



Industry and DNA research

"Risky Profiteering"

Sue Edelman

Major U.S. industries are not standing politely, idly by while scientists quarrel over the dangers of recombinant DNA technology—a form of genetic engineering. They are not patient like the politicians, who are still listening to the endless dispute before deciding that a on a laissez-faire or regulatory approach to the research.

Drug companies have already begun to develop this technology, which has great profit-making potential. By transplanting, for example, insulin-producing genes into host bacteria companies may soon develop test tube "factories" for the cheap production of this chemical that keeps millions of diabetics alive.

It is also possible, however, that a recombinant DNA experiment may cause an epidemic, which, like others in history, may kill off a major portion of the population, according to Dr. David Porter, chairman of a biohazards committee at UCLA, and other scientists.

Recombinant DNA is genetic material which has been artificially combined from biological organisms of different species. Such material—not known to appear in nature—may then reproduce according to new genetic instructions. It is feared—though to different degrees—that potentially harmful recombinant DNA, especially when mixed with bacterial cells, may escape laboratories and infect humans or other animal and plant life.

The March issue of Mother Jones magazine reports that seven major U.S. pharmaceutical

companies are now or will soon be conducting recombinant DNA research: Miles Laboratories; Eli Lilly & Co.; Hoffman-LaRoche; the Upjohn Co.; Merck, Sharpe & Dohme Research Laboratories; Pfizer, Inc. and Abbott Laboratories.

"Nine other corporations involved in drugs, chemicals and agricultural products are investigating potential applications of recombinant DNA: Cetus Corp.; CIBA-Geigy Corp.; DuPont; Dow; W.R. Grace and Co.; Monsanto; French Laboratories; Wyeth Laboratories and Searle Laboratories," the magazine states.

These companies, whose DNA work is as yet entirely free from any governmental supervision, have already resisted disclosure of their activities, to protect patents on new forms of life they may develop.

Nearly as secretive has been the federal government's inter-agency committee on recombinant DNA, organized last fall to study possible regulatory procedures. The committee's hearings have been held in secret, with only diluted minutes available to the public.

The committee is not expected to be tough on industry. The director of the National Institutes of Health, Donald Fredrickson, has already assured corporation leaders of his concern for their interests in recombinant DNA. And Mother Jones has learned that seven of the 15 members of the government committee had previously been employed with major U.S. corporations.

In California, the state assembly held two hearings in January and one in early

February, and will consider enacting legislative controls over recombinant DNA research. (Currently, only federally-funded research has been asked to comply with non-enforceable NIH safety guidelines). Scientific experts are testifying at these hearings, which are aimed at educating assembly members; originally scheduled public testimony was postponed.

What the state legislators probably learned, however, is that there is not yet any right or wrong in the DNA debate, that neither the scientists who warn of potential disaster nor those who call that alarm unjustified can prove their arguments. The legislators will finally base their actions on political instincts, decide whether to bow to industrialists or environmentalists, to support the academic elite in the name of scientific progress, or demonstrate a rigid concern for public safety.

Last month, the Sierra Club drafted a national stance opposing "the creation of recombinant DNA for any purpose, save in a small number of maximum containment laboratories operated and/or controlled by the federal government." Though the government may also abuse the technology, club representative L. Douglas DeNike argued, their monopoly is preferable to proliferation of experiments.

Mere regulation of research would be of little value, DeNike said, because experiments can be completed within hours, and inspectors couldn't tell—until it was too late—whether infectious agents had been properly sterilized or dumped down the drain, and into the sewer.

more integration

continued from page 4

committee) "would do its dirty work and come up with a very weak plan. But to the citizens committee is credit, it came up with what is by and large a decent plan. At the heart of the CACSI plan is assignment integration. You assign children to school to achieve integration. It's the only way you can do it. The committee realized that and responded. "But," Ripston contends, "the board had no idea that's what they would do. They thought they had stacked it so a particular point of view would be overwhelming. Now they're caught, the board is exposed. They've made a mockery of the citizens committee."

Speaking for the board majority, President Nava denied the existence of a secret plan. "You probably won't believe this," Nava stated, "but we knew what was going to be in the CACSI report before it was approved. We had access to the committee, the meetings were public. Board members also had their own prior concepts of how far they would go and so the board and the staff had some 14 days to study the CACSI plan. That explains how we were able to come up with our own plan on such short notice."

As for the charge that Nava, Miller and Brown-Rice had breached the faith of their constituency, Nava reported, "It's true in part that the board majority is not as liberal as liberals thought it was. But liberals are in a crisis, they are fragmented and they have to realize that it is politically desirable to respond to a new conservatism that's afloat in the United States. The kind of conservatism that Governor

Brown and President Carter appealed to. Liberals are going to have to realign themselves."

If a crisis on the left has weakened liberal punch, the board's rejection of the CACSI report and adoption of its own limited plan for integration may have gone a long way toward establishing old coalitions.

While Miller calls the plan "creative," Brown-Rice labels an "innovative approach" and Nava says it will avoid "white flight" rejection of the board action by a large segment of the population has been swift and angry. In the valley some parents rallying around the total elimination of busing have staged one day boycotts of

schools. Rallies have featured, "Hell no, we won't go" slogans and Ku Klux Klan literature.

On the other side of the issue is a broad coalition of community groups who feel the CACSI report is just barely acceptable and the board plan totally irrelevant.

The ACLU, which filed the Crawford case which led to the desegregation court order, has vowed to legally oppose the board plan when it is presented to the court for approval. Board member Diane Watson says she will offer the CACSI report as a minority board plan to the court.

The NAACP, CORE, SCLC, Urban League, Project Integration, Coalition Against Racism and scores of others are reacting by preparing peaceful demonstrations designed to give a visual message to the board that racism will no longer be tolerated and that schools must be integrated.

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Los Angeles Vanguard, February 1971

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Life as theatre: LA's the thing

Ben Pleasants

Drama

Editors note: To participate in Pleasant's brand of phenomenological theater, one should first obtain a chair, then proceed to any location, plop oneself down and simply observe. Options include wearing a sign identifying oneself as the audience, or utilizing an already existing seat such as those found at city council meetings or bus stops. Cheering or hissing at events is also optional. We have found that quite often this brand of theatre provides the best show in town—and it's free.

1. Theatre and Phenomenon:

The idea that real drama exists within the walls of a theatre is intrinsically wrong. It could exist and then again it might not. What if the audience were Bantu and the play *Hamlet*? Would that be theatre? Would the Bantu recognize it as theatre? I don't think so. It depends on whether one thinks of theatre as Language or Life. The Bantu would find *Hamlet* rather tiring even if it were translated into their tongue. A group of laundry workers were given a choice between six TV programs: a soap opera, a etc. and a play by Shakespeare. Seven groups. None chose Shakespeare. Why? "It is all words." "It's not people we know." etc. I'm not arguing that they couldn't be taught to like S. I'm arguing that they rejected him on two counts: the language was not true to life and the characters (to them) were not real! What is real for the Bantu or the laundry worker may not be what is real for the upper middle class theatre goer, but since the upper middle class and the upper (can I use that term for tycoons?) class control the purse strings of theatre, we rarely permit anyone else to determine what theatre is. In a recent article, John Simon, trenchmouth for *New York Magazine*, bemoaned the fact that pastry cooks and workers were now writing poetry. Fuck Simon. Power to the poet-pastry cook. It's about time we looked at life from other angles; it has been under glass too long.

Phenomenology opens the door to *REAL* theatre. From Husserl we get the general prescription: look at the phenomenon without preconceptions or conclusions or predilections on the outcome. Theatre today is preconceived, weaned, birthed (in that order)

and funded by a large band of preconceivers who put on what they want to see, hear, believe. I am not arguing that we put on the antithesis and set the Hegelian dialectic in motion; I am simply suggesting we take the audience out of the theatre to examine real life.

I do not pose the following as serious philosophy or philosophical investigation. It comes from my readings of Husserl; but blame for the bastardization of his method is on me. I would call it, simply, experiments in phenomenological theatre.

II. The audience: What is an audience? Is it a man half asleep in his own bed watching a commercial for ear drops? Is it a church congregation? Is it a man in a bus station watching the people walk by? I think it is all of these and most likely it is not a ticket buyer who is sitting in a seat watching a play. The word audience comes from audio—to hear. The man in the bus station watching the people walk by is hearing as part of his existence, and yet he is set apart. A man in a theatre is hearing, also set apart, but what he hears is preconceived. Pause there for a laugh. Wait for the audience to get the consequence of such and such remarks, increase diction so all may hear. Preconceived. The audience is not a group of hearers, but a group of trained listeners. What if ten men in the audience advance at different times to the stage and add remarks of their own? How will that affect the play? Must we accept the playwright's preconceptions, his viewpoints? Would we do that in life, at the bus station? Theatre demands that the audience suspend participation in a living thing. Therefore it is invalid for all but these who wish to be amused, titillated, tickled, intellectually tweaked in the ass. When the audience leaves the play it returns to life only moderately affected by the playwright. If an audience at a bus station witnesses a real murder they will not leave unaffected. Even the insignificant will have an effect when experienced in life—a blind man lost on a street—a crying child, a drunken man crashing into a plateglass window.

It is life I am after, not a playwright's sugarcoated or acid coated vision of it, because the playwright inevitably educes the totality of life to language, characters and approximations of reality. Let the audience be the author. Let the



audience select the materials of reality. Let the audience enter into life.

Examples

• #83 Busline westbound: The bus is good phenomenological theatre. The audience should sit in the back. The best time to ride is not in the morning, when commuters are packing the aisles, but in the early afternoon, when people are doing nothing, loafing, going to get their unemployment checks. I know this because I have asked. On one such ride there was a religious fanatic carrying on a conversation with himself about parking tickets. He was telling us how he implored the policeman, quoting the Bible, not to give him a ticket. Each time he did so the officer wrote out another ticket. On the seat across from me a man going to work on Broadway asked me for 50 cents. He was carrying a large pile of phone books. He never explained to me why he needed the money or why he was carrying the phone books. Two young black males watched the religious fanatic, but each time he would look at them they'd turn away. Finally the religious fanatic, an oriental, turned around in his seat and read his newspaper. The Broadway worker opposite me sat looking at his phone books. The two black youths got off at La Brea and the ride from that point forward was rather quiet. One could sense, somewhere during the fanatic's harangue, a tension, an element of drama.

• Safeway: I sit opposite the meat counter. There are various people reaching for meat. They look very distant, as if they were entranced. I can see this immediately. I feel like an audience. I am very much aware of human motion, the movement down the aisle, the compression of bodies around the food supply center. The shoppers are oblivious to me. I move to the fruit and vegetable section. The shoppers are busy weighting out produce. Sitting in the chair, I feel as though I were center stage in a large production. There is much grace in the motion, the weighing, the pushing of carts. The camera is clicking behind me. I feel relaxed amidst the morning agitation.

• Jon Peter's Salon: I do not sit down. There is a great deal of scurrying about. The owner's mother tells me I will have to wait. I walk about as the cosmologists work in front of large mirrors. I am aware that I am present here. Racquel Welch is having her hair done by the owner, his mother tells me. Suddenly the owner appears. "No, this would not be a good time to take pictures. Too frantic. Perhaps in the afternoon." Racquel Welch walks past. Her hair is pinned.

She does not look glamorous; she looks natural. One feels nothing at all as she passes. One more pretty face. She looks just a bit shorter than she does on screen. The people around here seem vaguely conscious she is there. I sense a pecking order in the system, a social class structure. Perceptions are muted. Each woman seems intent on making her own appearance more attractive, as though, from one alcove to another, there were little walls between the mirrored lengths of room.

Bruno in venice west

Ben Pleasants

Lawrence Lipton has spent most of his time helping other writers: men, women, young, old, black, white and brown. I doubt that he's spent more than a week of his life pushing his own poetry. There are two reasons for that: he knew that his verse had achieved a high standard of excellence and would find its way onto library shelves one way or another; he knew that good, inexperienced writers needed help and direction.

Now, two years after his death, we have his final volume of poetry *Bruno in Venice West*, a mid-sized volume containing some of his most beautiful and moving poems. There is "Lacklove in Limbo" where the assembly line worker throws his life away to another man's time clock: "The belt line moves, the fingers do their work; where have they vanished, all the years, the years, the years?" We hear the ringing and the echo of Lipton's quest against the slaughter of lives sacrificed to industry.

In "Dead Reckoning" he turns his glass on his own generation, who were to lead us to a new beginning, but ended instead with "the final glare of sunset, blood-red for a dying day."

There is the amusing irony of his "I Was a Poet for the FBI," poem that came true, thanks to the double dealing editors of the *Partisan Review*. His "Deposition of a Self-Confessed

Failure" ends with "but that was the day of the great eclipse and I fell off the Matterhorn, breaking my glasses." There is perhaps one poem I might have dropped from the collection, "Jam Session for Poet and Hipster," which seems like an out-of-date, early Ferlinghetti poem. But the rest are superb. And the title poem is probably his best:

Your image faces and there is nothing new
only the blind window panes
of broken houses telephone poles
pavements sinking into foul canals
I turn, retrace my steps to Winward
and the Ocean Front; the pigeons
of St. Marks Hotel are roosting in
the plaster niches, one lonely jukebox
whimpers from an open tavern door

The last time I heard him read that it moved me to tears, but that is what poets are for.

Lawrence Lipton, critic, provocateur, anarchist in the poet, will not be forgotten in the city he loved so much. "Bruno in Venice West, and Other Poems" is a superior collection of work that is at once scholarly, artistic, knowledgeable and humane. It deserves and it will receive popular success and critical acclaim.



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Los Angeles Vanguard, February 1977

FILMS

Melinda Dillon

The lady in 'Glory'



ugh Charlton

Melinda Dillon is being rediscovered" again, 14 years after her memorable Broadway debut as Honey in the original company of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* After one Tony nomination, one nervous breakdown, one marriage, one child, one flight from suburbia and several good plays, Dillon is now re-establishing herself in the public eye after playing Mary Guthrie in Hal Ashby's *Bound for Glory*. So far, this performance has earned her a Golden Globe nomination for Best Performance by a Newcomer from the Hollywood Foreign Press Association.

Seated in the back booth of an unobtrusive restaurant on the Sunset Strip, Dillon drinks a glass of orange juice, her shoulder-length orange-blonde hair falling softly in bangs around her face. She projects a high-strung sensitivity, offset by a giggle whenever the conversation becomes too personal or serious.

She admits to being preoccupied with thought of an afternoon session of close-ups for director Steven Spielberg's new film, *Close Encounter of the Third Kind* in which she plays opposite Richard Dreyfus.

"You know, we filmed those scenes five months ago," she says with the apprehension of someone who, after only three major films, is still not totally comfortable in front of the

camera. "Before *Bound for Glory* I had given up any idea of being in the movies. I don't like cameras, or the way I look on screen, so I thought I would rather not be bothered by it. I have the illusion I can make myself look like anything on stage and get away with it, but films are something else. I'm not self-conscious on stage, and I think I can get over my fear of cameras eventually, but when I watch my work now, I see that I'm still self-conscious. But that won't keep me from making movies," she laughs, "if someone wants me to do something wonderful, I will."

Bound for Glory is Dillon's

first major film; she landed the choice part of Woody's first wife almost by accident. "I was in town to fire my agent (William Morris), and find new representation. My new agents told me about a play Gordon Davidson was directing at the Taper, and about a film biography of Woody Guthrie. I read for Gordon's play [*The Shadow Box*], but never heard from him. Not thinking about myself, I went to (casting director) Lyn Stalmaster's office to suggest an actor I knew for the role of Woody. I waited in his office for over an hour with my little boy, and the room was filled with gorgeous actresses—you could sit there

and look around the room and just enjoy the scenery! As I sat there, a girl would float in, and a girl would float out, and no one seemed to know why they were there. My son was starving, so I scribbled out a note and took him back to the Chateau Marmont where we were staying. As we walked into the lobby, the phone was ringing and it was my agent saying, 'please go back, they're so sorry they didn't get to talk to you, they are very interested...' I said I would feed Richie and then go back.

"This time, they apologized for keeping me waiting and I thought, 'What are they talking about?' I went in and told Lyn about my friend and he said, 'Oh, he read for us three months ago, but Hal wasn't impressed,' and then he asked me if I was interested in playing Mary. I said, 'Who's Mary?' and he sent me home to read the script."

Melinda theorizes that the secret of her success, and the key to auditions, is to go in with a goal. "Most girls come in and they're supposed to magically look just right and catch someone's attention. It's greedy for the casting director to have all the desire, make all the decisions and hold all the power," she says, "You have to come in with some of it yourself."

Dillon is used to good roles, and the part of Mary Guthrie provided her with one. "It was written close to what really happened, Mary was even on the set and we made friends. Once I got to know her, I saw the gentleness in her that I hadn't seen in the script. She's a nice, soft, gentle lady who's also very strong."

Asked whether Mary's eventual separation from Woody was selfish or for self-preservation, Dillon thinks for a moment, perhaps about her own disenchantment with marriage. "She was very afraid. She had given herself one choice in life, and that was to find a man to do the providing, like he was 'supposed' to. That leads to fear and frustration if the man isn't behaving like you think he should. She was trapped in that way of thinking and panicked." Dillon herself found the security of marriage suffocating, and returned to acting, but 40 years

ago and with three children to take care of, it never occurred to Mary Guthrie to get a job, and she eventually married another man who would take care of her.

The actress insists that despite his incurable wanderlust, Woody loved his wife and family. "In the film, you see Woody writing one letter to Mary, but he wrote many letters to her—he even talked to her on the radio. When I was researching the part, I listened to the Library of Congress recordings and he would be talking along and say, 'here's a picture of my wife, and here's a picture of a dust storm she sent me; is it alright if I say hello to her?' I burst out crying the first time I heard that; I get chills right now thinking about it," Dillon says hugging herself.

On the final day of filming Mary, Dillon casually said to director Ashby [*"Shampoo," "The Last Detail"*], "I hope you've picked some ugly, horrible actress to play Memphis Sue, because I'm jealous of her." Two days later, Ashby called her up and, surprisingly, offered her the role of Woody's singing partner. Wearing a black wig and heavy make-up, it's almost impossible to tell it's the same woman playing two parts—a daring achievement.

As Dillon was later to learn from the real Mary, there was reason for her to be jealous of Memphis Sue (whose real name is Lefty Lou, and she would have nothing to do with the film) because Mary had once left Woody because of a supposed liaison with the singer. "I only found out about this accidentally," the actress laughs. "Mary said to me, 'how could you play this part, I hate to see you made up like that' (she imitates the hysterical voice of a jealous wife). I only wish I'd had more time to study the music, because then it would have been a thousand times better."

After working on *Bound for Glory*, *Slap Shot* and *Close Encounter* for a year, Dillon is now playing the waiting game—first for the film to be released, and then to see if she wins any of the awards that fall from the sky this time of year. "The pressures are weird, it's unreal," she suppresses a shriek. "If I was doing something, I'd be okay, but my agents are keeping me from doing any television, and I'm going a little crazy."

In the interim, she has been offered two Broadway plays, but no films. "I got a script for a play called *Ladies at the Alamo* from Frank Perry and I read it last night. It was like reading about a bad Melinda. It was like my life, in a way, but I don't have that mean streak in me. I thought, 'Is he kidding?' I've never even worked with him and then I get this script and it's like reading about my life..."

She drifts off here, realizing that she has diverged into an area that reveals her vulnerability. But it's time for her to leave, anyway, so conversation about the pay she may or may not do is cut short. As she left, I felt encouraged that a 37-year-old actress with none of the superficial glamor of the recent crop of models-turned-actresses, but with an abundance of sensitivity and talent, is perhaps getting a second chance to become the star she deserves to be.

Coated, covered, smothered

GRAFFITI: B Miles Beller

Frankie, Anna, Mr. Popeye. Frankie, Anna, Mr. Po. Frankie, Anna, M. Fran. F

There it goes. Kiss them goodbye. That beige paint sure is something.

Nice smooth strokes, Judy. Try to go in one direction. Right. Up and down, up and down...that's good. Judy's got the hang of it now.

That's Judy Laurentowski, community volunteer. There's Ed Baizer, a member of the Lion's Club. He and his boy are here to help too. The man in the overalls is Mike Sanchez. He's coordinating the whole cleanup. If anyone knows about jobs like this, it's Mike. He used to be a contractor.

Ten-thirty in the morning: Judy, Ed, Mike and a horde of other eager workers are gathered in West L.A.'s Stoner park to do battle with Bosco, Viva, Sis, Chino, Frankie, Anna and Mr. Popeye—or rather remnants of them...graffiti.

"The stuff is plain ugly and makes the building look dirty," says Stoner Center's Director Miriam Ogawa. She glances at a mural stucco building behind her as the names and mottos scrawled in spray paint and Magic Marker begin disappear-

ing under beige paint. A boy in jeans and sneakers balances a roller on pole twice his size, awkwardly setting the paint-loaded cylinder to the wall. "People passing by are scared by graffiti," she adds, "they think that gangs hang-out here."

Bathrooms, bars, subway cars and school yards—haunts of midnight scribbles and furtive spray painters. The graffiti artist is cast as a misguided Picasso, a punk with paint who has nothing better to do in life than smear his name on buildings.

Nemeses of I.M. Pei and Gruen Associates, the graffiti gang could shrink Ibsen's master builder into a model making midget. For an architect, the mere approach of a kid carrying an aerosol paint can is as unnerving as a visit from a building inspector. If God wanted man to mark-up houses, he would have given him Magic Markers for fingers.

"This is the third time our group has painted the building," notes Ms. Ogawa. The city used to paint, but no more. They got tired of coming out. "Who can blame them," she concludes.

Judy's just finished painting her third column in the center's front. Her pale blue jeans are flecked with pinpoints of beige paint. Ed's switched rollers and now is using a long pole. He probes with it just under the roof in brisk, quick thrusts.

Last time the center launched a graffiti clean-up, several wall signers volunteered to help cover their own work. Miriam Ogawa once caught a 12-year-old writing in pencil on the center's wall. After threatening to call the cops, the boy reluctantly agreed to scrub his name off with cleaning powder and rags. "His friends just stood around watching," she says. A few times he tried sneaking away, I caught him, however, and made sure he stayed to clean up the mess."

Malicious mischief, say the police with a yawn—a \$94—nothing more than a slap on juveniles' writing wrists. LAPD's art appreciation begins and ends with apprehension of graffiti artists.

One O'clock in the afternoon: Stoner Center is sepiotically clean, draped in its new coat of paint. Buried below rest Frankie, Ann and Mr. Popeye—names erased from view and history...at least for today.

FIGHT BACK

NAPA rally suppressed

At noon on Sat., Feb. 19 the L.A. chapter of NAPA (Network Against Psychiatric Assault) will sponsor a march and rally at Metropolitan State Hospital, 11400 S. Norwalk Blvd., Norwalk. The purpose is to call for an independent, adequately funded patient rights program; the minimum wage for inmate workers; replacement of institutions by genuine alternatives—non-medical and community-based; an end to forced "treatment" or confinement.

Endorsing this action and supporting these demands is a very broad coalition of community groups and local affiliates of national organizations concerned with human rights, which at press time already includes NOW, ACLU, Gay Community Service Center, Coalition for Economic Survival, Coalition for Youth & Justice, Fellowship for Social Justice/1st Unitarian Church, Feminist Healing Arts Cooperative, Fat Underground, Libertarian Party, Committee for the Rights of the Disabled, NOVA, Union of Disabled People, Medical Committee for Human Rights, etc.

On Friday, Jan. 21 several representatives of the Demonstration Task Force met with Metro director Mal Towery to seek the use of a small portion of the huge grounds for the rally. Towery flatly refused, claiming that "it would be disruptive." Obviously, use of the grounds would be ideal for discussions with staff and inmates alike—which is perhaps why he

would have nothing of it. Asked if it was contrary to state laws or departmental regulations to permit public gatherings on taxpayer property, Towery merely responded that he was within his "rights," according to the Office of Legal Affairs at the State Department of Health. (He had been contacted by local sheriff and city officials subsequent to NAPA's request for a parade permit, and consulted with Sacramento to prepare his refusal).

What's more, Towery will not even allow demonstrators to merely march through the grounds, and he said that any literature intended for inmates must first be cleared by him and "made available" by staff, not the public. Asked why he would censor information, Towery responded with claims that it might "incite to riot" or be "pornographic!"

On Jan. 24 the coalition sought approval to hold the rally on a grassy lot adjacent to the civic center at the corner of Norwalk Blvd. and Imperial Hwy., and was denied by the Norwalk City Council. This area has been used by the Jr. Chamber of Commerce and other groups for carnivals, etc. The supposed justification for denying use of the lot, according to the City Attorney, was that only "local people" are eligible to use city property. But more revealing than their spectre of "outside agitators" was the unexpectedly candid remark by one council member that "these groups don't appear very reputable to me."

As an organization led by and largely consisting of former psychiatric inmates, NAPA members see this attempted suppression partly as a result of sane chauvinism, the mental-

tic interpretation of behavior which imposes a social inferiority on the "mentally ill". We are not merely "stigmatized," but relegated to a permanent caste, similar to that of other oppressed social, ethnic and racial minorities. Political action organized by the "insane" is an affront to the self-definitions of the "sane", particularly officialdom, and cannot be tolerated.

But it is also an attack on constitutional guarantees which affect all organizations seeking the re-generation of social movement toward a free and humane society. Of course, NAPA and the coalition will pursue whatever legal avenues are available while continuing to secure a park site. We urge all readers of The Vanguard to join with us to support psychiatric inmates. Please contact us at P.O. Box 5728, Santa Monica 90405 or call 399-8135, 479-7318, or 826-5724. Thanks!

Toward painless car repair

I don't know of one person I have come into contact with who doesn't have a good horror story to tell about their car and "repair service" as they have experienced it. Oh, my goodness, tales of woe and rip-off, poor quality work, and in some extreme instances it's quite literally the case of the Emperor's New Fuel Pump. Stories of paying for 8 spark plugs for a 6 cylinder engine, and \$38 estimates that turn into \$111 completed jobs seem to abound.

A lot of this has to do with the fact that there are no standards of experience or educational requirements for people who work on your car (except smog

control devices). So, it's possible that you might be having your car's problem diagnosed and treated by someone who's finest trained skill is wrench holding. Stores that seem to always turn into \$111 completed jobs seem to abound.

A lot of this has to do with the fact that there are no standards on your car (except smog control). So, it's possible that you might be having your car's problem diagnosed and treated by someone who's finest trained skill is wrench holding.

Contracting with these people is one way to acquire interesting stories that tell such as how your car would hold back, then run smoothly—hold back, then run smoothly. So, the fuel pump was replaced. But, the problem was still there. So, the carburetor was overhauled. But, the problem was still there. Then \$111 later much to your amazement, and your "mechanic's" you discover that the (\$3) fuel filter is dirty and clogged. Well, you say—I mean it was in the fuel system.

How to avoid dealing with the wrong people? First of all, talk with people about car service. Where have they gotten good service at reasonable rates?

(Speaking of rates, garage mechanic's labor is \$15 per hour and dealerships are \$23 per hour, plus parts.)

If you have a problem in a particular system try to find a specialist or a garage that deals with your kind of problem day in and out, not once a month. Don't take electrical problems to a guy who specializes in gas pumping. Look for a shop that specializes in auto electrical system. Have transmission work done at a shop that does nothing else but that kind of work. You'll find them cheaper, more knowledgeable and a lot

faster.

Try to get hold of the auto club's listing of mechanics and the garages in your area where they work. They are very professional mechanics who have had a certain amount of experience and voluntarily underwent a series of really hard tests to determine if they knew their stuff before being certified. Check the Better Business Bureau, 627-6305. Now, let's not be rash or misled ourselves, the BBB is not called the better consumer bureau for a good reason, but upon request they will furnish you with reliable reports concerning any complaints lodged against a place you might be planning on doing business with. It is also a good place to file your complaint, to inform the person coming along.

The Bureau of Automotive Repair, 107 So. Broadway, Room 8019, L.A., 90012, 620-5347, toll free 800-952-5210 also takes complaints about places who have violated the Auto Repair Act by doing such things as not giving you a written estimate before work was done, not getting your consent before doing additional repairs, not returning your removed parts if you requested them when you contracted for the service, or refusing to itemize parts and labor after work has been completed. Also, the Dept. of Motor Vehicles has a complaints division concerning violation of sales contracts or warranty by a dealer, whether it be for a new or used car.

When it really comes down to a post-rip-off situation the only way you are ever going to recover any money unfairly charged you is to go into Small Claims Court. No lawyers, a \$10 filing fee for a complaint up to \$500, and the court does seem to favor the consumer.

CLASSIFIED

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BUMPERSTICKER—YOUR MESSAGE CUSTOMPRINTED! \$3/pair; 50 cents/additional (same); \$19/fifty; \$26/100. Same-day service, sent first class. Kate Donnelly, Box 271V, Newvernon, N.J. 07976.

TOGETHER EARTH
Folks want to help form a genuine country homestead (somewhere on the West Coast?) Though all who are interested are welcome I am principally seeking people who are addicted to food and who compulsively overeat to deal with living pains. Single young women and people past homesteading experience are especially welcome. Pessimists and incinerate persons are not welcome. Phone 394-5102 or write Ed Macauley, 9348 Santa Monica Blvd. Rm 101, Beverly Hills, Ca. 90210.

WRITERS WORKSHOP
Forming in West L.A. Young? Serious? Unpublished? We help each other. Basic trade-off of feedback, proofreading etc. Learn about markets. Call evening or Saturday 477-6146.

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Piano lessons in my home in Echo Park. Experienced teacher from USC. Classical only. \$5/half your individual lessons. \$10/hour. Call 483-1671.

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HELP WANTED
Are you interested in journalism? If so, we need you! We're looking for reporters, writers, fund raising experts, people to help service newsmen and develop new outlets, and scores of other interesting tasks. If you're interested in joining the Vanguard network and keeping tabs on the corporate/government establishment, call the Vanguard at 255-8732. We are non-sexist, non-racist network where there are no bosses...the workers make the decisions and run the paper. We can't pay any wages right now, so satisfaction in providing information will be your only pay. If you miss us when you call (which happens frequently) drop us a letter outlining how you can help and where we can reach you. We're at 713 Terrace 49, Los Angeles, Ca. 90042.

Know any rich friends?
Have any connections to foundations, grants, etc.? We need financial support. Anything you can do to help steer us in the right direction will help. Also, if you know of groups and organizations who could help by distributing the paper to their members, contact us. We're at 255-8732. Or write the L.A. Vanguard, 713 Terrace 49, Los Angeles, CA 90042.

IN THE PITTS?
L.A. got you down? Do you think this city is sitting on its upturned thumbs? If so, call 485-3311 and say so.

Feel the same about what's happening in the county in general? Don't just sit there. Call 974-1411 and spill your guts.

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Need a job, O city slickers? Wanted Now! Donut Pickers! Self starters only need apply. Be prepared to pick or die. Drive quickly east til out of gas. Stride north with speed through mountain pass. Crawl with joy toward desert breeze. Til thou see'st donut trees. Stand and dust they anxious bellies. Pick the glazed, not the jellies. Creative challenge for up and comers. Apprentice programs in the summers. Dental plans with paid vacations. For ye of forceful inclinations. Retire in heaps of donut dust. And sugared gods in which we trust. Ye World Beaters, City Slickers. Fire Eaters, Donut Pickers. Lawrence Robbins

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Los Angeles

Vanguard

The Real Alternative

25¢

Vol. II, No. 33

May-June, 1977

L.A. espionage trial uncovers-

The CIA in Australia



Tom Thompson

Revelations of CIA manipulation of Australian labor unions, political parties and covert uses of U.S. satellite bases in Australia uncovered during an espionage trial in Los Angeles are threatening to create a constitutional crisis in Australia which may see the present conservative government toppled.

The disclosures by former TRW/CIA security clerk, Christopher Boyce who was found guilty April 29th in Los Angeles of selling classified documents to the Soviet Union, has created yet another international furor concerning the infamous activities of the CIA in the internal affairs of other nations.

Boyce, who operated both voice and teletype communications for the CIA at TRW, stated that he first learned of CIA clandestine activities in Australia during a security briefing around December, 1974.

"I learned about the way we would practice a day-to-day deception in our transmissions to the Australians." As a result of that knowledge Boyce stated that he decided to "make it public."

That attempt began when Boyce told boyhood friend Andrew Lee, an alleged drug smuggler, about the CIA activities during a party. Boyce testified that he and Lee were discussing the CIA involvement in the overthrow of the Chilean government of Salvador Allende when he told Lee, "You should see what the CIA is doing to the Australians."

Boyce then stated that he wrote a letter to Lee outlining the nature and extent of the CIA activities in the hope that Lee would use "influential contacts" of Lee's father to see that the information became public. Boyce later contended that he was blackmailed by Lee into providing the Russian KGB with more data.

The testimony concerning CIA activity in Australia, while tantalizing serious, has in fact been extremely limited.

Boyce, speaking in nearly inaudible tones, stated that he learned of "The suppression of strikes by the Central Intelligence Agency of Australian labor unions." When asked which unions, Boyce replied "The railroads, traffic, pilots, around the airports." This was done by "manipulating the leadership of the unions."

Government attorneys have succeeded in having classified top secret, the letter Boyce wrote to Lee, a ten-page statement given to the FBI, and mounds of other documents relating to information Boyce had had access to.

Defense attorney William A. Dougherty, under court order not to discuss the contents of the incriminating documents, told the *Vanguard* "It's our understanding that there's much more in those reports that relate to the CIA."

The government only saw fit to declassify one project during the trial, that being a system known as Pyramider.

"Pyramider" was a top-secret satellite communications

system to allow CIA agents in "denied" portions of the world to communicate with the CIA. The project, which was to have been developed by TRW had, according to government witnesses, never gone beyond the planning stages and had in fact been scrapped as too expensive and therefore unworkable.

Former CIA agent Victory Marchetti, co-author of "The CIA and The Cult of Intelligence," called by the defense to testify that the "Pyramider" project should not have been classified top secret, has since shed more light on the nature of the secret CIA satellite spying in Australia.

Marchetti, in an exclusive interview with the *Vanguard*, stated that Boyce told him that one secret project at Pine Gap was a synchronous satellite dubbed "Ryolite" which was capable of spying on China and large portions of the Soviet Union. Boyce also told Marchetti that an "add on" to the "Ryolite" system was another secret project dubbed "Argus". The exact nature of "Argus" was, according to Marchetti, kept a secret from the Australians in violation of an agreement between the two countries regarding U.S. satellite bases and their operations.

Marchetti also stated that the CIA had been funding the right-of-center Liberal and National Country parties in Australia for about ten years with the "tacit approval" of the Australian intelligence organizations.

(See page 4)

Star Wars

the fantasy life of George Lucas comes to the wide screen

Skyhorse/Mohawk trial

another government attempt to crush AIM unfolds in L.A.

Stealing the SUN

how SoCal gas is trying to create a new monopoly

Kennedy-King murder probe

Congress is continuing the investigation with the CIA and FBI as prime suspects

LA's Olympic Auditorium

the fight game revisited without the help of ABC or Howard Cosell

Chinatown revisited

how the DWP is continuing the rape of the Owens Valley water supply

Progressive politics

Wilson, Yanatta, Stanbury ; turning community organizing into electoral campaigning



Kangaroo courtesy Aussie Travel Commission

Pardon this pause

The newspaper you are holding in your hands right now is a landmark. It is the last regular issue of the *Los Angeles Vanguard* for a while.

While such an announcement is usually the beginning of an epitaph, this is not so gloomy. We are suspending publication not because we are folding up, but to enable us to start fund-raising for a new beginning, hopefully bigger and certainly more exciting than what we have done so far.

The big news is that some members of the collective who struggled to keep the real news of Los Angeles on the streets have affiliated with a non-profit tax-exempt corporation — the Ombudsman Institute. The institute's plan is to act as an information network for Los Angeles, and as a major part of that effort, we will publish a weekly newspaper, such as you have become used to with the *Vanguard*.

The important thing about the Ombudsman Institute is that it enables us to solicit tax-deductible contributions. Our intention therefore is to suspend publication until we reach our goal of \$60,000 — enough to fund a weekly publication for a full year.

We won't be using advertising anymore. Instead, we'll be counting on you and people like you to become sponsors, much as people are sponsors of KPFF radio. The way it works is, you send the institute \$10, tax deductible. That makes you an institute sponsor. As part of that sponsorship, you will receive free 52 issues of the paper.

The next several months our energies, and the energies of all those who join us will be devoted to subscription drives, fund raisers (any ideas?) etc. We will be mailing out a monthly newsletter to keep our *Vanguard* readers informed about our progress, and upcoming events.

If you want to be a part of this project, and are not already a subscriber of the *Vanguard*, send in your check, become a

sponsor, and get on our mailing list.

With this last issue before our self-imposed hiatus, we have some other good news. Last month, the *Vanguard* became an award-winning paper. Our series of articles about the operations of the phone company's "security office" and its practice of giving out unlisted numbers and credit information of its customers to law enforcement agencies on request was declared "Best Series in a Weekly" in the 19th Annual Awards of the L.A. Press Club.

This is just one more demonstration of the need for a good people's paper in Los Angeles. In our ninth week of publication last year, we broke a story which brought two of the largest corporations in California — Pacific Telephone and General Telephone — whining before the State Public Utilities Commission — something the L.A. Times probably wouldn't even want to do.

Scarcely a year ago, a group of disgruntled journalists and local community activists got together to bemoan the lack in Los Angeles of an alternative publication. The result, beginning last March, 1976, was the *Los Angeles Vanguard*. During our 14 months on the street, we've learned a lot.

We've learned that we don't want to be just another ad-grubbing paper, for one thing. We'd rather be reader-sponsored.

For another, we've learned that it takes more than a few people working for free or for subsistence wages to keep a quality paper alive. It takes public support and participation. That's where you come in. With 6,000 sponsors, we can give this county the best publication for news and the arts that it's ever seen. Help us. Otherwise, someday in the future, a new group of disgruntled journalists and activists will be sitting around again plotting the creation of some new attempt at alternative media.

Fill in the sponsor form below, and let's get going.

name _____
address _____
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city _____
zip code _____
phone (optional) _____

I would like to help in other ways: _____

Los Angeles Vanguard

The Real Alternative

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Greg Baer, Miles Beller, Joseph Billie, Ron Cobb, Leigh Charlton, Sue Edelman, Harold Larson, Beth Lawrence, Hatsumi Nishizu, Ben Pleasants, Lory Robbin, Miguel Tejada-Flores, Tom Thompson.

Contributing this issue: Tim Brick

OFFICES

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Integration hotline

Dear Editor:

The Westside Integration Network seeks your help in getting a message to your readers on the issue of student integration in the Los Angeles Unified School District. We are asking you to tell your readers that a "rumor control" phone service is available for callers with questions about the school desegregation issue. We are trying to stay informed on the issue and will try to research related questions if we do not have answers to certain questions on hand.

The Westside Integration Network is a network of persons and groups taking an active role in the school desegregation issue. We therefore offer the rumor control service free of charge to your readers. They should simply call 553-6191, ask for "Rumor Control," leave a phone number where they could be reached. One of our members will return the call.

Sincerely,
Blanche Rosloff, Committee Chairperson and Director of Westside Fair Housing Office

Call to action

Editor

AB 933 has been re-referred to the Assembly Housing and Community Development Committee. No date has yet been set for this bill, but the author is demanding that the bill be heard as soon as possible.

Attached is a list of the members on the Housing and Community Development Committee and I urge you to write the committee member who represents the district in which you work or live and urge him to vote "NO" on AB 933 when it appears before his committee.

This bill is sponsored by the California Housing Council in an effort to prevent local government from adopting rent control pursuant to the decision in *Brakenfeld v. City of Berkeley* 17 Cal. 3d 129 (1976). However the scope of AB 933 goes beyond the issue of rent control. If enacted, this bill would preempt existing local regulation of landlord/tenant relations, such as San Francisco's ordinance prohibiting discrimination against renting to families with children. It would not affect case law won by tenants which was never codified into statute.

If tenants are to defeat this measure it must be done before the Assembly Housing and Community Development Committee. A similar bill was vetoed by Governor Brown last year, but we cannot rely on similar action this year.

Write to:
Peter R. Chacon (Chairman) (D)
Teresa Hughes (Vice Chairman) (D)
Willie L. Brown, Jr. (D)
Charles R. Imbrecht (R)
Dennis Mangers (D)

Stan Statham (R)
Chester B. Wray (D)
% State Capitol, Sacramento, Ca. 95814.

Terrence S. Terauchi
Western Center on Law and Poverty, Inc.

Any more questions?

Dear Mr. Sarnoff:

You have asked which law enforcement agencies received your listing for Telephone Number 255-2016.

We gave your name and address to the following:
Pasadena Police Department on May 11, 1976
Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department on February 6, 1976
Federal Bureau of Investigation on May 14, 1976

I hope this answers all your questions.

Sincerely,
J.R. Black
District Security Manager

Editors Note: After the Vanguard exposed the phone company's practice of giving unlisted numbers and customer credit records to law enforcement agencies, the phone company announced that anyone could write them and learn if their "security department" had reported on them. Sarnoff took them at their word. It took them 6 months to honor their pledge, but when they finally did, this is what he found out. Pacific Telephone says it hopes the letter above answers all Sarnoff's questions. We think it raises more than it answers. According to Sarnoff, the only thing he was doing between February and May last year that could have interested police, sheriff and G-men was working on Tom Hayden's primary campaign!

More SS

Dear Mr. Vanguard:

Thank you for sending us your new address. However, we do not have enough information to make the change on your records. Therefore, we are returning your request.

If you are not receiving [or are not entitled to] social security checks, Medicare benefits, or supplemental security income payments, you do not need to notify us of your new address. The Social Security Administration keeps current addresses only for persons receiving benefits.

If you are receiving social security checks, supplemental security income payments, or if you are entitled to Medicare benefits, you should notify any convenient social security office of your new address without delay to insure receipt of any authorized payments. That office will take the necessary steps to change the address on your records. The social security office will need your claim number (or other identifying information) in order to change your records. If you do not know

your claim number, the people there will be able to help you. Addresses of our offices are listed in telephone directories under Social Security Administration.

We are permitted to request your name, address, and claim (social security) number under Section 205(a) of the Social Security Act. This information will be used only to change your address in our records. Although you are not legally required to furnish us this information, we cannot act on your request without it.

Editors note: This was simply a request to keep your information coming in to the Vanguard. If it's this hard to change your address, imagine how hard it is to change the system.

Swine flu lawsuits mount

Tom Thompson

According to consumer advocate Ida Honoroff the U.S. Public Health Service and the Department of Health Education and Welfare are being sued for nearly \$120 million as a result of adverse effects including paralysis and death from injection of swine flu serum during the great "swine flu hoax" of last year.

Honoroff reports that HEW told her that "As of April 22, HEW had received 391 duly-filed claims totaling \$117,466,033.52. Of this number, there were 85 claims for injury from Guillain-Barre disease (paralysis), totaling \$89,222,360.15."

Honoroff explains, "not everyone is aware that they can file a claim for paralysis, death, or illness... Claims for damages might teach HEW that it cannot continue to poison our bodies without paying the penalty."

Claims may be lodged against the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare by filing with the U.S. Public Health Service (USPHS) Claims Office, Parklawn Building, 5600 Fishers Lane, Rockville, MD 20852.

In a related incident, Martin Goldfield, the New Jersey medical researcher who is credited with first recognizing an out-break of swine flu at Fort Dix, has been removed from his post because of his outspoken opposition to the government's ill-fated swine flu vaccination program.

Health Department officials claim Goldfield is not being transferred and demoted because of his opposition to the swine flu program but rather because of "management" and "performance" problems.

Goldfield contends, however, that his transfer came shortly after his immediate boss complained to him that Goldfield was personally and solely responsible for the "fiasco" that was made out of the entire immunization program.

Ida Honoroff was recently appointed official nutrition consultant for the senior citizens food program for Los Angeles County.

The Southern California water conspiracy

Tim Brick

While Northern Californians are re-using water in their homes and implementing other radical water conservation practices, Los Angeles and the Department of Water & Power are continuing to pursue policies which are relentlessly transforming the Owens Valley into a wasteland.

The story of the exploitation of the water resources of that scenic valley, nestled between the Eastern Sierra Nevada and the Inyo Mountains on the road to Reno, has been often told during the 70-year controversy that has pitted an unspoiled colony against a burgeoning metropolis. In recent months, however, new evidence of the city's ruthless tactics has been uncovered.

Approaching a decisive legal showdown, Los Angeles, Valley residents charge, has resorted to deliberate manipulation of water resources to choke the area's economy, the sacking of a local news broadcast characterized as unfriendly to the DWP, and attempts to marshal political forces to pressure Inyo County to abandon its environmental lawsuit, which currently restricts groundwater pumping in the Valley.

CROWLEY LAKE

"Just a few hours drive north of Los Angeles via highways 14 and 395, you and your family can find one of the most beautiful and diversified year-around recreational areas in western America... Today's sportsmen call it the Inyo-Mono Country, where thousands of blue lakes and rushing streams teem with a variety of trout to test the angler's skill."

-LADWP brochure

April 30 fishing season began at Crowley Lake—the heart of that angler's paradise. Crowley is a DWP-created reservoir covering 8.2 square miles in normal years near the top of the Los Angeles Aqueduct system. In the past more than 14,000 anglers have crowded into the Mono County resort for the first day of the season, but not this year. The popular High Sierra lake has shrunk so much that fishermen were able to launch boats only with the help of specially-built launching ramps. "It's one helluva mess," Warren Bahm, camp manager of Crowley Lake for the Los Angeles City Recreation and Parks Department, said recently. "We've been getting an inflow of an inch of water a day from the Owens River and from the streams entering the lake, and the Department of Water & Power has been drawing 2 inches a day for its needs."

The situation has created a sense of desperation among the businesses in the area dependent on the recreational trade, one of the few viable economic supports of the Valley since the city of Los Angeles expropriated the area's water resources at the turn of the century. Merchants, motel and trailer park operators, hurt by a lack of winter skiers, now face a summer with few fishermen.

Fred Lether purchased the Sportsman's Buffet in the Crowley Lake district last August. "I have invested \$40,000 in my business without getting one cent in return," he states. "The



Leigh Charlton

loss of the fishing season trade will make my investment a potential and probable loss."

Owens valley residents charge that the DWP has been intentionally transferring water from Crowley Lake to other reservoirs further south on the aqueduct system to put the economic squeeze on the Mono County recreational interests. They have joined together this month to bring suit against the Department of Water & Power, the state's Metropolitan Water District of southern California and the City of Los Angeles, alleging a conspiracy to manipulate the current severe statewide drought conditions so that those agencies "can increase their economic and political control of Inyo and Mono Counties" and "perpetuate the colonial status of those counties."

Crowley Lake is now 30% of its normal size, but the DWP claims that they have had to stop allowing it to fill since the closing of the California Aqueduct to Southern California. That action occurred February 10 of this year when the Metropolitan Water District agreed not to exercise their rights to 400,000 acre feet, demanding to maintain 80,000 acre feet of water as a reserve in the California Aqueduct's San Luis Obispo Reservoir. The agreement meant the level of the Castaic Reservoir in Los Angeles County would be drastically lowered. On March 11, however, John Lauten, the MWD's General Manager wrote a letter complaining that the level of Crowley Lake should not be maintained or increased while Castaic and other southern reservoirs were at a very low level.

The DWP responded by beginning to systematically release water from the Owens Valley reservoir. In a press statement announcing the action Louis Winnard, the DWP's General Manager, attributed the low level of the lake to the drought conditions and to the

court-imposed limitations on the use of Owens Valley wells. "A favorable ruling by the Third District Court of Appeal in Sacramento," the \$70,000-a-year executive said, "would allow the DWP to use most of the wells in the Owens Valley. Pumping of the wells would provide most of the water needed to raise Crowley to 40 percent of its capacity." That statement, puzzling since Crow-



ley is fed by surface flows and not wells, reveals the key to the conspiracy.

AN HISTORIC DECISION

Until recent years the DWP has captured melting snow from the Sierra Nevada for 80% of the Los Angeles water supply. In the late 60's, however, they began mining the extensive water supplies found under the valley, without which the unique desert vegetation found there cannot survive. As a result rare plants and their unique setting are already disappearing, and strong winds are whipping up the remaining loose alkali dust particles into periodic dust storms. A four-year legal battle, Inyo vs. the City of Los Angeles, has effectively stalled the DWP's pumping program. Residents, who deeply value their rare Valley, have asked the courts to protect its environment by applying the same principle of reasonable use that is required for every other kind of water transfer in California. The courts have upheld the Valley's claims up to now and insist upon

full environmental assessments. Last summer the 3rd District Court of Appeal in Sacramento significantly reduced the allowable pumping rate.

A decision in the hotly contested case is expected at any time, but recent indications are that the Department of Water & Power will lose. At the end of March in a startling and unusual departure from standard court procedure, the court issued a preliminary memorandum indicating that Los Angeles' meager conservation attempts did not justify relief from the pumping restrictions. Now the DWP in a last ditch attempt has resorted to this conspiracy and other heavy-handed tactics to break the opposition. The economic strangulation of Crowley Lake is one element of the desperate strategy of the DWP and its step-child, the Metropolitan Water District. This state agency recently called for limits on water use all across Southern California, and blamed the courts for blocking heavier use of Owens Valley water.

KERN COUNTY PRESSURE

Another maneuver has been to create the impression among the drought-plagued farmers of Kern County that restricted groundwater pumping in the Owens Valley is somehow related to their water problems. The MWD has been holding the 80,000 acre feet in the San Luis Reservoir as captive, claiming that these supplies cannot be released until the Owens Valley pumping restrictions are lifted even though the LA Aqueduct is not even linked to the MWD's system. Busloads of Kern County farmers recently rolled into Inyo County to pressure the residents to forsake their lawsuit.

"Such divisive tactics were designed and calculated to pit the citizens of Inyo-Mono and Kern Counties against each other to further the ends of the conspiracy," charges fiery Bishop attorney, Leland Bray.

LOCAL NEWS BROADCAST SACKED

The DWP has also moved to break the opposition by eliminating an important communications link in the Valley. The Eastern Sierra News Service broadcast a regular early morning newscast that regularly covered the activities of the DWP. "We just reported the news," says John Heston in his Texas drawl. "I'm a careful, conservative journalist." But several weeks ago he and his fellow reporters were notified by the management of KINC, the Valley station that carried their program, that their program was being cancelled. In a telephone interview, the wife of the station's owner revealed that the DWP had put pressure on them. There were letters and phone calls, she reported, reminding them that their transmitter was located on DWP land. 96% of the land in the 85-mile-long Valley is owned by the DWP.

The stories they covered make it clear why Heston and his colleagues are no longer broadcasting. Among other things, they reported that the DWP has been dumping vast amounts of water along the aqueduct route and into dry Owens Lake where it has no possible use—except to further the DWP's conspiracy. Ken Spiker, a resident of Lone Pine, has witnessed a large body of water on the northern portion of the normally dry Owens Lake bed extending for approximately twelve miles. The water was two miles wide for at least four miles. The lake, a victim decades ago of DWP policies, is unconnected to the aqueduct system. Spiker and other Valley residents have taken pictures of similar waste to be used in the up-coming conspiracy trial which seeks an injunction against such practices and an end to the draining of Crowley Lake. Leland Bray, the attorney in the case which will open in Fresno May 13, reports that he has proof that the DWP has been spraying water into desert areas during this drought.

Meanwhile, in Los Angeles Mayor Bradley has established a Blue Ribbon Committee to draw up water conservation programs, calling for a 10% voluntary reduction in use. Other parts of the state are experiencing mandatory cut-backs of from 25-57%. The Bradley measures were taken to stave off water rationing according to the mayor, but no mention was made of the Owens Valley. Walter Hoyer, the city's conservation coordinator from the DWP, told me: "There's no relationship between water conservation and the Owens Valley. It's precisely during drought years that we need to pump the most water out of the Owens Valley."

The DWP's slick brochure on the Owens Valley recreational paradise states: "For the sight-seer and naturalist, the vistas are breathtaking in their magnificence." Unless the DWP pumping program is restrained, however, a chain on environmental reactions will occur that will drive both residents and vacationers from that region, leaving a monument to bureaucratic myopia—Los Angeles' Dustbowl.

