

Exclusive! AWB on the Cobo Hall Incident—p. 7

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Volume 5, Number 1

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The Kissinger-Korshak Connection

SEXPIONAGE.

By John Sinclair
 Editor of The Sun

President John F. Kennedy, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, civil rights leader Martin Luther King and a number of other political notables were the subjects of a series of as yet unreported sexual-blackmail operations carried out by organized crime and U.S. intelligence agents, according to a top-secret report compiled by prize-winning independent investigators.

The Detroit Sun has learned that the explosive research project centers on six major figures:

- **John F. Kennedy:** A shadowy CIA officer's successful sexual-blackmail attempt forced the slain President's mother, Rose Kennedy, into cooperating in the coverup of the events of November 22, 1963, in Dallas.
- **Henry Kissinger:** Syndicate boss Meyer Lansky's attempt to compromise the Secretary of State with a film star was staged by Lansky's heir-apparent Sidney Korshak, legal mouthpiece and alleged manipulator of all organized vice.
- **Martin Luther King:** The FBI planned to "neutralize" Dr. King by filming a bogus pornographic scene using an actor to be publicly represented as the murdered civil rights leader.
- **Spiro Agnew:** The sexual compromise of the Vice-President was managed by a show-business luminary with ties to both the CIA and organized crime.
- **Charles "Bebe" Rebozo:** The CIA leaked a venereal-disease/homosexual dossier on President Nixon's former confidant to the press.
- **Bobby Seale:** The FBI planned to pit the former Black Panther Chairman against another Panther by compromising Mr. Seale's wife.

The independent investigation focuses on West Coast intelligence and crime "sexpionage" activities, according to a source close to the "Kissinger task force" who has given The Sun (continued on page 6)



EWF

Earth, Wind & Fire rattle the stars at Pine Knob—for more reviews, turn to [The Vortex]



Gangs

East side youths want money, jobs and power—Interview [p. 3]



AWB

Average White Band's Alan Gorrie talks about the Cobo Hall disruption [p. 7]



Freak Bros.

The notorious dope-crazed sex fiends return to Detroit—Rip-Off Comix . . . [Back Page]

Police Have Gangs in Trick Bag

By Nadine Brown
 City Editor

The way the Cobo Hall invasion by young thugs went down has served to convince many people, including those who wouldn't ordinarily even entertain the thought, that some big forces are behind the youth gang crimes.

While most appreciate the 10 o'clock curfew imposed on anyone under 18 years old and the strict enforcement of it, the freeway patrols by state troopers and other anti-crime measures now being taken, there is much apprehension throughout the community.

And now the call for removal of Police Chief Phillip Tannian is

spreading rapidly. It has become louder since Rev. Ray Shoulders, a northwest Detroit businessman, testified last week before Sen. Basil Brown's hearing on the city's crime situation and demanded the removal of Tannian.

Shoulders said the city cannot become safe without a competent police department, and the police department cannot operate competently without the proper leadership. Tannian hasn't provided it, Shoulders charged.

Reports are circulating around the community that some sources high up on the ladder are furnishing the youth gangs with sophisticated weapons. A recent news media re-

port said that while youthful criminals in some other cities are packing Saturday Night Specials, Detroit youth gangs are toting .38 specials and other type guns commonly used by police officers. Why?

Moreover, nobody has forgotten the computer printout list of black police officers, their addresses, phone numbers and badge numbers, that was in the hands of someone outside the police department. According to our information those names were the property of the department and couldn't have been obtained by an outsider.

All of this is tied to the attack on Executive Deputy Police Chief Frank Blount, a 26-year veteran of

the Police Department who came up through the ranks without a blemish. Whenever discussions of youth crimes were held, someone would usually respond: "Get Frank Blount on the case. He is the person to handle it."

Tannian also knew about a so-called investigation of Blount, other top police officers and at least one member of the City's Civilian Police Commission, 4 months ago. Yet Mayor Young reportedly was not apprised of any such probe, which gives rise to additional questions.

As of this writing, Mayor Young has not yet received any reply from (continued on page 3)

Plus! Motown's Hottest Entertainment Calendar



THE INSIDE DOPE

By Iffy the Dopester

It seems like anybody tryin' to do anything new an' different always has a hard time of it before they get over, what with all their so-called friends tryin' to keep 'em down to their own level, and their enemies doin' everything in their power to keep 'em from gettin' any higher.

That sure is the way it's been around this newspaper lately, so far 's I can tell, an' it does this old heart good to see these young folks at **The Sun** pull themselves together and take it over the top. They got a good little paper here, they're tryin' pretty hard an' they really got a chance now that they're printin' every week.

The only thing I wonder is if it ain't all just a matter of "too little, too goddamned late"—because the way the competition keeps hammerin' away at this poor crippled city, spewin' hate an' fear all over the front pages day after livelong day, who knows how long there'll be a city to sell newspapers to, or the freedom to publish views different from those of the rulin' class?

It's been a long time since folks've seen an' heard such a commotion about law 'n order, an' it makes an old man sick to the stomach to watch the daily papers whip up race hatred and hysteria like they're doin' now. Plus the way they worship the cops, you'd think the editors take two or three police home to bed with 'em at night, like teddy bears, to keep 'em warm an' safe while mommy's turned off the light and all the darkies are lurkin' outside in the peccan trees.

The white press—and the white power structure in general—has worshipped the police in this town since 1943, when black folks erupted in mass protest against the racist policies and practices of official society. As I recall, the police had somethin' to do with it too, just like in 1967 when the riot was touched off by a bunch o' police messin' with people comin' out o' a blind pig at 12th & Clairmount at 5 o'clock in the mornin'.

The Mayor's been tryin' to put the police in their proper perspective since 1974, an' nobody who knows the DPD "from the other end of the night-stick," as Hizzoner used to say, can deny that the Mayor has made a world of progress.

The fact is, he's made so much progress that the coppers have got their backs to the wall, an' they're now pullin' out all the stops in a desperate attempt to re-establish their old prerogatives, like bein' able to round up citizens at night, terrorize the streets, an' generally act like they owned the world.

'Course the papers'd like to see a State of Emergency declared an' the police an' other troops turned loose on the unruly blacks—just to keep 'em in their place, o' course. Then the downtown could be developed so Mr. Ford an' everybody could make a little money out o' it, an' the denizens of "the jungle" could be kept safely penned up in their neighborhoods, where safe passage is guaranteed by the State Police-patrolled freeways.

Ah, South Africa! Where the whites are purely right an' the niggers stay in their place! What's left of White Detroit bleeds for you, an' the bleedin' hearts of the press wail in the dark suburban night of the soul. May the gods have mercy on them!

The old Iffster welcomes a real youngster, political cartoonist David Dwyer, to **The Sun's** Editorial Page.

Detroit's Biggest Gang

"Put it this way," said another police officer, "there's nobody who's going to work till everybody's hired back. The gangs—they ain't going to do nothing about the gangs."

—Detroit Free Press, Sunday, August 22, 1976

With all the hue and cry for law and order fouling the air in the past few weeks, the statement quoted above received little editorial notice.

It had been buried, after all, four paragraphs from the end of a long Sunday *Free Press* feature reporting sympathetically on the negative attitudes white Detroit police officers hold against the Coleman Young administration and black people in general. And it went so completely against the grain of the media's coverage of the current "crime wave" that many close observers were shocked to see it in print at all.

Yet in that single statement lies the key to the complex maze of contradictions which has enveloped the city in recent weeks. Quite simply, the still predominantly-white Detroit Police Department has refused to do its job, and criminals are running wild in the streets as a result.

Petulant and angry over Mayor Young's forced budgetary cuts which resulted in the layoff of 1000 police officers, adamantly resistant to the integration of women and black officers into the department on all levels, and frankly terrified of venturing out into the streets they terrorized with impunity for so long, the police soon launched a secret war of attrition against their tormentor—the man who happens to be Mayor of the City of Detroit. And the local news media functioned as their propaganda ministry, plain and simple.

Community workers trying to give the youth gangs some positive direction in the midst of utter poverty and despair—like Billy Holcomb—were pulled off the streets and sent to prison. Crime patrols in depression-stricken black neighborhoods were cut back. White police officers, already contemptuous of black people as a race, apparently decided to let the "sav-

ages" destroy one another rather than exercise standard law-enforcement methods to keep criminals in their rightful place on the fringes of society, not blustering down the middle of the street.

No functioning police department could allow teen-aged gang members—or any other citizens—to stick up jewelry stores and other downtown businesses in broad daylight. No functioning police force could allow youth gangs—or any other group bent on criminal violence—to run the streets at will, unafraid of police intervention.

Detroiters active in left-wing political and cultural circles in the sixties will remember the massive police presence brought to bear on a succession of legitimate political activities, the illegal electronic surveillance, the unmarked police cars following activists from the barber shop to the bathroom to the barbeque joint.

None of this police activity was sanctioned by the laws these officers had sworn to uphold, yet they took to it with a vengeance which made life miserable for thousands of politically-active residents for a number of years.

Now they tell us—and their friends in the media shamelessly repeat their lies—that they can't control the gangs. They can't hold down the criminals. They can't do anything but cower in their station houses, afraid to walk the streets like police are supposed to do, illegally and callously refusing to enforce even the most common laws which make civilized life possible.

They want more money. They want more officers called back to work. They want bigger pensions, bigger cars, bigger guns, bigger helicopters, bigger laws (bigger than the Constitution, even!)—and they won't enforce existing laws until they get their demands.

It sounds like Coleman was inadvertently right when he said the police are the biggest gang in town. It's too bad the Mayor isn't able to pick his own members, though—the bullies he's got are working for the other side.

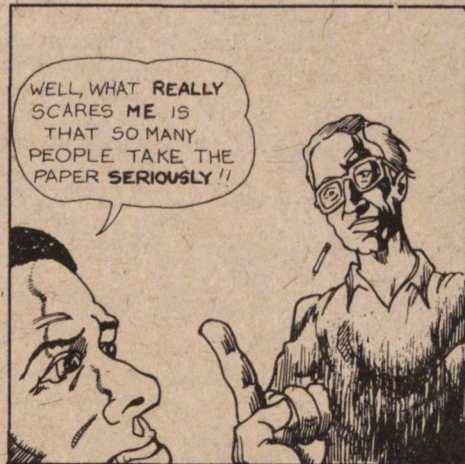
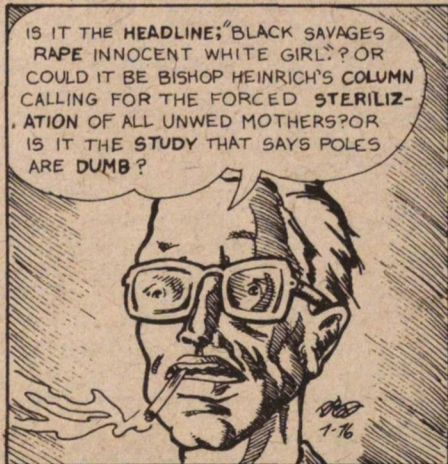
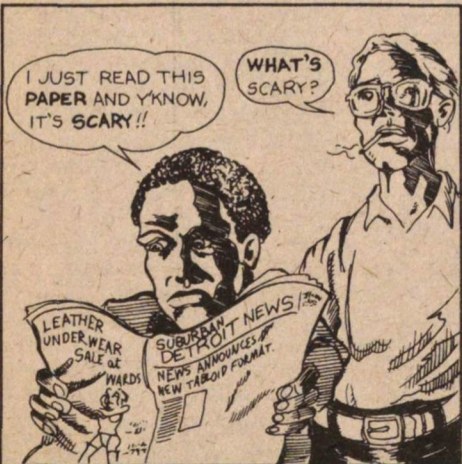
State Dems Commit Hari-Kari

If the composition of the Michigan Supreme Court weren't such a serious matter, the recent antics of the clowns who run the state Democratic party would be humorous, if not downright side-splitting. But their give-away of at least two out of three Supreme Court seats in the November election isn't really funny at all. In fact, it's almost criminal in itself.

Our news story on page 4 reports the sad facts of the matter, which turned out even worse than we predicted once big Roman Gribbs threw his Borsalino into

the ring. With Democrats like Gribbs, Morley Winograd, Charles Kaufman and Blair Moody on the loose, all the Republicans have to do is stand back out of the way, keep their noses clean, and laugh their asses off all the way to a permanent majority on the high court bench.

Seriously, though, something must be done about these goofs before they nominate Sander Levin for governor again next year. Aren't there any serious people left in the leadership of the State Democratic organization? Won't you please come forth?



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Gangs: "We Want Money"

Editor's note: On the east side of town gangs have taken to criminal ways in order to survive—and they take a certain pride in it as well. The Sun's Gerald Greene happened to meet up with members of the Earl Flinns and associate gangs, who granted the following interview:

Gang Member: We want some activity, man, like a basketball court, some place to swim, you don't have to walk too far.

GM No. 2: Myself, I'm out here for the money. That's all I want is the money. I'm looking for a job and they won't give me no job 'cause my education ain't cool. I think the government should do something about these old houses too.

SUN: What do you think is the reason behind what's happening?

GM No. 2: It's about getting that money, man. The government ain't kicking out no money. They should at least give out some jobs around here, you know. They better start kicking out some jobs—these niggers gonna be getting rough out here, man. What I'm saying is they're going to start getting more money, man, start hurting more of these whiteys out here 'cause they ain't kicking out no money.

SUN: Have you talked to any of the representatives about these things?

GM No. 3: Like we been down there and tried, you know, man.

SUN: What happened when you went down there and tried?

GM No. 3: They accused us of being gangbusters, man. Ain't no gangbusters, man.

SUN: Who told you this?

GM No. 3: Down on St. Jean and Shoemaker. Went down there for a summer job and hey man, they won't even let me back in school, man.

SUN: So you have a problem with school?

GM No. 3: Yeah, I ain't been to school in 2 years and I'm only 16. Been out since I's 14 and they won't even let me back in, man. This is square business—they suspended me 18 days and wouldn't let me back in. I'm going to try to get back in this year, man. If they don't let me back in this year I'll just give them a little hell up at the school, man.

GM No. 4: Are you hip to the DYA (Detroit Youth Association)?

SUN: What is that?

GM No. 4: Man, it's the youth organization and when we tried to do something for the community and stuff, they implied in the newspapers and stuff that we was a gang and we didn't do it, we were trying to stop the gangs.

SUN: How long ago was this?

GM No. 4: This been recently, the last 2 and a half years the DYA in this neighborhood has a thing, but now it dropped down a little bit. They been trying to break up the gangs and stuff and as we do this we steadily getting accused of being gangs.

GM No. 3: It wouldn't be no gangs if we had more recreation in the neighborhood. You know like we don't have nothing to do so it just be a lot of people hanging out on corners and stuff and then somebody might make up a name say they the Jefferson Hoods or something, you know. They just make up a little name.

GM No. 5: In the first place, man, when the gangs get started they just get up and like some gang might say they go over here and shoot up somebody or somebody come in their neighborhood doing something wrong, you know, and that's how they start all that shooting up each other. What I feel how to stop it is, like, get most of these young boys jobs, you know? Like they getting out here trying to make money, you dig, and the only way they can get it is illegal. So they out here hustling, trying to make that money, man.

GM No. 6: It's just a hustle. We're just out here making money. I want a nice steady job, maybe out in a factory somewhere where I can make some money. The honkeys got all the money—the honkeys and the Arabs got all the money, we just trying to get some money.

**GENERAL SHOUTING OF:
I WANT MONEY.**



"The honkeys got all the money — we're just trying to get some money."

—Detroit Gang Member

Trick Bag

(continued from the cover)
the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) to his demand for a detailed account of the alleged probe, or the clearing of Blount's name.

This reminds us of the attack on Deputy Chief George Bennett, who under the previous (Gribbs) administration cracked the 10th Precinct narcotics case. There were false charges of a similar nature hurled against him, but nothing came of them.

To let such accusations die instead of clearing the record is absolutely inexcusable. It gives rise to suspicions that efforts toward character assassination are underway.

Police said the Cobo Hall raid on the rock concert was planned and that the black youths had every exit covered. That's how it looks from this quarter. But how could that occur without police knowledge? And why, on the heels of the youth gang terrorism at the International Festival fireworks display, and the subsequent roundup of youth gang members by the police gang squad at the Afro-American Festival, didn't the

(continued on page 20)

Wildcat at Fisher Body

UAW Picks Ford as Strike Target

By Henry Reske

Union activity was heavy last week as the UAW named Ford Motor Company its strike target and workers at the General Motors Fisher Body-Fleetwood Plant staged a wildcat strike in protest of the alleged suspension of two union officials.

UAW President Leonard Woodcock announced the UAW strike target early last week and said there are presently no complicated problems standing in the way of a peaceful settlement by the strike deadline. The workers' current 3-year contract expires Sept. 14.

The UAW picks one of the four major auto-makers as a strike target in order to force a pattern settlement in the contract negotiations. The target company must then come to agreement or face the prospect of its rivals producing cars while the target company is out on strike.

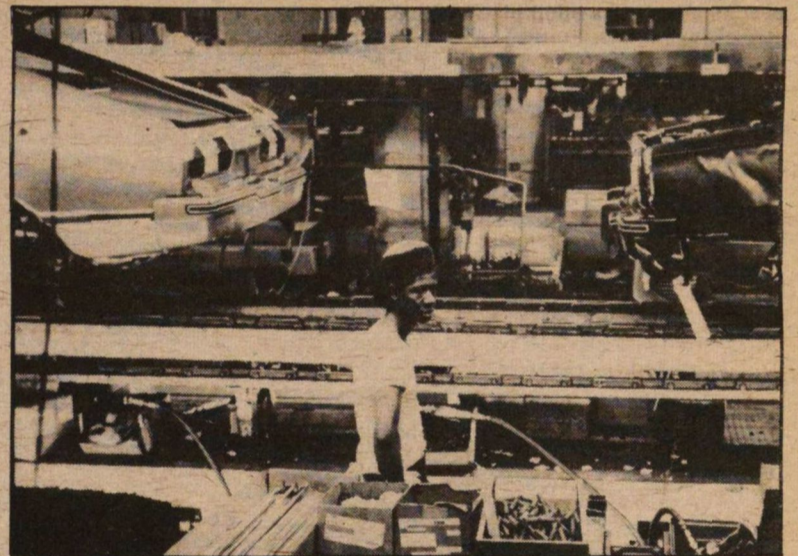
Ford, the second-largest auto-maker in the country, was last shut down in 1967, when the UAW struck for 66 days.

With Ford now the target, hard bargaining will cease at General Motors and Chrysler until a pattern settlement is reached.

Woodcock announced that main bargaining points in this year's negotiations are job and income security. He also said that boosting the Supplemental Unemployment Benefits (SUB) fund will be a continued demand.

"We have told them that they will have to negotiate the SUB problems," Woodcock said. "Our formula for SUB is on the table and it is an across-the-board demand."

The UAW strike fund stands at \$175 million and is estimated to be large enough to last about 17 weeks at Ford.



Ford assembly worker

Elsewhere on the strike front, 600 workers at the GM Fisher Body-Fleetwood Plant walked off their jobs August 26, halting assembly and idling a total of 3,140 workers at two southwest side plants.

Despite pleas from top union officials to end the unauthorized strike, only 400 of 1,880 scheduled employees reported for work Friday morning, August 27.

The plant was back to full operation Monday with a company spokesperson saying there was no more than normal absentee rates.

According to union officials, the walkout resulted from rumors that the company had suspended Rufus Coleman, local union president, and James Gabbard, a bargaining committee chairperson.

UAW Vice-President Irving Bluestone and Region 1E Director Bard Young issued a joint statement saying the rumor was untrue.

Union officials explained that Coleman and Gabbard were given one-week paper suspensions for verbally and physically abusing a member of plant management.

A paper suspension means the suspensions would be put on the workers' records but neither man would actually lose time or pay.

The union also announced that the suspensions will be challenged through the accepted grievance procedure.

Coleman, the suspended president of UAW Local 15, spent part of Friday to little avail urging employees to return to work.

Woodcock expressed fears that the wildcat strike could foul progress at the national negotiations.

"The pressure of a strike deadline on a company is substantially reduced if they know everyone is going to be their own general and make their own plans," he told reporters.

Ford Picks a Pineapple Grand Old Party in KC

By Tom Panzenhagen & Henry Reske

Kansas City heats up fast in August.

The sun beats down on the flatlands of Missouri, sending the temperature toward 80 degrees by early morning. At noon it's hovering in the 90's. The heat, combined with a high humidity, makes even the shortest of jaunts outside air-conditioned environments a sweat-ridden torture.

Only naive visitors venture out in the streets in such weather. The natives have the good sense to stay indoors. The bars, in fact the whole town, closes up around lam.

Descending into this hot, seemingly colorless old cow town—now number two in the nation in automobile production—were mobs of political miscreants, religious misanthropes and the conservative conscience of America, on their way to choose a man to do what

Morris Udall couldn't: Stop Jimmy Carter.

Not all concerned took part in the selection process. A couple hundred vociferous Yuppies were not recognized as authenticated voting participants, and a few hundred more Jesus Freaks, equally vocal, settled for spreading the word rather than influencing ballots.

Others, more secularly inclined, had their cry of "Nobody for President." By the end of the week some would argue that they got their wish.

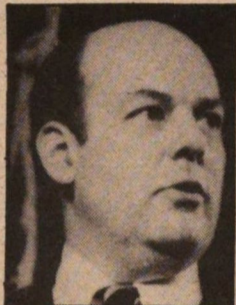
Legitimate Republican politicians, however, were generally pleased with their party's middle-of-the-road, no-nonsense nominee. Appointed President Gerald R. Ford had gone down to Kansas City and emerged duly-elected as the presidential candidate of the Grand Old Party. (cont. on page 6)



Re: Media

By Areo Pagitica

Crime reporting deals more in real people and real blood than in abstract philosophy and scientific theories. But in one sense, it's like the old chicken-and-the-egg problem. People often wonder what came first, the crime problem or the reporting of it. Strangely, nobody's been suggesting that the **Earl Flinns** (Errol Flynn, if you bow to the journalistic tradition of correcting grammatical errors) are a product of the media. About two years ago, Council President **Carl Levin** got bent out of shape about Detroit's image as the "murder capital," blamed local media and got **New Detroit** to say it would study crime reporting in **Atlanta**, which had a higher homicide rate but a better image. The report was never heard from. Now we're told that a **Detroit News** police beat reporter wrote a detailed memo to his editor about a year ago, explaining that inner-city youth gangs were about to be the biggest thing in town since spark plugs. The memo was ignored, but the **News** has been making up for lost time, with



Tannian

headlines such as "Law of the jungle rules over once-proud Detroit" gracing stories about the end of civilization that ramble on even more than an **Iffy the Dopester** column. Just for the record, the **NY Times** saw fit to give the subject front-page play two days in a row, the **Free Press** reported that the **News'** jungle story was responsible for a convention moving out of town, Detroit-area **Panax** newspapers were ordered by the boss to run a front-page editorial calling for the removal of **Young** and **Tannian**,



Young

a woman in **Bay City** started crying when I told her I live in Detroit, and the word "punk" hasn't seen so much ink since the **Detroit American's** colorful police blotter column during the 1968 newspaper strike. We're treated to editorials snorting that we can't let these kids take over our fair city. The media understandably go on the defensive in the face of criticism over what they report. No argument—the more news, the better. And I don't want someone to break into my house and rip off my parakeets any more than anyone else, but some of what we're seeing is really the stuff that yellow journalism was made of. It's unfortunate that some editors and reporters—both print and electronic—get their kicks out of sensationalizing what is really a serious matter.

Filler: Journalism review tabloid (**MORE**) has become media magazine **MORE**. The former owners, delightfully called **Rosebud Associates**, went bankrupt and were replaced by editor-publisher **Michael Kramer**, d/b/a **Namequoit, Inc.** **Kramer** is co-author of a recent book about **Nelson Rockefeller** titled "I Never Wanted to be Vice-President of Anything!" The magazine now modestly says it expects to be "the best magazine about the media ever published." **MORE's** readership has become less over the months, precipitating the change . . . And **Zodiac News Service**, which keeps tabs on these things, reports that a fellow in **Framington, New Jersey** was recently arrested after attempting to murder a typewriter, an act many people would carry out if they had the nerve. Cops said he flipped out after arguing with his wife and gave the machine 12 blasts with his .44 magnum. They suggested no motive other than "maybe he didn't like typewriters." There was no medical report on the typewriter . . .

SORRY...

The photo caption on Page One of the last issue which read "Corner of East Jefferson and Newport" should have read "Corner of East Jefferson and Drexel." Also, in an article titled "The Cold War Olympics," we mistakenly placed **Entebbe** in **Angola**. **Entebbe** is in **Uganda**.

Lawyers Oppose Curfew

Two separate statements in opposition to Detroit's recently-enacted curfew and stop-and-identify ordinances were being drawn up by legal groups late last week.

The statements were drafted by the Detroit chapter of the **National Lawyers Guild** and **National Conference of Black Lawyers**,

and the Detroit chapter of the **American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU)**.

The joint statement of the **National Lawyers Guild** and the **National Conference of Black Lawyers** is being circulated to local bar associations and lawyers' groups to gain further support, **Jeanne Mirer**, a member of the executive board of the Detroit chapter of the **Lawyers Guild**, said last Friday.

She said the statement read in part: "We are opposed to lawlessness, but as vigorously as we are opposed to the lawlessness of youth gangs we are opposed to the lawlessness of public officials who enact laws in contravention of the letter and spirit of the constitution."

According to a spokesperson for the **ACLU**, their statement, which was still being drafted as *The Sun* went to press, would state specific oppositions to the recently enacted ordinances designed to curb gang violence.

The **ACLU** statement questions the constitutionality of placing a restriction on all youth under the pretense that they are involved with criminal activity, and further charges that the laws constitute an invasion of privacy for those not involved in criminal activity.

One Police Rioter Freed

The trial of six white Detroit police officers, charged with damaging a car driven by a black woman during a police riot at the old Federal Building last year, ended last week in a mistrial.

The mistrial was declared August 24 by presiding Judge **Elvin L. Davenport** after he questioned jurors who admitted to reading newspaper accounts of the case.

Two jurors admitted to reading a newspaper article about the case when it was passed around the jury room, contrary to the instructions of the court.

The jury had been deliberating in the case for a number of days. Having found a seventh defendant, **Ronald Jones**, not guilty, they could not reach a verdict on the fate of the other defendants, and had been instructed by Judge **Davenport** to continue their deliberations.

The six defendants are **Leland Trewyn, 30**; **James Hendrickson, 25**; **Joe Phillips, 32**; **Thomas Phillips, 26**; **Timothy Smith, 28**; and **Carl Riley, 29**.

They are accused of doing \$300 damage to the car of **Sylvia Wright**, a stenographer, as she was leaving the **Federal Building** May 7, 1975, during a police riot over affirmative hiring measures instituted by the **Young** administration.

Trewyn is scheduled to stand trial on another charge of malicious destruction of property stemming from the riot. **Jones** also faces a charge of aggravated assault, based on his alleged attack on a black police officer who suffered a broken nose in the scuffle.

Citizens Say: 'Fine The Trick'

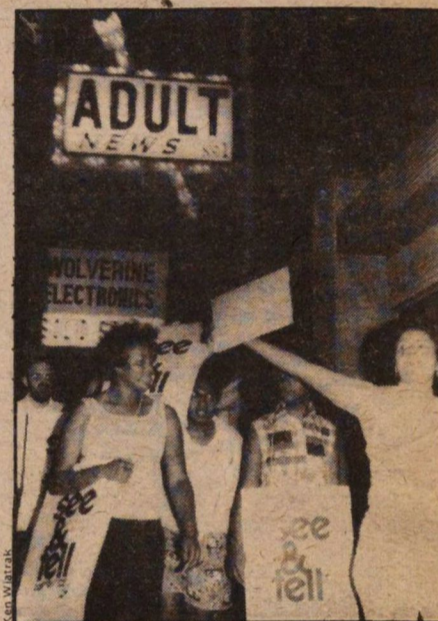
A drive to curb prostitutes by prosecuting their customers was launched two weeks ago through the united efforts of the **Detroit NAACP**, police, the mayor's office and citizens' groups.

The drive, launched at an August 16 meeting at **St. John's CME church**, will focus on the enforcement of a Michigan law that makes it a misdemeanor for a man to solicit a prostitute.

Violation of the law is punishable by a maximum fine of \$100 and 90 days in jail.

Also accompanying the drive will be the picketing of motels frequented by prostitutes.

Joe Madison, executive director of the **Detroit Chapter of the NAACP**, said another facet will be to encourage the media to print the names of all "johns" arrested. He also said the **NAACP** was attacking prosti-



NAACP protests hookers on 8 Mile Rd.

tution because of the criminal activity it encourages.

"The idea that prostitution is a victimless crime is absurd," **Madison** said. "Whether we are oppressed by a racist sheriff or crime really makes no difference. And the Black community is losing its human dignity because of prostitution."

Postill Fight Continues

After six investigations, three damage suits, and a court hearing involving 23 witnesses, the political hoopla in the **Washtenaw County Sheriff's race** still hasn't let up. Pinned down in a weathering barrage of

Up-Date... Up-Date... Up-Date... Up-Date... Up-Date... Up-Date... Up-Date... Up-Date... Up-Date... Up-Date... Up-Date...



Zolton Ferency

DEMS NIX FERENCY

Michigan Democrats guaranteed a party rift and perhaps the loss of at least one Supreme Court seat as they failed to nominate an incumbent justice or welcome back a prodigal son at their convention Sunday.

In a move that some party officials say will disastrously divide the vote, Democrats nominated former **Wayne Co. Sheriff**, **Detroit Mayor** and current **Wayne County Circuit Court Judge Roman S. Gribbs** for the eight-year Supreme Court seat now held by Democratic incumbent Chief Justice **Thomas Giles Kavanagh**.

Kavanagh, 59, has had a falling-out with the party over a recent announcement that he will not campaign with the rest of the Democratic ticket.

Although the Supreme Court election is non-partisan, candidates are nominated by political parties and traditionally campaign as
As an incumbent **Kavanagh**

doesn't need the party's endorsement to get on the ballot, but it is rare not to receive the endorsement.

"It makes no sense to nominate **Gribbs**," **Thomas Plunkett**, a former **Oakland County Commissioner**, said in placing **Kavanagh's** name in nomination. "It will divide the vote between **Kavanagh** and **Gribbs** and possibly elect another Republican."

Gribbs, however, told *The Sun* that such an assessment was just a ploy to get the nomination for **Kavanagh** and that he (**Gribbs**) will win the election.

The Democrats also assured a split vote by nominating **Charles Kaufman** for a two-year term on

members of the party ticket. the Supreme Court, instead of **Zolton Ferency**, who was making a bid to return to the party after bolting to the **Human Rights Party (HRP)**.

Ferency, who had run on the **HRP** ticket for governor in 1974 and was former **Democratic Party State Chairman**, has been nominated by the **HRP** to run for the open six-year term on the high court.

Ferency had hoped to get the Democratic nomination for the two-year term to avoid campaigning against Democratic nominee **Blair Moody**, presently a **Wayne County Circuit Court Judge**.

"I want the chance to meet Republicans head on and not have

Democratic candidates competing for the same spot," **Ferency** said prior to the party's nominating vote.

Such was not the case, however, as **Ferency** was defeated by a better than 2-to-1 margin. **Ferency** even had trouble being placed in nomination.

State Representative **George Cushingberry (D-Det.)**, a delegate from the 1st Congressional District, was to place **Ferency's** name in nomination. According to **Cushingberry**, a last minute caucus in his district decided to throw the majority of the district's support to **Kaufman**, forcing **Cushingberry** to make the nomination from the 2nd Congressional District.

The Kissinger-Korshak Connection

Sexpionage

(continued from the cover)

the names of one team of authors of the report: prize-winning investigative journalists Fernando Faura, Donald Freed (of the Washington, D.C.-based Citizens Commission of Inquiry), Jeff Cohen (of Boston's Assassination Information Bureau), and Michael Castleman, *The Sun's* San Francisco Editor. According to the source, the material is being compiled for a book which remains untitled.

The *Sun* has secured excerpts of the Lansky-Korshak-Kissinger section of the report that pre-date the Seymour Hersh-Jeff Gerth *New York Times* series on Sidney Korshak, the new crime kingpin.

The Kissinger compromise is the most closely-guarded material, but a West Coast researcher informs *The Sun* that many of the same sources used by the *New York Times* are behind our investigators' new research. These sources include former agents of the FBI, the CIA, the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), and the Los Angeles Police Department's Criminal Conspiracy Section.

The stage for the Kissinger set-up was Le Bistro, the posh Beverly Hills club. An important investor in Le Bistro is Sidney Korshak, who has been called the brains behind organized crime and the crime-controlled labor unions. According to researchers, it is Korshak who arranged a meeting between Kissinger and movie star Jill St. John, which took place at Le Bistro in 1970. Ms. St. John has long been close to Korshak and his Associated Booking Corporation, one of many fronts used by the master criminal strategist.

The report also documents the 1969 charge that both Korshak and Ms. St. John were involved with Cuban crime operative Edward Torres, a former partner of convicted LBJ aide Bobby Baker, in a federal action related to a \$13.2 million Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) fraud case.

Korshak introduced Kissinger to a party in a private room for VIP's at Le Bistro which included Ms. St. John and labor leaders Herman "Blackie" Leavitt and Edward T. "Ed" Hanley, powers in the Hotel and Restaurant and Bartender's International Union (now facing indictment for conspiracy and pension-fund looting along with their Teamster mentors).

During this period the LAPD's Criminal Conspiracy Section (CCS) was monitoring all telephonic communication between Korshak in Beverly Hills and Palm Springs and Meyer Lansky in Israel, where the aging vice lord was desperately fighting expulsion. According to CCS sources, the telephone contacts were routed through a conference line in a mob-owned Miami hotel. In taped conversations Lansky and Korshak laid out the operation to "make the doctor (the code name for Kissinger, used first by Lansky) their man."

Their plan was to play on Kissinger's well-known sexual vanity by involving the Secretary of State with a beautiful woman, then forcing him to use his vast influence to secure Israeli citizenship for the fugitive Lansky as a secret element in Kissinger's agenda for Mid-East negotiations. According to the highly-guarded independent investigative report, the final message from Israel to Beverly Hills was, "The patient is very ill. Find a doctor immediately."

The Kissinger set-up seems to have misfired, as Lansky was forced to return to the United States (though the arch-criminal was never jailed), while the Secretary enjoyed a well-publicized friendship with Ms. St. John. In Chicago in the 1950's, Korshak had used exactly the same methods to stop Senator Estes Kefauver from any further crime exposure, according to the investigative report.

The official story of the Kissinger-St. John friendship, which Kissinger himself offered for public consumption, was that the Secretary had been introduced to the movie star by a mutual friend, Frank Sinatra.

Much of the new material in the secret report centers on the relationship of Sinatra to both organized crime and the Central Intelligence Agency. As in the Kissinger affair, the investigators say, the name of Sinatra as a go-between or "beard" will surface in both the Kennedy and Agnew sections of the manuscript. And the names of Sinatra, Lansky, Korshak, Sam (Momo) Giancana, John Roselli, Walter Annenberg, "Red" Dorfman (Jack Ruby's boss), to name only a few—appear again and again.

Material on President Kennedy that does not involve Sinatra stresses a particularly cruel coercion of the Kennedy matriarch, Rose.

The authors of the report are preparing documentation that links the notorious (and mentally ill) clandestine CIA executive Cord Meyer, Jr. and James Jesus Angleton, the legendary "mother" of CIA covert operations and (at that time) head of Agency Counter-Intelligence, to the coverup of the JFK assassination.

According to the investigators, after Meyer's wife—who had had an affair with President Kennedy—was murdered, Angleton and Meyer came into possession of Mrs. Meyer's love letters from JFK. Angleton then informed influential Washingtonians that he had "destroyed" the damaging evidence. However, it has now been learned that Angleton had been in charge of the CIA's investigation of the President's murder and continued his role as Action Officer on the case through the Clay Shaw trial in New Orleans—and even down to his sudden "retirement" in 1975.

During this period, according to the new report, Angleton threatened the President's mother and other members of the Kennedy circle with exposure of the compromising love correspondence, as well as other "political" documents having to do with Cuba, unless they held firm against any reopening of the assassination investigation.

The elder Mrs. Kennedy, Washington sources report, has been almost hysterical in her appeals to elected representatives to stay away from any fresh inquiry into the events of Dallas, 1963.

The *Sun* has been unable to see any documentation of the Rebozo homosexual-V.D.-CIA blackmail operation alleged to be a part of the new book. But a former aide of Governor Rockefeller of Arkansas confirms a bizarre FBI pornographic plot against Reverend Martin Luther King in the 1960's.

According to the Governor's aide, the "script" for King's blue movie was shown

(continued on page 21)

Grand

(continued from page 3)

All questions, save one, had been answered by Thursday, August 19—the night Ford, runner-up Ronald Reagan, Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller and Vice-Presidential nominee Robert Dole—a Kansas boy himself—stood atop the podium in steamy Kemper arena.

The Question: Had the hoopla of the convention produced a viable candidate and political platform to present to the voters, or was it all just a smaller-than-life hodgepodge of events that proved nothing save that the GOP can still fill an arena?

Consider the following:

According to national polls, the GOP has been on a steady decline since 1944, when they represented 39% of the voters. They now represent only 22%. The Democrats, while declining from a peak of more than 50% in 1964, are now increasing their support—from a low of 40% in 1972, up to the present level of 46%. Polls, in fact, have shown Carter with a 10% lead over Ford.

While the Democrats have been courting minorities and women, the GOP has been growing old. Apparently the party has failed to renew itself.

Only 60 delegate votes separated the winner and the loser—votes cast by such sharpies as Virginia's Eliza Sprinkle.

Octogenarian Sprinkle, one of about 100 uncommitted delegates at the convention, ultimately cast her vote for Reagan. But not before she had made an appearance on NBC's Today Show and been courted by both presidential nominees and any number of the sharpshooters on their staffs.

Over a beer, Gilbert Miles, an alternate delegate from Virginia, agreed with Ms. Sprinkle's course of action. "Hell, if I were her age and thought this was my last go-around, I'd play it for all it was worth, too."

Sprinkle was after attention. How many other uncommitted delegates were playing the same game?

Reagan believes he lost it in Ohio, where he spent only one day campaigning but garnered 45% of the vote. One more day of Reagan charm in Ohio might have made the difference.

Ironically, a lack of charm by many in the Ford camp may have been responsible for Reagan's close second-place finish, more so than any deftness displayed by the California charmer.

Rogers C.B. Morton, the president's former campaign director, turned 14 Mississippi delegates over to Reagan when he alienated them with the impression he gave a southern journalist that Ford would concede the south to Jimmy Carter.

Michigan's U.S. Senator Robert Griffin, Ford's floor manager at the convention, fared little better. Virginia delegate Miles explained that when Griffin came stumping in the Virginia delegation for a spare vote or two, he more likely cost the president support than gained any for him.

"He tried to impress us with his 'down home' approach," Miles grimaced, adding a twang to his speech that would do any country boy proud. "He thought he was talking to a bunch of farmers." Miles then went on to outline the state's agri-business economy.


Despite such blunders, the Ford machine held the necessary votes and no amount of cajolery could drag them into the Reagan camp, which many saw as soiled by Reagan's choice of a liberal for his running mate.

HOT SPOTS

South African blacks in Soweto are facing a new challenge in their fight against the apartheid regime of Prime Minister **John Vorster**. Six persons were killed and hundreds were injured as approximately 1,500 Zulu tribesmen attacked black militants in the segregated **Johannesburg** suburb where one-million blacks live. Reports out of **South Africa** speculate that the clash was instigated by the minority white government in retaliation of a recent black general strike against **South Africa's** apartheid racial policy. . . . Meanwhile, **Pacific News Service** reports that the **South African** government plans to transplant tens of thousands of blacks back to rural "homelands"—**Bantustans**—far from the white cities. Even though the **Bantustans** would be semi-autonomous, economic and social conditions would be much worse than current conditions in **Soweto**. The homelands plan calls for 70% of **South Africa's** population to live on 13% of the land . . .

Prior to the recent **South African** violence, leading **South African** industrialists called for a program in which the apartheid policy would be virtually eliminated. A statement released by the industrialists called for "an acceptance of the permanence of the urban black in contrast to viewing him as a temporary sojourner." . . . The U.S. is attempting to establish a naval base in **South Africa's** **Transkei** region, one of the eight planned **Bantustans**. According to **Pacific News Service**, the **Pentagon** "is apparently pushing for a dramatic upgrade of its military cooperation with **South Africa** while avoiding confrontation with opponents of **South Africa's** racial policies." . . .

The sixteen-month-long **San Quentin** Six trial ended recently almost five years to the day that **Black Panther** Party leader **George Jackson** was killed in a prison revolt. The jury gave 40 acquittals out of 46 conspiracy, murder, and assault charges. The trial, though a victory in one respect, may be a defeat in another, in that the book will be closed on the controversial death of **George Jackson**. The trial defense tried to establish that **Jackson's** death came about as a result of a conspiracy on the part of the **California Department of Corrections** and the **Los Angeles Police Department** to assassinate the prison activist . . . **Sidney Korshak**, organized crime lawyer and reported



George J.

... Informed Sources ... Informed Sources ... Informed Sources ... Informed Sources ...



Alan Gorrie Talks to The Sun
AWB: Crisis At Cobo Hall

By Frank Bach

While one of the most publicized incidents of futile mass violence in the history of the city was happening at Cobo Hall last month, a young Scottish musical group called the Average White Band was bravely playing away onstage in the midst of general confusion and madness. Despite their youth and far-away roots, AWB has an unusual mastery of soul music that has made them wildly popular in this country—and has given them the experience necessary to get them out of situations like the one that went down at Cobo that steaming August Sunday night.

AWB hit only last year with a million-selling James Brown-flavored instrumental called "Pick Up the Pieces." Since then outstanding tunes ("Person to Person," "Cut the Cake," the Isley Bros.' "Work to Do," and Quincy Jones' "If I Ever Lose This Heaven") and consistent touring have put the Average White Band on the radio and hot in the minds of modern soul fans. Their current Atlantic l.p. is *Soul Searching*.

Alan Gorrie, who plays bass and guitar and shares lead singing chores with rhythm guitarist Hamish Stewart, talked with *Kulchur* Editor Frank Bach just before leaving Detroit for yet another concert.

GORRIE: Detroit's always been the high spot in the tours for us. With the kind of music we play and the kind of roots that we come from, it's obvious why Detroit's been good to us. I had no reason to think that last night was going to be any different.

SUN: We've had kind of a rough summer—unemployment in some areas of the city is almost 60%.

GORRIE: That's what I hear, you know. I didn't know what the reasons were before the concert last night. I tried to find out as much as I could afterwards about what was going down and apparently, as you say, it's been a rough summer—there's been a lot of street fighting and all that with a lot of shit going down. It's only to be expected where you've got high unemployment. It happens everywhere—if unemployment goes up in Scotland, so does fighting. Just violence. The two things always seem to go hand in hand. It was a great disappointment for us because we'd been looking forward to playing Detroit for weeks.

SUN: That was a tremendous performance, considering the circumstances.

GORRIE: We had to change quite a lot the show we were going to do. And we had to hurriedly leave out some numbers and put in other ones that were going to keep things moving. Because Rule 1 is that we musn't have a lull. If there's trouble in the audience, you can't do that. Because that's when it boils up even more. If they're left without any distraction other than the (smacking noise of flesh on flesh), it just gets worse. It just boils up.

This used to happen in Scotland years and years ago when we used to play Saturday night dances in places like Glasgow. It used to have the same effect. Street gangs—there's always been gangs, there's always young kids—in those days they called themselves the Fleet and the Tones and these kind of things.

Really, some of these guys can be, you know, quite evil. They try to be. Not going into the motives, the causes behind it, but some of these kids have got a real mean streak in them. I can't figure it out.

SUN: Young kids.

GORRIE: Yeah. They're young kids, that's the surprising thing. Because the older ones aren't into it. 90% or more of the black people that were there last night were not at all interested in that. They were into the music, and were trying to concentrate on the music and they didn't really have much chance to do anything about it.

SUN: Do you find you have a predominantly black audience?

GORRIE: That's quite normal for our gigs. In some places it's the other way around. I would say if you took all our tours and had an average done it's about 50-50 between black and white and it's never caused any trouble anywhere yet. Really, there's never been trouble inside any of the theatres or auditoriums that we've played. I'm sure it wouldn't happen again here. It was just one occasion.

SUN: Yeah, the right combination of wrong circumstances.

GORRIE: Right, I think this time of the year is always best for that kind of thing. When they can cruise around the streets smashing everything, because they always follow the same pattern—run down a few streets and smash the windows. That's an international form of rebellion. It shouldn't get too much blown out of proportion here, 'cause it happens everywhere.

It gets even worse in some countries. If this had been Italy last night, there would have been police with hand grenades and tear gas and machine guns. And nobody would have been safe. Nobody at all, not even the group, the performers, they'd all

have been diving for cover. Led Zeppelin almost got their asses shot off in Italy by the police.

SUN: Is that right? At a concert?

GORRIE: Yep. There was trouble—people trying to get in the gate. The police opened fire, threw hand grenades, the crowd panicked, the band had to run off stage through a side door and they opened fire on them.

SUN: Did you see the local papers this morning?

GORRIE: I saw the article about the trouble last night. They said somebody threw chairs off-stage or on-stage, but that wasn't true. It was in the English newspapers today, saying that we had to stop playing, we had to stop the show because of it. Now, that's not true. People just exaggerate. Complete lies—sensationalism. Things always get exaggerated. Anytime you've ever been there in the middle of anything, some shit goes down, the newspapers always add their little flowers and details and things.

SUN: Can we talk for a minute about your music? Like your musical influences—how did you come to identify so strongly with Afro-American music?

GORRIE: I grew up with jazz, Dixieland jazz, which my father played, and I've a big record collection with all kinds of 20's and 30's and 40's piano. James P. Johnson, Jimmy Yancey, Oh God, endless, you know. Fantastic players, all these guys. I love Fats Waller, I really do.

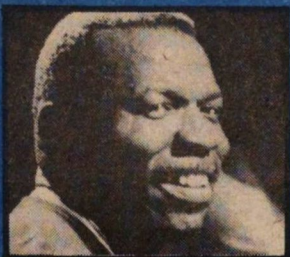
There was a kind of lean period for a few years when nothing was really catching my ears—a few things, there was Miles Davis, John Coltrane and that kind of thing. And then the next thing was soul music, and it happened—it seemed—all at once. It

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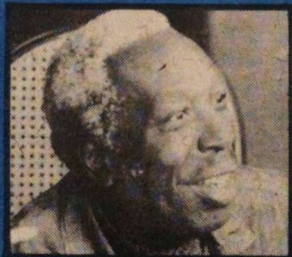


Alan Gorrie

INSIDE 學 Kulchur THIS WEEK



Elvin Jones & Co. with Azar Lawrence (In The Vortex)



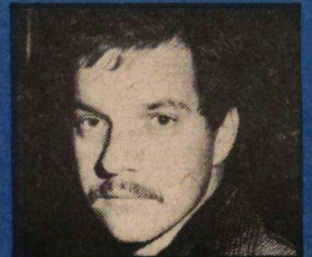
'Where The Music Started' Eddie Jefferson (p. 9)



Harbinger Dance Co.—The Coat Puller (p. 8)



Kool Jazz Festival Scores with Soul (In The Vortex)



Paul Schrader, "Taxi Driver" scripter (p. 11)

Yes, dear readers, this is really it—the first weekly issue of *Kulchur*, official organ and Journal of the Motor City Cultural Association, now published every Friday in the pages of *The Detroit Sun*. You can contact *The Coatpuller* here at the offices of *The Sun*—telephone 961-3555—to pass on cultural or entertainment information by the week, and we'll be glad to carry as much sincere data as we can fit into our meager format... Incidentally, people who are doing things around town will want to know that long-time Calendar Editor Peggy Taube has been promoted to Assistant Editor of *Kulchur*, and that the popular Barbara Quarles (pictured here with *Kulchur* Associate Editors Edwenna Edwards and Kittie Lee) has taken her place at *The Sun*'s Calendar Desk. So B.Q. is the one to call with your calendar information from now on, and please do what you can to keep her posted on your activities. If she doesn't know, there's no way she can



Edwards, Quarles, and Lee

pass it on to our eager readers—and if they don't know, what are we doing this for? A word to the wise, and all that....

...Interest in modern dance keeps spreading locally, and the Detroit dance scene continues to develop as a result. While Clifford Fears and his troupe have added power and spice to the musical *Selma* at Music Hall, the hard-working members of the Harbinger Dance Company have been preparing a big move. Headquartered for two years in the

The Motown Story has been told so often that it's become a modern myth, a comic classic, Berry Gordy Jr. as Horatio Alger in black face. Like all myths, read closely there are confusions and contradictions—different stories, different dates, romance and reality in uneasy agreement. But the outline is clear enough.

The story begins in the rock'n'roll-fifties. The success of this music shook up the popular music business in a number of overlapping ways. The newly discovered teenage market was reached through new media: the 45 rpm record as an entity in itself, a sound rather than a song, and Top Forty radio, nothing but the new singles and adolescent ads and frantic DJs. The new media were open to new operators: independent record labels—unattached to the big and traditional names like RCA and CBS—gambling all on one sound that sold, and then sinking back into bankruptcy; and writer/producers whose skill (Leiber and Stoller, Phil Spector, Jeff Barry) was to make a record, not to put on a show or sing a song. And the new operators opened up the world of white pop to black music as never before: black sounds had sudden hit potential (Fats Domino and Little Richard and Chuck Berry and Sam Cooke and Ray Charles) and black groups, singing on the street corners and in-school gyms, were suddenly whipped into a studio to pad out someone's Spectorish fantasies. After years of scuffling about, music was suddenly the place for a sharp black kid to be around again.

And Berry Gordy Jr. was a sharp black kid. Son of a shopkeeper, brought up on the fringes of Detroit's black ghetto, winner as a lad of the Frankie Carle Boogie Woogie Contest, he'd already tried the other two careers of the Detroit black man—prize fighting and the assembly line at Fords—and music was better fun than both.

He started to hang around the Detroit R&B scene. A record shop he got

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THE COAT PULLER

Detroit Community Music School, the Harbinger crew now have their own spacious studios at 75 Victor (just off Woodward) in Highland Park. Harbinger, the only full-time professional troupe in the city (i.e. with salaried dancers, choreographers, etc.), got considerable attention this year with their children's Christmas special, *Ebenezer is a Geezer*, and they will continue to give top-flight concerts at the Detroit Institute of Arts. Dance classes formerly taught at the Music School (ages five and up) will begin September 23 at the new studio on Victor. Folks interested in learning and/or supporting modern dance in the city should contact Harbinger TO5-9200, or attend the benefit extravaganza Saturday night, September 11 at the Showcase Ballroom, Harper and Van Dyke just off I-94...

...Check our regular calendar section for details on the Harbinger Benefit and tons of other hip happenings around town. By the way, we've expanded our calendar section, streamlined it somewhat and given it the new Motor City Edutainment Guide title to better reflect our intention here. Regular readers will also notice some changes in the new weekly *Kulchur*: the addition of "Focus," "Free Trips," and The "Motor City College of Musical Knowledge," plus the whole centerfold in 10-point type! We hope you'll like it as much as we do. Film, book, and record coverage is also being expanded and, well, there's a whole lot more...

TIDS & TADS:
The premier Motor City rock and roll

band, the Rockets, are expected to "make some tapes" in a few weeks with producer Don Davis (Ron Banks' *Dramatics*, Mavis Staples, Johnnie "Disco Lady" Taylor) at Davis' famous United Sound Studios. Hmmmmm... The popular jams "Saturday Night Special" and "Starship" were recorded on Buddha under the name of drummer Norman Connors because Connors is the bandleader—but that's Detroit bassist Michael Henderson whose interesting singing voice is heard throughout. Henderson, who has played with Miles Davis, Aretha, and most of the Motown groups, just recorded his own LP for Buddha, *Solid*, and he won't be working with Connors anymore. "It won't do my career any good to continue with him," he told *Billboard*... Leonard King, who does the popular Full Circle radio show on WDET-FM and contributes here as well as drumming with Eddie Kendricks, recently gigged at the L.A. Convention Center along with the *Dramatics* and Johnnie Guitar Watson... Vocalists Debbie Duncan and Doris Duesette are turning heads as members of the Detroit-based Sweet Thunder band... *Kulchur* Editor Frank Bach had to "run the gauntlet" in the *Kulchur* offices after being discovered solely responsible for two factual errors in the last issue. LaVerna Mason, vocalist with the Selma cast, was featured recently on the smash James Cleveland LP, *God Smiled on Me*, not the Harold Smith/Majestics hit record *Lord Help Me to Hold Out*. And Carolyn

Franklin was studying in Los Angeles for two years under Lincoln Kilpatrick at the Cambridge School of Drama, not with ex-Mod Squadder Clarence Williams III. Sorry, sisters...

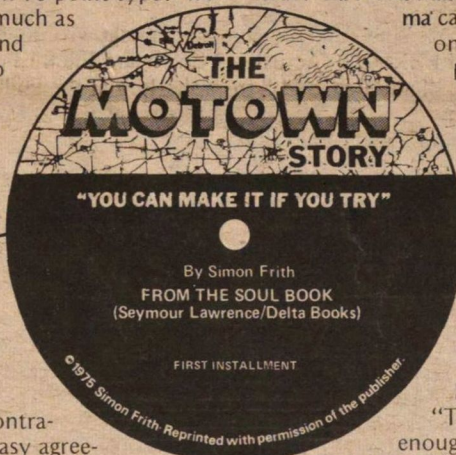
A TIP OF THE C.P. BORSOLINO to Channel 56 for airing five excellent musical programs as part of the August "Jazz at the Top" series, which featured Stanley Turrentine/Freddie Hubbard, a tribute to Bix Beiderbick, Joe Williams/Dee Dee Bridgewater, Count Basie (!!!), and Keith Jarrett... Keith Stroup, director of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), told *Rolling Stone* magazine recently, "We may have to fold up our tent and go home." NORML, which has been substantially funded by the Playboy Foundation in the past, has been instrumental in bringing a measure of sanity to several states which have recently lowered their marijuana penalties. NORML's work in



Harbinger Dance Company

other, less fortunate places (like Michigan) is threatened this year by a lack of money and ever-growing expenses. For information requests, donations, and offers of assistance, write NORML at 2317 M Street NW, Washington, DC 20037. You'll feel better if you do...

Finally, we bid a fond farewell to long-time *Sun* staffer David Fenton, who has left the paper to take an editorial position with *High Times* magazine in New York. Good luck, old buddy...



involved with went bust but made him the contacts necessary for selling the songs he'd begun to write, and two for Jackie Wilson—"To Be Loved" and "Lonely Teardrops," were successful enough to give Gordy the funds to set up as a producer as well, making tapes and leasing them to record companies to press and distribute.

His first production jobs were on Eddie Holland, who'd sung on the demo tapes Gordy used to sell his songs to Jackie Wilson, and Marv Johnson, a Detroit singer who gave Gordy his first big hit as producer with "You Got What It Takes" in 1959. But Gordy's most significant signing was the Miracles. They'd been hanging around the Detroit R&B scene since forming as a high school band in 1955 but, oddly, they met up with Gordy in New York where they'd both gone to check the action—the Miracles trying to sell themselves and their songs to a New York publisher, Gordy just looking into the competition and the talent. He was more impressed with theirs than was the publisher, and he took them back to Detroit to cut "Got A Job" (leased to End Records) and "Bad Girl" (leased to Chess). The records were distinctive and successful but not very profitable; the royalty checks were low and slow and Gordy, with the encouragement of the Miracles' Smokey Robinson, decided it was time to form a record company of his own. He had proved himself as a writer and producer and had the confidence of success; he had a group, the Miracles, of equal experience and talent, and a writer, Smokey Robinson, of even greater potential. (Jackie Wilson was signed to Brunswick and Marv Johnson to UA, Eddie Holland hadn't as yet had success outside Detroit.) Gordy borrowed 800 dollars from his family and, operating under the name of the Berry Gordy Co-Op, set up Tammy records—named after his wife/his sister/Debbie Reynolds' hit, according to which story you believe.

(To be continued next week.)



Smokey Robinson

學 **Kulchur**
The Journal of the
Motor City Cultural Association

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學 *Kulchur* / *The Detroit Sun*

One of the bigger jukebox hits in the year 1954 was a song called "Parker's Mood," done by an adventurous new vocalist named King Pleasure. The tune amazed jazz fans and hipsters everywhere, because it was put to the exact notes of a popular instrumental masterpiece recorded in 1948 by saxophonist Charlie Parker. The solos of the man who invented be-bop suddenly told their own melancholy story, and a new singing style called vocalese was born.

Jazz singing has never been the same since—vocalists like Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross made careers out of vocalese, and contemporary artists like the Pointer Sisters and Leon Thomas depend on it heavily to this day. But the person who first developed the concept of vocalese was Eddie Jefferson.

Unlike many stars of the fertile fifties jazz scene, Jefferson is still with us. Charlie Parker, the inventive musical genius, died when he was only 34; King Pleasure left us three years ago; but Eddie Jefferson is still performing, writing, and carrying on in the spirit of creative music that made the be-bop era so exciting.

Jefferson was in town recently to perform as featured vocalist with Roy Brooks' Artistic Truth at the opening of the MUSIC Station jazz spot (see inset). While in the Motor City he was kind enough to visit with Sun editors John Sinclair and Frank Bach for several very informative hours. Excerpts from that extensive interview follow here:

SUN:

When did you start writing lyrics?

JEFFERSON: Actually, I've been writing since I was very young.

Me and my brother were on the radio, we had a show on for two hours every Saturday—The Jefferson Brothers. I did lyrics that were take-offs on popular songs of the time—"Chinatown," "Nobody's Sweetheart Now . . ." This is back in Pittsburgh where I came up.

SUN: Pittsburgh!

JEFFERSON: Sure, a lot of good cats were based in Pittsburgh. I came up with Art Blakey (the famous drummer and leader of the Jazz Messengers). He played piano behind me in a band called the Mystics of Rhythm—that's right, piano. But one day our drummer split, and Blakey filled in for him. We ended up getting another piano player, and Blakey never got off the drums . . .

We also had the guitar player, Ray Crawford. He played trumpet then. He was a good trumpet player, but he caught a lung disease and went to a TV sanitarium. He couldn't play no trumpet, so he picked up the guitar while he was in, and when he came out of the sanitarium he was good! . . . Later we had Kenny Clarke in that band, "Klook" Clarke, the drummer. He used to be called Kenny Spearman, but he had a real good friend who was a fairly well-known bass player named Frank Clarke. Kenny looked just like Frank Clarke, people thought they were brothers but they weren't. One day Frank got offed in a car accident and Kenny ended up taking his name. They say they named be-bop music after Kenny Clarke, because folks would describe his attack and say, "There he goes, always bein' and boppin' on the drums." We also hired Billy Eckstine to sing with us, when we could afford him.

Yeah, the Mystics of Rhythm—I made up hip words to popular songs and danced. I had a baton, and I made like I was directing the band. I would jump up and do splits. We did material by Cab Calloway, and Louis Prima and other popular artists like Benny Goodman—I did Goodman's "Sing, Sing, Sing" and "Pinetop Boogie." By the way, I just cut "Pinetop Boogie," and the record is supposed to be released around the first of August.

SUN: How did you start the new vocal style?

JEFFERSON: Leo Watson talked me into it. Leo, he was a scat singer. He got his thing from Cab Calloway, who started singing scat because he would forget the words. Leo was into scat but he told me, "You should use lyrics if you want to get over. I'm too old, but if I could that's how I would do it, using words so people can understand it." Then Lester Young came along with "The Nasty Stomp," and I wrote lyrics to that and to songs like "Taxi Boy Dance" and "Out the Window"—all them Basie things, because Herschel Evans and Lester Young sounded so good I could hear lyrics to their solos. Like "Blue and Sentimental," those kinds of tunes. Jimmy Lunceford, and Earl Hines' big band, like if Budd Johnson took a solo with Hines I'd write lyrics on that solo. This was like in '37, '38, '39. Then the Bird came along—Charlie "Yardbird" Parker—and I said, "Well, this is it, this is what we've been searching for . . ."

SUN: Where were you singing this stuff?

JEFFERSON: Oh, this was strictly for my own enjoyment. I was working as a tap dancer—I danced for 25 years—and I'd just fool around singing these things in the hotel room after the show.

Eddie Jefferson: "Where The Music Started"

By John Sinclair and Frank Bach

SUN: Most of your recorded work was done with James Moody. How did you hook up?

JEFFERSON: Well, actually I was dancing on the same show that Moody was on—the Jefferson-Taylor dance team with Erv Taylor. After he heard my singing he asked me to go on the road with him. I didn't want to, because I had a steady gig, but I had a week off and agreed to go to Philly for one week. That week turned into 9 years of working with James Moody.

SUN: Tell us about King Pleasure.

JEFFERSON: Well, if it wasn't for King Pleasure I probably never would have been heard. But, you know, he was really just a cat—he didn't work much as a singer—he had a job at a hotel in Cincinnati, and he was like the reef-er man who had the bag when the musicians hit town. Every time I came through he would come up to the hotel room just to hang around and listen to me sing, because he liked my stuff. So one day he's standing in a bar, and Charlie Parker comes on the jukebox. King Pleasure starts singing along with the record and a friend of Bob Weinstock (Prestige Records head) overheard him. He said, "Hey, I can get you a record date." They'd have to hunt for Pleasure every time they wanted to record something, though, and sometimes they couldn't find him—so somebody told Weinstock about me, that he had gotten his style from me, and they called me.

SUN: You started on Prestige?

JEFFERSON: I did my first thing with Hi-Lo back in 1950. I started with Prestige in 1951 with "Body and Soul," "Blue and Moody" (which I called "The Birdland Story") . . .

SUN: When did you come in contact with the Bird?

JEFFERSON: Actually, I first heard the Bird on record . . . "Lady Be Good," from the Jazz at the Philharmonic thing. I wrote lyrics to that right away, and I wrote for "Donna Lee" and "Bop."

SUN: How is it that King Pleasure got "Parker's Mood" out before your version was released?

JEFFERSON: Well, he actually wrote his version of that himself. My words are different. I think I wrote mine first, but he told me he was going to record the song and I said "Go ahead on." He did it and it was a hit, of course.

SUN: Tell us about the early be-bop scene. They say it got started at an after-hours joint in Harlem called Minton's?

JEFFERSON: Well, actually be-bop started at the Paradise, on 110th and 8th. The jam sessions there were being run by "Big Nick" Nicholas, a good alto player. Everybody moved over to Minton's to avoid the "undesirables" that started coming around the Paradise, though. That's where the music got started. Billie Holiday was there, Leo Watson and his wife Ann Robertson, who was a dangerous vocalist.

SUN: Who did you work with in those days? Did you ever do anything with Miles Davis?

JEFFERSON: In 1958 I worked the Cafe Bohemia in New York with Miles for 3 months. Moody was in Overbrook, where he was being treated for alcoholism, and I came into the club one night and jammed with Miles. He said, "I don't like no singers but you kill me, man." And he went to the club owner and told him, "As of tonight I want you to add another man to the payroll. He's working with me starting right now." I worked with Dave Brubeck in 1954 when we were here in Detroit at the Madison Ballroom—we worked the Madison and the Greystone Ballrooms. I worked with Wilbur Ware, the bass player, during the Chicago World's Fair, and back in the 40's I danced in front of the Coleman Hawkins Big Band.

SUN: You've done management, too?

JEFFERSON: I managed Moody's band after it went with Prestige. Also, my wife, Tiny Brown, was a singer, and I got her on Capitol Records. She did a song named after me, "Eddie They Call Him the Be-Bop Boy." They called one day for her to do an album, but she was sick and I recommended Dakota Staton in her place. That's how she got with that label. Staton did "The Late Late Show" and hit real big. Dave Dexter was working for Capitol then, and he had Nat King Cole over there.

SUN: Whatever happened to King Pleasure?

JEFFERSON: He left the planet several years ago. He was out in Berkeley, and he went with one of those groups that gives up all worldly goods and follows outer space creatures to other planets. He hasn't been heard from since.



Vocalese

master Eddie Jefferson

returns to the Detroit area this month, and once again it is percussionist and MUSIC organizer Roy Brooks who is responsible for bringing him here from New York. Jefferson will grace the Motor City for two weeks, with his first appearances Sept. 2-6 at Dummy George's Lounge at 10320 W. McNichols.

The next weekend Eddie Jefferson and the Artistic Truth will move to the MUSIC Station, after-hours. Until recently the MUSIC (*Musicians United to Save Indigenous Culture*) night spot was located inside Trappers' Alley at Greektown, but arrangements with the building's management fell through, and MUSIC found that they were more than welcome at the Midtown Theater (Canfield & Third, near Wayne State) just reopened by Detroit playwright Ron Milner (*Kulchur*, Vol. 2, No. 3).

Eddie Jefferson, Brooks' Artistic Truth, and the Aboriginal Percussion Choir will perform at the gala opening of the new MUSIC Station at the Midtown Sept. 10, 11, and 12. The sets start at midnight and end "at dawn." As before, informative, musically-oriented films will be shown between shows, and other jazz artists will follow at the MUSIC Station in subsequent weeks.

Jefferson Returns -



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FILM: Grand Rapids Boy Makes Good

TAXI DRIVER'S PAUL SHRADER

By Jim Trombetta

Taxi Driver may be the last of the werewolf movies. No full moon or gypsy's curse prompts the transformation of Robert DeNiro's Travis Bickle, but his change is just as horrifying: from a troubled but attractive, even charming youth to a shrill creep stalking a candidate, to a self-scalped wild man shunted down a dismal cathouse hallway narrow as his fate, where he goes clumsily berserk with four guns and only two hands. Then the spell is broken and he reverts to his former self.

"At the time I wrote *Taxi Driver*, which was four years ago, it seemed entirely logical to me," says Paul Schrader in his office on the Warner Brothers lot in Burbank. "I wrote both drafts in twelve days and I did not realize until six months later that the script was, in fact, crazy. It was very close to the life I was leading at the time, in the sense that I was wandering around at night, drinking, going to pornography, talking to nobody, completely cut off. I was feeling frustration and just raw anger at being a nobody. The clothes that Bobby's wearing in the movie—those are my clothes and I was wearing them when I wrote it."

At 30, Paul Schrader is no longer a nobody. He is Hollywood's most noted young screenwriter and director-to-be (*The Hank Williams Story*, *Blue Collar*). He received \$300,000 for his screenplay for *The Yakuza* (directed by Sidney Pollack) and recently concluded an epic deal involving \$575,000 for a script titled *Hard Core*, which will star its producer, Warren Beatty.

Schrader is a compact man with a muscular, taurine build and manners as mild as the ones Travis Bickle with. His solicitude when you tell him he has gotten your name wrong is touching in a man who has slept with a pistol on his night table because it "makes me more comfortable." He speaks indistinctly but with occasional eloquence, his sentences so carefully constructed they easily span phone calls and assorted interruptions. It is a style suited to a lectern and, as it happens, Paul is teaching a 16-hour course load at UCLA Film School, in addition to writing scripts and concocting deals.

Author of *Transcendental Style in Film*, a study of the directors Ozu, Bresson and Dreyer, and the classic "Notes on *Film Noir*," he is one of the few film critics who ever moved successfully into screenwriting. Even more interesting is the fact that Schrader is a graduate of Calvin College seminary in Michigan, where he trained to become a minister of the fundamentalist Christian Reformed sect in which he was raised and by which he feels he was victimized.

The Christian Reformed community forbade card-playing, dancing, drinking and smoking—not to mention going to the movies. "People have asked me, don't you find the movie business rough and intimidating?" Schrader says now. "But handling studio executives is the easiest thing in the world if you've fought off that mind control squad your whole life." And hanging on the wall directly behind his head is a poster-

sized blow-up of a letter from the principal of Grand Rapids Christian High School, who complains heartbrokenly of irreligious remarks made in *Esquire* by his former charge. Paul shakes his head at the blow-up. "These church people never let you go."

Clearly the hardboiled Calvinist God—that Charlie Manson of deities who would as soon flick you into eternal hellfire as think you up in the first place—is never very far from Schrader's work. The damned-if-you-do-damned-if-you-don't Puritan perspective is constant in *Taxi Driver*. DeNiro is a damned soul, a permanent out-of-towner brutalized by the infernal enticements of Scorsese's New York slithering over his windshield.

"All along he has been the one who has turned up the flame under his own pressure cooker," says Schrader of DeNiro/Travis. "It isn't cabs, it isn't New York, it isn't Vietnam, none of that. It's his own self-destructive mode of behavior which is creating his crisis. He first chooses a woman he knows he cannot have [Cybill Shepherd] and he puts her in a situation where she will have to reject him. The second woman he chooses [Jodie Foster] is a woman who he cannot consummate his love for. He chooses a twelve-and-half-year-old hooker who is too young for him to fuck."

"What is fucking him up is that he has this totally archaic sense of morality which he can't get along with because he's drawn to filth and he can't accept filth because he still has the old morality in his head, and he's caught between the two things."

"This self-destructive pattern can only culminate in suicide. The reason he kills other people instead of himself is that he's immature, ignorant and American, and Americans have a tendency to act out the existentialist dilemma on their fellow men rather than themselves. He is not mature enough to kill himself and he's forcing other people to kill him. The irony of the movie is that the gun is empty in the end and he doesn't die."

His concepts are psychoanalytic, but Schrader didn't lose his religion on any shrink's couch. In *Taxi Driver*, Freud slaps five with Calvin. Neurosis replaces original sin as the force which twists life out of shape, but the doomed psycho and the damned sinner end up stewing in the same pot. In both, the will is corrupt and cannot seek the good, turning a man's hand against himself.

"Hank Williams is a great American folk hero but is also a character very much like Travis," Paul says about the country singer/songwriter whose story he will direct. "Extremely alienated, lonely, ignorant. His weapon instead of a gun was music, but the same self-destructive pattern applies to him and he, you know, forced himself to die [at age 29]." Hank Williams Jr. will produce the film.

In addition to *Hank Williams*, Schrader will be directing another script called *Blue Collar*. "It's about blue collar anger among auto workers, black and white." Richard Pryor and Harvey Keitel have agreed to play in it.



THE GODFATHER THE GODFATHER, PART II

At The Detroit Film Theater

By Armond White

Francis Ford Coppola's *The Godfather* and *The Godfather, Part II* will be presented for two consecutive Saturdays starting September 4 at the Detroit Film Theatre in the Institute of Arts.

The movie diehards among us may wonder why this greatest of cinematic couplets was not, just for once, presented together in a single program or on a single day. Eliot Wilhelm, coordinator of the DFT, explained: "Asking an audience to sit for six and a half hours—seven with an intermission—is asking too much. The two films are so extraordinary, there's so much information to take in from each one, that after a while people's attention would begin to drift."

"This way," Wilhelm went on, "we're still giving them only a week to digest it all, while most of us had a year."

Director-writer Coppola spans the years in the tale of these movies—particularly with the point-counterpoint (present tense-past tense) structure of *Part II*, which is the richer, more complex of the films. Taken together, the two films present nothing less than great tragic drama—at one point in *Part II*, in fact, Coppola creates a direct allusion to Greek tragedy.

The story of the Corleone family (the world's favorite mafiosi) is raised to classic status. Besides the awesomeness of the production and the perfection reached in the acting and direction in both films, Coppola's conception of *Part II* clearly defines the story of the Corleones so that it becomes an All-American epic of melting-pot dreams and corruption.

There's more than a little similarity between Coppola's magnum opus and the Lonnie Elder play *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men*. Both are about the success-incentives (not work-incentives) passed from father to son, and both detail the moral corruption and dissolution of family unity that results from the itch for success and respectability through money and power.

That's the central American story, and it is a tragedy. The beauty of works like *Ceremonies* and the *Godfather* films is in their ability to express that tragedy in a way that relates to us all. The *Godfather* films aren't simply the greatest gangster movies ever, they are the *family* movies of all time. And it must be understood that in giving us an understanding of criminals Coppola is in no way making heroes out of them.

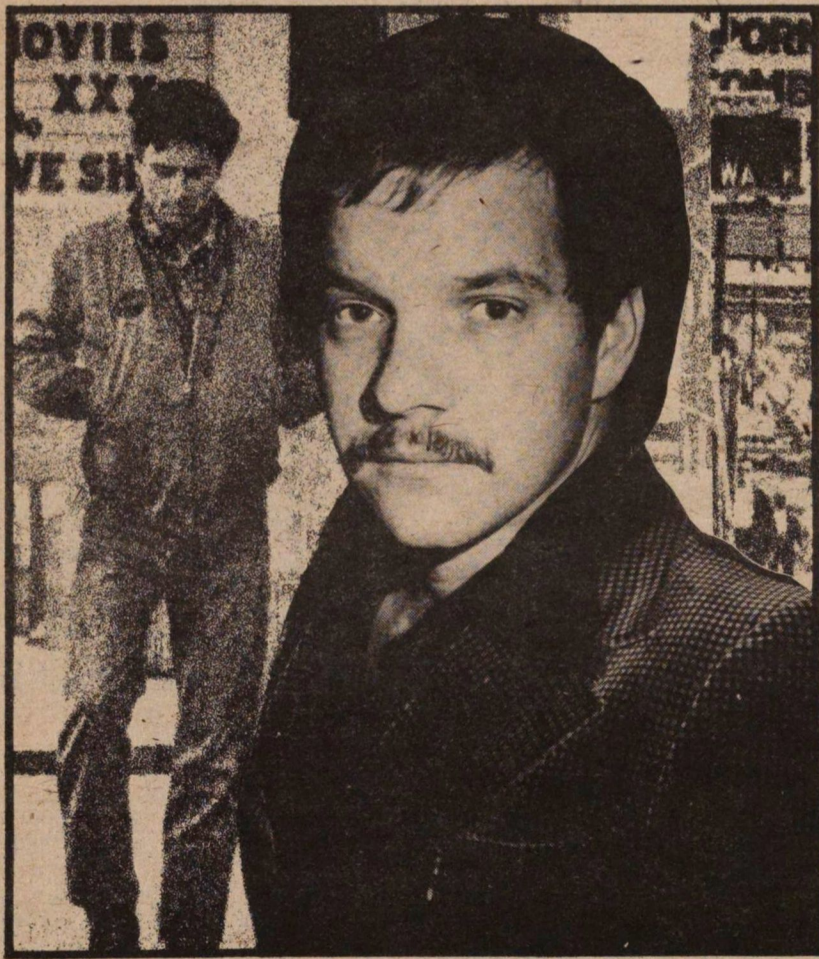
Al Pacino is at his best in the central role of Michael. The role of his father, Don Vito Corleone, is split between Marlon Brando as the elder Don in the first film, and Robert DeNiro as the young Don in the second. It's one of Brando's worst performances—but DeNiro is so miraculous that coming later, as he does through a series of luxurious flashbacks, he salvages Brando's haminess and makes something special out of the whole character.

And there's another star deserving equal rank with Coppola, DeNiro and Pacino—the photographer, Gordon Willis, who provides the most stunning, artful use of color photography in American movie history.

The achievements in these two films are extraordinary; the DFT's close-together presentation of them amounts to a real cultural event.

(Information on the Detroit Film Theater's entire schedule of serious film art—shown Friday and Saturday evenings at the Detroit Institute of Arts auditorium—can be found by calling 833-7900, or check the Motor City Edutainment Guide—weekly in The Sun.)

In *Taxi Driver*, Freud slaps five with Calvin. Neurosis replaces original sin as the force which twists life out of shape.



Taxi Driver author Paul Schrader

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The MICHIGAN STATE FAIR has plenty of free stuff for everybody once you get in (and children under 12 are admitted free anyway, so this is a cheap one for the whole family). Lots of music happening everywhere on the Fairgrounds (10 hours a day at 5 different locations), including Freddie Fender Sept. 4 and The Trinidad Steel Band Sept. 1-6. J.J. Walker dyn-o-mites Sept. 5, and Bauer's International Circus does its thing in Kiddieland with 3 shows daily. Also, free crop exhibits, livestock of all types, and flower displays . . .

BELLE ISLE continues to be a source of free fun—there's the Aquarium with its incredible variety of fish and other creatures, the jungle-like Conservatory, the Dossin Great Lakes Museum, and the Children's Zoo (it costs a quarter, but in these days of inflation that's pretty close to free)—to say nothing of the island's wonderful facilities like picnic grounds, a variety of concerts in the bandshell,

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FREE TRIPS

33 Free Things To Do

33

playgrounds galore, and woody trails perfect for all kinds of fun . . .

A person could spend several days in Detroit's CULTURAL CENTER and not spend a penny (if it weren't for hunger, of course) because the museum facilities—the unique Historical Museum, the expansive Institute of Arts, and the Science Center—ask for voluntary donations at the door rather than charging admission.

In the same area, there's the giant Main Library and Your Heritage House (John R at Ferry) . . .

No admission charge at Detroit's Riverfront Ethnic Festivals (Sept. 3-5: Latin American; Sept. 10-12: Mexican) . . . Jamaica Day (Sept. 12) has free reggae in the bandshell at Belle Isle . . .

check out the plush interiors (Body by Fisher) of all the cars on display at the General Motors Building (Grand Blvd. at Cass) . . .

free money (to look at) at the NBD's Money Museum (Woodward at Fort) . . .

over 1,000 flowers on display in Ann Arbor's Briarwood Mall at the 28th Annual Flower Show presented by the Michigan Dahlia Association . . . nature trails at the U of M Dearborn Campus . . .

Michigan Folk Art on display at MSU's Kresge Center in East Lansing . . . and ART FAIR in Plymouth Sept. 9-12 at Central Middle School Gym—455-5260), Grosse Pointe (Sept. 11 at G.P. War Memorial—881-7511), and Detroit's Lafayette Park (Sept. 11-12—963-7083) . . .

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Motor City Entertainment Guide

METRO DETROIT CALENDAR

WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 3, 1976

Detroit & Suburbs

All Around, 25621 Ecorse Rd., 292-6838: Mon.-Tues., Deep South; Weds.-Sun., Jack Rainwater. \$1.00 cover Fri.-Sat.
 A-Train, 28075 Grand River, Novi, 348-2820: Weds.-Sat., The Ditties thru Sept.
 Bruno's Lounge, 17323 Harper nr. Cadieux, 882-2010: Detroit Blues Band thru Sept.
 Baker's Keyboard Lounge, 20510 Livernois, 864-1200: Leon Thomas & his quartet thru Sept. 4.
 Belanger House, Main at 12 Mile, Royal Oak, 548-8700: Harvest Tues. to Sun.
 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: J.C. Heard, Weds.-Sat.
 Bobbies Lounge, 15414 Telegraph, Redford, 531-0189: Nature, Tues.-Sat., \$1.00 Fri.-Sat.
 Bijou, Southfield Rd. at 13 Mile, Southfield, 644-5522: Jim Jewhurst, Weds.-Sat.



Bobby "Blue" Bland at Phelps, Sept. 3-6.

Brendan's Irish Pub, 34505 Grand River, Farmington, 477-5090: Freeman Tucker Band.
 Bilanni's, 14911 E. Warren at Alter, 885-2724: Moment plays mellow jazz Fri.-Sat.
 Capaletto's, 5801 Schaefer Rd. just N. of Ford Rd., 846-3210: Aug. 25 for 2 weeks, Ruby Jones.
 Cabaret, 5830 Connor, 1/2 blk. east of Ford Fwy., DR2-5020: Mirage thru Sept. 12.
 Clamdiggers, 30555 Grand River, Farmington Hills, 478-3800: Bob Milne thru Sept. 15.
 Colonial Lounge, 19270 Farmington, Livonia, 477-6979: Wed.-Sat., Taylor & Winfield.
 Compared To What?, Trinity Methodist Church, 13100 Woodward in Highland Park, 865-3440 & 893-0942: Sippie Wallace & Mr. Bo, Sept. 10; Shoo Be Doo, Sept. 17; Bob White & Vince Sadowski, Sept. 24; Bob White, Oct. 1.
 D.B.'s, Hyatt Regency, Dearborn, 593-1234: Ahmad Jamal, Sept. 9-10-11.
 Delta Lady, Woodward, south of 9 Mile Rd., 545-5483: Don Copeland's Blues Band, Sept. 3 & 4; Joe Phillips, Sept. 6 & 7; Mickey's Pulsating Unit, Sept. 10 & 11.
 Desoppers', 12 Mile & Harper, St. Clair Shores, 755-9192: Wed., thru Sun., Entourage.
 Doug's Body Shop, 22061 Woodward bet. 8 & 9 Mile, 399-1040: Tommy Good & Plenty.
 Driftwood Lounge, Grand River at Inkster, KE5-6700: Cameldrivers, Thurs.-Sun.
 Dummy George's, 1032 W. McNichols, 341-2700; Eddie Jefferson: Sept. 2-6.
 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: The Eye thru Sept.
 Gaines Lounge, 9850 Wyoming, 934-5511: Funky Disco, Fri. & Sat., 9 til 2.
 Henry's Cocktail Lounge, 7645 Fenkell, 341-9444: Please call for info.
 Holiday Inn Lounge, Woodward in Highland Park, 883-4550: Weds.-Sat., Dave Hamilton thru Sept.
 Hungarian Village, 1001 Springwells at I-75, 843-5611: gypsy music with Sanyika & Orchestra.
 Inn Between, 3270 W. Huron, Waterford, 682-5690: Sept. 1-4, 8-11, 15-18, Dan Schafer; Sept. 5-7, 12-14, 19-21, 26-28, Cher; Sept. 29-Oct. 2, Travis.
 Interlude Lounge, 5491 E. 12 Mile Rd., Warren, 751-4340: Jerry Libby & Co., thru Sept.
 J.C.'s Rock Saloon, 14050 Gratiot, bet. 6 & 7 Mile Rd., 526-3443: Weds.-Sun., Elfstone.
 La Honda, 6340 Auburn Rd., Utica, 739-1017: Jim Gold thru Sept.
 Leone's Lounge & Arcade, 2179 Fort Park St., 3 blks. S. of Southfield, Lincoln Park, 382-9725: Zooster, Aug. 3 to Sept. 4; Gandalf, Sept. 7-11; Sweet Crystal, 14-18; Ruby Jones, Sept. 21-25.
 Lou Powers Place, 30750 Little Mack, Roseville, 293-1410: Reservations. Eddie Powers and His Touch System, Wed.-Sat., 9-1 am.
MUSIC STATION, in the Midtown Theatre, Canfield at Third: Sept. 10-12, midnight to dawn, Roy Brook's Artistic Truth featuring Eddie Jefferson, plus the Aboriginal Percussion Choir.
 Old Mills Attic, 5838 Dixie Hwy., Waterford, 623-9300: Jo Ann Allen thru Sept.

CONCERTS

Sept. 3: Jefferson Starship at Pine Knob. Aretha Franklin at the State Fair for 2 shows, 4:30 and 8:30. Brookside Jazz Ensemble at P'Jazz.
 Sept. 4: Freddie Fender at the State Fair Music Shell—Free. Jefferson Starship at Pine Knob.
 Sept. 5: Frankie Valli at Pine Knob thru the 6th.
 Sept. 7: REO Speedwagon at Ford, 8pm, \$.50, 2.50. Neil Sedaka at Pine Knob.
 Sept. 8: Electric Light Orchestra at Pine Knob. Mercer Ellington at P'Jazz.
 Sept. 9: Electric Light Orchestra at Pine Knob.
 Sept. 10: Austin-Moro Band at P'Jazz. Ted Harris with a 12-Piece Band and the Clifford Fears Dancers at the N.W. Activities Center, 8:30. Three Dog Night at Pine Knob.
 Sept. 11: Benefit for the Harbinger Dance Co. at the Showcase Theatre with Ron English, Mickey's Pulsating Unit, All Directions, the Mime Ensemble. Blue Oyster Cult and Spirit at Cobo. Three Dog Night at Pine Knob.
 Sept. 12: George Benson at Pine Knob. Ted Harris and Clifford Fears at the N.W. Activities Center, 7:30. Jamaican Day in Detroit at Belle Isle with Reggae Music.
 Sept. 14, 15, 16: America at Pine Knob.
 Sept. 17, 18: The Temptations at Pine Knob.
 Sept. 19: Gino Vanelli and Chris DeBurch at Masonic.
 Sept. 26: Jazz Odyssey '76 at Masonic with Grover Washington, Roy Ayers, and Johnny "Guitar" Watson.

Ann Arbor

The Ark Coffeehouse, 1421 Hill St., 761-1451: Every Wed. beginning 9/8, Open Mike Hootenanny, \$.75; 9/10-11, Ken Bloom, \$2.50; 9/12, The Bothy Band, \$3.00.
 The Apartment, 2200 Fuller Rd. (in Huron Towers), 769-4060: New Direction Mon.-Sat.'s.
 The Blind Pig, 208 S. First St., 994-4780: 9/1, All Directions; 9/3-4, The Thunderbirds; 9/6 & 13, Boogie Woogie Red; 9/8, Suitcase; 9/10-11, Caravan. Cover \$1 downstairs only Mon. & Wed., \$1 up & down weekends.
 Blue Frogge, 611 Church St. (off South Univ.), 995-5955: Disco Mon.-Sat.
 Del Rio, 122 W. Washington St., 761-2530: Every Monday lunch, guitarist Gale Benson, 12-1:30; every Sunday afternoon (beginning at 5 pm) live jazz, free.
 Mr. Flood's Party, 120 W. Liberty, 994-9824: 9/1, Longhorn, \$.75; 9/2, All Directions, \$.75; 9/3-4, Red Mountain String Band, \$1.50; 9/5 & 12, Gwen & Kevin; 9/6, Mike

THE MUSIC SCENE

Olde World Cafe, Pine Lake Mall, Orchard Lake at Lone Pine Rds., West Bloomfield, 851-3252: Sept. 3-4, Sharon Archambeau; Sept. 5-7, Nancy & Rick; Sept. 8-11, Barri Bros.
 Phelps Lounge, 9000 Oakland, 867-2321: The sensational Bobby "Blue" Bland and his all star revue. Show time 10 pm. Sept. 3-6.
 Perfect Blend, 24901 Northwestern Hwy., Southfield in the Fidelity Bank Bldg., 353-4070: Feather Canyon, Sept. 1-5, 15-19.
 Playboy Club, 20231 James Couzens, So. of 8 Mile Rd., 863-8855: Aug. 31 thru Sept., A Touch of Vegas.
 Poison Apple, 38418 Ford Rd., Westland, 326-3500: Weds.-Sun., Sept. 1-5, 8-12, Riot.
 Rapa House Concert Cafe, 96 E. Fisher Fwy., 961-9846: After hour jam sessions, Sat., 2-6 am.
 Raven Gallery, 29101 Greenfield, Southfield, 566-2622: Josh White thru Sept. 5; Johnathon Round, Sept. 7-12, w/Mike & Barb White.
 Red Carpet, 16427 E. Warren, at Outer Dr., 885-0570: Pete Zangara, every Mon. 10 pm, comedy & music/jazz, blues & rock.
 Roostertail, 100 Marquette at the river, 823-2000: Aug. 31-Sept. 5, The Drifters w/Earl English; Sept. 10, 11, 14-19, Springfield.
 The Starting Point, 25060 Southfield Rd. cor. 10 Mile, 557-5075: Sept. 3-4, Home (from Chicago); Sept. 6-11, 13-18, Baraboo; Sept. 20-25, Sept. 27-Oct. 2, Air Tight.
 Shirley's, 9 Mile & Mack, St. Clair Shores, 778-3290: Cirrus now thru Sept. 12.
 Stock Exchange Lounge, 27554 W. Warren, W.

of Inkster Rd., 261-7130: T.B. Conspiracy, Wed.-Sat.
 Studio Lounge, 6921 Wayne Rd., Westland, 729-2540: Sept. 2-5, Aug. 31-Sept. 5, Sept. 7-12, Sweet Crystal; Sept. 14-19, 21-26, Fourth Chapter.
 Tipperary Pub, 8287 Southfield, Detroit, 271-5870: Jim Perkins & the Tipperary Aires.
 Trio at Franklin Place, Northwestern Hwy., at 12 Mile, 358-1860: Bobbie Laurel Trio.
 Trouble Disco, at the Sheraton Motor Inn, Metro Airport, 8600 Merriman Rd., Romulus: Sept. 8-9, Michael Henderson. Cover.
 24 Karat, Telegraph S. of 6 Mile, KE1-2332: Corpus Hi-Flash, Sept. 1-5; Night Crawlers, Sept. 8-12.
 Union Street One, 15016 Mack, Grosse Pte. Park, 331-0018: Robin Morgan, Sept. 5; Aurel Roy, Sept. 6; Ray Kamalay, Sept. 7; Stanley & Hollars, Sept. 8; Jan Eugenides, Sept. 9.
 Union Street II, 4145 Woodward nr. Wayne State, Detroit, 832-8015: Sept. 3-4, Stuart Mitchell; Sept. 6, Bill Simpson; Sept. 7, Aurel Roy; Sept. 8, Jan Eugenides; Sept. 9, Don Tapper.
 Vineyards, Franklin at Northwestern, Southfield, music at 8 pm, no dance flr. Bess Bonnier, quiet music.
 Watts Club Mozambique, Fenkell at Northlawn, 864-0240: Major Harris, Fri. Aug. 27-Sun. Sept. 5; Gloria Lynne, Labor Day Sept. 6-Sun. Sept. 12; Roy Ayres, Tues. Sept. 14-Sun. Sept. 19; Ronnie Dyson, Fri. Sept. 24-Sun. Oct. 3.



Boogie Woogie Red at the Blind Pig, 9/6 & 9/13.

Smith; 9/7, Gemini; 9/8-11, Satchel Paige, \$.75 Wed. & Thurs., \$1.50 Fri. & Sat.; 9/13, Eric Glatz.
 Golden Falcon, 314 Fourth Ave., 761-3548: Every Sunday, Benson & Dreillis Quartet; every Mon., II V I Orchestra (15 piece jazz band); every Wed., Headwind; every Thurs., The Silvertones; every Fri. & Sat., Melodioso. \$1.00 cover.
 Heidelberg, 215 N. Main, 663-7758: Every Fri. & Sat., Mustard's Retreat in the Rathskeller, no cover.
 Jackson Road Logging Co., 2800 Jackson Rd. (in the Ramada Inn), 769-0700: Disco every night except Mon., \$1 cover.
 Page One, Arborland Shopping Ctr., 971-6877: Shimmer, \$1 cover on weekends.
 Pretzel Bell, 120 E. Liberty, 761-1470: Every Fri. & Sat., The RFD Boys.
 The Roadhouse, North Territorial Rd. at U.S. 23, 4 miles N. of Ann Arbor: 9/1, 3 & 4, Rockets; 9/8, 10 & 11, The Silvertones.
 Rubaiyat, 102 S. First, 663-2401: Every Fri. & Sat., Rabbits; every Tues. & Thurs., disco.
 Second Chance, 516 E. Liberty St., 994-5350: 9/1-5, Chopper; 9/6-7, Lightnin'; 9/8-12, Foxx. Cover weekdays \$1 students/\$1.50 others; weekends \$1.50 students/\$2 others.
 Win Schuler's, 3600 Plymouth Rd., 769-9400: Every Mon.-Wed., Ray Olhs Trio; every Thurs.-Sun., Caravan in the Black Jack Tavern.
 Zelda's Greenhouse, 3250 Washtenaw (upstairs in the Crystal House Motel), 971-1100: Disco nightly, \$1.00 cover.

Ypsilanti

Casa Nova Restaurant, 11 W. Michigan Ave., 483-3027: Every Wed.-Sat., Carl Adams & Jerry Blackburn.
 Huron Hotel & Lounge, 124 Peral St., 483-1771: Disco nightly.
 The Pub, 205 W. Michigan Ave., 485-2573: Every Wed.-Sat. live music.
 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 Sun., John Jocques; every Mon. & Tues., Mike Lebert; every Wed. & Thurs., Ty Cool; every Fri. & Sat., Ty Cool & Mark Hurst. No cover.

East Lansing

Lizard's Underground, 224 Abbott Rd., (517) 351-2285: Aug. 30-Sept. 4, 9-14, Paddlefoot.
 Peanut Barrel, 521 E. Grand River, E. Lansing, Stratton-Nelson Rosenberg, Sept. 1-5; Sept. 8-12, 15-19, Orange Lake Drive (formerly Lothlorin).
 Great Steak, 246 E. Saginaw, E. Lansing, June Phillips, Sept. 1-4.

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AWB

(continued from page 7)

came straight out of Ray Charles, and on the heels of that was James Brown. It was only a matter of a few years after that that the Motown stuff was getting really big in this country, and we started getting all the imports. The first Motown single I ever got was "Can I Get a Witness," by Marvin Gaye.

SUN: When was that?

GORRIE: It was 1962. That was the first Motown single I ever bought. That was the first 45 RPM single I ever bought. That's why I remember it so well. When I first heard that, I thought it was Sam Cooke singing. I didn't know Marvin Gaye or anything about him. I thought it was Sam Cooke.

The Motown thing grew very fast. Next the Miracles were out, the Impressions were out, the Supremes—they were the ones who sort of did most of the thing for Motown. They became very, very big in the crossover market—all over the world. Marvin Gaye and Tammi Terrell—Marvin Gaye and Kim Weston were good as well.

SUN: I know the thing that distinguishes you from other "rock" groups is that you do black music so well—and so up-to-date, too.

GORRIE: Soul music is like, for black people it came from the church, and its meaning was *soul* music. It's the professional form of church music, the logical progression for entertainers that were into gospel. With us, we had to learn it second-hand from them. You know, there's a definite language of soul music, and to sing and talk the language all you have to do is be faithful to it, believe in it, to get it over. Because black people won't accept it if it's fake. And it isn't in our case, because that's our genuine favorite thing. It's gone over well.

SUN: Can you tell us about your future plans?

GORRIE: We're going to come out on the road and do some dates in late October—I think on the West Coast—after our live album is released. I'd like to try and do a concert here, if we can, to make up for all the people who had to leave last night. We'd try to do a concert here if we can.

FOCUS

Eugene Johnson, director of the Northwest Activities Center's Theatre Program says Teddy Harris is "one of those Detroiters who is famous everywhere—except in Detroit." Maybe he's exaggerating just a little, but one thing is certain: Theodore Edward Harris, Jr. is one of the most serious, well-respected people in the world of contemporary popular music.

Teddy Harris writes and teaches music, plays all the keyboard and reed instruments, is the musical director for the Supremes, was a pianist and composer for Aretha Franklin for 5 years, and has appeared with such great performers and glittering stars as Pearl Bailey, Joel Grey, Kim Weston, Martha Reeves, Smokey Robinson, Stevie Wonder, Ernie Farrow, Jimmie Wilkins, Paul Butterfield, Gerald Wilson, Bob Hope and Sammy Davis, Jr.

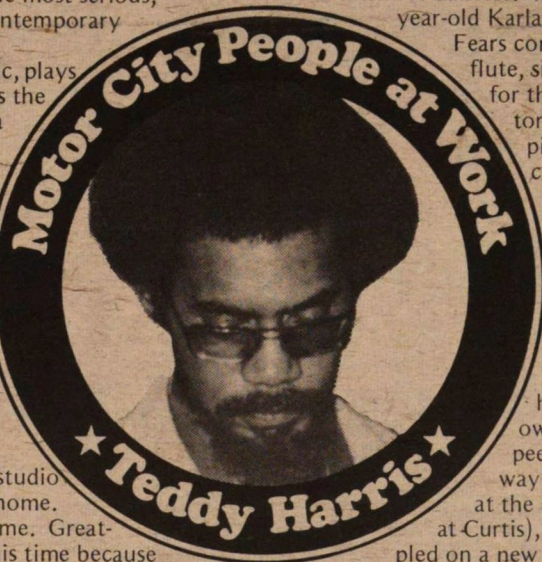
Proving that you don't have to work out of a fancy office or studio in Los Angeles or New York to be a successful arranger, conductor, composer, pianist, flutist, and saxophonist, Teddy's office-studio is in the basement of his Highland Park home. "I was born in Detroit and this is my home. Greater things can be achieved right here at this time because of the vast amount of talent that is here," he says.

Harris will be taking the opportunity to show off some of that talent this month as the Northwest Activities Center


presents "An Evening with Ted Harris" Friday, September 10, with a repeat performance on Sunday, September 12. Harris has assembled a special troupe for these two events, made up of eight singers, 15 musicians, and a full complement of dancers. Included are two of his daughters: 16-year-old Karla Harris, who will dance with the Clifford Fears company at the shows and who also plays flute, sings, models, and is a student director for the Highland Parks High Schools repertory program; and Margo, 13, who plays piano, flute, and saxophone as well as percussion instruments. All of the music performed at these concerts will be Ted Harris compositions.

Theodore Harris was born in 1934, went to Northern and Eastern High Schools, and remembers wanting to be a musician ever since he was three years old and his mother took him to see the legendary Duke Ellington Orchestra. He has come a long way since then, with his own music providing inspiration to his peers as well as the younger artists "on the way up." Besides the unique presentations at the Northwest Activities Center (on Meyers at Curtis), Harris' world of creativity can be sampled on a new album by the Hastings Street Jazz Experience, released and distributed by the local Midnight Records label.

—Pat Hughey



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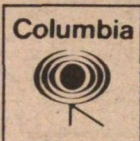
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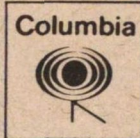
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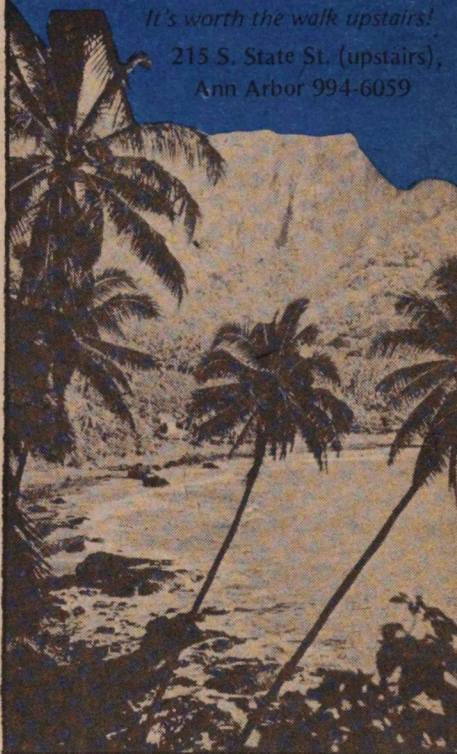
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Trick Bag

(continued from page 3)

police anticipate the need for their presence in greater force at Cobo Hall?

This brings us to some earlier warnings that there are forces among us who want to get a riot going. And what better way to do so than allow a confrontation to develop between black and white youth. It could have happened. The majority of those present at Cobo Hall were white.

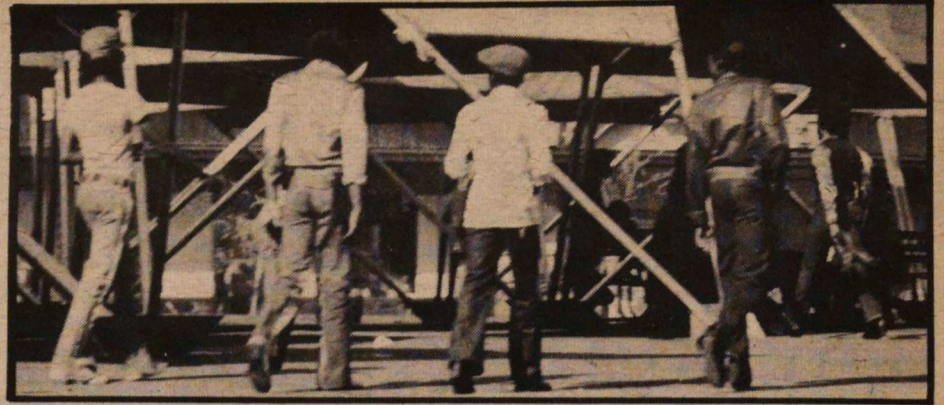
Moreover, there are reports also circulating that about 200 black youths who wouldn't have paid the fare out of their own pockets were provided tickets to that concert. If this is true, it had to be a setup.

Then too, there is the report (cited in a previous Sun article) that citizens on the east side complain that some police just stood by and let the youth crime wave go full circle. If so, why? There really should be a check into police assignments, to find out whether or not there is any shirking of responsibility. And here again, it lies right in the lap of Chief Tannian.

There are many police officers and those of higher rank who are really working in the interest of this community and its citizens, and they should not be put in the same boat with officers of negative intent. And the Chief knows this.

It is understandable that police officers can become frustrated on their jobs, just like anyone else in a different occupation that requires leadership. But for some officers to declare publicly, as was cited in one of the dailies, that they slowed down because they don't like what the mayor is doing, is preposterous.

Does this mean that every time they resent something the Mayor says or does, they will stop policing the city or slow down their efforts on the job? Such acts bring discredit to the entire police force, and this simply shouldn't be happening.



We have cited a national report that plans are underway to discredit black officials, and this is happening in other cities where blacks are in top leadership roles. There is evidence to substantiate that some things happening are designed for just that purpose.

But we cannot afford to become paranoid over this. We simply have to realize that it is very possible and thus be on the lookout for any phony setups. The wise person will keep his or her head on straight and be ready to intercept a foul play before it surfaces.

What is really tragic, however, is that far too many young people, and quite a few older ones, are perfect pawns in the political power game. They don't seem to realize that they will be the goats in the end. They will be the losers.

In a previous edition of *The Sun*, we reported that some youths 18 and over are acting as advisers to gang members, teaching the rules of successful crime to their younger counterparts. But common sense tells us that it goes further than that. And if we review the events in their trail of crimes, it is clearly obvious.

Young blacks should know that those who furnish them with sophisticated artillery to use on their own community and teach them how to commit crimes against

the people more expertly, are using them for purposes the youths will later regret. And there will be no way out if they continue in that path.

Far too many don't know friend from foe, and in their naive striving for what they think is power, they are being sucked into a quagmire of evil slime from which there will be no way out and no rescue party to save them. If they could check out the laws of average, they would foresee this.

And such a result is not as far away as they think it is. It is very close at hand—so close that pretty soon the community is going to have to sever its ties from them for its own survival. Sounds awfully caustic and final, doesn't it? Well, that is exactly what the present foretells of the future—that is, if there is going to be a future. And everybody had better wake up to the facts of life.

Moreover, the parents who have allowed their offspring to raise themselves anyway they could with no guidance or discipline, are not going to get away with their negative attitudes toward their children. This goes double for parents who have taught criminal behavior. They are going to have to pay the price for what they failed to do—and that, too, is a fact of life, believe it or not.

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GOP Convention

(continued from page 19)

venturing out into the night, not too close to where the Yippies were then encamped, and smoking a joint—a Republican joint at that. Yes, would-be Young Republicans smoke dope.

Finally, there was Charlie Schmidt, a delegate from Arizona, who was spotted floating through the Young Republicans' party. Seeing our press credentials, Charlie said "Oh, I've got one of those, too"—seems he traded for it.

Charlie, wearing a purple vest covered with Arizona insignia and looking as though he had just come stumbling in out of the desert, was an adamant Reagan supporter.

Asked if, with the nomination so hotly contested, anyone had approached him from the Ford camp with an offer to buy his vote, Charlie said no.

"That couldn't happen," he said. "I know politics are corrupt, but I don't think anyone here is buying or selling votes." At that, a visit to Ford's Kansas City headquarters was suggested, where it would be made known that the vote of Arizona's Charlie Schmidt was up for grabs.

After taking a few steps towards the door, Charlie turned back, saying, "It's too early to go now—let me see if I can pick up

a girl first."

Unfortunately, Charlie soon disappeared, perhaps with one of the cheerleaders from Kansas, fearing what he might have found at Ford's hotel.

Amidst all the noise and commotion of the convention there was one other aberration that screamed for attention.

In all the official statements and speeches made at the convention, there was no mention of the man who had made Gerald R. Ford's rise to power possible.

Richard Nixon does not exist in the eyes of the GOP. They hoped by ignoring the abuses of Nixon's presidency, people will not associate his crimes with the GOP and Ford.

Yet Ford is the man who, appointed by Nixon, then pardoned the former president. And Dole, Ford's "new idea," served Nixon faithfully as Republican National Chairman all through the Watergate days, using his much-proclaimed "hatchetman" abilities to attack his president's accusers.

With Carter running a campaign that calls for a president who is not part of the corrupt Washington scene, it seems almost impossible that voters will forget who made Ford president.

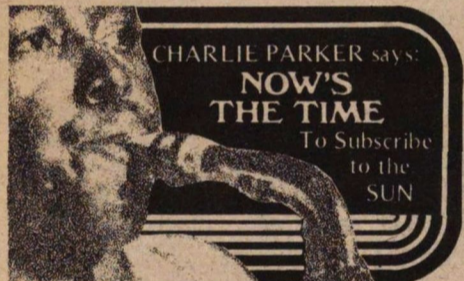
Sexpionage

(continued from page 6)

by the FBI to a member of the Governor's staff, a sometime CIA contract employee. The scenario to "destroy" Dr. King included a fraudulent piece of film that would have appeared dark and grainy as if shot by a hidden camera in an unlit motel room. Just as the CIA had Robert Maheu (the former Howard Hughes top aide) prepare such a film with an actor impersonating Indonesian President Sukarno, so, the Arkansas informant states, the FBI was developing a similar plan in order to

"assassinate Dr. King's character."

Finally, the authors of the report have uncovered evidence that will be made a part of the Black Panther Party's multi-million-dollar civil action, to be filed soon in Washington, which charges that the FBI attempted to provoke the murder of Black Panther leader Bobby Seale in a confrontation with another Panther, Fred Bennett, by forging evidence linking Mrs. Seale with Bennett. The plan backfired, according to sources close to the Panthers, and Bennett himself was murdered by two FBI agents-provocateurs, one black and one white, whose names will be released after the filing of the lawsuit.



CHARLIE PARKER says:
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See page 15

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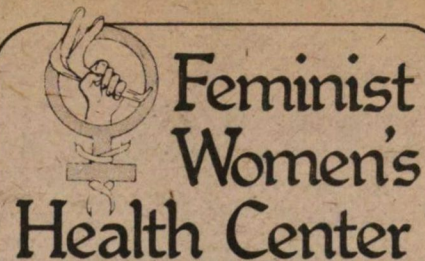
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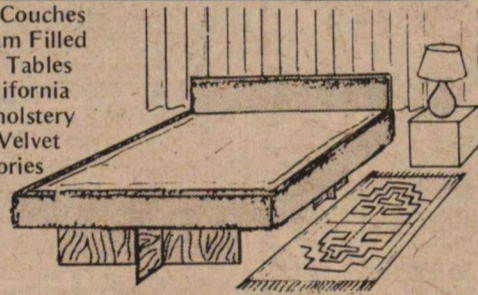
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Notice to all Friends & Lovers members: We have received many applications and requests for membership. Our thanks to you for this overwhelming response. However, we are not receiving your completed questionnaires (applications). Please return your questionnaires promptly, so that we may begin preparing for the Sept.-Nov. mailing. We must receive your profile by Sept. 10. During the vacation months (July & Aug.) mailings were suspended. If you have any questions about your membership, or our service, please write us, c/o K. Smith, P.O. Box 89, Detroit, MI, 48231.

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A concerned citizens group is looking for people who will give testimony to abuses suffered under the present criminal rehabilitation system in or out of jail. These can be stories of yourself, friends or relatives. All names will be kept confidential. This will be used to improve the system. Call Diana, 557-5885.

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a ride to San Diego, Calif., for myself and my objects (less than half a van load) on or about September 30. Can split gas, oil, and driving, plus pay \$25. If you have a van or truck and are going in that direction, please call Gary, 831-0844 or 961-3555. Prefer non-(cigarette) smoker.

Classified deadlines are 5 pm every Friday.

The Musicians Bible, HOW TO MAKE MONEY AS A MUSICIAN, will show you how to succeed where others have failed! Send \$7.00 postpaid to: Kerns Publishing Co., Box 05035, Detroit, MI 48205.

Competent plumber needed at reasonable rates. Call Bob at 469-1354.

MC-5 LP's wanted, especially Kick Out the Jams and High Times. In good condition, write or call collect, Doug Cunningham, 686-8475, 8351 Walter St., Mt. Morris, MI 48458.

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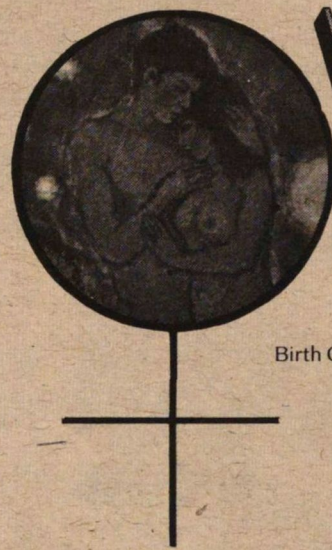
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By Genie Parker

During September many planets will be in Libra, the sign of the scales: balance, harmony and justice. The Sun will be in Virgo until the Autumn Equinox on the 22nd when it moves into Libra. Virgo is very analytical, detailed and critical.

These are hard times in Detroit. People in general, and young people in particular—with no jobs, and the schools crippled by an overwhelming lack of funds—see little justice and harmony around them.

The situation is sensitive. The full Moon this month is in Pisces on the 8th. Pisces is very deep thinking and extremely sensitive. Combine that with the desire for justice and the ability to analyze and criticize and we'll see what happens. Hopefully enough people in the right places will see the way to some economic solutions and we can control the tide of emotion that is swelling in the heart of this city.

The following suggestions are for September 3-10. Be sure and read your rising and Moon signs, as well as your Sun (birth) sign.

♈ ARIES (March 20-April 18)—You respond quickly to what you see happening around you. It can be especially good, or very difficult—depending on how much thought you put into your actions.

♉ TAURUS (April 19-May 19)—You long for harmony in your personal life, but things are changing rapidly around you. Trust your own judgement with what you are doing and communicate decisions clearly.

♊ GEMINI (May 20-June 20)—You are very good with economics right now. The more people involved, the more will be possible. Let others handle details whenever possible.

♋ CANCER (June 21-July 21)—You are swimming in a wave of ideas. Think more about others you can help, rather than about your own problems, and the returns will be great.

Since America is the home of the rugged individualist it's no wonder that it feels very little responsibility for the promotion of its amateur athletes. It is up to the aspiring runner to secure the necessary funds in order to train and qualify for the Olympics, whereas socialist countries provide for their athletes' economic and athletic needs.

The U.S. has traditionally swept the sprinting events with its black runners. This year it was a different story, as black runners from the Caribbean carried away many of the gold medals, indicating the beginning of the end of U.S. dominance in track events.

Despite the reactionary nature of America's amateur athletic training program, Johnny Jones, an 18-year-old brother from Austin, Texas, was able to come to Montreal through community support. Jones comes from a community that raised the necessary funds to sponsor him in qualifying meets for the Olympics. The 100m was an event he had trained for only a few months before the finals in Montreal, where he made a 10.2 showing for fourth place in the finals. "My best time is 10.1" he told me.

This community concern is the kind of interest and investment that the socialist countries make in their athletes. The people in Johnny's neighborhood made sure their best would be in Montreal.

Fortunately Johnny Jones, gold medal winner in the 4 X 100m relay, will be on a football scholarship at the University of Texas. And if the football field does not destroy his legs, he will probably be the best the U.S. will have to race in the XXII Olympiad in Moscow in 1980, where not only will the Africans return but so will the real People's Republic of China.

American culture offers opportunities for the amateur athlete in the form of scholarships, but when those four years are over the runner is faced with the every-day struggle for economic survival. An elderly woman slowly steps to a front row seat and the youthful smirks are drowned out by a nurse calling a new batch of numbers.

In 1975 in Wayne County there were about 11,000 reported cases of gonorrhea and 2,700 reported cases of syphilis, but it's hard if not impossible to estimate how many cases are being treated by

♌ LEO (July 22-August 21)—The limitations you are facing are easier to analyze now. Think very hard before making major changes in your life and your decisions can be more imaginative.

♍ VIRGO (August 22-September 21)—Don't blame other people when the goals you set are unreachable. Analyze your own approach and you can go much further than at first appears possible.

♎ LIBRA (September 22-October 22)—Use this time well to develop everything and everybody you're involved with. You should pay particular attention to economics. Much can be in your favor.

vival. James Butts, the silver medal winner for the triple jump, is a security guard in Los Angeles. Even though he is a 1964 graduate of UCLA, Butts has been caught in the economic crunch and in a job that puts him on a very trying training schedule. "I train at UCLA," Butts told *The Sun*. "I work out from 6:00 am to 10:45, then I got to work from 1:00 pm until 10:00 am—graveyard!"

On the evening of his victory Butts was still jubilant over the new medal which hung around his neck. "You have to pay the cost to be the boss," he said. "You can't win by looking pretty, which I know I am."

Butts' arrogance was typical of the black American athletes, and the kind of personal sacrifice they each had to make in order to get to Montreal could explain their tunnel vision. When they met to consider the appeal of the African nations to join in solidarity with the African boycott against New Zealand's participation in the games, their answer was confused and apolitical. "When Tommy Smith and John Carlos did what they did, the Africans did not come out to support them."

Lee Evans, holder of the 400m record and gold medal winner in the 1968 Mexico games, recalled the black Americans' refusal to participate with Rhodesia in the 1972 Olympics in Munich. Standing in solidarity with the black African nations, they decided, "If the Africans were not running, the games would not be worth participating in."

But request for comment on the issue from most of the medal winners was refused. They were either busy signing autographs or dashing for the disco. It is very unfortunate that the black American athlete could not discern that there is little difference in the tragedy of riots, whether they be in Detroit, Watts, or Soweto, in South Africa.

private doctors and not reported at all. VD investigators, known professionally as epidemiologists, have the assignment of finding and bringing in anyone who is known to have contact with a VD carrier. One investigator knew of a case that involved checking a chain of 236 people traced back from one discovered case of VD.

Before the advent of medical science, venereal disease was treated with a bizarre array of remedies, including lice and live frogs, and the lowly toilet seat

♏ SCORPIO (October 23-November 20)—Seek advice with your problems—steaming inside yourself solves nothing. Don't make rash moves, but concentrate on the future.

♐ SAGITTARIUS (November 21-December 20)—Use your imagination more than your criticisms. What you come up with creatively will do more good in the long run all the way around.

♑ CAPRICORN (December 21-January 20)—Be aware that you are more sensitive than usual. The more practical and detailed you think, the more you will be able to solve and move forward.

♒ AQUARIUS (January 21-February 18)—it is easy to move forward when you concentrate on friends and your work. Don't dwell on limitations—they are necessary to understand immediate possibilities.

♓ PISCES (February 19-March 19)—Try not to drown yourself in deep thought and emotional response. This is a good time to be practical and pay attention to detail.

By Melba Boyd

SPORTS



OLYMPICS

Melba Boyd

Treating The Dread V.D.

MED CENTER
By Dennis Rosenblum



Gonorrhea, the most popular form of V.D., is still on the rise. Since it has a shorter incubation period than syphilis and will appear first, treatment for gonorrhea will destroy any syphilis present. "We know that when we treat gonorrhea we're killing any latent syphilis. We're blasting the reservoir with penicillin and aborting syphilis," says Richard Conlon, director of the venereal disease investigative unit of Herman Kiefer Hospital. Every morning hundreds of citizens pile into the city's giant health complex.

Most are young and have been there before. They each get a number, a blood test and an examination while shuffling from one group of seats to another. Those who come up positive get a little talk and a shot of penicillin. To some it's the height of embarrassment—to others it's simply the price of a good time.

VD is universal—it won't care how rich you are or how clean you keep your floors, or whether your favorite pet is a rat or an afgan hound. Unemployed factory workers and bank presidents can find a common ground in venereal disease, though they'll all wish otherwise.

At Kiefer, business is booming, say the people who work there. Last year, they examined about 35,000 genitalia and dispensed 11,000 injections of penicillin.

Clinic decor is contemporary take-a-

as a carrier of the disease has been traced as far back as the Bible.

In spite of it all, some people keep coming back. A number of patients are known on a first name basis.

Infected patients who balk at receiving treatment are sometimes given a copy of a U.S. Public Health Service book profusely illustrated with examples of the damage VD can inflict on the human body, the kinds of the things that would make most people run to a doctor at the very thought. And the book always brings them back.

The city's Social Hygiene Clinic at Herman Kiefer Hospital (8921 John Lodge, south of Clairmont) provides complete free care and treatment to anyone in Wayne County. Patients are admitted on a first come, first served basis Monday through Friday, 8am-1pm. The average wait is three hours. Patients must give their name on a brief form, however the clinic maintains confidentiality. Minors are treated without the consent or knowledge of their parents.

"We've had people with double-headers—syphilis and chancroid (a rarer form of VD). We've had people with tripleheaders—syphilis, chancroid and gonorrhea," says Chapel. "All we can say is that these people are extremely unlucky."

The **RIP OFF COMIX PAGE**
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