CIA in Australia

(From Cover)

Marchetti stated that based on his opinion after 14 years of experience as a CIA operative, his contacts in the agency and his position as Executive Assistant to the Deputy Director of the KGB, "It's highly unlikely that the CIA could run the kind of high risk, political type operations in Australia without at least the tacit approval of the host country's intelligence services. I just can't believe that the CIA is that clever and the Australian intelligence services are that stupid that the CIA couldn't get away with it, with the Aussies being aware of it." Marchetti suggested that perhaps Australian intelligence agents were actively working with the CIA in attempting to neutralize the newly elected Labor government in 1972, which had been highly critical of the CIA, and had charged that the agency was involved in political parties and that the US government was funding various activities in Australia. On this basis, Marchetti had developed notations about the operation of the U.S. bases in Australia from his government.

The Los Angeles Guardian has been investigating the CIA penetration of Australian government. According to reliable sources uncovered during their investigation, it appears likely that CIA involvement in Australia during the last two years has been closely coordinated with the Australian intelligence community and that such involvement has been highly effective in the past.

Boycott J.P. Stevens

The Alinaugmented Clothing and Textile Workers Union, AFL-CIO, is organizing a nation-wide boycott of J.P. Stevens and Company, the country's second largest textile manufacturer. J.P. Stevens is a transnational (multi-national) corporation, located in the state of North Carolina, and new elections ordered. McDonald's tenure in Australia has coincided with the manipulation of Australian union leaders and the establishment of a new trade union, the Australian Union of Workers, in accordance with the manipulation of Australian union leaders. McDonald is currently serving with the United States Information Agency, which has been publicly identified in Congressional hearings as a CIA cover operation.

According to our sources, McDonald was "absolutely a top man with the CIA." Among his numerous contacts was a ten-year stint from 1951 to 1961 as Assistant Director of the Free Europe Committee, the Free Europe Committee, originally called the National Committee for a Free Europe, numbered among its board of directors in 1951 when McDonald joined them: General Lucius D. Clay, former U.S. Ambassador to Germany and Federal Reports to McCarthy's Counter-American Committee. Clay, former KGB Director, C.D. Jack- son, who became President Eisenhower's personal bodyguard, and A.A. Berle Jr., who later participated in the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba.

American intelligence sources including Victor Marchetti and J. William Fulbright, were active in Australia, and according to Marchetti, he had been involved in covert political activities in Australia, and activities he would have been called for."
TRIAL ANALYSIS
Skyhorse/Mohawk
the govt. is on trial

May 2nd 1977 Los Angeles Vanguard

By Edelman

Any selection has been completed and the
jury will hear the case. It is expected that the
defendant's closing arguments will begin on
the 9th of May.

The defense is expected to call four
witnesses. The first will be former
Detective Edward Hemenway, who will
testify that the case against Skyhorse and
Mohawk is based on circumstantial evidence.

Hemenway is a former LAPD officer who
joined the Los Angeles Police Department
in 1951. He has served in numerous
departments over the years, including
Homicide and Narcotics.

The defense will also call two
representatives of the Southern California
NAACP, who will testify that the charges
are politically motivated.

The NAACP has been involved in several
matters concerning civil rights in Los
Angeles, and has been a vocal critic of
the police department.

The defendants are expected to testify on
the 10th of May. They will be represented by
attorney John Ogburn, who has been
working on their behalf for over ten years.

Ogburn is known for his aggressive
defense tactics, and has previously
represented clients in high-profile
matters.

The trial is expected to last for two
weeks. It is anticipated that the
prosecution will call over ten witnesses, while
the defense will call only three.

The trial is significant because it will
test the limits of police power and
prosecutorial discretion.

The charges against Skyhorse and
Mohawk are based on their alleged
involvement in the deaths of two
victims. The evidence against them is
largely circumstantial, and their lawyers
are expected to challenge the
credibility of the prosecution's
witnesses.

The defense will argue that the
charges are without merit and that
the defendants are being scapegoated.

It is expected that the jury will return
its verdict on the 21st of May.

The outcome of the trial will have
important implications for the future of
police interrogations and the use of
coerced confessions.

It is anticipated that the trial will be
covered extensively by the media, and
that it will generate significant public
interest.

The trial is scheduled to begin
immediately after the selection of the
jury. It is anticipated that the
prosecution will open its case on
the 8th of May.

The evidence against Skyhorse and
Mohawk is expected to be introduced over
a period of two days. The defense will then
have the opportunity to respond.

The trial is significant because it will
test the limits of police power and
prosecutorial discretion.

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Mohawk are based on their alleged
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interest.
The cowardice of Henry Miller

Ben Piancans

Henry Miller spoke eloquently about France, its rotomontade on art, sex, bread, poetry, and the war. When the horsemen of the SS crossed the Rhine, Miller beat a hasty retreat into the field. In fact, he died during the phony war in 1939. Convention was never a characteristic of H. Miller, servant. He describes his situation in a letter to his friend Lawrence Durrell, while held up with the army in Bordeaux during that year:

'I have had a very bad state up until that night, when things looked so bad that I could make a break for it somewhere, I depend on you for anything I wish to ask, unless I am absolutely on a war basis, Danes — not a thought in my head except to keep alive by hook or crook. The change in the weather will be. It's the tension, the insecurity, the Danes. That's what I agree on. Five minutes alone with Hemingway, I have not solved the whole damned prolix. They don't know how to deal with the guy. He's temperamental—and terribly in earnest. Somebody has to make him laugh, or we're all lost.'

Miller was fond of the maxim "Come see the world of art. I reach for my revolver," but would also deliver cries for death while afflicted with the same despair as the maxim he was nowhere to be found. One wonders what he would have said to Miller. For Miller there was no Spain—there was no industry.

Here is Miller weeping and wailing in the States, when he could have had a good time with the resistance, getting plenty of sunshine, maybe building a ridge in Grenoble against a crazy bunch of Nazis. He would have died young. He would have been a hero. A hero, he need not have worried about his future as an artist. He would not. "The Rosie finally made me Miller rich," his most admired, instead sent out a letter begging for money:

"As I say in the ad, the reader now wants money because I want to finish two major works I have in hand. These are: 1) The Air-conditioned Nightmare; 2) The Rosy Crossfire. If you can get an autumn in summer and shall go to Mexico to live. In one year I can finish the books. Once I get to Mexico I have no fear of being able to survive. I trust the Mexicans. I will give me a year, when seven books are doing, I am going to write, and here

The cowardice of Henry Miller

Thursday night at the Olympic

The fight game revisited

Miles Bellar

Dune and Lyssol, smells of the fight game, reverberating in the bowels of Los Angeles Olympic. The thick porcupine walls, brown from evaporating blood and sweat unceasingly drenched with the stench of pitting food of the ring—Of course the fighters are not just the non-flaring—waterlogged hot dogs on oiled rubber. A police bust like plastic mitten, too much effort to make, an excess of shape, rough or breath. Best to do nothing. Stand by and just survive.

Survive like the fighters in the ring, doggedly struggling to stay conscious and make it through just one more round.

Four bouts are scheduled tonight. "Boxing on Thursdays!" advertises a sign painted on the building's exterior. For 25 cents a minisheet show can be bought, listing the fighters.

The first features Danny Veskovic, a 165 lb kid against Larry Meyers, a 162 lb. older, sluggish fighter. The bout, a five-counder, goes the distance. The crowd favors Veskovic and hollers its approval when the judges award him the win.

Ten rounds back from ringside, a corpulent spectator bends over and tells the man next to him, "I used to work in my garage...do leg press and knee bends, but he got so hot in there I had to stop." He starts expounding on ads up when the bell rings and the tuxedoed announcer clamps back into the ring and introduces the next match.

This Bout pits two black fighters. Ken Cross and Leroy Vannis in another five-counder. The two men are friendly and seem embarrassed about having to swing at one another. They rap gloves good naturally between rounds. The decision in Cross's favor also pleases the crowd.

Between fights, the arena's coolers grow with fans journeying to the men's room and concession stands.

"How much do you pay for your seat?" calls a voice. "It's the scalper, now harboring a cigar in place of the ticket. He knows the answer but waits a response for a grandstander. Getting no reply he answers: "You can see him have almost 50%...next time you bet better."" Fight these, a serious contest, has already begun. Two Chicagos, Oscar Miné and Chavez, circle one another, occasionally trading jabs to the crowd's bemused shouts in Spanish. The two men are short and muscular, both more like midget wrestlers than boxers. If one launched a flying knee jerk it would not be surprising.

Deer, peanuts, and Cokes Vannis moves among the rows of wood and vinyl seats, hawking their refreshments with open boredom. Most of the upper seats are empty. So are they save the center around the ring—a 30 row diameter encircling the blue canvas. The Olympic's last fight was a bout between Albert Davi, a 118 lb. D. Chile to the south, Carlos Alvariz, a 119 lb native of Ecuador. For this match the Olympic spectators allegiance seems split. "Eekwaq's" chants one group as another screams "Da-De-Va." Yet the two spar coyly, seemingly to the crowd's cheers and jeers.

In the hallway, Lenny Vannis silently stands as a trials refer to watch the footwork, calling his performance this evening "sleepy and sure." For the fighter, however, the night is history. The game is not an empty game. He stands staring daintly at the blank wall curving in front of him as the trainer demonstrates how to shift weight from foot to foot.

Another Thursday fight night at the Olympic, where ham-and-egg battlers punch one another on three-quarters empty house they later will try to forget as they down their three-night beers.

Like anything else it's a job. And someone's got to do it.
FILMS

Funding the artists (for a change)

Joyce Lindoff

California artists will be interested in the California Arts Council's First Guide to Program, 1977-78. The council members represent a cross-section of the arts, with Peter Coyote as chairperson. The programs are geared to the idea of artists, interacting and perfecting within communities.

Interested artists are being invited to apply for the programs by the June 1, 1977 deadline.

Applications are available for the following:

• ARTISTS IN SCHOOLS AND COMMUNITIES. This program intends to re-integrate the artist, community and school. Resident artists contribute creative services for a monthly salary.

• ARTISTS IN SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS. In its first year of funded operation, this is a residency program, with artists to work in prisons, welfare offices, halfway houses, or other eligible institutions. Present or former residents of the institutions are also encouraged to apply as arts workshop teachers.

• ORGANIZATIONAL GRANTS. Any organization with non-profit status that has been in existence for three or more years can receive support. Crafts groups, community arts projects, and service agencies are among those eligible. A special incentive Award will be allocated to the most appropriating plan.

• SPONSOR GRANTS. Sponsorship to present residencies by performing artists may apply for grants. Residents last at least 2½ working days and involve California artists in communities away for their homes.

• SPECIAL PROJECTS. This program "leaves breathing space for art which is challenging and unfamiliar. Artists involved in new forms or problems in art should apply.

Also described in the guide are programs in Visual Arts Assistance, Alternatives in Education, a Maestro-Apprentice Program, Dance Touring Program, and information on new arts legislation as well as a Cultural News Service.

To receive the booklet and applications, write:

California Arts Council 115 Fifth Street Sacramento, CA 95814 or call (916) 445-1530. Information is available in Spanish.
"PETE", neglected but valuable

Book Review
Dave Linder

One way the system has of keeping us down is to prevent us from finding out things. This can be done through the most profound of censorship, as in the case of the Pentagon Papers, or the prior restraint of the government in barring publication of portions of Victor Marchetti's book on the CIA. But there is another and much more commonly used device—ignoring a good book. This is what has happened in L.A., with Peter: The Story of Peter Cachione, New York's First Communist Congressman (by Simon W. Gerson, 1970, International Publishers, Inc., New York, N.Y., $3.50 per copy).

We found the book in a local bookshop, where it had been left by someone as a review for the Los Angeles Times, which has long been supposed to be the storehouse of such information, but which in this case accused the book of being "mercifully uninteresting." The book was not reviewed because, quite frankly, it is a threat to the status quo.

It is the biography of a man who won three terms on New York City council, the most successively larger margins—winning the highest vote in the nation's largest city from 1941 to 1948.

It was also not reviewed because Pete is about how to create the "permanent government's" machine, which runs every major city in the country, including New York.

Councilman Cachione was elected because of an election system he helped to create called "proportional representation," a system we should fight to have instituted in the city and the state in the nation.

Banned by a British barrier in the 19th century, proportional representation is the most democratic way of running elections ever devised. Under this system, voters choose their candidates for an office not by voting for one and against all others, but by listing them in order of preference.

As Gerson describes it in Pete: "If seven candidates were running—write 'em all—Bill would back Baker, Cachione, Cohen, Johnson, Jones and Roberts—Smith—the votes numbered held his preferences, 1,2,3, as far as he or she had any preferences.

'Let's say the voter was a left-wing worker whose first choice was Cachione. He put the figure 1 next to Cachione's name on the ballot. The voter had one vote under proportional representation, and this voter's vote would go to help elect Cachione if he proved to have

"But then the voter thought, 'Suppose Cachione can't win? Then I have a second choice?' Well, maybe it's Cohen, an American Laborite in a left-wing party in the 30's in New York. The voter writes the figure 2 next to Cohen's name. But suppose neither Cachione nor Cohen can get enough votes to be elected (when the ballots are counted), who is the third

A vote for D.C. Images
Roger Tauss

P.J. Laska's first book of poems, D.C. Images (Mountain Union Books, 107 Earwood Farmhouse, Berkeley, W.Va. 25861, $3.50), is a richly colored document against the conventional, award-winning books most of us would think of as poetry is about. It's therefore inevitable that Laska and this writer were in contention for the National Book Award in poetry, with John Ashbery, a poet who is so ecstatic, so mannered, so obsessed with his own erogenous feelings about the state of the last civilized man, that he

But so much for the fortunes of Literature, Inc. What is important is that P.J. Laska is a poet of and for the working class. He's also a miner. Although Laska has traveled through the States and Canada and taught at big universities, he never succumbed to the blandishments of researching writers dealt for three hundred years, building a reputation in the right circles, reviews, and anthologies, and choosing the English Department. Instead he teaches political science at Pennsylvania State's Appalachian Circuit of Antioch College, helps edit What's Next as well as Write Like You and writes dynamic poems about real life.

What is left to read poems that are not about somebody, some pose within a merely literary conception of the world. Unlike most poets living under imperialism, Laska doesn't shun the day to day particularities of class existence. There are damn few poets in the U.S. about whom you can say that.

Here are two of Laska's Washington D.C. poems.

XXV

OLD MAN ON Lafayette Square with his lunchbox in a keelboat says pardon me sir I do labor work but I slacked off they don't take on no one anymore

VII ("Meditations on a Rent Receipt")

Yesterday they were digging outside the window, a broken sewer line.

At night it looked like an open grave in the moonlight; things point beyond themselves.

The poems reflect Laska's development of william laska williams's material poet-scribes, "Compost. (No ideas but in things)" 31st edition, 20 poems, no derivations or imitations, easy enough to grasp to fit into the love and absorb Williams. They have their own economy, directness and simplicity. "Things pointing beyond abstractions," as in these lines from "Update New York A.D., II Albion,"

In Africa no prison face not scarred with pain, no nameless dead not long remembered.

At the State House door a German shepherd sits, head erect, rags from a child's doll in its paws.

Many poems writing today resemble tussles. They carry their nerves around with them from university of university, giving defenses and lectures. No wonder so many of their poems are about personal stasis and dormancy, sometimes bordering on madness. A Baitin says, " escritor, I only know, the self as spectacle, the poet with a panache or a hand. Laska's roots and his place is with workers. A worker Laska's ceases the world, his place in it and clarity about it that makes for such striking and powerful poems. From "At Dallas Love Field," there's an echo of Kenneth Rexroth's narrative poems, but without Rexroth's graceless and under-

"The purpose to give the voter a choice and not to put him in the difficult position of voting for someone he doesn't really want, but who, he feels, has a chance," to pursue one example, both Cachione and Cohen were eliminated (in the first round of counting), then their votes went to their next choice. In that way, the candidates closest to the voter's desire finally wins with his vote.

With that kind of a system, we should have now had John Tney for Senator instead of Hayakawa, and Tom Hayden for President. If the politicians were represented almost just as accurately. Before the system went into effect, there were 31 Democrats and 1 Republican on the council, which wasn't even fair to the Republicans!

But by 1946, when a Second Communist was elected to the council with Pete Cachione, the Wall Street establishment could stand it no longer, and they mounted a campaign, much the way Agrarianism mounted its successful campaign against Prop. 14, the Farmer's Initiative, last year, and proportional representation was ended, except for school board elections.

It's an issue well-explained in the book, and makes it clear that all progressives should begin demanding the system for Los Angeles and for California, so we no longer have to either vote for the lesser evil or refrain from voting.

The book is important reading for another reason too, it addresses the question of how a radical works within the electoral system.

As Gerson writes in the book, "There may be no laws bearing his name, but many of the demands for which Pete fought—social security, unemployment insurance, social security, or the prohibition of race and religious ardor, have today become commonplace realities.

Or, "At no time did Pete delude people into believing that their job was done simply by electing Pete Cachione. No, he'd say over and over again, 'You've got to organize yourself and fight, and I'm here to help you fight.'"

It's a book we all should read.

A vote for D.C. Images

Roger Tauss

P.J. Laska's first book of poems, D.C. Images (Mountain Union Books, 107 Earwood Farmhouse, Berkeley, W.Va. 25861, $3.50), is a richly colored document against the conventional, award-winning books most of us would think of as poetry is about. It's therefore inevitable that Laska and this writer were in contention for the National Book Award in poetry, with John Ashbery, a poet who is so ecstatic, so mannered, so obsessed with his own erogenous feelings about the state of the last civilized man, that he
Year and Loathing at Magic Mountain

In the foothills of the San Fernando Valley, just this side of the Great American security prison farm, a signpost seems to be a postmark of hydrophobia-building blocks. This is the signal for children in any car driving down Highway 5 to begin screaming in union for a solid hour detour to Magic Mountain. The park staff can be seen lurking ahead the next hill like a banal dragon in a neon beckoning the weary wanderer to forsake the road and lose a few hours and his money in the "Great White Thrill Rides." "Wandering just what's on the other side of the mountain," Vanguard sent me to investigate.

I went west, out of town, and into the little town of Sylmar. There I got a small budget plane and flew across the mountain. The place was quiet and empty. Coke and a sandwich at a fast-food stand was all that was available. We got a taxi and took off, the taxi driver being more interested in the plane than in the ride itself. He asked me what I was doing and I told him I was looking for a ride. He laughed and said, "Oh, you'll never find one here. We heard there was a plane crash and they were all out looking for survivors."

I asked him if he knew anything about the plane crash and he said, "Oh, it was a few weeks ago. It was a small plane, only a few passengers. They said it was a test flight of a new experimental model. But it never made it to the valley. They found the wreckage a few miles from here."

I thanked him and told him I would look into it later. As we took off, I looked down at the fields and saw a few small buildings scattered about. I wondered if any of them were related to the plane crash.

The plane ride was smooth and quiet. We flew over the valley and saw the mountains looming below us. The air was cold and crisp. I thought about the plane crash and wondered if anyone had survived. I realized I had never thought about it before.

When we landed, I walked over to the pilot and asked him if there were any survivors. He shook his head and said, "No, I'm afraid not. The plane crashed and burned. It was a tragic accident."

I thanked him and walked away, thinking about the accident and the lives lost. I wondered if I should have been there to help. I thought about the families who had lost loved ones and the grief they must be experiencing.

As a matter of fact, a lot of the rides at Magic Mountain are very familiar. We passed new invasions of bumper cars, Ferris wheels, a "Crack-the-whip," a centipede, and what seemed like a dozen variations on the roller coaster. It gave us a good opportunity to show the kids some old Carnival rides in slicker and probably safer versions, but we were all anxious to move on to the really good stuff. This stuff was pretty old hat and after all, even a twelve-year-old can only take so many roller coasters.

After having our fill of thrill rides and washing out at the midpoint, we were at it for a long time. We were thinking of something to do. There was a "Children's World" of mild entertainments, but the kids were too old for that kind of thing. Then Doug suggested we try "The Other Side of the Mountain," the park's newest section. There, we assumed, it would be a different story.

I think the story has something to do with a man named Disney who built an amusement park and made a whole pile of money. Where "This Side" of Magic Mountain is the Nu-Pike and every carnival you ever saw slicked up and modernized, "The Other Side" is a cut-rate Scandinavian thrill ride with Heiney, Dewey, or Louie. But there is a monorail, a roller coaster, and a small park that is kind of a "Grand Central Railroad," miniature fairways and "bumpers boats" reminiscent of Disney's "Sleeping Beauties." We decided to try the train first, but did so everyone else in the place. We were in line for ten minutes before being ushered into our diesel-powered bumper boats. It took a minute to figure out how to make the moves and in another minute the ride was over. "Wet, wild and woolly action!" said the press kit hype. Would you believe frustrating, fumbling and fast-endingly?

Lines are a major problem here and all over the Mountain. Because there are no ride tickets (all rides being included in the price of admission), people seem willing to wait for incredible lengths of time for rides that averaged two minutes duration. Almost all the rides on the park are too short, and almost all the lines are too long, the worst of our visit lasting thirty minutes. I started to worry on the train that I had lost my sense of child-like wonder and had been transmogrified into a cynical adult by the cold, cruel world. But then Cindy piped up and said, "This isn't nearly as good as Disneyland!" The Mountain wasn't feeling like either. Both she and Charles were noticing the shabby state things were in and the hustled faces on the faces of the ride attendants.

I think the rides were the best as the Disney rides come from the copies of the best. The fun had all day was during the ride home, tearing up my road maps and dropping the pieces out the window.

It seems to me that something like a magic amusement park doesn't amuse a reasonably agreeable teen or twelve-year-old, there must be something wrong. The people who seem to enjoy the park the most are teen-agers. Because there aren't many ride attendants, they can pretty much do what they want, riding the White Knucklers over and over and carving their initials in each other. If I had a teen-ager I didn't want to see for a few days. I'd give him $7.50 and send him to Magic Mountain.

But for a kid (or an adult for that matter) who still enjoys fantasy and wants to go to a place that's special, Magic Mountain has little to offer. Officers and construction equipment stick out like a whole emergency ward of sore thumbs. The place has more clipped corners than a Chevy in a demolition derby. It's painfully obvious that no one involved with Magic Mountain cares about much of anything except making a buck. And the lack of care would be the very thing that turns the home of the Great White Knucklers into a Great White Elephant.

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TAXES

Double reporting by insurance companies

Reprinted from: IN THESE TIMES
1509 W. Kiawiaw Ave., Chi.
Los Angeles The old saw about death and taxes doesn't apply to life insurance companies and property taxes. Recent events show that "Nothing is as available as an insurance company's property taxes."

Property taxes—the American Way of financing local government—are probably the most regressive form of taxation going. All across the nation, "homeowners" pay the bulk of the costs of government, while commercial and industrial establishments pay a pittance.

As one employee of the Los Angeles Assessor's Office—largest in the country—put it, "A guy might pay $1,000 in taxes on a house he bought for $30,000, while a company will pay $370,000 on a 20-story office building that cost $75 million to build, and that's used to make profits!"

Since property taxes normally rise when land values go up in an area, the whole issue has become politically explosive. In an inflationary economy, speculators have found the safest place to invest capital is real estate, and this forces up property values and taxes.

This is particularly true in Los Angeles, where residential property values have been rising at the fastest rate in the nation. Some areas here have property inflation of almost 10% per month! It's hard on the average worker with a stagnant salary, on the senior citizen on fixed income, and especially on the tenant, who doesn't even have the option of selling.

But commercial and industrial property taxes is another story. While profits have soared, business property assessments (and of course their property taxes) have remained steady, or even declined.

If you can believe the Assessor's Office and the Assessor's Appeals Board in L.A., the high-rise office building of the Crocker National Bank (part of a national holding company that just reported net quarterly profits of $12 million and an increase in assets of $1 billion) is a losing operation. It has obtained tax reductions year after year. You'd think it was a car, the way they say it's depreciating in value.

Because of the complexity of appraising these sky-scrapers, it's hard to police what's happening to them.

Records in the L.A. Assessor's Office show, for instance, that the highest building in Los Angeles, owned by the Equitable Life Assurance Company of New York, cost $78 million to build. That is appraised by the Assessor as having a market value of only $62.7 million.

Equitable is not satisfied with this seemingly choice situation. They have an appeal of their assessment underway, and are claiming that the 62-story building is really worth only $37 million—a good deal less than they paid for it in California and many other states.

Life insurance companies have to provide state insurance commissions with a list of their assets to demonstrate their ability to back the policies they sell. The California law requires the companies to list the value of all property, using construction costs, purchase price, or market value, whichever is less. In this case Equitable listed the building as an asset worth $78 million.

In other words, according to Equitable the building has several values. As an asset (when it pays to have the building worth as much as possible) the building is worth $78 million, and as a tax liability (when it pays to have it worth as little as possible) it is worth only $37 million—less than half as much.

Apparently, the Assessor's office here has known about this practice of dual listings for years and considered it of "no consequence." They have been content to accept the lower corporate figure, or, as in this case, to "split the difference."

Opposition arose in this case, however, from a local group, Tax Reform Action Coalition, that decided to take on the "double booking" practice at the tax appeal hearing on another of Equitable's buildings—a 20-story structure that Equitable told the state was worth $27.4 million and told the county tax assessor was worth only $20 million.

A coalition of groups including the New American Movement, Democratic Socialists Organizing Committee, Committee for Economic Democracy, California Coalition for Economic Survival, and California Property Tax Institute formed in March to contest the issue of property tax abuse. Where commercial and insurance property tax "reform" groups have pummeled the way to reduce taxes on commercial services, TRAC has insisted that it is the Assessor's job to do it to increase the tax burden on those who now evade tax payments, to find TRAC activists demonstrated for an afternoon in the hearing and packed the courtroom—usually a dull fare for the media. The appeals case itself was composed of reality transposed, obviously when the Assessor's Office put up the "newly discovered" building commission figures and Equitable, the first finding to have the demonstration out of the room, seconded with the outcome would be an audit by one-month delay in the hearing. It's a resume in mid-May.

It was a good move. Two weeks later another appeals board turned down a similar request for a $54 million uninsured building.

They have made it worth the owners of skyscraper complexes currently assessed at $174 million. The major owner of the property was the Prudential Life Insurance. It had argued that the value of the building was really worth $130 million, but to the state insurance commission it was worth only $20 million.

A coalition of groups including the New American Movement, Democratic Socialists Organizing Committee, Committee for Economic Democracy, California Coalition for Economic Survival, and California Property Tax Institute formed in March to contest the issue of property tax abuse. Where commercial and insurance property tax "reform" groups have pummeled the way to reduce taxes on commercial services, TRAC has insisted that it is the Assessor's job to do it to increase the tax burden on those who now evade tax payments, to find TRAC activists demonstrated for an afternoon in the hearing and packed the courtroom—usually a dull fare for the media. The appeals case itself was composed of reality transposed, obviously when the Assessor's Office put up the "newly discovered" building commission figures and Equitable, the first finding to have the demonstration out of the room, seconded with the outcome would be an audit by one-month delay in the hearing. It's a resume in mid-May.

More and more Americans are getting tired of paying the costs of business as usual. We understand that we're not going to have an economy that puts people to work until we make some basic changes in the way our economy works.

We're producing TV and radio ads to talk back to the corporate advertising we've been getting lately. And we've created educational materials—like our free booklet, A Working Economy for Americans—for use in schools, union locals, community, and community groups. Start a campaign in your community. And write us so that we can send you the tools.

We want to get Americans talking about economic change. It's the first step toward a democratic economy, one that works for all our citizens. We want to get Americans talking about economic change. It's the first step toward a democratic economy, one that works for all our citizens. We want to get Americans talking about economic change. It's the first step toward a democratic economy, one that works for all our citizens.