46 NOVEMBER 1974 50¢

content

PROFILE:

THE CRTC'S HARRY BOYLE

GETTING TO KNOW MS. TRUDEAU

COVERING CHINA AND ALL THAT

Cracks in The Mirror: A Media Critic's Journey Through The Looking Glass.

Second class mail. Registration number 2501.

IS ANYBODY OUT THERE LISTENING TO HARRY BOYLE?

by ERNEST HILLEN

The office where I sat waiting had an orange carpet and was 18 floors above the streets of Ottawa. It was a quiet corner room with lots of windows. When its big, sandy-haired occupant lumbered in, I said:

"How are you?"

"That's a very stupid question," replied Harry J. Boyle.

Maybe, but it set him talking. And that's what I was there for: To listen to Harry Boyle talk.

"It's Friday noon. I've had a week of hearings . . . How *am* I?" said Boyle, and proceeded to describe his current condition. From there, for the next 10 hours or so, with little prompting he went on - about writing, broadcasting, teaching, future plans and so on.

Ten hours sounds like a long time, but it isn't if you're getting to know Harry Boyle. Deceptively down-to-earth and easy-going, the 59-year-old Boyle has a formidable mind and a complex character. A lot of people know Boyle or know of him, but many more in this country don't. And they're missing something because Boyle is a remarkable Canadian.

I met about 20 of his ex-colleagues. Several had worked with him a dozen years or more, yet not one ventured to "explain" him. Many liked, yes, and respected and admired, but a man apart, wandering in a mist alone.

Boyle settled into one of the large black-leatherette easy-chairs ranged around his vast desk. The chair disappeared from sight. He place smartly-booted feet on the desk and sighed.

"You feel like you've been through a wringer after hearings" he said. "But they're still what interest me most."

Boyle is vice-chairman of the Canadian Radio and Television Commission, the powerful agency Parliament set up in 1968 to regulate and supervise all aspects of Canadian broadcasting policy as "enunciated in Section 2 of the Broadcasting Act". Boyle was appointed because of his long experience as a journalist and broadcaster.

The decisions made by chairman Pierre Juneau, Boyle and the CRTC's other members concern million of dollars and the livelihood of thousands. More important, they will affect for years to come what the airways bring to Canadian ears and eyes. These airwaves are public property and the agency is there to protect our interests. It's the CRTC which, after hearing an applicant's submission, votes on whether he can obtain or renew a license to broadcast in Canada.

"Think of the power of broadcasting!" said Boyle, who comes out occasionally with Churchillian-sounding sentences. "Never in human history have so many been subjected to the concepts distributed so far by so few in mass media. The license to broadcast is almost the heaviest obligation that society can allow individuals to bear."

Daylight had caught Boyle's spectacles and hidden his eyes: blank bits of glass on a lined, ruddy, placid face. It was paler than when I had seen it a few years back; and the hairline had receded further. He still looks like the ideal of everybody's favorite father-in-law.

"At a hearing I try to create a minimum of inhibiting atmosphere," he said. "But it's still like a court of law and supplicants are before a judge and jury."

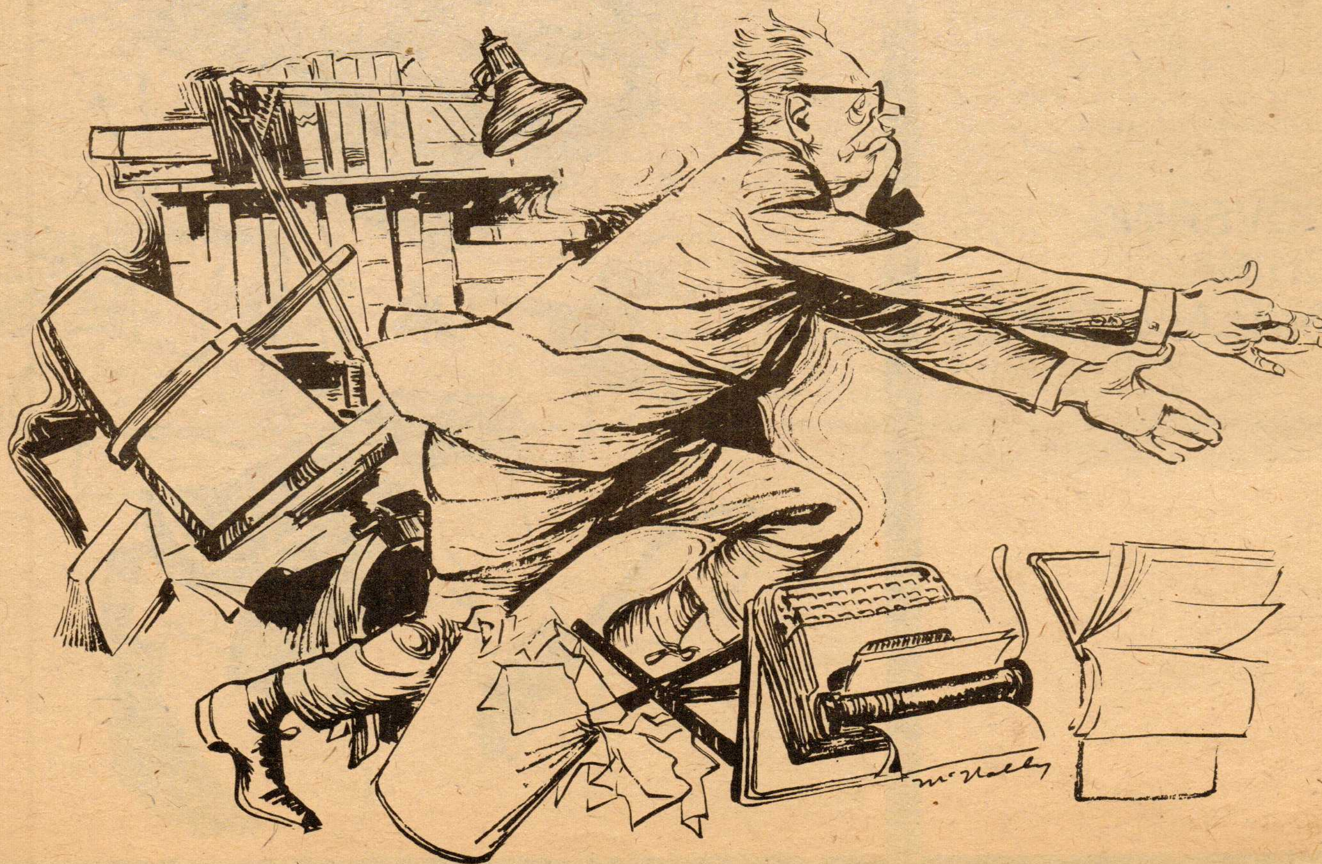
I had watched him the day before presiding in a huge hotel conference room. There were some 200 spectators. Boyle was alert, polite and often witty. His questions were direct, clear and persistent. And he was forever fussing with his pipe. He smokes the Sherlock Holmes kind that hangs rather than sticks, out of the mouth.

He dug one out of his pocket then - later that night, in his home, I spotted about 30 more - and started to fill it.The movement freed his glasses from the light and showed his soft blue eyes. The left one is practically useless, yet he reads more in a week than most people do in a year.

"It's a rugged job," he said. "and I'm on the road about six months of the year. I'm entirely my own boss and that means you work twice as hard of course."

Boyle told me what, in essence, the CRTC had accomplished so far. It has forced control of broadcasting media back into Canadian hands, set up a national checker-board of cable TV companies, imposed Canadian content on radio and thereby helped create a Canadian recording industry, and set out guidelines for FM radio's future.

In the middle of this the telephone rang.



Boyle discussed something that sounded complicated for about 10 minutes. Then he replaced the receiver and picked up our conversation on the precise word where he had left off.

Born in St. Augustine, Ont., Boyle started his career on small-town newspapers and radio stations in southwestern Ontario. He joined the CBC in 1942 as a farm commentator and five years later had made it to supervisor of network programming. He quit in 1967.

It is said that in those 25 years he was the greatest broadcasting innovator Canada has ever produced. He is credited with having inspired and helped to self-realization many of our finest and most creative broadcasters.

I was told that virtually every worthwhile CBC information program during those years originated with Boyle. Indeed, most of the good shows today still are basically derivitives of ones he started. One example is *This Country In The Morning.* Its former producer, Alex Frame, 31, told me flatly:

"Harry originated everything around here. He made the place come alive. He forced us to think, to come to our own conclusions, to get closer to the Canadian reality. He taught an awareness of what people want to know.

"He's the only guy I worried about if he didn't like something on the show . . . If Harry said come to Ottawa and clean ashtrays for me, I'd go tomorrow!"

Boyle heaved himself up and said we should go to lunch at the Rideau Club. Once there he struck me as out of place in that exclusive, rich, rather pompous establishment. Still, in an amused sort of way, he showed me the library and dining rooms and pointed out various 'name' people.

Boyle ordered a drink for me but not for himself. For quite a while he's had no alcohol at all. In his *The Great Canadian Novel,* the most memorable, and frightening passages, deal with the hero's battle with booze. People who've known Boyle a long time say he and the principal character have a lot in common. A reporter once asked him about the book's emphasis on drink and Boyle simply replied, "It's an old demon I've overcome."

"I go to the movies a lot," he said. "One thing I'm really sorry about is that I was only on the periphery of film-making."

That is, then the only media Boyle hasn't left his mark on. Besides his years of creating radio and TV programs, he has written about 70 plays, a newspaper column for 11 years, innumerable articles and speeches and books.

He writes during weekends and sometimes for an hour first thing in the morning. And he writes fast, 2-3,000 words in a session.

For seven years he taught writing in the summer at the Banff School of Fine Arts. "The students came from all over, Japan, the USA . . ." he told me. "I kept it as unstructured as possible. I just tried to increase their sensitivity, make 'em aware of themselves. What I hammered at was that they ask, 'Who am I? What am I doing here? Where am I from?' And it worked. I believe *everybody* is creative. You just have to tap the right nerve."

Those three little questions, I believe, are a key to Boyle's productivity and originality. In speeches, articles and books, he seems in one way or another always to be asking them and stimulating his audience to do the same.

I suspect it was the message of those same three small questions that turned people on at CBC. His former colleagues said a lot of kind things about Boyle, but there was one facet of him they all stressed: His uncanny knack to get people to deliver the best they had in them. He manipulated their personalities, stretched their minds, made calculated use of them. The goal was always the same - the best program possible.

Lloyd Robertson, 39, who reads the national news at 11 p.m.:

"Harry was much smarter than the rest of us - but he never let you feel it. He *challenged.* He wanted me to be more than a plastic blob in front of that camera. I had to know and feel what I was talking about. He is one of our brilliant men. He touches your soul. He is unquestionably the philosopher-king of the media."

Bill MacNeil, 49, has made documentaries for CBC for 23 years, 13 of them with Boyle:

"He always put *himself* out there - listening, watching. We need him back to bring some excitement, something new. There are lots of people in CBC with great jobs who would quit like that to go to work again with Harry."

Max Ferguson, formerly best known as Rawhide:

"Harry had a total lack of fakery. There's never been a CBC executive as honest and effective."

Barbara Burns, a researcher for Boyle for seven years:

"If you had a good idea - even if you'd crossed him up before - he'd take it. What he had going for him was that bloody enthusiasm of his!"

Back in his office, boots on the desk, Boyle talked about mediocrity. He's an enemy of mediocrity. He complained of the electronic media being "incestuous, imitative, not innovative."

"The people who run broadcasting," said Boyle, "still do it as if they're producing newspapers. They're print people."

"The media should be put in their place. The kids do it. They do their homework just as well with the radio on, even with the TV on. Everybody seems to be in a state of media shock. It's nice to know that most people actually go on living normally."

The afternoon wore on. Boyle switched from his pipe to a cigar. His talk was peppered with scholars' names and book titles he simply assumed I was familiar with. He has a phenomenal memory and colored his conversation with quotes, statistics and anecdotes. He reminisced about his childhood when his father ran a grocery store.

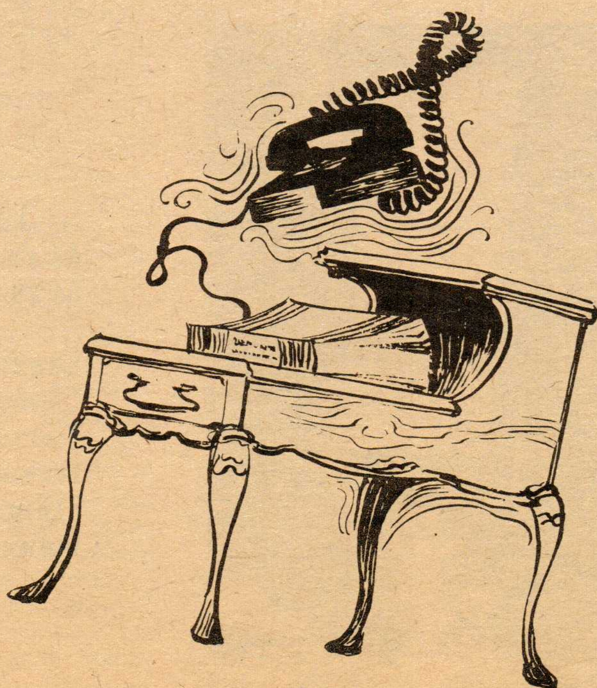
He recalled off the record, some of his monumental battles with CBC brass. Once, when he wanted to get a new series off the ground, he was told there was no office space. So he simply crossed the street and rented an apartment. He let the accountants worry about the bill for this expansion of CBC. The series got on the air in time.

Boyle returned to the complexity of CRTC work, hence to not always instantly-digestible theories on communications, and to his great love for Canada. Boyle's feeling for this country, which shows in everything he writes, is another important part of his makeup.

"I've lived in Mexico, the West Indies and Europe," he said, "but I belong here. I feel I belong *anywhere* in Canada."

Somewhere in *The Great Canadian Novel,* the hero says:

"I honestly believe there is a breed of people called Canadians. We have survived in the face of the wash of superfluous culture, product and environment of Uncle Sam. Our courts, our speech and our attitudes are different. We do accept a lot of Americanization, but deep down we are different. We're really only happy in that goddamn big lonely country."



Content, for Canadian Journalists, is published monthly by Content Publishing, Suite 404, 1411 Crescent St., Montreal 107, P.Q. Second class mail, registration number 2501. Return postage guaranteed.

In a tribute to the late broadcaster J. Frank Willis, Boyle wrote that Willis "cherished the responsibility of linking Canadians to Canadians." That line surely applies to Boyle himself, too.

It was getting dark out and Boyle said we should go home for supper. The corridors of the CRTC executive floor were deserted.

Boyle lives with his wife Marion in a mews-type house from where you can see the Rideau River. It is quiet, comfortable and bulges with books.

Dinner - roast beef, banana pie - was by candlelight; real flames glowed in the fireplace. I asked Boyle what he thought of the future of this country. For once, he didn't have an immediate reply; indeed he didn't actually answer the question at all.

"To me, the enigma of modern life is the guy in the suburbs," he said after a bit. "He bitches going home at night about the deterioration of his environment, the alienation of people. He bitches some more when he reads the paper. He bitches driving into town the next morning. And then that guy goes to work for an industry that causes that deterioration and alienation. It's like broadcasters who never look at themselves as the consumers of the services they supply.

"I deplore the lack of teaching and leading people into a sense of commitment and involvement. I think everyone - *everyone* - should attempt to challenge the system, if only a little bit."

He thought some more.

"Yes, I definitely have things to say about Canada and its future that bother me very much. They *must* be said . . . But I cannot now articulate them while I'm on the commission."

"You have two choices in life," he said. "You can either concentrate on being sucessful or useful. As I get older I'm less and less impressed with the first. It's such an ephemereal thing . . .

"When I quit," he said, and he didn't sound exactly fired with enthusiasm, "I'll write, I guess, and maybe teach part-time."

A lot of Boyle's ex-colleagues were much more positive about what he should do. Some said they'd like to see him get right back into CBC programming. Two thought he should head a large metro cable system and "make it talk to the community." Several saw him as editor of a big-city daily.

One said the CBC should create a whole new job for Boyle; make his a kind of ombudsman within the corporation. He thought Boyle the only person in Canada capable of moving the emphasis within that organization from administration back to programming."

Most said unequivocally Boyle should be CBC's next president.

In the Boyle home we moved to sit by the fire. A while later, Boyle showed me his small study. It was crowded with filing cabinets and books. On the desk stood two fat briefcases with weekend CRTC reading. It was getting late so he phoned a cab for me.

He showed me the rest of the house. Books everywhere.

"To be a writer is to be a constant student." he said, "That's the only way a writer can grow. The end of growing means the end of writing."

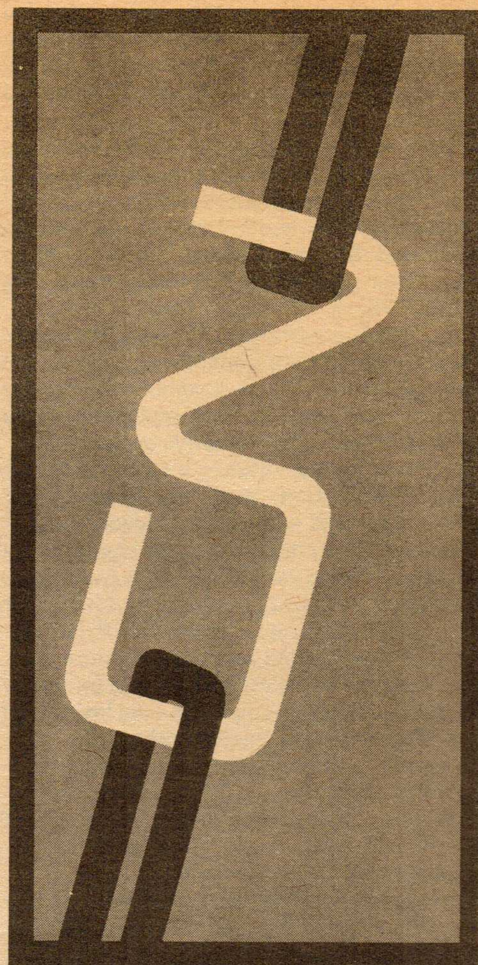
My taxi honked twice in the lane behind Boyle's house.

I asked him, as he led me to the door, if there was anything he wanted to add.

"One," said Boyle, "you persist to do what you think is right. Two, you try to humanize the large corporations. Goodnight."

Ernest Hillen is a Montreal freelance writer, formerly with Weekend *magazine.*

Cover illustration by Aislin; illustration on pages 2-3 by the late Ed McNally, as prepared for Weekend *magazine; illustration on page 4 by Ed Rajewski.*



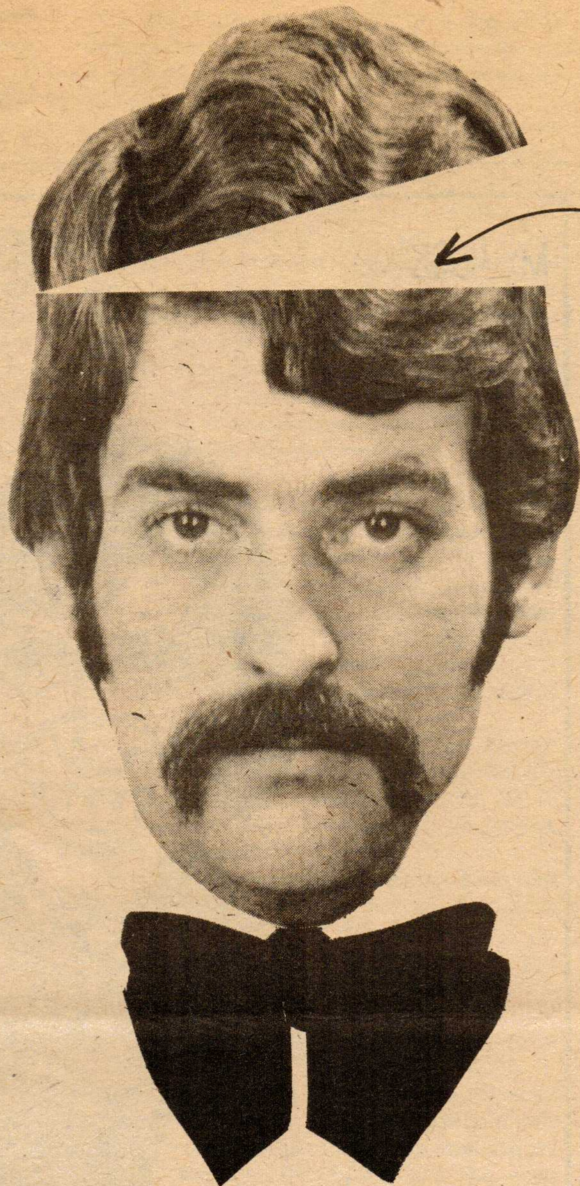
The vital link.

The CN Public Relations rep is the link between you and CN all across Canada.

Whether you want information for a news item, feature story or background article, call us. We're here to help you know more about us.

St. John's	726-0220
Moncton	382-0551
Montreal	877-5414
	877-4990
Quebec	694-2868
Ottawa	232-6431
Toronto	365-3266
Winnipeg	946-2444
Edmonton	429-8390
Vancouver	665-4225

We want you to know more about us.



With all our super-sophisticated newspaper production facilities, we still depend on what our reporters, photographers, compositors, pressmen, ad salesmen, circulation people and carriers have up here!

The Citizen
OTTAWA
CANADA'S NUMBER ONE OFFSET NEWSPAPER

MARGARET AS A MESSAGE

by PARTICK MACFADDEN

Publicity adds up to a kind of philosophical system. It explains everything in its own terms. It interprets the world.
— John Berger, *Ways of Seeing*

We'll be right back after these messages.
— Johnny Carson, *The Tonight Show*

Margaret Trudeau was to be had, coast to coast, in converse with Carole Taylor of CTV's *W5*, on Sunday night, Oct. 27. Next morning, on *Canada A.M.* telereaders in Toronto were favored with a repeat.

Telereaders are selective watchers, persons of taste, as distinct from televiewers who do it indiscriminately. The televiewer is more interested in Rhoda's wedding than in Margaret's wedded life. On the night in question, Margaret was the choosy viewers' choice. The ratings were excellent and in the next week, some 50 newspapers commented on the interview, some editorially, some through their television critics, and some in their correspondence columns.

Clearly, what had happened was not just an interview. It was an event. Admittedly a media event but all the more real for that: As St. Paul had noted some time before, those things that are not are more important than those things that are.

Another Pauline source, and a valuable one, is Paul St. Pierre, the ex-Liberal MP for Coast-Chilcotin, B.C., a constituency only a nuance away from Coast-Capilano which in turn has been a Sinclair satrap since the early 'forties. And since Margaret is a Sinclair, Mr. St. Pierre may be said to have had an interest in commenting on the event.

Comment he did, in the *Vancouver Sun* and most elegantly, too. Here is Mr. St. Pierre on Margaret: "Poor Margaret", he calls her and in his first paragraph invokes T.S. Eliot to the effect that she is measuring out her life with coffee spoons. But that is not all. Mr. St. Pierre goes on to develop an unforgettable portrait of Life on the Hill as a Borgian morass of bitter wives, isolated among Florentine intriguers, attended by husbands who "perform the sex act" with "an air of abstraction." These wives of MPs, he adds, "don't enter political war as eager volunteers, they come as conscripts. When killed they are just as dead as any general who is slain, but there are no monuments to them."

And what, in Mr. St. Pierre's words - he is a veteran of four years on the Hill - what of the MP's wife who speaks out of turn? ". . . her most casual remarks may be dissected like sheep guts on Rome's Capitoline Hill." He then rounds out his picture with accounts of flagrant infidelity," back-stabbing and, finally, references to a hushed-up suicide during the life of the 28th Parliament.

Appended to this gory summation is an Associated Press release from Dallas that tells of the violent death of a divorced wife - and, of course, former model - of a Texas Congressman. It took place in another man's apartment. The unfortunate woman is quoted at the time of her divorce as saying she had been made "a political widow."

Thus we have had invoked: Aphrodite; the struggle between the life-giving Dionysian thrust and the sere demands of the Apollonian order; the sacrificial entrails strewn on the latars of the temples of Jupiter Optimus Maximus on the Tarpeian Hill; marital infidelity and violent death in the Gothic depths of Dallas.

Clearly, Mr. St. Pierre is a telereader of some distinction. He has noted the play within the play. For the essence of the media event is in its drama, not in its content. Like wrestling, it is process and spectacle rather than resolution. Many telereaders may, in fact have missed *W5* on that night of Oct. 27, since the people's network was featuring the American journalist, I.F. Stone, who is a telereader's hero. It is worthwhile, then, to take a closer look at what went on between Margaret Trudeau and Carole Taylor.

* * *

The grandiloquent truth of gestures on life's great occasions . . .
Baudelaire

I'm pining away. Dying, dying. I'm waiting for someone to come and save me. I'm nineteen years old.
Elisabeth d'Aulnières, *Kamouraska* by Anne Hébert

The scene opens under the sky. It is a romantic value, this openness. There will be much talk of openness in the scenes to come. Candour and informality propose themselves here as Taylor and Trudeau are caught walking - that is to say, we are invited to regard the camera as surprising them - walking through the grounds of the big stone house on Sussex Drive. Step by casual step. . . 14 seconds, this first shot.

And yet this walk is, we note, quite formal. Taylor *acts* being at ease. We notice too the formal informality of their dress: Taylor in black sweater and blue jeans, over the sweater, contrasting big white beads as if the sixties were still with us; Trudeau in white blouse with black wrap or jacket, also blue jeans. They pass us by, nodding, suggesting an interest in each other.

When next we see them, they are squatting on the grass under a tree. Technically, we seem to have suffered a jump cut; but such an event demands Godardian techniques. These techniques speak to the occasion, underline its drama. Occasionally, the two actors will pluck at grass, fallen leaves and flowers, especially at those times when some awkward or intense admission is sought for or proffered. Nature as prop.

It may be apposite here to recall the stage directions laid down for the 12th-century mystery play of *Adam* as described by Professor E.K. Chambers in his book, *The Medieval Stage*. The unknown scribe wishes his players to depict Paradise:

"Fragrant flowers and leaves are scattered there; in it are divers trees with hanging fruit so as to give the impression of a most lovely place . . ."

And in fact, one minute into the event, we hear Ms. Taylor, or the actor now playing Ms. Taylor, invoke the idea of Heaven: "We're willing to run to a doctor, if we've got a cold, for heaven's sake . . . " This line is delivered with a running of the right hand (down from camera) through the hair, a sign of nervousness on Ms. Taylor's part: Understandably, since a few seconds previously, she has almost committed a monumental boo-boo by referring to "something desperately the matter with our mental health."

A word is in order about the lines delivered during this event. They are of a vapidity quite remarkable even for public affairs television. Thus: *Taylor:* Are you a mystic? *Trudeau:* Yes; yes. *Taylor:* In what way? . . . Compared with such exchanges, Johnny Esau emerges as a Nye Bevan. But again, such a critique misses the point. There *is* no conflict inherent in the story, beyond the usual annoyances suffered by public persons who elect ot pluralize their social life-worlds; the actors know this and so the only demands they have to meet are those of the telereader. It is the combination of audience and the convention of television itself that determines the shape of the ritual. Both actors are aware of this. And they proceed accordingly.

The television critic of the *Montreal Star*, Joan Irwin, had this in mind when she referred to Taylor ". . . disguised as just another natural girl sitting cross-legged on the grass with her victim. . . ." Yet there are clear differences to be seen between the two actors if we look at the iconography of the situation and not at its ethics.

Take, for example the hair. In Margaret's case, pageboy, of course, but also Franciscan. In this one capillary signification is summed up a major requirement of contemporary bourgeois, theatre or telereader. The combination of sainthood and secularism, the aspiration heavenward and the delicious possibility of desacralization, the wholeness of the Elect but also the display of the open wound. For above all, the bourgeois likes to forgive. It is the most warm of all the virtues. It is expansive. It confirms him in his belief in his own goodness.

The playwright John Herbert put the matter well recently when he wrote: "We clutch our delusions of moral rectitude to our greedy bosoms and would gladly kill anyone who says we are not decent, giving and ethical." Only two things does the telereader demand of Margaret. First, that she be complex in an understandable way; and secondly, that she allows him to forgive her. She fulfils these needs admirably.

No such requirement is made from Taylor. That is clear from the iconography of her hair style. It is shingled, ringleted, as in Atwood or Linda Lovelace. It is, in a word, a thing of fashion, not mystery.

For the greater part of the event, Margaret sheds her black wrap to present herself in white, Easter color of the victim. And yet there is more. Such a shedding leaves Taylor in black - a moral victory here for the victim. But the blouse is flared and boyish, ruffed in a D'Artagnan way. She is now a swashbuckler-victim, the very model of St. Joan.

And so again, the complexity is revealed in the most available of visual ways; a man's clothes but the camera close-up emphasizes the red slash of the mouth and the wide quizzical eyes. Carl Dreyer's direction of Falconetti in the great actress's *Passion Of Joan of Arc* is at work here. How Racine would have loved it: An andromorphous Andromaque for an androgynous age!

In the rambling script of this extraordinary event, several obligatory scenes are included. Apart from the gnomic utterances - "Things happen to me in realities" - the prime minister is shown (off-stage) to be a victim too, as in: "Those brown boxes consume him." Here we have Homework as Coffin plus the highly-laden biblical verb, consume. Since Margaret at times *looks* like the prime minister, he becomes the beneficiary of what we may term the *doppelganger* effect. This is cleverly done.

The need for the democratic reference is also obligatory. Hence the intimations of French Fries plus Humphrey Bogart "in the middle of the night" (despite earlier references to more elevated gustation, yoghurt, health foods). This combination of democratic yearning, the "Volkswagen to pick up the quart of milk," with the miraculous possibilities of "soya souce" is the ritual demand of the telereader. Since the whole subject is fabulous, then each part of the contradiction is fabulous too. (The word is used in its proper sense.) Thus, far from the intimate detail acting as a demystifying process, it places the subject precisely on the level where it was first engaged: On a plane, stage, *agora* removed from time, an ambiguous land inhabited by persons of an agreeable complexity and a pleasant vulnerability.

One can see that such a powerful presentation would have an effect, especially since it was aired one day after the solemnities of Yom Kippur. Within a week, Gerald Clarke, the associate editor of the *Montreal Star*, and a man whose duties on that paper had not previously suggested an interest in the sacerdotal, would announce in the New York *Times Magazine* that Margaret's utterances on the subject of her husband during the course of her interview were, in his view, "sacred." Shortly afterwards, the American picture magazine, *People*, did a piece on Margaret. *People* appeared to regard the prime minister's wife as a cross between the Princess in the Tower and a wounded faun.

This is, of course, precisely correct. Margaret the name, Margaret the icon, is sufficiently plangent to intrigue the folk consciousness of much of Western society. Margaret, wife of Louis IX of France, Margaret, the *Maid of Norway* but also and above all, Marguerite, *la dame aux camélias*... Marguerite Gautier, pining away from a pulmonary disease, of whose real-life prototype, Marie Duplessis, it was said, "L'ennui a été le grand mal de sa vie."

"What she wished for above all," wrote one contemporary of Marie Duplessis, "was to be silent, to be alone, to be calm, to be beloved." And the English critic, Edmund Goss, in his introduction to the great novel of Dumas *fils*, describes Duplessis-Gautier in this way: ". . . one sees that the irony of her existence was that it resembled that of a small, brilliant macaw in the parrot-house of the Zoological Gardens."

That this archetypal image of hurt vulnera-

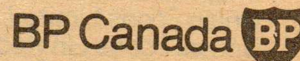
FACTS

The journalist who wishes to be better informed about petroleum in a global context can tap BP Canada for a variety of background materials.

For example, in print: the authoritative annual Statistical Review of the World Oil Industry; BP Shield International, a wide-ranging monthly; Hovercraft Today and Tomorrow, a colourful and informative brochure.

These publications, like our comprehensive Film Catalogue, are yours for the asking.

Public Affairs Department,
BP Canada Limited,
1245 Sherbrooke St. West,
Montreal H3C 1G7,
(514) 849-4789.



bility - "very slight, with black hair, . . . long enamelled eyes, . . . lips ruddier than the cherry . . . like a little figure made of Dresden China . . ." would turn up to wet the eye of telereaders in Canada 120 years after her original appearance in the pages of Dumas' novel, is a tribute to the astonishing longevity of the higher kitsch.

* * *

There can be no doubt of the event's success. Next morning, Carol Taylor herself is interviewed about what it is like to be a glamorous person interviewing glamorous persons. The reply conforms to ritual: Poor Ms. Taylor, it appeared, had been up all night because her little boy had been ill.

Equally gratifying is the attention paid in print. Evidently, the finer points are noted. The solicitor-general, a meek man, is asked about the irksome security surrounding Margaret. He replies suitably.

"Frightened," says the *Winnipeg Free Press* of Margaret. "Potent," says Jack Miller in the *Toronto Star*, "Personal crisis," says the *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*, the *Whig Standard* in Kingston notes that "lack of personal freedom is trying." "Trapped in a role," complains the *Spectator* in Hamilton; in Fredericton, the *Daily Gleaner* gleans; in Halifax, the *Chronicle-Herald* hosts the conclusions of Charles Lynch; as does the *Edmonton Journal; Le Droit* in Ottawa notes "une sorte d'étape critique" while *Le Devoir* observes: "Mme. Trudeau explique qu'elle avait une connaissance intellectuelle et théorique, ayant lu des ouvrages de Freud - les journalistes ne comprenaient rien. . ."

In the meantime, Margaret Trudeau has expressed an interest in the camera.

Copyright 1974 Patrick MacFadden

Patrick MacFadden is an Ottawa freelance writer and broadcaster and teaches in the journalism department of the Carleton University.

A message about a medium

Canada's coast-to-coast microwave system is an important communications medium. This network of electronic expressways provides the communications circuits that transmit news and information across the country.

Canada's first nationwide microwave system was completed over fifteen years ago by the member companies of the Trans-Canada Telephone System.

Except in the Yukon, the Northwest Territories and the Kitchener area in Ontario, TCTS now supplies the entire transmission facilities across Canada for CBC Radio, CBC-TV and the CTV network.

For more information about TCTS and its member companies call or write . . .

Trans-Canada Telephone System

One Nicholas Street,
Ottawa, Ontario K1G 3N6
Telephone (613) 239-2086
TWX 610 562-8923

Imasco Limited

4 Westmount Square Montreal

Imperial Tobacco Products Limited, Montreal
General Cigar Company Limited, Montreal
Imperial Leaf Tobacco Company of Canada Limited, Montreal
Imasco Foods Limited, Montreal
Unico Foods Limited, Toronto
Grissol Foods Limited, Montreal
Progresso Foods Corp., New Jersey, U.S.A.
S and W Fine Foods, Inc., California, U.S.A.
Imasco Associated Products Limited, Toronto
United Cigar Stores Limited, Toronto
Top Drug Mart Limited, Toronto
Arlington Sports Ltd., Montreal
Collegiate Sports Ltd., Toronto
Amco Services Ltd., Vancouver
Turnpike Cigar Stores, Inc., New York, U.S.A.
The Tinder Box International, Ltd., California, U.S.A.
Editel Communications Limited, Montreal

THOUGHTS ON A JUNKET I WASN'T ON

by HARRY BRUCE

The Chinese were celebrating the 25th birthday of Communist rule in their country last September so they laid on a junket for Canadian newspapermen. They got together with the external affairs department to pick the 19 lucky member of a 15-day "press tour" of China, and guess who got to go.

The editors of left-wing magazines, socialist newspapers and Maoist organs?

Nope. Well then, it must have been ace feature-writers and syndicated columists who could really tell The People of Canada about the mystery of China and the miracle of The Revolution. It must have been Pierre Berton, Farley Mowat, Charles Lynch, Douglas Fisher, Dalton Camp, Peter Newman, Larry Zolf. Types like that. No, sir. Wrong again.

This was a different kind of "press tour." Years ago, there were "press voyages" whenever a trans-Atlantic steamship company launched one of those glorious triumphs of the capitalist system, a luxury liner. The passenger lists read like a Who's Who of newspaper and magazine publishers, and the China junket was like one of those.

The Canadian passenger list included the president of the CRTC, the president of the CBC, a vice-president of a rival network, the president of Quebec's federation of journalists, a government film commissioner, one newspaper editor-in-chief, one retired newspaper publisher, and no less than ten active newspaper publishers. And, oh yes, Corinne Noonan.

She does publicity for St. Mary's University in Halifax. She's also president of the Media Club of Canada which, if it's escaped your notice, is an updated version of the woman's press club. She was the token woman on the China freeload and, in the story I saw in the Halifax press, she did have the grace to say "her only concern was a fear of being unpopular with women members of the press who were not chosen for the tour."

Most newspaper publishers do not write much for their newspapers; those who do run the risk of arousing the contempt of their editorial underlings. ("Jeez, Moe, do we have to run this shit just because he owns the bloody paper.") It's my guess that, so far as informing all us Canadian workers about China is concerned, the "press tour" resulted in half a dozen or so articles by a couple of publishers, a dozen speeches to businessmen's clubs by the others, and one report to the Media Club of Canada.

I phoned a woman in external affairs to find out why nobody thought to invite a few "working journalists," as the phrase goes. She said that, after all, some Press Gallery guys *had* gone to China with the prime minister, with the external affairs minister, and with the trade and commerce minister. Not only that, the *Globe and Mail* and the Southam chain had resident correspondents in China, and maybe it was time the publishers had a look at the place. Maybe, she added, it would be "more interesting for the Chinese."

And maybe it would. But the story in the Halifax *Chronicle-Herald* said the tour would complement "a similar venture to Canada by a number of senior working Chinese journalists" in June of 1973, and I think of myself as a senior working Canadian journalist. What rejoinder can one make, however, when the sour grapes have risen so high they're visible in one's earholes?

The persistence of the term "working journalist" intrigues me. We do not refer to working plumbers, working doctors, working latrine-cleaners or working hookers. We just assume such people work at their work. "Working journalist," however, is so hardy an expression it must meet a real need.

It must mean there are so many journalists who don't work that, for clarity's sake, it is essential to distinguish between the industrious and the slothful degenerates. But there also are those who are sort of in journalism, and certainly do work, but not on their own journalism.

They work at maximizing profits, hiring and firing people, being nice to advertisers, matching wits with labor unions, killing television shows on grounds of taste, going to dinner with cabinet ministers, deciding which cabinet ministers are good for the country, making speeches about the value to democracy of independent newspapers and, sometimes, killing independent newspapers.

These people are publishers and owners of radio and television stations. If they ever *worked* at journalism, they don't anymore. "This is the side of journalism that it pays best to be on," A.J. Liebling said about publishers. "In fact, it is the lopside." Liebling believed so strongly in the difference between working journalists and publishers that he dedicated a book "To the Foundation of a School for Publishers, failing which, no School of Journalism can have meaning."

Sports reporters don't usually call themselves "working journalists." They prefer the less pretentious "working press." It distinguishes between the guys in the press box-those whose jobs and raises depend on their skill at actually writing about the seventh game in the World Series, the title fight, or Team Canada's epic struggles - and all those press people who attend The Great Sports Events of Our Time because they get free tickets. The working press, in sports palaces that give them all they want to drink, may also be a freeloading press; but, at least, "working press" separates them from the freeloading press that is 100 per cent freeloading. The second group, sports fans, has been known to include publishers.

I met Lord Beaverbrook in 1957 and by then, of course, he had long been something far more important that what a working journalist would call a working journalist. (And in Malcom Muggeridge's opinion, anyway, probably something far less respectable.)

I was 22, skinny, nervous, and fresh from a whole year's experience in Ottawa as a reporter of traffic accidents, Lions Club luncheons, fall fairs, and two-bit funerals. In those days, few editorial slaves of Canadian daily newspapers called themselves "journalists"; and now that I was a student in England - living off Beaverbrook money, incidentally - I thought of myself as a former working *reporter*.

Or as a former working newspaperman whose father, himself a working editorial executive for The Canadian Press wire service (and boy, did *he* ever work), had helped get him his first real job. The pay was $42.50 a week, which was $4 more than most starting reporters got at the Ottawa *Journal* in 1955 but, you see, I was a college man. Not only that, the *Journal* man at service-club luncheons got his chicken-pot-pie and spongy peas without charge. Not exactly a 15-day tour of China, but welcome all the same.

Anyway, I met Beaverbrook at a tense little dinner party that the Beaverbrook scholars from Canada threw in his honor. It was supposed to be "spontaneous," a natural blossoming of affection for our benefactor, but somehow the administrator of the scholarship program - I remember him as a sour-looking Robert Morley - made sure it occurred each year in the same week of the same month in the same hotel in Mayfair. Working press lords, after all, like to be sure that spontaneous parties in their own honor will occur smoothly and punctually.

Someone had briefed Beaverbrook on each blushing student and, when it came my turn to sit at his left hand and tremble and answer his questions, he growled, "Bruce, eh? Yes. So you're the practitioner of the Black Art in this crowd, are you?"

I didn't know what he was talking about. Did he think I was a former working warlock? A former working vampire, maybe? My only answer was a flicker of panic across my face.

He tried again. He fired an embarrassing question about Grattan O'Leary, one of the working publishers back on the Ottawa *Journal*. But alas, this working junior reporter had not been in the habit of drinking much with Senator O'Leary. Indeed, I'd never met him. All Beaverbrook got from me was a second flash of panic. He promptly dismissed me in favor of a girl from St. John's who was studying the life of Lloyd George. She sparkled.

I had blown my chance of landing a juicy job on the *Daily Express* and becoming a new Canadian boy wonder on Fleet Street, but how in the hell was I supposed to know that working publishers regard working journalism as "the Black Art"?

Beaverbrook, I suppose, had only meant to be playful. What could he say, anyway, to the Ottawa Valley's ace feature writer on fall fairs?

No, publishers may not really think of journalism as a black art. But neither do they entirely trust it. The longer a man has remained a publisher, the more time he has spent with other businessmen. Businessmen talk his language. He may find that, when you come right down to it, the owner of a chain

of discount houses, or a meat-packer, or a real-estate developer, is simply more intelligent, more sensible and more charming than his own hotshot investigative reporter. Moreover, it's a mistake for a general to get intimate with the men in the ranks.

The publisher may also find that, almost alone, he must field his fellow businessmen's complaints about the errors of taste, emphasis and fairness that his own "working journalists" forever seem to be committing in his own newspaper.

Working journalists, remember, have been known to get even their facts balled up. Moreover, if there were not at least two angry interests with cases to make, a controversy would not be a controversy. An exposé is not an exposé unless it makes someone suffer, and the best exposés hurt the biggest people.

One of the oldest principles of a good working journalist's definition of a good working newspaper is that it must regularly try to be a responsible troublemaker; and, in my memory at least, disagreements between reporters and their publishers - or the publishers' senior editorial agents) over how *much* troublemaking is responsible have always been the heart of the horrible morale problems that afflict the newsrooms of many big Canadian dailies.

A few years ago in Toronto a badge of a reporter's competence was his sure and bitter knowledge that, at least once, he'd written a story so good his publisher had been afraid to print it. Having a publisher kill your story for the "wrong" reasons was almost as good as having inspired an unjust libel action. For a while, there might be a swagger in the way you leaned on the press-club bar (and if you believe it's impossible to swagger and lean at the same time you do not know press-club bars.

"It is no wonder at all," says U.S. essayist Seymour Krim, "that the combination of what he saw - and the reporter has entré into every doorway of life without exception if he chooses to use it - coupled with the injunction not to express it produced that style of the Big Sneer which gave him his uniqueness as an American type."

And now? Well, I don't know at first hand, but in September a *Time* magazine stringer phoned me in Halifax for advice on working up a national story on the sagging spirit of the Toronto *Star* newsroom. Somebody up there at *Time Canada* figured that editorial misery aboard one of the richest newspapers in Canadian history was Big News, like tireless utterances on inflation, hurricanes, and rotten eggs.

There is something terribly sad about newspapers as a career, and I doubt if journalism schools talk about it much. The sadness hovers in the old cliché, "reporting is a young man's game." Sooner or later, everyone who wants to spend his life on a daily newspaper notices there's a clear and possibly awful choice staring at him:

1) Continue being a reporter and perhaps, if you're smart, lucky and nimble at ducking knives, graduate to the Parliamentary Press Gallery. (There, as a "working journalist," you'll have the honor of inviting your publisher to the Press Gallery Dinner.)

Abandon reporting, and put your foot firmly on the first rung - maybe as a copy editor or assistant city editor - of the long ladder upon which editorial executives spend their lives. In rare cases, it leads a reporter even to a publisher's job; but, until you've reached the top rung, you cannot know whether the climb was worth it. "Some day, my boy," a spectacularly unhappy-looking publisher told me once, "you may be sitting in this chair yourself." I chose to dive off the ladder. The fall was slow, and ended in the tricky tides of freelance writing.

That's the third choice, getting out. Maybe you can still convince someone you're good for something else. I'd like to see some bright candidate for an MA in journalism document the names and number of all the Canadians who, between the ages of 25 and 45, abandoned careers in newspapers for jobs as public relations men, government information officers, executive assistants to politicians, speechwriters and teachers in community colleges. A few go back to newspapers. But most, I suspect, like having offices of their very own, secretaries, typewriters that work, and bosses who neither insult them with insolent memos nor transfer them from post to post without the courtesy of consultation.

"I'm going to write a book some day," the Old Reporter would say over and over again. "And I'm going to call it My Thirty Wasted Years." He was forty years older than I was and, there we were together, double-teaming the funerals of assistant deputy ministers. We'd each take an entrance to the church and, as the mourners arrived, we'd say, "Your name, sir? Your name, Sir?" The next day, the Ottawa papers printed all the names. You could get yourself in bad trouble by missing anyone who liked to see his name in print, or by putting the wrong sort of "D" in a Macdonald. The Old Reporter, of course no longer made such mistakes.

Old reporters - neither in their advice to young ones, nor in their memories over drink, nor in their carriage - are likely to give anyone the idea that reporting is a marvelous star to follow till the end of your earthly days. And once you've seen a 60-year-old political reporter - pale, exhausted, jaundiced and a trifle shaky - grimly crossing the country during yet another ghastly federal election campaign, you wonder even about the glories of becoming an elder statesman among the working journalists of the Press Gallery.

The second choice is equally depressing. At least a reporter can get out of a bad-tempered, tense, faction-ridden and frequently smelly office. He may not escape the murderous word in the ear of the slightly powerful, much less the unreasonable demand from the desk at 3 a.m.; but, sometimes, he does enjoy the moment of grace that ignorance allows those who are about to be done in.

On the bigger papers, the odds against anyone's rising to the most exalted rungs of the ladder are, if not stupendous, certainly steep. Aside from the sheer numbers of those who are smart enough to know they never want to become the Old Reporter, there are the problems the publishers themselves sometimes dream up to keep the climbers apprehensive, jealous of one another, and quietly under the thumb.

Title-shuffling is one. Or maybe there are two or three apparent ladders to the top. Maybe the one you think you're climbing is not real. Maybe someone will reach out and push your whole ladderful of rivals crashing to the ground. On the bigger newspapers I've worked for the *Globe and Mail*, and the Toronto *Star* - I kept wishing Franz Kafka was on staff to capture the editorial-floor atmosphere as none of us ever could.

(For the ambitious young newspaper*woman*, incidentally, the future is fraught with even more obstacles to success and esteem than it is for men; there are occasional exceptions, but she's lucky if she can get a good toehold on the bottom rung.)

The chances are high that somewhere far below the managing editor's rung (if that's what they're calling him this week), you will gradually see your own rung turning into a lifetime plateau. Once you think you know where you will remain, however, you may at least have a strong enough sense of security to find friends to whom you can bitch without fear. And maybe you're still in the union.

"Newspaper offices," Krim continues, "were known in the trade as being comfortable, in-the-know flophouses where losers came to trickle out their lives; alcoholics floated on the assurance of seniority granted them by the once-righteous power of the American Newspaper Guild and those who weren't alcoholics floated just the same, notching up Army-style credits and cautious little nesteggs against the last winter of enfeeblement and the final smirk."

Okay, Krim is a hard man, and maybe less than perfectly fair. And my own generalizations about publishers, like all generalizations, are somewhat odious. Maybe, somewhere in Canada, the working journalists' Perfect Publisher really does exist; and anyway, all of this is a long way from the price of freeloads in China.

In truth, the Chinese did not pay the publisher's fares to and from China. No, they said they'd pick up the tab only for the "press tour" over Chinese soil. Still, I am not sufficiently wise in the ways of foreign relations in our time to figure out why a country with such stupendous social problems would spend money carting the aristocracy of the Canadian media industries in and out of factories and farms. The Chinese might have bought a lot of baby food for whatever the junket cost.

Oh well, at least they did a favor for a few editorial peasants in Canada. Newspapers, when their publishers are several thousand miles from home, are sometimes almost happy.

Harry Bruce is a freelance writer, well known for his contributions to various Canadian media, living in Halifax.

LETTERS

REMEMBERING

Editor:
I was particularly interested to read Tom Davey's piece, "Another Historical Oversight", in the October issue.

Like Davey, I've always felt that the tremendous feat of Alcock and Brown always seemed to be glossed over, ignored or even unknown when historic "firsts" were being mentioned. Whether that is due to so-called typical British "underplay" or traditional U.S. all-out-enthusiasm-for and promotion of its heroes, I know not. (But, let there be no doubt, Lindbergh's was a tremendous effort - first *alone* non-stop across the atlantic. But not the first across, period.)

Some may recall that five years ago, in 1969, on the 50th anniversary of the Alcock and Brown crossing, an American pilot, Gene Locke, and I did a re-enactment flight to mark the Alcock and Brown feat. Fifty years to the very day, we took off from St. John's, Newfoundland, in a small twin-engined Piper Navajo, reaching Clifden, Ireland, 10 hours and 54 minutes later, 50 years almost to the minute after Alcock and Brown had crash-landed in that Irish swamp. At Clifden, we delivered to a number of school children models of the Vickers Vimy, the twin-engine air-craft used by Alcock and Brown.

Shortly before take-off at St. John's, we attended the unveiling of a new monument commemorating the Alcock and Brown flight, and the very next morning, attended commemorative services at the site of their landing in Ireland.

Thus, Gene Locke and I were the only two persons on earth to attend the 50th anniversary of Alcock and Brown commemorative ceremonies at both the scene of their take-off and the site of their landing.

If anyone feels Alcock and Brown don't deserve wider recognition for their feat, just read an account of it - it's hair-raising!

T.R. Lee
Assistant Vice-President
Public Relations
Royal Trust
Montreal, P.Q.

Let's talk about personal loans for boats, trips home, fur coats, household appliances, baby grand pianos... and just about anything else that's important to you.

Let's talk.

The First Canadian Bank
Bank of Montreal

ARE YOU WHERE WE THINK YOU ARE?

One of the damned problems involved with producing a magazine is keeping track of the readers. Especially in this business - media. People are highly mobile and they forget to notify friends (let alone mailing houses, stores, and so on) that they've changed addresses. It makes it considerably easier for **Content** *to get to you each month if we're kept advised of your whereabouts. Otherwise, there's wastage in mailing and handling and, as most of you know, that's something smaller independent Canadian magazines can do without. So please let us know if and when you move. (That way, our yearly subscription reminders also can reach you. And then we're all better off.)*

Content
Suite 404
1411 Crescent St.
Montreal, P.Q. H3G 2B3

THE LITTLE MARKETPLACE

CLASSIFIEDS

The Little Marketplace offers categories for which no basic charge is made — SITUATIONS WANTED, STAFF NEEDED, RESEARCH AIDS, FOR SALE, WANTED TO BUY. For the first 20 words (including address), no cost. For each additional word, 25 cents. Indicate bold-face words. Display heads: 14 pt., $1 per word. 24 pt., $3 per word. Blind box numbers available at 50 cents. Cheque should accompany text. Copy must be received by the 5th of the month in which the ad is to appear.

CORRESPONDANT AVAILABLE: Montreal-based Quebec correspondent available. Bilingual working journalist with good sources and able to cover all beats. Box PL, Content, 1411 Crescent, Montreal H3G 2B3, Que.

WE WRITE FREELANCE: Mostly technical, but we're versatile enough to handle any solid assignment requiring followup on Ottawa news leads. Call Gordon Hutchison or Steve Jeffery, Evert Communications Limited, 411 - 56 Sparks ST., Ottawa. (613) 238-2167.

PUTT-PUTT: Delightful poetry is Ron Grant's new book, **Let's All Light the Candle in the Putt-Putt Boat**. $3. Orders: Alastair Ink Reg'd, Box 52, Pointe Claire-Dorval, P.Q.

RELIGION COPY from Alberta Bible Belt. What can Noel Buchanan offer? 956A-8th Street South, Lethbridge T1J 2K8 Alberta. (403) 327-0294.

SITUATION WANTED: Young man, 29, MFA writing, editorial experience, seeking position newspaper/magazine Ontarop/Nova Scotia. R. Bernthal, 440 Riverside, New York City.

SITUATION WANTED: Young man, 22, bilingual, college-educated, seeking position as junior reporter with daily or weekly, anywhere in Canada. Availability: Immediate. Contact: Serge Tittley, 896 Lafleche Rd., Hawkesbury, Ont. (613) 632-8417.

MONTREAL FREELANCE Stu Lowndes offers metro, wire, country, community, tabloid, trade and PR to stewpot of experience for challenging subject of any nature. Write: 356 Gordon, Montreal H4G 2P6, P.Q. (514) 767-5044.

REPORTER-COPY EDITOR with five years experience on medium-size daily seeks media or related employment in or near Metro Toronto. Emphasis in city government, financial reporting and editing. Resume, clips, Box M, Content, Suite 404, 1411 Crescent, Montreal 107, P.Q.

REPORTER-COPY EDITOR, 5½ years' experience on medium-sized daily; features, bright heads, specialities; wants new position, any medium, Metro Toronto Area. S.E. Tomer, 6 Grant St., Utica, N.Y. 13501, U.S.A.

BORN AGAIN Christian religious writer with B.A. in honors philosophy and 12 years' newspaper experience including two years as religion writer for mid-western Ontario daily seeks position with Catholic, charismatic, interdenominational or non-denominational publication or as religion writer for secular publication. Reply to Box D, Content, Suite 404, 1411 Crescent, Montreal 107, P.Q.

Former CBC newsman Stanley Burke and Vancouver caricaturist Roy Peterson have a new book which can only be described as absolutely delightful reading. It's a thin volume - 44 pages, hardbound, at $4.95 - and is called *The Day of the Glorious Revolution.* As satire on communicators, with a little help from the political arena, it is a splendid effort. Ideal as a Christmas gift to yourself.

Quebec-Presse, a weekly Sunday tabloid in Quebec which limped along for five years on gifts from labor groups, has ceased to publish. Glen Allen in the Montreal *Gazette* said it deserved a requiem. "The people who put it out worked with the energy of madmen. Its investigations of the stories behind the news ragged the provincial government week after week and blew the lid off a couple of housing scandals" and a potential conflict of interest case with Premier Robert Bourassa.

The Toronto Press Club finally decided to admit qualified women journalists as full members. The decision this fall came several years after other metropolitan press clubs changed membership rules . . . Loren Lind, who reported on education for the Toronto *Globe and Mail* for four years, has written a critique of the Toronto Board of Education which is being published by House of Anansi. It's called *The Learning Machine: A Hard Look at Toronto Schools.* Lind now is reporting on city affairs for the *Globe and Mail.*

The first course under the Commonwealth Financial Journalists Training Scheme will be held in Cardiff from March to May, 1975. The program has been designed to assist Commonwealth media, particularly in the developing member countries, to improve their standards of reporting and comment on developments in the financial, economic and business fields. Private industry and foundations, and a gesture by the Thomson Foundations, are funding the program. Ten to 12 journalists will be selected for the first course which will run for 12 weeks. While the course will be based at the University of Cardiff, participants will visit key financial and business centres elsewhere in Britain.

Michael O'Shaughnessy, formerly with the Winnipeg *Free Press,* has been appointed news editor of *The Beaver,* eastern Manitoba's regional weekly newspaper. *The Beaver* is moving into new quarters for its head offices in Beausejour. Its Selkirk premises have been expanded to handle new staff. Managing editor is Edmund A. Oliverio.

William Bartlett, 62, a sub-editor at the Montreal *Star,* died. He previously worked for The Canadian Press and for papers in Toronto and Orillia, Ont., his hometown..

James Lorimer and Company, Toronto

miscellany

publishers, have released *Let Us Prey,* described as a book on the "practices and profits of Canadian corporations and businessmen." The co-authors, essentially using material previously published in *Last Post* magazine, are Robert Chodos and Rae Murphy. (200 pages, $4.95 paper, $10 cloth.)

Former Ottawa Journal editor I. Norman Smith has written a book about three major Canadian newspapermen - P.D. Ross, E. Norman Smith and Grattan O'Leary - which has been released by McClelland and Stewart. It's entitled *The Journal Men* and retails for $7.95 cloth. The book isn't a history of the Ottawa *Journal,* but more a study of the lives and careers of three men who helped shape some of the better traditions in Canadian journalism. Another good Christmas gift for yourself.

Refinements in the technology of hand-held videotape cameras have raised expectations in broadcasting of revolutionary changes in electronic newsgathering which would, among other things, extend reporters' deadlines and increase the visual content of newscasts. More versatile than conventional newsreel cameras and more portable in that they require smaller crews, the new minicams are spoken of as promising to broaden the scope and variety of television news coverage. In eliminating the costly and time. consuming processing of film, permitting the cameras to be used in the field up to air-time, they also would lengthen the newsgathering day by at least an hour. U.S. President Ford's visit to Japan was covered largely by minicam by the three American networks.

Nowadays, some 60 per cent of the total estimated $1.2 billion in annual magazine retail sales in the U.S. are made through chain stores. Most supermarkets there - as in Canada - have "family reading centres." However, the really high sales rates are from those publications able to be displayed at checkout counters. The new conditions have created a new job with publishers - that of inspecting the positioning of publications.

The *National Star* and *People* are the two U.S. publications launched during 1974 which look as though they will survive. The credit for their success is given to their use of television to create a strong initial impression. It is predicted that TV will play an ever-more important role in selling magazines. This year, the publishing industry spent more than twice the money on TV ads than it did last.

In its annual Industrial Outlook, the U.S. department of commerce viewed the coming six years as being good ones for all communications enterprises, but especially for radio, television and cable. Radio and broadcast TV revenues are projected to grow at an annual rate of nine per cent, reaching $2.7 billion and $6.3 billion respectively by 1980. Cable is forecast as having a growth rate of 17 per cent per year, bringing its gross revenues to $1.6 billion by 1980.

The ORTF has come under strong criticism from both the management and staff working in the French film industry who believe that next year's plan to broadcast some 500 films - mostly of foreign origin - will be particularly ruinous. Citing other economic difficulties, spokesman for the film business said that competition from low-quality foreign films on TV could virtually wipe out quality film production in France. Shades of Canada?

As a result of a study by Kay McIver of the status of the CBC's female employees, the corporation has approved the establishment of an equal employment office, the first of its kind in a Crown corporation. Although the primary function is to ensure equal hiring practices for women, it also will promote equal hiring on the basis of race and religion.

Should newspapers publish names of people arrested in lesser offences? That question is considered in some depth in a 29-page pamphlet, *To Name or Not To Name,* published by the Ontario Press Council. The pamphlet offers no conclusions but it is a valuable stimulant for discussion on the public's right to know and the individual's right to be considered innocent until proved guilty. Members of the press council committee which prepared the pamphlet were Gordon Bullock, executive editor or the Hamilton *Spectator;* Robert Hull, editor of the Owen Sound *Sun-Times,* and Dr. Lita-Rose Betcherman, who is active in the fields of civil liberties and human rights. Copies of the pamphlet are available, free, from the Onatrio Press Council, 151 Slater Street, Suite 708, Ottawa K1P 5H3.

content

Published monthly by
Content Publishing Limited
1411 Crescent Street
Room 404
Montreal 107, P.Q.
Tel. (514) 843-7733

Subscription rate: $5.00 per year
Advertising rates on request

Editor and Publisher: Dick MacDonald
Assistant to the Editor: Monica Barth