music

lectures

exhibits

theater

films

services
The urban excursion Los Angeles as a non-city. Residents are not properly clustered, they say; drivers don't look at each other often and feel enough; people are sufficiently upright, their idea of relaxation is unallowed: jogging, surfing, beach bungy, and hiking. Hiking, mind you, in the city! Not just strutting through the park, but straining legs and off wooded trails and climbing charpaul 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 1902, which is most responsible for the increasing hiking activity in Los Angeles. (LA has a huge 50,000-member! Members are the tour guides for most of the scheduled hikes in the city. They conduct the 20 or so hikes per month, they conduct the 50 or so hikes per month, all of the required safety.-)</p>

On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings from 5:00 to 8:00 or 8:30, 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 interpretive program, call Ranger Dave Gonzales at 605-5189. 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: Humsen Dam (5 miles), North Park (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 department has led many to urge a merger) but does maintain a 1,500 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.

The State is new to park development in Los Angeles, is nearly 30,000 acres of park land, with some 100 miles of hiking trails, lay in three locations: Topanga State Park, Malibu Creek, and P. Magno. Ron Webster, a large-farm- bred 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 regular alike; some are affluent, others are blue collar workers such as Webster.

"I really don't know why so few people, blacks and browns hike. People tend to do what their peers do, what their culture dictates," Web- ster 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 socioeconomic stations" used the trails, and other parts of the parks—the change of sentiment there is unbelievable. But go and be a part of it!"
A Hayden staffer's view

Tunney vs. Hayakawa

S. J. Hayakawa has a totally opposite slant on these vital issues. But despite the fact that Democrats outnumber Republicans by about 3 to 2 mugging registered voters in California and Hayakawa has made such outrageous and frightening proposals as cutting the minimum wage, restoring the Bracero program and advocated an increase in the individual income tax to offset the tax incentives which he feels should be provided to business, he and Tunney are deadlocked in the latest Field Poll.

Somehow, Dr. Hayakawa, has managed to mesmerize the voters, with cruelly crisp and solitary derogatory. He struts around the state as if he were auditioning for the lead in "Waltzing Tall - Part 3" pulling his tam-o'-shanter from his pocket and placing it on his head at least once per public appearance.

Dr. Hayakawa is not an apologist. He is far from. His goal is to capture the senate seat from the nation's most populous state. The Tam-o'-shanter is used as a logo on Dr. Hayakawa's literature and press releases and he wears the headgear - a symbol of repression to many who remember the student protest at San Francisco State in the late 60's and the brutal repression by Dr. Hayakawa and the San Francisco TAC squad - as proudly as any storm trooper ever wore a swastika.

If Hayakawa was decisive and ruthless in his putting down of the student protest in 1968, he has been equally wishy-washy and evasive in facing the issues in this campaign.

A typical Hayakawa response to an issue is: he is either unmindful, with hasn't done his homework on, or doesn't wish to take a stand on, is "I don't know... or I suppose to know'. He has used this non-answer as a standard reply to everything from the economic to social problems in Southern California.

Hayakawa said on September 21 in San Diego: "People say, 'You're not going to be able to serve more than one term.' Well, in one term, 6 years, I can do a lot of damage.'"

The samurai from the academy is absolutely right. His publicly expressed views display almost no feeling for human needs; his privately expressed ones are far worse. For example, an acquaintance of mine, who has been a guest in the Hayakawa home, has heard him expound upon the necessity of a permanent underclass.

In an election year - ironically enough the bi-centennial year - dominated by political hacks, Hayakawa is a political neanderthal whose views would not be out of place in the Bourbon court at Versailles. His election would be a disaster; it would be a beacon to the Far Right. There is already rumor that Max Raycroft is thinking about running to California and once more becoming involved in state politics. That other nightmarish would be encouraged by a Hayakawa victory in November.

Let's hope that Tunney will clean up his act in the next 8 years, that he will become a better senator and more responsive to the needs of people. Let's hope he'll spend more time in California asking Californians about their problems and less time on the ski slopes of St. Moritz with Teddy Kennedy.

Six years from now, if we don't like what Tunney has done in the Senate, then we can vote him out. But I would give Hayakawa a chance to see how much mischief he can cause in 6 years.
EDITORIAL
Yes on 14, No on bond-age

We at the Los Angeles Vanguard strongly urge our readers to support the farmworkers 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 access to all workers in the fields at rest times. There would be no interference with work. The growers' argument of privacy invasion is fallacious and phony. Their land is big business (in fact, much of the land belongs to faceless corporate farmers). 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 social responsibility, the Vanguard staff does not wish to complain unduly however, for we can no longer remain silent about the lack of advertising support from unions.

Clearly the Los Angeles Vanguard is only a 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 thousands of dollars for the capitalist outlets, such as the L.A. Times. The rationale, of course, is one of mass-oversight versus support of a people's newspaper with fewer, more literate readers. The logic is the same as that of elitist politicians who ignores concerned supporters.

Some progressive organizations would be the first to jump on us for accepting ad revenue from reactionary sources, which we do not do on principle. Yet they would prefer to send their funds to reactionary media.

Bond issues, like all regressive taxes, must be replaced by taxation of the rich and corporations, which never sacrifice during hard times. Vetoing 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 to Nazi Indians to non-participating ads 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, for we can no longer remain silent about the lack of advertising support from unions.

When you really analyze 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 blood. 'Tis not an honorable way to die!

The bumbles, knife cuts, investigations, revolts, etc., keep going off like the day 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 set effect is to turn people off both candidates, something that is wholly disarray in an election year when 79 million people are already so spaced out by the candidates' performances that they have to be "no shows" on Nov. 2nd. What's happening?

I'm sure that somewhere behind all this lurks the fine hand of Rockefeller, the man who never wanted to be 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 damn please to be president who are given the opportunity. It could well be Rocky.

The scenario is prodigious. An odysian 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 see the American people see two idiots making fools of themselves in the national media for two solid months?

Why do you think they're having so many debates? Why does the press from one extreme to the other give him their slant without effort to bring all the other. No sooner does Carter make a huge error and Ford begins to exploit it than something comes up in Ford's camp that tends to negate the blunder and even things out. Neither gains power and the set effect is to turn people off both candidates, something that is wholly disarray in an election year when 79 million people are already so spaced out by the candidates' performances that they have to be "no shows" on Nov. 2nd. What's happening?

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BREGION ON THE HOT LINE, MISTER PRESIDENT

The sale of Los Angeles radio station KFWB to a New York company has caused a stir in the local media. As the sale is expected to close, many are wondering what effect it will have on the local radio landscape.

The sale of KFWB to a New York company has caused a stir in the local media. As the sale is expected to close, many are wondering what effect it will have on the local radio landscape.
PEOPLE'S ARTS

Love and death on the Hollywood star tour

By MILES BELLE

So much for pumpkins metamorphosing into gilded carriages.

Jockeying for prime position becomes a bus priority. Two silver-haired ladies in matching ribbed pants suits, rise for seats with two blue-eyeded girls. Jostling is polite but persistent. A window seat can mean the difference between seeing John Wayne or Jack Wallin fly the unknown across the aisle.

Giggles ripple through the bus. Even the old man chuckles. After a sanding 25 minute discourse on the flora lining L.A.'s highways (flora, plants, and flowers), and an historical overview of Echo Park ("And right is that lake they filmed "Gillian's Island"), the bus arrives at the "Hollywood stop"—Hollywood Bowl.

Below on the sidewalk, the grass, barren from dining aboard look longingly at the passengers inside. Will there be another vessel to spirit them away? It is the evacuation of Saigon playing in Southern California. The pavement people crouch in the airplane seat of a terminal, next to the area occupied by Avis Rent-a-Car. Slightly they wait for 9 o'clock, when the four-hour Los Angeles traffic bursts.

Exhaust fans and engine growl blanket the yard with a thick gray rumble. Oblivious is the mounting activity, a blizzard of baby sleepers in its pocket. Smaller, their faces only a child's whether it is Cher, Greg or Marlo's.

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

Shaking to a beat, a croaky chuck chatters alongside the bus, earning a collective moan from the crowd. The old man's lips tighten into a drawn grimace, someone knocks into the stroller, catapulting the child into the murky day.

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

Other buses invade the sprawling parking lot, spanning more tourists in their wake. As if by spontaneous generation, bodies teem from their container like creatures born in an alchemist's nectar. Nikos and Konicas dingle precariously from slumped shoulders as the mass instinctively migrates uphill toward the bus's amphibious whale of classical music from a reharasing orchestra heralds its arrival.

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

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

"Look," shrillows a woman from a competing tour, "the Marx brothers." Other inner courtyard swarms with legions of voracious vacationers bell bent on seeing their special star's sacred space. Stepping on fellow visitor's feet in order to step into a celebrity's shoe imprint increases as open space dwindles to scattered islands.

Plastered in the middle of this bedlam, a fat baby photographer resembling a mustached John Mitchell is a Broderick Crawford, hawk's services. A cardboard sign proclaims: "See your photo made in one minute with footprints of famous stars for $1.99."

A puddy, crew-cut Simplicity approaches the con- flict of whether to be photographed or remain anonymous, his glazed 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 lexman, 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-townera decisively con- fronts 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 voice evaporation like crystals on the film's sticky surface.

"Nice state, uh Minnesota," the photographer mouths, even the man dutifully trades a tea dollar bill for four dull pictures and two crumpled dollars. He happily melts back into obscurity, holding fast his four shards of immortality. The shutter of the camera aged him to the ages; a line has been traced from Gable and Cooper to the westtrend, "I stood in Clark Gable's foot prints," a crowd 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, I hereby send you to 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."

Elton banned the bus off the roadway in a quarter mile. 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 Dante's N.Y. No less impressive, garnished with few palates for special effects. Even the homes of Pat Boone, Jackie Cooper, Van Johnson and Luella Hall are better left to the imagination than real bricks and cement.

"Mild dejection ensues," is 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 not different in Beverly Hills than Bros Farm, 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 Mar- ket," 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-carried travel brochure. In the back the baby snores, her dreams still unshaken.
Buk trips at the Troubadour

Charles Bukowski appeared at the Troubadour, 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, passing 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 the night. At one point when he was apparently drunk he said, "You're not going to make it. You people have been screwed because you left money and I'm going to leave with money." Bukowski remarked that 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, a 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 followers and cast him into the spotlight?

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

Bukowski spoke to the audience as though he were a part of the group, laughing, borrowing cigarettes and gazing beer. "Here's this man, this gale, and he began one of his poems. "He wants it, but the female is not ready, and the male loves against her, he wants it, he pushes against her, follows her around, those tiny heads up in the sky."

Bukowski suddenly stops; a young redheaded woman is propped over him. She starts to kiss him, they continue this for a few seconds with the audience in disarray. One guy shouts, "What happened to the gale?"

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 P工资 of 1973."

"The audience didn't seem to mind the introduction of Cupcake, they found her an appropriate distillation of the redheaded found so frequently in his poems. Bukowski is original. What other poet is capable of engaging in kissing a young woman in the middle of a $600 an hour poetry reading?"

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

Beverly Berk

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

From some of Bruce Springsteen's actions—changing one line of "Rosita's" 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 rev. 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 hour section to "Johnny on the Spot" and "Work Queen" and "Raise Your Hand" or reaches back for the Animals' "It's My Life" or 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 musicians today. His lyrics are often studded with brilliant imagery. "Dj's hear the cops finally busted Madam Marie/Facing fortunes better than the do!" I was so charged with emotion that songs like "Rosita, I'm also a Jade" resonated with the 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 enforced moment of the romance of rock that responsible for the power in his music. It is, after all, the big break is just around the next corner, where once (a la Chuck Berry and the Beatles) is the means of escape from drudgery, the only life will set you free from the flat that always ties you down as the next girl you talk into and you will be the one you've been waiting for. But the optimism of these sentiments is always tempered by awareness of the pitfals and the road.

The best rock and roll has always been as much a mirror of the spirit over the horizon as an increasingly regimented society as a purely musical form. Yet Springsteen combines that basic emotion with potent rhythms and a brilliant hand, the effect electrifying. His high performance at Santa Monica was the best show I've yet seen since his Bally's gig a long time ago. And more importantly, it showed that he still has a lot to say yet as a writer and musician.

Beverly Berk

Aki Restaurant

Japanese Cuisine

Sashimi
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Teriyaki

for information
479-8408

153 Santa Monica Blvd.
West Los Angeles
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 quartersome 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 dream and a life of a sort. Poets under the summer sky in a vicinity of twelve blocks. The place is the Alley Cat in Hermosa Beach. The leaders are pugilist, poet, like Marcus Grape and his Quixote comrades. The 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 poets in the state from John Thomas to Kate Ellen Braverman in a roomy cafe where music and food are served. Their readings are soldouts (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 readers themselves, and you have a phenomenon.

The books, as artfully done as anything this side of John and Gynp 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 'artists' like Gerald Locklin and Ron Koertge, and feminists like Dorene Poretz and Elise Healy. There are radical poets, such as Don Ford and Roger Taix. There are a full range of writers except for the doggy academics and they all have had a great time at the Alley Cat, myself included.

Ben Pleasants

Michael Cave: a concerto chat

The classic music world operates on a "star" system, this is completely the opposite in the popular music scene. Any individual who works in the 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 devoted audiences. Recently, Cave performed a superior concerto and a late Mozart sonata, a minor sonata, three exquisite Debussy preludes, a brilliant Chopin major Scherzo and a stunning rendition of the Fine minor Baladino. 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 about the musical business is that there is a top and no minimum, partially because of the few alternatives extant. It is again, either big business or no place, it seems. One relatively small agency would work with some of the smaller orchestras and another is preparing to offer European tours because "there's just no other way."" Faced with such limited prospects, most musicians at some 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, they're only interested in the teaching job..." He felt that this aspect of the institution affected the artist as an artist, if not as teacher. "If he's a good teacher his teaching's not going to suffer, but... one cares much for one's own communion."

An artist is doing," This is one of the most encouraging aspects of this artist's career; "always there are new people..." I think he 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 pending an alternative to the "big management, big business" approach to "I'm presenting concerts, and make no mistake that's what I am doing."

"Too often, people who are interested in performing go to schools or conservatories... and they just don't see how to do this kind of thing. I'm still going to do this, I'm going to teach and do concerts, even composition." In his previous experiences as a musician Cave was always the "musician" in the big management, sometimes it becomes something else.

As his music is made, Cave is always the "musician" in the big management, sometimes it becomes something else. This is the case for Cave: "I'm not sure if it's the right thing, but I think it's the right thing."

"I think it's the right thing in this."" Cave is now 22 with his first appearance as soloist in the Grieg. He once worked as a clerk, but "except for that, I have always made my 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, and then concerts, even composition."

In his efforts to establish himself, Cave ran into the major problem of finding places to play. "It's so difficult to get to get this town to get an audiometer; schools don't want to bother them, 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 a "seemingly unfair" attitude. "Apparent that the city is trying to ruin the things that I like."

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 one artist making it if the artist charges money."

This he considers as "an unfair attitude." He goes on to point out that we really have had a great time at the Alley Cat, myself included.

Mark Tangor
CLASSIFIED FORM

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Peter Yarrow -
Music's Don Quixote

Interpol: An elite gang of spies

These rumors about an international dynasty of policespys with its 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

Now women are organizing and learning to effectively fight back.

Sharing work

Free Sig is a labor cooperative leased 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.