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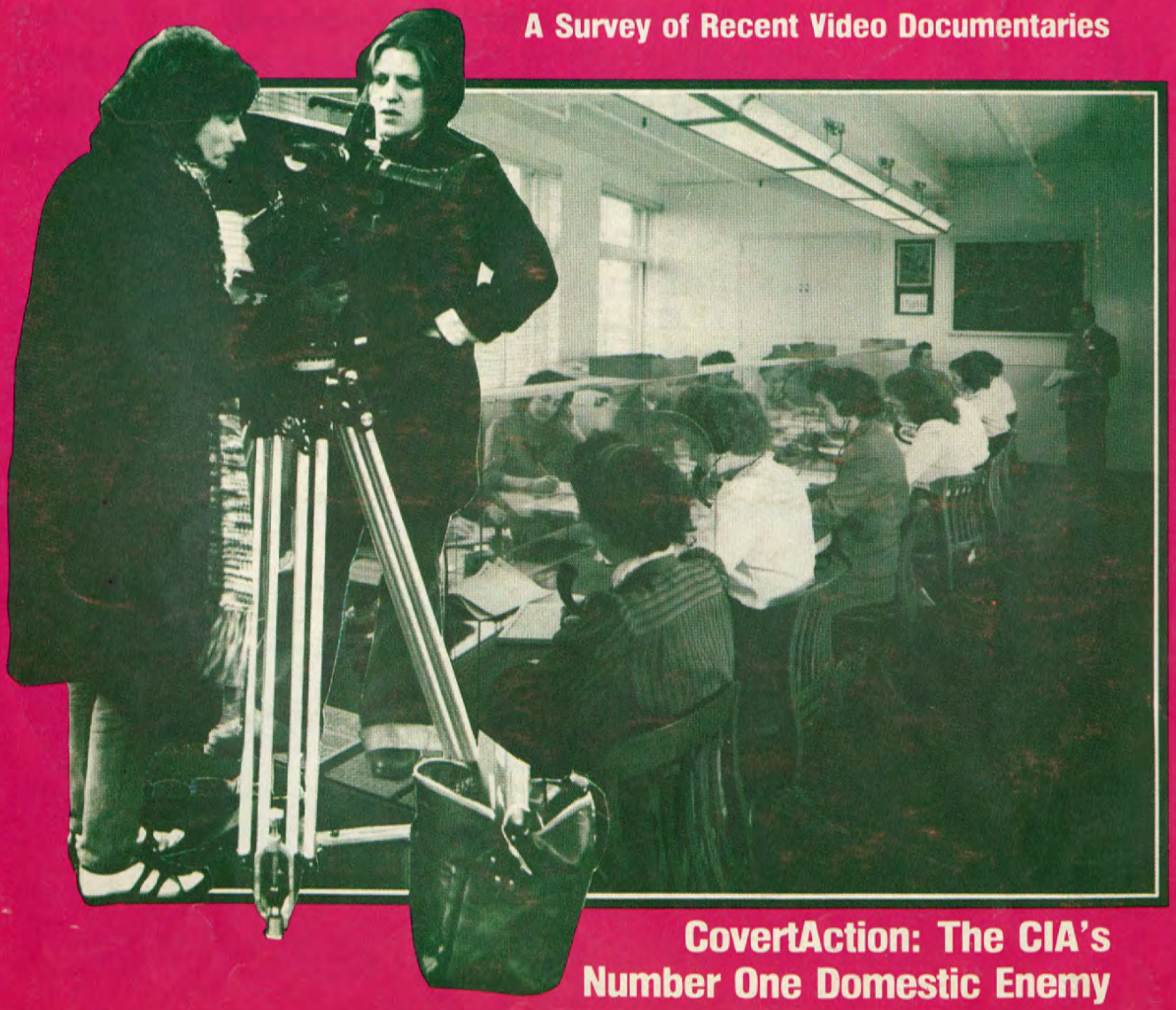
FUSE

TV NETWORKS ATTACK GAY RIGHTS

LESS MEDIUM MORE MESSAGE

A Survey of Recent Video Documentaries



CovertAction: The CIA's Number One Domestic Enemy

FUSE

March/April 1981
Volume V, Number 2&3

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FUSE

March/April 1981
Volume V, Number 2&3

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LETTERS

New Liquor Industry

In response to "Don't Take Candy From Strangers" (*FUSE*, November 1980): It has sparked off much discussion, not all of it favourable. I found it imformative and in some ways enlightening.

Often one who works within the parallel system tends to lose sight of some of the key issues involved, particularly with regard to government funding of the arts. We tend to think that the funding will be there, and even though we are aware that the funding could end, we never believe it could happen, or will happen.

The strategies which ANNPAC has used in dealing with funding agencies: co-habitation, confrontation, statistical lobbying, all of which you describe in your article are very well stated, astute observations. The combination of tactics has been very effective in providing funding. Perhaps at times it does just provide salaries in a make-work situation, but certainly there is work to be done. What seems to be missing here is a description of the spirit involved, the dedications of individuals or groups to get things done, to change the nature of cultural funding.

Whether or not the changes that are made contribute to a better understanding of what artists are doing is something that I'm not sure of. As far as I'm concerned, when it comes to cultural spending the artist should be considered first. As you know this is not always the case.

It seems to me that organizations like ANNPAC and more particularly CAR run the risk of becoming management based organisations and in doing so they run the risk of losing touch with individual working artists they are there to serve. In my mind the artist-run centres are the best investment in terms of cultural spending. It is an obvious fact which your statistics clearly point out. Within the "parallel network" there seems to be a willingness to become involved in a very committed way with the living artist in this country.

I have come to the conclusion that the way artist-run centres can continue to survive, in fact will survive, is by selling beer and wine at events. There is a fortune to be made.

Dennis Tourbin,
Peterborough

(We don't quite understand. We know there is a lot of profit in the liquor industry. Are you suggesting artists as producers (of liquor) or just merely distributors?—Ed.)

Fight boss breath with solidarity

Death on Arrival

Here are some complaints in reference to a recent performance by Robert Wilson which was the unfortunate finale to a most stimulating performance festival in Montreal. Wilson fussed over drapery folds and endless ablutions in the bathroom while, following his request, three hundred spectators waited outside in sub-zero temperatures for the nod. The performance was only forty minutes late starting (Wilson arrived late) but many had already been waiting an hour and a half in the hopes of a good seat. The performance itself was a slim excerpt from his lengthy *Deafman's Glance*. It was no doubt chosen because it could be easily transported in a suitcase — a tidbit for the colonies. The subsidized fee was astronomical. Is he that much better than Marc Chaimovitz, Colin Campbell, Jana Haimsohn, or Laurie Anderson? It's tiresome when people use art as a forum to indulge publicly in cheap soft-core-porn. The black-suited black-gloved man molests (kills) two unsuspecting children in white after having given them each a glass of pure white milk. Finally, it is the aestheticizing of violence which is completely unacceptable. Violent death is not pretty. It is not soft and white like a toilet paper ad. It's not quiet and warm and it doesn't smell good. The *Deafman's Glance* is after all the Blindman's Bluff.

M. Townsend,
Montreal

An Honourable Compromise

It seems to me bad form to have failed to send me the letter by Mr. Tommaso Trini, the distinguished Italian critic, prior to publication to permit correction of any errors of fact. Mr. Trini's opinions are his own, and rightfully so. As to the remaining facts, permit me to note them.

I have never sent any emissary to Mr. Cavellini to ask for funds for a reference volume to compete with *Art Diary*.

With relation to the "lies" of which Mr. Trini has accused me, they came from first-hand reports ... some from persons who had been guests of Cavellini at his estate. If my sources were incorrect, I beg pardon, I checked as carefully as was possible without personally visiting Mr. Cavellini.

The editors of *FUSE* bear some responsibility for the pointed view my article took. In conference by telephone, a post-script I had originally written was deleted from the article. The post-script suggested that I felt it was possible that my viewpoint was altogether too sharp and possibly mistaken. Clive Robertson suggested the editors felt that the post-script weakened the article as a polemic, and that it ought therefore to be removed. I agreed to permit this change to take place, as in any final published version of the piece in anthology, I could, if it appears proper, add it again. I do not disclaim responsibility for permitting the deletion. One may argue that it was a "cheap shot" to tighten the rhetorical force of my article at Mr. Cavellini's expense. If I was wrong in doing so, again, time will tell, and if time proves me wrong, Mr. Cavellini may expect my public repentence. It is equally fair that the editors of *FUSE* join me in sharing responsibility for charging up the polemical stance of the article by suggesting the deletion.

While I understand the offense Mr. Trini has taken, it seems that there may be room for critical disagreements without resort to slander. At least I have always felt this, and felt that the editor of a major journal and the organizer of numerous important exhibitions and projects would agree.

It may be noted that there was and is no issue of censorship involved regarding the changes in the article. The changes at issue were made in conference. My sense of the matter is that whether or not the changes should have been made, they were made fairly. They were made in conference with the editors, however, and my point is that it is appropriate given the changed nature of the article that I should have had a chance to read and respond to Mr. Trini's letter in an issue in which it appeared. I understand that time and pressing deadlines were part of the problem. The matter is no longer an issue between Tommaso Trini and me, but has served as the occasion for a warm dialogue to open between us. And I remain a friend and warm supporter of *FUSE* and of its editors: it is a lively magazine with a clear and courageous viewpoint. I occasionally argue with the editors of *FUSE*, including my old friend Clive Robertson with whom I have collaborated and argued for a decade now. That is part of what makes the magazine a lively venture.

Kenneth S. Friedman,
New York

EDITORIAL
A Time For Collective Video Bargaining

We have often described independent video production by artists and community producers as a means to define and support our disparate communities. In this issue of FUSE we are publishing our fourth video supplement — **Less Medium, More Message.** We look at seventeen tapes produced in Canada, Britain and the U.S. This survey was made possible with the assistance of Stuart Marshall in England, Tony Whitfield in New York, and the co-operation of a number of video groups across Canada. We initially requested recent work that dealt specifically with issues of concern to women, immigrants, minorities and labour, and later included tapes that clearly articulated human rights. The tapes will be shown in Toronto, Vancouver, Halifax and New York.

Though many people implicitly understand what we mean by 'independent', the term, when used to describe video documentaries, is somewhat inadequate and contradictory. Useful comparisons can be made between TV documentaries made by 'independent' producers and the video documentaries that we are presenting. The former, under network pressure, force an 'objectivity' — believing it to be seen as the opposite of propaganda. The irony is that the entire media industry presents a barrage of 'objective' documentary views that commodify sensitive social conditions into saleable entertainment packages, that in turn pack a definite ideological punch. The trick for media producers who wish to be oppositional to this pervasive communications structure is to first de-condition themselves and their audience. This by necessity is a political process, one which declares the audience to be specific rather than general, active rather than passive. When our attention is re-directed to the issues at hand we *can* produce a collaborative dialogue where the 'audience' and the 'producer' are no longer discreet identities.

In this issue we look at two made-for-TV documentaries. John Greyson files a report on Rose and John Kastner's **Sharing The Secret: Selected Gay Stories.** George Smith has been working on a full analysis of CBS's **Gay Power, Gay Politics** and we are printing an article based on his research. Kenneth Coutts-Smith writes on de-development in the Maritimes and the ensuing labour struggle. He too contrasts the work of Halifax video activists Tom Berger and Bill McKiggan with CBC's documentary portrayal of the Maritime fishing industry. Gillian Robinson reviews the feminist-labour film A Wive's Tale, and Tom Sherman re-appraises the artful use of the video medium. Richard Fung reports on the re-organisation of television in Nicaragua. Our final contribution for this television issue is Robert Reid's uplifting analysis of the true sign of the updated recession: TV evangelism, the satellite TV beaming blasphemists.

The means of distribution for the majority of the tapes in our survey is either direct from the producer(s) or through small distribution co-operatives that offer tapes primarily for closed-circuit educational use.

In Canada other forms of direct distribution will soon be possible as Pay TV and other secondary TV channels are developed which will require more specific types of programming than the material already available. There are a number of reasons why existing non-broadcast producers should prepare themselves by forming a union-affiliated association of independent producers. Initially such an association could define for the government the place and function of much 'hidden' production that currently cannot be found by turning a channel dial on your TV set. In return the government could make good on its promises to support and give priority to indigenous production. Given past experiences with Cable companies (who no doubt will control many of the upcoming channels), there is no reason to assume that video producers will succeed in a 'free' market. This is where the union affiliation comes in. It could be CAR or NABET or both. Fee service contracts could be negotiated for the association's members, and programming would be sold as a service, not as a product. Contracts would thereafter guarantee *minimum* fees with upscale bargaining possible from producer to producer, and would cover all usage of programming. Whether or not such contracts are made with a reorganised "community" channel system, educational TV, private companies or CBC 2, we, as producers, are definitely getting close to the day when we will have to stick our collective feet into a number of doors. Given our past co-operative distribution, collective bargaining is only a natural progression. ■

Clive Robertson

Metro Police defend the legislature during the demonstration.

The Shit Stops Here!

Where do we live? We believe that we live north of the 49th parallel and that only our neighbours to the south have domestic intelligence agencies on every street corner. Do we or do we not have the equivalent of the FBI's COINTELPRO operations that are used to smear and disrupt civil rights, anti-war, student and native people's movements? We do have the RCMP intelligence unit that fights crime with crime and has fought 'subversives' with crime, but how far down the police chain do we have to go before domestic intelligence stops? Apparently some of our duly elected officials (up for re-election) have their minds set upon Americanising Ontario's police power. Premier Bill Davis has yet to formalise the connection. He hasn't stated in his campaign that "it is un-Canadian to oppose nuclear power" but who knows maybe his Attorney General, Roy McMurtry is at this very moment composing such a speech. Further south, the Heritage Foundation, a right-wing think tank has advised Reagan "to put emphasis on the un-American nature of much so-called 'dissidence' ." As only 52.3 percent of Americans voted in the last presidental election almost half of the population could be classified as 'dissidents'. The Heritage Fundation also is advising that "it is axiomatic that individual liberties are secondary to the requirement of national security and internal civil order."

McMurtry's Closet

Attorney General Roy McMurtry has been waging his own personal war with the gay community — most visibly in his ruthless attack on *The Body Politic* who were aquitted on charges of transmitting indecent, immoral or scurrilous material through the mail on February 14th, 1979. (See article, *FUSE/CENTERFOLD* March 1979). McMurtry appealed the decision which will be heard by a five man bench early this March. The Crown is expecting to win its appeal which will most likely result in a re-trial costing the gay community another possible $35,000 in legal defence. McMurtry may be homophobic but what benefit can arise from harassing and further politicizing the gay community? As we are in the middle of a provincial election there are definite political gains that are neatly falling into place.

Paradoxically we are also in the middle of re-patriating the Canadian constitution with a more effective Bill of Rights and Ontario itself is currently reading Bill 209 which amends the provincial human rights code.

Toronto has a bad reputation for its police dealings with minorities, a reputation that could smear the make-up of the Conservative government that is seeking re-election. The NDP and Liberal opposition could fight for the minorities as an election issue: Blacks have been harassed and violated by the police (workers on strike have also been molested by the police), the gay community has been raided, and gay business has been terrorised. What if someone suggested to the Metro Toronto Police force that they should make the minority issue strictly a gay issue so that the opposition parties would have to openly suuport homosexual rights and thereby alienate themselves from the voter on the street?

Well, planned or not planned it happened. On February 5th at 11:00pm, 150 Metro Police officiers, all members of the gay-hating Metro Police Association went out and had themselves a little fun by raiding four Toronto gay baths and arresting 286 men. It was the largest Canadian policing operation since the October Crisis in Quebec 1970 (when 465 people were arrested under the powers of the War Measures Act). The police caused an estimated $25,000 worth of property damage in the raids and later denied that there had been any unnecessary force through local newspapers and TV showed smashed walls, windows, lockers and glass doors.

NDP and Liberal Shutdown

And part of the plan or no-plan worked. Provincial NDP leader Michael Cassidy cowered in front of the blue machine and re-stated on February 11th that the NDP caucus would not give priority to protection for gays from discrimination. Stuart Smith, provincial Liberal leader also played the game pretending that the combined press accounts of the destruction were "possibly inaccurate" thereby brushing off the need for the Liberals to call an independent inquiry into police harassment. But part of the plan backfired and will continue to into the distant future. The Working Group on Minority Police Relations, Metro's attempt at placation, is a dead animal. The Canadian Civil Liberties Association asked the Metro Toronto's executive committee for an independent public inquiry into the police action. Metro Chairman and member of the Metro Police Commission Paul Godfrey refused, almost quipping: "I think a public enquiry at this time would show a lack of confidence in the Metro Police in carrying out law enforcement." Politically Mr. Godfrey is a marked man. Having chosen to shove Toronto mayor Eggleton into the shadows, (Eggleton's reaction to the raid was meekly deferent in comparison to Godfrey's strident remarks) come civic re-election time it will not only be the gay community who will be shouting "No more shit!" into Godfrey's political ear.

The city buzzed. Even conservatives such as North York Mayor Mel Lastman and evangelist gay-hater Ken Campbell were alarmed at the bully-boys and their rampage into private business. The sophisticated city image that Toronto loves to wear was transformed into the hick frontier town that lies beneath its *Toronto Life* skin. The night after the raids 3,000 gay supporters took to the streets and screamed their lungs at those same "Cops is Tops" Metro Police who had gunned down Albert Johnson and Buddy Evans, who had pushed gays off the street and into the baths and now were trying to push them up against the wall. Considering the mood of the demonstration there was very little violence.

On February 13th a deputation of twenty people — community leaders, provincial political candidates and gay spokespeople invited themselves to a Metro Toronto Police Commission meeting, again asking for an independent public inquiry. Chairman Judge Phil Givens was shouted down when he added his two cents to the 'conspiracy' by announcing that the Metro Police Commission, "denies allegations about harassment of gays as a minority group." There could be no surprise when Attorney General Roy McMurtry turned down the same request from the Canadian Civil Liberties Association.

The gay community now faces *The Body Politic* case appeal, trials resulting from earlier bath raids, plus the eventual trial of 286 men. Premeditated attacks on Toronto's minorities is now a political issue of growing proportions that affects both civic and provincial governments. Eventually the politicans responsible will be forced to climb down off their smug plinths or move south to Reaganland where their views of "individual liberties coming second to internal civil order" are much in vogue. Ontario certainly has no further use for middle-aged, overweight thugs hiding in politicians' skins. ■

"The Worthington Letters."

In Toronto too many people give credit to the few *Toronto SUN* reporters who are supposed to sweeten the ever present rightwing stench of the tits 'n ass 'n crime tabloid. Full marks must go to *This Magazine* for publishing "The Worthington Letters" (December 1980), uncovering the role played by the *SUN*'s editor-in-chief, Peter Worthington in the Ian Adams' Case. Ian Adams wrote a novel *S Portrait of a Spy* in which a prominent figure in RCMP intelligence ('S') was actually a KGB agent who, after years of successful infiltration, was discovered by American intelligence, and subsequently used by them without the knowledge of the RCMP. 'S' was eventually uncovered by the RCMP and expelled from the service.

Worthington had a long term relationship with RCMP intelligence, and was a friend of one Jim Bennett. "The Worthington Letters" reveal that Worthington and *not* Adams was responsible for leaking the identity of the fictional character 'S' as his "friend" Jim Bennett now living in Australia. Before either Bennett or Worthington had seen Adams' novel, Worthington advised Bennett to proceed with a libel action against both the author and Gage the publisher. The article demonstrates Worthington's move to defend the RCMP Security Service which (in 1977) was being attacked for illegal raids on the Parti Québecois and the FLQ (1972), phone taps, illegal mail tampering, etc., etc.

This Magazine reveals both Worthington's role in the Adams' case, and also defines Worthington's business and political connections. Not only is the *SUN* (also available in Calgary and Edmonton) venomous, but now we know exactly what power Mr. Worthington has at his disposal. So who picked up

This Magazine's scoop? The CP wire service did but few, if any, newspapers ran the story. *Macleans*' magazine mentioned it in their 'People' section without crediting *This Magazine*. Nothing on the CBC.

Although *S Portrait of a Spy* was a hard cover bestseller, Gage effectively withdrew the novel from circulation, even though no legal order had been issued. What we would like to know is will the National Magazine's Award recognize *This Magazine* for a 'best-story-of-the-year-award', or are they also scared of Peter Worthington and his business and police friends? ■

Update: Community Wins Fight

"Victory never tasted sweeter than it did last week to 9A Street residents fighting to save their homes from the northwest leg of Light Rail Transit." *Calgary Herald* (January 24th). The sweetness came in a Court of Queen's Bench decision against the City of Calgary in a lawsuit brought by the Hillhurst, Sunnyside Community Association (see *FUSE* July/August 1980: *"LRT? Over My Dead House"*) Spokesperson for the Association told *FUSE*: "We are now pretty sure that the sucker (LRT) will go somewhere else." ■

Smokescreening The Images

While most Canadian film festivals try to revel in all sorts of embarrassing international indulgences (like aiming for Angie Dickenson and getting Sally Struthers), Canadian Images, an annual alternative event held in Peterborough, Ontario, is experiencing a different sort of culture shock. Several months ago, Images' organizers received a three-page policy guide from the Film Festival Bureau, the federal regulatory body for such events. Among other things, the guide prohibited the paying of both film rentals and honoraria to lecturers. Canadian Images, now into its fifth year, has always paid standard rentals for films shown, as well as a flat honorarium of $150 to all lecturers.

According to Susan Ditta, Images' Organizer, while the Peterborough event is definitely a festival, it is just as definitely non-commercial, as an average of 60 percent of the films presented are independent productions. Canadian Images grew out of an Arts and Communications class at Trent University. Learning of the stranglehold U.S. distributors had/have on the Canadian film industry, two hundred student-volunteers organized the first festival in 1977, screening 100 hours of Canadian films, most of which had little or no commercial distribution. That year's audience of 8,000 ensured that the festival would become an annual event, and this year's attendance is expected to exceed 30,000 during its March 14-16 run, due in part to the low ($4) price for a general pass to the three-day event. In addition to the screenings, there are panel discussions, seminars and workshops, focussing on issues of interest to independent filmmakers: cultural policy and funding, distribution, production, aesthetic and political concerns.

Underfunding the underdogs

The Film Festival Bureau is Canadian Images' chief source of funding, since the Canada Council doesn't have a policy on festivals and Ontario's Cultural and Recreation Film advisor Peter Lortimer gives money only to the so-called 'international' festivals, of which there are *three* — the Festival of Festivals (Toronto), The International Animation Festival (Ottawa), and the Montréal Festival. The rest, including 'Images', fall into the 'cultural' slot. These labels are, naturally, the Bureau's creation. Last year the former trio, all commercial successes, split $200,000 in Bureau funds while the dozen or so 'cultural' festivals had to divide $50,000. Sound familiar?

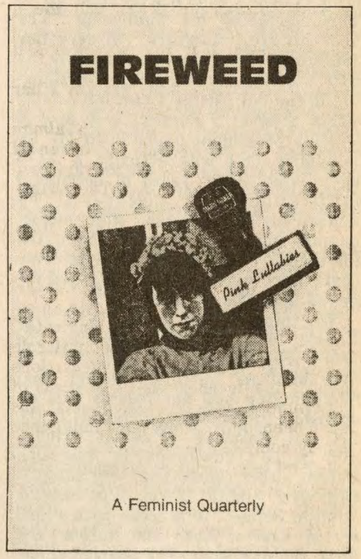
In talking with Jean Le Fevre, the Film Festival Bureau's director, he couldn't get his own categories straight — he wasn't sure that Images (which will screen over 300 films this year) was a festival at all. He suggested it was closer to a ciné-club, the sort that does Kubrick retrospectives. The Bureau's policy of not paying rental fees for films was thus explained — without this ruling, the Bureau might suddenly find itself sponsoring national tours of *A Clockwork Orange*. Besides, the promotion and distribution opportunities available at a *real* festival should far outweigh any fee, or so Le Fevre would have it. While that used to apply to Cannes (sort of), a forum for filmmakers and an interested public to meet, exchange, and screen their work has such different priorities. Necessarily so, since the Odeon chain of theatres has yet to show any interest in progressive, political or experimental film whatsoever.

Images has made it clear that they will pay rentals and honoraria this year, despite the recommendations and guidelines of the Bureau. Ironically, they will not hear if their application for funds has been accepted until after the Festival. I asked Le Fevre if, given their position, their application would be turned down. He "really couldn't say."

Ditta, and a newly formed coalition of the so-called cultural festivals, want the two categories abolished, and an increase in funding for all parties concerned. Meanwhile, the Bureau's mandate precludes any real recognition of the task Images has set itself — to help support a truly indigenous cultural film industry. *(Letters of support may be sent to: Canadian Images, Trent University, Peterborough, Ontario, Canada.)* ■

Consistency or Constituency?

Fireweed began as a feminist quarterly in 1978. It has been active not only as a periodical but also organising workshops and festivals. In short, supporting women's, feminist and lesbian culture. When two feminist publications, *Branching Out*, Edmonton and *Upstream*, Ottawa ceased publishing last year the need for *Fireweed* and the tabloid *Broadside* was doubly underlined.



Fireweed has a broad base within the women's art community — an achievement recognised by the Ontario Arts Council which this year doubled their support from a meagre $2,000 to $4,000.

So you would think that the Canada Council's periodical section and its jury might keep their ears to the ground and take note of the community's approval. If you knew more about the uneven quality of the Periodicals Section you would not be surprised to hear that *Fireweed's* maiden (sic) request for $8,000 was turned down flat. No, this particular Section is not perfect, it makes a lot of mistakes. Stupid mistakes. Recently they told *Impulse* magazine that after this year they could not receive further funding as *Impulse* didn't fit into their funding category. *Impulse*, now ten years old, complained and received an apology.

You can't publish magazines on apologies. *Fireweed* was told their publication was of "very uneven quality". In comparison to what? *artscanada*? According to whom — the women's community or the jury? ■

Loose Words

"Artists do not ask you to accept their creations as fact; instead they take pains to assure you their works are illusions. This may explain the paradox that artists today are given greater public credibility than those who deliberately use art to obscure the truth."
— Mavor Moore, Chairman, The Canada Council. *Globe & Mail*, January 3rd, 1981.

Upstairs, downstairs

Arnold Edinburgh: "Don't call me a liar!"
Mavor Moore: "I'm calling you one if you tell me that."
Arnold Edinburgh: "Alright I'm a liar (pause) but I'm not a liar."
Exchange during CITY TV's *Shulman File*. Arnold Edinburgh, Chairman of the Stratford Festival Board and President, Canadian Business & The Arts.

Knock, knock... Who's there?

In the December 1978 issue of *Centerfold/FUSE*, Tom Sherman wrote an essay entitled "The New Triumvirate". He wrote: "notice the influential role the pattern of the people's expectations have in the decision making process of government. These public expectations have been defined by the intelligence jointly compiled by the RCMP, the artists and broadcasters, strange bedfellows flirting with an exchange of information."

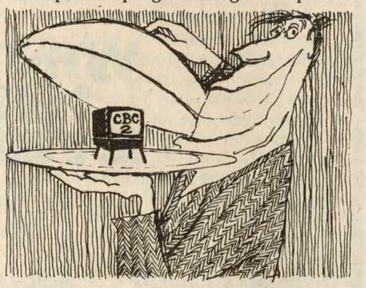
While the importance of the artist may seem like an internally produced fantasy, more than one "cultural spokesman" has been selling art both inside and outside of the public media as some Canadian panacea. Most of the propaganda is aimed at getting more public funding for the arts but nonetheless the promises being made: national unity, increased export revenue, and crowd control are the result of irresponsible liberal (and Liberal) thinking. Mavor Moore should not assume that all artists wish to be civil servants or peace officers. In the last annual report to parliament Mr. Moore requested

funding "to allow the arts to play their unique role as harmonizers in an often discordant country". Artistic work is not comparable to the clergy nor is it equitable with the pain-relieving stigma of television. Nor do we want to be a passive auxiliary for the RCMP. Imagine a future raid where the brutes break down your door closely followed by a solo violinist playing soft music to calm your shattered nerves. ■

CBC 2 Seeing Double

The CBC's recent license application before the CRTC (January 14th) for a second channel, CBC 2 (in Québec Tele 2), received virtually no input from the arts community. In a hide but seek manner the CBC proposal which was prepared in the summer of 1980 was inadequately circulated in late November giving the arts and independent communities little time to prepare any interventions before the hearing.

It comes as no surprise that the proposed cultural programming for the English second channel promises little contemporary Canadian culture as defined by the working community at large. Alan Mattes, spokesperson for ANNPAC (Association of National Non-Profit Artists' Centres) said, "We couldn't support it — we see the need for specific programming for specific



audiences". The proposal puts forward suggestions for very little new programming — an estimated 55 percent is to be repeat programming — raising suspicions that CBC 2 is an excuse to add a further $30 million a year to its $600 million annual government subsidy.

Bad ideas

Ian Murray, a director of Trinity Square Video, (one of many video access centers across the country) is even more critical of the proposal. Murray says that when people begin to describe the CBC they fail to remember that the networks are traditionally non-interactive. He points out that although the CBC 2 application is based on being more deeply responsible to the arts and sciences, "There is no existing example of depth to begin with. It's like a paper manufacturer talking about depth — you know that the paper can't really get much thicker...It's bad ideas all the way down the line. The CBC 2 proposal is not to make money, yet its whole base is industrial. We're not going to get direct scientific or cultural information. We're going to get some uninvolved newscaster interviewing the Association of Cultural Executives for half an hour." (The latter example does appear on p. 26 of the CBC 2/Tele 2 proposal.)

Susan Crean, who is currently on contract for CBC 2, acknowledged that the lack of study time was "stupid" adding, "the importance of appearing before the CRTC hearings can't be overstated". Crean doesn't expect the CRTC to turn down the CBC's plans, though it could be blocked on its projected economic plan. She doubted that there would be any programming conditions attached to the license, adding, "that's never been done and it's unlikely they (CRTC) would try it."

Opponents of the English CBC 2 include business entrepreneurs like LAMB (Lively Arts Market Builders, Inc.) who are positioning themselves to make some Pay-TV profits all in the name of furthering the arts. The word from the arts media community is that they are interested in a lot more than getting "art on TV", suggesting that the on-air dialogue (cultural affairs, analysis, news) must be taken out of the hands of arts management interests and other mediators — including the CBC itself.

Frivolous choices

Albert Johnson, president of the CBC, appeared before the CRTC hearing and virtually whitewashed the television network's past accomplishments with talk of the re-Canadianisation of TV programming. Johnson referred to the "increased amount of quality Canadian programming" during the last few years indicating *The National* (CBC's nightly news programme) as an accomplishment. It is no secret that many CBC regional news departments are regularly embarrassed by *The National*'s lack of quality and further annoyed at the frivilous choices often made by the Torontocentric network when it comes to selecting regional items. To this can be added the fact that the CBC currently cannot satisfy wage claims of its existing network without adding the burden of a second.

What the CBC is doing by introducing a second service is opening up the debate on its claims that it can produce a representative, flexible, and knowledgeable service. Loose talk about its role in developing national unity, bending to the political whims of Ottawa, does not add to its cultural credibility.

Flagging Down the Gravy Train

While the federal government has held the Canada Council to a 5 percent increase on its $40.1 million a year funding, the Secretary of State, through the Department of Communications has (in the last two years) thrown some $60 million directly into the hands of a very select and well-heeled sector of the working arts community. The Canada Council's freeze has created more than inflationary pressures on many smaller arts organizations, artist groups and individual artists who have continuously "produced the goods" mostly on 1972-level wages.

Following last year's announcement (it was more like a leak than a shout) of $20 million for publishing (same élite, different trade), this year the Department of Communications is releasing $40 million in "A Special Programme of Cultural Initiatives". Last summer the CCA (Canadian Conference of the Arts) called for $39.6 million in emergency funds "to sustain the existing level of arts and cultural services throughout the country and in particular to support the activities of The Canada Council and National Film Board." The new DOC programme has nothing whatsoever to do with that request. It is political money at its finest (sic).

The history of the current programme, made possible by Lottario revenues, is that the former Secretary of State, David MacDonald, promised assistance to help the larger performing arts organizations with their combined $10 million debts. You may indeed ask why the status quo is being rewarded for bad management but logical questions may not get you rational answers. The new programme is not to reward cultural initiative or value, so if, like many, your organization has not received an invitation to participate in Lottario's financial bonanza it's probably in recognition of your valuable work.

1st class accommodation

So who are the clientele? Firstly "the needs of those professional performing arts organizations in a deficit situation". The second part of the programme is some $2 million to "reinforce the management of cultural organisations" — a sort of travel insurance. The third compartment offers capital assistance again to performing arts organisations and "cultural institutions which conserve objects and exhibits or otherwise make them available to the public." I assume the latter reference is to museums and not The Canadian Association of Professional Antique Dealers? The fourth car on the Ottawa Express will assist special cultural activities, national in character or significance. This last category is the only one that does not penalize the existence of a multi-functioning cultural community.

No dining car

For smaller arts organisations or artists groups this programme to reward deficits sticks in the throat because if they were to go into debt 1) they would not be rescued and 2) they would soon disappear. As Brian Anthony, Information Officer, CCA admitted, "for smaller organisations there is not much in the lottery based programme that would be of any assistance."

Though the Canada Council is named as an assessor in the programme's guide (as is the National Museums), Tim Porteus, Director, Canada Council told *FUSE* that they did not *directly* want to administer the money. "We would be in the inviduous position of providing ongoing funding and attempting to put pressure on organisations not to rack up deficits. If we administered the money we would be speaking out of both sides of our mouths by publicly giving the appearance of rewarding the bad guys." It appears that the role of assessor in this programme is an administrative formality, however there is no escaping the fact that the Canada Council is being used by the DOC.

Riding the rails

There is a reward section in the programme titled "A Grant to Performing Arts Organisations without Accumulated Deficits." Organisations with budgets up to $100,000 are eligible for a $5000 grant. **All non-deficit, non-profit art groups and arts organisations with audited financial records should apply for this money. The deadline is June 30th 1981. Mail applications to "A Special Programme of Cultural Initiatives", Department of Communications, 300 Slater Street, Ottawa, Ontario K1A 0C8. (819) 994-2302.** It is not a competition, the status of a non-profit performing arts organisation is assessed by the Canada Council. However because of the exclusive nature of this programme Al Mattes, ANNPAC Spokesperson suggests that all artist-run organisa-

tions should define their own role in terms of service and programming for either or both the performing arts and performance art.

Though the artist community has been fighting for ten years to demonstrate to funding agencies and government that the continuous protectionism of cultural policy towards inefficient and ineffective institutional behemoths is a lost cause — the continued reticence to meet Canadian cultural change is once more reaffirmed in the terms of this current programme. The ideological nature of such unbalanced perpetuation must be questioned and protested at every level. What is clear is that the DOC cannot see the forests for the orchestra, opera, dance and theatre family trees. And if geneology doesn't get you then the fast train will. ■

Video Crisis

Video access in Canada as used by community producers and artists is in a crisis situation. Many of the shared production and editing facilities created and subsidised by video producers have worn-out, over-used equipment in need of replacement. The pressing question is which agency or agencies should make itself responsible and provide the necessary financial support? Or, to put it another way, which body or bodies have gained most from the development of the small format community video medium?

Self-subsidy

Recently the Canada Council, one of the few sponsors of video activity, has imposed what amounts to a freeze on the purchasing of essential equipment. The Canada Council spends some $428,200 a year to fund the operations and equipment for eighteen video groups and five video producing artist-run centres. A conservative estimate would suggest that the money allows for the production of 500 tapes for the price of, for example, one NFB film. A $400,000 one-time equipment replacement programme is currently stalled within the Canada Council. In the meantime, community video access centres are being told to raise their user rates because the rental charges (and/or membership fees) do not compare favourably with the commercial rate charged by video rental companies. It's not an unreasonable request if you choose to forget the amount of subsidy that the producers themselves continue to provide to gain access to production equipment.

In no other cultural sector, whether it's writers, dancers, musicians, filmmakers or actors, are the artists *expected* to do so much unpaid administrative work, facility construction and technical maintenance. It is a phenomenon of the artist-controlled organisations in general, and the video access centres in particular.

The Canada Council gives little support and yet has enjoyed much recent international credibility for its association with the development of independent video production. Renée Baert, Video Officer, the Canada Council, fully understands the equipment crisis: "You either eliminate the programme altogether if you are not prepared to put equipment into the centres (or) you can keep the operations alive indefinitely, but if the equipment is breaking down and can't be replaced you certainly could not claim to be serving that community."

Tactical errors

The cable companies for their part were never kept in check by the CRTC, so the mandatory "community" channels attached to their licenses remained a low-investment priority. Instead of providing a supportive base they exploited volunteer production labour and further enlisted the community's resources to subsidise community programming. From 1967 to 1977 Canadian cable companies operating profits increased by 1,113 percent! Recent projections show that such enormous gains will maintain their dramatic percentage increase. Less than 5 percent of the gross revenue went into the community channels. Cable revenues for 1980 was some $350 million.

It is unlikely that the Department of Communications, "Special Program of Cultural Initiatives" ($39.6 million) will provide any assistance for video access centres unless the guidelines are completely re-written. Equipment purchase would fall under their "Capital Assistance to the Custodial Cultural Institutions" programme. The stated objective of the programme is "to provide capital assistance for projects over $200,000. Most video access centres have total budgets that range from $14-65,000.

New incentives

So who's going to play the part of the little red hen?

The cable companies could be taxed directly as part of their license renewal, a tax that would be used for producer-controlled community video production. The CBC could allot 0.08 percent of their annual budget for the same purposes. The Canada Council could have its current video budget tripled by the Department of Communications in recognition of past, neglected, responsibilities. The private TV companies could commission non-broadcast Canadian work as part of their verbal commitment to the support of Canadian content.

Within the video community no one currently makes a living by producing tapes, so to expect them to further subsidise such work is out of the question. The notion of cultural economic independence in Canada fails to take into account a comparison with the industrial sector. Industry receives government support through tariffs, capital incentives, tax incentives or loan guarantees. Why should the non-industrial sector be asked to work towards an economically independent utopia that in Canada cannot exist? ■

Save the Last Dance For Me

If you have been reading through these reports you should be able to see some preposterous connections. There's cultural money: the $39.6 million — even spread over three years — is not chicken feed. The performing arts organisations, particularly those with political and corporate muscle are, now let's be fair, having their political patronage rewarded. Call it pork-barrelling, call it piggy banking but when dinner is on the table, it's always the same people who get fed.

While artists live on the money they used to work with, CAPDO (Canadian Association of Professional Dance Organisations) sneaks through the side door of the Canada Council, and makes off with $175,000 from a discretionary fund. It's not only the barons that know how to apply pressure. Many of the Council's officers are fighting for programmes that are being kept together with string; the phones are ringing off the hook — there's been a lot of artist initiative and an equal amount of inflation. There's credibility at stake. So this bonus to CAPDO (the project did not appear before a jury) produced cries of "unconscionable" *within* the Council.

Fitting the pieces

The money lobbied for by CAPDO was being given to the NFB to make a film on dance. The NFB was making a film on dance because the CBC will later this year televise two hours of dance performed at the National Arts Centre. The CBC will pay the NFB between $12,-15,000 for this one hour film. The NFB film will be used before the CBC special (if the CBC can fit it in during the NHL playoffs) to primarily advertise the CBC's programme. According to Adam Samanski, NFB producer, "we wanted a film that would appeal as much to beer drinkers as anyone else." He also suggested that the film "may induce people who may not look at the other two hour show." The NFB, who also is funding the film, their contribution being $165,000, has three directors making a behind-the-scenes document including a focus on the road manager of The Royal Winnipeg Ballet Company. Needless to say the NFB knows how to get the working man or woman interested.

Take your partners...

But backing up a little, why is the Canada Council paying for CBC programming specifically on dance? Isn't that what the CBC claims it does from within its $600 million a year? Timothy Porteus, Director, The Canada Council, says that "a move had to be made in relation to dance companies to try and increase their visibility to the Canadian public." Granted (sic) the NFB will do a better job than the CBC and the film can be used elsewhere as promotion for CAPDO, but still such a project hardly seems to be a high priority.

Porteus explained that the project had been in preparation for two years. Budgets had been allocated and the money spent for this year, so the funding came from "money set aside for unforeseen eventualities". Forgetting that such a project was not "unforeseen", even if its timing may have been, one could reasonably ask was this an emergency? Aren't there projects collapsing, magazines folding, films unedited, etc. etc...

Why not a film jury? "The objective of this was not to improve the film industry in this country, or even to support it, it was to get a film made on a dance", Mr. Porteus clarified, while emphasizing the "one-shot deal" nature of the project. He added: "It happens to be dance. From the Council's point of view it would have been just as valid if it had been some other art form."

The dancer's subsidy

The film promotes eight dance companies, the Council assists nineteen companies, there's probably one hundred more on their own. The Council is supporting the dance establishment, and only seven companies which comprise this establishment can "afford to pay their dancers salaries which exceed the poverty level" according to the Canada Council Annual Report 1979-80.

Where is Du Maurier when you need them? Who is going to get the advertising dollars from three hours of CBC programming? The NFB? The Canada Council? The dancers? No, it will be the CBC. Might the CBC try and convince us that all cultural programming is of promotional benefit to artists and therefore we should get the Canada Council to pay for it? Somebody somewhere at the Council should get a rubber stamp made that says "Not transferable" before this innocent act of double subsidy gets out of hand. ■

NORMAN OTIS RICHMOND

DIASPORIC MUSIC

"African people are an international people and our radio stations and newspapers must reflect this fact."

Ask a West Indian or an African if he or she knows who Aretha Franklin, Marvin Gaye, Sarah Vaughan or Oscar Peterson are and they will probably laugh in your face for asking such a silly question. On the other hand if you ask an African-American or Afro-Canadian who Bob Marley, Peter Tosh, Toots or Jimmy Cliff are they *might* know. However, if you get deeper and begin asking about Don Drummond, The Mighty Sparrow, Calypso Rose, Feli AniKulapo Kuti then the problem begins. The North American born person nine-out-of-ten times has never heard of these personalities.

Does this make the West Indian or African more intelligent? I would say no. It merely means that they have been exposed to more music.

Why is this the case? The colonial powers in the Caribbean and Africa *forced* their subjects to look *outward*. Many times West Indians and Africans heard more music from America and Europe than "home grown" music. In 1971, Nigerian communications researcher Alfred Opubor complained: "We learn more about American and British life from Nigerian television at the moment than we do about Nigerian life."

At the same time, the colonial powers in America taught her colonial subjects (slaves) to look *inward*. People of African stock in America and Canada rarely heard music from outside North America.

Another fact to consider is that while Black music from North America was selling throughout the Caribbean, Africa, Europe and the world most of these Black musicians knew little or nothing about the "overseas" markets. The industry profitted royally from the Black musicians' ignorance.

Today the situation is slightly different. While we still have little or no control over the airwaves in North America our consciousness has been broadened considerably by our own struggles and the political and cultural struggles in Africa, the Caribbean and the Third World. We as a people are reading more today and it is harder for us to be tricked. Jack the Rapper, Black Radio Exclusive as well as *Billboard*, *Cashbox* and *Record World* are required reading for most people who consider themselves to be part of the Black music industry.

Norman Richmond is a Black music critic who has written for the *Toronto Star, Macleans, Contrast, Soul, FUSE.*

We must attempt to bridge the musical gap between African people world wide. It would be a refreshing change to hear some reggae and soca along with Earth, Wind and Fire and Natalie Cole on the Funky-Forty radio stations. The Black press in North America should begin to carry more stories on West Indians and African artists.

In the Black press *Soul* magazine recently took a step in the right direction when they highlighted Bob Marley on the cover of a recent issue. Hopefully this trend will continue. African people are an international people and our radio stations and newspapers must reflect this fact.

African-American music: the revolutionary tradition

Many West Indians and Africans believe that African-Americans have never produced serious music. Unlike Jamaicans who produced reggae and Trinidadians who produced calypso, African-Americans have no revolutionary tradition in music. Only recently I was in a discussion with a brother from the Caribbean who said: "The only Black American who ever wrote any Black songs was Curtis Mayfield." This is a myth that must be dispelled.

While it is true that West Indians and Africans are more familiar with African-American music than vice-versa, they are only well versed on a small portion of the music, namely so-called "soul".

"Soul" by and large has been dance and romance music. As Archie Shepp, the great saxophonist pointed out recently: "I think in general rhythmn and blues artists have not represented perhaps our most politically conscious element in the music industry. Historically, they haven't, and I support and endorse a lot of blues music. I love it, but I don't think that the people who play that music by and large have been the most representative spokesmen of our political aims and desires as Black people in this country."

On the other hand, so-called "jazz" music has carried the message of the unification of African and Third World peoples, and African liberation at home and abroad as well as conveying historical themes. The seeds of the message were sown by the so-called be-bop musicians in the '40s.

Dizzy Gillespie's "A Night in Tunisia" which was released in 1942 and Charlie Parker's "Barbados" which was released in 1948, show that they could see farther than their backyards. These compositions link the musie with people in Africa and the Caribbean.

It must be mentioned that while Duke Ellington was never regarded as a "militant" he did write music with historical themes. As far back as 1944 he composed works commemorating Black Liberation fighters Denmark Vesey, Nat Turner, Harriet Tubman and Frederick Douglas. However, as Ortiz M. Walton pointed out in the book *Music: Black, White & Blue*: None of (these works) have been recorded since the recording industry is not concerned with portraying Black history as much as with making a profit.

The struggles in Africa in general and South Africa in particular have always been important to "jazz" musicians. In 1947 Duke Ellington wrote *The Liberian Suite* to commemorate that country's centennial as a republic. In the early '50s saxophonist Sonny Rollins recorded "Airegin" (Nigeria spelled backwards). In 1960 drummer Max Roach and Abbey Lincoln (Aminata Moseka) recorded "Tears for Johannesburg". Fifteen years later Roach and Archie Shepp teamed up for an album that included the piece "South Africa '76."

West Indians and Africans have as much to learn from musicians like Roach and Shepp as African-Americans have to learn from musicians like Bob Marley or Feli AniKulapo Kuti.

African-Americans have a rich and revolutionary musician tradition but don't hold your breath and wait to hear it on the radio. It is not in the interest of the system to promote Black Classical Music (better known as Jazz) because of its message.

In the 1980s African people will have to develop their own communications systems. Once again the words of Archie Shepp are in order: "We should begin to educate ourselves out of a Top Ten mentality, we should begin to take a long, serious look at our music, not only the music created here in the United States, but created throughout the African-American, the Pan-African world." ■

Archie Shepp, Ella Fitzgerald and Max Roach.

photos courtesy Norman Richmond archive

Bob Marley in concert

JEFF HOUSE

DOWSON vs RCMP

They've admitted forgeries and break-ins but RCMP men have yet to be convicted.

In 1972, the French film *Special Section* played several smaller theatres in Toronto and Montréal. The subject of that film was a special branch of the French judicial system set up to deal with "extraordinary", that is to say, political, cases. While audiences received instruction in the methods by which the powers-that-be in France can divert inquiry away from their skullduggery, a parallel real-life drama was being played out in both cities. Under cover of night, the RCMP Security Service was burglarizing the offices of the Parti Quebecois, and maintaining a "presence" within the New Democratic Party.

When these actions became known in 1977, the Force justified the behaviour of its operatives on the basis that "subversives" had infiltrated both parties, including Trotskyists and ex-Communists. To be sure, claimed Solicitor-General Francis Fox, it was not the NDP "per se", but its Waffle wing which was the reason for RCMP surveillance. As the full panoply of abuses became known, the RCMP countertheory of self-justification also became known: "subversives" are not protected by law, despite what the law may state; the RCMP may, at its pleasure designate anyone it chooses as a subversive; the RCMP need not inform the political authorities supervising it of its decisions in this regard, and there is no review of RCMP designations in this realm.

As a result of the revelation of RCMP crimes, the McDonald and Keable Commissions were created, in Ottawa, and Quebec City, respectively. In Toronto, Attorney-General Roy McMurtry released an RCMP statement claiming that the NDP had been infiltrated by members of the League for Socialist Action, a now-defunct Trotskyist group. Within a week, Ross Dowson, the one time leader of the group, sued in Federal Court for slander, claiming $500,000 damages on the basis that his reputation, and that of the group, had been defamed. While the Dowson affair is, in some ways peripheral to the RCMP affair as a whole, the Dowson lawsuit has exposed several additional instances of RCMP wrongdoing, strengthened the spine of the Krever Comission on the Confidentiality of Health Records in Ontario, and exposed a few more of those special sections of the Criminal Code which are called upon in "extraordinary" situations.

Covering for the Security Service

It is a measure of Dowson's persistance that all this has occurred. The Liberal government successfully decapitated the renegade Keable Commission in the Courts, finally beating the Commission in the (Federally-appointed) Supreme Court of Canada. The McDonald Commission, made up of various Liberal party apparatchiks, then began its ever-so-lackadaisical study of RCMP abuses. The Commission was so concerned to learn the facts that in its first Toronto hearings it published a Notice stating: that it wished to hear "briefs as to the laws, policies and procedures which should govern the RCMP.." Not, that is, what the RCMP may have done to individuals and organizations in Toronto, but what it ought to have been doing. A local lawyer, Paul Copeland, tried in vain to get the Commission to hear the facts concerning disruptions of his clients and himself which he had reason to believe stemmed from the Security Service of the RCMP. The Commission put him off, so Copeland went to Court, charging that the Commissioners were biased in law. Over thirty separate allegations of bias were made, and the Commissioners denied none of them. The day was saved in The Federal Court, however, when Judge Alex Cattenach declared that *it did not matter* whether the Commissioners were biased or not, as they were only collecting facts, not making "judicial" decisions. Thus it is, that three years later, the McDonald Commission continues its tasks, solemnly collecting information, and, just coincidentally, shielding the members of the secret police from the judicial process.

Jeff House, a member of the Law Union, has reviewed *Deference to Authority* and *Men in the Shadows* for *FUSE*.

In the course of Dowson's slander suit, Dowson himself turned several documents over to the Krever Commission. The documents included confidential psychiatric information on members of the LSA that had been distributed by someone wishing to disrupt the group. Despite the fact that the Krever Commission had been informed by the RCMP that all of its dirty tricks concerning health records confidentiality were on the table, Dowson persisted in believing that it was the work of the RCMP. As we now know, he was right. Krever's report stated that the RCMP lawyer, Arthur Pennington, made incorrect statements to the Commission, and further that "Mr. Pennington's statement was made after I had been assured that I had had complete disclosure from the RCMP. The RCMP and the Solicitor-General (of Canada) must have known that this representation was untrue." As Dowson put it to the Krever Commission: "the purpose of this whole incident (the psychiatric information spread about to discredit an LSA member) was primarily to create an atmosphere that the League for Socialist Action and other like organizations on the left are, if not in law illegal, they are *in fact* illegal"...(to implant the idea that) "there is a price to join those organizations. That's what these dirty tricks are about — to tell people there is a price you are going to pay."

The price to be paid, of course, is that the potential member becomes a valid target of the special police; not for him or her the normal protection of the law. Wrong-doing against them is largely permitted, and their rights evaporate.

McMurtry's special powers

The Dowson case has revealed one final special practice. The English common law has always given the citizen the right to make a complaint concerning criminal activity. One presents evidence of criminal activity to a justice of the peace, a judicial officer who, if convinced that the circumstances warrant it, has the power to initiate criminal process against a wrong-doer. In April of 1980, Dowson and his lawyers attended before a justice of the peace to charge the Mounties with the forgeries they had already admitted. On four separate occasions, the Ontario Attorney-General's office asked that the hearing, before Mr. Justice Allen, be adjourned so they could prepare. Finally, on October 30, Roy McMurtry, A.G. of Ontario stayed, or stopped all proceedings, using, or rather, misusing, s. 508 of the Criminal Code. That section, one of the panoply of special powers reserved to the Attorney-General, allows him to stop criminal proceedings against anyone he chooses to protect, "after an indictment has been found". McMurtry chose to operate as a one-man McDonald Commission in keeping the Force sacrosanct in Ontario.

At this writing, the McMurtry stay is being appealed up the judicial ladder. Eight years after the criminal acts occurred, and four years after they became publicly known, no police officer has been convicted of any offence or spent one minute in custody. Our "special sections" remain off limits, untouched by the criticism leveled against it.■

DANIEL TSANG interviews WILLIAM SCHAAP and ELLEN RAY

NAMING NAMES
Covert Action Information Bulletin exposes CIA agents and so the U.S. Congress is out to stop them

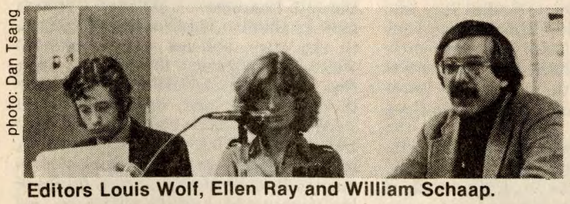


photo: Dan Tsang

Editors Louis Wolf, Ellen Ray and William Schaap.

On September 17, 1980, the U.S. Senate Judiciary Committee rushed through a draft version of the "Intelligence Identities Protection Act", that would criminalize the disclosure of the identities of CIA and FBI covert operatives and officers, even when that information was gathered from public documents. Which could mean three years in jail, a $10,000 fine — all for following the principles of the first Amendment. This was one of several versions that have come before Congress in the past four years. The urgency of this attempt betrayed the eagerness to pass it under the Democratic Administration. It didn't quite make it, but its imminent passage under Reagan seems a certainty.

Sections HR5615 and S2216 of the bill, and the controversial 501(c) portion, aim to prohibit only the alternative press from naming names — and are targeted at one publication in particular. *CovertAction Information Bulletin* is a bi-monthly periodical that exposes U.S. intelligence abuses and is notorious for revealing the identities of thousands of CIA agents in the U.S. and abroad.

The editors were in Toronto in September 1978, when they identified the U.S., CIA Station Chief in Ottawa as Stacy B. Hulse, Jr. Two days later, he conveniently left Canada. In its June, 1980 issue, *CAIB* reported that John Kenneth Knaus, attache to the U.S. embassy in Ottawa, seems to have been with the CIA for over 30 years, and is clearly Hulse's successor.

The day after the draft version of the bill was rushed through, Dan Tsang talked with Ellen Ray and William Schapp (two of the three editors of *CAIB*.) This interview was conducted in their Washington offices.

Daniel Tsang: How dangerous is the bill?

William Schaap: It's extremely dangerous, primarily because it makes no distinction between information which comes from classified sources and information which comes from unclassified sources. The bill is, in fact, an Official Secrets Act of a particular kind, and criminalizes private citizens publishing information that they get from unclassified sources — such as the public library. There has never been a law like this before in the US and although we feel certain that it's unconstitutional, nonetheless the fact that it might be passed means we will have to fight those battles in the courts. The bill will have a very serious chilling effect on all journalists who investigate abuses in the intelligence field.

D.T: Do you intend to continue publishing the *CovertAction Information Bulletin* if the bill becomes law?

W.S: Yes. We would continue to publish our magazine, although we wouldn't intend to deliberately break the law in the magazine. We intend to go immediately into court to challenge its constitutionality. And if we have to modify our magazine during the court proceedings, for example, by not having the "Naming Names" column, we would eliminate that column while we were in court. We don't want to be martyrs!

Ellen Ray: More than that. There's no point to our being in jail where we won't be able to do any kind of work.

W.S: Yes. We have the right to go into court in a civil suit to try and have the statute declared unconstitutional, and we would do that immediately. We wouldn't have to break the law in order to challenge it.

First Amendment rights in jeopardy

D.T: Do you see any problem with funding the suit?

W.S: It's hard to say. We certainly hope there would be enough support. The major problem is that until recently most of the media and the press in this country didn't understand the implications of the law. They really thought that it was possible to get a law that would only affect the *CovertAction Information Bulletin*, and as they now begin to realize, that's impossible. The law would affect all newspapers, magazines, radio, television and so on. Fortunately we have very good legal representation from the Center for Constitutional Rights in New York, but there undoubtedly would be considerable expenses in the case if it is protracted, if it involves a lot of witnesses and statements. We'll have to be doing some fundraising around it. But we are nevertheless working even now so that we could go into court immediately if the bill is passed.

D.T: Do you think it's going to pass?

W.S: In *some* form. The real problem is that there are three or four different versions from the different committees and the two houses of Congress and we don't know what version is going to pass.

D.T: But section 501(c), which penalizes the naming of CIA and FBI names, will pass?

W.S: It certainly looks that way. It's fairly clear from the committee meetings that have occurred now that unless there's some totally unexpected opposition in Congress, that some form of section (c) is going to pass.

E.R: And it seems real clear that the Republicians are really pushing because they want it to pass under a Democratic administration...taking away the First Amendment rights even before he (Reagan) comes into office, which of course paves the way for ultra-conservatism in the country.

D.T: But isn't it optimistic to expect the US Supreme Court to rule in your favour?

W.S: To some extent, yes. You can't tell with the Supreme Court. The balance in the court is fairly conservative. On the other hand, the issue is so clear — at least to us — and it seems so directly to contradict the First Amendment, that even a relatively conservative Supreme Court might be concerned about it. And they might be concerned precisely because of what we said before. This isn't simply aimed at *CovertAction*. It will stop any kind of criticism of a whole area of government activity. Don't forget that Warren Burger wrote the "Pentagon Papers" decision, so that with a couple of exceptions — probably Rehnquist being the only absolute exception — even the more conservative judges on the Supreme Court have voted in favour of various First Amendment cases. And this is probably indeed the clearest First Amendment violation they'd ever have before the court. I can't recall any law in recent history that comes close to this. This law makes it a crime for somebody to go into the public library, take a book off the shelf, and read a paragraph in it to his next door neighbour, in effect. There's never been anything like that. It makes it criminal to publish something that's not secret in the first place.

D.T.: Is there a danger Congress will attempt to exempt the established press and punish only the alternative press?

W.S: There's a very strong attempt in Congress to word the law that way. It's very difficult, because we in fact consider ourselves journalists too, and we publish a magazine with many analytical articles and news articles. Even if they limit it to listing names out of context as opposed to in context, they have a lot of problems in terms of the constitutionality. How could they justify something being criminal if it's one paragraph by itself, but not criminal if you put a paragraph in front and a paragraph afterwards? It's going to look very illogical, that kind of an argument, that you can name a name in the context of a news article but you can't name a name in the context of an article about naming names.

D.T: How does naming names add to the struggle against US imperialism? Why not just write articles without naming names?

W.S: That's what everybody asks us. The major reason is for the information of the people in the country where the CIA people are.

E.R: Not for the country's secret service or the country's government, because in every country they know exactly who the CIA people are, but there are the students, the labor leaders, ten different categories, where the CIA target to recruit these people to work against their own country. And most people don't know initially they're meeting with someone from the CIA. They think they're meeting with an American diplomat.

D.T: How would the law affect progressive groups abroad that use your information?

E.R: They won't get our information.

W.S: We wouldn't be able to publish the information. Also the bill has extraterritorial effect as far as Americans living overseas. They wouldn't be able to do these kinds of exposures even living overseas. If they were in a country where there was an extradition treaty, they could be extradited.

The Jamaican incident: unanswered questions

D.T: Was the CIA able to push this bill through Congress because of what happened in Jamaica? (Where the CIA Station Chief's house was allegedly shot at)

W.S: Oh absolutely. Nobody thought it would even come up this year. For three years in a row a couple of the real rightwingers have introduced roughly similar legislation. And it never got anywhere, it never even got out of committee. It's one of the reasons we think the Jamaica incident was a phony, because it was used by the CIA to whip up this hysteria to get this thing moving like crazy, to such an extent that the Congressional committees aren't even deliberating on these things — they're having rushed meetings with everybody standing and yelling, "Get something fast, we don't care what it is!", ending up with what we think is one of the most unconstitutional laws.

D.T: Why do you think the Jamaica incident was a phony?

W.S: First of all the concept of his (Richard Kinsman) having been named (as CIA Station Chief in Jamaica) just a day or two before is untrue. We had named him nine months earlier in the magazine (issue number 6). Nothing happened to him. Second, his family

was not home. Third, there's a question whether *he* was even home. Fourth, a maid sleeping in the back said she heard nothing and slept all night. Fifth, the story about bullets whistling through the child's bedroom, aside from the fact the child was thousands of miles away on vacation — wasn't even true. And there were some bullet marks in the wall of the garage adjoining the house...

E.R.: And the so-called grenade was a little hole in the ground...

W.S: And this thing was supposed to happen early in the morning and he never called the police. Ultimately later, the following morning neighbours called the police.

E.R: He called the opposition newspaper, the CIA newspaper, the *Gleaner* — that's another indication he wasn't even at home when it happened. One would assume that if all this happened he would have called the police or called someone immediately. The incident allegedly happened at 2:30 in the morning, and he didn't notify the *Gleaner* until 8:30 or 9:30 the following morning.

W.S: There's probably no way of knowing for sure but it just looks funny.

E.R: Another interesting thing is that the US press did not send anyone at all down to investigate the alleged attack. They just took the word of the *Gleaner*.

W.S: The stories that came out had several not just inaccuracies but absolute lies in them because nobody investigated. They all talked about the house having been bombed, whereas as we said there was a little hole in the ground, thirty yards away from the house, and no grenade fragments. There was a story in an American paper saying "miraculously his young daughter escaped injury". Well, she was away on vacation in the United States. The stories were bizarre, they just laid it on so thick and heavy.

CIA-related deaths

D.T: Why do you focus on the CIA? Exposing covert action is an endless task. Do you see any end in sight?

E.R: We focus on the CIA because no single agency or operation has killed as many people around the world as the CIA has. When you add up all the deaths ... over half a million I believe (for whom the CIA was) directly responsible.

W.S: Nobody else, no other American agency or any other agency is responsible quantitatively or qualitatively for the same amount of destruction as the CIA. When you think about Indonesia, Iran, Guatemala and Chile and endless other cases. There certainly doesn't seem to be an end in sight, because they're not going to stop the dirty tricks. They usually say, when something gets exposed, "We stopped doing that", but you then find out two or three years later that always at the exact moment they were saying "we stopped doing it", they were still doing it. They change their names sometimes, or they move to another country, but they keep on doing it everywhere.

D.T: How effective do you think you have been against the CIA?

E.R: I think the very fact that the CIA calls us their Number One Enemy — I don't believe that's true at all — but I believe we must be affecting them. We're three people, doing this...if there were three hundred doing this, even though the CIA probably has 30-50 thousand employees, and many many more when you count their agents, I think we could bring them to their knees.

D.T: Even though you haven't been exposing CIA agents in "deep cover",(ie., not diplomatic cover) that still bothers the CIA?

W.S: Rarely, when we get information or a journalist has a story for us, we would do that, but it's very, very difficult. But it hurts them precisely because their major mission is recruiting agents to in effect be traitors to their own countries, and to do their dirty tricks for them. And their major vehicle for doing that is the people under diplomatic cover.

E.R: By and large their deep cover people are not officers, and the people who really head the operations are the ones who work out of the embassies because then they'd have diplomatic immunity, so if they do get caught they'll be sent home without anything happening to them... and they're really the top guys. I mean the deep cover people do probably the really rotten things, but they're given the orders by the people *we* name.

D.T: What have you learned about the CIA? Is it possible to stop what they're doing?

W.S: I think it's possible to have some real impact on what they're doing. I think in areas where there have been major exposures of their operations as well as their personnel, it has an impact; Jamaica being a good example. The Kinsman shooting incident deflected attention from what *really* was significant in Jamaica — which is that there was a major CIA destabilization plot going on, and that exposure helped. It was a part of many people's effort to alert the Jamaican people to it, and it had some real effect...you never know whether exposing an operation or an agent or whatever might have helped prevent something terrible from happening that might otherwise have happened.

E.R: I think the effect it has is raising the consciousness of people all over the world about what these dirty tricks and secret operations are. And that ultimately it's going to be the people of the world, not our magazine, that stops the CIA. And hopefully at some point the people in *this* country (USA) will get more knowledgeable and understand the CIA operates in this country too.

W.S: And even when it operates overseas in the long run it's not in the interest of the United States...it just makes the United States enemies, and hated all over the world.

D.T: Do you find this a lonely struggle? How do you keep on going?

W.S: Well, within the United States and certainly within Washington, it's somewhat lonely to the extent that not many people, even liberals, are willing to identify themselves with what we do, even though a lot of them privately are our friends and say "we couldn't do what you're doing, but we like what you're doing." Where we're not lonely at all is around the world where we know thousands of people in dozens of countries who deeply appreciate what we do. And that's part of what keeps us going. There's a certain moral underpinning to what we do, which is basically that we think that the concept of interfering in the affairs of other countries is immoral and that's what we're fighting to try and stop. And the people of other countries appreciate that.

D.T: How can progressive people help the magazine?

W.S: Subscribing is one way. Writing to us (at PO Box 50272, Washington, D.C. 20004 USA) is another. We try to correspond with people all over the world, both our helping them when we can with information we can find out, and their helping us with information they can find out. In terms of the naming names kind of thing, it helps for us to know about the movements of all these people. People around the world send us the diplomatic lists their countries publish, and newspaper clippings about US embassy personnel. And also when people notice something happening which strikes them as possibly being CIA activity, to get in touch with us and see if together we can't try to investigate and decide whether in fact it *is* CIA activity. ■

Dan Tsang, Philadelphia, edits *Gay Insurgent: A Gay Left Journal.*

John Greyson

COUNTERSpy CovertAction INFORMATION BULLETIN

The history of the *CovertAction Information Bulletin* goes back nearly half a dozen years before its premier issue in July 1978. The three editors, Ellen Ray, William Schaap and Louis Wolf, and several of the editorial advisors had all worked together on *CounterSpy*, the original anti-spying journal. When it suspended publication in early 1977, due both to CIA harassment and internal difficulties, two of them, Wolf and ex-CIA agent Philip Agee, the former *Spy* editor, used the eighteen months hiatus before *CAIB* appeared to prepare and edit *Dirty Work: The CIA in Western Europe*, a book detailing the various possible methods for exposing CIA personnel. One example: compare the payroll lists of US embassies against their personnel lists (both readily available). Those persons that are not listed on the embassy payroll records have to be receiving their cheques from another source, and the chances are good that it is the CIA.

Obviously, such work has made them less than popular with the various intelligence agencies. Since the publication of his *CIA Diary* in 1973, (containing listings of every agent, code name, and covert operation he could remember from his days within the Agency), Agee has been forced to move from England, France and Holland, due to CIA intervention. Returning to the States would mean prompt incarceration. Last spring, a plot to convince West Germany to evict Agee from his current Hamburg home nearly succeeded, because he supposedly had been invited to Iran in order to participate in a tribunal to try the hostages. This fabrication grew out of his private suggestion to friends that the Iranians should offer to exchange the prisoners for the CIA files on Iran. (*CAIB* has steadfastly refused to name the CIA agents at the US embassy in Iran since the hostage taking, as such a move would obviously endanger their lives.)

CAIB (with Agee contributing two articles) published *Dirty Work II: The CIA in South Africa* in January, 1980. The Justice Department, *after* the book's publication, filed an emergency motion in federal court restraining the 'imminent' publication of Agee's *Dirty Work II.* The Department was forced to withdraw their request nine days later when they realized that the book wasn't his *and* that it was already on the stands down the street. Both *CIA Diary* and *Dirty Work II* are still available from Lyle Stuart Inc., (US) and General Publishing Inc., (Canada).

The first attempts by Congress to bureaucratically silence Agee, Wolf, Schaap, Ray and associates with what in essence is an Offical Secrets Act began with the murder of Richard Welsh. In 1974, *CounterSpy* named Welsh as a CIA officer in Brazil. Late in 1975, he was transferred to Athens, where two weeks later he was killed by a left wing group. *CounterSpy* had noted the transfer in their December issue. The CIA pushed the press to dwell on the *CounterSpy* disclosure, conveniently overlooking the fact that Welsh had moved into a house where publicly-known CIA officers had lived before, at a time when anti-American (especially Intelligence) sentiment in the city was at a fever pitch. The concerted push by Congress for criminalizing the 'naming of names' was off and running. The bill's obvious infringement of the First Amendment rights, however, prevented its easy passage, and in 1978 it was temporarily laid by the wayside. The Kinsmen shooting, following the *CAIB* disclosure of 15 previously named CIA agents in the US agency in Jamaica just after the recent election, has conveniently been used by Congress to resurrect the bill.

The editors of *CAIB*, all accredited journalists or professional writers for over a decade, are surprised that the mainstream press until recently believed that the bill would only affect the so-called alternative or independent press, despite the fact that every major media organ has contacted *CAIB* for the names of CIA agents in the past. American newspapers (except for the Washington *Star*) have since changed their tactics to condemn the bill, but as Schaap says: "It's a year too late."

"Naming Names", the column *CAIB* is best known and most reviled for, usually consists of two or three pages in each issue. The rest of the 48-page magazine is devoted to investigative features and articles on CIA activities internationally, usually linked by themes. Recent numbers have included topics like Agency Intervention in the Caribbean, and The Uses of Technology in Intelligence Operations. The Summer 1980 issue featured a reprint of "Principles of Deep Cover", a basic (and top-secret) text used in CIA training.

CounterSpy, *CAIB*'s original progenitor, resumed publishing after its own 18-month restructuring period, in a humbler newsprint format. Konrad Ege, editor, told *FUSE* that its editorial objectives have remained the same; their focus on and exposure of all forms of covert and related overt government operations includes, among others, the FBI, the ICA (International Communications Agency, whose $426 million budget in 1980 was spent on propaganda and penetration in 126 countries), and the NSA (National Security Agency). But both publications expend their greatest efforts on the CIA. As Schapp has said, it is by far the worst offender, the worst enemy.

In *CAIB*'s statement before the House Committee's hearings regarding the "Intelligence Identities Protection Act" (January 31, 1980), they made explicit their unswerving belief, the thing that keeps them fighting and writing: "Indeed, over the past 30 years or so, the CIA has generated more hatred of the United States Government around the world than any other single institution ... we believe that the CIA, as it is at present, is probably beyond reform; we believe that it should be completely revamped, or abolished altogether, and another new agency created, strictly limited to the gathering of intelligence."

SUBSCRIPTIONS

CounterSpy (Quarterly). Individual: $10/year/North America; Institutions: $20/year/North America. Overseas: $25/year/airmail. Prisoner Subs: free. Single Issue: $2. Send to: P.O. Box 647, Ben Franklin Station, Washington, DC 20044, USA.

CovertAction Information Bulletin. (Six issues per year).
US: $15/year. Canada, Mexico: $20/year. Elsewhere: $23/year. Institutions: Add $5/year. Send to: P.O. Box 50272, Washington, D.C. 20004 USA.

GEORGE SMITH

TELLING STORIES

CBS wooes viewers with sex, violence and drama in their made-for-TV special "Gay Power, Gay Politics"

The recent Toronto municipal elections produced a new form of hate literature — not directed against Jews, Blacks or ethnics, but against gays. In some ways this was not surprising. The most controversial media issue of the election was homosexuality. What was striking about this literature, however, was its connection to the CBS Reports program *Gay Power, Gay Politics*, telecast in April of last year.

This TV program promoted a new media image of gay communities as being violent and politically dangerous. The stereotype of gays, not simply as sick, pathetic individuals, but as a community dangerous to the public order also surfaced in the Toronto elections as part of the propaganda of Renaissance International, a fundamentalist Christian organization of the extreme right.

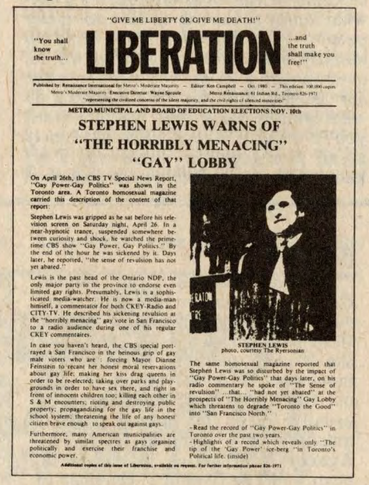
Renaissance produced and distributed in Toronto over 100,000 copies of a pamphlet entitled *Liberation* which used the CBS account of the San Francisco gay community to go after the incumbent mayor of Toronto, John Sewell, specifically for his support of gay rights issues, as well as George Hislop, the openly gay aldermanic candidate, and what it called, "the gang of nine", nine school trustees running for re-election who had voted to establish a school board committee to look into the possibility of creating some form of liaison with Toronto's gay community.

The thrust of the Renaissance attack was to use the election to stop the intrusion of gays into public life which it described in the pamphlet's lead article as the " 'Horribly Menacing' 'Gay' Lobby". This too, but from an American perspective, was the theme of the CBS special news report.

Gay Power, Gay Politics was, as Harry Reasoner pointed out in its introduction, a story. As a story, it had a story line. What it was about was how the gay movement in San Francisco had been able to use its political power to compromise a public official, the mayor of San Francisco, over the issue of what the program called "absolute sexual freedom", and the moral-political questions this posed for the whole of the United States — and thanks to cablevision, of Canada as well.

The Story: created through editing

The program was incredibly slick, commanding the resources of America's largest TV networks. It took nearly ten months to produce. Besides Harry Reasoner and George Crile, the reporter on the program, and Grace Diekhaus, Crile's co-producer, the credits listed nineteen technical personnel, including an editor, photographers, production managers, sound specialists, researchers, and so forth who worked under the supervision of Howard Stringer, the executive producer. As network news stories go, this obviously was a big budget item.



"GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH!"

"You shall know the truth... **LIBERATION** ...and the truth shall make you free!"

Published by Renaissance International for Metro's Moderate Majority. — Editor: Ken Campbell — Oct. 1980 — This edition: 100,000 copies — Metro's Moderate Majority: Executive Director: Wayne Sproule — Metro Referendum #1 Indeed Itd., Toronto Ont. 1977 — "representing the civilized concerns of the silent majority, and the civil rights of silenced minorities"

METRO MUNICIPAL AND BOARD OF EDUCATION ELECTIONS NOV. 10th

STEPHEN LEWIS WARNS OF "THE HORRIBLY MENACING" "GAY" LOBBY

On April 26th, the CBS TV Special News Report, "Gay Power-Gay Politics" was shown in the Toronto area. A Toronto homosexual magazine carried this description of the content of that report:

Stephen Lewis was gripped as he sat before his television screen on Saturday night, April 26. In a near-hypnotic trance, suspended somewhere between curiosity and shock, he watched the prime-time CBS show "Gay Power, Gay Politics." By the end of the hour he was sickened by it. Days later, he reported, "the sense of revulsion has not yet abated."

Lewis is the past head of the Ontario NDP, the only major party in the province to endorse even limited gay rights. Presumably, Lewis is a sophisticated media-watcher. He is now a media-man himself, a commentator for both CKEY-Radio and CITY-TV. He described his sickening revulsion at the "horribly menacing" gay vote in San Francisco to a radio audience during one of his regular CKEY commentaries.

In case you haven't heard, the CBS special portrayed a San Francisco in the heinous grip of gay male voters who are: - forcing Mayor Dianne Feinstein to vacate her honest moral reservations about gay life; making her kiss drag queens in order to be re-elected; taking over parks and playgrounds in order to have sex there, and right in front of innocent children too; killing each other in S & M encounters; rioting and destroying public property; propagandizing for the gay life in the school system; threatening the life of any honest citizen brave enough to speak out against gays.

Furthermore, many American municipalities are threatened by similar spectres as gays organize politically and exercise their franchise and economic power.

Additional copies of this issue of Liberation, available on request. For further information please 924-1971

STEPHEN LEWIS
photo, courtesy The Rye-cousin

The same homosexual magazine reported that Stephen Lewis was so disturbed by the impact of "Gay Power-Gay Politics" that days later, on his radio commentary he spoke of "The Sense of revulsion"... that... "had not yet abated" at the prospects of "The Horribly Menacing" Gay Lobby which threatens to degrade "Toronto the Good" into "San Francisco North."

- Read the record of "Gay Power-Gay Politics" in Toronto over the past two years.
- Highlights of a record which reveals only "The tip of the 'Gay Power' ice-berg " in Toronto's Political life. (inside)

The most interesting thing about the program was its story line which the producer/editors used to build the action and create dramatic conflict. The result was an intensely interesting story, but one that was not located in the actual lives of the people of San Francisco. They merely lent their bodies, their actions, and their words to give it credibility. The story itself was created and put together in the editing rooms of CBS.

The story of *Gay Power, Gay Politics* began with a series of shots of the March for Gay and Lesbian Rights held in Washington, D.C. in 1979. Harry Reasoner, in voice-over commentary, tells the audience that homosexuals, by holding a march in the nation's capital, have proclaimed themselves the country's newest legitimate minority. Commenting later in this sequence, he goes on to say that this "...is not a story about lifestyles or the average gay experience. What we'll see is the birth of a political movement and the troubling questions it raises for the eighties, not only for San Francisco, but for other cities throughout the country." The implication is that San Francisco gay politics is part of the birth of this political movement.

The gay movement as fifth column

Paired with the program's closing shot, which depicts Reasoner in front of the Washington Monument again voicing concern over the future of gay politics in America, this opening does a number of things. First, sandwiching a story which is about San Francisco between film footage shot in the nation's capital establishes its content as being of national interest — an important selling point to CBS affiliates across the country. But more importantly, it provides a version of the gay movement as a kind of fifth column infiltrating the country from San Francisco.

This transforms the struggle for gay rights, something occurring simultaneously across the country, into a spreading movement with a particular geographic source. This can only be done by splitting the conception of the movement from the work of the people who actually produce it, which is what cameras, film footage, and editing rooms allow. When Cleve Jones, a gay activist in the program, talks about the movement, it is quite a different thing from what Harry Reasoner is talking about. To understand Jones' conception of the movement, consequently, it becomes necessary to understand its presumed source: not CBS, of course, but gay politics in San Francisco. For media in North America, if not around the world, local gay politics, irrespective of its own peculiar history of social significance, thus comes to be understood in terms of events in San Francisco. This media conception of the movement is a new image to be added to the standard news reporters' collection. Toronto, for example, comes to be understood locally as the "San Francisco of the North". In this process, the real life struggle of local gays is obliterated and the gay movement is given an homogenized, conspiratorial character.

George Smith is a graduate student at OISE, Toronto. He is a member of the Right to Privacy Committee.

Something that "decent" people can be against. What this interpretive procedure also does is to de-legitimate the political aspirations of home-grown gays. Their struggles are seen as just a fad, merely the aping of political malcontents and degenerates in San Francisco.

Secondly, the program's opening sequence conceptualizes the March on Washington as the "birth" of a political movement. This provides a beginning for the CBS story, but it is hard to imagine how such a march could come about without a movement to start with. This is a prime example of a concept being divorced from the social production of its content — a standard formula for constructing news stories. In this case, the March captured on film displays none of the political organizing that had gone on for more than a decade and that stands behind it. To lift out, cut away, and reassemble the March on Washington this way reduces it to an ahistorical phenomenon in the sense that it no longer remains embedded in the basic social condition which produced it: the oppression of gay people in the United States. This wiping out of gay oppression as the historic condition of gay politics is carried one step further when George Crile, the program's on-the-scene reporter, tells the audience that by "...1978 the homosexual community here (in San Francisco) had achieved full civil rights and economic power..." Given this interpretive frame, any further political initiatives by gays must be seen as going beyond what might be seen as legitimate demands. This allows the murder of gay San Francisco supervisor, Harvey Milk, and other manifestations of violence against gays in the program to be considered as instances of "backlash", which the gay community has brought upon itself by moving as George Crile describes it, "...provocatively into the political arena."

The conflict: the mayor vs. the gays

The second part of the program following the first commercial break introduces the two major characters of CBS's story: the San Francisco gay community and the mayor of San Francisco, Dianne Feinstein, who was running for re-election. This section ends by hinting at an emerging conflict between the two. And conflict is essential to the story. This is what attracts viewers. The conflict is made out to be about the issue of community standards, or what Harry Reasoner in the last moment of the program proclaims as the gay community's demand for "absolute sexual freedom". The result is an interlocking construction of two elements: the image of the gay community and the election issue. Thus the construction of the image of the community is designed around this so-called demand as a means of providing for the story's dramatic conflict.

The image of the community is put together out of a concatenation of edited shots with an interpretive frame provided by voice-over narration, along with leading questions on the part of the reporter, and a number of establishing shots to set the scene. These techniques and procedures, part of the everyday work of the cameramen, reporters, and news editors, produce for the audience a conception of the San Francisco gay community, an image — not one that is experienced on a day-to-day basis by the people living there, but one that fits the requirements of the story.

The result is a series of images and conceptions divorced from reality — a kind of life in TV land. In this case, CBS's account of the gay community fails to include, for example, Black, Asian, or Hispanic gays. There are no older people. No one appears to be poor. And what is of particular interest, there are no women. It is a cardboard community of white, mostly middle class, "macho" men, where the élite spend their time at cocktail parties and the rest simply walk the streets and cruise the parks in search of sex.

The story line can only make sense, of course, if the community is seen to have as its central interest the getting of sex, and to have enough power actually to confront the mayor. It is for this reason, and for this reason only, that the gay community is conceptualized in terms of the *stereotype* of the new "macho" leatherman — an amalgam of power and unbridled sexuality. The audience is told nothing of how the lives of these people are put together, however. It is merely their image that is used as an interpretive frame for working up the account of the community. This is why it excludes women, for example.

The most significant feature of television's ability to produce propaganda is the way it is able through its technology to lift off and then through an editing process to make meaningful, the phenomenal features of the world — the world as mere appearance. This is the essence of ideology. What is missing on these occasions is a comprehension of the world as it is socially produced. It is precisely these procedures, in this case, that allows CBS to work up the San Francisco gay community as powerful, single-minded, and obsessed with sex.

An important and efficient technique for lifting off the phenomenal world is the interview. In the interview, the real world is lived vicariously by the audience. It arrives on the screen pre-conceptualized; very often worked up in pre-interview discussions with reporters, or as is frequently the case with *Gay Power, Gay Politics*, through a set of leading questions. Once the mere appearance of the world has been stripped away, conceptualized, and cut up into segments, the work of editors and producers is to provide for a set of mystical connections to link them up in particular ways and make them meaningful. This is the work of the story line.

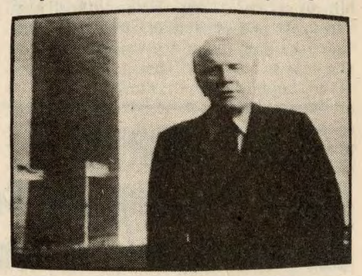
"Community standards" — a deliberate misreading

In the program, the story line is also heavily dependent on the so-called demand for "absolute sexual freedom" which is seen to have produced the conflict between the mayor and the gay community. This is foreshadowed in Reasoner's introduction where he talks of "special interests" and "troubling questions". And Crile later refers to gays "flexing their muscles".

But it comes to the fore, however, when Crile tells the audience that the

Ric Amis

Mayor Dianne Feinstein's apologies.



Harry Reasoner in Washington.

mayor has reservations about the gay life style and that she has criticized them publically for not observing community standards. This is a reference to an interview she had given to the *Ladies Home Journal*. Crile says: "All she said was that gays should observe community standards. They shouldn't force their life styles on others. But this seemingly moderate criticism outraged the homosexual community..." But in the actual article, the Mayor made no explicit mention of community standards. What she said was, "The right of an individual to live as he or she chooses can become offensive. The gay community is going to have to face this. It's fine for us to live here respecting each other's life styles, but that doesn't

mean imposing them on each other. I don't want San Francisco to set up a backlash." The "community standards" reading of this excerpt, of course, is consistent with CBS's constructed story line.

Just before the second commercial break, the mayor is shown addressing a political gathering. In part she says, "If what you want are platitudes and pandering, I'm not going to do it." The program then cuts to a non-descript rally of gays where an unidentified lesbian speaker says to the crowd, "I want every bigot to look at our numbers." The camera pans the crowd. Crile, in voice-over, puts the program's central interpretive frame into place: "The numbers. What the mayor hadn't yet comprehended was the meaning of the sheer numbers of homosexuals here. She didn't realize that no politician could safely criticize these people; that soon she'd have to recognize them as the new power brokers of this changing American city."

By the next commercial break, the mayor is seen as pandering to the gays: mixing socially with them, giving $500 to the Human Rights Foundation to help fund a demystification program on homosexuality for the schools of the city, going to the Beaux Arts Ball, and even embracing Michelle, the city's leading transvestite.

Applause as deception

The climax comes, however, at a meeting of the Harvey Milk Democratic Club. Crile in voice-over sets the scene: "From the standpoint of the gay community Dianne Feinstein had to clean up her act. David Scott, the kingmaker in the runoff election, was now insisting that each of the candidates atone for past anti-gay statements. From the mayor, he wanted a public apology..." Mayor Feinstein says: "I don't come to you as a perfect person that knows all of the answers and that doesn't make mistakes, but I do come to you as somebody who's got a heart and a concern and a very deep interest and desire to represent this community. And maybe I have been insensitive. It wasn't because of any calculated reason. If I've said things that the community has found offensive or doesn't understand, I apologize for that." There is then wild applause from the audience.

In reality the applause did not take place. It was dubbed in by the CBS editors.

Confronted on this piece of deception by the U.S. National News Council, the management of CBS had this to say: "The audience did not applaud at that moment, but shortly thereafter, following her reiteration of a promise of a gay police commissioner.

"Our producers did not use the applause shot out of any desire to distort, but because they believed that the audience was in fact applauding the apology that they (the audience) were so surprised that it took them several moments to realize what had occurred and that they applauded at the next appropriate pause, two sentences later, some 25 seconds after the conclusion of the apology."

Caught up in the plot of their storyline, what the CBS producers failed to realize was that the gay community of San Francisco was not really all that interested in an apology from the mayor. What they wanted, and what for them was a real issue in the election, was a gay police commissioner.

What the CBS producers were really interested in was not the liberation of gays, but their own livelihoods. What they were intent on producing was a highly dramatic story filled with sex and violence that would attract viewers and boost audience ratings. Thus the in account is grounded in the CBS organization and not in San Francisco's gay community.

In the process, they produced an incredibly homophobic version of gay life in San Francisco. What is significant here is that versions of this sort do not simply provide a description of the world. They provide a way of seeing. They are not passive: they are active. In this case that activity enters the viewer into a homophobic relation as a form of social organization which is then ready at hand for the militant Christians and the radical right to work off of. It is not surprising, consequently, that a reference to *Gay Power, Gay Politics* should surface in the recent Toronto civic elections. As their hate literature seems to have been effective — John Sewell, George Hislop and Sheila Meagher were defeated — Renaissance International owes a great debt to Howard Stringer, Harry Reasoner, George Crile and the rest of the gang at CBS. ■

JOHN GREYSON

TELLING SECRETS
CBC's "Sharing the Secret" was a voyeuristic fable on the heartbreak of homosexuality

There are several ways to make people cry on camera. Vicks VapoRub on the lower eyelids is one. Discreet thumbscrews is another. John Kastner, though, is a *professional* documentary maker dedicated to capturing the suffering and agony of *real* life. In his latest 90-minute CBC Special *Sharing the Secret: Selected Gay Stories*, he had his work cut out for him. It took five hundred potential applicants and eighteen months of persuasion before he could convince six men (and some of their parents) that their lives would be best represented by 'weeping' on cue.

He and his mother/co-producer Rose are old hands at turning what mainstream Canada would rather forget about into human-interest 'slice-of-lifers'. Past subjects such as breast cancer and young leukemia patients garnered the Kastners Emmys; they also received criticism for presenting almost inevitable closeups of private pain, notwithstanding the total cooperation of the subjects involved. Obviously, analysis of why their chosen subjects are taboos in a consumer society dedicated to beauty, health, and youth did not seem important to the Kastner team, compared with the 'universal truths' of such human suffering.

Homosexuals — a medical tragedy?

In talking with John Kastner, it became clear that he sees his work in a continuum — homosexuals clearly being just another 'medical tragedy' that society is saddled with. Alice Murdoch, the mother of one of the gay men profiled, summed up the show's major intent as neatly as if it had been scripted: "What do they say — one in ten? Baloney one in ten. You've got mother and father...if there's any sisters or brothers...What about the grandparents? I'll get you up until you're going to get 90 per cent of the population is affected by homosexuality." Replace "affected" with "afflicted" (almost automatic given the despair of her delivery) and Kastner's perspective is established. Lee Murdoch, his parents, his lover Steve, Steve's mother June (who just happens to be the founder of the organization Parents of Gays) form a neat little nutshell, in which the story of Lee's and Steve's respective coming outs are recreated just for us. Scenes like Alice regretting that Lee will never provide her with grandchildren — cut to Lee and Steve on the balcony cradling two cats. Endless scenes of Lee cleaning the apartment, washing the dishes, vacuuming the broadloom, while Steve relaxes in an armchair, reading...and the female narrator's inevitable one liner in her inevitable motherly voice-over: "If it wasn't exactly the relationship the Murdochs had dreamed of for Lee, at least it was a solid and stable one." Wrung through this drip-dry formula of Waspish morality, an unremarkable, rather conservative relationship and family has been turned by Kastner into a parody of the Waltons. He knew what he needed and he *made* it. From such a smalltown vantage point, he could drive off in several very determined directions, and never lose his way.

Peter Shaver, "sexual extremist", was turned into the first side-show pitstop. His monologues, about the baths, parks, and bars of Toronto's gay ghetto, were both accurate and completely assured. On their own, they would have had a lot of credibility. Kastner had other ideas though — his camera pushed Shaver through coy dramatic re-enactments of what he was describing: his statements were usurped by the narrator's prurient tones, "By day this son of a former Anglican priest was an honours student. By night he roamed the streets for money." Shaver's articulate understanding of sex as guilt-free pleasure was turned into another deviant lifestyle for voyeuristic consumption, just by the audio-visual framing. Pervert, Jim Bob can say smugly. Exactly, says Kastner.

CBC

Alice Murdoch, mother of a gay son, shares her 'tragedy' with the viewers.

In and out of the closet

Next stop: the closet. Kastner's two big discoveries were that: a) all gays are not activists or drag queens, and b) most gays are closeted. His penchant for pain and his aversion to what he called stereotypes made him go looking in the latter direction, though the fact that he found people at all certainly questions his definition of the closet. We are introduced to Rocco, André, and Alex. Rocco, the narrator stresses, is a small town Catholic man (these little religious details just keep cropping up), and all Rocco talks about is the preservation of his looks, his youth, in his search for Mr. Right. One suspects he wasn't asked any other questions. Endless shots of him modelling his wardrobe have little to do with the rampant ageism he describes in the gay men's social community, and its basis within a straight world of business and marketing. Alex Keable, a warehouse manager, is used in the film primarily to emphasize that gays can, in actual fact 'look, and act so straight' that nobody ever catches on. André, "son of one of Canada's leading businessmen", is repulsed by his sexual urges, and talks of "calming" himself in his beautiful universe of three thousand classical records. André is filmed with headphones on in a huge empty room, the music building to an unhinged crescendo on the soundtrack, rather like the scenes from *A Clockwork Orange*. His final statement, however, recorded on a moving train, is very Bertolucci: "I want to succeed some day like my father."

There are so many references to the church and the family that one suspects Kastner has mistaken gay liberation for an auxiliary of the Kinsmen Club. Which is rather strange, given on the one hand the antagonism the church and the family express towards gays, and on the other the concerted critique gay thought has subjected the church and the family to. A second viewing, however, makes it clear that his intentions are anything but confused. *Sharing the Secret* creates three fucked up closet cases and a sex-happy hustler, played off against a romantic odd-couple and their parents. The message? The show tells gays that the only escape from the bars, the baths and the inevitable isolation is to marry another man, have mom and dad over for Sunday dinner, and raise cats instead of kids. The message for mainstream Canada is similar — 'good' homosexuals will feed you once a week; 'bad' homosexuals should above all be pitied.

Judged as Individuals

Kastner, by painting intimate portraits (with a lot of artistic license), clearly wanted to absolve himself from any anticipated criticism. This format sets up a situation where you feel compelled to pass judgement on the subjects themselves rather than on the film which contains them. Straight friends wondered why he chose such a group of 'freaks' and 'psychotics'. Gay friends of mine felt Peter Shaver's frankness was irresponsible and would only initiate a lot of queerbashing; and they were embarrassed by the rest of the men. Yet the men are hardly the messed-up weirdos that the show created. They're probably as representative and typical as any similar group that could be put together, given Kastner's insistence on white, middle-class, young, gay men who weren't "limpwristed faggots or activists." How could they then allow themselves to be so obviously used? Did they really believe that a man with Kastner's record and a CBC primetime slot would make for anything but the treatment they got?

Peter Shaver's defense for his participation is complex. On the one hand, he understands the paranoia gay people feel towards the straight media, with its long, unbroken history of abuse. On the other, it gets down to a choice between compromised representation vs. none whatsoever. In this specific in-

John Greyson is an artist and one of the organizers of the first Gay and Lesbian Film series in Toronto.

CBC

Alice snaps a photo of her 'extended' gay family.

stance, he chose the former, went in with something very clear to say, and said it. He can't see the Kastners as being opportunistic or sly; after all, he got to see and comment on each version of the show right through to the final edit, so there was no big surprise when it was finally aired. He was no unwilling victim of manipulation, yet he admits that his 'sexual outlaw' packaging undermined much of what he was trying to say. Without exonerating the Kastners, he indicated that CBC was constantly interfering with the project. Scared of a 'gay positive' show, they insisted on the motherly tone of the narration and, chopped out a whole section dealing with queerbashers and police harassment of gays. Interestingly, the original idea of doing a gay documentary was CBC's, not the Kastners. As staff, they were simply hired to do the job.

Secret deigned to portray lesbians three times: in a marriage ceremony, (5 sec.); playing baseball (10 sec.); and on stage in the form of Robin Tyler, a standup feminist comic (1 ½ min.). Hardly what you would call equal time — but watch out, the intrepid mother and son team got so much good material that they're planning a followup on lesbians. Be warned and beware. Tyler's speech, focusing on the San Francisco riots (see George Smith's article on *Gay Power, Gay Politics*,*FUSE*) was a call to arms against the oppression gay people face at the hands of a "super righteous, religious society". It was followed by cheering from a huge crowd at a rally in Washington — but her speech was actually delivered at an art-college dance in Toronto. The show *forgot* to tell us this, however, and thus innocently implied that the gay movement's major leaders are stand-up comics. The narrator continues: "The new boldness is not just a matter of speeches and demonstrations. There's a new openness about sex too...the love that once dared not speak its name now proclaims it in the streets." Thus the political struggles against oppression are turned cleverly into demands for sexual freedom, as though they were the same thing. Besides a line about the gay question in the recent Toronto civic election, the notion of political action is omitted, except for repeated assurances that the radical fringe is nothing but a "small minority" — the majority of gays "wince at such boldness." In a word, it's harmless, so don't worry about no takeover, Mr. and Mrs. Walton.

Politics and oppression ignored

Kastner's reasons for completely ignoring gay politics and barely acknowledging the many social organizations that exist for gay people are quite clear. If he had focused on the oppression that these six (and all) gay people are subjected to by society, and that all the gay political, social and community organizations are actively combatting in their various ways, then he could have been seen to be, however unwillingly, in support of such organizing, and by the same token, in support of gay and lesbian rights. Something I'm sure he, and the CBC, and the CBC's advertisers, and the CBC's straight audience, could never tolerate. The angst of the individual on the other hand, proved to be an acceptable approach. It lifts people clear out of their surroundings, their social and economic circumstances, their community, and allows people like Kastner to zoom in on the tears. And probably win another Emmy.

Word is Out (1978) probably the best known gay positive documentary ever made, interviewed fourteen gay men and lesbians. Though similarly concentrating on the experience of 'coming out', the fact that gay people were asking the questions made it a radically different show. I asked Kastner if he had consulted or approached any gay directors or researchers to assist with his project. Of course not, he replied, nor did he think gay directors (he knows a few at the CBC) should be allowed to make a program on gays. How about women on women's issues, or Asians on Asian issues? No again, because an objective view is necessary on such sensitive topics. A professional can better explore an area that he has no 'vested interest' in.

Representation: It is worth it?

Well, Kaster has one vested interest — his career. He sees subjects, despite his 'good' intentions, in terms of their sensationalistic value, their marketability, and their Neilson ratings. He's hardly alone. Any professional documentary filmmaker must have such priorities, for the simple reason that they've got to keep working, and earning. Independent producers are in a slightly better position — knowing from the outset that the only earning they're going to do might be a few free drinks somewhere along the road, they're more free to do what they want, how they want to. The industry that employs pros like Kastner is also run by such pros, and they've conveniently decided that the audience is composed of millions of John Boys and Mary Ellens. Demographic studies of audience (vital for selling ads) rarely ask racial, let alone sexual orientation, questions.

So if we as gay people demand representation from the CBC, it's the wrong approach — they'll always be able to throw something like *Sharing the Secret* back in our faces, so confusing well-meaning liberalism with community responsibility. Our strategy should insist on editorial control at the least, as well as gay and lesbian directors, producers, writers, researchers, and crew for the future if not the present. And if that is withheld, then we should withhold our involvement *completely*. Kastner, with his interest in medical tragedies, would do well to turn his cameras on the sick state of the CBC's 'human interest' documentary tradition. But no, that might hit a bit too close to home. I can see him resisting already, using his 'vested interest' theory to insist on choosing subjects he has no real interest or involvement in, except as flagstones on the patio of his career. He thinks his next project might be on women prisoners. I sincerely recommend that he be refused entry.

RICHARD FUNG

TELEVISION IN NICARAGUA

Locally produced programmes and a more comprehensive coverage of global issues

I am in San Juan del Sur, a fishing village of 3500 inhabitants built up like coral around a crescent on the southern Pacific coast. I am in the salon of the Hotel Buen Gusto, more truly a pension. On the fading turquoise walls are religious images and a huge cheaply stenciled poster of Comandanté Gaspar Garcia Laviana, the town's Spanish-born parish priest who died fighting for the FSLN (Fronte/Freute Sandinista de Liberación National).

There are about fifteen of us around the television set: the guests, mostly young Europeans from Nicaraguan solidarity committees who've managed to find some sort of work in the Revolution; the family, four generations of women who run the hotel; and a number of unfamiliar villagers who seem to have dropped by for the big special. We all patiently tolerate the ads for washing soap and the familiar station breaks with nationalistic Christmas carols.

Channel 6 has been advertising this special for a week and today the newspaper I read devoted a front page article to it. The program commemorates an incident, which occured in 1974 on December 27 (today's date), when members of the FSLN stormed a party at the home of José Maria Castillo, Deputy and Vice-Minister of the State in Somoza's government. The group ransomed their hostages for the release of political prisoners and a large sum of money.

The format of the hour-long program, *Diciembre Victorioso*, is simple. First there is a voice-over introduction as the camera pans the Nicaraguan countryside. We cut to the surviving guerillas, an average, almost suburban-looking group of middle-aged women and men, reminiscing about the assault. We then cut to a somewhat over-stated dramatization of the operation interspersed with news footage from the actual incident. The show closes with more reminiscing in front of a revolutionary mural.

Diciembre Victorioso was still being edited the day before it was broadcast. And although this harried schedule resulted in a certain lack of polish, the energetic acting and production generally rendered the show very watchable.

Earlier in the week, I had witnessed the taping of the dramatic reinactment, ironically in the home of former Chief of Television, Alberto Luna. I was told that three people had lived in this vast complex of four inter-connecting mansions — not counting servants, of course. The former owner, like most Somosistas who could afford such opulence, now resides in Miama.

Few local productions

Diciembre Victorioso is one of the locally produced programs which comprise less than ten percent of the programming on Nicaragua's two TV channels. Sixty percent of all shows are bought from the US, the rest from Mexico, Spain and other European countries.

When it began in 1979, Sistema Sandinista de Television, the official body incorporating both channels, produced more local programs. It was an experiment on a national scale. Mass organizations, (unions, peasant groups, etc.) could at that time use the medium as they wished. However, the finished products seldom matched the initial enthusiasm and in the end the SST decided in favour of producing fewer shows of a higher quality which they were sure viewers would watch. By the time the Somoza regime fell in July, 1979, Nicaraguans had become accustomed to technically sophisticated imported television.

Octavio Cortéz Acevedo of SST, himself a Dutch-trained engineer, explained that American programmes were passed to Nicaragua by satellite: "You could see the world series, live, in Managua. We bought all sorts of expensive programs but while we had the most up-to-date TV, our equipment was of the most rudimentary kind. We had a transmitter and equipment to receive the programs coming over satellite and almost nothing else. Suddenly in '79, we found we had no TV studios in the country. There wasn't even one Nicaraguan television director who could produce at a professional level."

But this is changing. Now a training centre offers courses in both technical production and English to those involved in broadcasting. English is necessary not only for the reading of technical manuals but also in anticipation of the program production scheduled to begin in 1985 for the English-speaking region of Zeleya located on the Atlantic coast. This region, formerly the Mosquito Coast, a British protectorate, is extremely isolated. The two largest towns, Bluefields and Puerto Cabezas cannot even be reached by road. The literacy campaign, so effective in the Spanish-speaking parts of Nicaragua (from 68 percent illiteracy in 1979 to only 20 percent presently) is only now beginning in English and Mosquito. The integration of Zeleya with the rest of the country is crucial to the government and television will certainly be an important tool.

Selected areas of broadcast

Today, Sistema Sandinista has a staff of 230, most of whom like the director of *Diciembre Victorioso*, garnered their experience in advertising. This training ground of course fosters its own particular orientation to the medium. Nevertheless, Sistema Sandinista is very certain about the role of television in Nicaragua: it must be used to raise consciousness and not to manipulate.

But first, contact must be made. Up until 1979, television broadcasts reached only selected areas of the country. Sr. Cortéz: "Our TV was oriented toward consumption and advertising and was restricted to the major centres of consumption: Managua, the capital; to the south, Rivas; and in the North as far as Leon. Originally, the north of Nicaragua might pick up Honduran Television and the south, signals from Costa Rica. On the Atlantic coast, there was nothing at all. Mexico gave us a transmitter which allowed us to reach Estali (in the north) and then we got

Richard Fung of the Asianadian Resource Workshop collective is now travelling in South America.

Tim McCaskell (Toronto) assisted as interpreter during Fung's research.

Richard Fung

(left)The storming of the mansion re-enacted for *Diciembre Victorioso* and (right) an SST mobile crew on assignment.

another to cover Bluefields."

Where there is TV reception it seems to be extremely popular. I saw sets like shrines in very poor homes. The audience seemed omnivorous, gobbling up the sometimes alarming combinations with equal relish: CTV's *Stars on Ice* followed by exhortative anti-imperialist poetry by Ernesto Cardenal followed by promo tapes of the Jackson Five.

The search for alternate news sources

Understanding that American products are loaded with their own ideology, SST is working to locate alternate sources of programming, especially on world problems, this is their first priority. "We lived so long in complete underdevelopment under the dictatorship that we have no vision of the world. Vietnam didn't happen for us. Even many of our people working in newspapers here knew nothing of the modern world at all. Now we're talking about Internationalism and it is something we have to learn from scratch. For example, when Fidel Castro spoke last summer, everyone had heard he was a monster. They were so surprised when they saw on TV that he was just an ordinary man."

The programs produced by Nicaraguans tend to be about themselves and their country, subject matter which was unexplored until the present time. These local productions are seen mainly during station breaks: some are interesting, such as profiles of the Revolution; others featuring shaky pans of national beauty spots or the inevitable video feedback. Most Nicaraguan shows have a fresh grass roots feel, not unlike good community television programming in Canada. *Cara del Pueblo* (*Face of the People*) is a good example of this. Each week members of the Junta go to different areas to attend public meetings where they hear questions and criticisms. The resulting material is then broadcast on both channels.

SST's pride, the *Sandinista News*, is a very well produced package with an admirable if sometimes lengthy amount of local footage. Sr. Sortéz explained that this local focus is partly intentional and partly a result of their limited access to other news sources. "It's hard for us to get images since we can't afford to buy them from the multinational news corporations. We tried to make arrangements with them to buy what we could but they couldn't agree. Mexico is now helping with visual material and we have just signed an agreement with West Germany. As well, we receive news news from ANN, AP, Prensa Latina, TASS, and others."

Financing through advertising

To finance the large amount of foreign purchasing, SST relies completely on advertising. But there are political limits to what advertisers will sponsor. While private companies prefer to advertise on the American programs, most locally produced broadcasts are supported by advertising from state-owned corporations.

Looking positively at the managerial aspects of this situation, Sr. Cortéz said: 'We feel it's healthy that the System has to operate as a company. We think it generates a better spirit, that this is an enterprise and it must be run that way."

If this somewhat entrepreneural approach seems surprising it must be remembered that the goals of the revolution were democratic and anti-imperialist but *not* socialist in nature. The extravagant greed and cruelty of Somoza and his national guard even managed to alienate a substantial section of the national bourgeoisie. In the end, both the Conservatives and part of Somoza's own Liberal Party, called for his defeat though of course it was the worker/peasant-oriented FSLN that actually fought and won the war.

Undeniably, Nicaragua's exploited classes have made tremendous gains and the FSLN now holds political power. But while Somoza's former holdings have been nationalized (land, electrical power facilities, the television stations, etc.), the major productive part of the economy is still in private hands, and operates as such. After a unified movement to overthrow the Dictator, open class struggle in Nicaragua is just beginning.

At this juncture, the FSLN finds itself in the position of trying to defend the interests of the proletariat against the interests of the bourgeoisie, while simultaneously trying to unite with this same bourgeoisie in the interests of national reconstruction. All this in the face of US embargos and intrigue by right-wing forces within the country.

The FSLN alliance with progressive catholic forces undoubtedly legitimize them for many workers and peasants who on the other hand would never stand behind a 'communist' organization. This facilitated Somoza's defeat but definitely restrains the development of overt socialist trends by the government. Though the FSLN's popularity with the workers and peasants is unquestionable, the political direction of Nicaragua is by no means set. It seems that all Nicaraguan state companies and organizations face this contradiction in direction. They move ahead tentatively having no real models to imitate, and change is in the air.

In the fall of 1980, I spoke with Fernando Cardenal when he visited Toronto. Cardenal was in charge of Nicaragua's great literacy campaign. I remember him saying: "The first word we teach the people is 'Revolution' because it is the most important word. It has changed our lives and has made it possible for us to learn to read and write." In reaching the goal of a national television penetration, the Nicaraguan revolution continues. ■

ROBERT REID

TWILITE'S LAST GLEAMING

Evangelical TV prepares the minds of many for the sacrificial road ahead.

Today's lesson for *independent producers* is drawn in part from the story of Marion Gordon (Pat) Robertson, president and director of the fortunes of the Christian Broadcasting Network (CBN). Robertson, a graduate of Yale and the host of the evangelical news and talk show *The 700 Club*, is currently leading an organization that claims to be America's largest syndicator of TV programmes via satellite. From headquarters in Virginia Beach, Virginia, two 10 metre satellite dishes link RCA's Satcom I and the Western Union Westar satellites with four ultramodern studio facilities in 170,000 square feet which, beyond the present capacity to produce and beam the house talk show to every domestic satellite system in the U.S., are presently being geared-up to produce and distribute Christian programming including soap operas, movies, news and sports. To this, as David Mainse of Canada's own televised evangelical service, *100 Huntley Street*, provocatively hints might be added a news anchorman presently employed in prime time in a similar position with one of the commercial Big Three networks.

Begun in 1961, the non-profit CBN operating under a non-profit charter has grown into a $20-million broadcasting complex with an audience of roughly 3-million viewers for *The 700 Club*. A demand for cable programming makes it on any given twenty-four hours the largest supplier of its kind in the world. The return on this in worldly terms is an estimated annual gross of over $58-million which places the CBN second in the charismatic sweepstakes behind Oral Roberts, whose 5-million viewers are greatly responsible for the United Methodist ex-faith healer's estimated annual gross of $60-million.

None of this material richness however, is without its burdens. The obsessions of the IRS and the U.S. Department of Commerce with the funding of these organizations aside, the born-again broadcasters are at least as vexed by the mounting costs of spreading the Gospel's message over televised time. With competition driving the early morning rate of, for example, Los Angeles TV to $4,000 an hour, and prime time Sunday to approximately $16,000 an hour the expenditure this year to Billy Graham, Jerry Falwell, Pat Robertson and the host of other TV pastors and evangelical associations in the U.S. will be around $600-million. Yet, for Pat Robertson, entry into a business that sees up to a billion dollars donated annually to TV ministries began twenty years ago with a donation of $3. That much and a dollar more would keep your watch running in 1980.

The cornered market

When silver prices skyrocketted in 1979-80 I succumbed to economic man's natural hoarding instinct to wit to spring $4 apiece for two (2) A-cell batteries for my watch. Minus the one to replace a silver-based dead entity, I then possessed a solid hedge of one (1) battery against the day when the Hunt brothers cornered the market. Mind you, my photography *crapped-out* as it may have for others of the superfluous class who wanted or needed to use silver-essential film in their work. In fact a good many other things with greater potential for mischief very nearly took a bath in the rush to profit from speculation in silver commodities.

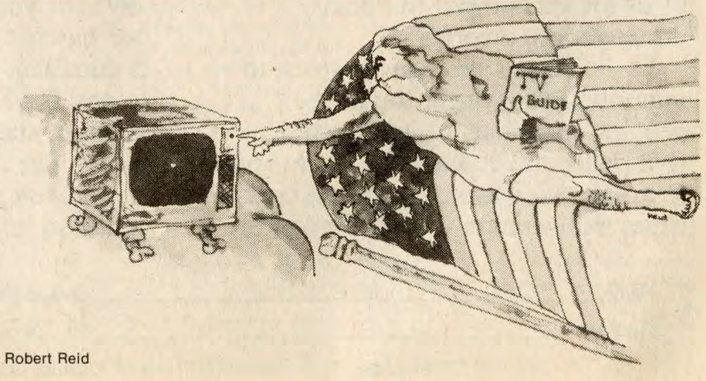
According to James Stone, chairman of Washington's Commodities Futures Trading Commission: "We had a close call — a dangerously close call. I believe the message is that the financial fabric of this country is so tightly interwoven that a speculative bubble... can threaten complete destruction." This enlightenment was arrived at in response to a situation that saw the price of silver rise from $6 an ounce in 1979 to more than $50 (U.S.) an ounce in January of 1980 and then dramatically tumble to a little over $10 an ounce by late April.

At the centre of this turmoil were two Texas tycoons, multi-billionaire Nelson Bunker Hunt and his brother William Herbert Hunt. Speculation began to grow when it was rumoured that the Hunts had audaciously undertaken to corner the market in silver. Dealing in contracts representing promises to accept delivery of silver bullion, the two brothers purchased futures on a margin of as little as 15 percent. As paper exchanged hands, the price of silver steadily rose until the Hunts stood at one point to profit to the tune of $7.5-billion. The upward spiral continued until the Hunts demanded the precious metal when the contracts came due. The amount was said to exceed 200 million ounces.

A panic ensued and brokers demanded more margin money to offset potential losses. At one point the Hunts were unable or otherwise refused to pay a Bache Group brokerage demand of $100-million. Other large brokers began to have difficulty in collecting large amounts from their clients. Finally, when the market stabilized in late March, silver was selling for just $10.80.

Behind the run-up and eventual collapse of the market, brokers had been lending money to speculators, using silver as collateral. The same silver was also used to back loans that the brokers made from banks to cover their potential losses. Remarkably, no major bank or brokerage house went under.

Before a U.S. House of Representatives subcommittee investigating the silver fluctuations the following May, the subdued, and somewhat poorer, Hunt brothers denied that they had tried to corner the market. They, and "History's Handful", an elect group of millionaires, had set out instead to raise



Robert Reid

Robert Reid is a regular contributor to *FUSE* who last reviewed Tony Wilden's *The Imaginary Canadian*.

HELP!

(Unfortunately we are not crying "Wolf!")

FUSE is halfway through its fifth year and we feel that we are now clearing our throats. It may be true to say that many of our past achievements have gone unnoticed — after all what's a "cultural newsmagazine" to most people? Well in a country of media monopolies, cultural polyannas and liberal leisures the Canadian small press has its work cut out. Nothing much has changed since we began — the establishment is still well-served, the academics still hibernate, and the rest of us are encouraged to "paint ourselves into a corner."

So *FUSE* has been giving space to minorities, to women, to native peoples, to labour, to immigrants, to civil rights and community action and to artists. We have brought out cultural issues and we have defended political positions. We learned quickly that a cross-community magazine is the best form of support because you can't go running to the Liberals or the Tories or the NDP or the CBC or the *Globe & Mail* and expect any satisfaction. Our concerns are marginal in their scheme of things...

To cut a long story short, after five years we're just hitting our stride and we want to survive. We now need your tangible support. We can give you a subscription that will last until 1991, or you could donate money to our nascent writers' fund (non-tax-deductible), or you can send us money to pay for investigative features. Without such support our future is bleak. The work to be done is endless and we ask you to ensure that we can continue to do our part.

Name_____ Enclosed is $_____

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$1-billion for world evangelization. Z'bum!

Petrochemical madness

In the period following the Second World War the developed nations of the globe fell steadily into the grip of the petrochemical madness. In the early stages supplies of oil were cheap and for the U.S. domestic sources were abundant. In real terms, the cost of a barrel of foreign crude halved itself in the time between the end of the war, and through the period after the 1964 formation of the OPEC oil cartel until 1974 when the price went up from around $2 a barrel to $10.81 per barrel.

Significantly in the 1960s, with the U.S. embroiled in the Vietnam war, the supply of American dollars burgeoned in proportion as the war machine grew and rising economic expectations increased the demand for social services. The U.S. which had been competitively advantaged by cheap home supplies of oil now found excess dollars pouring back into the country from outside to purchase Treasury Bonds which when they came due added more dollars to the foreign supply. The process depleted the value of the dollar and the Deutches Mark and the Yen became dominant currencies. The trading edge disappeared under rising inflation, poor productivity and a deepening national debt.

At a certain point in the decline it was conceived that the price of foreign crude would have to go up to $10 a barrel. The effect would on the one hand restore the U.S. competitive edge by setting Japan and West Germany an economic setback. The Middle East would be further drained of its natural resources as investment capital predominantly went to drilling there. This in turn would take the pressure off U.S. domestic supplies which could be set aside for future exploitation. As it has often been pointed out, the then U.S. Secretary of State, Henry Kissinger, and the late Shah of Iran, contrived to put that plan into action. The Shah for his part would have his billions for military hardware.

What transpired of course was more than anyone could have foreseen. As an excuse for sanctioning the incredible hikes in price of the life-blood of the Western industrial world, the Yom Kippur War retaliatory embargoes seem a distant dream in the past. The *energy crisis* is actually ante-deluvean however, no matter what anyone might insist to the contrary.

The motivation of America

If a whiff of a ghost of tedium lingers about the age of crises, it should be remembered that despite the even-pitched panic nothing can give sobering pause like a periodic dose of economic salts. Canadians, especially Ontarians, are particularly susceptible to the up and doings of the American economy as we are always sucking the nether nipple of the industrial north-east region of the U.S. That area has been for some time the hardest hit by the "crisis of productivity". Overall, the dreary decline in American productivity in the last two decades risks the capacity of the U.S. economy to stimulate the growth of new wealth at home and undermines the country's competitive position abroad.

Defined very quickly, and inadequately in classical terms, productivity is the measure of the number of hours it takes a worker to produce a fixed number of artifacts. More broadly, it can't be overlooked now, that factors of production such as motivation, the availability of capital and the cost of energy, must be included. Just to keep pace requires so much more now in material and incentive.

Through 1960-66 the growth in productivity in the U.S. measured 4.2 percent. In 1967-73 it was 2.9 percent. The G.N.P. from 1973-79 had fallen by half to 2.1 percent with little to indicate that the trend would bottom out without a serious breakdown somewhere in the very complex economic, political and social structure on which the capitalist society is based.

A list of causes of the decline is extensive if not exhaustive. It has been insisted that the U.S. tax system encourages consumption and discourages personal savings and business investment in new plants and equipment. Research and development lack sufficient support and government regulations deflect capital from production expenditure. Myopic management and a growing marginally trained work-force add to the complication. Hitherto the American work ethic compensated for many inadequacies in the work place but the attitude toward work in a capitalist milieu has been undergoing an inestimable, if vaguely perceivable change.

The official response to this mutating conciousness and deteriorating productivity is the administration of supply-side economics, clamping down on the money supply that ostensibly feeds inflation, tuning the tax system toward investment incentive, returning the flagging spirits to the virtues of "free markets". All of which requires a suitable rationale, a mental picture that satisfies to explain why certain sacrifices *must* be made and certain unsavories should be overlooked. In a word, the new approach to entrenching the dusted-up, dusted off old time values will have to be legitimated. At the bluntest edge of this legitimation are the holy terrorists of the tube.

Like their Great Depression radio counterparts, today's TV pastors are cashing-in on crisis anxiety. Their simple-minded but effective message states that America's woes are attributable to a nation that has turned from God to mammon. The solution is to put prayer back into the schools and Mom back in the kitchen. Turn away from materialism, work hard and give. Embrace those "traditional" values in other words.

A political state under self-scrutiny?

Let us turn now to two types of culture: Progressive and historical on one side, and traditional and non-historical on the other. Of the first it can be said that society is guided by the idea that it is on the move, a political state destined to grow and expand. Under self-scrutiny the achievements of its past are reconstructed by the progressive society as history, the tying together of a series of events whose significance implies motion toward specific temporal goals for the society as a whole. It is readily overlooked by these historians that the significant events are selective and subjectively determined in the need to justify pressing political concerns for development. Creative historiography is a positive requirement.

Alternatively, the perception of genuinely traditional societies is fed by chronicles of no linear consequence. Momentum is more likely seasonal and circular in expression. The political philosophy reflects a concern chiefly for the maintenance of the balance of nature upon which the human community depends. Publicly the social order and the order of the universe are ritually represented as a unity; an accord both natural and timeless.

The attention of a traditional society is focused upon the present with scant interest in the future. The usefulness of production is immediate and without concern for the advantages that abstract monetary profit might confer or for the psychological perks of prestige or success. Artifacts are made without haste and for their own sake. In the progressive *social factory* however, work is burdened by the ever-present clock — the worker's one limpid eye is upon the clock-face and the other is balefully screwed open in anticipation of the leisure to come. Consequently, when the work is over the artifacts of that labour are more or less slipshod diversions that are soon discarded in the mad scramble back to work in order to produce ever more sensational ephemera.

A short observation in this instance is enough to show that progressive cultures are not strictly speaking, materialistic. To the contrary, if a modern city may be used as an index, the truth is rather that progressive beings hate material and do everything possible to destroy its resistance and obscure its spatial and temporal limits. Destinations and goals predominate and conse-

quently the passage is forgotten. Time and process between objectives wherein to experience material satisfaction are obliterated when the future intrudes into every sphere of endeavour. The Holiday Inn on airport alley in North America is indistinguishable from its counterpart in Bangkok.

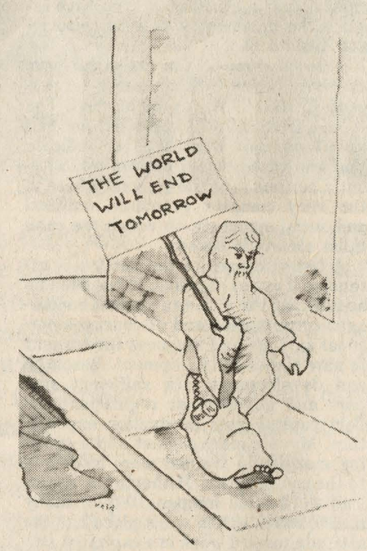
Obviously the goals of progressive man are psychological and spiritual. Material reality is viewed as an impediment to sensation. This distaste for materiality is the continued expression of the falsely dichotomous separation of ego and nature. (Where sex is concerned the goal becomes not an expression of concrete personalities but the orgasm which is provoked by stylized bodies — fashion-ad physiques and appurtenances — in a word, abstractions, not real men and women in particular and unique contexts. Pointedly, such love where it exists is not of this or that particular man or woman but a matter of being in love with love. The fruits of this disassociated and dualistic ideology of love go proxy for the genuine article in a relationship that is based upon a spirit-loving and matter-hating attitude to life.) In this disposition consequently, there continues the essential Western attitude from historical Christianity to modern "paganism".

The subterranean drift of this attitude has it that God and the Devil are actually playing variations upon the same philosophy in an otherworld where spirit stands against nature. Furthermore, the designers of this cosmology were enthralled by a picture that excluded the mutual interdependence or correlativity, of opposites which is principally why the inner identity of spirit and nature, subject and object, was misperceived and why the compact between God and the Devil to reproduce one another went unnoticed. In building an elaborated conception of perpetual antagonists it was often overlooked that the two exchanged roles. As their image of God grew to awesome proportions, goodness upon goodness, power beyond comprehension, it became diabolically intolerable. The image of the Devil on the other hand needn't conform to rules and into it the creative imagination poured all its repressed and sensuous contents.

When grammatical conventions are overlooked, it happens that life can be imagined as occuring without death, good existing without evil and light without darkness. It then becomes possible to imagine a soul existing unrestrained by a physical body. In Christian doctrine the resurrected body is a fantastic amalgam, without weight, sex or age. This representation of life sans death, of the good devoid of evil is the seminal expression of progressive and historical cultures.

In a sense history did not exist before the appearance of cultures that seriously reflected upon time as a commodity to be used or wasted. With their presence however, humanity radically lurched forward leaving behind the tranquility of *golden eras* forever. Proceeding at hyper-speed in linear time is nonetheless no worthwhile transcendence of the regularity of cyclic time when the quality of life is as often ill-produced and as frantically pursued as it is meagrely enjoyable or satisfying.

It would be a mistake however to assume that "traditional values", fundamentalism, or "back-to-nature" romanticism are any viable alternative. The curious amble of the neo-traditionalist is backwards into the future where the future is better than the present or rather, progress has been made. The contradiction is unavoidable except where the present is attended to, where the imagined experience of the future doesn't intrude. Where one does not, for instance, *pursue* happiness.



Robert Reid

The moral majority figurehead

The Christian fundamentalist says if modern man finds Christianity unintelligible so much the worse for modern man. His 'radical' Christian counterpart, when it isn't said that the traditional presuppositions of Christianity must be adapted to those of natural science, says from a pulpit chroma-keyed against Old Glory, that belief can adapt to utilitarian ethics. According to Reverend Jerry Falwell the free enterprise system is justified and clearly outlined in the Book of Proverbs. Falwell is the pastor of Thomas Road Baptist Church of Lynchburg, Virginia, and recently the figurehead of Moral Majority, the stalking horse of the 'new right' campaign to elect Ronald Reagan.

The extreme views of this preacher, if he wasn't a "spiritual advisor" to the U.S. President, make him a rather ridiculous figure and his direct ability in attracting the votes of an estimated 60 million born-again Christians to the Republican party has been statistically contested. However, it is often useful when some unpleasant task has to be performed by the one hand to have an exaggerated diversion created by the right hand.

Pro-family and anti-materialistic, anti-homosexual, anti-communist, anti-ERA, anti- just about everything else except neo-conservative economics, Falwell comes as near blasphemy, mixing religion and politics, as ordinary Christians ought to be willing to tolerate. Much more interesting however, is the illusion of near sedition created by the forementioned Pat Robertson of CBN. Robertson, who removed his support from Reagan in the latter part of the campaign, perceives the elected government with its "mandate for change" as possibly slipping into the centre of the old political spectrum and urges his viewers not to let that happen.

The *Kingdom*, whose Constitution is the beautitudes from the Sermon on the Mount, is Robertson's prefiguration of society awaiting the coming of Jesus. Accordingly, "rebirth" is necessary to prepare for that 'dissident' kingdom. Change comes at a point of need, followed by repentence. The born-again person submits to Jesus and desires more of Jesus and God, a baptism of the spirit. Because only the pure in heart see God, the old harsh and unyielding attitude must give way to one that is merciful and, not surprising, giving. Because the peacemakers are blessed it is then required that the new-born "share" the good news or preach to others. The evidence of having been accepted into the new Kingdom is persecution for the 'messenger' for righteousness' sake. Blessed too, by that standard, are the critics and detractors.

Emotional Violence

Now the moral, actually the keys to success on the model of the electronic pulpit, for independent producers in media is this: Get yourself a good scam, preferably a reinforced dogma. Cultivate a guileless demeanour. It helps to maintain a certain vacuity in the face of self-contradiction. (You might even learn where it concerns you to pull the wool over your own eyes and obscure the distinction between belief and faith.) Or be too calculating to care. Above all, subscribe to the tried and true of American hucksterism and learn to trade on fear and insecurity. If exploiting sex is out for the selling of the new order, emotional violence will always be around to help to get us through the night. ■

LESS MEDIUM MORE MESSAGE

A SURVEY OF RECENT VIDEO DOCUMENTARIES CANADA, USA AND BRITAIN

OPPOSITIONAL TELEVISION

Instead of a 'balanced story', these are tapes that demonstrate the interactive use of the medium.

There is nothing objective about a good documentary; nor should there be. James Agee, with uncharacteristic restraint, said of his and Walker Evans' project, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, which documented white tenant-farmers during the Dust Bowl of the '30s: "Actually, the effort is to recognize the stature of a portion of unimagined existence, and to contrive techniques proper to its recording, communication, analysis, and defense." Despite Agee's romanticism ("unimagined existence"), this remains an interesting list, one which indicated the equal importance of both methodology and information in presenting a documentary vision which is advocatory. And *defense* is, of course, the key word.

But defense against what or whom? Simply speaking, the answer is power: the power of a social system which designates adults over children and men over women; the crushing power of corporate-laden economy which declares workers to be expendible; the power of private interests to pollute not only the workplace but the environment itself; and of course, the power of government first to condone and then, in many cases, to actively legislate these abuses into existence — into power. And the circle is complete.

The 'sources' win

In the treatment of issues, such as environmental hazards, unemployment, racism or sexism, television journalism suffers from the application of a forced 'objectivity', assuming this to be the opposite of 'propaganda'. But of course, 'objectivity' is relative to the times. Not-so-subtle editorial stances are taken by broadcasters in the presentation of material which is contemporary and therefore delicate. Journalists' sources are most often those in power — heads of government and government agencies, law enforcement officials and the leaders of private business. The trick for broadcast journalists obviously is to keep these sources active, not to betray trust, while at the same time presenting a 'balanced story'. Thus, while studious attention is given to the presentation of a view which is 'both sides now', in reality, this cannot be achieved. In the short run, the 'sources' win every time. For one thing, they're always available and because of their position, they are seen to be reliable, and of course, when the news fails them they can always advertise. Meanwhile 'the other side', those often directly affected by the actions of the 'sources' — workers whose jobs have disappeared or whose health has been damaged, citizens whose towns are being polluted, minorities who suffer discrimination in every aspect of their lives — must present their stories in fragments and wait for history to vindicate their position.

Looking at some recent video documentaries independently produced in Canada (and one historical work on film from Quebec), this 'objectivity' is intentionally absent. These are tapes with a point of view. They are often addressed to a participatory audience — those who are involved in the issues raised, to whom the information and analysis is necessary. Yet none are "inner-community memoes" specified to a point of non-comprehension to the outer world. It is clear, in viewing these works, that the producers seek to inform the issues they raise, making them available to a more general audience. Many place the specifics of a particular contemporary action or event within an historical perspective; the others, though presented ahistorically, locate the act of viewing so precisely as to present an analysis of the way in which we see events and issues.

Following the false continuum

I have spoken of television journalism's quest for the 'objective'. Ironically, it is this very quest which allows the final products to be manipulative. By constantly relying on the same sources at the top for "news, views and opinions", a constructed continuum of social and political order is established. Thus, any questioning or protest of this continuum is seen to be a disturbance on the surface of this 'formatted' order. For example, the same government official or corporate executive will be asked to comment on such diverse topics as a toxic spill off the coast of Nova Scotia, minority hiring practices (or lack thereof) in industry or the high level of female unemployment in their particular sector. Whereas in the spirit of equal time, the appropriate oppositional groups, (environmentalists, civil rights, and women's groups) will be solicited for their *reactions*. The result is obviously an imbalance. Those in power get more than their share of this 'equal time', and in the bargain the oppositional groups are isolated one from another, prevented from presenting an overall analysis of their particular problem in relation to the established order.

In the past, Canadian broadcasters have given community access a low priority. None the less, such oppositional television is now ready and tired of waiting.

It's Not Your Imagination

Watching television would lead one to believe that sexual harrassment in the workplace is quite an amusing situation — lots of bottom pinching beside the telex, lots of lewd remarks, quite a few once-overs with the eyes, even the occasional outright assault as some hapless bosomy secretary is pinned against the filing cabinet, if not by her boss at least by the chief accountant. Television being what it is, these circumstances are usually resolved in the given 30 or 60 minute time slot and the laughtrack remains unscarred. The resolution depends upon, interestingly, the male aggressor's age: if he's youngish, the woman is invariably flattered; if he's older, the encounter is usually interrupted by his wife (Just downtown shopping, thought I'd drop into the office, dear.) and the philandering spouse is shamed into submission, at least for this week. But what about 'the girls'? The 'objects of his affection'? Do they feel crummy, used, objectified? Do they lose their jobs or promotions if they resist? Or do they feel forced to quit? In the world of the sit-com we rarely, if ever, find these things out. Of course, television has never been particularly kind to women and their image and this issue is no exception.

It's Not Your Imagination produced by Women in Focus, a feminist media group in Vancouver seeks to redress this image of sexual harrassment in the workplace as a consensual and therefore harmless activity. Six women relate their own experiences, and as was the case when feminists began to analyse rape, we find that sexual harrassment on the job is less an issue of sexuality and more an issue of power, domination and socially accepted norms of behaviour.

My description of inner-office 'games' à la TV is not a fatuous inclusion. Although this particular tape makes no specific reference to television, Women in Focus frequently examine the media in their work. Two recent tapes, *Pornography: A Respectable Lie* and *That's Not Me They're Talking About*, look at women's image as created by advertising and the broadcast media. Television presents itself as the great repository of public mores — the giving-them-what-they-want school. But women see it differently, as do Blacks, gays, and other minorities. Lack of representation of these groups at the production and planning end guarantees a distortion. And given the great socializing influence of the media in general, and television in particular, these distortions determine how we regard ourselves and how we treat each other. Regarding women, this leaves feminists the almost endless task of analyzing the stream of constantly updated media images — first to determine their effect and then to go on to suggest possible changes.

Courtesy Vancouver Public Library

"Women have always worked" from *It's Not Your Imagination*.

"A woman's place"

Another of the consistent concerns of feminism has been the re-definition of ideas and activities which are deeply embedded in social practice and which have coalesced to dictate "a woman's place." Often the re-defining process begins with the body, the physical, and proceeds outward to the location, the environment, becoming a journey from the personal to the political. Although 'consciousness raising' as a term and a process is rather out of vogue, as a political framework it is still a vital tool for women working towards implementing feminist analysis. Which is to say that first a perceived problem must be located within the lives of individual women by the women themselves before that problem can become de-individualized. Only then is concerted action possible.

It's Not Your Imagination analyzes sexual harrassment in the workplace from a feminist perspective; that is, the

Women in Focus

Women in Focus is an alternative women's arts and media centre, producing video, film, slides and sound. We also have a distribution system for the films and videotapes, and an art gallery that has monthly exhibits. It was started by Michele Nickel and another woman in 1974. We have since expanded the distribution to include other women's tapes with feminist and non-feminist content. Distribution has the potential to make us financially viable. Apart from distribution and production, we conduct workshops in communities and schools, women's groups, colleges and universities.

What we hope to achieve by the distribution of feminist videotapes is a presentation of women's perspectives of our lives. This perspective has been excluded and devalued by society where white middle class and upper class men decide the values, goals and achievements of its people. In this culture, a man's achievement — such as surviving vast economic problems and succeeding with a small business — is valued, remembered and documented, whereas a woman raising five children as a single parent or surmounting great discrimination to be a doctor or an artist is considered insignificant. Little is known about women's experience except by those who have consciously recognized this process. Women's lives and achievements have not been considered the worthy object of art or media because it is men who have decided these standards and have been the art and media makers by in large. Oppression has kept women from taking control of our lives and producing the imagery that reflects our experience.

Some of our tapes attempt to recover and analyze women's history — history of women artists, women's struggle for the vote in Canada, the history of deforming women's fashions, women's strikes for better pay and working conditions. Others are contemporary portrayals of issues such as violence against women, including rape, wife battering, and sexual harassment, as well as sex role stereotyping through education, media and traditional art. We see imagery as an important part of ideology and ideology as an important control on how people behave. Until women can produce a large body of work either by feminist women conscious of their situation, or strong independent women who have somehow missed their socialization process, we won't be able to know what feminist perspective is.

We get the most feed-back from the tapes that have the most powerful impact. These include productions on pornography, sexual harrassment in the work force, the Fleck strike, and *Mary Daly Speaking on Gynecology. We Will Not Be Beaten*, a tape on women battering, often deeply affects those who view it because they see how this abuse physically and psychologically maims women and how common the problem is. Similarly the production on pornography which examines both traditional 'erotic' art, and pornography initiates people to question the supposed differences, looking at their own sexual responses and conditioning. Many people have never been clear about the problem of sexual harassment until they have seen our production which attempts to define this problem. Sometimes the productions are very threatening to a population which has never considered a feminist perspective before.

Michele Nickel
Marion Barling, 1981

tape doesn't simply tell women what their rights are within specific legal parameters, but rather re-defines the whole notion of sexual harrassment as it affects women in their jobs. Feminist work, whether art or documentation, is often said to be without humour; this tape is no exception. But, *Three's Company* and *Love Boat* aside, the issue itself is without humour, especially for the women who are experiencing it. This tape reveals sexual harrassment for what it is: a profoundly degrading, humiliating and more importantly, an economically de-stabilising factor in working women's lives.

"Hey baby, can't you take a joke" is the frequent last retort when a woman protests some chauvinist indignity. The women in this tape have heard that one — and more. There's the research clerk for the provincial government whose co-worker grabbed her crotch as she leaned over the desk to look at a map. There's the young waitress whose boss treated her to an after-hours assault after locking the door, pulling the shades and maneuvering her into a back room. Five days later she was fired. There's the switchboard operator whose boss called her into his office during a meeting and proceeded to show her pornographic pictures — just to get her reaction. And there's the middle-aged secretary to the general manager of a credit union who was the object of some charming repartee when she leaned over a file drawer thereby blocking her boss's view of a computer screen he was trying to read for a client, who was also present: "When Marie gets her tits out of the way I'll give you your balance." Marie quit shortly after. "I just couldn't stand to work in an office any longer and be humiliated like that."

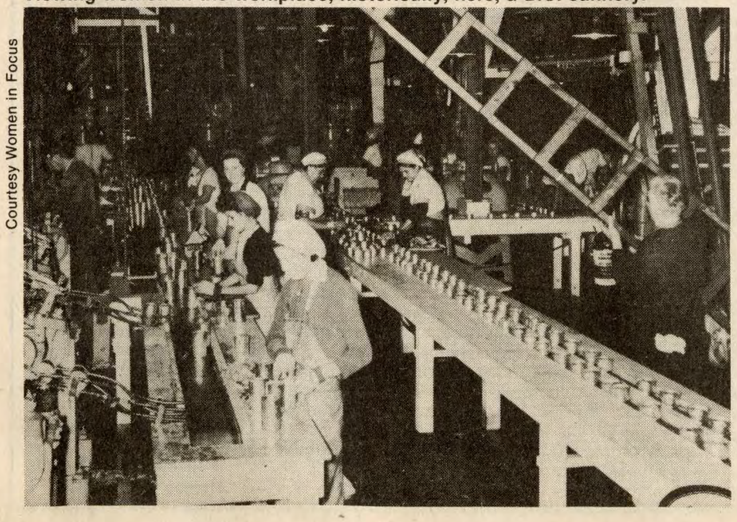
But this tape is more than just a catalogue of personal horror stories. Despite its traditional presentation format — interviews and photographs with voice over in standard documentary style — a radical vision is presented. First, 'normal' behaviour is challenged; sexual harrassment is not only sexual assault, but also lewd comments, off colour remarks, comments on dress and inquisitiveness about a woman's personal life — any of the attitudes which women encounter simply because they are women. And second, sexual harrassment at work is seen to have an economic effect on women which is tied to the personal effect it has on their self image. They are made to feel degraded and powerless and this powerlessness is underlined by their economic vulnerability. Most women who work need their jobs; who do you complain to about your boss?

The tape also grounds the issue of sexual harrassment historically — "women have always worked" but usually for less — thus locating this problem in the nexus of women's oppression which is both personal and economic.

As this issue becomes more public, provincial human rights' codes may be enforced, unions may bargain for inclusion of anti-harrassment clauses in their contracts (as is suggested by union reps in the tape) and working women may have recourse. But in the meantime, women remain each others' strongest allies. "Get together, talk about it, don't just keep quiet about it," suggest the women in this tape, which is primarily what *It's Not Your Imagination* does. And while specific solutions are not offered, the tape will no doubt serve to open discussion for women's groups who are dealing with the problem of sexual harrassment in the workplace.

Viewing women in the workplace, historically; here, a B.C. cannery.

Courtesy Women in Focus



The Uranium Question

I remember a few years back when the manufacturers of children's clothing were the subject of a Senate investigation in the United States. The manufacturers were treating one of their products, kiddies' pyjamas, with the chemical Tris, a flame retardant which had just been proven to be carcinogenic, and the Consumer Product Safety Commission was demanding the withdrawal of the garments from the market. The manufacturers fought back, envisioning cancelled orders, consumer panic and millions of the tiny togs piling up, unsold, in warehouses across the country. After much technical-sounding argument about the reliability of available statistics, (which were "overplayed" the industry claimed) one particularly resourceful company executive treated the Committee and the media to a little 'family performance'. His voice choked with emotion, he introduced "my children", who, having slept in Tris-soaked jammies every night of their young lives, were somehow to represent a living testament to the safety of Dad's product as they had made it at least halfway through childhood. In that particular case, the stunt didn't work; the garments were banned in the U.S. (only to be dumped on the overseas market by the ever-resourceful businessmen eager not to take a loss). But it does make you think — where would Big Business be without such assholes to do the dirty work. I'm not throwing that expletive around lightly: what kind of father would parade his children around, proudly admitting that he was exposing them daily to a cancer causing chemical.

The Uranium Question presents a similar act. The tape produced by Andy Harvey of the Video Inn, Vancouver, is a document of a public hearing (December 18, 1977)in Clearwater, B.C. in which Big Business, in the person of Dennison Mines, attempts to 'sell' their proposed uranium mine to the community. For this occasion, Dennison sent in their white-collar goon squad — a panel of 'experts', two doctors, a geologist, and the obligatory socio-economic planner, among others — armed with file folders, studies and demographic data to put the muscle on Clearwater. But the tape makes obvious the fact that Dennison had not anticipated the preparedness of the citizens of this community. For by 1977, the environmentalists had ensured that the mere mention of the word "uranium" instilled the fear and distrust it rightly deserves. Thus the citizens of Clearwater came armed with their own statistics for their defense.

A recording of a public hearing sounds like pretty dull going, but this tape is not. For one thing, the full document (This tape is 47 minutes edited from several hours of material.) was viewed by the Royal Commission Into the Effects and Dangers of Uranium Mining (1979), which resulted in a moratorium on uranium mining in the province of British Columbia (see box this page). Given this result, the tape also acts as 'inspiration' to other communities who find themselves in a similar situation, showing determined citizen action to be effective. And of course, it's always good to see company men exposed.

The Uranium Question. Ric Amis

You call this safety?

After a preliminary introduction, the tape opens with the socio-economic planner attempting to assuage the fears of the community in the most general and ineffective way imaginable. He says: "Some of you I'm sure have concerns concerning aspects of radioactivity entering the air, the water and perhaps even direct exposure to gamma radiation" — here the audience giggles at his understatement — "Many people will be concerned with dust. They say dust will be picked up from the tailings area and transported through the environment and cause a radiation of significance to the local people...but there are techniques for reducing this — such as simply spraying water to reduce dust. The tailings area during operations will be wet so no dust is expected to be picked up from the tailings area." End of that topic. Why he thinks that the citizenry would be reassured by the spectre of mine employees hosing down a pile of radioactive waste I don't know. But of course he also refers to radiation levels as occuring in "background figures" as if this mutanogenic substance were some kind of atmospheric muzak that can be tuned out at will. He rushes ahead: "People also exhibit concern about workers. I emphasize the mines here will be open pit mines and we certainly don't anticipate any trouble with radiation exposure to workers." End of that subject.

After this display of corporate irresponsibility, it is with great satisfaction that we witness this man getting nailed by Mr. Paterson, the lawyer for the Canadian Association of Industrial, Mechanical and Allied Workers the union representing 2,000 miners in B.C., which has said *no* to uranium mining in the province. Paterson questions the planner from the audience on Dennison's culpability in not informing the citizens of Clearwater of the real risks inherent in the proposed mine.

Paterson: Why didn't you tell the people of Clearwater there are *no* existing regulatory standards in the Mines Regulatory Act in this province that are going to relate to uranium mining — no standards for medical controls ... threshold limits values, ventilation, disposal of waste. And if there are no standards in the mining process, there will be no standards in the external environmental processes either."

Planner: It is not true that there are no existing standards."

Paterson: In the Mines Act in the province of British Columbia — and that's the act that applies — you tell me what standards apply?"

Planner: I'm sorry. With respect to the province you may be right. In respect to uranium mining (in general), it's regulated by the Atomic Energy Control Board of Canada."

Paterson: OK. Who's going to inspect the mines?

Planner: Provincial mine inspectors in accordance with standards set by the A.E.C.T.

Paterson: And that's the same situation that existed between 1955 and 1974 in Ontario which the Hamm Commission (investigating the environmental debacle at Elliot Lake, Ontario in which Dennison Mines was also involved) said, and I quote, was "a human disaster".

(The camera at this time remains on the planner who is fiddling with his tie.)

Planner: The standards of the control board now has should certainly prevent the recurrence of such a situation. What you're talking about is the working level (per) month standard."

Paterson: It's still 4, is it not?

Planner: It's my understanding it's 4 ... It's my understanding as well that there's no evidence of a relationship between lung cancer and, ah, and, ah and ...

Paterson: Careful, now ...

Planner: (visibly racking his brain for the right file card) ... and *radon daughters* below ... again it's debatable ... in excess of 120." Radon is the gas given off during the disintegration of radioactive material. Earlier, the plan-

The Royal Viewing

The Uranium Question played an important role in the moratorium imposed on uranium mining in the province of British Columbia which was enacted in August, 1979. This moratorium was a result of a Royal Commission looking into the effects and dangers posed by the mining. In the course of the investigation, the Royal Commission interviewed both Dennison Mines' representatives and the citizens of Clearwater, B.C., and discovered substantial differences in the company's presentation of facts between the first and second public hearings conducted in the community. It would appear that Dennison, on being confronted in the first hearing with a militant populace armed with tough questions, had 'gone back to the drawing board' before making their second presentation. Having originally downplayed hazards and glossed over dangers to health, Dennison had, in fact, lied to the community by quoting statistics out of context and manipulating data from studies done of similar operations which definitely pointed to health and environmental risks. As documented in *The Uranium Question*, spokesmen from the community had the company on the run. As a consequence, the second hearing saw a much more subdued and 'responsible' presentation on the part of Dennison, in which many of the dangers were acknowledged. The Commission, on hearing of these two versions put forward by the company, smelled a rat. They asked to view the recording of the first public hearing. At which point, Dennison attempted to cover its tracks by claiming that the first hearing had, in fact, been an "information session", as if this designation excused their duplicity. But the Royal Commission didn't bite. Seeing this difference in presentation as an indication of the company's irresponsibility in environmental and health matters, the moratorium was declared.

But unfortunately, although a victory of sorts for Clearwater, this moratorium is not a 'happy ending'. For one thing, it is an Order in Council rather than a law which means that it can be altered or recinded by another Order. And secondly, the moratorium was imposed on the mining of uranium only and not on molybdenum. These two elements frequently are present simultaneously in one location. Thus Dennison and other companies are free to mine molybdenum using open-pit techniques. The result will be tailings piles much richer in uranium — 20 percent as opposed to 3 percent normally occurring in the tailings from uranium mining. And when the moratorium is lifted, these tailings will be mined.

ner had introduced the term "radon daughters" to describe a part of the radioactive decay chain obviously hoping that radon "daughters" would seem to be less dangerous — a little like pixies dancing on the tailings piles?

Coming up for air

The details of this taped meeting go on and on. The community presents the dangers of open pit uranium mining very well, specifically those regarding health. They have the boys in the three-piece suits diving into their briefcases for data time and time again, coming up for air only to make inane remarks. At one point, a company spokesman chides the local newspaper for not supporting the proposed mine unless it was proven to be absolutely safe. He actually says, "Man does not live by safety alone." A paean to the entrepreneurial spirit no doubt.

Earlier I referred to the personal testimonial presented during the Tris hearings in the U.S. Senate. Similarly, when questioned by a woman from the audience as to what would happen to the value of the property around the proposed mine if, "in good conscience, we could not stay here and raise our children, knowing the risk", a Dennison spokesman replied: "I lived 1,000 feet away from a uranium mine and a tailings pond for five years and whether or not I would buy your farm would depend on the price." At which point, he cracks up at his own zany sense of humour. To their credit, the citizens of Clearwater did not share his mirth about their future.

The Michelin Bill: The Workers' Story

The left is always accused of reacting hysterically when they scream "Government is in the hands of Big Business". God only knows why when the extent of evidence in support of this claim continues to be documented with frightening regularity as it has been for the last 100 years in all of the industrialized world. And as the third world develops with capitalist push, this same course is inevitably taken. Ronald "America's New Beginning" Reagan has adopted a novel approach in overt assimilation by appointing well-known corporate businessmen to his cabinet. Now, at least, the U.S. government won't have to make sneaky underhanded deals with strangers.

A good case in point is the The Michelin Bill enacted in Nova Scotia in December of 1979. No left-leaning playwright could have dreamt up a more paradigmatic scenario for corporate skullduggery and government collusion — and if she did dream it up, she certainly couldn't have gotten it published two years ago. "Too overdrawn," the publisher would have snorted. "Just too unrealistic."

Betty Lou Mills from *The Michelin Bill, the workers' story.* Ric Amis

That scenario reads something like this: A giant multinational corporation, owned solely by an aristocratic French family, comes sniffing around Canada for a place to locate one of its plants and decides on Nova Scotia, a region of high unemployment that's desperate for industry. Negotiations begin and $100 million dollars in government grants and loans later, the deal is closed. Two plants are built and workers hired — but only after going through company indoctrination sessions complete with blackboard-illustrated lectures on "Why we don't need a union here" ("We've got all the advantages already so why go to all the bother of paying union dues and going out on strike and all that nonsense, right? Right.") But lo and behold, some of the workers decide that they did indeed want a union to represent them and they began organizing at one of the plants with the help of an international union. After lots of hard work, one lost vote, and much interference by the company, it looks like they have the numbers necessary for union certification but then, wham, the company persuades the provincial government to change the Labour Standards Act to make craft unions illegal at the plant — instead the whole plant had to vote to accept the union. Well, the union went back to work and organized and just as it looked like they would win the 40 percent vote for the union at that one plant, wham, the company again goes to the government and asks for legislation. The outcome is a special bill which says that if a company has two or more plants in the province, the workers must form a single bargaining unit when seeking to certify a union. So, since that particular company has two plants, four years later, still no union.

Workers' rights lose traction

The company in this scenario is Michelin Tire. It's the one with the cute mascot — the Michelin man — an animated humanoid last seen on Canadian TV helping a small boy pull his sled up an icy hill ("Just like we help Daddy's car get going in winter, Billy"). Whether or not their tires do provide superior traction, Michelin's industrial relations certainly are not allowing the workers of Granton or Bridgewater, Nova Scotia, to exercise their rights. And the government is cooperating beautifully.

Which brings us to the final act of this rather crude immorality play. Yes, you guessed it — only three months after the Michelin Bill was enacted by the Nova Scotia government, the company was awarded $45 million in public funds to finance the building of their third plant in the province. Two thousand new jobs will be created, which, given the dictates of the Michelin Bill, means 2,000 more workers to organize. At this rate, the union will be playing catch up ball for a long time to come.

The Michelin Bill: The Workers' Story by Tom Berger and Bill McKiggan, Halifax, opens with a voice over: "The right to unionize is under attack in Nova Scotia", which, of course, is putting it mildly. The tape fulfills its title. Along with an organizer from the United Rubber Workers and a labour lawyer, one Betty Lou Mills, a line supervisor in the Michelin Granton plant, presents the chronology of this piece of legislation and, more importantly, the effect it had on the workers. Mills is part of a panel discussing the Michelin situation at a meeting organized by the Nova Scotia Issues Collective in Halifax. The tape presents these speakers and aided by a minimum of voice-over narration to fill in the facts of Nova Scotia's labour history, the story of Michelin's corporate abuse tells itself quite clearly.

Given the static nature of this material — a panel discussion — it's surprising that the tape remains so engaging. This is due largely to Mills' presentation which is neither eccentric nor anecdotal but instead very direct. She speaks for the most part straight into the camera. Only the occasional pan of the hall reminds us, the viewer, that there was also a live audience present. In a very real way, this makes Mills' statements more her 'own' than if she had spoken them directly to Berger and McKiggan solely for the benefit of this tape production.

Board of Education says yes to Michelin

This is not to say that Berger and McKiggan waive responsibility for the point of view of this tape but rather that they seek to share it with those most affected — the workers. This is consistent with the desire to have their work be useful to the community which it represents, as well as educational for the community at large. In fact, they suggested to the Nova Scotia Department of Education that *The Michelin Bill: The Workers' Story* be included in the audio visual library which is available to high school students and their instructors. The Department, on seeing the tape, turned it down, finding it "not analytical enough." The Michelin company itself however, ran into no such resistance. On January 29 of this year, Michelin's proposal for implementing a course of study on industrial safety in the province's high schools was accepted by the Department of Education. The company, it would seem, will no longer have to restrict its paternalistic labour practices to the confines of the plants; this "course of study" should certainly qualify Michelin for the Ronald McDonald Cradle to Grave Indoctrination Award for 1981.

If the details of the Michelin Bill are depressing, the course taken by the Nova Scotia Federation of Labour wasn't much better. Despite a public outcry after the passage of the bill, no general strike was called. The tape locates the responsibility for the Federation's weak stance with their insistence on continuing negotiations with the provincial government and the bosses rather than going to the workers and finding out what they wanted. Betty Lou Mills thinks there could have been a general strike if the Federation had called for it. She lists the plants which would have gone out in support of the Michelin workers. She doesn't want to see the workers' drive slip away.

She says: "So how did we feel after working three campaigns...trying to get people to lose their fear of Michelin, to stand on their own two feet to fight for their rights...after all that? Four years? URW needs the people in the plant to do the work but we also need the support of all of Nova Scotia..We're really down because there's no way we can get that Bill changed, so we know we have to get two plants. So if we're gonna go, we're gonna have to go real soon before that third plant is built because if you can't get two there's no way you're gonna get three."

The Michelin Bill is not an isolated incident in contemporary Nova Scotia labour life. In a province which had the first Trade Unions Act in Canada, this Bill is being used by other companies to halt union drives. Workers' rights are regressing. The last line of Berger and McKiggan's tape makes clear who can turn this situation around: "Without a militant, informed and aggressive rank and file, 1984 will find the majority of people in Nova Scotia with less control over the workplace and their own destinies than they had 50 years ago."

Peter, in long term care

In the movies, you can always tell when you're being shown something from "a child's perspective" because usually the camera is placed about 24 inches off the ground, pointing upwards, and everything looks so big and far away. While this technique may serve as a kind of cinematic shorthand, it does little to span the gulf between adult viewer and child subject. What results is a view of children as Lilliputians — folks just like us only 'littler'. Perhaps the error is not in the camera angle, but in the attempt to present "a child's pespective" when one is no longer a child. It simply isn't possible. We cannot remember. We are born changing, shedding bits of our lives almost from the beginning. The memories we have of our own childhoods are just that — memories, vignettes disconnected from the present by the fact of altered brain patterns and sense perceptions. They are of little use when we, as adults, seek to understand how a child perceives her or his reality. What is of use in gaining this understanding is observation, and that's where Norman Cohn comes in.

Cohn produces what he calls "video portraits" (see box next page). Many of his subjects are children. He has produced series on Children in Daycare, Infants, and Children in Hospital, of which *Peter, in long term care* is one. His technique involves taping his subject over the course of an entire day. This material is then edited into a chronological, telescopic 'day'. There is no voice-over narration. The time of day, the activity occurring and any other information considered pertinent is supplied via character-generated subtitles. All sound is live, recorded at the time.

No clinical framework

To say someone is involved in observation often implies a kind of surveillance or a clinical framework. It suggests two-way mirrors and a kind of 'professional neutrality'. Cohn's tapes are none of these things because rather than being observation in themselves, they are about the *process* of observ-

From *Peter, in long term care.* Ric Amis

Video Portraits

I make portraits of people during days in their lives. At the same time, these are also portraits of days: real, specific days which occurred in everyone's life — but as seen through the particular experience of one particular person.

The objective in each case is to witness — rather than explain, analyze or interfere with — how people lived.

Each portrait is an essential collaboration; between someone who consents to be watched, and myself, the witness. The result succeeds most when the subject is most fully willing. In those cases, understandably, I also become most fully willing. This permits a level of concentration in both of us — of attention focused on what each of us is doing — that produces the truest portrait.

We make the tape together, by consent, and together make up its primary audience. As a rule, I will not show a portrait publicly until its subject has viewed it first, and only then agreed to allow others to see it.

I choose portrait subjects from people who are willing (most people are not), people who interest me, and often especially people who for one reason or another are generally 'invisible' in our cultural history: ordinary people, quiet people, people who are deaf, people in institutions, children.

Norman Cohn, 1981

In spite of all the medical apparatus, Peter at times seems normal. Ric Amis

ing. Another way to say this is that he acts in compliance with his subject rather than in conspiracy with his audience.

Peter of this tape is two years old. He has multiple congenital anomalies including spina bifida, vocal cord paralysis and recurrent apnea which means that his breathing stops sometimes. Peter has only been out of hospital for four days of his life. Cohn says in making his portraits on tape he is a "witness". In this case, the witnessing yields an extraordinarily even tone to the events because Peter, unlike the other young subjects of the Hospital tapes, is at home. The medical procedures which he undergoes are not an intervention but rather a common daily occurence in his life.

In the beginning it is as painful and disturbing to watch the tube feeding which is Peter's 'breakfast' as it is to hear the eerie electronic beeping of the respiration monitor which Peter must be attached to during sleep. But later in the tape, we see Peter in his walker engaging in a very normal two-year-old activity — flirtation with a stranger, in this case Cohn in back of the camera. Peter offers his book, lifting it delicately with thumb and index finger, covering his face, laughing and finally dropping the book with deliberate action over the front of his tray. The only thing unusual in this scene is the tube which runs from Peter's nose, where it is fastened with adhesive tape, to a wheeled IV stand.

In this scene, it is the process of Cohn's observations which allows a very intrusive medical apparatus to seemingly disappear at times, leaving only Peter. This is accomplished because the focus is so directly on the child and the child's concentration in turn, is on his activity. Thus the damages recede, leaving the viewer with a glimpse of Peter as normal, which given the lifelong duration of his "anomalies" must be close to how he perceives himself.

The above description probably makes *Peter* sound simplistic and mechanical. The tape is neither. What I haven't discussed is the emotional reflex present in all the Hospital series and particularly in *Peter*. This manifests because the tapes, especially those involving very young children, are almost perfectly egocentric — centered upon and revolving around the child's experienced day. And as this is a state familiar to us all, this self-centered state of dependent childhood, we feel *ourselves* as we view Peter's essence of 'childness'.

Cohn's Hospital tapes have a specific audience toward whom they are addressed and marketed: "...people who work with children in institutions (who) have a recognized need to know how children experience being institutionalized..." But given the sparse narrative structure and the absence of direct educational material in the work, these tapes could never be "teaching tools" in a traditional sense. But they certainly do function as what Cohn calls "visual learning experiences."

Nellie's

What happens to women who are losers or casualties? In the past the Church looked after them, providing the hot meal, the warm bed in exchange for the obligatory walk with god. It was domestic missionary work really, with the errant daughters and wives playing the part of the childlike natives. Some had been born to trouble while others had just recently run aground, but all were welcomed into the fold as 'charity' was the order of the day. (The church, of course, should not be seen to be particularly dedicated to the alleviation of female suffering. Religion, after all, is a game of numbers played with one eye on the scoreboard: God — 3, the Devil — 2. Hallelujeh!) But a curious thing happened when this role of caretaker to the female unfortunates passed from the church to the state: Women's 'neediness' came to be evaluated in direct relation to their sexual depravity (or possibility thereof). Thus open hostels, filled with the sick, the poor, the crazed and the homeless women gave way to homes for unwed mothers and residences for single 'girls' — the latter needing protection to keep them from turning into the former. And the rest of the women? Where did they go? With alarming frequency, they turned up in psychiatric institutions, confined with a variety of "nervous disorders". The doctor had replaced the priest.

This was the state of things when, about a decade ago, the women's movement began to assess what women needed in order to survive. Out of this assessment grew a variety of services, programmes and facilities initiated by women for women. Nellies is one such place.

A legendary quality

Opened in 1975, Nellies is a hostel for women in Toronto. Space permitting, no woman is turned away from Nellies. The permitted stay is short, the turnover is high and the mixture of women is, at times, sociological chaos. In Toronto, Nellies is somewhat of a legend.

This legendary quality surfaces in the opening shots of Terri Chmilar's tape, *Nellies*. As the camera records a drive through the east end of Toronto, past the thrift shops, small restaurants, and revival halls, the neighbourhood residents present apocryphal thumbnail sketches in voice-over. "It's a very quiet place ..." says one man, "but what can I tell you — I'm not pregnant." "It's a halfway house or something," says another. "Nellies? It's a hostel for battered women," offers a young woman. While a child says, "It's a sort of riot place, there's always cops there at nighttime." The possibilities continue: "It's like a fraternity home ... it's sort of like an old age home in a way." And of course, since Nellies' only criteria for admission is the need for shelter, all of these are true.

Collected together on any given night at Nellies, are women of vastly different circumstances: Teenaged runaways, wives fleeing violence, recent immigrants whose relatives have taken in the welcome mat, outpatients from psychiatric hospitals, reformed (and not so reformed) alcoholics, young druggies, pensioners who can't remember their last permanent address, and women who, for economic or social reasons, cannot go on living where they are and yet have no other place to go. They can all come to Nellies. In a way, taking a camera into this urban way station is like filming the Canterbury Tales set in modern times with an all-woman cast, as one cameo role follows another.

There's the young, be-spectacled drifter who relates her experiences with a pragmatic, dissociated air: "I slept on people's porches. I just made sure I was up very early. In case someone doesn't decide to walk their dog at 6 o'clock in the morning ... But it's scary it really is. It's a lonely life, but you've got your freedom."

There's the older woman with the sweet Sunday school teacher kind of voice, whose lucid self-diagnosis is offered between disjointed paranoid ramblings: "I'm — what do you call it — dehumanized. I was on the drug Antabuse (used in alcohol aversion therapy). I can't see any use in wasting the life away drinking, but at the same time, it dehumanizes the individual ... I know they're spending millions of dollars trying to get women — what do you call it — back to normal."

One of the residents, a young story-teller, from *Nellies*. Ric Amis

And there are many others, each individual defined as much by her style of delivery as by the content of her personal story. In feminist terms, the tape begins to accumulate in a curiously apolitical way. It does not define the problems which these women have collectively as much as it unfolds them, exposing detail upon detail — defeatism, over-medication, severed connections, sexual confusion, and low expectations. Early on in the tape, as story follows story, the viewer begins to feel like a voyeur, but Chmilar counters this with the structure which she imposes on her content — the structure of the house itself. The tape is composed in such a way that the bits of lives are literally enclosed by the house. Doorways, hallways, the breakfast routine in the kitchen, the chores that are done — this is physical framework of these particular women at this particular time. Nellies is a house and it is also the women who need it.

Temporary safety

Chmilar would have made a very different tape had she recorded the women on the day *before* they arrived at Nellies, as each individual crisis peaked. Had she done this the circumstances that forced their action would have more clearly appeared as *issues*. Instead, Chmilar has presented an almost entirely unmediated view of a temporary hostel for women. The private pain that is exposed, is exposed within this context. These women have come out of their isolation into contact with each other, they have come out of desperate circumstances into safety, no matter how temporary. The talking which comprises so much of this tape is, in fact, a very ordinary occurence in a hostel, which, after all, is a developed form of communal living.

The arrangements which many of these women will make on leaving will be less than perfect, but this cannot be seen to be the fault of the place itself — Nellies, after all, is not a social 'literacy program'. In making this tape, Chmilar says that she wanted to give "a feeling for the place." I think she has succeeded in this. As presented, Nellies is a place of strength rather than charity.

On Est Au Coton (Cotton: the Industrial Web)

(*Editors' note:* All of the tapes and films discussed in this special section of *FUSE* and included for viewing in the series "Less Medium More Message" are recent works, most produced within the last year, with one exception — *On Est Au Coton* by Denys Arcand. Produced as a freelance project for the National Film Board in 1970, this film was censored by the NFB for "technical and legal reasons" and not released. However, one copy of the film was spirited out of the NFB vaults, transferred to video and circulated underground. The Video Inn in Vancouver, with Arcand's approval, translated and over-dubbed an English soundtrack onto one of the video copies of *On Est Au Coton*. This dubbed version is being screened in the series. Recently, the NFB has lifted its ban and the film, in its original French untitled version, is available for circulation through the Montreal office of the

Madeleine Parent tells of past struggles in *On Est Au Coton*. Ric Amis

NFB.)

So why was *On Est Au Coton* censored? The NFB's official response — due to "technical and legal reasons" — is less than honest. "Technical" problems would indicate that the finished product somehow didn't meet the NFB's standards for production, but this is unlikely given the fact that Arcand had previously been employed by the NFB as a director on several Canadian history films. The "legal reasons" are another matter. The NFB said that Arcand, in breaking the law — which he did when he filmed a textile factory without permission from the owner — jeopardized the position of the Film Board and thus refused to release the film. And then there was the matter of the lawsuit threatened by Mr. King, owner of Dominion Textiles, who did not like the way his 'character' was presented in the film. But there's good evidence that the decision to suppress the film was not arrived at internally within the NFB on purely legal grounds. In a 1974 interview in *This Magazine* (Vol. 8, No. 4), Arcand says he was told by the Film Board that the film "was inaccurate and biased" and this was the reason for the refusal to release it. But he also reveals a letter to the NFB from the Canadian Textile Institute, a lobbying organization for the industry, of which he had a copy: "The letter said, the film should not go out for two reasons. First, the film promotes class warfare, and second, it creates a bad image for our industry." In view of this letter, it seems that the NFB decided to censor Arcand's film because of political pressuring from the Institute and possibly from Ottawa where the Institute lobbies heavily.

On Est Au Coton certainly creates a bad image of the textile industry as it operates within Quebec but does it "promote class warfare"? Not in the strictest sense, since, as a critique of class politics, the film sounds more of a warning alarm than a call to arms. Looking at the lives of the (then) contemporary textile workers in light of past labour struggles within the same industry, Arcand found the modern workers curiously resigned to their fates. The activist fervour which animated the textile workers' strikes of the '40s and '50s in Quebec is absent in 1969.

Factory closing

the film opens with a now-familiar situation — a factory closing. The Penman's factory in Coaticook is being shut down by the head office. The general manager is interviewed. He heard that there was "a deficit in the underwear line" so he can understand the company's decision. The workers, however, say they have been given "no reasons". Yet they don't seem particularly angry. They shake their heads and shrug their shoulders with a what-can-you-do, accepting their powerlessness. One man says, "Nobody can tell the company what to do. We're not in Russia here." The film cuts to Madeleine Parent, one of the principle organizers of textile workers in the '40s. She reads the charges which were brought against her as a result of the strike of 1947 at Dionne Spinning: "Seditious conspiracy, conspiracy to forment discontent, defiance of authority". This strike was ended when Cardinal Legere intervened, urging the workers back to work with a settlement that was 2¢ an hour less than they were already receiving. The film cuts to an interview with a textile worker in the plant in Magog. Lucien has "dust disease" as a result of his work in the factory. "Everybody who worked there for a number of years has got it. There ain't one that ain't got it," he says. His disease got so bad that he had to leave his job before he became eligible for the company's pension plan. The film now cuts to a blank sheet of paper in a typewriter. A sentence is typed: "The pattern of domination has become the pattern of reason itself."

This opening sequence of scenes establishes the direction of *On Est Au Coton*. It becomes apparent that despite some meagre advances in their standard of living, textile workers are still locked into the same repetitive, numbing, hazardous, alienating form of labour that they have always been. The Lewis Hines turn-of-the-century photographs differ very little in spirit from the 'automated' factories of today. The spindles and bobbins still turn, row upon endless row. In need of protection and a collective voice, the workers find that their unions are not currently serving them very well. The unions have become 'international' and 'responsible', out of touch with their membership, and intent on making tripartite deals with both companies and government. The film suggests that government's heavy-handed and often violent persecution and red-baiting of union activity in the past may have taken its toll on the workers as militant unionism was made synonomous with communism. And Quebec's industrial manufacturing economy, propped up by often ineffective protective trade tariffs, is at the mercy of foreign owned miltinationals who can always take their (government subsidized) investment and run. In short, capitalism is not working. As Arcand says in another piece of typewritten commentary, "The liberty to elect one's own masters eliminates neither masters nor slaves."

The workers 'make do'

While Arcand's film could never be said to be objective, neither is it particularly didactic or expository, since he proposes no solutions. Instead he encircles his subjects — the textile industry and its workers — and coaxes them into the structure of the film. Once inside this framework the subjects are given ample time to reveal themselves. Scenes of workers' discussions, followed by management meetings followed by factory routines are edited together, and gradually the picture of passive, polite cooperation emerges. The workers 'cooperate' by making do: supplementing their low incomes with second jobs, home sewing and chicken farming; considering the effects of a move to Ontario — "nobody would know you there, it wouldn't be any good"; and half-heartedly believing that the company will relocate them when it closes. Of

Textile worker at Coaticook. Ric Amis

course, they have been duped. And the companies work in self-serving cooperation with both the unions and the government gaining concessions from both.

Near the end of the film this cooperation takes the form of a series of government meetings, one on unemployment in Quebec and another on the future of textiles in the province. Here the obligatory 'strong statements' are made by all those concerned. As the officials move through the 'prepared' agenda, unemployment is deplored, the federal government is chastised and the economic fragility of the industry is underlined. The union leaders look somber and the industrialists check their bank statements as then-premier Robert Bourassa nods benignly, listening with judicious concern. Yes, his government will "look into it." The implication, of course, being that this alliance is of no use to the lives of the workers.

Church-backed deals

In 1947, Quebec textile workers mobilized to protest their working conditions, their wages, their exploitation. They were beaten up by provincial police, branded communists, and sold out by the church as Cardinal Leger made a deal with Premier Duplessis. But finally they won the right to unionize. *On Est Au Coton* sees another church leader, Abbe Dionne, rise to graciously thank Premier Bourassa for "such a fruitful meeting (about) the progress of the province of Quebec." But in fact, this "fruitful meeting" has been one in which nothing happened really; ideas have been exchanged and backs have been scratched, but the workers remain statistics, to be moved from one side of the ledger to the other.

The warning implicit in Arcand's *On Est Au Coton* is directed to the contemporary worker, who has reaped the relative benefits of earlier militant collective action in the form of a rise in their standard of living: Do not be lulled. Things haven't changed. Exploitation 'with a human face' may appear to be reasonable but the results remain unchanged. Take control. ■

Distribution information

It's Not Your Imagination
Women in Focus, 1980, Colour, 30'. Distributed by: Women in Focus, 456 W. Broadway, Vancouver, BC, Canada. (604) 872-2250.

Nellie's
Terri Chmilar, 1981, Colour, 30'. Distributed by: Terri Chmilar, 72A Norfolk Street, Guelph, Ontario, Canada, N1H 4J2. (519) 836-9224.

The Michelin Bill
Bill McKiggan, Tom Berger, 1980, Colour, 28'. Distributed by: DEC Films, 121 Avenue Road, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M5R 2G3. (416) 964-6901.

On Est Au Coton
Denys Arcand, 1970, B/W, 120'. Distributed (English or French) by: Video Inn, 261 Powell Street, Vancouver, BC, Canada, V6A 1G3. (604) 688-4336.

Peter in Long Term Care
Norman Cohn, 1979, Colour, 29'. Distributed by: Center for Television Studies, Hunter River, PEI, Canada, C0A 1N0. (902) 892-6154.

The Uranium Question
Andy Harvey, 1978, Colour, 45'. Distributed by: Video Inn, 261 Powell Street, Vancouver, BC, Canada. V6A 1G3. (604) 688-4336.

CULTURAL ALARMS

As the illusory dream of the 'American way of life' fades, the survivors must cope with the consequences.

America is a land of dreams in action, dreams motivated toward individual gains, dreams frequently characterized by failure, self-betrayal and compromise. In their sonambular autonomy, these dreams have victims. All too often, they are those who have been seduced by their dazzle, awakening in the midst of their seemingly irrevocable consequences. In the hard light of reality, these consequences take the forms of invidious institutional processes and social systems which pervade the fiber of daily life and impede the possibility of their radical reassessment. The six documentaries discussed in this article, in varying degrees, explore the functional breaches, the disillusionment that results, and forced confrontations demanded by the processes of recovery or merely coping with self-deleterious social constructs. All of these works were independently produced in the United States. They are the voices of awakened dreamers sounding an array of cultural alarms.

Wataridori: Birds of Passage

In the next five years, an estimated half million Southeast Asians will immigrate to the west coast of the United States, bringing with them the expectations of a vastly improved standard of living and the augmented opportunities associated with the American way of life. *Wataridori: Birds of Passage*, *Pinoy* and *Omai Fa'Atasi: Samoa Mo Samoa* focus on the actualities which have faced immigrant Asian populations during this century. *Wataridori*, produced by Visual Communications, Inc., examines the history of Japanese immigration through the accounts of three surviving Issei first-generation Japanese-Americans. For a population whose arrival in the US began in the 1870's (for the most part in California), during a period of rapid industrial development, incorporation into the labour force occurred with relative ease, albeit, with a separate and unequal status. By 1910, San Francisco's Little Tokyo had become a cohesive community providing a substantial immigrant community with not only a sense of place in the boomtown atmosphere of the American west but a ghettoized isolation that allowed, if nothing more, the preservation of traditional Japanese values. The fact of the matter was that the stability of this community, in capitalist terms, was essentially illusory. Racist governmental policies had forbidden Japanese ownership of property and would soon restrict their continued immigration. The culmination of this chauvinism against the "Yellow Peril" resulted in the imprisonment of tens of thousands of Japanese in Manzanar Concentration Camp in 1941.

From *Wataridori: Birds of Passage.*

Wataridori is, however, a film narrated by survivors. While it discusses the historical manifestations of racism suffered by the Japanese in the US, that is not its primary focus. "Without this village spirit, we could not have survived the Depression, the war, the prejudice," states one of its subjects. This is a film about the transmutations of a culture and the nurturing, self-sustaining aspects of that culture, magnified in confrontation with oppressive circumstances. It uses photographic techniques that evoke a respect for the power and subtlety of nature, a view common to the traditional Japanese aesthetic, and footage made up of beautiful, yet emotionally distanced, photographs from the turn of the century. *Wataridori* is couched in a reflective appreciation for the current degree of assimilation into American culture. It also acknowledges that only skeletal remains have been left by the West on the outward semblances of pre-20th century Japanese culture, both in the US and Japan itself.

Pinoy

Pinoy, by Sonny Izon, takes an approach similar to *Wataridori* in its recounting the circumstances of Filipino immigration to the US. We are informed first-hand by Al Masigt, a 74-year-old Pinoy housing activist in Seattle's international district. Masigt arrived in the US in the 1920's expecting to find "streets paved with gold." Bitterly disappointed, he was confronted with racism, poverty, loneliness and restrictive immigration practices which effectively undercut the possibilities of community growth. Given the limitations of economics and Filipino tradition, the emigration of Filipino women was a rare occurrence. Anti-miscegenation laws, firmly enforced, therefore removed the option of customary familial structures. What resulted was a "family" of men fighting to insure their mutual survival. These circumstances in combination with Masigt's fundamental alienation elicted a crucial initial response in the face of discriminatory labour practices, race riots and the Depression — "We must organize ourselves." *Pinoy* traces the growth of the specific forms of grass roots political activism which began for Masigt when he found himself forced to immigrate again to find work in the Canadian canneries of the '30s. That activism continues in his present struggle to preserve the integrity of Seattle's international district which now faces destruction at the hands of urban developers.

Structured in basically the same fashion as *Wataridori*, *Pinoy* employs stock footage and still photographs in a chronological accounting of the events that are the background to a current situation — a situation that differs drastically from the one we are told exists for Japanese-Americans. The middle-class comforts depicted most clearly in the last minutes of *Wataridori* cast a slightly nostalgic haze over past struggles, a sentiment that would be inappropriate to the present political reality described in *Pinoy*.

Omai Fa'Atasi: Samoa Mo Samoa

Omai Fa'Atasi: Samoa Mo Samoa deals with the urgency and confusion in dealing with the conditions that pervade the lives of a group of more recent immigrants to the United States. Produced by Mai Fa'Atasi, a Samoan community self-help organization in Carson City, Nevada, this videotape focuses on the problems that face first-generation Samoan youth. It is intercut with graphically illustrated segments that outline the history of American and German colonization since 1900 and the subsequent emigration, which began in 1951, of a population that now (primarily in Southern California) numbers nearly 60,000. *Omai Fa'Atasi* explores the inevitable schism along both cultural and generational lines that exists between those raised entirely in the US and their parents. The usual horrors of second-class citizenship and the difficulties of preserving ethnic identity are increased, here, by the tangible historical and traditional leap that a self-sufficient agrarian people must make to integrate into the technocracy of the US. To compound these problems, there is the influence of mission Christianity. Embraced by the older generation as a possible panacea, this moral pacifier and its attendant rigid sex role designations, is rejected by the youth who, in increasing numbers, turn to street crime, drug abuse and other delinquencies. The community organization, which serves as the anchor of this tape, attempted to come to terms with these issues on a day-to-day basis. It was closed due to the budget cuts of Proposition 13.

Omai Fa'Atasi, in form and content, reflects potential crisis. Shot in video, using, most frequently, the voices and images of Samoan youth, it is direct, often energetic, and when facts elude logic, sometimes inarticulate. In its historical sequences the use of drawn/painted images evade the romanticism in the photographs of *Pinoy* or *Wataridori* and cull the emotional background of the situation at hand.

Tony Whitfield, regular New York correspondent to *FUSE* also writes for *The Village Voice*, *Live* and *Flash Art*.

Courtesy Visual Communications Inc.

Two younger Samoans in *Omai Fa'Atasi.*

Einstein's Children

Alienation is synonymous with the realities of immigration. On many levels, it has also become an organizing factor in the lives of the average American. Two generations have been borne into a nuclear age for whom the belief in a future has become riddled with uncertainty. *Einstein's Children*, by Judy Graf Klein and June Manton, explores, in five portraits of individuals and families, the psychological dimensions of the fear of personal and global catastrophe and the coping mechanisms that compensate for a sense of impotence in confronting that eventuality. Four of the five portraits deal with, among other things, the function of communities and the ways in which their disparate systems of belief provide avoidance options to that confrontation. For the Staten family, who live in the shadow of the Indian Point Nuclear Power Plant, devout involvement in Protestantism serves as a palliative; for Jay Prabupada and Nirantra, two devotees of Krishna Consciousness, their fates have been passed into the hands of their spiritual master; for Claire Schneiweis and Larry Pender, disco-roller-skating partners in NYC, sensual experiences have become their secular solution. In these cases, ritualistic incantations have gained new dimension as expressions of faith in the human continuum. On a very simplistic level, all subscribe to the dictum that "to do is to be," but what is actually being done is a tacit reiteration of a powerlessness to do anything.

In the fourth case avoidance is accomplished by more empirical means. For Joanne Buehler, a nuclear engineer at the Seabrook Nuclear Power Plant, and George Thomas, start-up manager for one of the corporations involved in the plant's construction, what overrides their understanding of the potential for nuclear disaster is the fact that technology supports human life; therefore, to their way of thinking, its advancement insures humanity's future. Their view is the public philosophy of the scientific community in supporting the development of nuclear energy. It is aiso a view that ignores the present dangers it poses and the less than benevolent uses it offers in manipulating the international balances of economic/political power. Again, the only means by which one can come to terms with the issue necessitates a simplification of the realities to a point where ultimate control depends on faithful practice — the faithful practice of an omniscient good will.

The fifth portrait is of Jeannine Honicker and her daughter, Linda, for whom the effects of a nuclear environment have become a reality. Having grown up in proximity to a nuclear reactor, Linda has contracted leukemia. Uncertain of a direct relationship between her daughter's illness and nuclear radiation, Honicker is careful never to fall into the trap of placing blame, but begins a one-woman fight against the institutions that have inflicted an insupportable concern upon the lives of the American people. After happening across a paragraph in the Jordan Report to the Nuclear Regulatory Commission which states that at least 500 radiation-related deaths per year can be expected as a result of the growing industry (and that this figure is accepted as a negligible liability), Honicker has entered into a lawsuit against the NRC on the grounds that its activities are a fundamental violation of American constitutional rights. Her conviction is that decisions governing the nuclear industry must be taken out of the hands of elected officials and the self-serving private sector and be put to their final tests in the courts. Honicker has begun her fight alone. Clearly the ability to effect change must rest in a more powerful, yet, theoretically, less capricious body.

Given the volatility of its subject matter, *Einstein's Children* is oddly neither a clever nor a melodramatic documentary. Its five portraits are direct, fragmentary, deeply disturbing and unavoidably inconclusive. It probes the dissonant regions inhabited by victims for whom moral choices exist without corresponding option in amoral systems.

Song of the Canary

In a segment of *Song of the Canary* Dr. Barry Commoner puts forth this basic premise: the very fact that synthetic substances do not exist in nature indicates a high probability that they are incompatible with human life. The first half of this film by Josh Honig and David Davis focuses on the health hazards to which workers who produce these substances are exposed on a daily basis. The specific case cited is that of workers at Occidental Chemical Co., ("Oxy") a subsidiary of Occidental Petroleum Corp., one of the 20 largest corporations in the world. The journalistic technique operating in this film mirrors the actual process of revelation experienced by the workers themselves. The exposition is at first cautious and deliberate, then mushrooms. Symptoms are identified, histories compared. Brought together over contract negotiations, workers discuss the gradual acquisition of once productive farmland surrounding Oxy as fumes emitted in the manufacturing of pesticides, concurrently, debilitated livestock; they compared the frequency of illness, nosebleeds, dizziness, the discoloration of their skins and the suspicion of sterility among male workers. In order to have safety considerations built into their contracts, concrete evidence was necessary. The results of the medical examinations that followed were horrifying. Of

the first group of men tested at Oxy who had worked there for more than two years, were sterile. (A nation wide follow up among other petro-chemical workers set the sterility figures at more than two-thirds.) A chemical known as DBCP (dibromo chloro propane) was identified as the source. This chemical had been cited in Dow Chemical's Hine-Tworkelson Report of 1961 as carcenogenic and the cause of testicular atrophy in rats. Acknowledging an awareness of this report, Oxy's doctors claimed not to have been able to deduce the eventuality of sterility.

What is implied here is the implementation of the arbitrary human life 'negligibility quotient' which alarmed Jeanne Honicker in her reading of the Jordan Report. The profits entailed for US petro-chemical industries in the production of over 30,000 pesticides (from more than 250,000 chemical ingredients) have clearly outweighed the value of human life; so clearly, in fact, that although the sale of DBCP has been banned in the US, it continues to be manufactured for export. Just as petro-chemical workers have become the final (if not only) testing ground for these substances, workers in cotton mills have, for nearly a century, been pawns for industry. They are the subject of *Song of the Canary*'s second half.

In Greenville, South Carolina, the majority of the labor force works in cotton mills and has for the past five generations. Weakness, shortness of breath and early retirement are also common. By late middle-age most workers have been debilitated by bisinosis (or brown lung disease) as a result of years of inhaling minute particles of cotton fiber. The number of laborers suffering from this disease has been estimated at more than 35,000. In 1975 a group of retired mill workers formed what came to be known as the Carolina Brown Lung Association and began canvassing in the factories, focusing particularly on the J.P. Stevens corporation, to warn of the almost inevitable health hazards. While the high rate of illness among mill-workers has long been recognized it was not until recently that workers themselves could identify its specific relationship to work. Mill doctors and officials consistently refused to acknowledge bisinosis' prevalence in a rather successful attempt at minimizing workmen's compensation insurance claims. Job termination was threatened for those who publicized anti-management information from within and, as the cotton industry is rarely unionized, few internal channels existed to ensure the protection of the worker's health. The Carolina Brown Lung Association, with its own interest in securing workmen's compensation benefits despite elapsed time requirements set forth in the statutes of limitations governing such claims, became the champion of virtually powerless workers. *Song of the Canary* follows the fight of the CBLA into court hearing where it won a limited victory calling for the installation of ventilators in the mills by 1983 and the immediate availability of respirators. In essence these concessions are tantamount to offering a bandaid to the victim of a bullet wound.

To Love, Honour and Obey...

Victimization of another sort is the subject of Third World's Newsreel's production of *To Love, Honor and Obey...* Directed by Christine Choy, it deals with the experiences of battered women and the process of resocialization involved in their recoveries. Filmed in battered women's shelters, hospital emergency rooms, counseling centers, private homes in urban and suburban settings, this film organizes interviews with victims, shelter administrators, counselors, police officers, and men who are now in counseling, into a cohesive essay on the nature of this phenomenon. In probing the psychological states of specific battered women it isolates the common threads that perpetuate the problem: illusions about marriage and the function of the family; masculine/feminine role definitions and the limitations they prescribe for emotional health; the fear and loneliness suffered by the battered woman in the face of society's willingness to label her as the injury-deserving bitch; and the 'learned helplessness' that encourages the battered woman to seek and accept above all other aspects that which is nurturing in her guiltridden attacker. One of the most horrifying scenes in the film is an interview with a group of those attackers, now in counseling. It is characterized by discussions of failed expectations and a cultural emasculation that has reduced their emotional options to either violence or silence, options determined by the very same culture that now denies them access to its own ideals.

It is also the same cultural system that provides the dramatic shock of the film. Intercut with visual material from magazines, advertisements and historical documents, as well as popular songs that illustrate the pervasiveness of the potential for violence in American domestic life, *To Love, Honor, and Obey...* presents an altogether convincing case for the battered woman. Suddenly, we learn, near the end of the film that Bernadette Powell, one of the women we have come to support, is in fact serving a sentence for second degree murder for what she explains to have been the accidental killing of her abusive ex-husband. (The punishment for second degree murder in New York State, where the death occurred, is second in severity only to the killing of a police officer.)

While the educational value of *To Love, Honor and Obey...* is enormous, what we are watching is by no means the whole story. With two exceptions, all of the women in this documentary have cohabited with their attackers, have children, are from lower to lower-middle income circumstances, and the violence involved is more or less spontaneous and non-sexual in its manifestations. But none of these factors are prerequisites for violence between men and women. In a society that delegates the responsibility for loving, nurturing to one sex and discourages that capacity in the other, violence becomes an inevitable consequence.

While the content of these documentaries focuses on failures that are both undeniable and symptomatic of the American ideal, what is most alarming is the acknowledgement of an underlying state of self-perpetuating systemic paralysis. The few signposts to solutions that are given indicate necessary movements to the left. To reach those paths, however, one must simultaneously battle the accelerating, omnipresent, institutional currents of the right. ■

Distribution information

Love, Honour and Obey
Third World Newsreel, 1980, Colour, 55'. Distributed by: Third World Newsreel, 160 5th Avenue, Suite 911, New York, NY, USA, 10010. (212) 243-2310.

Omai Fa'atasi: Samoa Mo Samoa
Mai Fa'Atasi, 1980, Colour, 30'. Distributed by: Amerasia Bookstore, 338 East 2nd Street, Los Angeles, USA, 90012. (213) 680-2888.

Wataridori: Birds of Passage
Visual Communications Inc., 1980, Colour, 30'. Distributed by: Amerasia Bookstore, 338 East 2nd Street, Los Angeles, USA, 90012. (213) 680-2888.

Pinoy
Sonny Izon, 1980, Colour.

Einstein's Children
Judy Graf Klein, June Manton, 1980, Colour, 38'. Distributed by: Judy Graf Klein, 10 West 86th Street, New York, NY, USA, 10024. (212) 595-8252.

Song of the Canary
Josh Hanig, David Davis, 1978, Colour, 58'. Distributed by: DEC Films, 121 Avenue Road, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M5R 2G3. (416) 964-6901.

TAPES FROM BRITAIN
Statements and interviews from the producers of five recent documentaries

Nazis Are No Fun

FUSE Magazine talked with John Dennis of Rock Against Racism, (London, England), about their formation, current activities, and their recent video production, Nazis Are No Fun.

John Dennis: Rock Against Racism was founded in the autumn of 1976 as a result of a number of events that happened almost simultaneously in the world of politics and rock. On the political front a near facist organization called The National Front (NF) was gradually gaining popularity to the point where in a London borough the two facist organizations actually got more votes than the Labour candidates.

At the same time both David Bowie and Eric Clapton were coming out with statements about fascism and minorities which were very similar. David Bowie was infatuated with Nazi Germany and was saying that Hitler was the greatest PR man of all times. And when Eric Clapton did a gig in Birmingham after claiming that his wife's bottom had been pinched by a Pakastani, he claimed that cleaning up the town was the right of politicians. He said it was apparent that the Black people were causing all the problems and you would soon see rivers of blood.

A number of anti-racists who were also rock fans decided to form a group (Rock Against Racism). They saw that while the ideology that the National Front was pushing to young white kids was straighforwardly obnoxious — basically preaching a race hatred — the situation was being encouraged by these two particular rock stars. The group decided to use the format of reggae, the new emerging punk, and new wave, to promote a kind of multi-racial culture.

FUSE: How did it do that?

J.D: Well basically by promoting gigs where punk bands and reggae bands would play on the same bill. Although that in itself doesn't sound too amazing, it was very important due to the political climate at the time. In rock, two things became central: the political aspirations of punk and new wave music and the message of a militant multi-racial culture that was absolutely anti-facist. In late 1977, when the problem of violence on the streets between the anti-facists and the facists reached a height, we started campaigning against the NF right through to the election in 1979, basically on the ticket that the NF were Nazis and no one should vote for them. In the course of 1978, we held three outlaw festivals and numerous other smaller festivals around the country. We had bands such as Elvis Costello, The Clash, Tom Robinson Band and others.

FUSE: How did this work? Did a core group of people that formed Rock Against Racism work with the management of these various bands? Did Rock Against Racism become a quasi-management organization?

J.D: It became an alternative promoter. It's important to remember that in a way the development of punk was pretty essential to the growth of all this. A lot of the ideas of the young people today who think for themselves are part of the punk ideology which is then part and parcel of what Rock Against Racism is. What happened was that all across the country groups of friends got together and organized their own gigs. It was the function of Rock Against Racism's organization to support, advise and help these groups of people around the country who wanted to put on their own gigs and fight the National Front. We centralized it to the extent that we still have a national office.

FUSE: Does Rock Against Racism work on donations from the bands themselves? How did they economically manage to develop themselves?

J.D: For about eighteen months or two years it was primarily funded on volunteer help and funds raised through various bashes and other things. It wasn't really until last year that we had to actually raise some substantial funds after getting ourselves into some debt. So we put out a compilation album with bands such as Elvis Costello and The Clash. This gave us the funds to wipe out the debt and enough to put into future ventures. It's never been a major problem because the events usually pay for themselves. It wasn't that kind of operation. As a result of the events of 1978, the idea of Rock Against Racism began on a world-wide scale and we now have groups in the States and Europe and as far afield as Australia.

FUSE: So how did the movement itself help the specific elections?

J.D: Well keeping in mind that we have been going for two and a half years and the Anti-Nazi organization for just under two years. The 1979 election was the major one with numerous local elections where people would organize gigs. The election was in the spring, around Easter, and we organized a nation-wide tour with thirty-odd bands. It was pretty successful in terms of our audiences and also in terms of the coverage we received. We felt good about the way it came together.

FUSE: Did Rock Against Racism form any coalitions with any other organizations?

J.D: In addition to the Anti-Nazis there are a whole bunch of us. Actually that same Easter there was a massive riot in the suburbs of London and a guy, Blair Peach, was killed by the police and subsequently there was a lot of damage done. We did a benefit afterwards that raised £75,000. And on a smaller scale it has been repeated throughout the country. Numerous organizations like the trade unions and the Labour Party helped.

FUSE: So you did get support from the trade unions?

J.D: Well yes and no. We worked with the trade unions on a few demonstrations they sponsored as they were campaigning quite strongly on an abortion amendment that was going through parliament. Trade unions were also involved with the carnivals we put on outdoors in 1978. But ordinarily I can't say that we have received a terrific amount of support on a national scale from those kinds of bodies. They tend to shy away from any kind of activism.

FUSE: Were there any studies done at the time of whether your efforts produced different demographic results in terms of people who ordinarily wouldn't have been involved with the elections? Was there a change?

J.D: Well I don't think so. On the one hand we can claim some credit for the defeat of the NF, but on the other a very right wing Tory government got in. So I would say that it is both sides of the coin — with one side putting the nails in the sides of the fascist's coffin and on the other side the fact that the Tory government was offering you soft core racism. It's absolutely certain that things have taken a turn for the worse with the most right wing government we have had in a long time.

Rock Against Racism isn't focused with a policy. There was a good deal of anarchic symbolism — almost lip service given to political change. In a way we focused that a bit, though I wouldn't say that it was a phenomenal amount, but at least it was a chanelling of that sort of energy and interest towards a constructive campaign. In that sense you could say that they did get involved

with an organization which just encouraged them to do what they wanted to do anyway. And in that sense it was quite important. I'm afraid to say that the music scene has changed quite drastically and, although there is still a strong core group of people who are involved across the country, it is by no means on the same scale that it was because of the nature of the backlash here and the right wing swing is fairly great.

It wouldn't be true to say that there has been any major response to that as yet. We might well be waiting for a number of years before that happens. But there is still the base there and there is currently a movement called The British Movement which is part of the art scene and there is a good response to the growth of that. Now we are talking about these neo-fascist organizations being back to where they were well before 1976 because the NF itself is split. So the right is fragmented but still chipping away. It is still dangerous in the sense that it is attracting young kids but it's not the political force that it was once and people are not voting for it like they used to.

In 1977, Bowie admired Hitler.

FUSE: So what does the tape actually cover?

J.D: Well the tape is really about the period of Rock Against Racism's emergence. It covers one important demonstration at south London which was really the last time that the NF and their opponents were allowed by the police to get close enough for there to be a significant enough riot. That was really the point where the Anti-Nazis started as a broader based organization to oppose the NF. It also covers a carnival in 1976 which was part of that pre-Rock Against Racism period when racial tension was very high.

FUSE: Was the tape made by Rock Against Racism itself?

J.D: Yes it was. I actually worked on it as part of my work for Rock Against Racism. The idea is an all music sound track and to use the gig context to present the visual material that was related to the campaigns. It makes fairly straight forward points about the problems of fascists and racism.

Courtesy RAR, London

Zimbabwe demonstration, June 1979, organized by Rock Against Racism.

FUSE: When you say that the sound track is completely musical what do you exactly mean by that? Do you mean that there is not any commentary about what is happening?

J.D: It was put together by using the lyrics of the songs that were very topical at the time. Relating certain events to the sentiments in the music. So it is fairly straight forward in that sense. It was actually put together with the view to putting it with slides which are a lot more explanatory in a way. But it actually works on its own as the music is very strong. It really captures the mood of the time.

Enclosed

Nicola Mallson and Dawn Mason (London England), recently made **Enclosed**, *a videotape concerning the present day working conditions of farm employees in the U.K. The following statement from the producers discusses some of the issues raised.*

This work is concerned with the relationship between the Farmworker and his employer. We do not view with accord the general representation of that relationship as one of working hand-in-hand to produce, as a labour of love, the stuff that keeps the rest of us going.

The image of the farmworker — that of-hand-milking a docile cow whilst squatting on a three legged stool or ambling around the green countryside whilst a collie dog rounds up immaculate white sheep — is perpetuated throughout the 'communications industry'. It is an image fostered to preserve the existing order — class subservience.

Etched into the consciousness of the media, reinforced through fictional and cultural outlets, is the image of the overall-clad forelock tugging idiot farmer scything corn under perpetual sunshine, which is only too willingly accepted by an industrially-based population inherently longing for the 'peace and tranquility' of the countryside.

The farmer frequently claims — and it is now embedded in popular beliefs — a paternal attitude towards his workers whereupon the farmworker receives his milk, butter, cheese, chickens, house, etc, etc., etc... (The only thing missing would seem to be a Sunday suit.) But this is not borne out in reality. More farmworkers receive Family Incomes Supplement than any other section of workers. A sack of potatoes which you yourself have picked is hardly consolation for a gross income of £48.50 a week.

The far reaching influence of farmer-employers and their organization — the N.F.U. — throughout all the power strata of our society, from local council to the highest positions of the state, is apparent. Their employees — represented by the Agricultural Workers Union — are at a great disadvantage, having to function as they do without the negotiating security of a closed shop, faced with an independent wages board composed of a vicar's wife and various business consultants appointed by the government (which is often the case).

The history of events in Tolpuddle, Dorset, in 1934 and particularly the class divisions of that history are not academic. The class opposites exist today as they existed then.

Building Your Future

Jane Heywood and Amina Patel, (London England), with Women in Manual Trades, produced **Building Your Future**, *a recent video documentary. They outline the production experience — their first — below.*

We made the tape to give girls information about getting apprenticeships in the building industry — and to challenge the whole idea of "women's work"

We are a group of women throughout the country who work in traditionally male manual jobs — building, car mechanics, driving, etc. We have been active for the past five years mainly as a support network because trades women are still very isolated and face sexist hostility at work (and often at home too). We also work with the unions. A number of women are now shop stewards in the main building union. Lobby agencies do skill training workshops and work with girls. Despite "sex equality" legislation, non-academic girls are still channeled into a restrictive range of jobs — mostly underpaid and unskilled and in the most vulnerable sections of the work force when it comes to lay offs. There is a wide gap between the aspirations and achievements of feminists and the work realities of most young women. Part of the reason for this is that girls are bombarded with images of "proper women" as dependent, weak, fluffy-headed and obsessed with their looks. Of course a lot of girls see this as crap but it is hard for them to get information about alternatives, and there are very few positive images for them to identify with.

Building Your Future shows four girl apprentices and some skilled tradeswomen working successfully in the building industry. They talk about their work and what it's like for a woman to be doing it — which brings up things like pornography, child care and lack of confidence. It would have been good to do that in more depth but we also wanted to expose (for discussion) some of the social forces that keep alive the myths about women that cripple our self image and can stop girls from going after interesting and well paid, but non-traditional work. We tried to do this by using stills, drama and songs and *no* narrator.

The production: We wanted to make the video ourselves partly because we wanted to learn how to use video to get our experience and our ideas across because there are so few of us. After a year or so of struggle with evening classes after work and using borrowed black-and-white equipment we realized two things: that the video would only get made if some women could work full time on it; and teachers felt that girls might reject the finished tape if it wasn't in colour. So we wound up working with a central group of three — a carpenter, a teacher, and a film student — who made the tape in consultation with the rest of the group. The student was able to get colour equipment from her college. The three of us decided to work collectively on all aspects of the production. It was hard going sometimes but it has meant that all of us have learned the basics of production: script and story board writing, camera, lighting, sound, and editing. We hope that the collective effort has enriched the tape and it definitely helped us to make it *financially* (though we didn't realize that until afterwards) because learning video skills took some of the edge off of not getting paid.

When we had a roughly finished version we sent it around schools and youth clubs, and talked to girls about their reaction to it. The response was really good but there was some criticism about the sound quality and one song. We scraped around for more money and got some from our original funders. So we cleaned up some of the sound faults and laid in a new song.

Distribution: We are distributing the tape ourselves. Groups around the country will have copies and the tape has been rented to show other women in manual trades work. Concord Antiplication Film Distributors are also going to distribute it so we will concentrate on getting it to trade unions, women's groups and girls' projects because those contacts can be fruitful in our activist work.

Produced by Women in Manual Trades. Funded by the Equal Opportunities Commission — £2,200, Greater London Arts Association — £350, Southwark Trades Council — £60, and all the women who worked on it over two years with no pay.
Equipment loaned by the Islington Bus Company, London; Northeast London Polytechnic and Shirecliff College of Building, Sheffield; (GLAA), Greater London Arts Association subsidized editing at Fantasy Factory, London.

Nothing Personal

John Greyson talked with Ieuan Rhys Morris and Ron Moule about their recent videotape **Nothing Personal** *in January, 1981.*

FUSE: What are your backgrounds? Both in terms of your own work, and your work with other groups?

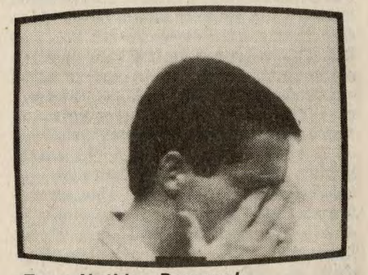
Ron Moule: Both Ieuan and I come from a fine arts background. We're both involved in gay politics — writing up things like pamphlets, documents, and intervention materials. In terms of film and video, we've both worked on separate projects. I did a tape with some feminists and Ieuan was involved with a local council on a video project about racial and sexual discrimination.

FUSE: I understand *Nothing Personal* consists of interviews with six gay men. What sort of questions were asked?

R.M: The tape was mostly about their own development as gay people and their relation to the gay movement. A lot of the men are in gay groups themselves, and already involved in many of those issues. Specific questions were asked about how men see each other in terms of masculinity. At one point, we wondered if we should have heterosexuals involved. Whether we should define the men (more generally) as men or specifically as homosexuals.

Courtesy Moule/Morris

Gay views of masculinity.



From *Nothing Personal*.

FUSE: Would you say that a gay perspective on masculinity differs radically from a straight man's?

R.M: I think that would be true with qualifications. I think that gay men's relationships to masculinity are different, but it's not a case of one being better or worse than the other. There is no pre-existing better form of masculinity. It depends on how the men are gay as well — are they gay liberationists, struggling against their oppression? Are they committed to supporting feminism where appropriate? So we decided through discussions that the men should all be gay. We want to do other tapes on masculinity, around issues like fatherhood, childcare, and relations with women. Obviously these would involve heterosexual men and women.

FUSE: How involved were the six men with the planning of the tape?

R.M: It was a problem of efficiency — controlling the way they wanted to be represented wasn't possible. By the same token you can't expect everyone to want to be involved collectively with the project. However all six of them were concerned about their input, and we had several meetings together before hand. We also all know each other from different situations, through

being involved in politics, the gay worker's movement, and actions against the film *Cruising*, for instance. It seems to me, to sidetrack a bit, that the gay movement will always be involved in the struggle about representation. Which becomes a kind of devil's advocate position, ambiguous in the sense that we want to see more representation of sexuality and different kinds of sexuality in the media. But the gay movement has problems like the feminist movement in making media products for a straight, general audience. One is that we should be responsible to the gay movement, encourage people to come out and feel positive about their lives and their work, and not feel oppressed. At the same time, I, and most (gay) filmmakers I know, don't want to put a transparent window on our world. *Word is Out* is a good example of that — it can be quite irritating, even though it is nice to watch someone talking about being a homosexual for half an hour.

FUSE: Structurally you seem to have chosen a format very similar to *Word is Out*, that of interviews.

R.M: That's true, but the tape is very much about such formats, and seeks to expose them. We wanted to try and say that there are certain strategies at work in a documentary that construct what you see. For instance, the establishing voice-over, or the practice of splicing together material shot on different days in different locations to create an apparent continuum. Or in filming a strike, an occupation, or whatever, the questions you ask will determine the answers. In this case, we chose a very simple situation — men talking; and the film talks about these strategies, while it is also using them.

FUSE: How will you distribute *Nothing Personal*? Are there many distribution centers or facilities?

R.M: Well, there is a gay filmmakers group and an (alternative) filmmakers co-op in London. There're groups around the country who are trying to coordinate their activities through such groups as the Independent Filmmakers Association. We think the tape will get distributed to, and seen by, gay groups primarily. Video is not well established in this country right now, but I think it's going to take off and fill the gap in film distribution, because of course film is much more expensive and more and more people are realizing the possibilities of video.

One thing we're actually trying to set up at the moment is an archive where you have interviews with gay men and women from different parts of the country. They could be distributed around the country for discussion purposes.

Ron Moule/Ieuan Rhys Morris may be contacted at: 269 York Way Court, York Way, Kings X, London, W.1, England

Bringing It All Back Home

The tape is based on the book of the same name. The following excerpts are taken from ***Black Women: Bringing It All Back Home****, published by Falling Wall Press 1980. c. 1980 Margaret Prescod-Roberts. The book is directly available from Falling Wall Press Ltd., 9 Lawford St., Old Market, Bristol BS2 0DH.*

I'm going to talk about being here for the money — in England and also in the United States which is where I'm living right now — and it's important to start by talking about where that money came from in the first place.

I think it's very clear to us now that huge British fortunes and American fortunes were made off our backs from as far back as slavery. Usually when we think about slavery the image we get is of the cotton fields, the sugar cane fields and all that kind of work. But it's also very clear that the key property the owner had was the slaves themselves, and women played a crucial part in producing that property, in producing those slaves, in raising and looking after everyone, including each other. Black women were also crucial in raising and looking after the master and his family.

In talking about slavery, then, what's usually left out or barely mentioned is the housework, the pivotal importance of housework, the huge amount of housework that went on, whether it was in the slave master's house or in the hovels where most slaves lived. And emerging out of the housework of slavery, the housework that Black women were doing inside and outside the house of the master, is the figure of the mammy, the Black mammy, which is a figure we're all familiar with. In the United States you see it all the time on Aunt Jemima pancake boxes, and practically everyone in the U.S. recognises that figure, with her head wrapped in a kerchief, as the Black mammy. And we can see that internationally; the Black mammy figure has become a personification of all the housework, the labour, that Black women had to do in those days of slavery and continued to do after the abolition of slavery.

What did the work of the mammy involve? It involved reproducing everyone, and by that I mean not just bearing children but raising them, looking after the men, other women, yourself, making sure everyone was fit for the next day. And reproducing not only her own children, her man and herself, but also reproducing the master and his family, his children, his wife. The mammy was responsible for keeping everyone going.

I've been talking about the mammy and about her work, that housework, because it has everything to do with the way capital — meaning big British and American money — was able to accumulate the vast amount of wealth and fortune that it did. It's important to talk about that, and it's specially important for us as Black women to talk about that when we say we're here for the money, because what we're saying is that we helped to create that wealth, that we were *pivotal* in creating that wealth. Don't tell us that we have to stay in the West Indies, that we have to work three times as hard to create new wealth for the West Indies. Because we have done three hundred years or more of labour — labour I have done, my mother, my grandmother and others before me have done. When we look around, when I looked around my village, when I looked around Barbados, the wealth wasn't there. It was some place else. It was in London, it was in New York, from the French-speaking West Indies it was in Paris, from the Dutch-speaking West Indies, it was in Amsterdam.

We can see, then, what was behind the kind of organisation that went on within the village to make sure that at least we got somebody to go away, to emigrate, to where our own wealth was.

Having family away

There was a very high level of organisation to get the money or the means together to make sure you had some member of your family going to either the U.S., Canada or Britain. What was that about? It was because, looking around us, we knew that our lives in the village were about work, were about years, centuries of hard work. Every year, day in day out, it's the same thing. And it was clear that the wealth that we were creating was not there — we had to go and get it. So having family away, and by away I mean abroad, in North America or Europe, meant immediately the possibility of getting some money. I remember in Barbados there being some jokes about it, because quite often when somebody had family away, or if somebody left to go to London or New York, some folks immediately began to put on what you call 'airs'; you know, they started acting a little different, a little bit more powerful. Everybody used to say, 'You know, So-and-so think he great 'cause he got family in America' (or London or Paris, etc.) But there was a very material base to that, because immediately having somebody away meant the possibility of some money. You knew that shortly you could expect some letter with maybe a little $5, a little $10, a little $20 that was crucial to your survival and the survival of the immediate family.

So family abroad meant the possibility of access to a wage, getting some kind of money, and also the things money can buy. Those of us here who are poor immigrants, specifically from the West Indies, may remember the parcels that came from abroad, maybe once a year, and if your family away was doing pretty good maybe twice a year. You really looked forward to that because you knew you were going to get some new dress, a new pair of shoes that may not fit but you stuff your feet into them anyway, some canned goods that half the time you may not necessarily know how to prepare. I remember the first time I ate 'cream style corn'. I just opened the can and ate the thing and it was disgusting.

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The State's plan for immigration

It's also clear that the State has a plan for immigration. We see a situation where workers in one place refuse to do some jobs, say: "We're not going to do this stuff anymore, we want some money, we want some higher wages, we're tired of these long hours, we're not going to do that any more.' The State can then go and find some wageless people somewhere else. In the case of England, it was the West Indies, India, Pakistan, Southern Europe, etc. They bring in workers from the Third World to do that job at a lower wage than the workers who are living here, immediately creating a division between the different workers. Because the people already here are going to say, 'What is this? I'm making a struggle against this work, demanding higher wages, and these people are going to come in and do the same work for less money?' Clearly we can see the way the State set up the use of immigration to really undermine the struggles of workers, the struggles that workers were making.

On the one hand, we can see the State's plan for immigration, but also we've always had our own plan for immigration. And that's part of what this meeting tonight is about, about taking back what's ours and about refusing those divisions, and refusing the way the State attempts to undermine us. And we're saying, 'We want the money, and we know some other folks who want the money, and we're going to come together, and together we're going to take the money. How about that?'

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Moving up

In New York and I suppose it happens here as well, some West Indians are labelled 'upwardly mobile'. The ones that come here, work hard at a job, do all kinds of overtime to move up in this world, buy a house, eventually buy a car and all that kind of thing. I know among a younger crowd sometimes there's contempt for those West Indians. 'They don't know nothing, they ain't making no kind of struggle, all they here for, all they after is the money, getting on.' My grandmother was one of those 'upwardly mobile' West Indians. She used to work cleaning people's houses, and during the war she worked in a factory. She saved her money. She learned how to sew so she could make every piece of clothes, so she didn't have to go into the store and buy anything, because she knew she had a daughter with children back home. It was her that was sending those parcels and she had to have the money to do that. And also there was her dream that some day her daughter and her grandchildren would be able to come, and she had to provide for them.

So I can't look down on my grandmother and the struggle that she made to get that money, to be 'upwardly mobile', because she was making a way for us. It was because of the struggle that she made that I am here now saying openly, 'I'm here for the money. I want my money.' My grandmother may not have been able to say it in that way. But it was clear that the struggle that she made, made it possible for me to be here making the struggle I'm making. I'm not saying that there isn't anything to learn in terms of this upwardly mobile business. I'll say more about that later. But clearly when you have the kind of dependency of children and family and people you know back home scraping for every penny to survive, that means a lot of work, always trying to accumulate something, get some security, some stability. That really ties you to that paid job and forces you to accept any job because you know that you can't do without it. But it also makes it possible for your children and your grandchildren — like me — to come around and say, 'I refuse it. I ain't going to do it no more.'

Being an immigrant

So there's the housework before you get here; then when you arrive having to deal with getting a job, all that kind of thing; and then just the housework of being an immigrant, having to put up with all the names and stuff they call you. I remember in high school in New York I had a teacher who in front of the class used to call me 'swamp woman' because I was from the West Indies. That was supposed to be a big joke. But I didn't think it was so funny. People saying you live in shacks, you live in huts back there, or calling you 'coconut heads' and 'monkey chasers'. Which were some of the familiar terms in New York. That's a lot of housework, coming home after a day of that kind of harassment and knowing that you had to get yourself together to go out the next day and deal with that stuff all over again. That's a lot of housework.

And then there was the pressure on the mother because it was her that had to be patching you up, and telling you, 'It's OK, it's not too bad, and some day you're going to go back home anyway.' Which is always the big dream. 'Some day we're going back home, so don't worry about it, this is just a little while that we have to put up with this.'

There was that housework, then, of reproducing ourselves, reproducing our children, learning the new ways, the new machinery. Discovering the big lie about the modern kitchen that we're going to get, that's going to cutdown on our housework, right? Big joke! There's having to learn how to use all these new machines that they tell us really will give us more time, more leisure time and all that kind of thing. We know a lot better now.

Even childcare in a metropolitan area is a big problem. If you live in a village in an extended family, you know that if your child's outside somewhere, someone will be looking out for her. If your child is out in the street and your neighbour down the road sees your child in some mess, that women is going to take the responsibility of dealing with that child. But in Brooklyn, or in London, you're stuck in that apartment. You're there with that kid, you can't expect that child to be out on the street and be taken care of. You know the day care situation is lousy, you're not in that extended family, so you have a big problem on your hands. So when they talk about the reduction of housework, we know by now that that's a lie.

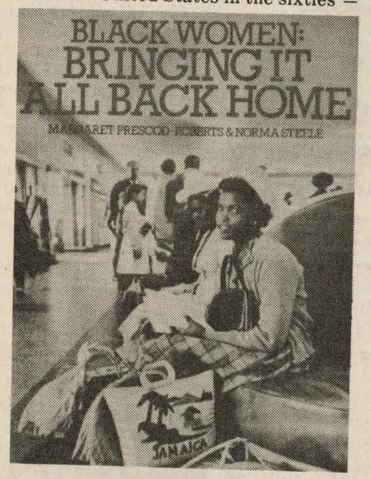
Also speaking from a West Indian experience (but I think it happens with other immigrants, too), another part of the work of being an immigrant is being expected to be two people at once. You have to try to maintain two 'cultures'. You've come from a situation where' you're used to doing things in one way, and you're told, well there's something a little bit wrong with that, you have to adjust it a little bit. Then you're going to have some people that tell you, 'You're sounding very American now, what happened?' or 'You've been here for five years and you sound like you just got off the boat, what happened?' So I mean, either way, you're damned if you do, damned if you don't. You're stuck with some people telling you you should keep all of your West Indian ways, and others saying, 'What's the matter with you? You don't seem interested in mixing.' Juggling those is housework too!

This kind of adjusting is something I had to deal with all through high school. I remember my sister and me going home from school and practising saying 'Yeah', and how to chew gum the right way. We did these things because we were catching hell at school and with our friends, and we knew that this kind of practising was one way of surviving. But it was a very schizophrenic state because we liked the way we were at

home and we didn't think there was anything wrong with us.

Black women in the sixties

Now before talking about organising for the money where we are at this particular point, I think it's important to say a bit about the struggles that went on in the United States in the sixties —



the Black Movement — because that had a very big impact internationally. What's quite often left out in describing the sixties is the part played by Black women and the struggles Black women led around welfare. Demanding welfare money directly from the government for housework, demanding money for ourselves and for our children.

In the sixties Black women took to the streets, taking over welfare offices, leaving their children down at the welfare offices, destroying files and saying to the U.S. government, 'Look, we're tired, we've had enough, we're tired of all this work — we *over*work. You owe us something, there's some wages due here.' We saw the welfare rolls — the number of people claiming welfare — not only doubling but just about quadrupling, with many Black folks moving from the South of the U.S.A. into northern urban areas where the payments were higher, getting on to welfare rolls, demanding their money.

I don't think it's an accident that, at the same time that Black women, primarily Afro-American Black women, were leading a struggle to demand money directly from the government, in the West Indian community the women were making a struggle around the schools. We want education for our children. 'Learn the book' was someting that we always heard at home. (Barbados has the highest rate of literacy in the world.) I don't think West Indian women have any illusions about education. Every day inside and outside the schools we have to struggle with people telling us that things we knew to be right growing up in the West Indies are wrong, and that we have to adopt some other kind of way. So we knew what was going on in the schools. Every mother knew what education meant and how it was turning her child against her, creating another division. But it was clear that learning the book and getting that piece of paper — a diploma or a degree — meant getting access to some kind of wage where maybe your child didn't have to be a street sweeper, or didn't have to go around cleaning white people's houses, but got access to some kind of decent job. Black American women were also very much involved in the struggle around education, and a very interesting coming together happened.

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We're here for the money

That mobilisation has been key in the coming together of the struggle around welfare and the struggle around education, and us saying openly as immigrants, 'Yes, we want the money, we're here for the money and we're no longer going to hide it, because we're involved in making a struggle for us to get the money and for others also to get that money.'

One thing that struck me when I first came to England is how poor most people are. I mean, I knew a lot of wealth has been stolen from Barbados and other colonies, but the British working class sure didn't get it. So when we're talking here about 'We've come for the money', what we have to keep in mind exactly whose money it is. A lot of it is ours because we created it, but a lot of it also belongs to some other people. When we're making a struggle within an international campaign for wages for housework, we're saying we want that money internationally, for all of us. And we're precisely undermining the kinds of divisions that the Man — the State — has established and hopes to keep going, and undermining all of the fears that come with 'Well, if Black women say they want some money, that means they'll be taking something from some other poor slob out here,' from some other overworked working class person. So what's clear to us at this point is firstly the international is crucial for us, and secondly, we're making a struggle right where we are for that money, we're getting together with other women in making the struggle, so that together we can take it, take back what's ours.

This is the last round in destroying this mammy image, this mammy role, this mammy work. And something has become very clear to us. When we try to make an isolated struggle to destroy that image, which some upwardly mobile Blacks did — you know, 'I'm no longer on the same level as you, I'm now a social worker or a teacher, and I live in the suburbs and I now have a car,' etc. — they were always reminded somewhere along the line that they were a mammy just like anybody else. Because the rest of us Black women, the majority of us, are still at the bottom. Often we're told that we have an option, that if we don't want to be a mammy, we can be a 'lady'. But we've already learnt something from the white women who are now saying plenty about this 'lady' business. Not only that, but we've never forgotten what we knew about the ladies when we were cleaning their houses or in slavery. Because we were clearly identified as mammies, they were coming to us for advice about how to deal with their situation. And we saw how they were freaking out and quite often we had to hold them together. We learnt a lot about what this dependency on the men did to them. So we don't want that stuff either.

So we're rejecting the mammy image and rejecting the lady image and the so-called mammies and ladies are coming together and demanding our money, taking our money. And that's what 'We're here for the money' and the International Wages for Housework Campaign is all about. ■

Margaret Prescod-Roberts
October 1977

Distribution information

Nazi's Are No Fun
Rock Against Racism, (London, Eng.), 1978, B/W, 25'. Distributed by: RAR, Box M, 27 Clerkenwell Close, London, EC1, U.K.

Enclosed*
Nicky Mallson, Dawn Mason, 1979, Colour, 60'.

Building Your Future*
Jane Heywood, Amina Patel, Mary Shiel. With Women in Manual Trades (U.K.) and friends. Special thanks to Alex Meigh and Jessica Skippon. 1980, Colour, 26'.

Nothing Personal
Ron Moule, Ieuan Rhys Morris, 1980, Colour, 60'. Distributed by: 269 York Way Court, York Way, Kings X, London, W1, England.

Bringing it all Back Home*
Housewives In Dialogue, (England). With thanks to Black Women for Wages for Housework (USA), and the London Wages for Housework Committee, 1981, B/W, 30'.

* Complete distribution information will be printed next issue.

A WIVES' TALE
Film of the wives' committee supporting the strikers at Inco, Sudbury

FUSE Magazine talked with Joyce Rock, one of the filmmakers of *A Wives Tale*.

FUSE: How did you make your initial contact?

Joyce Rock: By the fourth month, both the strike and the wives were well known in the media. We thought they would make an interesting subject so we wanted to go up to Sudbury and see what was happening. We got in touch with a woman — she was not a striker's wife — and stayed with her for a few weeks. She gave us a quick history of what was going on with both the wives and the strike. We approached the wives after this and asked their permission to film their meetings and homes and they said yes.

FUSE: How did you finance the film?

J.R: We had gone up originally with some short ends of film, and when we decided that we wanted to make the film we immediately started a fund raising campaign. We worked on the film during the day, and fund raising at night. We wrote to numerous groups saying: 'Please send us money.' The money dribbled in over the four and a half months and eventually about $12,000 came in, which meant we could finish the shoot and pay gas and living expenses. It was a very disheartening way to make a film, partly because of the energy it took to look for the money. We often wondered if we would have enough to buy more stock.

FUSE: Do you think this is a common experience for independent filmmakers?

J.R: In this country, documentary filmmaking is dominated by the National Film Board. As a result, there is a whole anticipation of style and quality because if the Film Board had made this film, they would have had half a million dollars. We only had $120,000 by the end of the post-production. What this means, for example, is that we had only the available light to shoot with. Which funnily enough preserved the intimacy we had with the women, because we were not bringing in lights and setting them up all the time. Meetings shot under the fluorescent lights had to be colour corrected in the lab, because they turned out green.

We were not able to pay ourselves, but we wanted to pay a technician union wages, who worked on the final stages. Obviously, you can't make a film about one union struggle and not respect your own.

FUSE: In the end there's a statement that the Wives Supporting the Strikers had approved the release of the film, so presumably they didn't object to the documentation of their various disagreements, within the organization?

D. E. Wigmore

A rally to support the strikers.

Phil Popovich

A kitchen table discussion.

J.R: In fact, even when we first approached them to do this film they agreed only on the condition that both the conflicts and agreements were portrayed equally. They wanted us to show that it is very hard to struggle, and that there wasn't always agreement within the group whether it was a simple action about a press release or a majority vote.

FUSE: That makes *A Wives Tale* different from many labour films, which tend to portray the working class as a homogenous mass.

J.R: That is a narrow definition of collectivity, when everybody has to agree. Solidarity that is about marching down the street holding hands and placards. Anything more sophisticated doesn't fit into such a narrow definition. One of the problems I see in political filmmaking is that there is too much manipulation — they see the people only in terms of the film and the *cause*. I think that this is one of the attitudes directed towards the working class from these alleged filmmakers who are apparently doing their work for and with the working class.

FUSE: Do you think it would have been more difficult to get this sort of internal dissension on film if the women had had more experience with the media than the WSS had at the time?

J.R: The organization was certainly well covered in the context of the strike. Global and CBC were constantly rushing up to Sudbury and saying 'please tell us in five words or less what it is all about because I have to make the 5 o'clock plane back to Toronto for the national news.' Sophie, Martin and myself had to constantly fight against being defined as this kind of media. The women obviously trusted us enough to let us live in their homes but there was a constant suspicion on their part, which we felt was a healthy suspicion.

FUSE: The striking husbands are hardly present in the film. Why?

J.R: It was deliberate. From the beginning, the film was about the women, not the men, the strike or INCO. Once we had made that decision, whatever the outcome was, whether we did or didn't admire them, we filmed it to allow the wives to speak for themselves. Again, the few instances where women are portrayed in existing labour or strike films, it's either as supporters or strikers, and they are shown with someone forwarding or prefacing their actions.

FUSE: Did you encourage the women to make suggestions regarding the film's structure?

J.R: The input the women gave us was what they wanted to give. I think it is important to make films in this way as I see a false democracy existing in films where the political filmmakers make films about a group and say, '...well it *would* be good if the people we are making the film about would make suggestions about editing and the structure of the film.' But the problem with this is that when you make a film the camera and sound go off and on and the filmmakers have to make the decisions quickly.

FUSE: Particularly in political films like this, a certain kind of heroising progress goes on. In terms of feminist filmmaking, this is obviously an important issue. Did the women and yourselves discuss this?

J.R: That's why the women wanted the film to have all the tensions and conflicts in it, so that they wouldn't turn into heroines. So that other women wouldn't look up at the screen and say: "Oh, aren't they wonderful!", but say: "Oh, they are just like me. I've thought and felt that." ■

GILLIAN ROBINSON

A WIVES' TALE
Threading the political role of women through history's eye.

In 1958, Sudbury, Ontario was the scene of a bitter strike against INCO, (International Nickel Corporation). INCO is a huge multinational controlling the world's nickel market and Sudbury is a company town, with a quarter of the population presently existing either directly or indirectly from employment at INCO. In 1958, the strikers accepted what was acknowledged as a bad contract from the company. Blame for this bad contract was laid directly on the wives of the miners who, feeling the economic stress, had pressured their husbands to go back to work at any price.

Manipulated by the clergy, the media and their private needs the women were called 'strike breakers' — unworthy of future responsibility in the world of politics. The women's organization during the 1958 strike, the Women's Auxiliary, held bake sales and community-oriented events. These traditional activities were the only accepted avenues for the wives of the workers, right up until the time of the latest strike in 1978, when the United Steel Workers of America, Local 6500, 11,700 men and 30 women voted to take a strike action against INCO.

Some background: in April, 1978 INCO laid off 2,200 workers in Sudbury. The following June INCO offered the union a wage freeze for one year and less than 10 cents an hour more in a one year contract. (The usual was a three year contract.) The cost-of-living allowance would continue but only provide some of the money it would normally have produced, pensions did not encourage workers to retire early, and INCO wanted the grievance procedure overhauled with numerous changes. With all these stipulations and *bad deals*, Dave Patterson, president of Local 6500, recommended to strike. The workers voted 61 percent against the INCO offer.

The inevitable hardship of the eight month strike in 1978 ($36 per week strike pay for a family of four) was made bearable by the support and donations of organizations world wide, who recognized it as an important event in labour history, seeing the determination of the miners not to allow a multinational corporation to bulldoze them into another bad contract. The backbone, however, of both the moral and physical support came from the wives of the INCO workers. Organized as Wives Supporting the Strikers (WSS), they set up a viable committee to collect money and organize events which would enable their husbands to continue striking. As the strike continued, WSS (with a total membership of over 300, 60 to 70 were actively involved), gained media recognition.

The forgotten history

It was the first time that a women's organization was recognized publicly for their positive effect on a strike.

Filmmakers Joyce Rock, Sophie Bissonnette and Martin Duckworth decided to make a documentary on the WSS. The result is *A Wives Tale*, which records the WSS over the last four months of the strike. It begins with a brief history of INCO in Sudbury, and the events of the 1958 strike, including the negative image of the women's role. Through the use of stills and commentary, we see the women in their kitchens, rarely are they seen publicly. The commentary tells us that (women's) "history is the forgotten history. It is a hidden history, lost in silence. Our history has ever known contempt. It is the history of women. A history yet to be told."

A Wives Tale documents the politicization that occured within the WSS as thoroughly as possible. As housewives, their communication with the world and themselves is through their families and homes. During the strike, not only did individual women alter their traditional roles as their meetings and group activities took them out of their homes, often leaving husbands to mind the children, but the nature of their organization changed them through the catalyst of a political event — the strike.

In the beginning we see the women collecting money from passing cars and organizing large dinners for the community. They are still very much the organization that existed in the 1958 strike, making few demands on their men, not yet having found the voice to challenge their inaccurate media image. They have weekly meetings wherever they can hold them, in homes and union halls. Since few of the women can drive and public transportation in Sudbury is almost non-existent, car pools had to be organized to attend their weekly meetings. The strong committment this required soon had its effect on the women. Beginning to take their involvement more seriously, they realized that they were worthy of more responsibilities.

The film was made with the approval of the women involved, after discussing their reservations. They did not want to be portrayed again as strike breakers; nor did they want their actions elevated to some heroic level. The filmmakers lived in the homes of the women of Sudbury for four months. Their expectations of a 'documentary' changed. For one thing, each day of shooting was tenuous; they never knew when the strike would end. Because of this close interdependent working relationship, voyeurism is absent — the women, knowing the filmmakers intimately, tell their stories directly to the camera.

Working in your feminist skin

The filmmakers wanted to connect the many roles of the wives, whether sitting talking at the kitchen table with the kids running around, or organizing a major event. They wanted to show that for these women at this time, both were equally important. In this way *A Wives Tale* is a feminist film. Joyce Rock says: "...I think that this is one of the beneficial differences that women, who are filmmakers, can bring to filmmaking. It's like making a political film politically. You had better make a feminist film with your feminist skin always there. It's very basic — like when it's time to go. It's 10:30 a.m. or whatever and why should they go on, (the wives talking for the film) just because I think that things are hot? Like the decision of when to turn the camera on and off, (whether to continue to record) with the children playing and the diapers being changed."

As the organization moves beyond the world of bean suppers, the style of the film changes from a quick collaging technique to longer studies of individual women. With the growing committment to their organization, the meetings become much more open to argument as opposing positions are articulated. The film shows both the agreements and disagreements among the women as the nature of their politicization changes. One of the longest arguments is about a press release. The strikers have been offered a new contract and the WSS has written a press release suggesting that the men reject the company's contract. The women argue about whether they should issue this press release — can they come out

publicly in opposition to the company offer — can they make such an obvious mark on the history of the strike? Or should they support the family above all else, by supporting the men if they do accept the bad contract.

Further on, one of the most active and articulate WSS women talks with a union official about the bad contract offered by the company. The WSS wants to know what they have decided. He tells her that their involvement should not be so strong. They should keep their opinions and press release to themselves. Her hesitant voice is one of the most moving parts of this film. She is unable to voice her opinions, and risk taking a stand against the union, which she is working so hard to support. She's unable to claim that the WSS is as much a part of the strike as the strikers themselves. WSS is divided on this particular issue: when one of the women in a meeting states her support, saying "fuck the strike, if my husband wants to go back to work" another replies, "It's not his strike. It's everybody's...this is history in the making."

Clamping down

In the end the wives decide by a narrow majority to issue the press release. One of the union men chastizes them for making such a move, for stating their opinion so strongly; the union then prohibits any further such action by the WSS, unless they allow the union to put their stamp of approval on further press releases. The harsh truth this signifies is control — oppressive control of the political woman.

This growing confrontation between the union and the WSS flares out in a meeting between the groups. Dave Patterson, president of the local, asks the women to approve a motion stating that the union must co-sign all checks on the WSS account, on money the women have collected. The immense pressure on the women to capitulate reminds one of the pressure the women were accused of in the 1958 strike. The resulting passionate argument among the women is an important event in their growth — in debating their right to control their own organizing, they realize the implications. Can they claim responsibility and acknowledge their politicization that takes them out of their kitchens? One woman says that she is only working for her husband; while another demands to know why they have worked so hard just to have the results taken away from them so easily.

In another scene, a woman says: "They're afraid of us — our husbands are. But we have a right to be there, it's our lives too." Traditionally they may have the right, but as women in 1978-9, they have the possibility to claim equal rights to power. However, money has always been the oppressor of women;

Courtesy of the filmmakers

The WSS had to juggle their roles as mothers, activists and supporters.

they have never controlled economics.

At the end of this intense debate the women vote to accept the union's proposal to control all monies passing through the hands of the WSS. The implications of this *yes* conjure up all the images of women giving in to both the personal male (their husbands) and the impersonal media. They are seduced back into slavery by the simple fact that housewivery is the reality for them. Other possibilities appear out of their realm.

The women thus have to face the harsh reality that they are housewives organizing *around* their husbands whose strike is the issue. These men have the final say, and the role of the WSS is to suggest and support. Their own politicization is determined by the men — yet their presence is lacking in the film. Little is shown of these husbands, and the personal relationships involved are an almost absent factor. Talked about and hinted at, we can only guess at the nature and influence of them. The ongoing reality of these women's families has been excluded from the film even though much of the footage came from the homes. Politics cannot be separated from this simple fact that these women are dominated by the male presence. You know the WSS changes, but what about the men? So we must assume that the source of oppression remains unchanged.

Living with compromise

One of the most personal scenes in *A Wives Tale* is between a striker and his wife, a member of WSS in their garden. They exchange good humoured taunts about the organization which he finds a bit of a joke. It's okay for her to belong, but her place is really at home. That's what women are good for. She retorts, calling him a male chauvanist pig, but laughing at the same time. Her humourous acceptance is an example of the seduction, the compromise that these women live with. They do become political, but the politics are tempered by the presence of the man at home — the man with money.

The pressure of these women's simultaneous roles as housewives, mothers, activists, and supporters is summed up in a moving song sung by Pauline Julien called "Une sorcière commes toutes les autres." Sung at a fund raising dinner for the WSS in Montréal, the song lists the various expected female roles, making clear the balance of practicality and sorcery that the world expects of women.

After the strike had ended, the filmmakers returned six months later to film the conclusion: a man going off to the early morning shift, and his wife sending the kids off to school. For although some women became actively involved with other political activities, such as the Radio Shack strike in Barrie, most of them returned to their kitchens. One of the most active women in the WSS tells us she has discovered her voice: "I've changed. I'm not scared to go out alone anymore." The strike and involvement with the WSS has given her a new self-confidence. Still in the home, but changed.

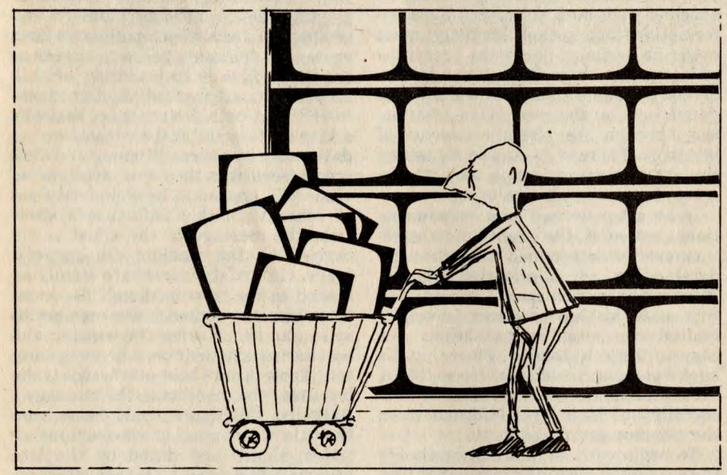
Some of the women involved with the WSS had never had a life outside of their kitchens. The real issue is not to what degree they became politicized, but that their involvement changed them, that they actually became involved contrary to pressures to stay within their homes, in their 'place'. Their perceptions of themselves as women, and as women within a family structure, changed. Their active participation in the making of *A Wives Tale* is an accurate and moving document of their struggles and determination and their cooperation with the filmmakers makes *A Wives Tale* an extension of their own growing feminist awareness. Any struggle of women to break out of their *silence* is commendable. *A Wives Tale* affirms that the recording of activism from a feminist stance becomes an important event because of its "feminist skin". ■

Gillian Robinson is a writer living in Toronto.

TOM SHERMAN

TRANSVIDEO

Video information produced by artists must be assessed in terms of its communications potential



John Greyson

In the late 60s and on through the 70s there was an instinctive development in the utilization of the video medium by the artists of the new world. Some even went so far as to call themselves video artists. Video was never an art movement like Op art or Pop art. In fact, video is an electronic communications medium for the conveyance of information of a visual and aural nature across the distances of space and time. Still, there were some artists who felt a need to conform to the traditional role model of the artists specializing in the use of one particular medium. There were those who had decided to work exclusively in video. They would be the artisans of the new medium, as certainly as there had been painters in oil before them.

Actually, if one takes a minute to study the attributes of the video medium, he or she will find that video is more like television than it is like painting. Isn't it strange that a medium so closely resembling the vulgar, repulsive popular medium of television would be recognized by the curators of the art museums as a fine art medium employed sensitively by artists? It is odd that a second-rate, technologically unsophisticated version of television would find itself on the marble pedestal reserved for objects of rare and spectacular beauty. It is no wonder to me that some find video by artists less like art and much too much like television.

Needless to say, there are some immediate problems with any definition of the superficial resemblance of video and painting. If you will recall, video actually turned up in the galleries first as a sculptural medium. At that time there was much talk about the difference between object placement and installation. And there was quite a turnover in rhetoric with that systems' aesthetics business. These major conceptual trends were to rule common artistic behaviour for years at a time. In reality, the influence of video technology was so strong then, that today we can see many artists working awkwardly with traditional-art media, attempting to simulate with functionally inadequate materials what video does best.

The Object Fetishists

In the minds of the 'new' material formalists, i.e. traditional object fetishists locked in the depths of minimal conceptualism, there is currently an obsession with bringing the outside in, and putting the inside out. Usually this means installing materials common to one space into a new space or context. This, by the way, can be done with less mess with electronic imaging technique. But then we must give the artist back the use of his or her hands. You understand, your average art lover continues to revere an artist with a concern for a tactile surface and resilient design. Everyone knows that quality work must always be solidly based in the physical display of painstaking craft time. Woodgrain is tasty; acrylic colour long bright; thick steel is strong: while video is fleeting and impermanent. In other words, it will take World War III to knock this country out of woodworking.

Wait a minute! My mid-winter cynicism has taken me into quite a feisty volley of misrepresentative verbal venom. I have nothing against this beautifully forested country. Nor do I generally disrespect painters or woodworkers. It is just that I am frustrated with the retrograde efforts of those who insist on determining an aesthetics of video based on formal relationships with an aesthetics of fine art based in traditional art media.

Black and white video may resemble photographic art. Colour video may be soft and pastel. A video installation may be full of top notch sculptural features. Sure, video may be seen as a medium having many properties attractive to artists with many different concerns. But video is first and foremost a communications medium. It is an accessible high technology designed for the direct conveyance of information. Video information produced by artists must be assessed in terms of its communications potential. Video technology should not be wastefully programmed and displayed as a utility rendered beautifully useless.

An aesthetics of video will develop naturally as the medium is effectively used for communications by unrelated individuals and groups from diverse sectors of society. In respect to the goal of reaching a communications potential, all uses of video must be compared with the impressive effectiveness of broadcast television. I am not critical of the present technique of message encodification in evidence on broadcast television. I am critical of the level of information on television. Today's television, although it remains non-interactive on the whole, has an incredible communications potential. Communication is the direct conveyance of information from one party to another. One person, on camera, may speak to literally millions of manned television receivers. As television will become a partially interactive communications system, we will see a tremendous diversification of the information conveyed in our lifetimes.

If we can forget for a moment the level of technology employed by the

Tom Sherman, artist is currently researching electronic communications.

United States and the Soviet Union in military video surveillance satellites in outer space, international broadcast television and domestic surveillance systems are the most sophisticated applications of presently developed video technology. All uses of the video medium, including artists' video, must be evaluated relative to these successful industry applications.

Retroactive values

Now certainly the artist appears to be a minnow in the deep blue sea when one thinks of seriously partaking in the discipline of electronic communications. The first and most important thing is not to leave the water. However insurmountable the obstacles are between your information and your audience, never underestimate the power of a communications medium to convey your idea. Both technical difficulties and political regulations can be circumvented. Skills can be learned and money can be found. The evolution of artists' use of video must not be sidetracked by self-limitation and doubt. Where cash flow and equipment shortages become evident, competitive instincts must be followed to assure success. Artists who persist in wrapping their monitors with the tether of traditional artistic media are nothing short of arcane agents of retroaesthetic values.

The reason artists try to dress video up as the next traditional fine art medium is simple shortsightedness in the midst of the present economic recession. Artists as business people believe there is security within the economic systems of the art institutions. Remember when artists' use of video was in its infancy, and some artists actually issued limited editions in video, forcing the controlled scarcity of information commonly perpetrated by the entrepreneur in fine art printmaking? The concept of video information increasing in value because it is locked up in a bank vault is amusing. But we don't have to go that far to find video information frozen on its magnetic tracks, due to inadequate distribution procedures. Artists content with the practice of exclusively depositing their video information in the gallery or museum context should have their heads examined.

While an art gallery or museum audience is only one thin slice of the society we live in, it is important to understand that an established cultural institution can lend credibility to an unknown information source. The best curators recognize that the video medium holds information in a gallery much like a book holds information in a library. Some people read better at home. Video information may be collected by an institution like an art gallery or museum and then be distributed on a loan basis to member, or on a home distribution network like cable TV. The widest circulation of video information should be encouraged by all cultural institutions.

When programming a video distribution system with information, the selection process should be governed by a communications aesthetic. The video medium should be employed to its fullest potential. Every message should be encoded with both visual and aural information. The spoken language must never be excluded under the pressures of internationalism. Translation is never more trouble than it is worth. It is dangerous to abstract video information through the formal exclusion of language. There is no excuse for taking the art of communication back to the level of mime or cave painting.

In an art governed by a communications aesthetics, the quality of information must be determined through an understanding of information theory. Where information theory is essentially a mathematical construct in origin, limited conceptual permutations are easy to project. John R. Pierce, in his book *Symbols, Signals and Noise* (1962), set out fundamental criteria for the recognition of high level information in the communications context.

To begin with, in information theory the concept of entrophy carries a different meaning than it does in physics. Entrophy in communications is a measure of uncertainty. The more uncertainty of the message source, the more information when the message is received. For example, suppose you had just moved into a new apartment, in a new city, in a new country. In this new country your apartment came furnished with a telephone already hooked up. Not a soul had an idea of where you were. For all practical purposes, your phone is ringing! Immediately you assume it is your new landlord, Mr. Anthony. You pick up the receiver. It is a woman's voice. A stranger. It must be the telephone company. No, she is trying to sell you a newspaper subscription. In the five or six seconds before you were certain of the identity of the caller, and in the purpose of the message, the level of information was very high. On the other hand, if your husband calls you at home everyday at noon hour to check on whether or not he has received any mail, when the phone rings at 12 noon, you can hear his voice even before you pick up the receiver. After 15 years of daily noontime phone routine, your husband's voice is very low level information.

High information messages

A message which is one out of ten possible messages conveys less information than a message which is one out of a million possible messages. If you would please follow me back into my muse about video by artists and its place in art galleries and museums, and to video by artists' potential on television, notice what happens when we apply this high/low information criteria to the present cultural reality. The curator displays video in the gallery or museum context as the 'new medium'. A 25 inch Japanese monitor sitting on a high tech AV cart standing next to the redundant messages of traditional painters and sculptors. The video medium in this context is definitely going to appear as the bright idea in 20th century art history. In any art institution of good size in 1981 in North America, i.e. basically a 19th century cultural environment updated only by air conditioning and electronic security, the 'new medium' of video will appear to be completely out of context. In this unfortunate situation, the message of the artist is not carried by the medium. On the contrary, the artists' names are simply attached to the 'new medium'. The curator offers the audience the medium itself in an iconic sense. Presenting video: the new art medium. All young curators know from their university training that "the medium is the message". Actually, this quote could have been the title of just another video art installation, signed and dated by the late Marshall McLuhan. Another dead artist.

Television, the environment of televised video information, presents an excellent context for the message of the artist working with video. The television environment is comprised of a string of monotonous messages, a virtual electronic slush of low information; a precisely formatted flow of predictable messages created by broadcast television industry artists working against a clock squeezed tight by money. These industry artists do the best they can: sex, violence, rock music and the NEWS of sex and violence; made-for-TV movies, satellite weather, soap operas, country music and professional sports (more sex and violence); plus the game shows and the talk shows and the science shows and more old movies. If video by artists is injected into this slop called TV programming, the artist will have to sink or swim on the message of the work. You can't cry video on TV. Video on the same channel selector as television is television. 21 inches of video becomes 21 inches of television by virtue of circumstance.

Let's drop back into the gallery or museum for a minute. It seems safe to say than whenever artists use a new medium, they first explore the potential of the medium until they can control it, and then when they find themselves working comfortably with the medium that's when they turn up the juice. They work with the inherent properties and characteristics of the medium until they know what they are doing, and then they communicate

through the medium. If they use the medium properly, the message will come through strong and clear.

Unfortunately, artists did not get their hands on the video medium first. By the time artists were working with video in the late 60s, a whole different profession of television industry artists had already been programming television on a daily basis for 25 years. The fine artists were in late, attempting to produce video information with a difference. They were forced to use the medium against its grain. Actually, if the virgin use of video had originated in galleries and museums, in the 40s, chances are television would have eventually fallen into the same form it is in today. Artists, in that case, would have been free to develop the use of the medium in an unforced, natural way.

Choosing to code

Early in the game, when potential distribution on broadcast television channels seemed like an unrealistic fantasy, the encoding of video information by artists was perverted by necessity. Artists actually convinced themselves to stay away from talking heads and situation comedies. Curators unwittingly reinforced this behaviour by insisting that techniques like handheld, upside-down camera work made video programming by artists high level information by virtue of its difference. Unorthodox behaviour as a rule never made anyone interesting. You have to mix it...If you would please switch back to that telephone call from the woman trying to sell us a newspaper subscription: if that woman would have told us the best joke she knew in the Russian language, the level of information wouldn't have been too high if you, like me, don't understand a word of Russian. In our time, the message of the avante-garde is coded in the twists and turns of the perverse technique of evasion. Material formalism, the cryptic fetishism of a secret formula of surface and design, is the antithesis of the universal desire to communicate. As it stands today, the particular kind of video best suited for an art gallery or museum is the video message encoded in the elitest language of material formalism.

Here were are in the 80s. For my generation, time has begun to run out. Take a look at the world. Every person alive today is in trouble. On this page this is nothing more than a gloomy paragraph. But if you were one of the millions of starving people in the world, this would be a lot less theoretical. As artists, let us not intentionally propagate ignorance at the expense of light. The promise of artists using a communications medium like video is in the ultimate potential of the communication they may practise. And yet after holding this powerful electronic imaging technology in their hands for more than a decade, many artists have become complacent with the notion of belonging to an art movement called video.

Video is not an art movement. Nor is it a political movement. Video is an electronic medium capable of conveying information of a visual and aural nature across the distances of space and time. It is a medium cursed with rigid limitations and blessed with awesome potential. Closed-circuit video in a gallery or a museum is one context for the communication of information. This is the beginning, not the end for video by artists. Take the endorsement of one set of cultural institutions for what it is worth and look for the next step. Call up the AV section of your public library and ask them for video information by artists. Try to explain to them what you mean by video by artists. And what about the public access channel of your cable television network?

If you have followed me this far, I trust you have accepted the spirit of this challenge. I may be preaching, but it makes me want to spit when I see valuable equipment being misused to update the look and feel of arcane cultural ritual. A communications aesthetic must be developed through the use of the video medium to directly convey information. This communications aesthetic must evolve rapidly to expedite the vital injection of high level video information by all communications artists into every available channel. Our immediate goal must be partially interactive television where we do some of the programming, thereby making television better, from our point of view.■

JERRY KEARNS and LUCY LIPPARD

WAKING UP IN N.Y.
PAD's goal is the development of an effective oppositional culture.

PAD (Political Art Documentation/Distribution) is an artists' resource and networking organization coming out of and into New York City. *Our main goal is to provide artists with an organized relationship to society;* one way we are doing this is by building a collection of documentation of international socially-concerned art. PAD defines "social concern" in the broadest sense, as any work that deals with issues — ranging from sexism to racism to ecological damage or other forms of human oppression. We document all kinds of work from movement posters to the most personal of individual statements. Art comes from art as well as from life. Knowing this makes us want to learn more about the production, distribution and impact of socially-concerned art works in the context of our culture and society. Historically, politicized or social-change artists have been denied mainstream coverage and our interaction has been limited. We have to know what we are doing. In New York. In the US. In Canada and Latin America. In Europe. In Asia and Africa. The development of an effective oppositional culture depends on communication.

PAD will celebrate its first birthday with a Valentine's evening of entertainment and discussion around a slide show of political art (followed by dancing, but not in the streets — yet.) We began in February, 1980, as an amorphous group of artworkers dimly aware of a mutual need to organize around issues, but without much notion of how to do it. We met at Printed Matter once a month and agreed to start collecting documentation so we would have a physical core from which to reach out. For a while we looked at each other's work, discussed it, and thought about a social club and various possibilities for cultural activism. Then in late Spring we were offered a room in a former high school on the Lower East Side under the aegis of Seven Loaves — an umbrella group for community arts organizations. Suddenly we existed physically. We had to be in the world, and that led to the present structuring still in process.

We have three kinds of meetings now:

- The relatively flexible core or work group of 15-20 people gets together on three Sunday afternoons a month at the

Seven Loaves space (when it's not too cold). Here we deal with: soliciting and handling of the archive materials, answering mail, maintenance; how to distribute these materials; how to connect with other cultural organizations in NYC with similar purposes so there's no overlapping and duplication of work. (For instance, we are working with Cityarts Workshop, which has an impressive resource center on the community mural movement, and, with Karen di Gia of Gallery 345, who has a collection of original political art). We are also beginning to connect with and inform each other about the political events and struggles taking place in the city, understanding the ways these relate to national and international situations. Finally, we are thinking about collectively created issue-oriented exhibitions in public spaces, such as windows, subways, libraries, etc.

- The open meeting with which we began takes place on the second Sunday of every month at 8 pm at Printed Matter (7 Lispenard St. NYC 10013). Here reports are made from the work group and a brief visual or verbal presentation is given by a PAD member or guest as a sort of laboratory to stimulate discussion, education, consciousness raising and activism.
- We are just beginning a series of public events centered around specific social issues seen in their historical perspectives, focusing on how they were opposed or supported by the socially-concerned art of the time; for instance, militarism in the "cold war" era, the Vietnam era and today, discussed by people from WRL (the War Resisters League), CARD (Committee Against Registration for the Draft) and artists who have done work with anti-militaristic content. We want to understand how the dialectic between oppositional art and society changes and takes different forms at different moments. These public afternoons will be publicized, and will lead up to a Summer conference, at which we hope to bring together a wide coalition of cultural groups and artists.

Taking the romance out of political art

PAD's theory is going to develop out of real experience instead of from the idealized and romanticized notion of a "political art" that remains as separate from the action as the art we're educated to make. While we want to move beyond the isolation and alienation of the art world, it is important to us to remain artists, to maintain contact with our roots as image makers, to recognize the social importance of making art. We'd like to encourage the fearless use of objects, and encourage and support disenfranchised people in making their own uncolonized art. We reject the way the art market has denied art's social function and diffused it by setting up false dichotomies between abstraction and figuration, "political and formalist", high and low culture. Perhaps the most insidious idea we have to combat is that you have to give up art to be involved in the world, or give up the world in order to be an artist. (The alternative being that impotent neutral ground currently offered artists by the dominant culture.)

Postcard by Conrad Atkinson

"May the overthrow of the old order be imprinted on the palms of your hands." El Lizzitsky. Who said "Art and Politics don't mix"? Well it must have been ITT, IBM, GE, EXXON, GM, MGM, CBS, BBC, ICI, CIA...Because it certainly wasn't Chaplin, Shakespeare, Picasso, Brecht, Robeson, Hellman, Dickens, Twain, Bruce, Holiday, Duncan, Sartre, Ibsen, Thoreau or Conrad Atkinson.

Restoring the central role of art

We want to become a channel through which artists can take responsibility for their own and other lives. We are convinced that it is possible to overcome the conflict between "my own work" and outreach, between collective work and "getting back to my studio." Individual talent, or the self, is not lost but clarified and enlarged through social practice. So far, the most visible models for understanding the personal and the political have been produced by feminists, but we all know a number of people invisible to the mainstream, who are doing equally important work to dispel this negative separation between the personal and the political.

PAD recognizes the complex dialectic underlying creativity in social contexts. We do not see the individual artist's gifts and needs being replaced by a dogmatic notion of "social work." Instead, we see one of PAD's central tasks as a conscious and patient investigation of the historical twists and turns of interaction between artist and society.

We have to criticize and accept criticism. We have to stop putting down everybody who's not making the same kind of political art we are — which is a classic product of artworld competition. We have to develop new forms, open up old forms and support each other in our efforts to understand the process of doing so. We have to identify our primary audience in this time. We have to stimulate the invaluable dialogue between artists and the people we think we're working for. Art is about matter, material, reality, whether it's abstract, or representational, or conceptual. It's about real life, about how we see, touch, experience, feel. Art and politics have in common the capacity to *move* people. But we have to be very clear about who we are moving and why, whose reality our artwork reflects.

Artists can be useful and powerful allies

In a nation where oppression is primarily carried out on an ideological level, through control of communication, we recognize the central importance of making powerful cross-cultural images, of creative opposition to the dominant culture. One of PAD's most crucial tasks is to build an understanding of the importance of the artist in the construction of a new, "people-not-profits" society. We want to make art that makes ordinary people's lives, memories and experiences moving and important to others.

Like the Left in general, we see this as a time to resist, to unite around our common needs by encouraging connections, sharing work with other artists (independent and organized) building cultural coalitions. All this is important and necessary work in 1981. PAD can provide a way of simultaneously getting feedback for art and carrying through these goals. We know we are in a youthful stage of our development and we're very aware of working into something that is beyond the knowledge of the group and of the histories of the individuals in it. We'll need your input to assess and continue our goals. Just networking in NYC we've been surprised to find so many people we didn't know about. Finding them makes us realize how many of you are out there we still don't know about. A major part of PAD's program is to hear from you and to make sure that when one of us hears from somebody we *all* hear from somebody. There's a lot of energy out there, some of it being dissipated in unsupported isolation. It seems to us that the best way to begin is to get concretely involved with the struggles in our own cities and at the same time be networking and learning from what's being done elsewhere.

We want to talk to people who organize people: 1) socially-concerned art and cultural groups of all types. 2) local, national and international issue-oriented groups focusing on the major issues of our time, like anti-militarism, ecological damage, racial and sexual liberation, etc. 3) community groups organized around local needs like housing, daycare, police brutality, welfare, etc. PAD sees this triad as the basis for a powerful alliance.

PAD is building from the grass roots up. We have no funds, grants, etc. and we'll need donations from participating artists to do mailings that will keep us all in touch with each other. (Make checks payable to PAD New York and send to address below.)

Eventually we will start a newsletter which will provide a forum for dialogue and also serve as a catalogue and supplement to the archive, including sections from it. Right now we are compiling a directory of socially-concerned artists. If you register as an individual, groups will be able to find you for work, exhibitions or jobs. If you have any ideas about how we should structure the outgoing, or distributory half of PAD (within our limited resources) please let us know. We want this to be a reciprocal relationship. ■

HOW TO SEND MATERIALS TO PAD
Please send all material in an 8x10 manila file folder labeled with your name or the subject of your interests. We welcome slides, posters, artists' books, photos, publications, and other multiples but we cannot accept responsibility for original (one of a kind) material.
SEND TO:
P.A.D. c/o Seven Loaves
605 East 9th St.
N.Y.C. N.Y. 10009
phone (212) 533-8695

Jerry Kearns and Lucy Lippard are founding members of PAD, New York.

KENNETH COUTTS-SMITH

LABOUR STRUGGLE
A history of de-development in the Maritimes and the video works of Tom Berger and Bill McKiggan

Corporate capitalism depends on the deliberate underdevelopment of peripheral regions; and the conventional "international" unions, along with provincial government, more or less acquiesce in this situation. Atlantic Canada, however, is presently observing a rebirth of militant unionism, especially in the inshore fishing industry. Two Halifax independent film-makers, Tom Berger and Bill McKiggan, are part of this resurgence — not merely as documentary witnesses, but as active contributors with a new cinema of engagement.

Metropolis vs. Hinterland

It might seem a commonplace to observe that the conditions of modern transport, just like those of media communication, tend to obscure the social realities of regional life; but perhaps this observation will provide a useful metaphor for this present concern. Arriving conventionally in Halifax, one is eventually decanted at the airport into the same social space that one had left behind. A brief disorientation engendered by the effect of approach (a long empty runway apparently set in an endless and stunted northern forest — like an airstrip north of sixty?) is dispelled once inside the terminal. The bland and pervasive visual discourse of air-travel blots out the whole dimension of regional specificity.

But, to drive between Ontario and the Maritimes, especially if one takes the "scenic" route that follows the coast of northern New Brunswick and the Gaspé, is to experience a personal penetration into underdevelopment. Halifax, the local center in the chain of dependency, becomes — almost literally — a different city according to the nature of one's arrival there. On the one hand, an immersion into the artificial social space of packaged travel provides an illusion of continuity, reassures with the codes and signals of familiarity and sanitizes the potential of social confrontation. On the other, the physical experience, however brief, of regional social erosion, of the alientation endemic to the progressive centralization of community autonomy, demands a modicum of indignation.

That a centralization of wealth, both economic and cultural, has taken place in the capitalist world is undeniable — even to bourgeois analysis. The process that concentrates industry and cultural institutions around a metropolitan core to the economic detriment of the peripheral hinterland is characterized by a steadily worsening condition of underdevelopment, unemployment, out-migration, an eroding manufacturing sector and a significantly lower rate of minimum wage.

Bourgeois economics attempts to explain (to its own satisfaction) these discrepancies with a series of arguments based entirely on determinants internal to the region in question; on geographical factors such as isolation or problematical transport; on the lack of mineral and resource deposits, or the inability for various reasons to internally develop those that do exist; on institutional and political factors, tracing the causation to the Acadian dispersal, for instance (or to the Battle of the Boyne, for that matter); or, finally, to some postulated inherent local and inbred genetic trait, the "hillbilly" analysis of regional intransigence and reluctance to accept industrialization.

Despite this plethora of explanation, no analysis based on local "conditions" holds any water whatsoever. The only one that comes to grips at all with the question is an analysis that has been slowly gaining ground in economics over the last decade; a general dependency theory that postulates the deliberate development of underdevelopment as a crucial and necessary factor in the expansion of capitalism. This understanding goes beyond merely recognizing that the capitalist infrastructure has created dependant markets and a large reserve labour pool; it proposes an economic theory based on the notion of a historical dynamic of dependant layers of metropolis-hinterland colonial domination that is internal as well as external to the imperialist countries.*

The Regional Catch-22

It is in the nature of imperialism, of course, that the dynamic of exploitation be veiled; and the domain of culture is the natural vehicle for this process of mystification. This patently operates at all levels in an underdeveloped peripheral society. In terms of mass culture, the touristic image of the fishing outport as a movie location operates in a primary manner towards diffusing the social context into spectacle; while in "high" culture, the greater part of regional painting (tending, within this juncture to a narrative, figurative, even neo-realist style) achieves the same result on a 'superior' plane.

The outward-looking posture of regional cultural institutions (museums, universities, colleges, etc.) implies an absolute domain of liberal-humanist learning and aesthetic value independant of cultural location. The existing indigenous fine-art traditions tend to be understood — even downgraded — into the category of either provincial academicism or that of folk-art manifestation; that is to say, they are declared (even self-declared) marginal to the ideal of avant-garde internationalism.

The very nature of the dynamic of regional underdevelopment in the socio-economic (even in the socio-political) sphere would seem to effectively preclude any alternate structure of relationships between cultural institutions and the daily realities of local life as long as those institutions remain, as they patently must under present conditions, a part of the metropolitan side of the metropolitan-hinterland equation, as is evidenced by the almost total lack of interchange between the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design and the local Halifax community.

It is in the nature of institutional culture at the periphery to not merely provide a link with that at the metropolitan center, but to actively represent the value system of the metropolitan center. If there is a contradiction between regional and metropolitan culture, as it seems evident there is, then it becomes clear that we would have to admit that (despite the contrary intentions of many individuals within the system) institutionalized culture in any form must be ultimately at the service of a certain mystification.

All the more important, therefore, is the development of peripheral cultural forms that embody aspects of the real social experience of regional life and, at the same time, go beyond the necessarily patronizing perspective (for instance, the appropriate celebration of folk-art) of institutional culture. Up to now, the problem has been compounded by the widespread acceptance of the bourgeois-metropolitan understanding of what constitutes the legitimate field of artistic culture. Regional society has been discouraged from indigenous cultural expression as a result of the persuasive myth that artistic culture consists only of the field defined by the broad spectrum of liberal-humanist and avant-garde assumptions. Anything outside of this is by definition (in a remarkable socio-political Catch 22) sociology or politics. No wonder the most celebrated regional aesthetic and cultural aspirations have ended up in recent years as an irremediable provincial gloss on last year's wilting avant-gardist transgressions.

An understanding, however, that the social reality of peripheral regional life is utterly conditioned by the political fact of metropolitan-hinterland dominance permits a transcendence of this network of cultural contradictions. Indeed, one is constrained to ask in the light of such an understanding, how can an authentic regional expression of artistic culture exist today that is not absolutely political in essence? This is a question uncompromisingly raised by two Halifax film makers, Tom Berger and Bill McKiggan, who have been, over the last four or five years, engaged in making a series of videotapes and movies exploring the history and the present reality of the labour movement in the Maritimes.

But, as I hope to be able to demonstrate, these are not merely historical or agitational documents standing to one side of mainstream culture, rep-

photos courtesy Berger-McKiggan

The Lockeport picket during December 1939 saw 600 people on the picket line. The fishermen, plant workers, their families and sympathizers united to successfully prevent trains from collecting the fish that remained stored in the plant.

*Dependency theory is a major extension of the whole Marxist economic analysis which, of course, is static only in the gaze of the various vulgar determinisms, Stalinist or otherwise. It proposes that the modern stage of industrial capitalism not only requires an underdeveloped hinterland, but that the very process of peripheral underdevelopment is a necessary characteristic of capitalist accumulation; and that, further, this process has a historic dimension going right back to the Renaissance. Gunder Frank, for instance, cites the example of Portugal in its relationship with England. Depending on trade agreements made as far back as 1647, the English agreed to supply Portugal with textiles in exchange for sherry and other wines — both trades to be rigidly protected by tariffs and exercise.

This seemed, at first, an equitable agreement until it became apparent that the nature of the exchange also resulted in the fact that the English began to control the distributive infrastructure and quickly gained a controlling interest in Portuguese (and later in Brazilian) shipping, railroads and banking. This, of course, was because the production of textiles implied urban industrialization while that of wine limited the economy to a rural and agricultural dimension. Portugal had, previously to the trade agreement, been producing her own textiles and was well on the way to capitalist accumulation. The net result of dependency colonialism was that England industrialized while Portugal *de-industrialized*. Economic development takes place strictly at the price of de-development elsewhere. This theory implies, of course, that contemporary regional underdevelopment is not something amenable to reform, but a necessary characteristic of capitalism itself, one remediable only with the significant acession of regional non-capitalist political and economic power.

For a full discussion of the thesis of the development of underdevelopment, see the originators of the theory of dependency: André Gunder Frank (*On Capitalist Underdevelopment*, Oxford University Press, Bombay 1975, and *Capitalism and Underdevelopment in Latin America*, Monthly Review Press, New York, 1967) and Samir Amin (*Accumulation on a World Scale*, Monthly Review Press, New York 1974 and *Unequal Development*, Monthy Review Press, New York 1976). The application of this thesis to the specific question of the Canadian Maritimes has been extended by Henry Veltmeyer ("The Capitalist Underdevelopment of Atlantic Canada" in *Underdevelopment and Social Movements in Atlantic Canada*, edited by Robert J. Brym and R. James Sacouman, New Hogtown Press, Toronto 1979.) These books have been invaluable to me in orientating myself for the preparation of this article, as has also *A User's Guide to Canadian Political Economy*, compiled by D. Drache and W. Clement for the Latin American Working Group, Toronto, 1977.

resenting a "special interest" in the conflicts of industrial relations. The whole culture of a peripheral region that is being deliberately subjected to the development of underdevelopment is of necessity political to its core, is of necessity consciously engaged in the class struggle. Most of us would have little difficulty in accepting this proposition when it is applied to the underdeveloped third world. It is clearly impossible that artistic culture in Latin America, for instance, not be political in essence even if it be obliged to speak obliquely. It is perhaps less easy to draw the same conclusion when it is applied to the more opaque and mystified structure of dependency that operates within the supposedly developed capitalist world. However, an examination of the Berger-McKiggan films and tapes within the context of the Maritime class contradictions should make it evident that this conclusion applies.

Dynamics of Underdevelopment

Berger and McKiggan's tapes and films include: *Work and Wages*, a study of unemployment in Halifax (1978); *Charlie Murray* (1978), a profile of the labour activist who organized fishermen during the 1930s and 40s; *The Finest Kind* a people's history of the Lockeport lockout of 1939 (1979) (Preceding tapes distributed by DEC Films, Toronto.); *Michelin, the workers' view*, (1980); and a current work in progress, tentatively entitled *Fish, Or Cut Bait*, of which sections have already been filmed covering such issues as the 1970 Canso fishermens' strike. the Caraquet demonstration of 1979 and the subsequent tear-gassing of Acadian protesting fishermen and their families in north-eastern New Brunswick. This film is projected as an analysis of the on-going struggle of the three-year-old Maritime Fishermen's Union to organize an analysis that is understood in its historical context.

Work and Wages was their first tape. Shot largely in the autumn of 1978, it charts the appearance at that time of a coalition of various labour and community groups in the North End of Halifax that came together to organize against unemployment. Though, understandably, it is the most tentative in form, it is already characterized by a distinctive style that is to be further developed in the movie of the following year, *The Finest Kind*. It comprises a documentary blend of roving camera interview, reminiscences, actuality and archival material all focused around various public manifestations such as meetings, demonstrations, marches, picket lines and the like.

The unemployment situation in North End Halifax, a crumbling, wasteland of social despair and urban decay is horrendous — unofficial estimates suggest that in certain streets the real unemployment figures top 50 percent. But, beyond this stark fact, there can be physically seen — perhaps more clearly than in any other analogous location in Canada — the underlying dynamic of underdevelopment. Beyond the predictable signs of alcoholism, vandalism and carbohydrate obesity, two locally specific signs are pervasively and constantly visible. One is in terms of population; the very large concentration of blacks of whom one has little or no intimation in the central area of the city a scant two blocks away, so acutely are the contagious racial and class lines drawn in the community. The other is in terms of industrial economics; the empty waterfront collapsing and eroding, the remaining part of the once-thriving Shipyards shrinking in an industrial barrens.

These two parameters of economic distress, highly visible in the North End's Gottingen Street, obscured and sublimated in the downtown Scotia Square development and completely invisible in the bourgeois tree-lined calm of the streets around Dalhousie University, form the poles of the Berger-McKiggan analysis. Around a core-structure formed by tightly edited images of the inaugural demonstration-march of the Coalition for Full Employment, both the socio-political and the economic implications are montaged in a description of the Hawker-Siddley pull-out from the Dockyards together with a discussion held by young people at New Options, a (now regrettably defunct) attempt to provide an alternative to the school system for out-of-work youth.

Being eighteen or twenty-one and never having had a job in anything other than seasonal unskilled labour in the service sector, imprisoned by apathy, conditoned by a welfare prospect of perennial pogey, lacking education and information access, must lead to a bleak disillusioned acquiescence. And Berger-McKiggan explore that congealing and impacted state of mind very eloquently in the eroded despair of an ageing Cape Breton mineworker, now long out of work and scarred by screech compounding the effects of social injustice. But they also show some of the kids at New Options groping towards a political radicalism that is all the more moving for its inarticulate simplicities. We realise, as we watch, that we are witnessing the very process of political education taking place before our eyes. Small wonder the experiment of New Options remained just that, an experiment, one cancelled by withdrawn funding.

The *economic* dimension of unemployment is firmly delineated by interviews with laid-off workers from the Hawker-Siddley plant which suddenly closed down its operation, summarily throwing 1,000 men out of work. The ongoing story of the Halifax Shipyards, once one of the city's central industries, is a clear example of the collusion between corporate capital and government. Hawker-Siddley, a British corporation, received over 30 million dollars in subsidy from Canadian governmental sources in terms of direct grants and unsecured minimal interest incentive loans. As Charles Murray, a labour activist who helped to organise the shipworkers in the 1930s and 40s points out in the movie, not one penny of Hawker-Siddley's investment in the Halifax Dockyards was their own money imported into this country — it was either public money or corporate surplus profit developed elsewhere in Canada. Yet the company was legally free to close down the plant under the rationale of declining profits and to relocate elsewhere taking with them all the plant and machinery bought with the Canadian taxpayer's money.

The total government cynicism that condones (even confirms) such transactions is emphasized by the fact that the Liberal Reagan government of Nova Scotia decided against public ownership and promptly handed over the gutted and empty buildings to a new consortium, largely Dutch, who were enticed and encouraged to repeat the process on a diminishing scale by further government subsidies of 22.5 million dollars. This new and massive injection of Canadian taxpayers' money into the international corporate coffers has not even redressed the direct unemployment caused by the Hawker-Siddley pullout. The new company only rehired 200 of the original 1,000 laid off.

"No Comment"

Berger and McKiggan also illustrate the *political* dimension of unemployment in a remarkable footage. Following upon the Trudeau government's regressive policy two years ago of attempting to erode hard-won union rights by forcing a unilateral and binding arbitration on the striking postal workers and in the face of CUPW's subsequent defiance of the back to work order, authority was given to the RCMP to raid the union locals. The Halifax detachment, however, made a tactical error uncharacteristic of the RCMP which, once launched, compounded itself. It seems that the officers encountered an intransigent union official who insisted that the police officers photocopy in his presence every piece of paper that they were impounding. As a result of this they did not take in the implication of Berger's presence with his camera; and, once an officer had answered Berger's repeated and insistent query concerning the officer's name, they were more or less committed to that presence.

The following conversation takes place while we observe the RCMP officers milling around and searching the office — Tom Berger: "What are you

From *Work and Wages*: Ric Amis
Young men at New Options school.

Coalition for Full Employment

An RCMP Security Service officer.

doing here?" Corporal Bishop (struggling with the xerox machine): "No comment!" Tom Berger (to union official): "Can you tell me what is going on here?" Union official: "We are xeroxing copies of all the papers they are stealing from us." Tom Berger (to Corporal Bishop): "Under what act or law are you doing this?" Corporal Bishop: "I have no comment at the moment." Tom Berger: "How will the public know?" Corporal Bishop: "It is a matter that will come out in court."

Of course, nothing is said or done that is particularly extraordinary. The police act with stolid and proper propriety, the union officials with disciplined and suppressed fury. Tom Berger is a voice, off behind the jostled hand-held camera; the voice, however, — slightly quavering — of a private citizen suddenly observing the true face of bourgeois authority. What is remarkable in this footage is not that it is a "scoop" in terms of journalistic information, but that it is one in terms of the codified information embedded in a visual image: the impassive clenched face of Corporal Bishop as he repeats "No comment!"

It is this cinematic style (unlike so much social-action documentary it manages to avoid both didactic narrative and talking heads) that informs the work of Berger and McKiggan; somewhat hesitantly in *Work and Wages*, more confidently in *The Finest Kind*. The latter movie about the strike and subsequent lockout at Lockeport, in 1939 marks a tightening of focus in the Berger-McKiggan concerns. In making a film about the first attempt of the Nova Scotia fishermen to unionize — an event still within the domain of oral history — they discover for themselves their future central subject matter: the present labour struggle throughout the Atlantic inshore fisheries.

Fishing: The Corporate Bait

History certainly bears out the fact that the labour struggle is more congested, more easily thwarted and blocked, in the underdeveloped regions. Once more Maritime fishing industry appears paradigmatic of this. It is not until the 1930s that the first serious attempts take place to integrate the fishermen into the trades union movement. The reason for this was embedded in the traditional attitudes inherited from the early days of mercantile capitalism of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, which launched the development of the Atlantic fisheries as one vector of the triangular British-New England-West Indies commodity trade. As salted and dried fish became an important staple in the trade, so the inshore fishermen developed from a subsistence economy to one based on independent primary production.

As the trade mutated, however (with the development of the offshore Grand Banks Fishery in the 1870s and the concomitant rise of monopolistic capital enterprise) the myth of the "independent" producer, the solitary heroic individual who wrestles out a living from the hostile elements, was perpetuated. A full-blown corporatization process started very early in Nova Scotia. The W.C. Smith Company — the linear predecessor of the present Nickerson-National Sea conglomerate — was incorporated in 1899 and initiated at that early date, the vertical integration of production, processing, distribution and marketing. But the dependent status of the "independent" producer remained veiled through the subtle manipulation of patronage by the whole spectrum of capital ranging from the small local fish-buying companies (to whom both the individual fishermen and the outpost as a whole were invariably mortgaged by extended credit) all the way to the emergent monopolistic companies of Halifax and Lunenburg.

One extraordinary example of such manipulation was the formation and development of the first fishermen's "union" in Nova Scotia. The invention and the creature of Moses H. Nickerson (yes! the very same, at the foundation of the present conglomerate — merchant and politician), who ran the association as a sort of corporative co-op; it was designed to persuade all and sundry of the commonality of interest between producers, packers and government. The Nova Scotia Fishermen's Union effectively prevented the collective bargaining process from being launched at all until the 1930s.

It was only under the impetus of the depression, when the captains of the offshore fleet (whose interests as employers of crew normally made them the allies of the companies) began to feel an economic pinch, that a process of serious industrial conflict was launched. Trying to force up the price of fish, the Lunenburg fleet moored the boats bow to stern across the harbour in an original picket line that blockaded the packing plant. Some gains in prices were made which were later reneged upon; but a climate of industrial protest had been launched which was to come to a head two years later in 1939 down the coast in Lockeport. It is this latter strike and subsequent lockout which conditioned the first significant attempt to unionize that forms the subject matter of Tom Berger and Bill McKiggan's second tape, *The Finest Kind*.

The Finest Kind

In this tape they use an interesting allusive technique, avoiding the linear "high-school-social-studies" type of construction typical of so many tapes or films dealing with recent historical events. It builds up, through a series of interviews, reminiscences and montages of contemporary material, both still and movie, a sense of the *climate* of the strike, a feeling for the very process of radicalisation. This, as I shall emphasize later, is not just simply a technique "imposed" on their material, but is probably the natural (and unconscious) result of the film-makers' own personal experience of radicalisation undergone during the making of these tapes.

In *The Finest Kind*, the old fishermen's reminiscences are highly personalized, the interviews are neither stilted nor didactic — rather, they carry a lingering sense of wonder and pride that authority was defied. The comparitively trivial anecdotes, (with their legendary character, clearly still the currency of a local mythology) carry a meaning beyond their mere content. There is a great deal more than a simple nostalgia for exciting days, a version of the war-time reminiscence; what informs these low keys stories, told sometimes with a self-deprecating irony, is the haunting memory of a unique intensity of collective social purpose.

The events of the strike itself are not especially dramatic in other than a local context, but they do firmly mark a watershed both for the emergence of a consciousness of class struggle on the one hand, and for the tactical consolidation of power by the companies and the governmental committment to that consolidation on the other. It is the moment when the lines of contestation (lines still significant today) are drawn up. Attempting to initiate the principle of negotiated prices not achieved in the earlier confronatation, a fish seller's boycott led to the packing companies concerted response of closing down and locking out both the fishermen and the plant workers. Polarized in this way — intensified by the commonality of experience in a single industry community — the fishermen, plant workers, their families and sympathizers picketed the plant and successfully prevented trains from collecting the fish that remained stored in the plant.

Eventually, after some eight weeks of escalating tension and minor scuffles, the intervention of some 60 mounted police broke the picket line and the government forced a settlement. What is significant with Lockeport, though, is that it marked the first liason between the local fishermens "associations" and the trades union movement as a whole. Charles Murray, who was central to the strike and to the subsequent struggles to unionize throughout the Maritimes was sent down to organize at Lockeport by the Canadian Seaman's Union partly because it seemed likely that the out-of-work Lockeport fishermen would be imported into central Canada in an attempt to break the unionization on the Great Lakes.

The outbreak of war and the enlistment of the unemployed and underemployed broke the concerted effort as much as the pressure of governmental authority. Berger and McKiggan explore, with the montaging of images from a haunting and scratchy home-movie, the fact that the urge to enlist was fundamentally more dependent on economic than on patriotic motives — at least the king's shilling meant that one was "working".

With the erosion of membership, the union leadership became vulnerable. Charles Murray, as representative of the Seaman's Union, was pressured by the Nova Scotia government in threatening letters to desist "from fomenting industrial unrest...or it will be the worse for you!" It was: he was arrested and interned (along with the prisoners of war and Canadian fascist leaders) for some 16 months. In the tape, the ageing labour leader is seen relating these events in a Halifax high school classroom, bridging abstract history into employment anticipation for his young audience — a device typical of the Berger-McKiggan team who are concerned in making their story relevant to the present and rescuing it from historical reification.

Ric Amis

Charlie Murray talks to high school students making abstract history real.

"Co-Adventurers"

After the war time suspension of union activity, the Canadian Seaman's Union once more gained extensive support among both inshore and offshore fishermen; the union actually won certification, only to have it quashed by the Supreme Court. Under the pressure of strengthening company lobbys, legislation was introduced that declared all fishermen to be beyond the legitimate scope of the Trades Union Act, since they were now defined as "co-adventurers" — that is to say, supposedly equal partners in a collaborative mercantile venture.

In insisting upon the myth of a free and competitive market in which the fisherman is an independent primary producer taking "shares" in a multilateral enterprise — and managing to get this myth enshrined in legislation — the companies successfully blocked the development of collective bargaining rights. This invidious formula, phrased one way or another, applied even to the clear wage-labour conditions of the offshore trawler crews up until the very recent past; and, as far as the inshore fishermen are concerned, it still totally interpenetrates the conjoint company-and-government reading of the present situation. Like in the 1930s, following the dynamic of capitalist development as the fish companies position shifts from national to global monopolistic structures, labour activity in the Maritimes is once more coming to a head.

The 1970 strike of the fishermen of the Canso Strait, brought into vivid public scrutiny a conflict that might normally be expected to have been of local and limited interest. Individuals were catapulted into media prominence. Martyrs and heroes were created. An ordinary fisherman, one Everett Richardson, with no previous experience whatsoever of radicalism or public life became overnight a potent symbol, one charged with implications well beyond those raised by the unexpectedly severe prison sentence — 9 months — he received for disobeying a court injunction. The breadth of the widespread reaction of sympathy on the one hand and the consolidation of the forces of capital on the other, the cries of "communist manipulation", the ambiguous response of the concilliatory and continentalist Canadian Labour Congress, the tenacity, perseverance and rapid radicalisation of the strikers themselves, all point to larger issues at hand, to a major reorientation taking place across the whole fabric of Maritime social life.

False Continuum of History

Clearly, in terms of the dependency structures that we have examined, the capitalist de-development of peripheral regions requires the perpetuation of a static and linear concept of historical development. It is necessary to persuade (and, of course, to self-persuade in an ideological double-bind) that there is no significant *historical* discontinuity between the center and the periphery; whatever discrepancies exist are believed to do so within one overriding continuum.

It is clearly not possible to admit the existence of ruptures in this continuum if they mark out clearly distinct *stages* of social development surviving contiguously. The historical "moment" that conditions the metropolitan center is believed to pertain also in the hinterland periphery. Any other understanding (particularly any one that admitted to historical discontinuity) would reveal the essentially imperialist nature of the relations between the center and the periphery.

The common view is that there is no peasantry in North America (with the possible exception of rural Quebec — but that is commonly regarded as an anomalous and alien country anyway). We live, we are conditioned to believe, in a fundamentally homogenous society, one that has entirely developed within a post-feudal and mercantile enlightenment value system, one which came to maturity and formed its social essence *after* the industrial revolution. In terms of a totally simplistic and linear conception of history this is true only to the simplistic extent that Confederation took place in time after the European English industrial revolution.

In ignoring the dynamic nature of history, it becomes possible to obscure the fact that the industrial revolution is an ongoing process — it is presently taking place in the underdeveloped regions of the First World just as surely as it is beginning to take place throughout the Third World. The process of industrialization is not merely a matter of increasing technological complexity subsumed under the cosmetics of mass culture. It constitutes a massive — and traumatic — reorientation of social relations.

As Donald Cameron so rightly observes in *The Education of Everett Richardson* (1977), the Canso strike was essentially a response to the very recent industrialization of the fishing industry in which the introduction of company-owned and technologically-complex trawlers costing upwards of three quarters of a million dollars has completely proletarianized the offshore fishermen, while the resultant diminishing of fish stocks, inflation and the corporatization for the fish-buying network has progressively distanced the small-scale inshore fishermen from the personal ownership of the means of production. Economic development is always unequal, locked into a contradictory and fragmentary dynamic. The Cape Breton steelworkers proletarianized early, yet the fishermen a few miles down the coast remained dependent on seasonal petty-primary production extended by small-plot subsistence farming (the classic peasant economic base) until the very present.

The Canso Strike

Under these conditions, the drive towards unionization in Atlantic Canada is far from being the result of "outside professional agitation", as companies and government maintained at the Canso trials, but it is a natural, and historically predicated, grass-roots response to the very process of proletarianization — the awakening of class-consciousness and the attempt to construct institutions in which to embody that consciousness. In this fact the essential difference can be isolated, such as those between independent "radical" unions like the United Fishermen and Allied Workers who led the 1970 Canso strike and such CLC-supported international and "responsible" unions as the Canadian Food and Allied Workers who were instrumental to some considerable degree in negating the achievements of that strike.*

The difference is not between a radical union and a conservative union, between "communist infiltration" and social-democratic consensus; the difference, rather, is between, on the one hand, a collective and truly democratic association in which an emergent class can see its values reflected and its identity reinforced and, on the other hand, a purely pragmatic mediating body designed to negotiate bread-and-butter-issues within the context of the bourgeois understanding of social relations.

It is the view of the union as the repository for an awakening class consciousness that appears to modulate the subject matter of the work of Tom Berger and Bill McKiggan in its third and present stage. I have already remarked that the transition the authors make from a deep and sympathetic concern to an activist committment. If *Work and Wages* reflects and validates a struggle for social justice, if *The Finest Kind* is an attempt towards the restoration to working people of their own alienated history, then the current work-in-progress, the film tentatively entitled *Fish or Cut Bait* emancipates itself even further from the "documentary", from the objective record. In the most realized segment that stands out from the presently available rushes (a sequence around the so-called "herring war" confrontation at Caraquet, New Brunswick, September, 1979) one realizes that the subject matter is not the demonstration itself, not the clash with authority, but the concomitant emerging sense of collective social purpose, the escalating politicization, the developing awareness of the dynamics of exploitation — in short, the emergence and concretization of class-consciousness.

The Berger-McKiggan team are not themselves immune (nor, of course, would they wish to be) from this process. Simple "documentation" would appear now to be no longer enough, no matter how passionately indignant that documentation might be. The camera's relationship to the subject begins to become dialectical; it starts to contribute to the process that if reflects. One can understand the Berger-McKiggan insistence that they no longer envisage their audience as the traditional alternate-cinema circuit of campus screenings and parallel galleries, but see before them a different circuit of village community halls and trade union meetings, of rural schools and church groups. Their stated "ideal" audience would be one composed of the protagonists themselves, the committed and the not-so-committed, the participants, in short, of developing unionization. That is not to say that they wish to propagandize *for* the union, agitate, proselytize, solicit membership — rather they would hope to serve, as the emergent union itself does, the deeper process of proletarianization.

Caraquet

The Caraquet sequence, with its unobtrusive "anti-documentary" qualities, shows hope of justifying this ambition. The issues at hand and the developing social sensibility interpenetrate to provide something that is not "art" in the sense in which we normally use that term, but rather something we have not yet managed to articulate in criticism, a creativity that interpenetrates with social life — not merely representing realitiy but being wholly part of it at the same time.

The events of Caraquet provide a remarkable metaphor for the sudden and rapid proletarianization experienced by the Acadian fishermen of Northern New Brunswick as they surface from the stasis of a traditional self-view. Paradoxically, the Maritime Fishermen's Union, struggling to concretize this awakening, is also striving to protect a life style and a set of community values that are threatened. But the very dynamic of proletarianization that has brought the union into being will probably be ultimately just as much a threat to that (essentially pre-proletarian) life-style as is the incursion of in-

* In 1971, following on the settlement of the Canso strike, as the United Fishermen and Allied Workers awaited revisions to the Nova Scotia Trades Union Act that would change the legal status of fishermen and allow them to ask for the certification of the union of their choice, the packing companies led by Nickerson and National Sea voluntarily recognized the Canadian Food and Allied Workers (the Canadian arm of the AFL-CIO Amalgamated Meat Cutter and Butchers of Chicago). Such a private deal between the companies and a complacent union constituted an agreement to waive the legal distinction that denied that fishermen were "employees". The Meatcutters conducted raids against the United Fishermen, suborning their membership until the collapse of the Nova Scotia locals. Later, legislation was passed by the Nova Scotia Government to amend the Trades Union Act retroactively abolishing the "co-adventure" concept and thus legalizing the new "responsible" union.

dustrialized offshore strip-trawling and seining, freezer trawler joint-ventures and the like. The proletarianizing process and the conservation of traditional outport fishing life would seem to be incompatible. As always, the dynamics of social change are contradictory.

The very issues of the ongoing Caraquet-type "herring war" are themselves contradictory. Fishermen against fishermen, with only the companies as winners. The crisis devolved from the arrival of the so-called "mobile fleet" (already a contention at Canso in 1970) from British Columbia which emigrated to Atlantic waters after the closure of the Pacific herring fishery due to the depletion of the stocks on that coast. The "mobile fleet", of course, is made up of company-owned ships, and they are ambiguously defined as being neither clearly inshore nor offshore boats. Fishing inshore, they rapidly deplete the stocks.

The Berger-McKiggan work-in-progress focuses constantly on the ecological threat, the overfishing directly attributable to the company ships, trawlers and herring seiners alike. The MFU is presently lobbying for a 50 mile limit for the offshore fleet (currently supposed to fish only outside a 12 mile line) since the inshore stocks are already, according to some estimates, approaching extinction levels for certain species. Even should they win that legislation, there is a distinct possibility that it may be too late in terms of an irreversible ecological downturn, not to speak of the effects of bad faith in the activities of the packing companies.

While the length of the average offshore stern-dragging automated trawler is often 200 feet, the government has designated 60 feet as the maximum for a boat licensed to fish inshore. At the present moment it seems that Nickerson's-National Sea are preparing to build five 59 foot technologically complex miniature offshore boats — a capital-intensive project designed to compete quite legally with the labour-intensive technology of the proper inshore boats. The companies may well be determined to strip-fish the very last bit of profit for themselves.

The Caraquet contestation resulted from the government's failure to adequately restrain the "mobile fleet" when they set quotas at the beginning of last year's herring season. After some preliminary blockades elsewhere, 200 fishermen, their wives and families, picketed the wharf at Caraquet to prevent the company-owned seiners from unloading their catch. Suddenly, and with very little warning, a sizeable RCMP squad in full riot-gear charged the picket line accompanied by a tear-gas bombardment. The brutality of the government intervention served naturally to consolidate the fishermen's resentment; and it is clear in the Berger-McKiggan footage that this resentment was exacerbated by the deliberate contempt displayed by the authorities who did not think fit to include any French-speaking officers in dealing with a completely Francophone group.

The RCMP prepares to attack the Caraquet fishermen. This was the first use of tear gas in N.S. since the War Measures Act. A fisherman said, "When I was in the army, they taught me about the tear gas. But that day I had the experience of what it did to a man."

The Caraquet rushes that I have seen are flavoured by very bitter interviews that emphasize the racial dimensions behind the socio-industrial conflict. It is not accidental that the radical and militant Maritime Fishermen's Union, now spreading through New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, saw its inception in the purely Acadian fishing outports.

CBC's Balancing Act

It is interesting to compare the handling of this general subject matter in the Berger-McKiggan series with the more sanctioned films put out by the National Film Board and the CBC; such a comparison clearly demonstrates that the difference goes beyond a simple divergence in concept about the nature and function of documentary cinema, or a variation in "political" focus. Rather, it is evident that, despite a commonality of material, this constitutes the expression of two irreconcilably separate social universes.

The first thing that one notes in such a comparison is the forthright transparency of the Berger-McKiggan material. The cutting remains spare, those interviewed speak naturally, simply; we never feel manipulated by editorial tricks of persuasion. This low-key technique is far from a propaganizing emotionalism, yet the two authors would never pretend for one moment that they are neutral. The NFB/CBC films, on the other hand, would surely make such a claim to "objectivity", yet they pull out every emotional trick, every dishonest montage, every elided nonsequitur that you can imagine in order to inject a sublimated message.

Consider the CBC feature, *Finding a Solution*, directed by Gerry Whelan and aired last July in the series *Land and Sea*. Presented in the format of "investigative journalism", it explores the implication of the Caraquet confrontation and the "herring war", but, surprisingly, not a single inshore fisherman is interviewed, nor are any representatives from the Maritime Fisherman's Union. The newsmagazine technique of "balancing opinion" by interviewing officials and "professional experts" is employed. Those not in the know, however, would have difficulty realizing that all of these talking heads are clustered on to one side of the debate. The implied objectivity is entire specious, and clearly deliberately so.*

Socialist Culture

In contrast, the Berger-McKiggan films have a potential to be honest. They are made in an open-ended situation, a mental climate where the political pressures have not yet coalesced to demand the sloganeering simplicities of propaganda. Doubtless this open climate will be short lived. History is replete with examples of communitarian social forms being swallowed by bureaucratic structures. Berger and McKiggan can be wrong, be muddle-headed, be misinformed, be obsessed, by didactic, even, as occasionally they are, be technically clumsy, but one thing they cannot be is dishonest. Not for the moment anyway, not while their subject matter, the emergent class awareness that is being experienced by the fishermen of Caraquet and elsewhere, retains its lucidity, its simplicity and its passion.

Artists like to call themselves "cultural workers" these days, and one topic of debate throughout the whole artistic community is how to render artistic practice once more socially responsible and politically radical. The questions of "proletarian art" and "socialist culture" come up for discussion time and time again. We can define "proletarian art" quite easily in certain historically sanctioned areas of experience: the urban folklore of union parade banners, for instance. We do not have much difficulty in locating such manifestations as the Russian Civil War, LEF and *Blue Blouse* agit-prop as "socialist culture". The difficulty comes in the contemporary context. I'm not sure that any of us quite knows today what "proletarian art" entails. However, if it can be defined by the very necessary Marxist imperative that it be dialectical, that it not merely reflect proletarian "reality" but also actively engage in the struggle for the emergence of proletarian authority, then I think that Tom Berger and Bill McKiggan have a fair claim to be placed under that rubric. ■

Kenneth Coutts-Smith is an artist and cultural historian. He last reviewed the videotape *Pea Soup* for *FUSE*.

(Editor's note: Since the writing of this article, *Fish or Cut Bait* has run into problems. Only a week after the first screening of a rough-edit of the film, Peter Katadotis, Director of English Language Production for the National Film Board was in Halifax. While Katadotis had previously supported the project, making film stock available for shooting, in November, at his direction, the NFB withdrew support for the film and the filmmakers, saying that the film "technically was not up to NFB standards". This means that Berger and McKiggan will not have access to the NFB's post-production facilities to complete the final edit of the film. Subsequently, they have transferred their footage to video and are editing it at another Halifax facility. When the video version is completed (probably late February), the tape will be viewed by the Royal Commission investigating the inshore fisheries of Newfoundland and Labrador as the inquiry enters Phase 2 in which the situation of the fishermen will be examined. This is at the request of the Newfoundland Fisherman, Food and Allied Workers Union, who feel that the film accurately represents the depth of their problems.)

* But behind the press-release banalities of this film, an entirely different message comes across. It's all a fuss about nothing. The inshore fishermen should move over and stop holding up progress. The "union" position is — unbelievably — given by one Harold Manuel, the ex-president of the MFU who resigned (with some encouragement) a while ago, and who has spent the time since buttonholing all and sundry to inform them that the union is "communist" controlled and the innocent fishermen are being manipulated by sinister interests. The viewer, hearing an extremely negative assessment, has not had it made clear that Manuel is *not* speaking for the union.

On the other hand, the spokesman for the Eastern Fisheries Federation, the hangover from the anti-union co-operative movement, is encouraged to come on as *the* legitimate union representative guarding the workers' interests. A certain Captain John Hacket, skipper of a company-owned seiner has the highest profile in the programme, and presents the hard-done-by-little-man's-view, the ordinary guy suffering from the pressures of massive bureaucracy, union agitation and the irresponsible mob. The Captain's class position is transparent, yet the editorial structure insists on his ordinariness, his little-man status. It is never remarked that he is himself an employee (though on a managerial level) on a company-owned ship — indeed, the companies themselves might as well not exist at all. The proposition is that of the small free-enterprise businessman being muzzled. The reading of the whole movie, the message that comes across loud and clear, is that of one petty-primary producing group confronting another in an ideological vacuum.

LAURA KIPNIS

AESTHETIC CAREERISM
Using windows as non-emergency exits

J. M. Goss *Fresh Air*
Installation at Center for Art Tapes
Halifax, October 22-November 1

Consider the bizarre social existence of the art student: the zealous preparation for future unemployment as zero-sum contest to produce meaningful art while enfeebled by bankrupt formal strategies learned at the feet of instructors haunted by failed careers; confronting the pandemonium of 70's artistic pluralism cross-eyed from maintaining one eye on Duchamp while the other twitches at an ever diminishing market; never quite able to suppress the morbid specter of hundreds of thousands of MFA's living in squalorous cockroach-ridden lofts on the Bowery reduced to foraging through garbage cans for their dinners.

Consider especially the art student at an institution such as the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design (I am one), which built its reputation as the hippest art college in North America by subjecting impressionable young minds to a continuous procession of motley conceptual and post-minimal luminaries imported from New York or Europe for short stints; consider the consequent social relations and subsequent student art production which arise from these hit and run encounters between student (necessarily constructed as sycophantic subject) in relation to the celebrated art star.

J. M. Goss's installation is a good example of artwork overdetermined by this art educational system, although many other pieces of work would be equally effective in illustrating this connection. In any case, I don't find the work particularly significant in other terms, but I will discuss some of its formal and art historical references further on.

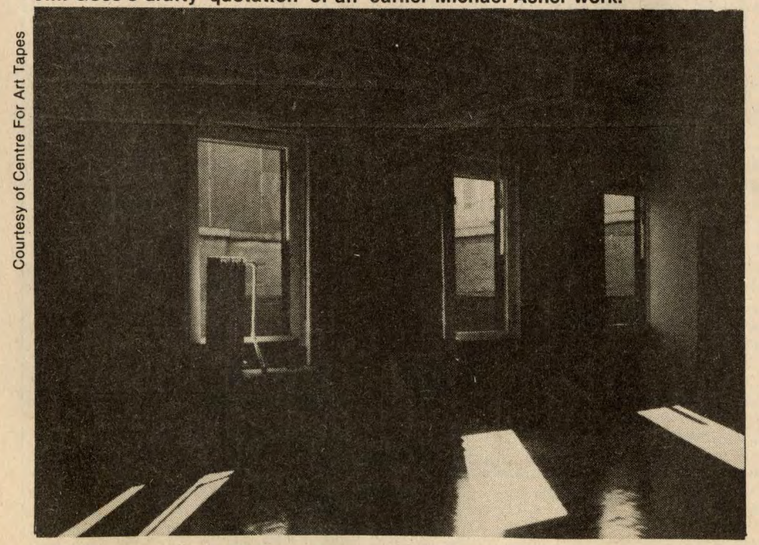
The title of the installation is *Fresh Air*. This is apparently what Goss believes, or would have his audience believe, he is introducing (both literally and figuratively) into this particular gallery space and perhaps even the larger art nexus. The piece consists of his having removed the windows (three of them) from the Center for Art Tapes, exposing the gallery to the late October elements.

The additional relevent information is that about three years ago, Michael Asher, a California artist who has been a visitor and teacher at NSCAD, did a piece at the Clocktower in New York, which consisted of his having removed all the windows from the gallery space. Goss, a former NSCAD student, would certainly be familiar with Asher's work.

The "quotation" of Asher's work by Goss succinctly reinacts the problematic relationship of art education and the "art world", a relationship seldom discussed in depth, particularly within art school. In fact, the future of the art student within the art world would almost seem to be an officially prohibited topic, given the infrequency with which it is mentioned. Yet, what art student is really unaware of the guarantee of economic marginality to the majority of art students (those who continue to make art) who will inevitably join an ever-growing surplus population of the over-educated and underemployed, while one or two colleagues "make it". But knowledge of this contradiction seems to be always supressed. Art students have little insight into the economic determinants of cultural production, and the social construction of the privileged role of the artist, perhaps by choice. Even though they live these conditions, they represent them to themselves in an imaginary form.

Why is this reality mystified? What interrupts the art students' historical understanding of their own roles within art schools? What is art education's function, and what is the connection between art school and the art world? And above all, why would anyone want to take the windows out of a gallery?

Jim Goss's drafty 'quotation' of an earlier Michael Asher work.



Courtesy of Centre For Art Tapes

Supporting the seamless culture

Both education and culture (i.e. Literature, the Arts) can be seen as existing within a group of institutions such as the family, religion, and the communications industry, which function as ideological apparatuses. These ideological apparatuses operate under, and in the interests of, a dominant class. No class can remain in power for any length of time without exercising domination over areas such as education and culture. Thus, art education can be seen as an ideological apparatus which operates under and in the interests of the capitalist class. By denying an understanding of the social meaning of culture, by thwarting the potential development of culture subversive to ruling class interests, art education ensures that present and future art production is contained within an ideological space which is not recognized as such, but is held to be natural and neutral. Within this seamless naturalness lies the ideology of an aggressive ruling class, always at work to reduce all human experience to fit the shape of its own class interests.

The status attached to this exceptional unity of the creativity and labor granted the artist, absent within most wage labor, conflates with the still operative ideology of nineteenth century romantic individualism to mythopoetize the artist as unique genius, operating within a timeless, subjective psychological realm. This ideology, by posing the artist in an antagonistic relation to the rest of society (which is held to be crass and insensitive) defuses both the possibility of class consciousness and an understanding of the social meaning of culture. Artists see themselves as existing within some special class all their own. Art students adapt to this role with great enthusiasm, rather than questioning its function.

Privileges of inner life

The privileged subjectivity granted the artist (and the art student) promotes an obsessive focus on the self and on inner life; this focus conventionally denies the social construction of the self and severs the psychological from the social. How *would* one have a chance to recognize the art world's relation to its political context when one is exhausted by the demands of one's inner life? Art students vie to out-intense each other. Social experience, if apprehended at all, is translated into expressive psychological states: "I feel alienated".

Where once the avant-garde desired nothing but to shock the bourgeoisie, currently the art public craves always new and different assaults upon its sensibilities as regular diet. Art patrons queue to applaud the artist's self-mutilations and peculiar sexual exhibitions. The contemporary institutionalization of the avant-garde guarantees its social impotence at the same time that it creates a market for ever new and varied stylistic innovations. What is most highly valued within the present culture industry is "innovations", or a product which is innovative within a given set of definitions and limitations on the category of innovativeness. Most art colleges have rosters of "visiting artists", successes who are paraded before students as exemplifications of "making it" through innovativeness within the art system.

Here is an interesting contradiction. Insofar as the industry is reliant on producers who are capable of innovation, it is reliant on "potential troublemakers", who have within their means the capability of producing forms of culture subversive to the industry, as culture is a potential object and *site* of ideological struggle. Hans Enzensberger writes in "The Industrialization of the Mind"[1] that it is inherent in the process of creation that there is no way to predict its results. Artists are not only necessary to the culture industry, *but* are a potential security risk to that power structure. The culture industry, and the educational institutions which supply it, must therefore develop mechanisms through which to neutralize any possible subversive influences. Enzensberger indexes these techniques, two of which might be interesting to discuss in terms of art education's determining influence on student art production: "star cult", and "co-optation into the power élite".

[1] All quotes of Enzensberger are from his "The Industrialization of the Mind" in *The Consciousness Industry on Literature, Politics and the Media*, ed. Michael Roloff, Seabury Press, 1974.

Gerald Ferguson's entry into *Personal Image for Social Space*, an 'exhibition' in printed form.

GERALD FERGUSON

IMAGE FOR SOCIAL SPACE (ARCHITECTURAL GLASS IN CANADA)
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Gerald Ferguson
Halifax, Dec 79

The rise and fall of Modernism

The process by which an established order is reproduced includes the process of individual submission to that order. In the short run, submission doesn't happen by force, it happens by ideology. Submission doesn't entirely describe the process: individuals, in this case artists, also aid co-optation to support their own interest, i.e. careers.

The current art condition creates a baffling situation for the art student weaned on the Frank Stella Story, and other tales of fame and money. You have, in the one corner, the romantic ideology of the artist as expressive genius who will convey privileged insights to the masses as soon as his/her creative gift is recognized, hopefully straight out of art school. Secondly, there is an art education apparatus which promulgates certain notions about the nature of art: the thrust of these lessons is that ever since the first handprint on the cave wall there has been Art, there always will be Art, an unchanging entity, save stylistic differences. Epistemological breaks or radical social junctures can only be dealt with if they are far enough in the past. Even then the prevailing reading of that history covertly validates present ideology.

The collapse of modernism as a collective aesthetic in the 60s cannot be seen then, as signalling anything more than a move to the next stylistic innovation. The same aesthetic lessons still apply — form self-evidently has meaning, etc. If the collapse of modernism *was* seen as indicating more than stylistic modification, it might be linked to a larger cultural and ideological crisis: the deteriorating legitimacy of the established order and the critical situation of the capitalist mode of production. Closely following the collapse of the modernist canon came the general collapse of the art market. Art students though, armed with their no longer viable paradigms of art continue to eagerly, quixotically forge on, portfolios in hand, to captivate by their brilliance and originality, a non-existent market. Perhaps this, finally, has something to do with taking the windows out of a gallery as a second-generation activity.

Feeding off of the dead

This installation of J. M. Goss's, I would claim, metonymically reflects the larger dilemma of art education and its necrophilic relation to a moribund aesthetic. The pathos of the situation is that Goss, an ambitious young artist voluntarily participating in a played-out ideological context which apotheosizes innovation (and in which the term "derivitative" is applied pejoratively), finds he is obliged to plunder the "innovations" of his successful instructors in order to attain stature within the category of innovativeness himself. But this strategy, contradictory on first glance, is really very adaptive given an educational situation which doggedly clings to the rotten old corpses of art-for art's-sake and treats as saviours those artists whose work rehearses, which is to say eulogizes, a reductive formalist aesthetic which has already reduced itself out of existence.

This would-be redemptive work, i.e. Asher's, plays both sides of the street. It is work which is savvy to the exhaustion of the art object, yet solaces tradition by retaining the criteria associated with the mores of the object, i.e. "space", "materials", "form" etc; then shifts these concerns from the object itself to the context/container of the art object, in this case the gallery. Within Michael Asher's work, through minor transpositions of architectural elements (fucking around with architec-

tural codes), he foregrounds the gallery itself, over the traditional foregrounding of artwork within the invisible neutral "white cube". This type of work was briefly seen (and in some cases still is) by some as signaling that art was abandoning its élitist, autonomous posture and beginning to self-referentially deal with its own social existence.

This really isn't the case. This work retains the notion of "form" as an ahistorical entity that has some sort of self-evident meaning apart from its social existence. But what gives "space" inherent meaning aside from the social relations of that space? How does removing the windows of a gallery contain even an implicit critical relation to the gallery or museum (as some would claim)? Rather, the work legitimates the institution and is in turn granted legitimacy by the authority of the institution. The artist and art student remain handmaidens to the ménage à trois of the culture industry, art education and ruling class ideology.

If Asher's work involves the borrowing of the authority of the institution, then Goss's work borrows authority from already borrowed authority. It's a little less polished the second time around. While Asher had the grace to remove the windows of the Clocktower (which has a twelfth-floor view of lower Manhatten and a balcony which one can go out onto) in the springtime, Goss disdaining the niceities, "quotes" the piece in late October, which in Halifax ranges from brisk to gale-like. The day I went to view the piece, I stumbled upon the gallery receptionist huddled in the back room, waging an intrepid fight against frostbite and losing, somewhat perturbed about the conditions she found herself compelled to work under. But, as every art student knows, what does art have to do with people's lives anyway?

If art is to function as something other than a prop for ruling class ideology, it must do so in conscious opposition to a contemporary art education which prescribes that possibility, while encouraging students to sidle up to the "star cult" and to covet, above all, "co-optation into the power élite". These are obvious career strategies, yet the implications are so much larger than one's own career. The dirty little secret of art education is its collusion in the legitimation of an ideology which is inimical to the real interests of its non-capitalist class proponents. To quote Enzensberger once more: "Whether he knows it or not, whether he likes it or not, he has become the accomplice of a huge industrial complex which depends for its survival upon him, as he depends on it for his own...he would do well to remember that there is more at stake than his own fortune." ■

Laura Kipnis is currently a student at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design in Halifax.

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WOMEN — PROGRAM ONE

It's Not Your Imagination
Women in Focus, Vancouver, Colour, 30', 1980

ents, serve to expose the present day horrors of second-class citizenship for these immigrants in Southern California.

Nazi's Are No Fun
Rock Against Racism, Colour, 25', 1980 (U.K.). The early efforts of RAR's campaign, through gigs featuring both reggae and punk, to actively combat the racist, sexist, neo-nazi policies of the National Front, the British Movement, et al.

LABOUR — PROGRAM THREE

The Michelin Bill
Bill McKiggan, Tom Burger, DEC Films, Toronto, Colour, 28', 1980 (CAN). The attempts by workers in Michelin's Granton, Nova Scotia factory to organize are blatantly disrupted — first by the corporation, then by a new provincial bill which reeks of corporate interests.

Building Your Future
Jane Heywood, Amina Papal, Mary Sheil, Colour, 25', 1981 (U.K.). Discussions with female

Concerned with the exploitative class divisions between the farmworker and his/her employer (a modern day serf/lord relationship), this tape dispels once and for all the myths of pastoral equality.

Cotton: The Industrial Web
Denys Arcand, B/W, 120', 1970 (CAN). Through juxtaposed interviews between the workers and employers of Penman's textile factory in Coaticook, Québec, the fabric of labour struggles within the corrupt textile industry of the '60s is exposed. This film 'disappeared' for ten years...

HUMAN RIGHTS — PROGRAM FOUR

Peter In Long Term Care
Norman Cohn, Center for Television Studies, Colour, 29', 1979 (CAN). One day in the life of a two-year old in intensive care with respiratory/congenital problems — without comment or narration it becomes an intimate, unassuming portrait devoid of sentimentality.

Nothing Personal
Ron Moule, Ieuan Rhys Morris, Colour, 1981 (U.K.). Six gay men, all involved in gay politics and the liberation movement, discuss their perspectives on masculinity — how men see each other and how institutions (the media, the family, the church, the state) shape that

Children
Klein, June Manton, Colour, 60',

f individuals and families explore of (nuclear) catastrophe drive peope their psychological impotence ligion, recreation, the belief that supports human life...

he Canary
, David Davis, DEC, Toronto, Col-78 (U.S.). The immediate victims of ility from the petro-chemical DBCP sis ('brown lung') are the workers by chemical factories and cotton ectively. This tape focusses on the coverups, the workers' growing reand the organized fights that follow-specific instances.

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Women in Focus, Vancouver, Colour, 30', 1980 (CAN).
Sexual harrassment in the workplace is grounded in the historical, economic and social oppression of women.

Nellie's
Terri Chmilar, Colour, 30', 1981 (CAN). Several days in the lives of the women and workers at Nellie's, a women's hostel in Toronto that doesn't turn anyone away.

Love, Honour, & Obey
Chris Choy, Third World Newsreel, NY, Colour, 30', 1980 (U.S.). The varied threads of the battered woman's experience (marriage/family illusions, the fear of loneliness, the 'learned helplessness') are traced to form a cohesive analysis of the societal structures that perpetuate the violence.

IMMIGRANTS — PROGRAM TWO

Black Women: Bringing It All Back Home
Housewives in Dialogue, Colour, 1981 (U.K.). Three West Indian Immigrant women living in Britain and the U.S. explaining why they're "here for the money" — *their* past due wages, *their* past-due rights.

Omai Fa'Atasi: Somoa Mo Somoa
Mai Fa'Atasi, Carson City, Amerasia Bookstore, L.A., Colour, 30', 1980 (U.S.). The inevitable schisms, both generational and cultural, between Samoan youth and their parents, serve to expose the present day horrors of second-class citizenship for these immigrants in Southern California.

Nazi's Are No Fun
Rock Against Racism, Colour, 25', 1980 (U.K.). The early efforts of RAR's campaign, through gigs featuring both reggae and punk, to actively combat the racist, sexist, neo-nazi policies of the National Front, the British Movement, et al.

LABOUR — PROGRAM THREE

The Michelin Bill
Bill McKiggan, Tom Burger, DEC Films, Toronto, Colour, 28', 1980 (CAN). The attempts by workers in Michelin's Granton, Nova Scotia factory to organize are blatantly disrupted — first by the corporation, then by a new provincial bill which reeks of corporate interests.

Building Your Future
Jane Heywood, Amina Papal, Mary Sheil, Colour, 25', 1981 (U.K.). Discussions with female apprentices and tradeswomen in the manual trades reveal the wide gap between feminist aspirations and work realities that women face in traditionally male occupations.

Enclosed
Nicola Mallson, Dawn Mason, Colour, 25', 1981 (U.K.).
Concerned with the exploitative class divisions between the farmworker and his/her employer (a modern day serf/lord relationship), this tape dispels once and for all the myths of pastoral equality.

Cotton: The Industrial Web
Denys Arcand, B/W, 120', 1970 (CAN). Through juxtaposed interviews between the workers and employers of Penman's textile factory in Coaticook, Québec, the fabric of labour struggles within the corrupt textile industry of the '60s is exposed. This film 'disappeared' for ten years...

HUMAN RIGHTS — PROGRAM FOUR

Peter In Long Term Care
Norman Cohn, Center for Television Studies, Colour, 29', 1979 (CAN). One day in the life of a two-year old in intensive care with respiratory/congenital problems — without comment or narration it becomes an intimate, unassuming portrait devoid of sentimentality.

Nothing Personal
Ron Moule, Ieuan Rhys Morris, Colour, 1981 (U.K.). Six gay men, all involved in gay politics and the liberation movement, discuss their perspectives on masculinity — how men see each other and how institutions (the media, the family, the church, the state) shape that view.

Einstein's Children
Judy Graf Klein, June Manton, Colour, 60', 1980 (U.S.).
Portraits of individuals and families explore how fears of (nuclear) catastrophe drive people to escape their psychological impotence through religion, recreation, the belief that technology supports human life...

Song Of The Canary
Josh Hanig, David Davis, DEC, Toronto, Colour, 58', 1978 (U.S.). The immediate victims of cancer/sterility from the petro-chemical DBCP and bisonosis ('brown lung') are the workers employed by chemical factories and cotton mills respectively. This tape focusses on the corporate coverups, the workers' growing realizations, and the organized fights that followed in two specific instances.

TORONTO

Trinity Square Video, 299 Queen Street West, 5th floor, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5V 1Z9. Phone: (416) 593-1332. Admission $2.

Monday, March 9, 8 pm	Programs 1 & 2
Tuesday, March 10, 8 pm	Program 3
Wednesday, March 11, 8 pm	Program 4

VANCOUVER

The Video Inn, 261 Powell Street, Vancouver, B.C. V6A 1G3. Phone: (604) 688-4336. Admission $2.

Monday, March 16, 8 pm	Programs 1 & 2
Tuesday, March 17, 8 pm	Program 3
Wednesday, March 18, 8 pm	Program 4

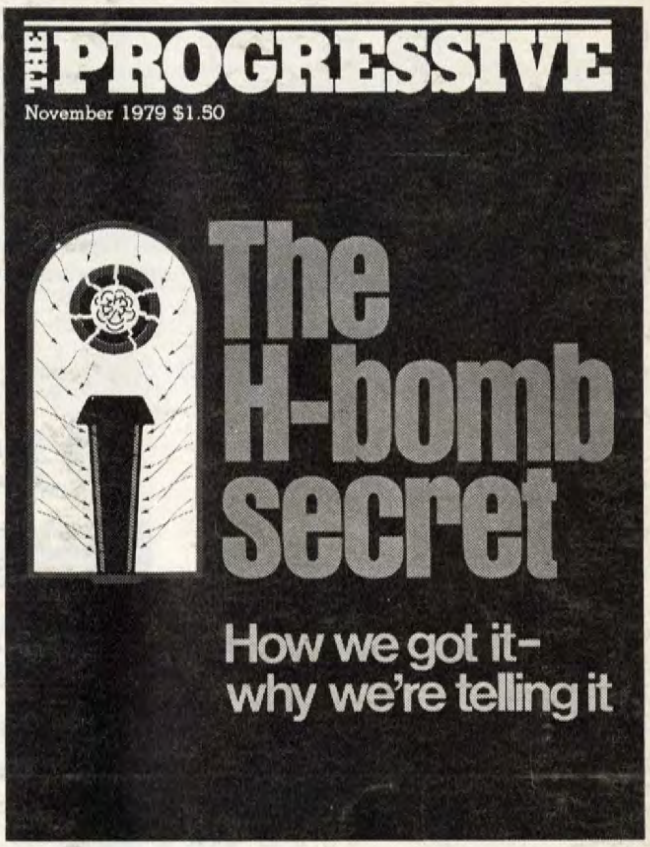
HALIFAX

The CWA, at the North End Library and The Centre for Art Tapes
Admission: $2
Wednesday, March 25, 8 pm...
Thursday, March 26. 8 pm...
Friday, March 27, 8 pm...
Saturday, March 28, 8 pm...

NEW YORK

Downtown Community Video, 87 Lafayette Street, Phone: 966-4510
Admission: $2
Friday, April 3, 8 pm...
Saturday, April 4, 8 pm...

A picture worth $250,000



That's how much it cost *The Progressive* to print this illustration—and an accompanying article about the misuse of secrecy in the Department of Energy's hydrogen bomb program. All of the money went for legal expenses in the magazine's successful battle to overturn Government censorship of the article.

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