

STOP PRESS: CYRALENE GALE GONE TO CANADA TO BECOME BIMSHIRE HIGH COMMISSIONER, AND HER MAN, IAN GALE, GONE TOO, SO AUSTINUS CLARKUS IS THE NEW ACTING GENERAL MANAGER OF CBC, DOWN HOME!

Dear Mr. Rass Clawt,

You think I wouldn't know, nuh. What you think modern communications is, any at all? Bush telegraph? You didn't know say that I would get news before you ever could drop it on me? Man, Austinus, is a small fucking world we living into, you know. And all them cute hints you drop on me, up by Mount St. Vincent? Like, for instance, "Andrew, you must send me all you tapes, man!" and "Man, collecting extra interviews and book reviews could be a good thing in a way, you know. I know how they could be useful."

STOP PRESS: MY WHOLEHEARTED CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR NEW JOB, AUSTINUS CLARKUS.

Man, make that job sing from Bimshire, you hear! Make the people get some radio, for the first time in their lives. Make it beautifully accessible. Make it truly people's radio and television. Give them an image of themselves back in the voices and face you project in the broadcasting. Nothing works so well for the people, at large, than to give them back an image of themselves in sound and image. Pack the radio and television time with Bajan culture, Bajan history, Bajan news in depth, Bajan everything! That is not to say that you mustn't give them images of the outside world. You've got to do that, too. That's important. But give Bimshire first pick every fucking time. Bajanize the CBC thing with a vengeance. I would look hard at your rural broadcasting audience, as well, and play fair with them; don't ignore things like agricultural programming, adult educational needs, youth, and so on. Fuck the middle class needs, for a while. Build up your grass roots loyalties; feed them and they will keep you in your new job forever. Watch out for the imported stuff. Try to make your own programmes. Remember, the people of Bimshire are the material of most things you will want to do for CBC and for Bimshire. Of course, watch the start system! Stars usually hold you to ransom.

Always do the greatest good for the greatest number, yes! Fuck the pretty-pretty needs of the bourgeoisie! And watch out for the political football game which will be the hardest thing of all.

Congrats, again, my brother. Write me from the hot seat, often. I'll help. You know that.

Keep on keepin' on!

One Love and Venceremos,
Andrew