fortune Has A Cousin in the Bronx" (1970, Waris Hussein) MLB4-7 & 10:30, "Get To Know Your Rabbit" (1972, Brian De Palma) MLB4-8:45 only.

Cinema Guild, Old Architecture Aud., (Tappan & Monroe), 662-8871: Showtimes 7:30 & 9:30, adm. \$1.25. 7/30, "Junior Bonner" (1972, Sam Peckinpah); 7/31, "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town" (1936, Frank Capra); 8/1, "America" (silent, 1924, D.W. Griffith) 8 only—free; 8/6, "Au Hasard Balthazar" (French, 1970, Robert Bresson); 8/7, "Downhill Racer" (1969, Michael Ritchie); 8/8, "Alexander Nevsky" (1938, Serge Eisenstein) 8 only—free; 8/13, "Our Man In Havana" (1960, Carol Reed); 8/14, "The Conversation" (1974, Francis Ford Coppola).

Cinema II, Aud. A—Angell Hall, U of M, 769-7787: Showtimes 7:30 & 9:30, adm. \$1.25. 7/30-31, "The Story of Adele H" (French, 1975, Truffaut); 8/6, "Nashville" (1975, Robert Altman); 8/7, "Medium Cool" (1967, Haskell Wexler); 8/13, "Key Largo" (1948, John Huston); 8/14, "The Wild Party" (1929, Dorothy Arzner).

Summer Film Showcase, Modern Languages Bldg.—Aud. 3: Showtime 7:30 pm, no admission charge. 7/29, Prison: "Cages" & "Attica"; 8/2, Wilderness, Hunting: "John Muir's High Sierra", "Bip Hunts Butterflies", & "Guns of Autumn"; 8/3, Railroad: "Steam Train Passes", "Stations" & "Buster Keaton Rides Again"; 8/4, Young Adults' Films: "Omega", "Angel and Big Joe", "The Cage", "Shopping Bag Lady" & "Bride of Adam Rush"; 8/5, Animation: "History of Animation", "Sisyphus", "Coney", "A", "Pixillation", "Fly", "Song of the Prairie", "Good Grief", "Hunger", "Walking", "Machine" & "Closed Mondays". Presented by the U of M Audio-Visual Education Center.

Second Annual Detroit Black Film Festival

Saturdays at 6:30 at WSU's Community Arts Aud.

Each Saturday evening at 6:30 the lights are dimmed at Wayne State's Community Arts Auditorium, and the hall is filled with the familiar sounds of rustling popcorn, squirming children and their high-pitched shrieks of excitement. During the summer Saturday night is "free movie" night at Community Arts, thanks to the efforts of Audley Smith and Mike Greenlee, producers of The Second Annual Detroit Black Film Festival.

Adopting the format of the National Black Film Bureau, Smith, Greenlee, and a stalwart crew of volunteers are in the midst of presenting a fabulously entertaining and educational panorama of 16-mm black films. It all started last summer when the first festival explored blacks' role in filmmaking, going back to 1916 with films like *St. Louis Blues*, *Spying the Spy*, and Oscar Micheaux's *Scar of Shame*. That summer's audience was so enthusiastic that the producers were encouraged to continue and expand their program.

The 1976 Black Film Festival opened with a special presentation that is indicative of Smith and Greenlee's larger ambitions: a multi-media presentation, featuring black music and other black art side by side with black film. The kickoff presented the high energy Griot Galaxy contemporary jazz unit along with Jimmy Cliff's Jamaican epic *The Harder They Come*. The first two weeks of the festival's regular schedule has had a special focus on children, with films ranging from *Strike*, an animated story of urban black school children in revolt, to the multi-colored odyssey of Ghana's *Anasi the Spider*.

The third week in the Black Film Festival's eight-week series paid special tribute to Paul Robeson, documenting the tremendous versatility of this legendary actor/activist/humanitarian. Highlighting the presentation was Robeson's *Proud Valley*, the film which told the story of a black miner and a Welsh mining community fighting starvation, and the only movie that the black perfectionist was ever artistically satisfied with.

The schedule for the last half of the Detroit Black Film Festival follows below—so check into it and make a date for at least one of the "free movie" Saturdays to come. I'll be looking for you!

—Reggie Carter

BLACK FILM FESTIVAL, free every Saturday night thru Aug., at W.S.U. Community Arts Auditorium; 6:30 pm: July 31, "Broken Strings", 1941, a violinist's career is ended by an automobile accident; "Ten Minutes To Live—The Killer", 1931, a mystery thriller; "From These Roots", 1975, photographs and poetry commemorating the artists of the Harlem Renaissance. Aug. 7: Black Women, "Bushmama", 1975, premier showing in Festival Cities, portrait of a woman and her battles with society and the welfare system; "My Mama And My Sister Too", 1975, story

of highly unusual ex-welfare mother and her seven children, it depicts their economic, community and family struggles. Aug. 14: The Black Prisoner, "Attica", 1974, classic documentary film about the investigation of the 1971 Attica Prison Rebellion. Aug. 21: Africa, "N'Jangaan", 1974, this film exposes religious charlatanism in Segalese society; "The Magic Tree", 1970, a beautifully animated folk tale from the Congo. Aug. 28: "Harvest 3000 Years", 1975; "That Fabulous Face", 1971.



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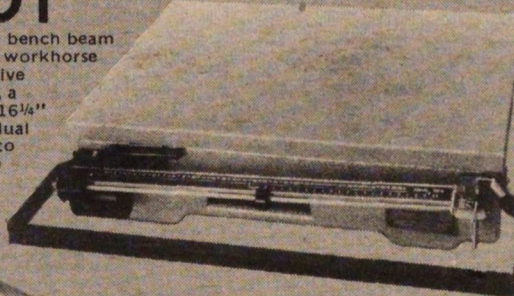
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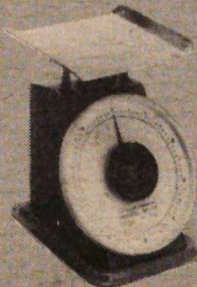
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Neo-Colonialism in the Caribbean

Hanky-Panky with the Multi-Nationals

By Herb Boyd

In the Caribbean, as in much of Africa, the consolidation of the "dictatorship of the petty bourgeoisie," under the sheltering wing of international monopoly capital, is becoming more and more a menacing political reality. With the obvious exception of Cuba, and especially in the English-speaking portion of the West Indies, neo-colonialism—with all its retrogressive aspects (corruption, electoral fraud, political repression, etc.)—is clearly the most significant socio-economic contradiction confronting the dazed but unyielding masses.

Jamaica's growing instability, where over 60 per cent of the people are under 30 years of age, and 30 per cent of those are unemployed, offers a good example of the problems common to most of the tourist-minded Caribbean. And the Rastas, Dreads and such organizations as New Beginnings and the New Jewel Movement, as well as countless strikes and riots, are visible indications of the dissatisfaction wrought by pseudo-socialism and the neo-colonial policy.

In an attempt to further understand the declining living conditions in the Caribbean, the Detroit Committee for the Liberation of Africa recently conducted an interview with Wilbert Holder, who was in Detroit through the Phelps-Stokes student-faculty exchange program. Holder, who was born in Guyana and has worked all over the Caribbean, is living now in Trinidad, where he continues his highly-acclaimed work in the media. It has been suggested that the newly released film *Bim*, in which Holder stars (and which he co-produced) will be as well-received as *Jimmy Cliff's* *Them*, *The Harder They Come*.

DCLA: I would like to ask you, first of all, if you can give a brief analysis of the economic structure of Trinidad in the Caribbean.

HOLDER: Well, I would like to confine my argument at the outset to Trinidad, in so far as I have been living there for the last 13 years, having been born in Guyana. In Trinidad the economic structure is such that oil is the chief revenue earner. Sugar, or cane sugar, as it relates to the Caribbean, is number two, and then you will get tourism, possibly lying third or fourth.

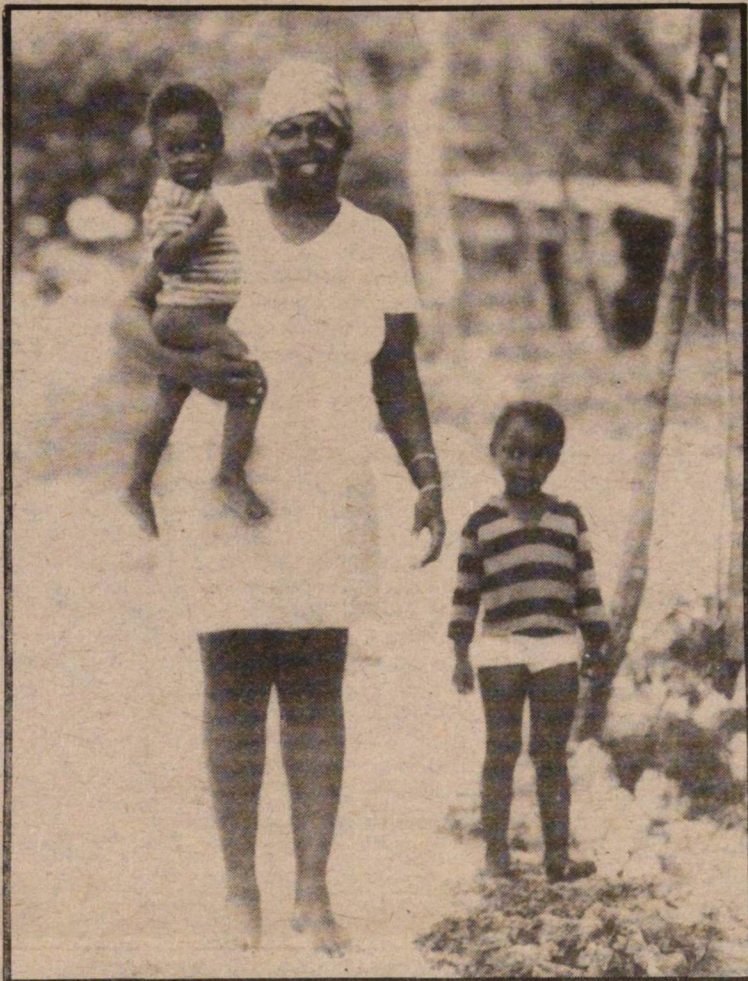
Unlike the rest of the Caribbean, this is where Trinidad is unique. Oil is the chief revenue earner, and in the smaller Caribbean islands—I'm talking about islands such as Barbados, Grenada, St. Lucia, Dominica and Antigua, Martinique, Guadelupe, those are the French Islands—tourism is the chief revenue earner. In Jamaica, tourism plays a great part, too, even though there is a very large bauxite industry.

In talking about the Caribbean, one must include Guyana, because the destiny of Guyana is very much that of the Caribbean. It is the only English-speaking territory on the mainland of South America; there the chief revenue earners are bauxite and sugar, and certainly there is no tourism at all.

DCLA: Some of the Caribbean governments have pretended socialism, supposedly under the guise of nationalization of natural resources. Have the masses benefited from this so-called nationalization?

HOLDER: I do not think so at all, because what exists in the Caribbean today—and I must say when I talk about the Caribbean, I talk of the ex-British Caribbean, and I like to confine myself to that, because I know of those better—what exists today is neo-colonialism. Most of the territories—Jamaica, Barbados, Trinidad, Guyana and now Grenada—are independent. Grenada was the last of them to become independent, in 1974. Trinidad became independent in 1962, Jamaica about the same period, and Guyana in 1964. Most of them became independent, and everyone thought that here was our chance to control our own destiny, so to speak, and to remove ourselves from the horrors of colonialism, to make full use of our natural resources for the betterment of everyone.

But because of the interference of the multinational corporations, or rather the investment which is tantamount to interference, the government has insisted that they should own 51 per



Negril, Jamaica, April 1976

cent of the shares of the multinational corporations. And the Marxists, who make up the majority of the workers, haven't really gained. Most people feel that these territories are now literally like a tinder box. It's extremely explosive.

DCLA: Are you familiar with the strikes that were going on in Trinidad earlier this year?

HOLDER: Well, Trinidad has always been a community that seems to be plagued with strikes. When I first went there in 1962, I worked in radio. I was a newscaster. Each newscast contained about four stories on four different strikes. One felt that this might have been the peevish problems of independence and moving from one kind of political ideology to another. But up until recently—and I'm talking from 1970 to now—this has remained very much the same, because workers are very dissatisfied with their conditions. They're agitating for better salaries, but even if they get better salaries, the situation will not change, because we're facing an inflationary situation: as salaries go up, so does food, so does rent, so does everything. In other words, the cost of living increases almost concomitantly with the rise in pay.

Those activists, I like to call them political activists who are considered left or radical, are stating quite definitely that the way for us to approach this would be to marshal our own resources, both natural and also human resources, and literally restructure our economy and start from scratch again. I mean Cuba is used very much as a blueprint here. But of course, I don't know if this will be done, because as I said, the political party in power plays hanky-panky with the multi-national corporations, and they're concerned about remaining there.

DCLA: You spoke earlier of the "Seven Sisters" in one of your discussions. Could you tell what specifically is the relationship between the multi-national corporations and the economic dependency of the Caribbean on the United States?

HOLDER: When I mentioned the "Seven Sisters" in my discussions here at Shaw College, I was referring to the seven big oil companies in the world—this is a term given to the seven largest. One of them, for instance, is in Trinidad—Texaco—and she's been there for years. She has a 361,000 barrel-per-day capacity for oil refinement in Trinidad.

What has happened recently, within the last four years or so, is that another oil company called Amoco, which is a subsidiary of Standard Oil, has come onto the islands, and a lot of off-shore drilling is going on, because off-shore finds have been very good in terms of natural gases and oil. And then there's another company called Trinidad Casoral, which is a combination between the Trinidad government and a company in Texas, and they're also doing a lot of off-shore

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Homecoming

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to promote, advertise, and publicize the series of thirteen major musical and cultural events which would make up the Homecoming Festival.

• Due to Mason's absence and the seeming inability of the Commission to function *vis a vis* the Festival without him, artists were not even contacted until sometime in the spring—probably April—with non-specific offers to participate in Homecoming. The Commission apparently restricted its contact with the artists to a form letter mailed blindly out of Detroit, accepting any positive responses as definite commitments for the artists to appear at the Homecoming event. Contracts were not issued nor firm commitments secured until days before the Festival itself, making it impossible to effectively promote the shows—even with less than a month to go.

• Mr. Mason and the Commission did not announce the event to the public until June 7th, only five weeks before the start of Homecoming '76. Even at that late date the Commission had not bothered to secure firm commitments from the principal attractions on its roster—the Spinners, the Four Tops, and the Temptations (Gladys Knight, Aretha Franklin, and the Motown stable had been mentioned as "sure things" in the fall, but all had disappeared by the June 7 date)—yet they went ahead and announced their participation anyway. Only days later the morning *Free Press*, already unsympathetic to the prospect of a major black music festival linked to the city's official bicentennial celebration, bannered across its front page the news that all three major pop groups not only would *not* appear at Homecoming "due to other commitments," but that none of them had been firmly contracted—or even firmly contacted—in the first place.

• Because the Commission, having neither budgeted nor raised any significant amount of money for advertising and promotion, had come to depend on the daily papers and the electronic media for major support in publicizing the Homecoming Festival, the media's lukewarm response in general—and its pointed exposes in particular—effectively precluded any possibility of success for the event. Furthermore, anyone with promotional experience, however slight, could have told them that it's not free publicity—or even expensive publicity—which sells out concerts, but concentrated, protracted advertising and promotion in all local media: full-page newspaper ads, two or three months of daily radio spots, billboards, mass transit advertising, posters, flyers, T-shirts, bumper stickers, and the whole panoply of modern promotional devices. Of course all of this isn't necessary for a single pop concert, but for a nine-day, multi-venue, artistically-advanced series of jazz, blues, gospel, and other black-music concerts to have the slightest chance of success, one would have to pull out all the stops, budgeting as much money for promotion and advertising as humanly possible.

• With no advertising budget, the Commission's only chance would've been to pack the Festival with as many well-established pop-music stars as possible, hoping that the star value would trigger the media response necessary to sell the all-important tickets. Yet Mason not only "lost" the stars he thought he had secured, but he failed to attract enough performers with mass "name-value" to guarantee the success of even one of the many Homecoming concerts. This is no reflection on the musicians at all—the quality of their music, in America, has absolutely nothing to do with their commercial status—but it does serve as an indictment of Mr. Mason and the Commission, who were and are finally responsible for the financial success or failure of the event.

• With all these problems already glaringly evident by the time June 7th rolled

around, Mason and the Commission went mindlessly ahead with almost all of their original plans, never seeming to notice that they had a sure-fire disaster staring them in the face despite every possible effort they could make. To top it off, Mason kept adding performers and shows to the June 7th schedule, rarely enhancing the commercial viability of an event but always adding to the costs and confusion. Several fairly manageable concerts—Keyboard Harmony, Detroit Reunion, the opening Stars Salute Detroit show—were swelled completely out of proportion by Mason's last-minute additions, guaranteeing that the concerts would certainly go into overtime and (at best) tax the endurance of their potential audiences. Mr. Mason's motives in this regard were unquestionably noble, but his actions worked to achieve just the opposite effect. If he had lowered the expectations of the event, cutting concerts, performers, and every possible cost *before* the initial announcement and then spending every available penny on a well-designed, inescapably visible advertising campaign during the month before July 16th, the Commission could probably have made it through the week of the Festival without shutting it down in the middle.

• Finally there is the matter of the Commission's devil-may-care attitude going into the event, and its insistence that the publicity potential of this essentially esoteric black-music festival would be strong enough to carry a total of thirteen major concert events to the break-even point. The Commission frankly appeared to be so caught up in its own hype that its principals never considered the substantial problems involved in selling such an ambitious program to the ticket-buying public. Consequently its advertising campaign, already hopelessly crippled by a massive lack of funds, suffered even more from a smug, self-congratulatory tone and a series of non-specific, almost incomprehensible mass ad-

vertising devices—from the idiotic slogan "Can You Feel the Spirit" to the useless bus cards and the well-hidden newspaper ads which failed to bill the performers at the many concerts until the last few days before Homecoming started. Only a hardcore music fanatic with inside knowledge of the Homecoming line-up could have been moved to buy tickets in advance; no one else had any reason to purchase tickets nor was given any motivation other than the vaguest exhortations to "feel the spirit," and the advance sales are the clearest possible proof of the failure of this approach.

After all is said and done, however, the Bicentennial Commission—and the City of Detroit behind it—is left holding the big bag of bills and headaches, political as well as financial. Cutting off the Festival in the middle might have saved further financial losses, but the political effects of the cancellation have yet to be fully calculated. There is no question that the performers—musicians, dancers, arrangers, sound and light operators—are outrageously disturbed over the Commission's panic-stricken action, but even worse will be the reactions of the white-owned media and the many additional critics of Joyce Garrett's stewardship of the Bicentennial Commission.

Unjustly and ignorantly maligned all year for her courage and exquisite taste in planning and sponsoring the artistically innovative Homecoming Festival, Ms. Garrett—who is also Mayor Young's "loving friend" and intimate companion—now has to suffer the smug attacks of the racist European-culture chauvinists in the mass media as well as the righteous anger and hostility of the local artistic community, whose outrage is compounded by the certain knowledge that, had their advice and experience been heeded months ago, when it would have done some good, Ms. Garrett would not be in the uncomfortable spot she now inhabits.

Yet and still, as the saying goes, Ms. Garrett, Mr. Mason, and their associates

continued on page 26

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Hubbard

continued from page 5

With such a track record on race relations, it's no wonder that Roy Wilkins, Executive Director of the NAACP, branded Hubbard in 1969 as "the meanest man in race relations" and more dedicated to segregation than Strom Thurmond, James Eastland and George Wallace. To this day Dearborn remains for the most part segregated. Only a handful of blacks live or rent homes in Dearborn, with an equally small number of black Ford executives renting apartments.

Of course the entire blame cannot be laid on Hubbard. Although Hubbard himself has set Dearborn's racist policies, none of them would have been possible without the support of Dearborn's citizens. If the people of Dearborn did not

agree with Hubbard's racist practices, they could have removed him from office any number of times. They have not.

Perhaps better than any politician, Orville Hubbard knows what his people want and how to give it to them. Whether it was keeping the city lily-white or giving the people a retirement village in Florida, Hubbard has delivered.

Hubbard's longstanding policies will undoubtedly be continued in one form or another after he finally steps down or dies. The most probable candidates for mayor range from all seven members of the city council to the chief of police, all of whom owe their positions in one way or another to Orville L. Hubbard.

Regardless, Hubbard will not be forgotten. There are many people in Dearborn who, when they think of the mayor, think automatically of Hubbard. He has been mayor as long as they can remember.

Mass Transit

continued from page 3

gram (TAP) outlines the transportation priorities for Southeastern Michigan for the years 1976 through 1980. The five major elements of the TAP program are: (1) development and expansion of commuter rail service; (2) the construction of a 2.3-mile people-mover system in the Central Business District of Downtown Detroit; (3) the construction and operation of the first segment of the rapid-transit system in the Detroit urbanized area; (4) regional bus expansion; and (5) development of intermediate-level transit, often referred to as rapid bus transit.

The cost of the proposed TAP program is \$891 million, 80% of which would be provided by the Federal government and 10% each from the state and local levels. Federal funds are contingent upon the commitment of the 20% from state and local funds, and the completion of an "Alternative Analysis" study by SEMTA for the Urban Mass Transit Administration. The study is to insure that before any money changes hands, the TAP program will provide the most efficient transportation system possible in the Detroit Metropolitan area.

Current plans for rapid transit involve the construction and development of the first segment of the system in Detroit. The initial 10.7 mile system would operate on the Woodward Avenue corridor to Grand Blvd.; on Gratiot as far northeast as the I-94 freeway; to the west on Michigan Avenue along the Penn Central Railroad right of way as far west as Grand Blvd.

Rapid transit is vital to the redevelopment of the downtown Detroit area. Without it there will be little motivation to patronize Detroit's ailing retail businesses. How can center city locations compete with the free parking, easy access, convenient hours and bland attractiveness of suburban malls without some major innovations?

Efficient transportation to and from downtown is basic to Detroit's revitalization. Such transit alternatives as the people-mover planned by SEMTA, the Central Business District, and Detroit Renaissance will provide convenient trans-

portation for the pedestrian in a 2.3-mile area in the heart of downtown Detroit. The system hopes to accommodate 9,000 peak-hour passengers with a full travel-time of 12 minutes.

According to Generette, "The people-mover project could have a decision as early as October; by March 1977 the preliminary engineering could be completed; and by the latter part of 1977, dirt could fly on that project."

Until the Legislature designs a financing package which will appease outlying counties, mass transit in Detroit will remain stalled. The seven Southeastern Michigan counties involved in SEMTA's TAP program feel Detroit is the major benefactor in the rapid transit plan, while the Oakland county area would pay the most into the plan under previously proposed tax measures, because there are more registered cars and more valuable properties in Oakland County.

As some residents dream of the prosperity that accompanies the development of a rapid transit system—that is, increased tax revenues to help finance existing state and local programs, increased vitality in the center of the city, etc., others wonder if the rapid-transit system would hasten the demise of Detroit-DOT. Unions fear a merger between SEMTA and Detroit-DOT would kill jobs for Detroit, and they often oppose rapid transit on that basis.

A merger between SEMTA and Detroit-DOT would effect a savings of between \$3 million and \$6 million. "Such a proposal would have to be placed on the ballot for voter approval, and there is only one man in the area who can effect that merger: Mayor Young," Generette said. "He has to sell the idea to the people, and they have to perceive the advantage of such a merger to them."

A long-time supporter of rapid transit in Detroit, Mayor Young apparently awaits the commitment for rapid transit in the Legislature before beginning a public campaign for ballot approval. Young, who is reportedly in close contact with Federal Transportation officials, is still optimistic in the wake of the recent legislative defeat. He looks to the reconvening of the Legislature confidently; "September might not be too late," he has said.

Up Date

continued from page 5

NEWS MEMO

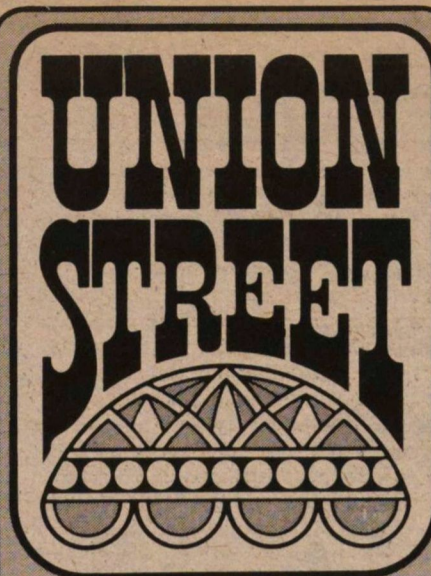
The McCormick Memo, that statement from Detroit News editor Mike McCormick to his six copy editors encouraging them to increase emphasis on sex, comedy and tragedy on the front page of *The News*, remains "on the books as far as we're concerned," a News writer says.

No steps have been taken to rescind or counteract the memo, which may lead to a libel suit brought against *The News* by Newspaper Guild Local 22 (*Sun*, July 15).

"The law suit is the next step," said one News writer initially shocked by the memo which called for such stories as "Nun Charged With Killing Her Baby" and "They Chummed Together—Died Together" to appear more frequently on Page one.

News Vice-President and Editor Martin Hayden defended McCormick's memo, saying it did not constitute a policy statement, and charged the Guild with attempting to use the memo to extort concessions from management.

Mayor Young introduced the memo to the public in June, commenting "Walls built of front page horror stories will defeat us all."



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FREE ROAD MAPS

"Alternative" Schools

continued from page 3

pooled their resources to occupy the old Salesian High School just north of Wayne State University.

The Children's School, for elementary and pre-school education, combines the various philosophies of Piaget-like educators Kozal and Kohl to offer children choices within the limits of basic academic subjects, according to co-director Monica Donnelly. Like Taproot, the school day begins with a meeting, followed by independent studies. "We try to make sure children are operating at their grade level. If a child can't read or figure, we've done him or her no favor," Donnelly contended.

Teacher and parent Marge Sklar said that "We are aware when kids avoid subjects, and we try to encourage them in all areas, but no one is forced. Many kids come to us from public school, where they've experienced failure." There are no prerequisites to entering an alternative school, but a parent-child-teacher conference is held prior to enrollment to determine the potential value of an alternative school to the student.

Individual attention and breaking down traditional barriers between parents and the school are emphasized, Donnelly explained. Teachers, who are paid less than Detroit Public School teachers and take a more active administrative role, meet weekly to decide on curriculum, budgets and schedules. Enrollment hovers around 60. Because tuition is designated according to income, about 30% of the students at the Children's School are from families living at poverty level, Donnelly estimates. Children's School benefits from input from the Merrill Palmer Institute, but operates on a tight budget.

The Detroit Free School (high-school grades), which occupies the third floor of the Salesian building, is similar to Children's School but less structured, according to Donnelly. The older children have more influence in administering school discipline, establishing curricula and hiring staff. Their popular courses in womens and men's studies and eastern religion were pupil-innovated.

The Upland Hills School calls itself an "ecologically-based school," where curriculum is founded on the operation of the natural world. "We stress the emotional, intellectual and physical balance toward fulfilling goals of self-knowledge and self-intellect," teacher-director Phillip Moore explained. Courses range from kids teaching kids to individual projects, to staff-oriented curriculum, which, he said, make learning a joyful experience.

Upland Hills operates in a cooperative, non-competitive environment on one corner of the 240-acre Upland Hills Farm in Oxford. One of the classrooms for the 55 pupils is a wind- and solar-powered geodesic dome. Tuition is \$1100 a year; bus transportation is available from Royal Oak.

Waldorf School, on Detroit's east side, immerses its children in arts and crafts in order to develop creativity and self-expression. Based on the teachings of German philosopher Rudolph Steiner, Waldorf, one of 15 such schools in the country, strives to educate children toward freedom.

"Kindergarten is doing, elementary grades are feeling and high school is thinking," according to teacher Penny O'Meara. Kindergarten is primarily free play. There is no hurry to teach reading. Children study German, French and a musical instrument in addition to the recorder all through school. "Children are taught as a group, but it is highly individualized," she added.

Waldorf discourages television at home so that children can learn to entertain themselves. Children stay with the same teacher from first grade through eighth. Waldorf does not test or grade, but teaches students how to take tests after the seventh grade.

Waldorf's 250 students are racially,

ethnically, and socially integrated and come from both professional and welfare backgrounds, O'Meara said. Tuition averages \$1500 a year, with limited assistance available.

Friends School near downtown is not a free school by the popular definition, but stresses the integration of academics and the arts in an informal environment where children can progress at their own speed. "We offer a highly individualized, but very structured program," explained Pam Dart, director of kindergarten through eighth grade.

Funded by the Society of Friends and a number of Detroit-area corporations, the school emphasizes respect and caring toward the community and one another. The school communicates with parents via frequent conferences and extensive written reports. Many children who have had problems in public schools enroll in Friends for the individualized attention and emphasis on nonviolent means of solving problems.

Tuition ranges from \$1350 for the all-day kindergarten to \$2000 per year for high school. The funding of the school stipulates a 50% white and 50% non-white balance, which is achieved through its aid program. With 360 pupils and a staff of 40, the largest class has 22 children.



Monica Donnelly,
director of Detroit
Children's School

A humanistic approach to educating children is the philosophy of City School, located at Livernois and Eight Mile. Also called L'Ecole Francaise, because of its extensive French program, or the Apple School—a large red apple adorns the door—the school takes children through elementary grades using open-classroom techniques. The converted office building is a series of study areas divided by bookshelves and decorated brilliantly with children's art work. The carpeted and sunny rooms make for a happy atmosphere.

City School's headmaster is State Senator Jack Faxon, who has been known to get favors for the school from the state because of his standing in the Legislature. Last year there were 97 pupils and a staff of nine at City School.

Considering alternative education a practical option and choosing a school carefully does not guarantee total parental satisfaction. Often the same philosophy of education that makes one parent a devotee will cause another to yank a child out of one school and try another. When the academic philosophy departs radically from traditional teaching, the easier parents become disillusioned.

Dell Alston's son Robert attended Waldorf from pre-school through first grade before she put him in her neighborhood Detroit public school. The Alstons did not feel they could wait out Waldorf's practice of delaying reading until third grade. They want their son to be strong academically and are more comfortable seeing evidence of his progress.

Parents often have only minor criticisms of alternative schools, ones with which they can easily live. Martha Norman, food co-op coordinator for Operation Get-Down, chose Friends School for her two children, in part because it is Quaker. And, while she is satisfied with the school's efforts to reach economic and racial balance, she wishes there were more black staff members.

But most alternative schools are culturally balanced, and some of them are accessible to low income families. While the success of such schools is difficult to measure, and while certain non-traditional schools may not even meet the standards of other Detroit Public Schools, they do provide an alternative education to students who want to learn—as long as their parents can afford it.

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Malcolm Darnell Brown
No. 133334
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Roger T. Hoke
No. 120545
P.O. Box 779
Marquette, MI 49855

Rodney Price
No. 140705
P.O. Box E
Jackson, MI 49204

Leon R. Dickerson
No. 140-875
P.O. Box 69
London, OH 43140

Jim Fraga
No. 00305-190
P.O. Box 33
Terre Haute, Ind. 47808

K.E. Oliver
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Oriental Ladies want to write to you. Names, ages, photos, info on how to contact them. Free. Cherry Blossoms, Stehkin, WA 98852.

26-year-old white male law student (5'7", 145 lbs.) with interests in Eastern philosophy, liberal politics, art, and travel, would like to contact reasonably intelligent and attractive females with similar interests in Washtenaw and Tri-county areas. Send as much or as little info as you like. SUN Classified Box 46.

This is a shot in the dark, but if anyone reading this can return a bag of custom cassette tapes that was stolen from my yellow Dodge van, parked on First Street just north of Bagley behind the Leland House, in the middle of July 1976, I will pay—no questions asked—a \$100.00 reward. Many of these tapes are irreplaceable, and few of them have any contemporary market value. The tapes include compilations of music by Lyman Woodard, Ron English, Kenny Cox, Mixed Bag, Earl Klugh, Ronnie McNeir, the Wild Magnolias, Bobby "Blue" Bland, Sonny Boy Williamson, Yusuf Lateef, John Coltrane, T-Bone Walker, Bob Marley & the Wailers, Eddie Jefferson/James Moody, Gil Evans, and many other esoteric artists of little interest to the hot-tape buyer, plus one-of-a-kind tapes from the Ann Arbor Blues & Jazz Festivals and my radio shows. It will cost me far in excess of \$100.00 to replace those which can be replaced. Please contact me, or leave word, at the SUN offices in the Detroit Leland House, Cass & Bagley, in downtown Detroit, or call 961-3555. Thank you. John Sinclair.

Black government worker—39 years old, new to the area. Would like to meet females for friendship. SUN Classified Box 45.

Attractive female wanted to join attractive white couple in early 20's for evening(s) of fun. Write P.O. Box 88, Clawson, MI 48017. Please don't be hesitant.

I'm in prison and I could sure dig hearing from someone in the world! Charlie Mason, No. 126368, P.O. Box E, Jackson, MI 49204.

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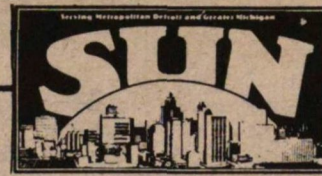
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Deadline for copy changes or cancellation is noon Thursday, one week before the publication date. There is a \$1.00 service charge for cancellation.

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

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The Master Plan

continued from page 4
has not been an easy task to get many people to realize that it is their responsibility to see to it that this occurs.

There is no doubt in most people's minds that a Master Plan is underway. All the concentrated buildups downtown—along the Riverfront, spreading out north of Jefferson Avenue to Adams, and from First Street to Rivard—and around the perimeter of the city give clear evidence of a well-thought-out strategy.

But when people unite and become accountable, they can intercept any plans against their welfare. It is this kind of action that has brought the ray of light which promises better things, such as rebuilding the devastated inner city.

If this trend continues, and if the people do not become over-confident and let apathy overtake them again, they can win the battle. We certainly hope more people will join in this effort and stay with it. Only then will Detroit become the kind of city we all want it to be.

PREGNANT, Need Help? Michigan Feminist Health Care, Inc.

2110 Park, Detroit 48201

24 HOUR
HOT LINE

964-2620

Homecoming

continued from page 22

on the Bicentennial Commission staff have only themselves to blame—finally—for the failure of the Homecoming event. Their inability to comprehend the reasons for that failure—they've been blaming it on the lack of support they received from the mass media—in no way mitigates the effect of their actions; and while they may be able to tough it through the adverse reaction in the press, they will not be able to escape the consequences of their betrayal of the local artistic community.

What is most important, in our humble opinion, is that the failure of the Bicentennial Commission's *Homecoming '76* must not be taken to mean that any attempt at producing and promoting a comparable music festival based in downtown Detroit is doomed to a similar failure. In fact, a yearly *Detroit Heritage Festival*, incorporating both Detroit-originated talent and artists with no such homely connection to the city, could be not only a smashing artistic and financial success—given the proper approach—but a tremendous boon for the downtown scene and the city as a whole. The Newport-in-New-York Festival, after three or four years of experimentation and financial loss, is now on firm footing and has almost single-handedly revitalized the New York jazz scene as a

whole, drawing mass attention to the art-form itself and helping generate work year-round for participating musicians and everyone else on the scene.

A yearly *Detroit Heritage Festival*, incorporating for artistic and economic reasons the free Afro-American and Detroit Blues Festivals, could bring downtown Detroit to life like nothing else. Under the aegis of responsible promoters, directed by representatives of the Detroit artistic community, and with careful attention to both programming and promotional requirements, an annual *Detroit Heritage Festival* could present the best in music (both local and "national"), bring in some needed revenue for the city (instead of costing the citizens money), provide work (and much-needed exposure) for many locally-based artists and other world-class musical talents, revitalize nightlife in downtown Detroit and the city in general, and raise the cultural hopes and aspirations of concerned Detroiters to a new high.

In fact, one is hard-pressed to think of a more positive, more socially useful, and potentially more successful event for this depression-ridden city than a downtown *Detroit Heritage Festival*. Let's do it again in '77—the right way! And while we're at it, let's give Ms. Garrett and Company a big fat "A" for aspiration and artistic truth—believe me, it's all the good marks they're going to be getting for quite some time.



Herbie Williams and Candy Johnson at the "Jazz Reunion" concert

Caribbean

continued from page 21

As it is, what really worried the government in power earlier this year was that for the first time in the history of Trinidad and Tobago, the oil field-workers' trade union—made up mostly of citizens of African descent—and the sugar estate workers—who are mostly East Indian, because they came into Trinidad many years ago as indentured laborers after the emancipation of slavery, when the blacks were freed and literally left the land and came into the town to look for white-collar jobs—for the first time they had got together, the Indians and the Blacks, who historically had some kind of conflict between them, they'd got together and were seen as a very powerful force to be reckoned with. I think they are marshaling their forces now, and I think you will see some activity in the political arena by them soon.

DCLA: The Caribbean has been called the playground of the western world, and we all understand what these various kinds of myths can impose upon the masses of people. Could you relay specifically how the tourist industry has affected the masses of people in the Caribbean?

HOLDER: The tourist dollar is very important and is the chief revenue. From what I have experienced in places like Barbados, the north coast of Jamaica, and St. Lucia, you find that tourist dollars' importance with the government enters into all sorts of programs to attract people there.

But the poor natives, not knowing any better, fall into the trap of literally prostituting themselves—I don't mean becoming prostitutes, don't get me wrong, I'm using the word in its absolute sense here—but prostitute themselves for the tourist dollar.

DCLA: How does the government of Trinidad relate to Cuba?

HOLDER: Well, I think I'm going to start with the government. The government in Trinidad and Tobago has established diplomatic relations with Cuba. As a matter of fact, recently the Prime Minister of Trinidad and Tobago paid a state visit to Cuba. One of the members of the party was a Minister of Education, and at that time the Trinidad Government was having problems with its educational program, in that they had instituted an intermediary stage between primary school and secondary school—it was called the "junior secondary school"—and these junior secondary students had come to the stage where they had graduated or qualified to go into secondary school, but there were not enough places.

Well, it is reported that the Prime Minister of Trinidad noticed the educational program in Cuba and saw many good things in it, and he immediately sent back his Minister of Education to try to do something about the educational program in Trinidad, whereupon they increased pay for teachers by \$600 and are generally trying to straighten out the whole thing.

The way the masses of Trinidad see Cuba, I think that the masses might have been influenced by the American attitude to Cuba many years ago, when they didn't know any better. Well, the masses are now feeling the pinch of neo-colonialism themselves and have started to examine things more. In other words, they don't quite accept everything that is put out just like that. They're reading a great deal more about Cuba nowadays, and they're hearing of the successes of Cuba. I think they look to Cuba as a place that is really trying and achieving something for the people.

Cuba

continued from page 8

ism or, as Castro has taken to calling it, "the unity of progressive forces." Castro feels a deep responsibility to the nations that have not yet had the kind of transformation that Cuba has had. He feels that his country must help other struggles, which he views as analogous to the one he led in the Sierra Maestra in the 1950s.

"Although economic relations with the United States may be useful to our country," he said in December, "these relations will never be re-established on the basis of giving up one single iota of our principles."

Perhaps it was inevitable that a nation with such strong "principles" would have difficulty dealing with the United States. Eyebrows were raised when Cuba turned up as the only non-Arab sponsor of the anti-Zionism resolution at the U.S.—though anyone familiar with Cuban foreign policy could not have been surprised, especially after the warm reception Yasir Arafat was given in Havana in 1974.

Kissinger himself spoke up last fall when Cuba hosted an international conference in support of Puerto Rican independence. Kissinger, of course, considers Puerto Rico a part of the United States, and accused Cuba of "meddling" in the domestic affairs of the U.S.

The curtain finally came down when Cuba sent an estimated 12,000 combat troops to Angola to help repel a South African invasion. Cuba has worked with the MPLA for more than a decade (during which the U.S. was supporting Portuguese colonialism in Africa), and when MPLA

leader Dr. Agostino Neto was faced with the prospect of the South African invasion from the south and the CIA-backed forces of the FNLA/UNITA coalition pushing from the north, he turned to his Cuban allies for help. This, in effect, placed Cuban troops in direct conflict with troops supported by the U.S.

The reaction was swift. Kissinger launched a verbal attack on Cuba unmatched in ferocity even by the "exporting revolution" speeches of the '60s. President Ford told a group of Cuban exiles in Florida just before that state's Presidential primary that Castro was an "international outlaw." Both men charged that the Soviet Union had ordered Cuban troops to Angola, although Kissinger is reliably reported to realize privately that Cuba maintains an independent foreign policy and sent the troops in without any Soviet request.

Castro, a patient man, waxes philosophical. After President Ford "warned" Cuba that her presence in Angola would prevent any improvement in U.S.-Cuban relations, Castro said: "It is odd that the President of the United States, Mr. Ford, should threaten us with that. Before, when we did have relations, they cut them off; when there was a sugar quota, they cut it off; when there was trade between the United States and Cuba, they cut it off; but now they have nothing else to cut off, and now they cut off hope."

"This could be called 'the hope embargo' on the part of the President of the United States. He has actually embargoed that which no longer exists."

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HOT SPOTS

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to exclaim, "They've left a message for us."

Several hours later, after a closed-door, high-level meeting between heads of the

American space program, the rock carvings were called "unusual shadows and rock shapes—in no way should they be confused with writing."

And so the question remains, Is there intelligent life on Mars? Another good question: Is there intelligent life in the American space program, or is it all swamp gas?

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STAR TRACKIN'

PEOPLE'S ASTROLOGY

By Genie Parker

In August the full Moon is in Aquarius on the 9th. At the point when the Moon is the fullest, about 8 pm, Aquarius will also be the Zodiac sign rising over the eastern horizon, so we'll get a good view of the Moon if it's a clear night.

With both the Full Moon in Aquarius and Aquarius rising, a strong emphasis will be building on the ideas and actions affected by that combination. Aquarius is symbolized by a water bearer: a person with many people in mind. Aquarius is often referred to as the sign of universal consciousness, or brotherly/sisterly love.

This is a very thoughtful and creative time. It is not easy for anyone to proceed in business or personal affairs the way we would like, but the conditions are ripe for making new plans and especially for reviewing and criticizing what we've been doing recently. Make sure your criticisms are made with an eye towards progress and helping the situation, rather than criticizing others to take blame away from yourself. Think of Aquarius and the broadminded perspective it allows, and don't get caught in the just-as-possible direction now of negative criticism, irritation and destruction. There's enough of that already, and we must work to change the tide.

When reading the following suggestions for the various signs, be sure and read your rising and Moon signs as well as your Sun (birth) sign.

♈ ARIES (March 20-April 18)—You're in for it now. This is a time of great fire. Keep it under control and you can rocket forward with whatever you're involved in. Let it get out of hand, and you'll no doubt destroy a lot in the making. Temper and creativity bring opposite results.

♉ TAURUS (April 19-May 19)—Let your strong sense of practicality to the forefront and the rewards will be beyond your expectations. Try not to be overly critical—especially of those closest to you—but make your plans with discrimination and an eye towards helping others progress.

♊ GEMINI (May 20-June 20)—You can enjoy the details involved in your business as long as you also concentrate on the creative aspects of your life. Much can come to fruition during this time, but be careful of becoming unnecessarily irritated with people close to you.

♋ CANCER (June 21-July 21)—Business matters particularly can become a more concrete and rewarding part of your life, if you can handle your own tendency to be overly emotional. Pay attention to other people's needs and your own won't seem as demanding. Get more done now than you have in a while.

♌ LEO (July 22-August 21)—Control yourself and broaden your perspective beyond what you want only for yourself. Be especially more tolerant of other people and include more suggestions in dealing with your problems. This is an easily creative time for you if you can get out of your individualistic thoughts.

♍ VIRGO (August 22-September 21)—An ambiguous time for you. You are overly critical and irritated with many people, particularly ones closest to you, and yet you want to be of help in making situations better for everyone. Communicate a lot to let your feelings out—but try to be positive and control emotions.

♎ LIBRA (September 22-October 22)—Involve your friends and business associates in the projects you are involved in that will do the most good for the most people. Your ideas can be realized as long as you don't let your deep sensitivities make you intolerant and shut you off to the help you need to help others.

♏ SCORPIO (October 23-November 20)—Take a breather from often adverse conditions and get a lot done for the next few weeks. Concentrate on business at hand and enjoy working and communicating with more people. You'll be better off criticizing yourself rather than others, especially in your work.

♐ SAGITTARIUS (November 21-December 20)—Discriminate consciously in what you get involved in during this period. Allow more people in on your plans and more will be possible. The more irritated you get, the less you will progress; but helpful criticism is necessary.

♑ CAPRICORN (December 21-January 20)—Keep your goals in mind and all hardships become learning processes. If you put enough energy into the details of your work, as well as the creative end, you will see concrete and large returns from these days of your life. Communicate the warmth you are feeling freely.

♒ AQUARIUS (January 21-February 18)—It may seem hard to break out of ruts and to progress now, but the more you work, the more you will see return in the future. Spend more time with people you feel comfortable with, and enjoy knowing that what you do can help many people if you keep that in mind.

♓ PISCES (February 19-March 19)—Shoot for high goals and don't let opposition from people close to you hold you back. Communicate more with them so they know what you're doing and feel like helping. You must make efforts to do this or your own irritation will hinder you even more.

FOREIGN MATTER



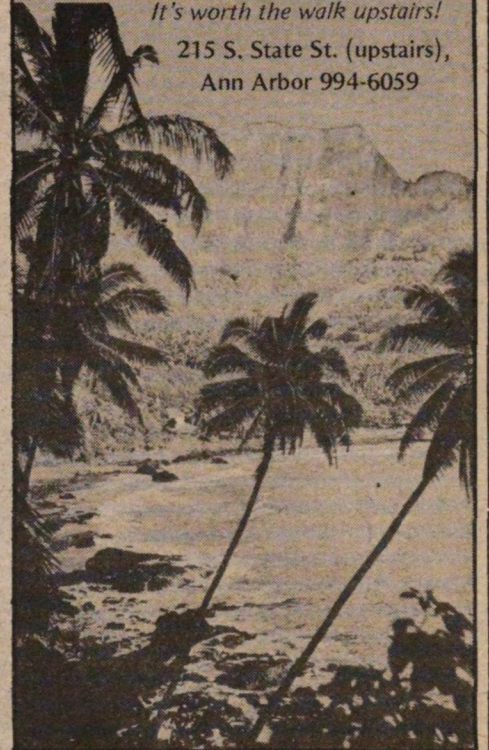
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