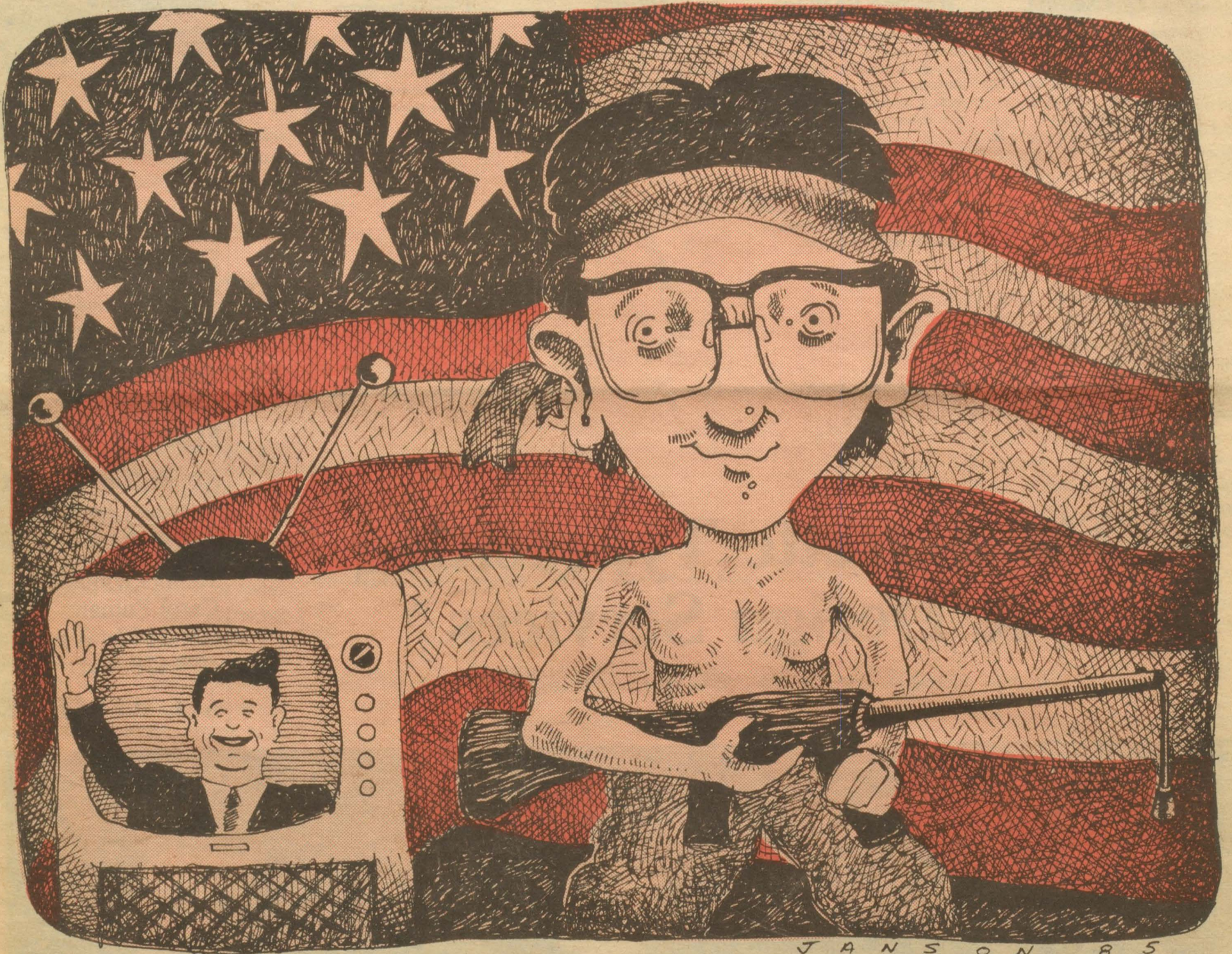


# Arts Magazine

## RAMBOMANIA

Films like Rambo are rewriting America's involvement in Vietnam. / See page 11



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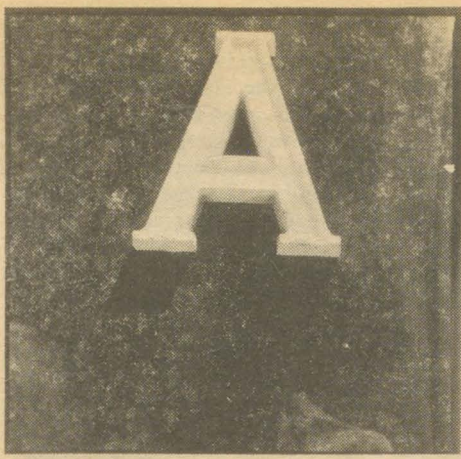
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# THE DIALOGUE STARTS HERE

We believe arts coverage is more than reviewing the latest Iron Maiden LP

**A**T A RECENT TASK FORCE hearing on broadcasting policy, one radio journalist leaned over to another. "What do you think?" he asked of the proceedings. The other sat back in his chair, planting an arrogant smile on his face. It was clear he had it worked out.

"Ah, they're just all looking out for their own interest group," he said.

Very perceptive. At a public hearing into an integral arena of mass communications and culture he had worked out that people were representing a variety of groups. It was clear he had been to a public hearing before.

As limited as the depth of his analysis may have been, at least he was there.

Of the two city dailies, *The Daily News* was completely absent and the *Chronicle-Herald* chose merely to cover the preamble of the task force members — the same preamble no doubt repeated in cities across the country.

The policies being examined by this task force have a massive impact on the way Canadians and their culture are reflected to each other. Yet this city's media treated the August 26 Halifax meeting as peripheral.

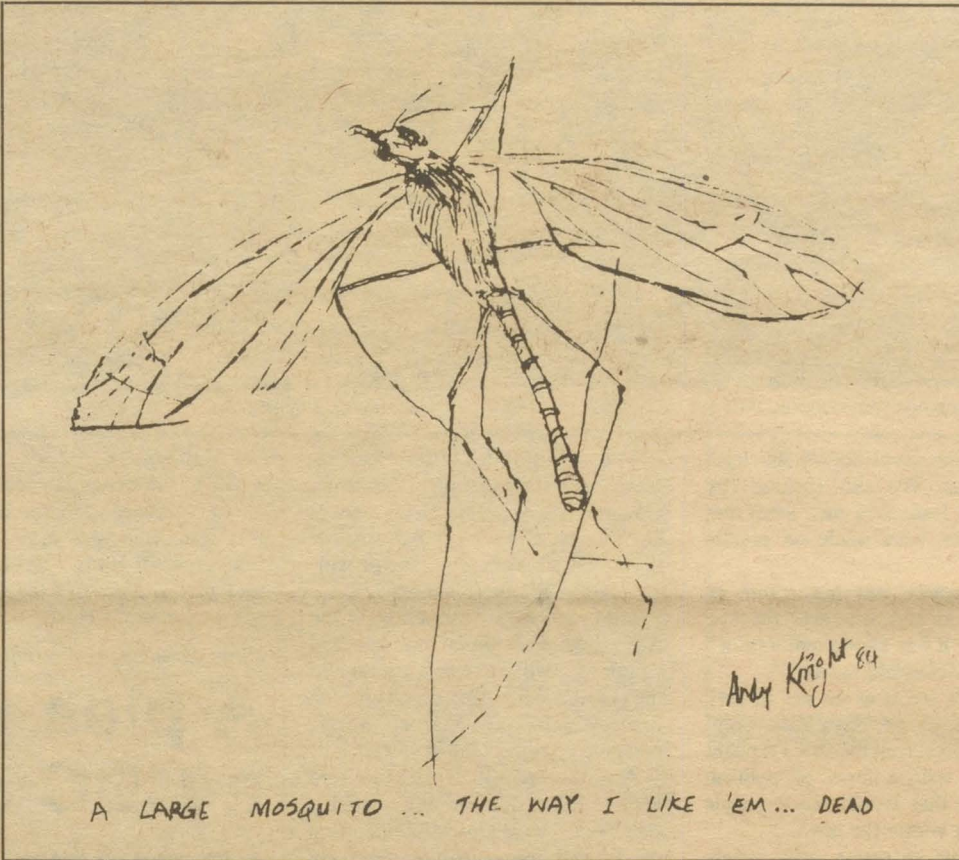
Last May top media representatives took the defensive when they were told by the Canadian Conference of the Arts that their coverage of arts and culture was woefully inadequate and not matching public interest.

CCA president Curtis Barlow said then that Canadian newspapers devote more space to sports than arts.

And what arts coverage there is frequently amounts to little more than American wire copy and local press releases.

As the federal government grasps with the formulation of a new arts and culture policy, the dialogue on the state of our collective culture(s) becomes so much more critical.

*Arts Magazine* hopes that in our own small way we can enhance that dialogue. Throughout the fall we will be covering the



ongoing debate over Canada's cultural agencies and so much more.

*Arts Magazine* was created as a response to what we saw as a lack of critical analysis in the field of arts and culture. Sick of seeing trite reviews of pop records and Super SUBs dominate the pages of *The Gazette* arts section, we threw caution to the wind and started from scratch to create the kind of arts publication that we felt would be of real value to our readers.

Some of the stories we covered in our two trial editions this spring included: Artists Under Fire—a look at the impact of the federal funding cuts to arts and culture; An interview with singer-satirist and Dalhousie alumnus Nancy White; Christian Heavy Metal Rock and Roll—Christians pick up the devil's beat to sell Christ; Murder In The Living Room—a look at violence in children's television programming; and Silent No Longer—a chronicle of how Canadian libel law stifled one Nova Scotia writer.

As a publication intended to start a dialogue on the arts, we'd like to hear from you. Tell us what you think about *Arts Magazine*. Take issue with our analysis. Tell us what you'd like to see. We'd like to start publishing your letters on a regular basis.

If you're a little more ambitious, why not work for *Arts Magazine*. A peek at our masthead will quickly reveal that we are desperately in need of more creative people to give us a hand. No previous experience is necessary—just a keen desire to muck in on something worth-while. The *Arts Magazine* will be meeting regularly in the offices of *The Gazette*, third floor, Dalhousie SUB.

Also in December's *Arts Magazine* we will be featuring the second annual *Gazette Arts & Expression Supplement*—a collection of short stories, poetry, photos and drawings submitted from our readership community. Submissions for the supplement will be taken throughout the fall.

We believe that arts coverage is more than reviewing the latest Iron Maiden LP. We hope you do too.

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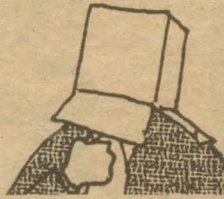
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Arts Magazine is published on the first Thursday of each month during the academic year by The Dalhousie Gazette Publishing Society. Arts Magazine has a circulation of 10,000 copies inserted in The Dalhousie Gazette. Our offices at The Gazette are located on the third floor of the Dalhousie SUB. Letters to the collective may be delivered to The Gazette office, left at the Inquiry Desk in the SUB, or mailed to: Arts Magazine c/o The Dalhousie Gazette, 6136 University Ave., Halifax, N.S. B3H 4J2. Our telephone number is (902) 424-2507.

September's Arts Magazine was produced collectively by Bonnie Bobryk, Ken Burke, Elizabeth Donovan, Nairne Holtz, Rick Janson, Andy Knight, Colleen Mackey, Nancy Miller, David Olie, Bill Overend, Erin Steuter and Dwight Syms. Editorial co-ordination by Ken Burke. Design by Rick Janson.

# Stark testimony to nuclear madness

Shadow painters commemorate the 40th anniversary of the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki

STARK SILHOUETTES OF THE dead and dying, twisted white shadows of men and women, children and babies—a mute testament to the agony of nuclear death clinging to the city's sidewalks and pavement.

Painted throughout Halifax and Dartmouth August 5 by artists and peace activists, the silhouettes commemorated the 40th anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Designed to help people understand the effects of nuclear war and the arms race, the shadows represented the vaporized victims of the atomic bomb.

Part of an international project involving 323 cities throughout the world, about 80 local participants went to work in the misty hours between two and 5:00 a.m., leaving in their wake hundreds of shadows depicting cringing or stricken adults and children, pregnant mothers, executives with briefcases in hand, pets and bicycles.

Although the impetus for the project came from the artistic community, everyone was invited to participate.

"I find the thought of Hiroshima sickening," said 16-year-old participant Scott Kendall.

"I got involved because I care. There are lots of kids out there who care and want to do something. This seemed to be a great way to educate the public."

Equipped with plastic silhouettes — which in many cases were traced stencils of their own bodies — an impermanent whiteing of chalk and water, and posters explaining the project, participants worked in groups of three taking turns at hanging posters, acting as look-out, and making the shadows.

Although 89 shadow painters in Montreal are facing charges of either public mischief or breaking a civil by-law prohibiting posting, the Halifax project was unimpeded by police interference.

"Patrolling policemen used their own discretion," said Superintendent Charles Cuthbert of the Halifax Police department, and though some shadow makers were asked by police to move along, no one was arrested.

A number of participants credit the success of the operation to the extensive organization involved.

Says activist Cathy McDonald, "I felt secure becoming involved because it was very responsibly organized. All bases were covered and they had checked into the legal implications. Therefore it also became fun."

Cathy Busby was one of the key organizers of the Halifax project. She admits the group did not ask permission from the city — explaining that they did not want to risk rejection — but says every participant was required to attend a training session before going out onto the streets.

We consulted a lawyer and outlined



Atomic bombings remembered through silhouettes painted in front of the Dal SUB. Photo: Rick Janson.

for everyone involved all the legal implications. We also ensured (by using zone leaders in each area) that no shadows were made on private property."

"The project was not meant as graffiti, or an aggressive act," she says, "but rather it was a commemoration." Cathy McDonald agrees.

"I didn't see it as an act of civil disobedience," she says, "the point was not to confront the law. I thought it was a unique form of political expression that would reach people yet remain within the law."

Receiving extensive and largely favourable publicity, the extent it reached people is hard to say.

"It's a question of accumulation," says Busby, "every little event gets people thinking and that helps to change minds."

"It is our hope that people, seeing what will be left after nuclear war, will take actions together to avert our annihilation."

As the September rain slowly blurs the lingering shadows, one is reminded that unless she is right there may come a time when the shadows that darken the streets of Halifax will not be so easily erased. □

—Erin Steuter

## National cultural forum

Suzuki, Applebaum & Colville among participants

A WHO'S WHO OF CANADIAN culture — including such disparate names as artist Alex Colville, writer Rick Salutin and popular scientist David Suzuki — will be coming to Halifax this month for a major national conference.

The Halifax Conference: A National Forum on Canadian Cultural Policy (Sept. 21-22, Mount St. Vincent University) will explore the present state of the arts and provide direction for future planning.

The conference — organized by the Nova Scotia Coalition on Arts and Culture — will precede a meeting of the provincial ministers of culture with federal minister Marcel Masse scheduled Sept. 23-24 in town.

An estimated 300 participants from across the country will develop statements on past principles, current crises and future commitments of Canadian arts and culture. On the Sunday afternoon of the conference weekend, the general public will be invited for a summary statement and a performance presented by participants and special guests.

Louis Applebaum, co-author of the Applebaum-Hebert Report on federal cultural policy, will defend his controversial document in a special panel discussion on the current crises in the arts. Other panelists will include Thelma McCormack of the department of sociology at York University, a frequent commentator

on cultural matters; Jean-Paul L'Allier, international consultant and former Quebec minister of cultural affairs; and Jim Wilson, vice-president marketing for Harris Steel Group Inc. and past president of the Burlington (Ont.) Cultural Centre. □

(See also notice in Calendar page.)

## A plea for a CBC of regions

Hello Midday, goodbye Heritage, Country East & Reach for the Top

THE CULTURE WARS ARE ON.

Government task forces and study groups are combing the country trying to focus debate on the role of Canada's cultural agencies in the wake of recent cuts in arts funding. The Task Force

on Broadcasting Policy arrived in Halifax Aug. 26 to hear consistent pleas for a properly funded CBC responsive to and representative of all regions of the country.

Members of Atlantic Canada's arts community are specifically up in arms over the gradual shift of the national broadcasting network away from regional programming to slick Toronto-based productions.

While CBC-Maritimes was announcing the demise of three locally produced programmes — *Country East*, *Reach for the Top* and *Heritage* — nationally the network was launching its expensive noon-hour magazine show, *Midday*. Not only does the shift endanger the livelihood of Maritime artists who depend on the CBC for much of their incomes, it raises questions about how the national network depicts Canadians and their culture to each other.

In a vision of a CBC of diverse regions communicating with each other, ACTRA-Cape Breton's Peter Kavanagh summed up the feelings of Nova Scotian representatives in a written statement: "In attempting to portray the Canadian mosaic, the more decentralized the production the better the broadcast will reflect a Canadian identity."

Kavanagh's statement — read by ACTRA-Maritimes Anna Cameron — criticized the commission for its approach to the hearings.

"By concentrating on the major centres of this country we have ignored the rural and remote regions of the nation," he states. "You are in effect seeking the opinions of those with the most choice in broadcast media by-passing the thoughts and views of those with the greatest stake in the maintenance of the diverse, multi-voiced and locality-sensitive broadcasting network."

Professor Leo Deveau of Acadia University told the task force that successful Canadian Programming relies on giving strength to individual communities.

"When people go to see *The Rise and Fall of Cape Breton Island*, they go to see it because it talks to them, their experiences, their feelings, their spirit. And that's why they see it and pack that house all summer," he said.

"Our nation's very cultural fabric that holds us together as a country has been severely weakened on the plains of the electronic battlefield. No one has paid any real attention to a cultural defense programme."

The centralization of the network is not always as overt as the chopping of local programmes for national ones.

Roxana Spicer, producer of the local current affairs programme *Inquiry*, says the coverage of stories may differ from the local angle if the national *Journal* programme is kicking in co-production dollars.

In covering the controversy over bilingualism in New Brunswick, *Inquiry* wanted to document the English backlash sweeping the province. Instead, the *Journal* wanted them to document the plight of the Acadians. When the ledger books were consulted the local angle lost out to the national demands.

"The strength of the CBC is in the regions," she says. "There you'll find the people who are really dedicated, reflecting their communities to themselves. We know our viewers. We know the issues that are important to the people who live here and frankly we're in the best position to tell those stories."

Like many presenters to the commission, Spicer lamented the lack of competition in the field of investigative journalism.

"The top level executives at ATV

Continued on page 5

The Halifax Conference

A National Forum on  
**Canadian Cultural Policy**





Ashley Lohnes' primeval image highlighted the annual N.S. photo co-op show last month at TUNS.

**Continued from page 4**

admit there isn't the financial incentive to devote the necessary resources and manpower for this level of current affairs journalism" she said.

A desire for greater profits among private broadcasters also raised concern over the future of Canadian programming.

Deveau says private sector initiatives leave him uneasy, based on past history.

Private stations have recently proposed that in return for a relaxation of Canadian content quotas they will provide increased funding for fewer programmes.

Deveau fears that these fewer quality shows will turn out to be game shows and sports.

He also made it clear that Canadian content is no financial burden as the private broadcasters recorded a 16.5 per cent increase in profits last year.

Many presenters to the forum relied on the CBC to provide alternatives to the kind of high ratings "pap" dished out by private broadcasters and urged the CBC to abandon its quest for ratings.

"A public broadcast corporation should not ignore the views of the

public, but neither should it appeal to the mythic advertising ideal of the lowest common denominator," stated Kavanagh's brief to the task force.

"Trying to capture the larger audience is sacrificing the integrity of what the CBC is all about," said Cameron in her own submission. "The original mandate of the CBC was as a unifier in this country. It is no longer living up to that."

Coming back to the issue of funding, she compared government cuts in arts funding to its support of the oil industry.

"Where can the saving be in cutting millions from a Canadian growth industry where all investments recirculate into the economy, when billions of government subsidized oil explora-

tion dollars leave a shambles of our real estate market with little long standing benefits to the east coast community. The oil rigs are pulling out. The companies that own them are still thriving. The actors, directors, writers, producers are not leaving. They're still here."

## Diverse images

### N.S. Photo Co-op Annual Show, August, TUNS

A LUMINOUS FROG SKELETON sits anticipatory in a quietly primeval forest stream. It is not a vision of decay as much as one of rebirth. The haunting vision, that of photographer Ashley Lohnes, is only one of a variety of images that highlighted the Nova Scotia Photo Co-op's annual group show.

The 35-member co-op, into its second decade above the Barrington St. Paramount Theatre, expressed a



Photo: Ashley Lohnes

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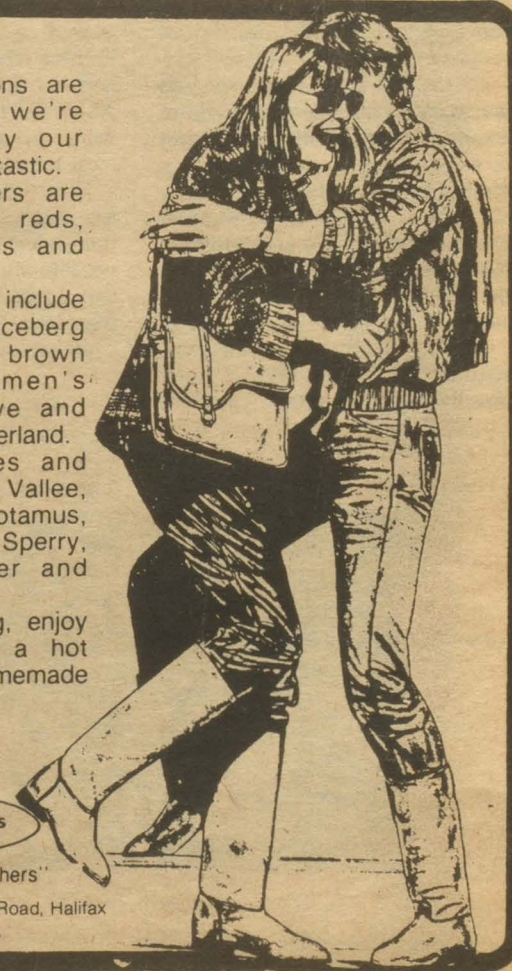
Our fall fashions are arriving and we're proud to say our selection is fantastic.

Ladies' leathers are bursting with reds, greens, blues and fuchsia.

Men's jackets include ocean blue, iceberg grey, pebble brown and black; men's boots by Frye and shoes by Timberland.

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**D.J.'s**

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Continued from page 5

wide range of themes and styles in the show.

Lohnes' series of photos evoked a rich, emotional character. A wall of foreboding sadness is absorbing in her portrait of an elderly man surrounded by the tall autumn grass — a seasonal metaphor played out in human terms.

A textured photo of water droplets clinging to glistening vegetation delivers a sense of spiritual reverence to her subject matter.

Michael Lawlor's portraits show an incredible understanding of his subjects. He uses the elements of composition well together with an evident rapport with his subjects — the people in the photos. His portrait of band leader John Alphonse sizzles with energy, the light and selective framing giving the picture a dynamic, yet enigmatic feel.

While Lohnes and Lawlor create an intimate bond between the subject and the viewer, Catherine Hatt is calculatingly distant by contrast. Deliciously morbid, she arranges her corpse-like model in a series of bizarre, macabre situations. Her subject has a strange mannequin quality to it — the model

robbed of any human characteristics beyond its basic physical form.

Of Mark Simkins' travel photos, his grainy print of Cherryhill Beach has a trance-like vision as the figures proceed towards the water in an orderly fashion. It is a quiet, graceful doomsday march.

Other stand-outs in the show included Rob Palanica's colour photographs and Paul O'Keefe's hand-coloured prints.

Like any group show the exhibition did have its flaws. Jeff MacFawn's collection of concert photos were unimaginative and technically flawed. Mario Petite's architectural photographs lacked a sense of presence.

The co-op could have also been a little more adventurous in its exploration of the art — most of the photos fall within conventional standards.

But flaws aside, the collection provided an interesting portrait of the tiny co-op. □

*A smaller portraiture show by the co-op is running at Cafe Prague (in the Brewery complex) until October.*

—Rick Janson

## Coming up for air...

Ecphore Exhibit, City Club Aug. 13-17

HALIFAX'S "UNDERGROUND" art community came up for viewing one week this August.

From August 3-17, The City Club on downtown Barrington Street housed over 250 works by 75 local artists in the biggest alternative art exhibit ever held in Halifax. Cryptically titled the Ecphore Exhibition — from the Greek word meaning, "to revive through stimulus" — the show was impressive in its size and the range of artists' expression.

All three floors of the large abandoned building were filled with works of varied forms. Even bathrooms and closet space were pressed into display area service to give the wide range of works room for peaceful co-existence. Painting, sculpture, pottery, crafts, photography, video, and installation were all represented in those rooms. While painting may have been the predominant form, at least in sheer amount of space utilized, the show above all reflected the diversity of Halifax's alternative art scene.

One of the more striking paintings was Gary Evans' huge renderings of codfish. Placing his subjects all upright in a row, Evans painted the fish in sombre greens and blues, transforming them with a foreboding, eerie atmosphere you don't expect in a painting of fish. If it was typical of anything, it was the alternate approach to form and subject matter of works in the show.

The large number of paintings exhibited in Ecphore was probably representative of the strength of The Nova

Scotia College of Art and Design (NSCAD) studio department. In fact, the entire exhibition could be seen as representative of the Art College. Most of the artists were NSCAD students, staff, or alumni, and the Alternative Art Society, which organized the show, also consists of Art College denizens.

Response to the show was swift as more than 1,000 people attended opening night alone. The downtown location of the City Club — provided rent-free for the exhibition — was evidently a strong drawing card, as was the opportunity for Halifaxians to see art they wouldn't ordinarily be exposed to. Ecphore was definitely a success in placing Halifax residents together with a large quantity of art, most of which couldn't have been seen at any commercial gallery in town.

If the strengths of Halifax's alternative art scene were out in the exhibition, so too were its weaknesses. The areas of photography and video were less well represented in the show, perhaps arising from their lower profile at NSCAD. The small number of video works also reflects the weakness of the local video art scene.

Even with these faults in the Halifax arts community, the Ecphore Exhibition served to spark anticipation of a possible follow-up next year. At the very least, it'll be interesting to see what the Alternative Art Society comes up with next.

—Ken Burke and Bonnie Bobryk



42nd Street cafe wins our sexist sign of the month contest. Once a fave of Gazette types, it wins our boycott. Congratulations piggies.

# Masked Media

## The politics of colourists

By Ken Burke

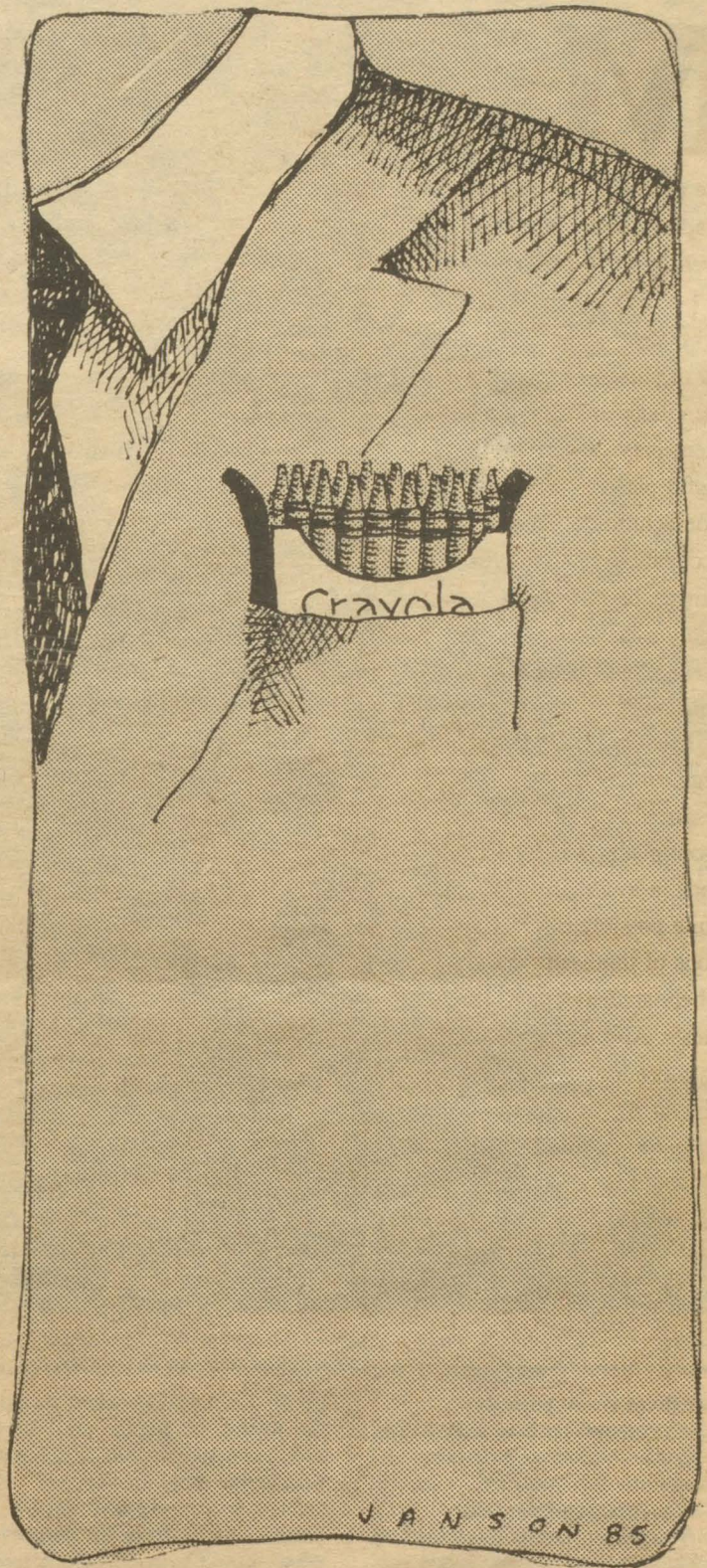
The costliest cultural event in Canada this past year came and went with nary a word from the Media's cultural gurus. It may not have been high art, but its only purpose was to create an aesthetic impression in viewers and bring back familiar emotions. It was fashion, but didn't end up on the fashion pages of any coffee-table magazine. How to explain the poor cultural coverage of the Tories' decision to dress the Armed Forces up in traditional-colour uniforms?

If that last sentence sounded ridiculous, consider for a moment how important that change was to the Forces' personnel and their boosters. Ever since the "much-lamented" unification of the forces in the mid 60's, nothing brought anger up in a DND employee like the dark green colour of their official clothes. They were onto something politicians knew long before modern science measured it — the importance of colour to groups and movements.

The basic idea behind political colour is a simple one — us versus them. It may have originated in battle as one bunch of men chose to wear an identifying mark to keep from hacking off bits of their side. When kings started defining nations with uniforms and flags, soon identifiable groups within countries began defining themselves by colour, such as political parties and different branches of national armies. Tory Blue and Liberal Red got their start in England long before Sir John A. or Wilfred Laurier were born, let alone living in Canada. One hue of blue was set aside as Navy Blue, and now Canadians are going to pay \$55 million for new uniforms to make sure the Navy has their proper colours.

It can't be argued that the uniform change is not a cultural decision. The clothes haven't been designed for more flexibility, comfort, or battle-readiness; like a trendy new outfit by a name designer, they're only meant to give a psychological boost for the wearer. It's an easy way to build a sense of belonging into members of a group, and for the Tories, it's a way of doing something about the perceived morale problem in the Forces. It's not the first time colour has been a political issue in Canada, as our national flag demonstrates.

Beside the whole fuss over keeping or not keeping the old colonial flag, the maple leaf design that eventually was accepted went through political changes on its way to the top of the Peace Tower. The original design, coming from Tory-solid Ontario, had a red maple leaf grouping in the centre, flanked by blue borders. When Pearson's Liberals were through with the flag, it was Liberal-red through and through. The Federal Tories are now making up for this hefty snub by redesigning official stationery for all departments to: a) de-emphasise the Canadian flag, which the liberals had played up in size, and b) use blue for as much of the writing and design as humanly possible. Please remember that hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent on these crucial matters every year — by adults.



In such an atmosphere, where the big political parties have long exploited the advertising power of colours, it was a matter of time before the NDP woke up and joined the arts race. There is a move by a significant number of the rank-and-file to change the party's colours. The longstanding orange & brown standard is under assault by those who want to climb aboard the "Green" movement bandwagon. Already the colour has popped up boldly in party banners during the August national convention. The green forces may have a struggle on their hands, though — it may be easier to oust a leader than alter a colour scheme in Canadian politics.

Somehow, all this missed the gaze of the country's cultural mandarins while they were sizing up Tory cultural cutbacks. That's too bad, because the irony of allocating money for new uniforms while cutting back on cultu-

ral funding demonstrates an important fact about the new federal regime. Mulroney and Co. aren't "against" the arts at all; they just want to control it for their ends.

In the Tory view — also typified by provincial erosion of independent funding councils — arts funded by the state should be state-serving, not bite the hand that funds them. We may see more funding go into official spectacles such as the Reagan Gala and Nova Scotia Tattoo and less into independent, community-centred culture which might mention social problems. Culture funding may also be increasingly channeled through government departments such as Tourism to increase its political cost-efficiency.

One thing can be said with real certainty, though. If you're a Canadian painter in search of official work or large grants, it'd be wise to stock up on blue pigment — for at least the next three years. □

# Greasy Spoon

R E V I E W

Review by Ken Burke, Rick Janson & David Olie

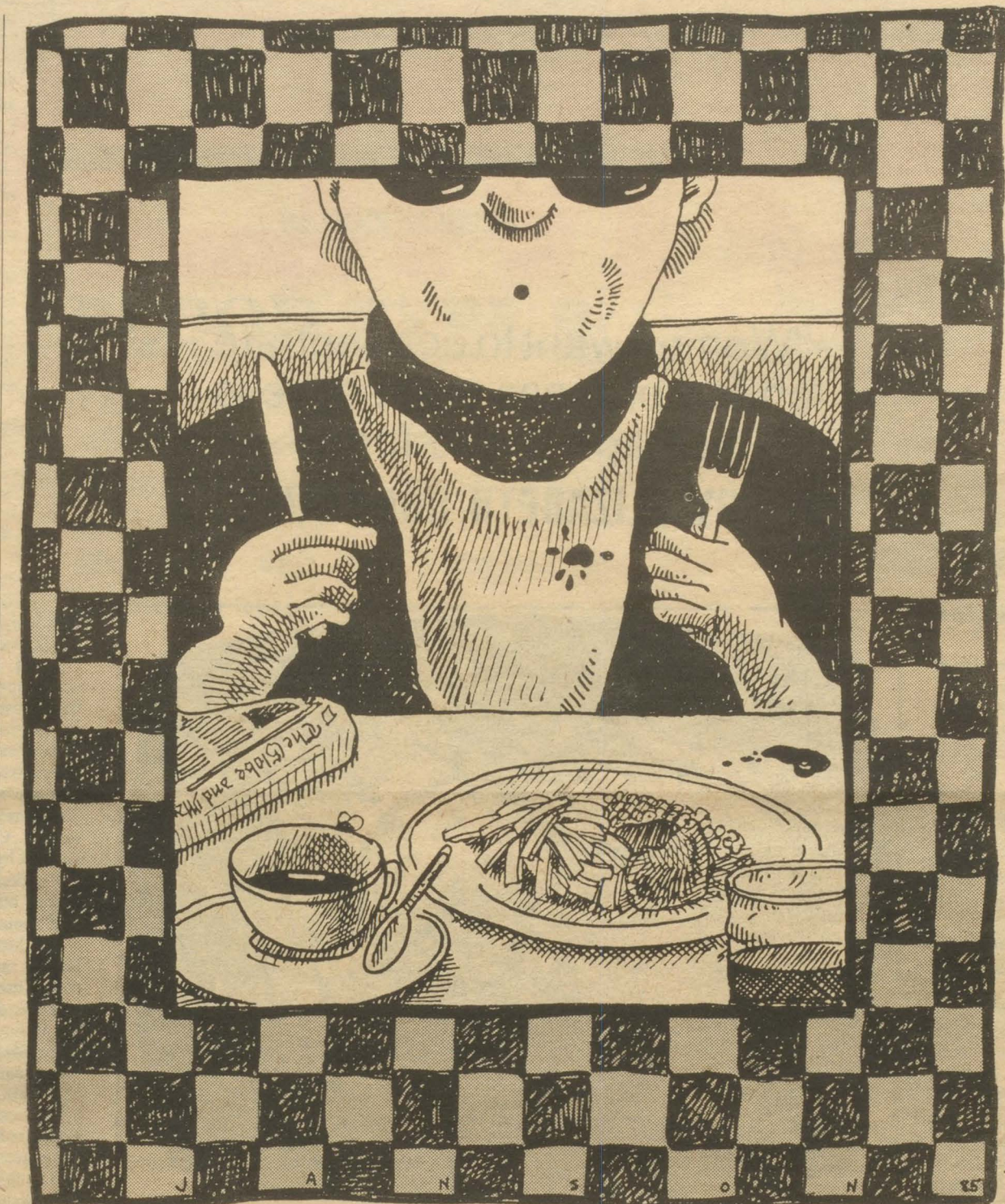
**M**aybe it's the leatherette seats. Or the postcard pastoral photograph on the wall. It could even be the food.

For whatever reason, students rarely find their eateries of choice reviewed or mentioned in the establishment press. Finding a meaningful place to get a stomachful has been an occupation fraught with danger, bad advice, and many a bellyache for the average student at Dal. . . until now.

This year *Gazette Arts Magazine* is taking on the responsibility of covering those places with no dress code, a low price code, and quite possibly a few violations of the health code, where students spend their meals. And nothing could be more logical than beginning at the beginning — the greasy spoons of Halifax.

One note about our rating system. First: due to the preponderance of Acropolis photographs on the walls of Halifax restaurants, we were initially thinking of ranking our faves by Acropolises (Acropolii?), but problems with miniaturization scotched that idea. We settled on forks, with restaurants being ranked between five forks (perfect) and none (fill in your own adjective or expletive). Enjoy!

**Camille's** (2564 Barrington) gets the nod over Mama Camille's other grease-baby on Agricola for its two dining lounges and tasty wall decor of painted-mussels-in-goop. Even so, the fun really begins when you look above the musselmania to the huge menu posted on the inside wall — especially if you don't have much to spend. Camille's made itself a legend over the last four decades by doing the simple things right — good fish, fast service, and the cheapest prices anywhere. The menu's broadened a bit of late to include



stuff that's "not so fishie" (sic) but the seafood's still where it's at.

Whether it's the finger-long juiciness of the breaded shrimp, the light flavour of the liberally-greased haddock portions, or the rich staying power of their large scallops, there's no way to go wrong with these Pisces. The Marine platter, with enough of everything to kill a starving appetite, is one of Halifax's best deals at \$5.95, as is the three-piece fish & chips for a tad over two bucks. The chips are. . . chips, okay?

Camille's is located under the shadow of the Macdonald Bridge on the corner of North and Barrington.

**Athens Restaurant** (1558 Barrington) offers a selection of — not surprisingly — Greek food in addition to the normal greasy spoon fare.

But it's the baked lasagna that's tops in our books and frequently at the bottom of our stomachs. A large serving in a deep dish comes with a crisp topping covering a cheesy gooey inside. Although the sauce is certainly palatable, it could be enhanced by a little more spice.

Most dishes include large portions and are well served, although the salads could be crisper. The Greek salad in particular could use fresher tomatoes and more feta cheese.

A licensed bar and an uncluttered decor give a pleasant ambience to the Athens. Service is friendly and swift. Weekly specials are *tres* inexpensive.

**The Doric** (5650 Spring Garden Rd.)

Despite its name, the Doric will not give you the impres-

sion of dining in Greece. Fortunately, neither will you be dining in grease.

Don't let the decor put you off. Tacky but clean, it's hard to imagine that the Doric has changed much in the last 40 years. They must be doing something right, and in fact they are. If you won't take our word for it, try getting a table at lunch-time.

What the Doric lacks in quality of presentation, it makes up for in basic quantity. If you want a real feed on the cheap, this is the place. The two piece fish and chips (\$2.95) comes with a logjam of fries it would take a lumberjack to wade through. Other popular items are the spaghetti with meat sauce and the milkshakes, still made with their 30-year-old mixers. A few good Greek dishes are also available.

**The Commons Grill** (2394 Robie St.) is one of the city's classic greasy spoons.

One is assaulted with a visual cacophony of signs immediately upon entering the restaurant. Coke logos on the fridge, a Rothman's cigarette clock on the wall, and a home-made sign warning not to ask for credit confuse the patron in search of the posted menu.

The food itself is mainly meat and potatoes fare. The cans of Campbell's soup clearly visible from the lunch counter give away the fact that not much attention is paid to the haute-ness of the cuisine. But the polyester-set that frequents the grill doesn't seem to mind in lieu of the huge selection and generous portions offered.

Tops on the menu is the pizza. A tender crust and thick layers of cheese make it one of the best in town.

Although not always cordial, service is rapid, almost qualifying it as a fast-food outlet. Prices are consistent with other greasy spoons in Halifax.

**Tasty Food Restaurant** (1304 Birmingham) is yer basic leatherette dining booth restaurant, with the special feature of existing a ten minute walk away from the Dal SUB down Morris Street.

Geographical convenience isn't Tasty Food's only charm by a long shot, either. The operative word for their portions is *hearty*, although don't go looking for flashy taste on the menu. This is Canadian cuisine all the way.

The hot food — especially the \$3.75 ham'n'eggs plate — is served with blinding speed and should still be hot by the time it hits your stomach. Their menu-stated slogan "choice food prepared as you like it", has nothing to do with their stable of sandwiches, though.

**The Submarine** (5384 Ingis) ranks with Camille's for an out-of-the-way location (near Barrington) but it scores high for an almost maniacal obsession with that out-of-vogue food, the submarine.

The name don't lie. There's but one food you can purchase in this take-out stand (take-out unless you have a thing for eating while standing) and that food comes in a long white (or beige) bun. Don't confuse this with any chain, either, as these submarine sandwiches are whipped up with some deli-grade contents. You always get a heapin' helpin' too — enough to make closing the sub an effort for the counter staff.

**Fries & Co.** (2603 Connolly) can't disguise its take-out-only nature by the picnic table shoved in front of the store's hall, but then again, when you serve fish as delicious as *they* do, there isn't much need for artifice.

Basically a chipwagon encased in a bright red shingled house, Fries & Co. can best be located by driving halfway between Oxford and Connaught on Chebucto Road. That trip's not too much to ask for if you're a devotee of lightly battered, very tasty fish.

The price is pretty much average for a standard-sized serving, and the fries are good — but they don't deserve top billing on the marquee next to (deep breath) the best deep-fried haddock in town. The service isn't going to make you either early or late, but at least they stay up late ('till 11 p.m.) on some of the nights you do.

# “CAMERA, ACTION, WOMEN”

“Women want to concentrate on the process and pay less homage to the form.”

BY ELIZABETH DONOVAN

## A male voice booms — “Lights. Camera. Action.”

As the scene unfolds a slight figure appears pacing to and fro behind iron bars. Her perfectly pencil-lined eyes are full of resignation. When the camera pulls back we see the woman in full view — her hair slightly mussed, her lips full and red, her thin wet dress clinging to her body.

A sudden hope registers in her eyes as she spots a man in the distance. Her protector, her man, her reason for living. The Hero.

Fighting off the enemy, he frees her from her captors. The damsel in distress is safe in his strong arms. His brave soul, his strong body, his rescue mission.

His noble deed does not go unrewarded. He carries her — his trophy — off into the sunset. End of scene.

But as this scene, typical of the portrayal of women in mainstream film and video, closes, other scenes are just beginning. Scenes of women created by women, who are trying to define women's own images through the camera's lens.

In the last 20 years women have begun to challenge the images of women offered by Hollywood films. These images of woman as whore, woman as Madonna and woman as helpless child or nurturing helpmate have served to control and limit the real lives of women. Today, feminists are taking up the challenge and working outside the mainstream film and video industry to create a feminist alternative.

For Karen Fainman, a feminist filmmaker in Halifax, creating new images means also dealing with the problems women have had trying to create a voice in the past.

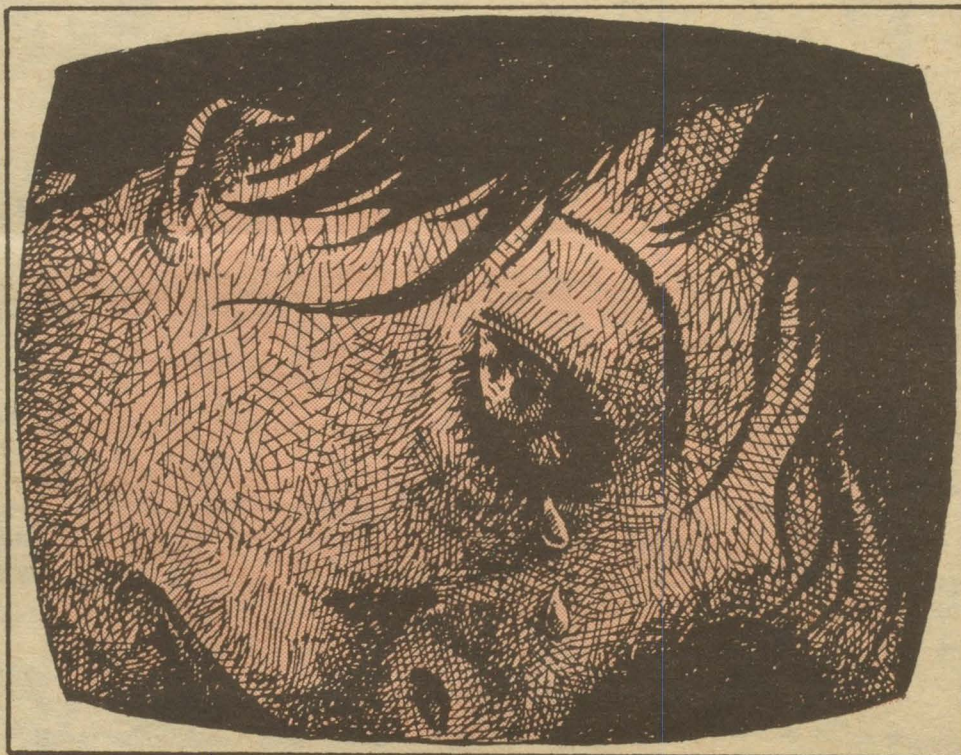
“I dealt a lot with women and silence. I wanted to build a language beyond silence. I was tired of not being able to speak,” says Fainman. Using the feminist slogan — “The personal is political” — as her guide, Fainman uses her own experiences as a woman in a male-dominated and male-defined society as a base for her films.

“Often in my films I contrast the outside objective world by juxtaposing my personal experience in relation to this.”

*Tradition*, Fainman's most recent video, places questions about women's changing role in society up against the traditional values of Jewish culture.

With the soundtrack of the *Fiddler on the Roof* playing in the background, a woman scrawls questions such as “Why do I have to go to the Synagogue?” on pieces of paper.

This personal-is-political style of women's



filmmaking truly began with the “Second Wave” of feminism in the 60's.

The roots of feminist filmmaking can be found in the 1960s when women began to organize film and video centres as a means of creating and distributing women-made films. *Women in Focus* in Vancouver, *Cinema Women* in London, England and *Woman Make Movies* in New York were all born in this period. The women involved in these centres tried to develop their own films based on how women see themselves and society.

In 1974 the National Film Board of Canada created Studio-D, an English women's branch of the film board. Within the film board itself women occupied less than one-sixth of all creative positions and even less occupied positions with creative authority. Studio-D had as its purpose to reach out to women film-makers and technicians with offers of apprenticeships, assistance in producing independent films and technical training programmes.

Gaining technical experience is still the biggest barrier for women who want to make films.

Pat Kipping, a feminist and filmmaker living in Halifax, says she decided in 1976 that there were far too few women with any technical

experience working in film and actively sought training. In her four years as a freelance film technician she says she was often the only woman working on a set.

“It was uncomfortable sometimes,” she recalls. “I really missed working with women then. But it is so important for women to develop skills in all areas of film, so that if a woman wants to make a film from beginning to end then she can draw on the talents of other women.”

In Halifax women have organized a local version of Studio-D to combat the problems women have working in mainstream film co-ops. Although the group, called *Women in Film*, is only a year old, it already has ten active members.

The members of *Women in Film* are trying to share skills within the group so that it will be possible for them to produce their own independent films. Even this method of teaching through sharing hasn't solved all the problems. When they find that no one in the group knows how to do a particular task it becomes necessary to bring in men to give workshops.

“It's hard for men to relinquish their reign of power but we are not going to reject the expertise that men have and can contribute, since men still

have had the support and training,” says Maxine Tynes, one member of the group.

Men's stranglehold on filmmaking skills comes from a history of male domination of the film industry. According to the Directors' Guild of America, of the 7,332 films produced in the United States between 1949 and 1979, only 14 were directed by women. Canada's own record isn't any better. Between 1968 and 1980, of the 260 films made with the Canadian Film Development Corporation funding, only 11 were directed by women.

Practical considerations aside, women film makers often have a different philosophy from men about film and video productions.

Liz McDougal, a feminist video artist in Halifax, says she doesn't see making videos as an end in itself, but more as a political tool. Liz's commitment to grassroots activism is reflected in her video about MUMS, Mothers United for Metro Shelter, a group of single mothers without permanent housing.

MUMS, like several other groups Liz made videos with, is organized on a collective, non-executive basis. Working with these groups gives her a more supportive base for her feminist perspective than traditionally structured groups.

“The male-stream (mainstream) has a whole hierarchy of roles within it,” says Liz. “Feminists try to have an egalitarian or non-hierarchical structure.”

Liz says video is less expensive than film and as a result more accessible to political grassroots groups.

The relatively low cost makes it possible for feminists with limited financial resources to make videos. Liz says the distinguishing difference between women-centred and male-stream film and video is emphasis on process versus product.

“Many feminist films/videos are non-slick productions. Women want to concentrate on the process and pay less homage to the form.”

Liz doesn't just talk about her feminist politics — she practises them.

In her video of the Debert peace protest organized by women, Liz recruited women who never operated video equipment before. For some of these women, working with technical equipment was a chance to de-mystify the operation of these machines.

Feminists are also challenging the “objectivity” myth in mainstream film-making, which tries to balance “both sides of the story” by distancing itself from the topic.

Continued on page 9



From page 8

For Liz it is important to be subjective.

"I try to connect personally. With the work I'm doing with the peace movement, I analyse my position to those women as one of those women," she says.

One American film that reflects a feminist structure both in philosophy and structure is *Rosie the Riveter* (See Calendar, p. 14). The film challenges the historical image of women, showing how much influence the media had in determining the image of women during the years of the Second World War.

*Rosie the Riveter* shows how women formed the backbone of the ship building industry for the war, but once the men returned from fighting, women were targets of a huge propaganda campaign to move them back into the home. The film's structure allowed women to tell their stories through first person recollection.

Observes Liz, "During the war the images of women you saw were strong — always shown holding a shovel. But these images were ordained by the state, and later conveniently changed. Women were never really given the power."

Both Maxine Tynes and Judith Penner share Liz's subjective approach to film making. These women are making films which touch them personally. And through film they are recognizing women's valuable contributions to society.

For Maxine, one of two black poets currently published in the Atlantic, this means remembering the struggles of black women in Nova Scotia while growing up.

"My first film is about a little black girl in Dartmouth who learns something about herself and the history of black women. Every day she hears women around her saying they are 'In Service'. And for a little child this has romantic connotations, until she discovers that 'In Service' means menial, hard domestic labour."

While Maxine came of age during the '60's and options were opened for her, she remembers that for her sisters who matured during the 50's many of the doors were closed.

"Many of the women around me were still doing domestic labour then, and this really affected me," she says.

Maxine's message is not a women's message only. She hopes her involvement in the film medium will make it easier for others in the black community to work in film.

Judith Penner is a writer experimenting with a film that touches her personally. Her subject is an 83 year old friend who led a dynamic and active life, yet doesn't consider herself successful.

My friend considers herself a failure, which is common for women from her generation because of their lack of support groups. The film is an attempt to redefine success," she says.

Judith says success is usually measured in male terms like the amount of power or money one has accumulated. She doesn't agree with this definition and hopes to convey this in the film by highlighting her older companion's strengths and talents.

This redefining of values continues, with the widening of a feminist film and video network. Other feminists involved in filmmaking are presenting women in powerful and active roles, challenging the stereotypical blonde bombshell image and replacing it with real women: single mothers, community activists, explorers, and sisters. Together with these women, feminist film and video makers are creating another language to describe their reality. □

# I N T H E G R A W O O D

SEPTEMBER

6

Terry Hattie  
in the  
Grawood  
2:30-6:00pm  
Friday

10

Movie Night  
"The Terminator"  
8pm  
Tuesday

11

Welcome Back  
Party  
Dal Students  
8pm  
Wednesday

13

The Press  
in the  
Grawood  
2:30-6:00pm  
Friday

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# Mr. Sobey's Empire

Two new books take conflicting points of view on Atlantic Canada's grocery magnate, Frank Sobey.

By Colleen Mackey

**Frank Sobey: the man, the empire, the books.**

Two recent books centering around Nova Scotia multimillionaire Frank Sobey approach their subject from radically different angles. While Harry Bruce's commissioned biography *Frank Sobey: The Man and the Empire* glorifies the business wheelings and dealings of "Stellarton's favorite son", Eleanor O'Donnell MacLean's *Leading the Way: An Unauthorized Guide to the Sobey Empire* takes a more critical look at the social implications of these transactions. One builds up his empire's mythology, the other tears it down.

Frank Sobey could in many ways be seen as a perfect case study of the successful capitalist—the entrepreneur's entrepreneur. Under Frank's ever-expanding gaze, his father's butcher shop became Sobey's outlet number one and the first of a Supermarket chain which was to dominate the Atlantic Region. His family corporation, Empire Company Ltd., has "interests" in drug stores, movie theatres, real-estate, insurance, and other assorted businesses. Total 1982 Empire assets were set at \$268 million. For 12 years the publicly vociferous free-enterpriser Sobey was also the first president of Industrial Estates Limited (IEL), a provincial crown corporation designed to provide government incentives for business investment in Nova Scotia. In terms of his impact on Atlantic Canadian life, Frank Sobey is certainly a worthy topic for a book. The question is, *whose* book? Or to be more accurate, which approach?

Harry Bruce and Eleanor O'Donnell MacLean have done more than simply chosen different opinions or different writing styles when creating these books. Each writer uses a unique writing form and accompanying philosophy when approaching Sobey and his "empire". And they couldn't be further apart. Harry Bruce, editor of the *Dal Alumni* magazine, has created a pre-paid biography which is written, designed, and conceived as a monument to Frank Sobey for posterity. Its easygoing narrative flow and genteel approach have little to do with what O'Donnell-MacLean calls her "Between the Lines" method" of digging through bias and propaganda in the news and everyday life.

Her book has been consciously structured to make the reader think for themselves. *Leading the Way* is not another definitive corporate profile, nor a ready-made theoretical treatise," she says in the preface. "Instead it is a sketch: the beginning of a process of questioning and investigation which you, the reader, can continue." Its pages are full of excerpts from Sobey's business manuals, cartoons and copies of management letters to employees. It reprints news articles about the Sobey's and related issues such as the erosion of the local farming base in favour of cheaper food imports from the Third World, and ensuing food shortages there.

O'Donnell-MacLean's readers aren't told to accept these articles as fact by their mere presence in print; instead, the idea is that by demonstrating the reality beneath the huge empire, readers will take less for granted and question more of what they're told. Her book



**"It plainly presents workers unemployed due to Sobey's hard-line anti-unionism, and farmers who can't sell produce to this chain because of foreign imports using cheap, exploitive labour."**

also gives large sections over to ordinary people who have had some experience with the Sobey empire to present their oral history. It plainly presents workers unemployed due to Sobey's hard-line anti-unionism, and farmers who can't sell produce to this "local" chain because of foreign imports using cheap, exploitive labour. By letting them speak, the book moves toward a radically different view of history from that of *Frank Sobey: the Man and the Empire*.

Unlike the farmers and storeworkers of *Leading the Way*, Harry Bruce features a cast of what might be called "winners" in his book. It is populated by millionaires or aspiring millionaires. He gives the reader an up-close-and-personal look at Frank Sobey, encouraging 'he reader to identify with the Sobey's and their business practices—to vicariously live the privileged life of the corporate elite, if only for a few hours worth of reading a day.

Throughout the book Bruce cosily refers to Sobey by his first name and spends much of the hefty 443-page volume detailing the minutiae of "Frank's" business deals. Readers are supposed to be awed by his triumphs and forget about the impact of this slick manoeuvring on people outside the Sobey clan. As an account of how the Sobey's amassed their family fortune, the book is quite valuable, especially with Bruce's personal

access to Sobey family members and insiders. However, Bruce is not so forthcoming when it comes to some of Sobey's greater contradictions.

The Sobey's have a reputation for deploring government involvement in business. In a 1983 interview with *The Novascotian* (quoted in *Leading the Way*), Sobey said, "Supply and demand in the marketplace is the only thing that will really make things work properly. Government shouldn't try to interfere." When discussing the attempts to prevent the debt-ridden National Sea Products—a huge Nova Scotian fishing company—from being taken over by the provincial government, Bruce quotes Donald Sobey, Frank's son as saying, "We simply felt it would be a disaster to have National Sea in government hands."

What Bruce forgets to mention in his book—and what O'Donnell MacLean exposes in hers—is that in this "effort to privatise National Sea", the federal government put up \$90 million in funds to the private companies' \$20 million. For this \$20 million, the private investors, including the Sobey's, won 47 per cent ownership of the company. The Federal share of control was 20 per cent. The Nova Scotia government put up \$25 million and received no shares. The so-called "free enterprise" solution was little more than a government-funded acquisition by Empire and

others. So much for the evils of government interference.

For every instance where Bruce may have issued information selectively so as not to upset the Sobey's, he gives specific examples of obvious hypocrisy—and then fails to make the connection that anything is wrong with the Sobey corporate mindthink. He even praises Sobey's arrogance at times. The Sobey family has repeatedly singled out the Unemployment Insurance Commission for criticism as a wasteful institution. Yet he wasn't above making cash from it himself, when he "bagged" the Unemployment Insurance Agency as a tenant above one of his grocerias. "However the rental arrangement came about, the fact that people were collecting unemployment insurance money just upstairs from a grocerias was good news for the grocerias, and the rent the government paid was good for the landlord," says Bruce.

This message—that government money is good, but government control is bad—is nowhere better expressed than in both books' widely different views on Frank Sobey's involvement with Industrial Estates Limited. As far as Bruce is concerned, the time Sobey spent handing out tax breaks and government financing to large corporations as IEL President were an altruistic adventure. He suggested Sobey's "years at IEL had been the most exhilarating, productive, and public-spirited of his life—even if they had cost his own businesses a million or two."

O'Donnell-MacLean spends a special section of her book tracing the Michelin tire case through its IEL encounters and points out how Industrial Estates offered not only the usual grants, but also concessions including a guarantee of a stable workforce. "Eventually this assurance led to the provincial Cabinet's restricting the powers of the Labour Relations Board, and finally to the Legislature amending the province's Trade Union Act itself," she says. This led to the changes in regulations which made certification of a union at one plant impossible, known as the "Michelin Regulation" and "Michelin Bill".

O'Donnell-MacLean also reveals the significant side benefit the Michelin agreements had for the Sobey's. "Just after the 'Michelin Regulation' had been introduced, it was also applied in union organizing drives at a Gulf refinery, and a Sobey's store." (emphasis added)

As for Bruce, he treats the Michelin affair as "the most triumphant coup" of Sobey's IEL career. Objectivity can't be expected in a biography paid for by the subject, and Harry Bruce doesn't shock the reader with any in this book, no matter his editorial leeway. He was paid to create a literary monument, and so he has—if not much else. The warts presented in the warts'n'all profile of Frank Sobey are only ones he would approve of.

Ironically, Eleanor O'Donnell-MacLean couldn't get access to the Sobey network of information because Frank Sobey's son William told her, "an official biography of the family was being written." This forced her to construct her excellent book as is. It's ironic because she wrote in her preface, "This method of examining existing information sources may become indispensable, as corporate control of information increases." When the corporation boys like Frank Sobey can have their history presented by journalists as well-known as Harry Bruce, it's good to know people like Eleanor O'Donnell-MacLean are still not for sale. □

# RAMBOMANIA

So who won the Vietnam war anyway? / By Ken Burke

"It was a lie, wasn't it — just like the war." — Col. Trautman, in *Rambo*.

The Vietnam war is dead, long live the Vietnam war. Ten years after the fall of Saigon, the American Right is still fighting to win the war — the war of history over how the American involvement is perceived. They know what actually happened often matters less than what people think really happened. If history is rewritten to their satisfaction, the new, ideologically improved version of the "good war" in Indochina will make similar military excursions in Nicaragua, El Salvador, and elsewhere a lot easier to justify.

Leading the way in this battle for Yankee hearts and minds are blockbuster films like *Rambo*, *Uncommon Valor*, and *Missing in Action* where the USA kicks ass in a rematch with the "Vee-Cees". In terms of their impact, they may yet be among the most important films of the 80's, or a curious cultural footnote to a frightening time gone by. It all depends on who wins the war.

Together with predecessors like *First Blood* and fanatical fellow-travellers like *Red Dawn* (where the Russians, Cubans, and Sandinistas invade the U.S.), these movies are so similar in content and huge in popularity that they belong together in one group. Whether their aim is simply to milk America's Reaganite mood for all the silver they can or to make a genuine political statement makes no difference as far as the finished product is concerned; they all ably serve the same master. They manipulate the political instability in America, focusing and whipping the audiences' insecurity into a frenzy of right-wing violent Commie-bashing before turning them loose onto the streets. They're Agitprop filmmaking — propaganda that works through agitating its audience — at its most effective. And ugly.

Consider the plots of *Uncommon Valor* (1983), *Missing in Action* (1984), and this year's *Rambo* (plots should be singular; each film could be a re-make of the other). The story is simple: either one man or a small group of men attempts to rescue American soldiers officially "Missing in Action" during the Vietnam war but actually held captive in prison camps. They do this despite the active interference of status quo politicians in the States who seem to be more on the side of the Vietnamese government. Finally, after the personal loss of a friend/friends and the killing of scores of gibbering enemy soldiers, the "MIA's" are rescued and flown back to a heroes' welcome. Roll credits.

Aside from the obscenity of making piles of money feeding the hopes of American "MIA" families, there are many other reasons these films are worth taking a second look at. One is their style, an old-fashioned patriotic appeal dressed up in slick new effects



"They manipulate the political instability in America, focusing and whipping the audiences' insecurity into a frenzy of right-wing Commie bashing before turning them loose onto the streets..."

and rock video editing. The flash is from the '80's, but their minds are back in WWII.

As in all old-school war films, the supposed object of the fighting (rescuing the MIA's, holding the fort, blowing the dam, etc.) isn't really the point at all. The real purpose is to WIN; to BEAT the ENEMY and thus prove the SUPERIORITY of your side and race. Up to now, filmmakers seeking to make traditional war films about Vietnam were stymied. With the exception of John Wayne's gung-ho *The Green Berets* (1968), Vietnam's saga was translated onto film in more questioning terms.

Riding the peace/love movement of the era, filmmakers not only questioned America's "dirty little" war, but the politics of war itself. The complicated social issues surrounding the players found their way regularly onto

the big screen. Not much patriotism in there, but there wasn't an awful lot the U.S. won there, either. By shifting their emphasis from the Vietnam war as it was to a fantasy Vietnam war where SuperAmerica WINS, the filmmakers of the 80's finally get their war movie. And the truth gets shafted.

Besides using the convention of old war movies, these souped-up models also play off one pretty obvious model — the "American hostage crisis" in Iran. Just as that nasty episode made America collectively feel "powerless" (so we're told), it also helped the country focus its energy on hating the captors, not questioning why these people loathed America for installing the Shah's bloody regime. By rescuing MIA's from Commie torture camps, these films do double duty. They get rid of that run-down, "powerless" feeling AND avoid the tricky little ques-

tion of what America was doing there in the first place. As Gene Hackman's character in *Uncommon Valor* said during his big pep talk, "This time, nobody can dispute the rightness of what you're doing." No-fault Vietnam. Except their fault of course.



The tremendous public appeal of these films in the U.S. of A. is easy enough to chalk up to an urge to purge bad times from the country's collective memory. But their smash business elsewhere in the world shows they touch some universal chords, at least among violence-hungry men worldwide. *Rambo's* huge popularity among Shiite militiamen in Beirut proves at least that. The reason: these films create ready-made myths for our time.

It's superfluous to bring up the obvious glorification of war and violence in these films. But each and every one shoots so far past mere militarism in its content that it lapses into a delirium where mythology is the only available comparison that works. That's Myth with a capital M, as in Hercules, Beowulf, King Arthur and all those guys of yore. Hey! — these films say — these are no ordinary dudes running through the jungle, they're a new breed of legendary warrior. They're the ultimate product of all that's good in American society placed against all that's bad. They are, to put it bluntly, a master race.

The roots of what makes an American master race are laid bare in the growing trend towards the celebration of survivalism in the American Media. Survivalism takes such attributes glorified by the American Right as self-reliance, strength, and willingness to "defend" territory against enemies, and turns them loose in extreme degrees. Survivalists are the ones building fallout shelters in Colorado to live through a nuclear war, and the people stockpiling assault rifles and grenades for the "race war" they feel is coming. The ultimate goal for a survivalist is survival at all costs; killing as many of the enemy as possible, and keeping the "American Way" intact.

Survivalism has everything to do with the new breed of Vietnam War film. These films focus on lone individuals using the ways of the jungle to kill vast numbers of "the enemy". The Green Berets of Viet Nam are presented as a pure breed of survivalist, possessed with a simple, admirable rule — "When in doubt, kill," according to Rambo mentor Col. Trauman. It doesn't take special training to be an effective survivalist, either. It's written right into the genes of all red-blooded American boys, or so *Red Dawn* would have you think. In that film, high-school kids escape the Communist onslaught, live on their wits in the hills, and eventually become a freedom-fighting strike force, wiping out entire Soviet convoys with football-game enthusiasm. Couldn't find these kids just anywhere.

With boys like that in every American town today, the fighting forces in the Vietnam films have a lot to live up to — and they do. Former kung-fu star Chuck Norris is adept at taking out entire platoons with no survivors in *Missing in Action*. The army buddies of *Uncommon Valor* may not do it single-handedly, but they have great credentials, too — heredity. Gene Hackman's Col. Rhodes is the progeny of hundreds of years of American soldiers. "We almost lost the whole family at Gettysburg," he tells his men.

Compared to these recent heroics, John Wayne seemed almost restrained in his co-direction of "the fighting men of the Green Berets". One G.B. does take four of "them" with him in hand-to-hand combat during Wayne's opus, but that's peanuts compared to the slaughter of

More on page 12

**From page 11**

Vietnam's latter-day heroes.

A certain legend named John Rambo (minus the "John" — legends need only one name) tops 'em all in the myth department, however. His premiere in *First Blood* (1982) made him a victim of police brutality — a cute twist on anti-war protesters. As a result, he turns into the same unstoppable force he was in Vietnam turned against an America where he has no place.

He retreats into the woods, uses his green beret training to take on and outsmart hundreds of cops and national guard, and eventually returns to the small town for revenge upon the sheriff. The outsider wronged by society is a fairly sturdy character in legend, especially when he returns for revenge. But *First Blood* looks mild compared to its offspring.

In *Rambo*, which Sylvester Stallone co-wrote with James G. Cameron (of *The Terminator*), all the cards are on the table. Early on, the film states that Rambo's of "Indian-German descent — a helluva combination." Especially if you're trying to brew up a mythic warrior — part survivalist, part Beowulf. His ex-commanding officer Trautman calls him a "pure fighting machine with only a desire to win a war somebody else lost." When he takes on the MIA mission with orders not to "engage the enemy," it's a hearty joke for the audience. It's impossible to imagine him NOT in a war — working at a factory or a restaurant aren't for this demi-god. His philosophy for his kind of work — "you gotta become war."

Stallone and Cameron even pile on layers of bombastic malarkey over the framework of their barebones plot. When going "home" to Vietnam via parachute, he gets hung up by a cord outside the helicopter, which he cuts through with his huge, gleaming knife — chopping his own unwanted umbilical cord to be born again. He's even more otherworldly because Vietnam, which equals the world's worst

place in this film, is where this "fighting machine" was truly "born". "What you choose to call hell," says Trautman, "he calls home."

The American killing machine in the form of Rambo even transcends his own form. When going through his paces, he actually becomes the elements. He leaps out of pools and rivers. He becomes part of a bank of clay, he drops silently from trees, and is propelled from fireballs when attacked. What the plot doesn't do, the camera does — it worships his knife, crossbow, and machine guns with fetish-like close-ups while saving room for loving shots of his most spectacular weapon of all — the renowned hyperbolic he-man body. That just about covers all the necessary requirements for legend.



In these films, the only special effect to rival the stunts and explosions is the magic they play with reality. They turn the mess into an American victory. They claim to be "anti-establishment" as far as politicians are concerned but their scripts read like a Ronald Reagan wet dream. They make the Vietnamese helpless in their own country and the Americans into the great guerilla fighters. And that's just the beginning of the reality disappearing act.

The MIA films handily erase the presence of blacks among the American troops. In combat flashbacks and prison camp scenes *maybe* one in ten American soldiers is black. None of the MIA's they rescue are black. But over 60 per cent of the American combat troops which got shot at were made up of black men and boys — mostly boys. These aren't the first films to play down the sacrifice and slaughter of those men in order to pander to the juicy demographics of the white film goer, but it doesn't do much for reality or history, either.

These hawkishly pro-American intervention films are also being made by a lot of people whose necks weren't on the line during the war. For all the USA-boasting going on here, you wouldn't know that Ted Kotcheff, the director of both *First Blood* and *Uncommon Valor*, is a Canadian, as is David Morrell, the man who created the character Rambo. *Rambo's* director is also a Canuck hawk. And Sylvester Stallone, the actor and writer who climaxes Rambo with the tear-choked lines — "Hate my country? I'd die for it! I want what every guy who came over here and spilled his guts wants... for our country to love us as much as we love it!" — that Sylvester Stallone expressed his gung-ho love by avoiding the draft during the real war by working as a girls' athletic coach at a Swiss private school. He also put in time as an acting student and a sometime porn movie actor.

To some American Vietnam veterans, Stallone's newfound patriotism is too much to take. "He apparently feels that he can represent all vets but we don't like that," says Eduardo Cohen, a spokesperson for the Veteran's Speakers Alliance, which has organized pickets of California theatres showing the film. "He doesn't know what we went through."

"We, too, were brainwashed with similar propaganda before the Vietnam war," says Cohen. "When we got to Vietnam we found that it wasn't like a John Wayne movie."

So did the people already living there. But they may as well have been Indians in a John Wayne cowboy movie for all the care these movies exhibit for the Vietnamese people. Once again, the country becomes the backdrop for American suffering, American triumph, and American stories. In each film there are two types of Vietnamese: noble assistants (one reason the U.S. was over there in the first place) and yellow horde (the other reason). Both types are amply killed in battle.

*Rambo* takes this good-race/bad-race split to an almost pornographic pitch. The only "good" Vietnamese Rambo sees on his mission is a woman guerilla fighter who gets blasted in the back not a half-minute after she and Rambo soul kiss. The only reason she's good, I suppose, is her use of the English language. The Yellow Horde aren't as culturally privileged, so the rest of the Vietnamese portrayed in the film are barely above the creepy-crawly insect as far as humanity is concerned.

We are shown scenes of young girls "willingly" used for sex to demonstrate the perversity of the bad race. The soldiers exist as just so much target practice for Rambo. Because the troops frantically, nervously screech at each other in a caricature of Vietnamese speech, they're easier to keep depersonalized, easier to laugh at, and more fun for Rambo to kill. The only Vietnamese man given any kind of personality is their shifty leader who shoots the "good" woman in the back, and Rambo blows him up with an explosive-tipped arrow to the gut.

The (large number of!) Russian troops are treated similarly, but their white skin makes it harder to develop the same pitch of racism.

Something else these films resurrect fits in just fine with the world of Ronald Rambo; *The Domino Theory*. The ideology of battling communism at any cost has full expression in these films without really bothering to touch on the issue; these men are just out to

rescue their buddies, and along the way happen to show what weak-kneed liberals wrought by not letting them "win" the war.

It's up to *Red Dawn* to put the real cap on what this Domino revivalism means. In that film, communism is the insidious cancer it was in the early '60's, spreading from country to country like The Great Flood, having no relation to social causes such as a desire to dump oppressive regimes. The Nicaraguan revolution jumps its banks and engulfs Mexico in a few short years; the Green Party in West Germany causes the annexation of Europe. It's not clear whether or not the NDP causes Canada's compartmentalization into 12 Soviet states, or whether the commie liberals or PC's take care of that with their "Socialized" medicine and crown corporations. Director-writer John Milius (Executive producer of *Uncommon Valor*) leaves such Canadian scenarios up to the viewer's imagination, but in his mind-think, shared by the new gung-ho Vietnam War films, only a complete roll-back of the red tide will make the world safe for survivalists. It isn't too difficult to see what that means if you're living in Managua or the mountains of El Salvador.

The final equation goes something like this: take a newfound belief that America never really "lost" the Vietnam war, add faith in these mythic military warriors, an America-first attitude, and a willingness to separate a people into pure good and evil, and the sum equals a perfect climate for Central American invasion. If anything, the analogy works too well. With the help of films like *Rambo* and *Red Dawn*, the first battles in the perception war are being fought right now, even here in Canada. Reagan's men may be out to rewrite history, but there's one recent slogan of the left I think they'd be content to leave as is: "El Salvador is Spanish for Vietnam." To which Rambo would just as eagerly rejoin, "Do we get to win this time?" □

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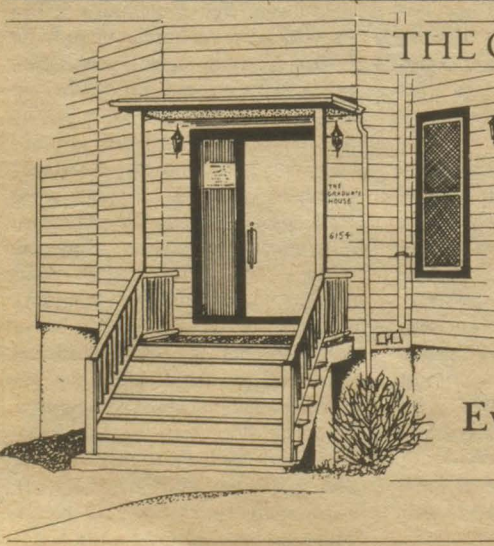
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# CUTBACKS

*Contra-style*

"With 20 per cent of our students doing military service, there are some areas where no students were left."

BY KEN BURKE

**C**utbacks to culture funding are nothing new to Raul Quintanilla. For lack of resources, students at his visual arts school are limited to painting with ordinary house paint and using cement for sculpture. Their photography section has a developing lab but no cameras. And one-fifth of the students and teachers can't attend classes.

With these problems, you might expect a school outcry against government funding policy, but there isn't any. That's because Raul's visual arts school is located in Managua, and the missing one-fifth of the campus population are mobilized on the borders to keep the Sandinista revolution alive. Supplies are scarce due to the U.S. embargo and the cost of the border war. These are arts cutbacks— *Contra-style*.

As assistant director of Nicaragua's National Visual Arts School and head of the visual arts department of the Sandinista Ministry of Culture, Raul Quintanilla lives every day as an embattled artist with far more than his artistic integrity at stake. While in Canada for the "Issues for the Next Generation" conference in Toronto, he spoke about the National School and the role culture plays in his country's revolution.

Like many other institutions in Nicaragua, the National Visual Arts School was organized after the revolution in line with Sandinista populist aims. Coming from the shell of the country's only fine arts school, the National was set up as a free school, with the Ministry of Culture funding all supplies and tuition. Enrolment was encouraged from all areas of the country, with a lengthy acceptance process ensuring that talent, not privilege, was the main requirement for entry.

These changes have been opening up the previously-closed areas of fine arts study more surely than slowly. More than 30 per cent of this year's 150 students come from regions outside the capital city of Managua, up from virtually none before the revolution. "It'll take a bit of time before we get more people coming from these areas," says Quintanilla. The number of women students has also risen dramatically. "Before the revolution, there was maybe one or two women students in the school and now we have almost 40 per cent," he says.

The truly revolutionary change in Nicaraguan art took place outside the walls of the National School. Students spend their first three years studying traditional art forms in a classroom setting. In the following year their academic roots are pulled out and replanted.

From the relatively isolated artistic atmosphere of the National School, fourth-year students are thrust into a

year of social service in popular centres of culture (known in Spanish as CPC's) spread out across the country. At one of the 50 CPC's, the students is "confronted with the reality of the country they are living in," says Quintanilla.

"In the school they work with relatively traditional materials, even if they are putting up with housepaint on plywood," he explains. "In the communities, they use materials they find in the places and work with a range of people like old people, young people, children. . ."

"In the CPC's, our students are confronted with a different reality, one where a 15-year-old worker wants to paint and has never done anything academic. He hasn't done any colour scales or perspective, and still comes out with some very rich things when he expresses his desires and the way he sees life itself."

Quintanilla knows what he's talking about first hand. He began attending university in the mid-1970's, in an education system where "only about one per cent of the population had access to higher education. We were very separated from reality." Even though he was a student activist during the revolution, contact with campesinos (peasants) and people outside the art world profoundly affected him. "I didn't have any consciousness of the poverty that people lived in before," he says.

He sees similar changes in students returning from CPC's every year. "We understand that art education as people see it is very individual — very personal, you know?" he says, gesturing toward himself. "When they get in touch with people and work in collectives, it . . . marks them. After they come back to the school they have a different approach; a different view of what they do from the last year."

This notion of the artist as an active participant instead of passive observer

in society is also expressed clearly by one of the National School's five areas of study. Besides such basics as painting and drawing, sculpture, graphics, and theory, the school also has a new programme in muralism.

Aside from the very communal nature of murals in public places, Quintanilla emphasized the political roots of Nicaraguan muralism. It's a view of art percolating from the bottom up.

"Before the revolution, there was practically no mural development in Managua," he says. "There was a lot of repression in the streets, so the only thing that could be done to counter it was graffiti, which I think is the closest relative to muralism."

**F**rom this affinity with resistance graffiti— omnipresent during the battle with Somoza's regime— artists working with the school's muralist brigade have chosen to use murals as a form of community self-expression. Soon they hope the ideas they're trying out in one section of Managua can be repeated all over the country.

"The process is to first go to the community to see what they want expressed on the walls," says Quintanilla. "then the students make initial sketches." In these sketches, people from the community are used as models for the mural, and the students also work with their "subjects" on the projects. Not surprisingly, these murals are proving to be popular.

"Since they participate from the conception of the work, people feel identified with the project itself," he reports. Through the neighborhood murals and community outreach of the CPC's, art is reaching — and coming from — more people than ever before. "In some areas almost every neighbour has been identified in a different form, either by sculpture —

monumental sculpture — or by the murals themselves. It's a very close relationship between the artist and the work being done."

Muralism also solves the problem of many Canadian artists — getting their work seen. "We have problems with people going to galleries," grins Quintanilla. "Everytime we have a show, the only people who go are the artists, their families, and their friends . . ."

The Sandinista Ministry of Culture is also attempting to break down barriers between the public and art by taking exhibitions on the road and into the workplaces. "We think now that it's very important to develop art that can be seen by the people," says Quintanilla.

The actual art being produced through this network is surprising in its diversity. Unlike the monolithic Soviet approach to art — at least the officially-sanctioned type — there is no "party line" approach apparent in the works of the National School's collection.

There are images of Sandino — the Nicaraguan Peasant leader of the 1920's and 30's who gave the revolution its name — but also linoleum tiles designed with the simple image of a bottle and cup, celebrating the everyday in art. There is the striking work of Cecelia Rohas, a teacher at the school, in paintings exploring Nicaragua's pre-Columbian background through masks the Indians left behind. Her masks jostle with each other for space in the frame glowing with an almost-neon, part-otherworldly colour in distended, warped shapes. It's not exactly the stuff of sterile propaganda Nicaraguan art is sometimes said to be.

There is also a surprisingly large amount of abstract works being done in Nicaragua, representing something of a tradition in the country's art. "Most of the artists tend to be abstract: very influenced by the Spanish cur-

rents of the 50's and 60's," says Quintanilla.

While no works were shown which seemed to criticize or question the revolution, there was at least one print whose image cut deep into the notion of glory in war. A woodcut by a third-year student features an exhausted, battered soldier walking towards the viewer, with a white void left in his torso in the shape of a dove. Above his head a crusted, ugly swatch of blood red — the only colour in the print — either hovers in waiting or is descending. The print's artist is now among the troops fighting the *Contra* along the border.

The print of the soldier is an apt symbol of the burst of popular culture under the Sandinista government: there's still a cloud of death dogging the steps, preventing the culture from living up to its capacity, and threatening its very existence. The war with the US-backed *Contras* demonstrates this.

"With 20 per cent of our students doing military service, there are some areas where no students were left. In sculpture we only have two students left now," says Quintanilla. "The other students are conscious that we're able to be in the school because there are others on the frontier fighting for us."

The shortfall in teachers is being made up somewhat by the "solidarity work" of a group of artists from around the world. A West German, Mexican, and American and three Italian teachers are all assisting with the National Visual Art School's programme.

The School suffers from more than lack of people, though. The American embargo on shipments to Nicaragua has drastically cut the availability of art supplies. "We have a lot of problems with materials," Quintanilla readily states. Besides limiting the use of oil paint to final touches on paint-

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# September

Sun

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S



The Hit starts Sept. 6 at Wormwoods

8

Tres Hombres play the Misty Moon Cabaret. Shows start at 7:00 pm.  
Canadian Content Week: CBC's tribute to creative artists is scheduled for this week. CBC radio and television will feature Canadian content in prime time programming this week. Stay tuned.

9

Acrylics by Ralph A. Olive — a romantic realist — will be on display at Emberly Galleries, 1533 Barrington St. Hours: 10-5:30pm M to F 10-5 Sat. Olive will continue through to Sept. 21

15



Spoons play Halifax this month.

16



10

Registration for the Halifax School of Pottery will take place until Sept. 12 at 1672 Barrington St. (above the A&W). For a schedule or information call 422-3070.

Four NFB Shorts: Seekers and Finders, Beyond the Frontier, The Contour Connection and Radarstat at the NFB Theatre at 7:00 pm tonight and tomorrow. Admission is free.

Entre Nous, a film by Diane Kurys plays in the Dal Art Gallery at 8 pm. Admission free.

The Grawood's movie night features The Terminator at 8 pm.

17

Don Messer's Jubilee returns to the Neptune theatre for a two week engagement starting today and running to Sept. 29. Tickets are \$14,\$13 and \$10 with a discount of \$1 for students and seniors. Spoons play a 7:00 pm. concert at The Cohn.

Georgia O'Keefe: Celebration features the artist in a rare film interview talking about her work. Plays at noon and 8 pm in the Dal Art Gallery.

Grawood's movie night features Star Chamber with Michael Douglas at 8 pm.

24

The Life and Times of Rosie the Riveter a film about women labourers during World War II plays at the Dal Art Gallery at noon and 8 pm.

The Grawood's movie night features The Road Warrior (Mad Max) II. Fun starts at 8 pm.

1 OCT

Metropolis, the reconstructed version of the 1927 Fritz Lang film, plays at the NFB Theatre until Oct. 3. Shows are at 7 and 9 pm.

Dark Circle: A Film About the Nuclear Arms Buildup plays at the Dal Art Gallery at noon and 8 pm. Admission is free.

11

Dalhousie Music Department presents Denise Poray, mezzo-soprano, in recital in the Sculpture Court of the Arts Centre at 12:30 pm. Helen Murray will accompany Poray, who is an alumna of Dalhousie.

Poray has studied at Yale University where she gained her Master's degree in music. She has been studying this year in l'Ecole d'Art Americaine, Fontainebleau, France. Most recently she performed Brahms in Carnegie Recital Hall. All are welcome.

Welcome Back Party in the Grawood. Fun starts at 8 pm.

18

Don Messer: His Land and His Music at the NFB Theatre tonight only at 8 pm. Admission is free.

The Grawood's first Lip Sync Contest — our new student council versus the SUB staff and Bar Services. Come and support your favorite team.

25

Two films on Quebec history and politics, The Champions and The Inheritance play at the NFB theatre for one night only. Admission is free.

Movie in the McInnis room sponsored by the DSU. Title to be announced.

2



Opening of the exhibitions Aileen Meagher: A Retrospective, Pioneer Women at Dalhousie and Franz Kafka: 1883-1924. at 8 pm. at the Dalhousie Art Gallery.

1985 collection of Eskimo art from Povungituk will be on show at The Eskimo Gallery, 1869 Upper Water St. The show runs until Sept. 30.

Dynamics of Tony Tascona from the Winnipeg Art Gallery, is at the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia, Main and Mezzanine gallery.

The show will continue until September 15.

The American Friend starring Dennis Hopper and Bruno Ganz will be playing at the National Film Board Theatre until Sept. 8. Shows are at 7 and 9:15 nightly.

Lambert & James perform in the Garden Cafeteria from 8-1am. Tickets are \$3.50

12

The Spoons and The Realists play the SUB.

Antonioni's L'Aventura will be playing at the NFB Theatre until Sept. 15. Shows are at 7 and 9:30 pm.

19

From Different Starting Points, 150 years of art in the AGNS collection, Art Gallery of Nova Scotia, Main Gallery.

4th Annual Comedy Bowl at Secretaries. Part of the Joe Howe Festival. For more information contact the Festival office at 422-9801.

Psycho, the Alfred Hitchcock thriller plays at the NFB Theatre until Sept. 22. Shows are at 7 and 9 pm. nightly.

26

A Clockwork Orange, the Stanley Kubrick classic, plays at the NFB Theatre until Sept. 29. Shows are at 7 and 9:30 pm.

Terry Kelly, Newfoundland singer/songwriter will be performing at The Cohn at 8:00 pm.

3

Les Grand Ballets Canadiens, at The Cohn until Oct. 5 Tickets are \$14.50 for students and shows begin at 8 pm.

6

Philip Glass, acclaimed contemporary composer plays at benefit at the McInnis Room, Dalhousie. The concert begins at 8 pm. Tickets are \$10 and \$7 (for students and seniors).

The Hit, A British comedy directed by Stephen Fears plays at Wormwood's Dog and Monkey Cinema until Sept. 12 at 7 and 9:15 pm.

Aileen Meagher discusses her work on view at the Dal Art Gallery, 12:30 pm.

Terrie Hattie performs in the Grawood from 2:30-6 pm.

13

Dr. Judith Fingard will give a talk in conjunction with the exhibition Pioneer Women at Dalhousie University. The talk starts at 12:30 at the Dal Arts Gallery.

The Australian film, My First Wife will be playing at Wormwood's Dog and Monkey Cinema until Sept. 19. Shows are at 7 and 9:15 nightly.

Ronnie Hawkins and the Hawkes play the Cohn at 8:00 pm.

The Press performs in The Grawood 2:30-6 pm.

DancExchange party at the DancExchange studio, 1672 Barrington St. at 8 pm.

20

The Second City Touring Company will be appearing at the LBR nightly tonight and tomorrow. Shows are at 7 and 10:30 pm. Admission is \$6 for students and \$8 general admission.

Terrie Hattie in the Grawood from 2:30-6 pm.

Amadeus, Milos Forman's academy award winning film will be playing at Wormwood's Dog and Monkey Cinema until Sept. 26. Shows are at 8 pm. nightly.

27

Nostalgia, an Italian-Soviet co-production, will be playing at Wormwood's Dog and Monkey Cinema for three nights only until Sept. 29. Shows are at 7 and 9:15 pm.

Supertramp plays the Metro Centre at 8 pm. Tickets are available at the Metro Centre box office for \$18.50.

The Press appears in the Grawood from 2:30-6 pm.

7

The Spinners will be performing two shows at the Cohn at 7 and 10 pm.

Tickets are \$17.50 for students.

Super SUB featuring Steps Around The House, The Web, Tony Quinn and Bowser and Blue. Tickets are \$6 in advance and \$7 at the door.

14

Arts Magazine will be hosting at Arts Writing Workshop at 2 pm. in The Gazette offices, third floor, SUB. Be there or be square.

21

The Halifax Conference: A National Forum on Canadian Cultural Policy will take place at Mount St. Vincent University today and tomorrow. Keynote speaker is popular scientist David Suzuki. To pre-register send \$10 to: Nova Scotia Coalition on Arts and Culture, c/o Paula McNeil, 1572 Barrington St., Halifax, N.S. B3J 1Z6.

28

Show of Four Local Women Artists, Manuge Galleries, 1674 Hollis, 9:30-5:30 M to F, 10-4 Sat. The show will run through October.



Nostalgia plays at Wormwoods Sept. 29

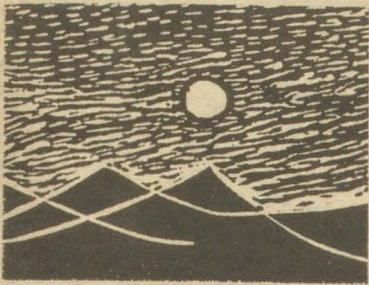
Clip and tape to your fridge...

29



Amadeus plays Sept. 20 to 26

## CUTBACKS CONTRA-STYLE



"It isn't until now that we're opening up more, to see what's being done by the slides people take and the books people send. We thinks its very important to get students in contact with the art which is being done. It broadens their desire to do what they want to do..."

...Continued from page 13

ings, there is virtually no canvas to be painted on. Cheap plywood is often the only substitute available. "This gives us a lot of problems because of the climate. In five years, they start having problems with cracks and other technical problems," he says.

There is also a severe shortage of art books, which is largely the only contact Nicaraguan artists get with current trends in world art. "It isn't until now that we're opening up more, to see what's being done by the slides people take and the books people send," says Quintanilla. "We think it's very important to get the students in contact with the art which is being done. It broadens their... desire to do what they want to do."

One Canadian organization which collects donated art supplies and other materials for Nicaragua is "Tools for Peace" which has local organizations across the country including Nova Scotia.

Even if there were adequate supplies and peace on the borders, Quintanilla knows there are also problems to overcome from within — and the women of Nicaragua know this as well.

"Machismo is very prominent in Nicaragua still," he says. "It's something we have to combat a lot." It can make nude modelling difficult, as he explained, and it can attempt to keep women in the traditional role of house- and child-keeper. If much of this is changing in art, it is only due to the women themselves. In the Ministry of Culture, almost 350 of the 500 workers are women, as are similarly large numbers in other, non-traditional roles, such as Managua's woman Police Chief. It's more of the same hard slogging from below that led to a new country in 1979.

"We've just had six years of revolution and we're starting to build a new society," explains Raul Quintanilla, spokesperson for a national dream. He can see it changing his society and he sees it reflected in his country's art. "With the participation of women, women's issues are coming out in art right now. It's not man interpreting woman, but women interpreting themselves and saying what they want to say. That's very important."

... As important as a country giving itself life through its art. □

## The confessions of a sensitive guy

"For me it started when this woman I was dating sort of turned into a feminist..."

By NAIRNE HOLTZ and JONATHAN PLYMOUTH

**T**imes are changing. And sensitive guys say they're right for the times.

One of the newest animals to prowl the 80's social landscape is the *Sensitive Guy*, those men who aren't too stiff to cry or too shy to tell everyone about it. One such tamed beast is Stefan S. (not his real pseudonym), whom we found at a local cafe in the act of detailing his shortcomings to a young woman. We managed to distract his attention long enough to obtain the following interview for *Gazette Arts Magazine*:

**Question:** What exactly are sensitive guys and how did they come about?

**Answer:** Well, I don't normally like to speak for a group because that's a very male-identified trait, but I will anyway. The way I see it, times are changing, and sensitive guys are those men who see the need to change or be...left behind. For me it started when this woman I was dating sort of turned into a feminist.

**Q:** That made you more responsive to women's needs?

**A:** Absolutely. I found she wasn't paying attention to me when I talked about my job, my university courses, or even the little bald spot on the top of my head that's thinning really fast — see? (he leans over). So, all of a sudden we had nothing to talk about after coming back from dates. I thought our relationship was over until I decided to read some of those books she'd been reading.

**Q:** And that made you more responsive to women's needs?

**A:** Oh, absolutely. After reading the books, I could see exactly what feminists didn't like about men. So I went to my girlfriend of the time and said, "Look, I'm dominating, insensitive, patriarchal, and on average I can earn much more than an equally-qualified woman. Let's talk about it." She did, and we had something to relate to again. Our relationship was allowed to run its course on an even keel. It worked with other women I went out with, too.

**Q:** You're not very responsive to women's needs, are you?

**A:** I think I am. Whenever women have a need, I try to respond with one of my own. That way we're more equal.

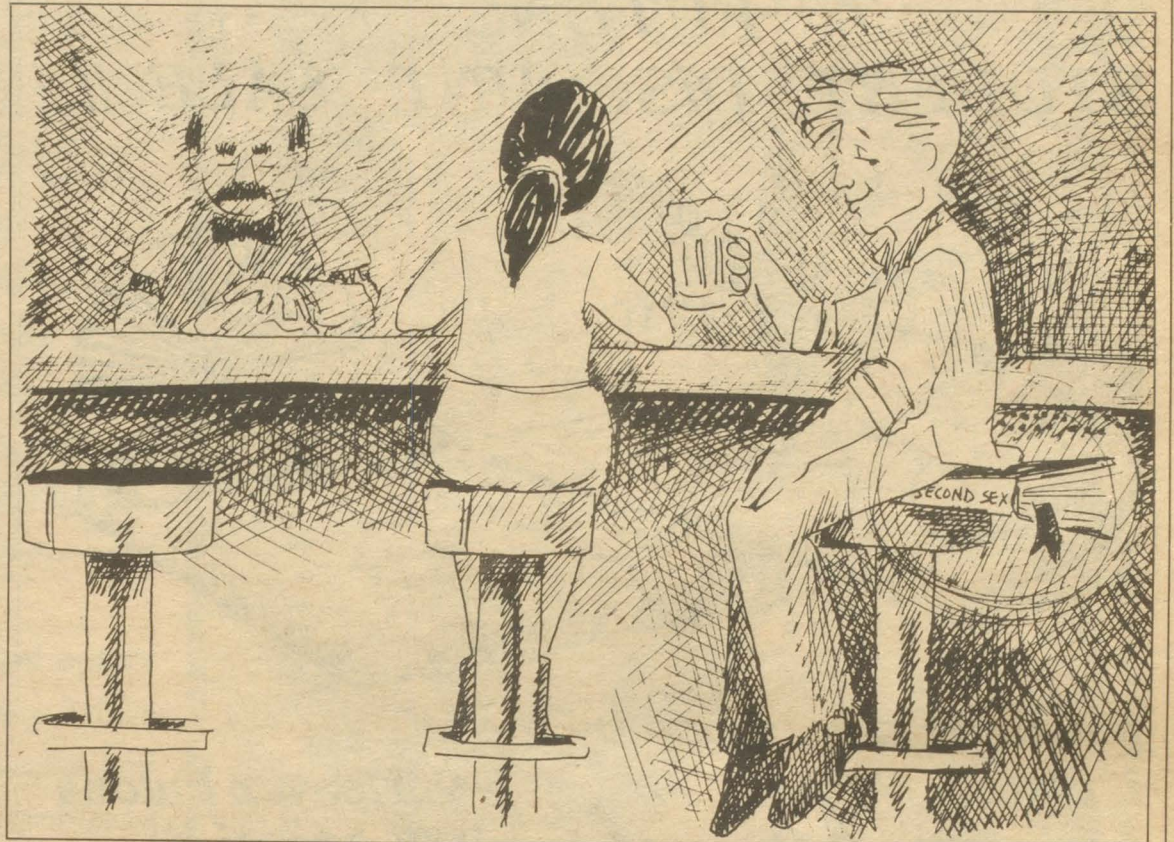
**Q:** Are you saying you haven't learned anything about yourself by being a sensitive guy?

**A:** That's not what I'm saying at all. Since I've been a sensitive guy, I've gotten more in touch with my feelings. I can appreciate beauty in the world around me, I have a less goal-oriented approach to my career, and I've even learned to cry since the manual arrived. I'm not like other men anymore.

**Q:** How so?

**A:** Well, I've progressed beyond the he-man approach to life where aggres-

# END PIECE



sion is something to be rewarded and you put a tough exterior before the world. I'm not interested in impressing anyone by my physical prowess or by acting like a cave-man.

"I'm not interested in impressing anyone with my physical prowess or acting like a cave man."

**Q:** You've made a conscious decision to reject these unhealthy attitudes, then?

**A:** They never really worked for me, anyway.

**Q:** Hmmm. Maybe you could offer some insights into your lifestyle — with a few tips for the aspiring sensitive guy.

**A:** Sure. I do have some ideas for other men. I guess the first thing I'd mention is the importance of the correct friends to a sensitive lifestyle. Having a gay friend is very important.

**Q:** You mean friends.

**A:** No, that's friend in the singular. You see, it's important to maintain contact with an oppressed male group, and prove how open-minded you are. One gay friend does just fine for that. If you have too many gay friends, a sensitive guy might give off the wrong...

... messages to women. Lesbians are another matter, though. When you can tell your date, "As I was talking to Sarah yesterday — she's lesbian, and I'm the last man she's close friends with —"... then you're in the sensitive guy club for life. Of course, actually being gay is going a bit overboard — for me, anyway.

**Q:** You certainly have some... unique

political beliefs.

**A:** I've been told that. Something like that, anyway.

**Q:** Besides who you're seen with, are there other lifestyle changes a novice sensitive guy should make?

**A:** Well, your position on sports is another choice that says a lot about a man's sensitiveness.

**Q:** How so?

**A:** There are sensitive sports and he-man sports. Sensitive sports aren't limited to big-muscled men competing. They're open to both men and women; sports like jogging, swimming, cycling, and so on are ideal sensitive guy sports. It's a good idea to talk about how good it is, too — especially to women who can appreciate your progressiveness. After you finish that pool length, casually state, "You know, I really enjoy swimming because of its non-competitive nature," or, "Well! Sports where you don't have to be violent are so much better!"

**Q:** What exactly led you to this critique of traditionally masculine sports? Was it recent socio-psychological research on the effects of aggression in sports?

**A:** Yeah — uh, absolutely. That, and the fact that I never was any good at them anyway. I must've seen what trivial, useless sports they were even before I was sensitized.

**Q:** I see... If you don't mind us saying this, most of your responses seem geared towards meeting women — feminist women anyway. Have you modified your sexual life any to accommodate this?

**A:** You bet. The cave-man approach is dead for sensitive guys. One good alternate way to work things is to say, "You look really tense. How about a nice foot massage?" That can lead just anywhere...

**Q:** What about the act itself? How is that changed?

**A:** Well, the tyranny of man-on-top, woman-on-bottom sex is definitely over, let me tell you. It's important to let your girlfriend know how strongly you feel your sexual habits should be

balanced, with her in command some of the time, and you on top at times also. If you work it just right, when you're kinda tired or bored you can let her take charge. That way, when you're in the mood, you can get on top and it'll be your turn.

**Q:** That's as far as your changes go?

**A:** Oh, not by a long shot. One thing I've found is that there's nothing women hate more than men just rolling over and going to sleep after sex. That's really... insensitive. So after I've just made love, I always make sure to spend the time afterwards in gentle touching and caressing.

**Q:** Now that sounds like a positive change.

**A:** Absolutely. I figured it out that it takes the same amount of time to fall asleep whether you roll over or do this caressing business. So it's not like it's an effort or anything. Sometimes your lover even gets aroused again, so it's just good sense to do it.

**Q:** But what about the woman's pleasure?

**A:** Ohh. You mean that *clitoris* thing.

**Q:** Uh, something like that, yes.

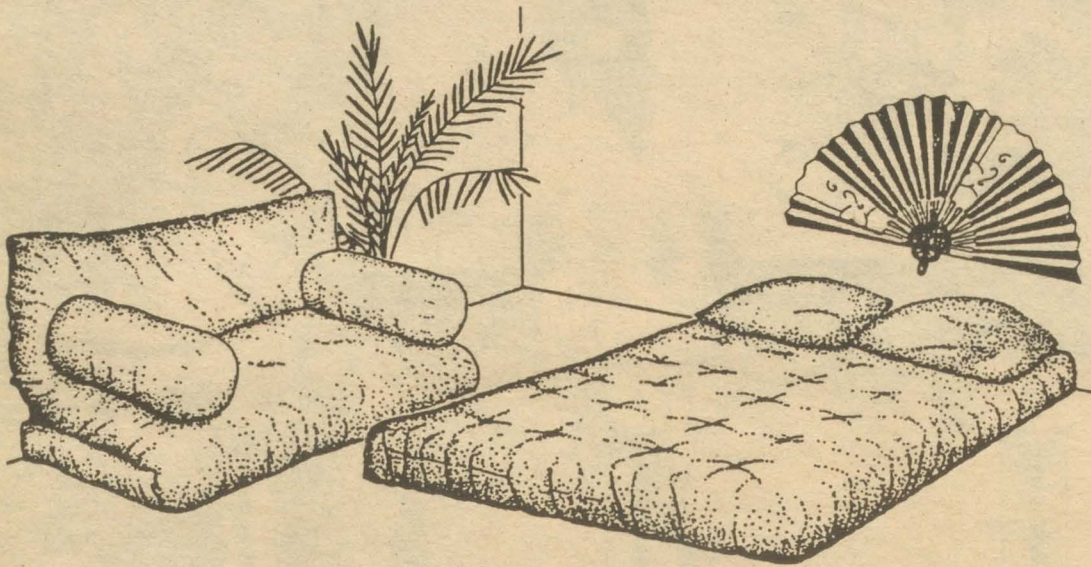
**A:** See, that's another area where the whole equality issue comes up with sensitive guys. When your lover raises that question, you had better be prepared to deal with it. That's even if you find the area down there personally distasteful. Where equality comes in is that it often... obliges women to do something in return, something they might not ordinarily do. It all balances out.

**Q:** That's sick.

**A:** Hey, you asked for honest answers. My name isn't going to show up anywhere in this, is it?...

*Feeling a bit nauseous, at this point the Gazette interviewers broke off the interview, leaving Stefan S. to read a Simone de Beauvoir book over a cooling cup of herbal tea. As they left, a familiar, faint voice could be heard from the cafe even over the noise of the street: "Hey, would you like to talk about pornography from a male perspective? I have some feelings I'd like to share with the right person..."*

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