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## **“Counter-cartographies of Copper: Martha Rosler, Chris Kraus and the Great Arizona Copper Strike of 1983-1986”**

*In your country/How do you say copper/for my country?*  
-June Jordan “*Problems of Translation: Problems of Language*” (1981)

Arizona’s copper belt has played an outsized role in the messy, fraught, often demoralising, yet sometimes heroic histories of the American labour movement, and perhaps nowhere more so than the frontier towns of Clifton and Morenci. These twinned towns were the site of the 1903 strike organised by Mexican and Italian workers against the discriminatory pay-cuts embedded within the new eight-hour legislation, which was ultimately broken by the Anglo-Arizona Rangers and US Cavalry (Mellinger, 1992); the 1915-1916 strike to end racialised wage differentials, which effectively also desegregated their union, the Western Federation of Miners, and led to the reprisals of the Bisbee deportations and 1919 Red Scare (Mellinger, 1992); and the 8-month 1967 strike, part of a successful national struggle to attain pattern bargaining (Rosenblum, 1995). Between 1983 and 1986, the Phelps Dodge mines in Clifton-Morenci once again became the setting for a strike that would redefine American labour relations. Immediately at stake was the miners’ struggle to maintain cost of living adjustments, benefits and vacation days, and to prevent the re-imposition of tiered wage scales. But at stake was also the future of pattern-bargaining, the use of scab-labour, and ultimately the central pillar of US-Keynesianism: the capital-labour compromise.

The Phelps Dodge strike was, in short, a laboratory of neoliberalism. And like that other laboratory, Chile, its conditions were backed up by state power and military might in the form of a COINTELPRO-style surveillance regime, restraining orders that prevented strikers from actually picketing the company gate, and ultimately occupation by armoured tanks, helicopters, National Guard troops, Arizona Department of Public Safety troops, and SWAT sharpshooters (Ochoa O’Leary 2008: 254). What made the Clifton-Morenci strike such an attractive laboratory for the assault collective bargaining was the relative isolation of the copper-producing

communities, and the ethnic background of the miners, who were predominantly indigenous, Mexican-American, and Italian. As had often happened in labour struggles in Arizona, Phelps-Dodge was able to fall-back on that well-worn mix of red- and foreign-baiting (Mellinger, 1995; Vargas, 2005).

But it was also geographic isolation, and the deep historic ties that families had to their homes and each other, that made the Morenci Miner's strike one of the most hard-fought and heroic battles in American labour history. It was all the more remarkable for the central role played by the Morenci Miner's Women's Auxiliary (MMWA). As in many mining communities, the majority of women were homemakers and their political engagement was limited to membership in the Auxiliary: preparing food, holding bike sales, and supporting families during strikes. However, as the strike dragged on, and as their own union, the United Steelworkers withdrew support to attempt to limit their losses, the MMWA's role expanded. Joining a long history of working-class, housewives like Housewives' Committee of Siglo X in Bolivia (de Chungara and Viezzer, 1978), the MMWA became strike leaders.

The MMWA also transformed the strike into an international cause: Bruce Springsteen donated \$10 000 of his Phoenix concert to the striker-run health clinic; César Chávez and Jesse Jackson became vocal supporters of the strike; supporters organized a march in New York from the Phelps Dodge headquarters to the South African embassy to highlight the connections between Phelps Dodge's support of apartheid in South Africa and its exploitation of workers in Arizona; and the women began corresponding with the National Union of Mineworkers' auxiliary in the UK, representatives of the IRA and other revolutionary groups in Central America (Kingsolver 1989: 125).

And yet, this strike is all but forgotten today. Instead, the key strike we associate with neoliberalism's onslaught in the US is the 1981 white-collar PATCO Air Traffic Controllers' strike. But where the PATCO strike tells the relatively narrow story of neoliberalism as the attack on white collar, trade unions and welfare rights organisations, the Clifton-Morenci strike opens

out to a more expansive and global history of neoliberalism's emergence, with roots reaching back to the post-1970s crisis of American Empire, and to the even longer history of the conquest and colonialism of the Mexican-American war. This strike also moves issues of gender, feminism, and particularly the multiple and contested figures of the housewife to neoliberalism's centre, posing an important counterpart to the story of neoliberalism's appropriation and weaponization of liberal feminism (Fraser 2017: 33).

The figure of the housewife is deeply implicated in the history of American Empire. As Angela Davis has argued, the formation of the house into a noneconomic, domestic sphere in the 1830s gave birth to the figure of the housewife-suffragette whose shortly-lived solidarity with black, southern slaves and white, working-class factory women was abandoned as the project of suffrage became rebranded as "the most expedient means to achieve racial supremacy" (2011: 125). The logical endpoint of this betrayal was the National Woman's Suffrage Association's refusal to support black, working-class, women living under Jim Crow and in 1899 and their wholesale acceptance of and commitment to "the new feats of US imperialism" in the Philippines (177), which marked the culmination of the project Amy Kaplan has referred to as "Manifest Domesticity" (1999: 602). Starting during the Vietnam war, the anti-war artist Martha Rosler began developing an expansive body of work examining the suburban housewife's within American imperialist might: key here were "House Beautiful" (1967-1972), which spliced together staged magazine images of scenes of modern suburban domesticity and war photography from Vietnam (and then later in 2003 of Iraq) and central to this essay "Domination and the Everyday" (1978), which juxtaposed the domestic rhythms of the white, middle-class American housewife with the violence, expropriation, and "domination" occurring as a result of the US-backed coup Chile. Nearly thirty years later, former video-artist Chris Kraus would similarly take up the new figure of middle-class white femininity – not the housewife, but the house flipper – to interrogate the relationships between neoliberal femininity and a resurgent post-Vietnam American empire at work in Guatemala, the former Soviet Union, and Iraq in her

novels *I Love Dick* (1999), *Torpor* (2004), and *Summer of Hate* (2012). Central to both Rosler and Kraus's work is the relationship between the increasingly commodified reproductive sphere and the more spectacular forms of violence and domination, as separated yet entwined sites of capitalist accumulation.

In what follows, I want to suggest that both artists offer what geographer Cindi Katz has termed “countertopographies.” Countercartography is a research method in which scholar-activists draw on, and repurpose the topographic map to strategically understand the “material effects” capitalist globalization produces across “multiple locations” (2001: 721). Topography, she explains, names both the map that provides “deliberate, purposeful, and systematic—albeit partial—information at all geographic scales” (719), from the soil to the reproductive to the state, and “the totality of the features that comprise the place itself” (719). Of particular interest for Katz is the “contour line” that on maps “connect places at a uniform altitude to reveal the three-dimensional form of the terrain” (721), but which can be used metaphorically to project a politics that “retains the distinctness of the characteristics of a particular place” whilst building “analytic connections to other places along ‘contour lines’” (722).

Such an account echoes Fredric Jameson's conception of the “pedagogical” aesthetics of “cognitive mapping” (1991: 8). But where, as Kanishka Goonewardena notes, cognitive mapping is an “essentially *allegorical* operation” (2005: 56), the countertopographic also signals an engagement with the “material grounds of social life” (Katz 2001: 720), a term that encompasses the physical grounds of life (water, soil, etc.) and what Katz et al. elsewhere terms the “life's work” of social reproduction (2004). Whilst Katz's methodology is aimed at activist-social scientists, it is particularly useful as an aesthetic descriptor. Katz's term helps us articulate the method of artists like Rosler and Kraus who turn to the sphere of the reproductive as a site with which to interrogate the uneven effects of global capitalism, while also forefronting its own uneasy relationship with the imperialist project of mapping itself: it draws attention to the ideological practices of such mappings in the first place. To that end, I conclude by turning to

*Summer of Hate*'s brief detour to the site of the 1983 Clifton-Morenci Copper Strike. I argue that this reference is both the key to the conjecture Kraus' narrative is tracing, and provides a limit point of her own narrator, and the form of mapping possible from such a perspective. Central to this essay is the call to recuperate the "Great Arizona Copper Strike (Ochoa O'Leary 2018: 248) , and the working-class revolutionary housewife, as key figures in the history of anti-neoliberal struggle.

To begin, "an appropriately mappable vignette from Kraus' *I Love Dick*, "Route 126" in which the protagonist, Chris's drive through Ventura, California for a booty call, transforms a tour of the accreted wreckage of American empire: from its "former Indian burial ground," to its presumably white-only "gated subdivisions", and the farming of "undocumented Mexican and Central Americans," which reminds the protagonist of "Rigoberta Menchu" thus tracing a line back to US-backed incursions in Guatemala (122-3), and the Coca Cola strikes in Guatemala City that are a central facet of the novel (Tucker-Abramson, forthcoming). But while Route 126 names a highway, its referent is also an artwork. "Route 126," Chris notes, is the name of Judy Chicago's 24 hour site-specific performance in which a group of students drove from CalArts to the coast, creating a "sequence of events throughout the highway" (35) in a gesture of feminist appropriation. The event, Kraus notes, included Suzanne Lacy's "Car Renovation" in which the class "decorated an abandoned car" (135), transforming it into a "Kotex-pink jalopy [...]The trunk's flung open and underneath it's painted cuntblood red. Strands of desert grass spill from the crumpled hood like Rapunzel's fucked-up hair" (135) (see figure 1).



(figure 1)

This is a useful reference point for Kraus’s own “dumb cunt” practice. As Helen Molesworth notes, Chicago’s artwork represents the “cunt-based” imagery, often associated with the older 1970s’s “essentialist” feminism, often read against the 1980s “theory,” poststructuralism” art, such as the work of Mary Kelly (2000: 71). This binary is particularly relevant here because Kraus is read as both: a novelist of female desire (aptly illustrated by Jill Soloway’s TV adaptation which ends with Kraus walking away from Dick’s house with menstrual blood dripping down her legs) and a novelist of the post-structuralist turn, as is evidenced in the play between Dick’s dick and/as diary. But, as Molesworth argues, this binary is based on the false assumption that feminist art focused on “sexuality to the exclusion [...] of political philosophy’s critique of the role of the private sphere in the democracy-capitalism covenant” (76). Molesworth turns to the work of Martha Rosler, and particularly her film *Domination of the Everyday* as an example of a work that interrogates the relationship between the private reproductive work of a mother and the coup in Chile.

*Domination* opens with a portrait of the Augusto Pinochet, the CIA-backed dictator who in consultation with Milton Friedman imposed an early version of neoliberal shock therapy on Chile, before moving to a series of advertisements, spliced with seemingly real family snapshots mirroring the adverts. These images depict a range of products from Disney World, to insurance companies, banks, cosmetic products, and oil and gas companies, that both target the housewife, and use of the image of the suburban family to domesticate their brand. Across the bottom of the screen, Debordian-inspired texts scroll across the screen like a stock-market or news ticker-tape, analysing how the spectacles of mass consumer society blinds us to the “fact of domination.” Overlapping these visual tracks are competing audio tracks of a drawn-out domestic scene of a mother putting a child to bed, and art dealer Irving Blum “blathering” about the abstract expressionist artist, Jasper Johns (Molesworth 2000: 93). The effect, as in much of Rosler’s work, is jarring and disorienting, and poses a challenge to the viewer to try and piece together, or map, the relationship between these disparate tracks.

The trick of Rosler’s work is that the assemblage of mass cultural materials that disorient and inure us to domination, hold the keys that enable us to piece together the relationship between reproduction or consumption, what Rosler following Henri Lefebvre terms the “everyday” (2014) and the dominations of American Empire. These juxtapositions ask that we connect the “dominance” of men over women in the home and US domination over other countries (Molesworth 2000: 94), and more critically reveal the privatised, suburbanised nuclear family as an organising site of the global economy: a space of distraction from the dominations both in the core and peripheries, and a spectacle in itself that carries out a colonising function.

But like Kraus’ linking of the Chicago’s feminist art project and Guatemala, Rosler too adds another layer that forces a confrontation between art and empire: the audio track about Jasper John’s that jockeys with the bedtime scene for the reader’s aural attention. Kerstin Stakemeier and Marina Vishmidt argue that the force of 1960s and 1970s feminist conceptual artists like Rosler as well as Mierle Laderman Ukeles’ “Maintenance Art” worked by “sully” of



art's autonomy "with the heteronomy of domestic labour" and thereby "challenging the radicality of contemporary by forcing it to look at its own conditions" (2016: 48), namely the reproductive labour, such as Laderman Ukeles' gallery-floor cleaning pieces, that produced it. Rosler shows not only the reproductive labour (like child rearing) that underpins the art world, but also suggests that the entire apparatus of Cold War militarism, too is one of modern art's reproductive conditions. In this, Rosler's work is both an artwork that cognitively maps, and a mapping of art's own complicities.

If Rosler's work is born out of the crisis of the post-war compromise that would lead to the refiguring of US global power under the aegis of neoliberalism, Kraus' work can be understood as a return and refiguring of Rosler's work as neoliberalism too enters into crisis.

Given Kraus' own background as a film artist, it is unsurprising that her novels are shaped by a similar impulse towards splicing, layering, and juxtaposing. While this impulse is present across her work, it is most pronounced in *Summer of Hate* (2012), which I want to focus on here.

Ostensibly a novel about a divorced artist/real estate flipper who moves to New Mexico to flee a BDSM "near-death sex game" (np) with a health-supplement scammer she meets online, and to build and flip houses, the plot becomes something of a ruse for its real project: an attempt to map the pre-2008 conjecture of the War on Terror, the militarization of the border, the mass expansion of the carceral system, and a rapidly expanding art and housing bubble, through its remarkably detailed analysis of the US southwest. What Rosler achieves through the overlaying of audio and visual film tracks, Kraus achieves at the paragraph, which juxtaposes images of domesticity, mass culture, Marxist-inspired analysis, and art criticism. Consider the following paragraphs:

In April 2005, four months into Bush's return to office, Michael Jackson stood trial in Santa Barbara for child sex and *saw 2* had just hit the multiplexes. Film critics who once wrote for reputable magazines blogged to a handful of readers about the 'new sadism.'

Last year's Abu Ghraib scandal had already been recycled as porn; *Abu Gag!* (The Best Throat Fucking Ever Lensed) was up for AdultCon's Grand Jury Award. (77)

Yesterday while they were juicing carrots and complaining about their respective careers, Terry had stopped and looked at her obliquely. *Isn't it weird, how nothing coming out now even mentions what's going on?* [...] At least ten times a day for the past two or three years, Catt's thoughts hit the same wall as Terry's. To speak them out loud was cop, lately uncool. Because where would you start? God Bless Our Troops, hanging chads, *saw 2*, Janet Jackson's wardrobe malfunction? Do not expect truth. (194)

Kraus' layered scraps of domestic routines, pop cultural scandals, films, and acts of imperialist violence function as a 21<sup>st</sup> century analogy to Rosler's barrage of magazine ads featuring white, middle class families. And in both cases, the sheer accretion of images and the folding of the public and the private serves within the spectacle, distract, overwhelm, confuse, and disorient the reader.

But there are of course important differences: most notably, the shift from wholesome middle-class adverts to pornography and the shift from what Maria Mies has termed the "consumer-housewife" (1986: 132) to the childless entrepreneurial, feminist artist-real estate developer. Such formal shifts, however, register historical shifts. By the time Rosler and Ukeles Laderman were developing their body of work, the interlocking crises of the post-1960s period were eroding the limited compacts of the post-war period had eroded, taking with it "the family wage" that was the condition of possibility for the white, middle-class housewife (Fraser 2017: 32). Kraus' work is a product of those crises, which as Alys Moody incisively notes often circles around "outsourced reproduction" (2019: 356). The crises of the 1970s similarly shaped the status of art and its relationship to the economy. In Stakemeier and Vishmidt's reading of the arc of feminist art from the 1970s to the present, art's fantasy of "autonomy" aligns "ever more

closely with capital's central valorisation process: money making more money" (2016: 102). And within this convergence, "financial commodities and artworks [come to be] produced and valued in similar ways" and "merge in a common image: the entrepreneurial, or artistic, subject as master of contingency and risk, a manager of the world as resource" (102). In other words, if the haunted unconscious of art in the 1960s and 1970s was reproductive labour (and Cold War militarism), during Kraus' era art's unconscious is finance, gentrification, and war-making, of which the liberated, entrepreneurial ex-housewife becomes a central figure.

Kraus drives home the genealogy between the housewife and the female developer/artist as her protagonist dons the costume of housewife and her narrative dons the romance to carry out its countercartography. It is notable that the precondition for the novel's own project – namely breaking through the spectacle and producing a countertopography of "prison America" carried out from the location of New Mexico and Arizona shortly before the 2008 financial crisis – is Catt's hiring of a construction crew, and falling in love with one of them, Paul Garcia. Paul, we learn, has just finished serving time for defrauding his former employer and Iraq War profiteer, Halliburton of \$937, "less than an art gallery spends on an after party" (133) when he worked in their oil-fields in Farmington, New Mexico. It is Paul's history, his subsequent re-arrest when he gets caught up in a checkpoint, and Catt's investment in him and desire to save him, that provides the apparatus, which allows Catt and the reader to map out the nodes connecting Arpaio's prison, the militarised border, the War on Terror, and a housing bubble about to burst taking the global economy with it. The novel needs to transform Catt from savvy art dealer into a sentimental heroine on a quest to save her lover, in order to carry out her own project of countercartography.

*Summer of Hate* is a novel organised around the motif of "games," performance, and S/M. Catt describes how she "presented herself as an affable amateur" while she bought up properties in New York in the 1990s (12). "It was a game," she explains, "The money meant nothing" (12). Later, she describes her financial BDSM relationship with "Dominant Realm" as a

“delirious game” (36), whilst referencing an earlier essay she wrote in which she “juxtaposed the extreme, nuanced presence of BDSM games with the blankness of academic neo-conceptual art” (27). And when she meets Paul, Catt takes on the “game” of the young wife. As they get to know each other, the narrator comments that “Catt’s had the unshakeable feeling that she and Paul are playing a series of games, maybe scenes from old movies” (118). As they work together on the job site, “he walks up to the window to give her the rocks; she takes them, and suddenly they’re in a country & western biopic. *Sweet Dreams? Coal miner’s Daughter?* She’s the young pregnant wife; they’re fixing up their first home together” (118). “These fabulations,” the novel explains, “help Catt throw herself into the job” (118), but they also throw the novel into the genre of romance, a kind of generic drag, that enables Paul, and particularly his arrest, to become both Catt and the reader’s map of prison America.

Specifically, Paul’s arrest and Catt’s attempt to save him offers the reader access to two key sites within this prison archipelago. The first of the prisons Catt visits is one of the notorious prisons in Maricopa County prison set up by then-Sherriff Joe Arpaio, where Paul is being held, awaiting extradition. Here, she notes:

chain gangs of juvenile prisoners dig roadside graves for the indigent. Electorally unbeatable, the affable fascist Sheriff Joe Arpaio was indicted again just this month, this time for hawking DVDs of the women’s jail toilets on the county website, his 24/7 webcam feeding live from the doorless stalls – an abject form of comic relief from the jail’s other tortures: the four point restraint chairs, the hooded suspects detained for drug use and shoplifting, the “Tent City” jail where thousands of petty-crime suspects who could not afford bail were detained while awaiting their trial dates. And even these acts were merely a *screen*. (195)

As is often the case, plot functions as a method of excursus. In the parallels drawn between her descriptions of Arpaio's prisons and Abu Ghraib, Catt works to erode the boundary between domestic and foreign policy, casting both Maricopa and Abu Ghraib as part of a larger global carceral archipelago. But these vignettes too fail to pierce through the spectacle. Drawing on Anne McClintock's claim about S/M's transgressive potential to "manipulate the signs of power in order to refuse their legitimacy as nature" (1993: 91), Deb Cowen has suggested that BDSM might offer a "queer" (and we might argue implicitly narrative) "method for constructing countercartographies" of militarised, logistics space, like the Southwest (2014: 226). Here as throughout, *Summer of Hate* grasps for this gesture of dissent. But in its insistent blurring the sexual fetish practice of "financial domination" and financial scams, between DIY pornography and war (as in Catt's earlier comment that "the epistemological groundwork for the war in Iraq had been laid by Paris Hilton's anal sex video" (29), and between BDSM and sexual humiliation, violence, and torture, Kraus can't imagine a sexual practice or form of desire that has not been defanged and absorbed into the spectacle of state violence. Indeed, such passages as the above suggest an opposite procedure has taken place in which the actual acts of state domination take up the scripts of formerly-subversive BDSM and are themselves rendered into commodified spectacles.

The second site that Paul leads the reader to is a smaller and seemingly less significant jail in Clifton, Arizona, where Paul is first held. Catt spends only a moment here, when she drives there to pick up his impounded car, but she notes in a seemingly casual aside, that years later when she is trying to make sense of this incident, she will research the town and discover that it was the site of the Phelps Dodge strike. She explains

Clifton had been the scene of a bloody copper-mine strike two decades before. When its unionized workers voted to strike, Phelps-Dodge shut down the mines and hired replacement, once known as 'scabs.' State riot police marched over the hills. When someone yelled, 'Get the fuck out of my town,' the police opened fire. It would still be

another few years before Supreme Court overturned the Right to Strike law, but as one historian wrote, ‘American labor history ended on the desolate highway to Clifton in 1984’ (220).

The novel quickly moves on, and yet this copper strike, and the radical reorganisation of social life that occurs therein, is ultimately one of the most powerful sites for the topographical lines that both Kraus and Rosler are trying to map.

The copper industry, like many other American industries, was in crisis in the early-1980s. The end of the Vietnam War led to a decline in the demand for copper (required for weapons) at the same time as third-world copper-producing countries like Zaire, Peru, and Chile were forced to ramp up copper production to try and pay off soaring debt burdens, themselves created by US-backed structural adjustment (Ochoa O’Leary 2018; Rosenblum 1995). The result was a crash in copper prices that when combined with US monetary policy’s inflation of the dollar, made it very difficult for American copper producers to compete in the global market. In April 1983, copper producer Kennecott and its unions agreed on a contract that froze pay, but kept cost of living adjustment, and the United Steelworkers expected that the precedence of pattern bargaining would continue and such a contract would roll out across the sector. Instead, Phelps-Dodge demanded an elimination of cost-of-living adjustment, cuts to benefits and vacation days, and the introduction of two-tiered wage scales. As negotiations faltered, Phelps-Dodge broke precedence and announced that they would not shut down operations if a strike occurred, but would use scab labour to keep operations running. In refusing to follow precedence, Phelps Dodge essentially was declaring war not just on the union, but on the compromise that had governed the sector for decades.

This new attack signalled what Jonathan Rosenblum termed a “new logic in labor relations: If you can’t live with a union, then kill it, legally, with permanent replacements” (10). Indeed, much like the UK Miner’s strike, the goal of this strike was to break the unions. And to carry out this task, the executives of Phelps Dodge called upon Professor Herbert Northrup to

deploy what came to be called the “Wharton Approach” (named for the UPenn Business School). The playbook included the mass outlay of funds to transport, protect, and reimburse strike-breakers, threatening strikers with the loss of their jobs and replacing them with scabs, evicting workers from company houses, and cutting off their medical benefits (Ochoa O’Leary, 2008; Rosenblum, 1998). According to Rosenblum, this was the first time that an employer brought together “academic intelligence, police power, and administrative authority” to destroy a union (214). Though of course, Milton Friedman and his “Chicago Boys” (so named for their affiliation to the University of Chicago) alongside the CIA and the Pinochet regime, had already tested the efficacy of this particular combination in Chile.

It was in the face of this onslaught, that the MMWA shifted their support from the background space of the kitchen to the public space of the picketline. As with the Housewives Committee in Bolivia, the MMWA conceptualised their work as an extension of their domestic role. As auxiliary president, Fina Roman put it, “defending the union is a means of defending family and home, because through the union they've elevated living standards and brought dignity into those homes”(qtd in Kingsolver 1989: 71). But in doing this work, they developed a new consciousness about the relationship between their own struggles in an isolated mining town, historical struggles like the one against Empire Zinc Company in New Mexico 1954, and with current struggles against Apartheid in South Africa, and against right wing paramilitary organizations in El Salvador, Nicaragua, and Guatemala. As Ochoa O’Leary put it: “The people we were able to bring together and the places where we were invited to speak necessitated a global perspective. One of these events was advertised as a struggle of ‘Third World women’—a new concept for me at the time” (2008: 265).

This radical reorganisation of social life was captured in the mural painted by renowned Tucson artist David Tineo and Tomas Bandaries shortly after the strike. At the centre of the mural (figure 2), beside the Diego Rivera-esque image of the heroic male worker, is a larger-than-life Latina woman, dressed in work gear and a hard hat. Her right arm reaches down into the

flames that simultaneously smelts copper and breaks chains, while her left reaches out to protect the town against the ghoulish, heavily militarised state troopers coming to invade the town. Whether as a housewife or miner (there were women employed in the mine) she is a strike-leader. And to the left of the fire, (figure 3) beside the scabbing strike breakers, depicted as automatons (in a canny articulation of the automation that would replace the work of many miners) is a crowd of strike supporters led by another woman.



(Figure 2)





(Figure 3)

This strike is only mentioned once in the novel, and the history of the Women’s Auxiliary not at all. And yet this strike is a cipher for the landscapes and histories the book attempts to track. That its discovery occurs through a trip to a prison is of course a prescient image for the role that the prison played as a “fix” for the “four surpluses” of finance capital, land, labour and state capacity that had been expelled since the 1970s (Wilson Gilmore, 2017: 86). Indeed, Catt flatters herself that her own construction crew, also composed largely of Hispanic and indigenous workers, briefly echoes the ethos of the strike. In one of the novel’s more sentimental moments, Catt invites her workers out to dinner and the narrator comments, “Looking over the table, Catt realizes that everyone here except for herself and Tommy has been incarcerated, homeless or both [...] Was this Prison America? Catt never set out to do social work, but apparently everyone outside the art world has either lived in a van or been incarcerated. None of these people see any connection between their sad, shitty stories.” (144). It’s never said, but not so long ago all of these men would have been employed by companies like Phelps Dodge, and many would have belonged to a union.

Catt emphasises the foreclosure of this history when she reads Rosenblatt's quote about American labour history "ending on th[is] desolate highway" to Paul, who responds: "Why shouldn't a company have the right to hire whoever it wants?" Catt comments "He doesn't know what a trade union is. She'll try to connect this to the events around Paul's arrest but she'll fail. The words are too heavy because they refer to things that no longer exist" (220). Not a screen or a spectacle, this time, but an absent weight. It's not the first time Kraus has gazed yearningly at a strike in the peripheries for clarity; *I Love Dick* turns to the Coca Cola strikes in Guatemala City of the 1980s and even claims as its formal model David Freund's book about the strike, *Refreshing Pauses*. But as with the Coca Cola Strike, so too here is the glance only cursory. One can't help wonder what the novel would have looked like if it had been able to linger over the history of the Morenci Miner's strike long enough to see the labour of the housewives who transformed it. As with the brief convergence between the slave, the new white working-class female factory workers, and the middle-class housewife of the 1830s that Davis sketches, here too was a remarkable series of convergences: a new kind of solidarity and struggle between miners and their wives, alliances between Mexican-American, indigenous, and white workers within the copper belt, and ultimately between the strikers in Morenci and workers in England, Guatemala, South Africa, and El Salvador. It also created temporary forms of solidarity between the working class women in Morenci and the new, upwardly mobile middle-class white feminist, as in the figure of the Appalachian journalist and novelist, Barbara Kingsolver whose career was launched in part through her book of committed-reportage,  *Holding the Line: Women in the Great Arizona Mine Strike of 1983* (1989).

This vision of solidarity is unavailable from the subject position of Kraus' jet-setting entrepreneurial feminist protagonist, who is after all both an employer and a financier. The novel concludes with Catt driving to the leafy suburb of Scottsdale, Arizona to pay \$35K to a top lawyer to get Paul out of prison. Handing over the check, she realises that some of these "Retainers must go toward political contributions [...] Some of her money would go towards the

re-election of Sheriff Joe Arpaio” (211). Catt’s individual act of “solidarity” will likely fuel the expansion of the very system that incarcerated Paul. As for her employees? *Summer of Hate* was written in 2012 but set in 2005. Thus, as readers, we know that these jobs too will quickly dry up as the sub-prime mortgage crisis explodes, gridding all of these building projects to a halt. Ultimately, the only person who will profit from these adventures is Catt, who secured her tax haven and will be able to draw on these experiences to produce more artwork.

Catt’s attempt to map Prison America from above - by car, by real estate deal, by cash, and by employee – produces a paralysing vision of the complete colonisation or spectaclisation of the everyday: from sex to art to theory, and especially critique itself. The partially buried history of the Morenci Miner’s strike, however, offers a different model of mapping, one rooted in a struggle that led the women connecting the lines between Arizona, New York, South Africa and Chile. What redeems *Summer of Hate* is Kraus’ narrativization of her own subject position as artist-realtor, and her insistent grounding of both the financialisation of everyday life that funds her own art, and the limited vision such an artist can produce. This, ultimately, is what creates a gap, if only a modest one, in the screen.

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