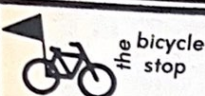






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# Hiking in L.A.

Ron Ridenour



The urbane denounce Los Angeles as a non-city. Residents are not properly clustered, they say; drivers don't honk at each other often and loud enough; people are not sufficiently uptight, their idea of relaxation is uncivilized: jogging, surfing, beach bumming, and hiking. Hiking, mind you, in the city! Not just strolling through the park, but stretching legs on and off wooded trails and climbing chaparral mountains right in the city.

"Californians are becoming more exercise conscious," a Sierra Club office volunteer commented, "and are getting away from the plastic urban society."

It is the Sierra Club, founded in 1892, which is most responsible for the increasing hiking

activity in Los Angeles. (LA has 22,000 of its 165,000 members nationally.) Members are the tour guides for most of the scheduled hikes in the city.

Office executives, clerks, factory workers, government and school technicians by the thousands take a short drive from work to their nearest local park for an evening hike of one to 10 miles on whatever day they like.

Los Angeles boasts of having the largest natural park in the country—Griffith Park, with its 53 miles of hiking trails within the sprawling 4000 acres occupying the eastern-most part of the Santa Monica mountain range.

Griffith Park's most popular hiking peak is Mt. Hollywood at 1625 feet, almost straight up from the Observatory. And the Santa Monica mountains, near Pacific Coast Highway, contains the city's highest peaks at around 3000 feet.

The city parks and recreation department maintains 21 park rangers in Griffith Park who are ready to rescue people who may get trapped on surprisingly sharp cliffs. The rangers also conduct nature walks and special hikes arranged for groups. They work with the Sierra Club every Saturday at 9:00 a.m. on a local hike of some eight miles. The rangers talk about the geology, flora and fauna of the park and the Sierra Club leader discusses the history of the park area which dates back to pre-Spanish days when the Yanga natives inhabited the range.

Regular hikers tell of seeing rattle snakes, mule deer, coyotes, fox, raccoons, skunks, and many other animals one would not expect to see within a mere matter of meters from a downtown skyscraper. The rangers are quick to add that there has been only one recorded snake bite in the last

10 years at the park, and that was a ranger who got too close to a rattler.

On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings from 7:00 to 8:30 or 9:30, the Sierra Club sponsors hikes for everyone at the park. There are six to eight different hikes of varying speeds and distances for hikers of all persuasions.

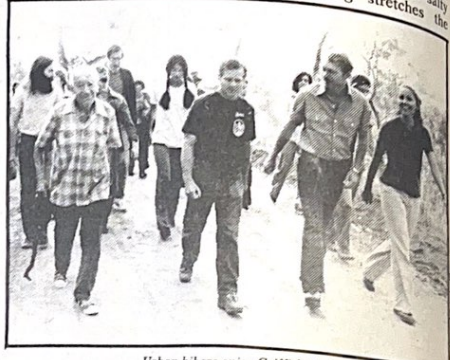
If you want to arrange a special nature walk with an

the parks—the cheapest form of entertainment and education—the bulldozers would not be gobbling up the hills and trees.

But why do people hike? "I delight in wild surprises," said one climber, "as we walked slowly but steadily by a running stream."

"If you have a problem and you walk in the woods, you get tired, physically, and you get ever you look your mind in shapes."

We walked passed gooseberries, sage, monogamy, scrub oak and walnut trees. A badger had been sighted the day before. The pain in my desk-bound legs felt good. I felt the poisons ooze out of my body. I smelled the salty sweat. Hiking stretches the



Urban hikers enjoy Griffith Park.

interpretive program, call Ranger Dave Gonzales at 665-5188. The park also has youth programs in conjunction with the Board of Education and the Boy and Girl Scouts.

The city maintains other hiking trails at: Hansom Dam (15 miles of trails), Peck Park in San Pedro (5 miles), and Elysian Park (5 miles).

The county has no active hiking program (duplication between the county parks and recreation and the city recreation and parks departments has led many to urge a merger) but does maintain 150 miles of trails for the general population's use. The Sierra Club is the main user of these trails and the club sponsored hikes are open to the public-at-large free.

legs, no doubt, but it stretches a lot more as well, my guide was saying.

"After you hike awhile, you don't just see a forest, you become familiar with individual plants and trees. You notice when a tree is injured or is changed in some way. You even recognize the same birds and squirrels," an old-timer almost whispered.

Carol Cartwright is new to hiking. At 48 she is becoming a marathon runner too. She runs 13 miles regularly now and takes the often steep hills as casually as a city walker.

"I Like being away from the asphalt world the most; perspiring along with good people, we become a family."

"If I don't hike once a week, I know I missed something important: exercise, a big sky, vibrant plants and trees, the friendship of the earth," said Dick Worsfold, who has watched people get captivated by hiking for 20 years.

The State is new to park development in Los Angeles. Its nearly 30,000 acres of park land, with some 100 miles of hiking trails, lay in three locations: Topanga State Park, Malibu Creek, and Pt. Magu.

Ron Webster, a large-farmed Sierra Club hike leader, led 60 hikers, including myself and my six-year-old twins, on a six mile Sunday afternoon hike through Santa Ynez Canyon in Topanga State Park. This weekly hike attracts newcomers and regulars alike; some are affluent, others are blue collar workers such as Webster.

"I really don't know why so few poor people, blacks and browns hike. People tend to do what their peers do, what their culture dictates," Webster speculated, "I woke up one morning and realized that my mission in life had become to lead upper middle-class whites on hikes in the mountains." Webster lamented. If more people of varying "sociological stations" used the trails, and other parts of

The State has appropriated \$1 million (\$B900) for backbone trails from Topanga to Pt. Magu. A link between the beach and Griffith Park is under consideration, but the Los Angeles City Council has not yet acted. And already 150 acres of the Santa Ynez Canyon area are under development for well-to-do people and new landfill garbage dumps are being planned as well.

If you are interested in hiking, check with the various governmental parks and recreation departments or with the Sierra Club (387-4287). The Sierra Club's, Angles Chapter periodic schedule lists all the regional groups (some 20) and activities in the Los Angeles area. There are one or more hikes going on every evening or weekend day somewhere near you. (See Calendar for upcoming hikes.)







## EDITORIAL

# Yes on 14, No on bond-age

We at the Los Angeles Vanguard strongly urge our readers to support the farm workers of this state by voting YES on Proposition 14. If approved, this people's initiative would allow workers' unions, including the United Farmworkers Union, to have access to all workers in the fields at rest times. There would be no interference with work. The grower argument of privacy invasion is fallacious and phony. Their land is big business (in fact, much of the land belongs to faceless corporations) and they have used their huge property, which workers built, to keep workers from organizing. Farmworkers are the least paid, most overworked and underprotected workers in the United States. They need all the help we can give them.

In keeping with our philosophy of support for the average citizen, the workers and the poor, we urge voters to reject all bond issues. Regardless how progressive some bond issues may sound, all are designed to enrich the banks, rich individuals, and corporations who buy up the bonds.

Bond issues simply force the poor and middle-income taxpayer to pay extortionist credit terms and interest for projects which should be financed on a pay-as-we-go basis through a progressive income tax.

Bond issues, like all regressive taxes, must be replaced by taxation of the rich and the corporations, which never sacrifice during hard times. Voting down the bond issues will put pressure

on the current tax structure and may hasten reforms.

As a populist newspaper run by a disparate group of individuals who support everything from liberal Democrats through socialists to non-participation in the electoral process, the *L.A. Vanguard* makes no recommendations for specific candidates.

## Forked funds

This editorial is written with some trepidation. The Vanguard staff does not wish to complain unduly however, we can no longer remain silent about the lack of advertising support from progressives.

Clearly the *Los Angeles Vanguard* is the only progressive Los Angeles newspaper accepting advertising. Yet we almost never are the recipients of paid advertisements by progressive organizations. These groups do not hesitate to raise many thousands of dollars for the capitalist outlets, such as the *L.A. Times*. The rationale, of course, is one of mass readership versus support of a people's paper with fewer, more committed readers. The logic is the same as that of elitist politicians who ignore assumed supporters.

Those same progressives would be the first to jump on us for accepting ads from reactionary sources, which we do not do on principle. Yet they would prefer to send their funds to reactionary media.

such a foolish political blunder as the

Playboy interview? Why does his family go out of their way to take shots at political institutions such as Billy Graham, the ranking Baptist in Carter's own faith.

When you really analyse it, you have to come to the conclusion that both Ford and Carter are committing political hari-kari in their own parties and trying to out-thrust each other to see who can spill more of his own guts. 'Tis not an honorable way to die!

The bumbles, knife cuts, investigations, revelations, etc., keep going off like the tiny time pills in a cold capsule, but their effect is to bring relief to the other guy! No sooner does Ford make a huge error and Carter begin to exploit it than something comes up in Carter's camp that tends to negate the blunder and even things out. Neither gains and the net effect is to turn people off both candidates, something that is wholly disastrous in an election year when 70 million people already are so spaced out by the candidates' performances that they plan to be "no shows" on Nov. 2nd. What's happening?

I'm not sure that somewhere behind all this lurks the fine hand of Nelson Rockefeller, the man who never wanted to be vice-president of anything.

Have you considered what would happen, for example, if the presidential elections were deadlocked and thrown into the House of Representatives? There, all party bets are off. The congressmen in the House can pick anybody they darn please to be president if they are given the opportunity. It could well be Rocky.

The scenario is prodigious. An odyssey plan. And entirely possible, given the gullibility of the general public. What better way for Rockefeller, a man twice denied the nomination by his own party, to look good than to let the American people see two idiots making fools of themselves in the



Jim Horwitz

## MEDIA HAS THE POWER TO RUIN THE ELECTION

My cohorts in the electronic and print media have done an outstanding job of lousing up the November 2nd election. Over and over they have repeated, "the electorate is apathetic." They have repeated it so often that even the involved citizens are feeling that way. In no way, do I expect journalists to censure themselves or manage the news, but I do suggest that they at least try to create a productive balance to a negative occurrence.

It could be handled something like this, "In spite of the polls showing reduced interest in the election, the Registrar-Recorder expects a typical last minute rush of registrants, which might bring the total closer to a normal figure."

There are many ways, that with a slight amount of editorializing, reporters could turn that apathy around. They are being the most unpatriotic, if they don't make the attempt.

## UNUSUAL COALITION SUPPORTS PROP. #1

It is not the normal team-up, but the California Savings and Loan League has joined with The League of Women Voters and the California Federation of

Labor AFL-CIO in supporting Proposition #1. Anthony M. Frank, president of the league, said "The savings and loan industry in California has a total commitment to the cause of improved housing in this state for all segments of the population."

Other organizations endorsing the \$500 million housing bond issue are: the Calif Council for Environmental and Economic Balance; the California Housing Council; People Access Coastal Environment; the County Supervisors Association of California; KNBC and KFWB.

\*\*\*

**BITS AND PIECES:** The way State Senator George Zenovich (D-Fresno) is campaigning around the State on behalf of Prop #1 makes one wonder if he isn't gearing up for a run at the Attorney General post in 1978... Is either significant?? Thursday Oct. 7 Gerald Ford was the guest speaker at a GOP fundraiser at the Beverly Hills Hotel, \$1000 a plate—while at the same time Jimmy Carter was speaking to a Demo gathering at the Century Plaza, \$250 a plate!... The five County Supervisors have a tremendous amount of power, but our pocketbooks can't afford the monumental bureaucracy that will be created under Propositions A and B. Please vote No... Peter Camejo (Socialist Workers), Gus Hall (Communist) and Roger MacBride (Libertarian) have the word Independent after their names on your Presidential ballot. The parties didn't qualify, but the individuals did, with 200,000 qualifying signatures... The debates have had one major result. Both candidates firmed up their soft support. That accrues as the largest plus for Jimmy Carter.

1976 Valley Publications Feature



## Rocky's road

"Election deadlock could boost Rocky into presidency"

It's amazing. Never before in the short history of this country have the people been given such a bumbling, inept choices in a presidential election. It's almost as if it were planned that way. Those who are given to a conspiratorialist view of history should have a field day.

Just look at what's happening. First Ford bumbles. Then Carter. Next week, Carter slips and Ford falls. And so it goes, each error balancing out the other's and the big losers being the American people.

Things are happening to Ford that are unheard of in an election year. His own administration appears to be doing all it can to sink his presidential ship. Think of it. When was the last time you can remember an attorney general coming out with an investigation into the campaign finances of the president who appointed him? Why did the Government Accounting Office pick the thick of the election race to release its negative report on the Mayaguez incident, one which Ford uses constantly to enhance his macho image? Why did Ford put so much of his personal prestige behind the swine flu vaccination program only to have it backfire on him when senior citizens began dropping like flies after being injected with the vaccine?

If you were Ford, wouldn't you be hopping mad? Yet he continues to bumble along, dodging and weaving and taking all these fatal thrusts as if they didn't matter.

And Carter. Think for a moment how he rose from comparative obscurity to walk away with the presidential nomination of the Democratic Party. Where did he get the money for all this? He didn't do it on peanuts. And why did he allow

national media for two solid months? Why do you think they're having so many debates? Why does the idiocy even extend to the two clowns who are running for vice-president?

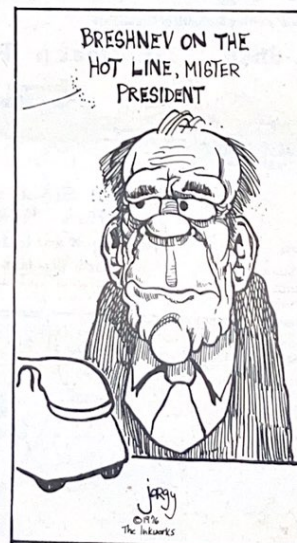
Clearly the public is being fed mediocrity of the lowest class, so low that even a man like Rockefeller could look good in comparison. What better reason could be given the congress of the United States to turn away from Ford and Carter and select Rocky as the president. It simply could not be done without laying the groundwork of discrediting the men of both parties. And it could not be done if the men running for President were not also party to the whole affair.

And it is common knowledge that both Ford and Carter are chattels of the Rockefeller millions.

The swine flu vaccinations may prove a key to the whole scenario. If enough people die from the vaccine, the program could be the national ruin of Gerald Ford. It could cause him to resign even before the election, or, more importantly, even after the election. And who would become president? Rocky. This could well be the stepping stone to boost Rocky into the permanent presidential picture. A few adjustments here and there to correct Ford's errors and he would look like a hero.

The scenario appears to be unfolding with precision. And all seem to be playing the roles given them—right down to Eugene McCarthy and Lester Maddox.

For my vote, Fred Stover looks better and better.





# Love and death on the Hollywood star tour



**Miles Beller**

All their lives they had slaved at some kind of dull heavy labor, behind desks and counters, in the fields and at tedious machines of all sorts, saving their pennies and dreaming of the leisure that would be theirs when they had enough. Finally that day came ... Where else should they go but California, the land of sunshine and oranges?

—Nathanael West

The Day of the Locust  
"Seven, seventy-five a ticket for tour two," answers the girl behind-glass. "7.75."  
"That includes the stars' homes, don't it?" spits back a gnarled old man clinging to his frail companion, making sure his money buys not just Hollywood Bowl and Farmer's Market, but James Stewart and Gene Kelly's homes as well.

At 8:15 a.m., the Greyline terminal on West Third Street braces for another day of sightseers and tourists; one more day of dusting worn vinyl seats and gunning engines through sun drenched Southern California.

Slim wrought iron partitions divide bus berths and cut the uneven tar top driveway like starting gates at Bay Meadows. Bodies begin filling these structures like horses at post time waiting for the starting gun's blast. Tickets clutched in a tight fist, the old man leads his mate to the far side of the terminal, next to the area occupied by Avis Rent-a-Car. Silently they wait for 9 o'clock, when the four-hour Los Angeles tour begins.

Exhaust fumes and engine growls blanket the yard with a thick grey rumble. Oblivious to the mounting activity, a blonde baby sleeps in its portable stroller, caring little whether it sees Cher, Greg or Marcus Welby.

The 80 assembled adults for this L.A. odyssey, however, are not interested in somnolent infants. For today they have come to see their fantasies fleshed-out, made real by living, breathing stars. It is the hope that excites. Anxiously they await the bus that will ferry them to the promised land where celluloid heroes shall greet their Instamatics with broad, toothy grins.

Shaking to a halt, a creaky coach shutters alongside the curb, triggering a collective moan from the crowd. The old man's lips tighten into a drawn gaunt line, someone knocks into the stroller, catapulting the child into the musty day.

So much for pumpkins metamorphosing into gilded carriages.

Jockeying for prime position becomes top priority. Two silver-haired ladies in matching ribbed blue pants suits, vie for seats with two blue-jeaned girls. Jostling is polite but persistent. A window seat can mean the difference between seeing John Wayne or Jake Walsky, the unknown across the aisle.

to park their Cadillacs and Lincolns."

Giggles ripple through the bus. Even the old man chortles.

After a rambling 25 minute discourse on the flora lining L.A.'s highways (ivy, ice plants, and palms), and an historical over-view of Echo Park ("And right in that lake they filmed 'Gilligan's Island'"), the bus arrives at the first "scheduled stop"—Hollywood Bowl.

hell bent on seeing their special star's sacred square. Stepping on fellow visitor's feet in order to step into a favorite celebrity's shoe imprints increases as open space dwindles to scattered isolated islands.

Planted in the middle of this bedlam, a fat Polaroid photographer—resembling a mustachioed John Mitchell a la Broderick Crawford, hawks

"Nice state, uh Minnesota," the photographer mouths, "that's eight bucks even." The man dutifully trades a ten dollar bill for four dull Polcolor prints and two crumpled dollars.

He happily melts back into obscurity, holding fast his four shards of immortality. The shutter's sweep has married him to the ages; a line has been traced from Gable and Cooper to this faceless Midwesterner. "I stood in Clark Gable's foot prints," he will crow in St. Paul. "I even have a photo to prove it. Want to see?"

Everyone is back on the bus at the appointed hour. "Ladies and gentlemen," reverently resounds the P.A., "we will now head for Beverly Hills. There you will see the homes of presidents of major corporations, politicians and ... movie stars."

Elation buoys the bus off the roadway and floats it forward. Nothing short of winning Let's Make a Deal's secret bonus door would further scintillate this group's palate. The bus rolls on to Beverly Hills, and 50 separate visions of El Dorado.

The dream, however, is short lived. No music of the spheres rings on Rodeo Drive. Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire are not found frolicking on romantic rain-swept streets. Beverly Hills is Darien, Conn., only less impressive, garnished with a few palms for special effects. Even the homes of Pat Boone, Jackie Cooper, Van Johnson and Lucille Ball are better left to the imagination than real bricks and cement.

Mild dejection envelops the bus. Most came expecting the stuff of cinema and television, believing they would encounter extraordinary personalities meeting the world in magical ways. Instead, they stumbled into the same tired American dream they left at home. For expensive houses and flashy cars are no different in Beverly Hills than Bronxville, N.Y. No mystical insights or revelations manifest here. Nirvana cannot be found in the hills of Beverly.

"And the next stop is the world famous Farmer's Market," chirps the driver, attempting to revive his listless crew. For most, however, the tour collapsed and expired on Beverly Drive.

The old man rubs his eyes, then fidgets with a dog-eared travel brochure. In the back the baby snores, her dreams still unshaken.



Below on the sidewalk, the extras barred from climbing aboard look longingly at the passengers inside. Will there be another vessel to spirit them away too? It is the evacuation of Saigon playing in Southern California. The pavement people dread abandonment in downtown Los Angeles.

They scan the horizon for deliverance in the form of another four-wheel Greyline savior, but none comes.

"This is bus number 5300," a metallic voice over the P.A. system reveals as the vehicle frees itself from the terminal. "Remember this number," it warns, "or you might not wind up on the same tour and land someplace else ... like Anaheim."

"Anaheim?" the old man echoes to his companion. She grimaces and hunches her back in wonder. It is a foreign port, this Anaheim, foreboding.

"The building on the right is the headquarters of our Department of Health and Welfare," continues the driver into his microphone. "and I've been told that the parking complex here was erected at the request of our welfare recipients because they had no place ... " he pauses now for dramatic effect "had no place

"Remember," the driver solemnly intones, "be back in twenty minutes ... and no later." The threat of an Anaheim Shanghai is clearly implied.

Other buses invade the sprawling parking lot, spawning more tourists in their wake. As if by spontaneous generation, bodies teem from their containers like creatures born in an alchemist's mortar. Nikons and Konicas dangle precariously from slumped shoulders as the mass instinctively migrates uphill toward the bowl's amphitheater where classical music from a rehearsing orchestra heralds its arrival.

Twenty minutes later passengers resettle bus 5300; it reves alive and sets course for Mann's Chinese Theater.

Sandwiching the bus between two dormant coaches on Hollywood Boulevard is a tricky maneuver the driver accomplishes with acquired finesse. Docking completed, leave is again granted with the admonition to return in twenty minutes.

"Look," shrieks a woman from a competing tour, "the Marx brothers." Mann's inner courtyard swarms with legions of voluble vacationers

his services. A cardboard sign proclaims:

See your photo made  
in one minute with  
footprints of famous stars  
\$1 b&w \$2 color

A pudgy, crew-cut man timidly approaches. The conflict of whether to be photographed or remain anonymous tears at his bloated flesh. He doesn't want to call attention to himself, but the folks back home sure would get a kick out of seeing a picture of the Chinese Theater. He makes a pass at the lensman, then stages an abrupt retreat. Before he gets the chance to circle again, two newlyweds walk over and pay for a double portrait.

Sustaining courage from their actions, the tormented out-of-towner decisively confronts the cameraman and asks for four color snapshots of himself and the theater.

"Where are you from?" asks the disinterested cameraman, killing time as the magic of 60 second photography nets him eight dollars.

"Minnesota," meekly answers the man, his valor evaporating like crystals on the film's sticky surface.



# Buk trips at the Troubador

Charles Bukowski appeared at the Troubador, before an overflow audience, last month, for "A Night of Poetry and Music."

The setting was supposed to resemble the old coffee house,

where audience relaxed and enjoyed verse and music years ago.

Bukowski moved slowly to the center of the stage, carrying a black case. He opened it, carefully lifting out his poems. "I've got 33 minutes," he said, pausing to guzzle down a beer. "Let's get to work."

His poetry, as always reflected the style that has made him the most famous Los Angeles poet. It left nothing to the imagination. Bukowski expressed life as he saw it: vulgar, obscene, and filled with comedy.

He carried on a conversation with his audience throughout night. At one point when he was apparently drunk he said, "I'm not going to make it. You people have been screwed because you left money and I'm going to leave with money." Bukowski remarked he was being paid \$600 an hour for the reading.

The audience laughed. They loved Bukowski and anything he said was welcomed. Bukowski was a hero, his savage old face, his belly filled with alcohol that he continued to consume throughout his performance. What was it about the man, the poet, that drew such a splendid crowd of follow-

ers and cast him into the spotlight?

People don't read poetry because it's tedious and it often confuses them, but they read Bukowski and they follow Bukowski. He creates simple images that they can react to, sometimes poetic, sometimes prose, buy always human.

Bukowski spoke to the audience as though he were a part of the group, laughing, borrowing cigarettes and guzzling beer. "Here's this male giraffe," he began one of his poems. "He wants it, but the female is not ready, and the

male leans against her, he wants it, he pushes against her, follows her around, those tiny heads up in the sky."

Bukowski suddenly stops; a young red headed woman is lingering over him. She starts to kiss him, they continue this for a few seconds with the audience in dismay. One guy shouts, "What happened to the giraffe?"

Bukowski answered: "This is my agent, she gets ten percent of the profits. I seem to have lost my line here, where I was reading. I must get myself together. That was Cupcakes

O'Brian, Miss Pussyat 1973."

The audience didn't seem to mind the intrusion of Cupcakes, they found her an appealing diversion, the prototype of the redhead found so frequently in his poems. Bukowski is an original. What other poet would engage in kissing a young lady in the middle of a \$600 an hour poetry reading?

Asked why he appeared at the Troubador, Bukowski said, "During the age of inflation I'm going to take my cut."

Beverly Beck

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## Super Springsteen

There is a very thin line between giving deserving artists the push they need and going overboard with a campaign that almost immediately produces a backlash against the performer as a fabricated product.

Columbia's "future of rock 'n' roll" slogan and the accompanying media blitz resulted in just that reaction as well as putting an inordinate amount of pressure on someone who is still growing as a performer and songwriter. But the sins of the corporate apparatus surrounding them should not be visited on the artists.

From some of Bruce Springsteen's actions—changing one line of "Rosalita" to "Tell him I ain't no freak/Just because I got my picture on the cover of Time and Newsweek," and his first words the night

after his industry-only Roxy opening, "There ain't nobody here from Billboard tonight," it's obvious that he is far more concerned with making music than reading his press clippings or pleasing the powers that be.

There are three major elements that I can detect behind the rapturous critical response that has followed Bruce throughout his recording career. First, he is a musical child of the mid-'60's; the primary influences being bands of the initial British invasion and Stax r&b. And that is precisely the time when critics, as well as most of us, were first discovering the joy, power and effectiveness of rock as a medium for expressing the hopes and fears of growing up. So when Springsteen brings out a full horn section to aid Clemons on "Tenth Avenue Freeze-Out" and Eddie Floyd's "Raise Your Hand" or reaches back for the Animals' "It's My Life" (a positively inspired choice prefaced by one of Bruce's cinematic monologues about boyhood dreams and defying parental authority), he's drawing on the sources that largely prompted the initial growth of a rock sub-culture.

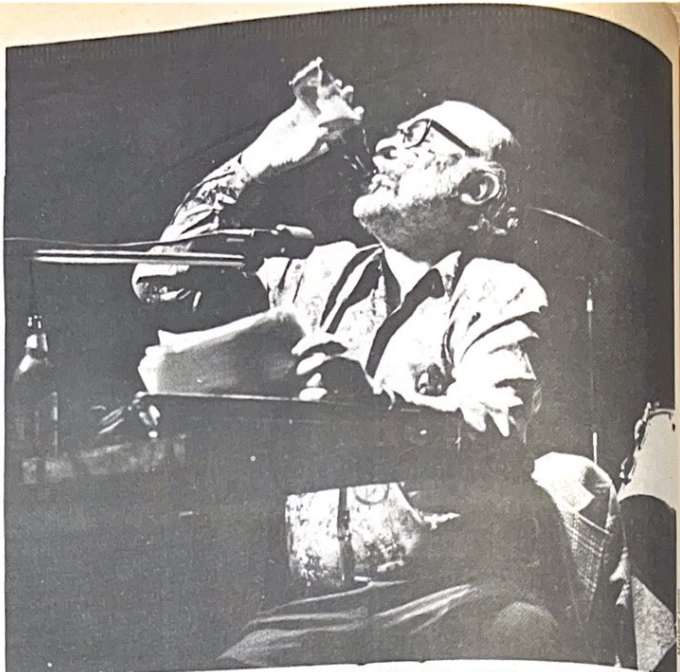
Second, Bruce infuses his performance with a natural passion and enormous energy that stands in direct contrast to the jaded, impersonal posturing of most major rock acts today. His lyrics are often studded with brilliant imagery ("D'ja hear the cops finally

busted Madam Marie/Fu telling fortunes better than they do?") and so charged with emotion that songs like "Rosalita and Jungland" resemble rock versions of "West Side Story". He has the power to make his characters become flesh and blood and to make you care about them.

But more than anything else it is Springsteen's embodiment of the romantic dreams of the young American male that is responsible for the power of his music. It's a world where the big break is just around the next corner, where your car (a la Chuck Berry and the Beach Boys) is the means of escape from drudgery, the night will set you free from the rules that always tie you down and the next girl you talk into riding with you will be the one you've been waiting for. But the optimism of these sentiments is always tempered by an awareness of the pitfalls along that road.

The best rock and roll has always been as much a triumph of the spirit over the boredom and oppressiveness of an increasingly regimented society as a purely musical force. When someone like Springsteen combines that basic emotionalism with potent songs and a brilliant band, the effect is electrifying. His high energy performance at Santa Monica was the best show I've seen since his Roxy gig a year ago and more importantly, it shows that he still has not peaked yet as a writer and musician.

Don Snowden





# Michael Cave: a concerto chat

The classical music world today operates on a "star" system, that is comparable only to the popular music machine. Any individual who works successfully outside that system deserves our attention. One such individual is Michael Cave, a pianist who for the past few years has been presenting concerts in his own studio for small but

about the music business is that there is a top and no middle—there's a top and then there's no place, really ... and through, I have always pursued doing concerts in a middle-ground sort-of way. I am an artist and I do perform, in such things as these evenings here or in small towns all over the West and Midwest, where I

a minimum, partially because of the few alternatives extant: "It is, again, either big business or no place, it seems." One relatively small agency he worked with went out of business, and another is preparing his European tour because "there's just no other way."

Faced with such limited prospects, most musicians at some

for one's art, and if it's not respected for what it is, that creates a bit of a vacuum. If there's respect for it, then there is care for it and presentation of it, and it enhances the school as well as the artist, if it's any good. So it would seem to be a mutual benefit, but quite often the schools are just too preoccupied with all their other problems to give much attention to the artist."

His experience as a self-supporting musician extends back to age 14 (Cave is now 32) with his first appearance as soloist in the Grieg concerto. He once worked as a clerk-typist, but "except for that 13 months I have always made a living in music, and I can say that I can't imagine life without it. I've done it by various means: private teaching, organist-choir director, solo concerts, even composition."

In his efforts to establish himself, Cave ran into the major problem of finding places to play. "It's so difficult in this town to get an auditorium; schools don't want to be bothered, they're too busy to give; ... at libraries and so on, you can use the auditorium for a small fee, but you're not allowed to charge admission!"

Consequently, he says, "the artist has no way of making an income." He sees this as reflecting attitudes fairly widespread: "Apparently the city or whoever runs these things views it as slightly sinful if the artist makes anything off of what he has to offer ... In society in general today one finds this real lack of support for the arts, even among educated people who should be aware. One finds resentment if the artist charges money!"

This he considers in a real sense unwarranted: "You know, when you stop and think about it, it's really relatively little that most artists charge for admission to concerts or other affairs. I've gotten to the point myself where I gladly pay for whatever it is that an artist's saying, because it

prosperes all artists to do so. And even more important is the interest, just going and seeing what's happening, what

an artist is doing." This is one of the most encouraging aspects of his studio concerts: "always there are new people here! I think hardly a week has gone by in the probably 40 concerts we've done here that there hasn't been a new person..."

Michael Cave does see his efforts as posing an alternative to the "big management, big business" music world, in that "I'm presenting concerts, which make money and which people are interested in, and all of them, not only the ones I've participated in but others we have had, have been of top quality." And he sees it as a necessary alternative: "Too often, people who are performers and who go to schools or conservatories ... either step out into the big management thing, or—nothing happens. And that's a terribly depressing situation... the big management can only handle so many people, and there are many fine artists around, or at least developing, certainly worth people going and listening to, who since they don't quite see a way to make it, generally let themselves stop. I think more people need to do this kind of thing, (small-scale and independent concerts)."

His previous experiences as a musician in Europe support this view: "We did concerts in all kinds of places: in cathedrals, in a winery, in beautiful courtyards, in rooms of a palazzo. Now, there are equivalent places to be found here, if people would just use them, or I should say, make them available for use."

"It takes sticking to it, also. You know, we've had five people here some nights and fifty-five at other times. The important thing is, you're doing it. It's like the flower blooming in the woods—sometimes nobody comes along to see it, but there it is, and there it blooms and there it dies. So you know, one has to bear one's flower! — wherever you are."

Mark Tauger



varied audiences. Recently, Cave performed a superior concert that included Mozart's A minor sonata, three exquisite Debussy preludes, a brilliant Chopin E major Scherzo and a stunning rendition of the F minor Ballade. Following the concert I talked with Cave about his experience as an independent artist and his attitudes towards that role.

"One thing I have noticed

have arranged concerts without any big management. I have done big concerts as a result of winning competitions, of course; but in general I have pursued my career with the intent of trying to perform music for people, and at the same time to keep up professional standards in terms of making income by it."

He has kept his contacts with management agencies to

point take teaching positions at schools or colleges. Cave spent four years at Westlake school in Bel-Air, "which was a very creative time for me compositionally," and four years at UCLA teaching piano—"and then I simply reached the place where I needed to be independent of institutions in order to do what I wanted to do. Fortunately I was able to do that, with concerts and private students, and even my compositions are beginning to make money!"

His decision to leave the school was to a great extent influenced by the institution's artistic climate: "I know certain places where the artist is highly respected for what he creates, his performance, and others where they don't seem to care, they're only interested in the teaching job..." He felt that this aspect of the institution affected the artist as artist, if not as teacher: "If he's a good teacher his teaching's not going to suffer, but ... one cares much

## Alley Cat poets

Poetry makes for a lonely life. One may nourish a few friends, give occasional readings, but in the end it is a very quiet landscape. Perhaps that is not true of quarrelsome New York where there are always little battles and groups out to win the world to verse, but in Los Angeles, except for a few cafes in Venice, it has always been a solitude inside a silence wrapped in the sound of one hand clapping.

Now there has come to this city a drum and fife and a whole merry band of minstrels who are leading the poets and their audience through the streets in revelry. The place is The Alley Cat in Hermosa Beach. The leaders are pudgy, Pierrot-like Marcus Grape and his Quixotic comrade Michael Andrews. In less than a year they have accomplished what all the professors and lovers of literature could not do in a score of them. They have assembled some of the finest poetic talents from John Thomas to Kate Ellen Braverman in a roomy cafe where music and wit predominate. Their readings are sellouts (by that I mean they are sold out). People stream in from all over the county.

Add to that their anthology, published twice a year, which contains the guts of the read-

ings themselves, and you have a phenomenon.

The books, as artfully done as anything this side of John and Gypsy Lou Webb, have won prizes at book fairs and are sold in most of the book stores throughout the city.

They appeal to all walks, featuring 'sexists' like Gerald Locklin and Ron Koertge, and feminists like Dorothea Poretz and Eloise Healy. There are radical poets, such as Don Ford and Roger Taus. There are a full range of writers except for the dreary academics and they all have had a great time at the Alley Cat, myself included.

Ben Pleasants

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# LOS ANGELES VANGUARD

Vol. II No. 29

THE REAL ALTERNATIVE

Nov. 5-19

25¢

become 'Ma Bell has'

## Peter Yarrow - Music's Don Quixote



### Interpol: An elite gang of spies

Those rumors about an international dynasty of police spies with it's origins in Nazi Germany are true.

### Footnote to an assassination

Mark Lane's documentary film about one witness who won't be able to testify when Congress reopens the JFK murder.

### Self Defense is a right

How women are organizing and learning to effectively fight back.

### Sharing work

Free Sig is a labor cooperative based in West L.A. that provides members with an impressive list of free services.

### Workers Control

An argument for democratic control of the workplace in this week's Fightback

### Dory Previn: going it alone

Once compared to Janis Joplin, Dory Previn has become a survivor.

Phone Co. releases credit, toll call info

## 'Big Ma' Bell works hard for the nation's police

Dave Lindorff

Phone company employees have just testified under oath that Ma Bell routinely provides countless police agencies and other organizations with credit information and records of long-distance phone calls, without requiring a court order. No one should be surprised these days to know a plethora of police agencies in this country have ways of digging up all manner of information about you, nor that other government and non-government agencies—the unemployment office, the library, the collection agencies—can obtain much of the same data. But who would have thought it would all be at their fingertips?

According to sworn testimony before the state Public Utilities Commission made last week by officials and employees of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company (P.T.T.), government agencies, particularly police and law-enforcement units, have only to dial the phone companies' "security offices," and they can be furnished with all kinds of information about you. Things like: addresses, past and present; credit references or "people to be called in an emergency"; whether you pay your phone bill and whether you have had your service disconnected for non-payment of your bill.



This kind of data is generally called "credit information," and the phone company has always claimed that it "does not give out credit information to anyone."

Of course, the phone company also steadfastly claimed, and even volunteered to subscribers until May 28, 1976,

that it would never release unlisted phone numbers and other unlisted information to anyone without a court order. That claim was exposed as fraudulent in a story which appeared May 28 in the Los Angeles Vanguard. The lie was further confirmed last week at the 3-day PUC hearing, which resulted from a complaint filed by the consumer group CAUSE (Citizens Against Utility Service Exploitation) over the abuse of unlisted information. At the hearings, phone company officials acknowledged that they had been "for years" releasing unlisted information on request to every conceivable government agency, from the C.I.A. to the county collection agency and the city library (the number of agencies runs into the hundreds).

According to Ira Mansfield, staff director of P.T.T.'s state-wide security operation, this special "information" service was not primarily for "emer-

(Continued on page 3)

## THE RIP OFF COMIC PAGE

FAT FREDDY'S CAT in "ANIMAL CAMP" by SHELTON & SHERIDAN

UNCLE F. WERE BORED!

YOU'RE BORED YOU SAY? (PUI!) YOU OUGHT TO BE THANKFUL YOU'RE BORED!

HUNH? WE DON'T UNDERSTAND!

YOU KIDS TODAY HAVE IT EASY! I REMEMBER ONE SUMMER WHEN I WAS A YOUNG CAT...

I THOUGHT I WAS BORED, TOO!

MY "OWNERS" (WHAT A DISGUSTING CONCEPT) WERE GOING AWAY ON A LONG VACATION AND THEY DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE ME AT HOME BY MYSELF.

SO THEY TOOK ME TO A PLACE THAT WAS ADVERTISED AS A "PET RESORT." FROM THE OUTSIDE, IT LOOKED LIKE A COUNTRY CLUB!

BUT ONCE MY OWNERS HAD PAID AND LEFT, THE SMILES DISAPPEARED FROM THE ATTENDANTS' FACES AND THE "RESORT" TURNED INTO A "HELLISH PRISON!"