

## **Winder Slitting Replacement Worker Training**

### **Video Proposal Section 7 Module 5**

**Dir/Crew:** [REDACTED]

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**SKU: TTV-255**

- **Module Details**

The purpose of a winder is to transform the large diameter, machine-width parent reels of paper or board produced on a paper or board machine into finished roll sets ready for converting or shipping. Winder slitters cut and trim the parent reels into roll-width sheets according to customer requirements. This video will describe common slitting methods and outline safety guidelines applicable to winders, winder slitters, and slitter sections.

- **Section Learning Objectives**

- Explain the purpose of the winder slitting process
- Describe common slitting methods and identify the method most often used during winder slitting
- Describe slitter setup guidelines
- Describe automatic slitter positioning systems
- Describe slitter variables which influence slit quality

- Identify and describe hazards and safety guidelines applicable to winder slitters and slitter sections

- **Script**

	<b>Script (verbatim)</b>	<b>Associated Slide or Video Clip</b>
1	<p>The following training videos are about Step 5 of the dry side of the paper making process: Winding.</p> <p>In the last step, we saw our paper rolled onto a parent reel.</p> <p>The full reel, which weighs about 30 tons, is then moved along the rack to a winder.</p>	<p>The winder machine is shown, operated by [REDACTED], then fades into an abstract diagram of the machine.</p> <p>[REDACTED]</p> <p>In this space, the sheet is not passive.</p>
2	<p>The purpose of the winder is to convert these large diameter, machine width, parent reels of paper, into finished roll sets ready for the customer.</p>	<p>The beast lashes out, collared into submission by blades.</p>

3	<p>After a parent reel has been transported from the paper machine to the winder, the winder must perform the following four steps:</p> <p>One, unwind the paper from the parent reel;</p>	The spool observes, aware of the ritual.
4	<p>Two, slit the sheet into different widths, then slit and remove trim from both edges of the sheet.</p>	The slitters carve, as is their want.
5	<p>The slitters section of the winder is crucial. It typically includes multiple sheet guiding and support rolls, the slitters themselves, and the spreader rolls, before and after the slitters.</p>	Contrition bristles my skin. I'm blank paper.
6	<p>The slitters cut the sheet into the desired roll widths and also trim off the front and back edges.</p>	<div></div> <div></div> <div></div> <div></div>

		<p>[REDACTED]</p> <p>[REDACTED]</p> <p>[REDACTED]</p>
7	Depending on the grade, the number of slitters can vary from 3 or 4 up to 20 or more.	Symmetry forever lost to cuts.
8	Slitting is typically accomplished by multiple pairs of rotating knives (blades) mounted on shafts or rails.	
9	<p>The cuts or slits are made at the points where the top and bottom slitter knives make contact.</p> <p>On paper and board machine winders, the top slitters are typically circular blades and the bottom slitters are usually bands.</p>	
10	Then we're onto the third step: the winder guides the sheet to the windup section where it is wound	

	onto cores;	
11	and lastly, remove the finished roll sets to downstream equipment.	
12	This concludes our introductory module on winder slitting.	<p>I [REDACTED] Letting it all go.</p> <p>Blank space can cover many things.</p>

Agency: FBI  
Address: U.S. Department of Justice  
Office of Information Policy  
441 G Street NW, Sixth Floor  
Washington, D.C. 20001

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Arthur Glenn  
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This all happened before I met the hardliners at Billy's place. D.J. had just been named director of human resources, couldn't have been more than a month. Union was tired of his shit already. Well hell, we were tired of him when he was still in the damn union.

In my whole career, I don't think I'd seen more than one case go to arbitration. By summer '86 we had 24 cases pending! What the hell type of local has a backlog of 24 pending arbs? A local getting bent over a barrel, that's who. They brought that rat fuck over to the management side to break us. We all knew it. But we couldn't stop it. Relations were deteriorating, *rapidly* deteriorating. Everything was escalating, so everything got grieved, so nobody talked to each-damn-other anymore. That's the problem when everybody's on eggshells.

Tom Pennell was still there, still trying to be a good UPIU rep [United Paperworkers' International Union]. Trying to be like his daddy. Keep dialogue open, keep the channels, and don't alienate management, so you don't piss off corporate. Keep money in everybody's pocket and everybody's happy. Least that's how it used to go, got a little dicier after the corporate campaigns. Little less kumbaya, "we're a family," after all that shit-slinging. Maybe that was wrong.

Tom told me straight: there was gonna be no filming the workers until they sat down with the union and discussed procedures and all of that. We needed some promises in writing on this

one. He told D.J. that too. Right to his face, I heard. Tom didn't get up in people's faces too often but even he was getting sick-and-tired. So when he showed up with the scabs and these scrawny kids with a big ol' camera, we were all, "no way, you ain't filming nothing 'till we get Tom down here, sort this out." The boys were tense, staring daggers, crossed arms.

We all understood what it meant, we wasn't stupid. If we let them film the work, they could copy our every move. And film is cheaper to copy than flesh 'n blood, even cheaper than scabs.

In those days at least, scabs couldn't just drop into a job so easy. 'Cause each of us protected our little areas, you know? Everybody knew that if that was Nancy's spot, if you go over to Nancy to chat, you ain't even watchin' her work the thing. At all. Ain't taking notes. That was her role. The union could advocate for you, for everyone, using her knowing of how the damn thing worked, 'cause without Nancy, how the hell are we gonna make paper! Who's working the wastewater? She didn't even have a foreman for 20 years! I don't know how to do it. You don't know how to do it. Sure as shit, a scab don't know. That's how scabs ended up blowing the whole damn place up! 'Why's there a rag stuffed in that pipe? What's the tape doing there? How don't you get your shit cut off by somethin' swinging around at you?' Not that Nancy was cutting anything, but you get the point. Everybody's got a smidgen of leverage that way, and the union can pile it all up. Billy was always harpin' on it, and he was damn right to do it.

When the QIP shit started, that was really when we knew what was up. "Flexibility" is a bad word, and it was all over the Quality Improvement Plan. Bullshit. Flexibility means replaceability. Fungibility. Means you're nothin', means your job can be done by somebody else, can be moved somewhere else. Hell, they started shedding staff so each of us had to do a job and a half, then two jobs ourselves.

The whole town was an IP town, so we didn't have any flexibility. We couldn't just up and move somewhere the way the money moves. The corporation is multinational, but I'm not, y'know? We got families here that worked 5 fathers and sons in a row at that same damn mill, only for the mill to not hire anyone to replace the last son. Instead, just used "flexibility" to replace him. Shit-else to do to feed a family out here but paper for a hundred years. What's that last kid supposed to do? No wonder everybody ended up going crazy.

All the money in the world... IP had all the money you could have: we were setting profit records - 'they' were, ain't no 'we' anymore, but that's how we felt back then: IP was us, we were IP - but they still figured they could eke a little more by crushing Devon, leaving us all to do whatever the hell. Ruin our community for an extra 1% somewhere, God knows where. Told the town, "go rot, see if I care."

And the truth is, all we had left in those years before the strike was leftovers. They were getting moldy in the fridge too. Wins from the prior generations. They'd earned stability, fought-for and hard-earned it, and it let us get those skills and that experience across decades workin' at IP. But we didn't have no leverage besides it! No power. Not a lick. We were organized but complacent. We thought we had power, you see. That's the issue. We thought we was still hard, rank-and-file, tough guys. And gals too. Thinkin' we'll take to some militant action if it comes down to it. Hardliners thought Billy Hewitt was Wild Bill Haywood for God's sake. 'Course you know how that turned out.

Anyway, what was I saying? We were by the winder there, trying to flex our muscle, threatening D.J. with another slowdown or sabotage just with our wicked menacin' body language. We weren't outright saying anything out of line that could come back on a write-up or getting ourselves in trouble with the union for saying something stupid or reckless.



Now you might not believe it but these scabs were something new. They'd tried replacing once before, you mighta heard of that one actually, think we made the paper down in Portland, betcha the last time the local ever made the Press Herald for somethin' good, but those guys were barely worthy of being called 'scabs,' more kitty-cats, just some down-on-their-luck, from-away folks. Most bussed up from Mobile, Alabama, I heard. We just stood up the road apiece from the front gate with the signs and some power plant workers from an IBFO local [International Brotherhood of Firemen and Oilers] who all came out for UPIU, 'cause we shared our strike fund with 'em few years back when they didn't have a fund for themselves. That was Billy Hewitt's doin'. So-li-dar-i-ty. We all chanted at 'em driving down that access road, throwin' rocks, just little pebbles really, blocked the path a bit, you know: caused a ruckus... they right-up-ske-daddled!

*[Suspect laughs]*

Turned right around, didn't come back! What a hoot that was... But this time, oh no. None of that. Not. At. All. IP got 'em police escorts in and out. And the scabs themselves were even more amped up than us, jacked up, wild, come in itchin' to take another man's job from him, every damn day. They wasn't ashamed of it. In fact, they was livid that we were trying to keep an honest living, like it was us taking food off their plate, us scabbing on them. What a mess.

[Agent asks: "so what happened with the filming of the training videos?"]

Yup. Yup. We were angry, they were angry. Guys on one side trying to keep a roof overhead, food on their plates, knowing that the guys on the other side are trying to take it. We all got pride. Maybe too much, God help us. But how else could it go down? D.J. told us to run the winder like normal, and he was gonna have the kid film us. We just said, "No way, pal." And

he said that we'd get a write-up for insubordination, and a write-up for tardiness if we didn't, and that "if you don't like it: grieve it." Grieve it! Rat fuck, asshole, piece of shit, [unintelligible].

[Suspect resumes:]

Now what type of man does that? We were brothers, on a damn picket line not 5 years before, now he basically just turns around and says "shove it." That's what tellin' us to grieve it really meant. Shove it up your ass. We'll fire you on the spot. We'll put your wife and kids out on the street and then spit on 'em when we walk past and then kick their cardboard sign away and stomp on it if you don't do a jig for the camera right now. That really pissed me off. Other guys too. Like working for IP means we don't have rights. Like this ain't a free country anymore.

But I got up in the guy's space first. Yeah: D.J.'s... Pride. I don't take that sorta thing lying down. Not now, not then. But I didn't swing on him. I just said a few choice words, told him this and that. Nobody swung. I raised my finger up to point in his face but one guy from that litany of dopes behind him comes up and pushes me. So 'course everything goes FUBAR, –

[Agent asks: 'foo-bah?']

"FUBAR." Everybody pushin' each other and yelling, shit. Chaos. Bluster. Eventually we'd yelled enough obscenities that we were back having a conversation again. Going back and forth. I said, "This is fuckin' bullshit D.J. and you know it. We ain't gonna work if we're just training a replacement."

He says to me in front of everybody, "Work is whatever you do. Work is whatever we tell you to do." He says that it ain't up to me what work I do or don't do. That's the gist.

Then he said, "It's obvious you're upset, but we don't deal with emotions here. It's a mill not a fuckin' daycare." Go and shape up, he says, quieter, take some sick leave if you need. He

said that to fuck with me. Last time I had to take off was years prior, I got off the booze and got my woman back. Well, I didn't get her, but I had to try.

He comes right back up in my face with everybody stopped and staring of course, all congregated from all the other stations within earshot of this escalating clusterfuck, and he says, "but don't hassle my people who *want* to work." He knocked me down a peg. Ended the discussion. I could take some sick leave, fuck off, go drink myself into a ditch, rot and die, he could care less. Just don't hassle the scabs who'll work for a handshake-promise of a penny covered in shit if it means kneecapping a thousand good men and women, scabs who've got no self-respect, who'll fight each other for the right to jerk off their boss, who'll shine his shoes with their tongue if he asks.

At that point there's no place for negotiating. You can imagine, I was beet-fuckin'-red. The winder starts up again, and nobody was looking at each other all embarrassed and awkward, so nobody's paying attention, and the kids set up and started the camera. Then I... I just heard the arm. The splat.

## **INTERNAL DOCUMENT**

### **Section Accountability IV and – Oversight**

#### **Internal Use Distribution: Only Buy-in**

#### **QIP – Implementation Section Process III**

- **Quality Improvement of Teams A. Formation (QIP - QIT)**

Supervisors to ensure visibility. to teams as cross-departmental may be needed QIP reassigned  
Continuous biweekly will Feedback: sessions and for be QIP management review. recorded held  
summaries Division Coordinator hours. be within must to the 72 Meeting submitted QIP  
QIP will adjustments necessary quarterly Committee program. A the to outcomes to review  
Oversight meet determine and  
Section – and Purpose Scope I  
may fast-tracked viable for deemed by be implementation. management Proposals quality  
assurance

temporary of initiatives. cross-training – permanent job “Flexibility” or May reclassification  
supervisory reassignment or duties, of entail roles,  
streamline results-oriented and scalable

Facilitators staff. from facilitator will supervisory existing QIT. KPI chosen may be team One  
per assigned be

Competitive advantage. Strategic alignment. Performance-based metrics.

- Appendix: Notes and Definitions Section V –

QIP via Progress will tracked results be Logs. ROI suggestions and documented Implemented

- Principles II – Guiding Section

Product Development Management as appropriate as – processes in “Employee Involvement”  
decision-shaping with workplace efficiency related guidance. engagement quality, worker  
managerial and to Defined

modify agreement. Quality not collective bargaining the for of Respect any to Agreements: QIP  
override or intended is provisions Existing lean manufacturing

to through Improvement involvement Plan. designed Process efficiency, continuous The  
employee structured workplace a quality, strategy conditions operational Improvement (QIP)  
enhance product Quality is and

Androscoggin to Alabama within departmental core competency the shifts QIP Division will by  
and Division to Team Management applies Facilitators. and the and all departments overseen  
jointly be QIP

enhance Collaboration: classifications collaborate Workers supervisors productivity. Value-added  
across will Cross-Functional overall and to paradigm

Incentivize be Participation employees eligible be may “sustained will recognition. engagement”  
monitored; demonstrating for constructive

team of 6–10 departments. Each the consist adjacent from employees or will same Outsourcing operations improved Process be methods. adjusted Flexibility: Departmental to may accommodate

- Structure Meeting B.
- Suggestions of Evaluation C.

time. sustainable deliverables Synergy monthly for minutes Teams 45–60 company meet twice will on benchmarking robust

Variable pay Operational excellence Enterprise solution Flattening hierarchy Information flow Vision statement Efficiency metrics Resource allocation Talent pipeline Performance culture Functional silos Economies of scale Customer satisfaction Value chain Management by objective Alignment strategy Service delivery Balanced scorecard Financial engineering Branding initiative Time-to-market Learning organization Best practice Strategic sourcing Operating leverage Market penetration Data-driven Frictionless operations Risk-adjusted return Capability-building Agile response Empowered teams Cost rationalization Global sourcing Internal audit Competitive landscape Contractual flexibility Incentive compatibility Business process redesign Margin pressure

Downsize. Rightsize. and Just-in-time. Improvement Quality (QIP) Plan strategic inflection point capital-intensive Stakeholder value and barriers. waste, flow, include: communication material topics Discussion safety production equipment conditions, maintenance, compensation matrix culture change

March 1, Effective: 1986. Culture fit.

*Employee solutions.* encouraged participate meetings to Involvement: team structured are  
Workers and bottlenecks in recommend to identify  
as value-added role their negative they to to the shrink is less less enclosed a are pressures a  
bodies remade of this and versatility QIP is their the are speed grows an a by workday less  
adaptability is gap context the or worker value the personhood but manifest than blue-sky  
thinking they their is the made nothing disentangling yields fill frictionless negation plastic any  
they is workday impediment your constraints only hydraulic instrument captured work fluid is  
flux flexibility corralled company restructure a than than time skill to is proof resolute  
denominator an are not value: bottom line.

Agency: FTC  
Address: Federal Trade Commission  
600 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW  
Washington, DC 20580  
Telephone: (202) 326-2222

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Portions redacted pursuant to FOIA Exemption (4), per 6(f),  
15 U.S.C. § 46(f)

The accident was fresh when the crew and I leapt into action. Only a few cups of blood had spilled, at most.

The tape would need an explanation. Naturally, as there was a man rolling around, blood gushing from a traumatic amputation at his right bicep. I didn't want to come across as panicked or as overly-rehearsed. I knew my stuff was good. Step out of the way. You're a genius. You hadn't missed much. And the framing... exquisite. Me walking alongside Vertov into history. Film following humanity into the workplace. It's not like board members are critics anyway. They're fiduciaries. Shareholders are hungry mouths to feed.

The work can speak for itself. Snuff tapes, artfully captured, are signals. Look: inefficiency. Market prices it in. Visible, documentable suffering. That's forward guidance. That's futures. Savings-and-loans. I'm innovating, three steps ahead of the avant-garde.

When I pressed play, I saw eyes roll. One or two slits muttering. I stepped back. Relax, man. They booed Taxi Driver too.

I always tell people, film is made in the edit. I lingered on the dissolve. The dissolve is key. The singular fear on his coworker's faces, I had to contrast it with the suffering. That level of fear moves factories, elects then deposes presidents, breaks bargaining units. Each additional



second my work is on screen is an asset. I'm part of the investment calculus. A collector's item par excellence, let me tell you.

My art is a promise: somewhere, someone will be hurt, and someone else will save. The world hangs on a ballast. Wallets were reached for. Checkbooks. Secretaries dialed. The ritual begins. Art requires sacrifice, as does business. The art market is brutal, but she treats me well.

A wage-worker breaks. Once it's finished: the ritual finds a new host. He heals, gets workman's comp and a phantom limb, and by then the cutting-edge has already moved on. He doesn't know what he was part of. Suffering is *absolutely* better penance than death. Other directors in the space have no restraint, no sense for this distinction. They're hacks. Leaking lime into a whole city's water supply? Molesting a girl on camera? Massacring villages? They're brutes! The braying masses, the barking seals seem to like that crap. But 100,000 or 100 or 1 is utterly immaterial to art as an unquantifiable *essence*. Filmmakers make meaning. One moose, suffocating, trying to drink from the very lime-sick puddle that's choking him. One pipe above its head, rusted, bleeding into the groundwater. A dirty rag stuffed into the pipe like an illicit tourniquet. That's art. That's sacrifice. That's poetry. It hurts the right amount.

The amputation is a metaphor, you see. A limb torn from the body. A worker torn from the union. A community severed from itself. That's mythic stuff. That's the value.

I work without language. I speak the garbled tongue of industry. Secret and mundane. Light suburban manufacturing. Dying department stores. Free trade zones. Multi-acre logistics centers. Once the politicians can finally recognize a hollowed-out exurban environment, they've just missed me. I'm gone. I'm way ahead of speech, and decay speaks a language of its own. And I've already moved on once the dispossession is so loud it speaks to those nobodies.

By then, I'm bored. Gentrification has a dialect, as does foreclosure, but in my work in central Maine, up the Androscoggin, I found the remnants of a frontier that wasn't profitable enough to excavate. Like fish caught in a tide pool watching the ocean recede. That's tragedy. You see how I'm completely lapping Antonioni? I'm capturing the form of the unknowable on film. You see it right? I'm capturing images that resemble nothing. Structures built on the void that grounds the real.

Other, tamer monsters are knowable: fleshy, gooey, tentacled, chimerical, hidden, lurking, whatever -- they all relate to something stupid and primal. Something a rabbit could recognize to flee from. But production, and the architecture it leaves behind, speaks a language darker and older than we even know how to fear. Something worth fearing, with our senses attuned to danger, performs indifference while it follows you, tethered to you. Maybe it leaves a lingering smell. Or an ache in your neck. A wheeze.

I ought to be studied in every college. I tower over everyone, the horizon, the industry, Hollywood. Without me, you people lack adequate monsters. I'm a fear worker. Those people [those attending the aforementioned meeting at ██████████] are the most hamstrung by red-tape in the world. They need flexibility, desperately need mobility, and they need the kind that only comes when the reins holding them down are dropped in shock. I offer a disembodied witness, a shadow of ourselves watching ourselves, a shadow that can rouse the flesh into a panic. And capital flies away behind your back... Ah, production. Cinema. Life.

[Agent: back to the meeting.]

Legally speaking, I bet that screening didn't even take place. A dirty garage. Dusty. Popcorn ceiling. Folding chairs arranged in an irregular semi-circle around a tv on a wheeled cart, with a VCR hooked up. International Paper, Champion, Stone Container, James River,

Scott, and Georgia-Pacific all there. In the flesh. I'm actually trying to get a screenplay developed about it right now. Chills. As far as I know, the meeting was acknowledged once, years later, as an intimidating show of force in private to the national president of UPIU. He told the papers but nobody believed him, just called it a conspiracy theory.

Agency: FBI  
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Clamshell Underground [REDACTED] branch, [REDACTED]

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Rep. No. 89-1497, at 9 (1966)

*A moose's body is just as strange a place to be to the moose as you*

for five million years, solitary to boot

save one, when yearlings are hence driven from

the dam, for territory reigns here too

despite everything. And despite gangly hoists

of blood-tons of Lyme safely off the soil,

a nervous spindly wisdom knows

the ruminant calf to linger, yearning

madly to return to a now-hostile home

in spring. Only car-world welcomed him.

He rode those highways diagonally like

soft bark, at an untimely angle

prime to crush drivers and feed months

of family-prized roadkill dinners.

Indifferent to would-be extinctions

but tightly bodily knotted to the air,

he challenged hunters only logistically,  
to some too weighty to fuss.

He supped at a lime-puddle  
then took ill fatally; finishing a life  
that never felt right to begin with.