

Chabolo



**Pierre and Margaret cast out of the Garden
Stanfield Triumphant**

inside...

Monumental film unsparingly examines Nazi occupation of French city in WW II



Marshal Pétain, as head of the collaborationist Vichy regime, presents himself to France.

The Sorrow and the Pity is a documentary examining the German occupation of France from 1940 to 1944. Made by Marcel Ophuls for French television, the film was never shown; it was decreed that the people of France were not mature enough to see their war-myths shattered. On Wednesday, November 8, *The Sorrow and the Pity* will be shown on CBLT, Channel 5, from 7:30 pm until 12:06 am. If you don't have a television, start calling up friends who do, and invite yourself over.

Documentary is a misleading term: *The Sorrow and the Pity* is no narrative rehash of the period spliced together from wartime newsreels. Its preoccupation is with people, not with events. About twenty men and women are interviewed, adroitly yet searchingly, and the film keeps returning from newsclips, from the historical data, to these participants: Anthony Eden and Pierre Mendes-France among the prominent, a socialist farmer, a wealthy ex-fascist, a woman hair-dresser who had her head shaved by the resistance among the more obscure. They bring different, sometimes contradictory points of view to the events they recall and comment on. It is a revelation (and a caution) that the same events could father such a diversity of recollections and interpretations.

This is an essay on history and what constitutes it, and it demands engagement; you can't just sit back and let it entertain you, the way you could enjoy "audio-visual" presentations of the war in high school, where there were spectacular but remote bombing raids for excitement and those ridiculous dictators duck-strutting around like vaudeville toffs. Ophuls, though he has edited and arranged his material artfully, doesn't presume to gloss it for us. We judge the characters of the interviewed witnesses, noting their evasiveness, or eagerness, or spite, and we evaluate their evidence in that light. It is an exhilarating intellectual task — perhaps a unique one. The film makes no concessions, no attempt to entertain (though there are delicious bits of unconscious and deliberate humour through it), no effort to tidy things up with easy, or easy-to-take, answers.

Four-and-one-half hours is a long time, even at home in an easy chair. So it might be in place to prepare you. How you're going to respond to this movie, of course, is going to depend on all sorts of things: Your interest in history, your capacity for mental exercise, your willingness to have preconceptions or ideologies challenged, even your ability to sit relatively still for so long. Nonetheless, you might have a better chance with the film if you have some guidelines.

The interviews are dubbed (particularly well) and the English is heard over the speakers' original language. At first this is disconcerting, and it takes a while for your ear to separate the sounds. (Once you become used to it, hearing the original inflections becomes a wonderful tool in judging the speaker). The cutting between interview and newsreel seems jumpy and bewildering at first; you haven't yet isolated the various characters or picked up the film's particular rhythm.

The best thing to do is not to approach this movie with a cowed, wide-eyed attention, not to try to file each fact and opinion in its proper place. Just watch and listen for the first half-hour or so, and don't think too much about it. The film will begin to absorb you, and by the end of the first hour you should have everything sorted out, and your mind will be anticipating speakers, seizing each new datum. There are a few dull stretches, but once you're into it, the four-and-one-half hours go by faster than you would have imagined. Perhaps because it doesn't play down the difficulties, doesn't talk down to us,

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we don't find it tedious. It isn't all on the same intellectual wave-length, either. We hear the views of Nazi and Englishman, of collaborationist and member of the underground, of poor, powerful and bourgeoisie; we hear naive, fumbly self-justifications and perspicuous, candid confessions. There are moments too of respite, fascinating ones, like a film of Hitler riding in a jeep through an eerily deserted Paris: past the opera, around the Arc de Triomphe, through the Place de la Concorde.

Clermont-Ferrand is a small industrial city in the middle of France. It is in the Auvergne, home of one of the largest and most intransigent resistance movements, and it is only 50 kilometers from Vichy, where on June 10, 1940, Marshal Petain ended the Third Republic by proclaiming his authoritarian regime. "I make France the gift of my person" he intones in the unctuously self-righteous speech of surrender; he had formed the only government in Europe which was to collaborate with Nazism.

"Times like this you get to know what people are really like" recalls an old schoolmaster in a beret, "how fear takes over, with very few exceptions." At this early stage, there was intimidation without the words or actions of intimidation; people imagined what might happen to them, and did nothing.

And how was the German presence felt? The owner of a hotel where the troops were billeted recalls that the Germans "went out of their way to be nice, giving their seats to old people and so forth. Helmut Tausand, a Wehrmacht officer stationed in Clermont-Ferrand, (and who still wears his Nazi war decorations on occasions like his daughter's wedding) says his troops arrived in the Auvergne to find the people braced as if for a barbarian invasion but, finding out they were nothing of the sort, came to accept them. Tausand is a genial man, expansive with the wedding's wine and good-will; he seems unaware of how selectively his memory appears to work and the camera catches his told wife shooting apprehensive glances from the interviewer to her garrulous husband, and his son-in-law suppressing a smile at the inadequacy of his explanations.

Another German soldier, wearing lederhosen in a Bavarian beer-hall and looking scarcely older than he must have been in 1944, recalls being abused by the townspeople late in the war and how he couldn't understand this; he thinks the French should have treated him as they would want their prisoners treated in Germany. But his face brightens as he recalls his French girlfriend to whom he considered escaping. Then, returning to his beer, he muses that Germany's defeat was probably for the best: "Who knows that even today we might be still doing occupation duty in America or Africa?" The vision of a world-wide Reich might have moved him as a young man, but he is happy in his beer-hall now.

Men who fought in the Resistance, of course, have different stories, stories in which the occupiers, to a man, are uncivilized and sadistic (though some are cheerfully blunt about their reasons; one man couldn't see why he had to do without meat and tobacco and chocolate when the Germans got all they wanted). Tales of atrocity, often second-or-third-hand, underscore their memories. "They told me..." begins a usual Gestapo yarn, and we have our doubts about the reliability of such horrible stories, but the possibility that it might be true is too much for us. The most terrible moments in the movie are these bald statements, in carefully dispassionate voices, of tortures and executions. So specific and personal are they that they're immeasurably more powerful than the mountains of emaciated corpses we see in newsreels of Buchenwald, pictures so surreal that we find it hard to put them in a context of human behavior or responsibility.

If the resistance bore any semblance to a cohesive, dedicated movement, it is not apparent from the interviews in this film. Everyone speaks of his own reasons for opposing the Germans, and you can't link them together. Dennis Rake, an elderly, soft-spoken man, sits stroking a cat in his London apartment. During the war he was a spy, and was cited as one of the bravest men to have served. His questioner asks why he chose such a hazardous mission. "I really don't know" Rake

answers, obviously startled by the question. "I suppose it was to prove that as a homosexual I could be as brave as other men."

"My wine is red and so am I" asserts a peasant farmer sitting around his diningroom table with brothers and nephews. (His wife, her chair placed resolutely in the door of the kitchen to show where she belongs, doesn't hesitate to correct her husband or shout out a comment.) In this one man we get a glimpse of a romantic, movie-hero rebellion against fascism. He talks with peppery good humour about the war, and you can tell his commitment was the most forthright and simple one imaginable: what right did the Germans have to tell me what to do on my own farm?

The film deals just as unsparingly with the powerful as with the obscure. The son-in-law of Pierre Laval (who was Petain's chief of state) struggles desperately to clear the man's name, looking stubborn but ashamed that the facts are ready of Laval's deportation of Jews to German concentration camps. Pierre Mendes-France, later president of the Fourth Republic, was tried for desertion and sentenced to six years hard labor; his crime, of course, was his Jewish blood, and his attorney recalls him stating to the court, "I am a Jew, I am a freemason, but I am not a deserter."

Mendes-France talks about anti-semitism, refusing to believe that it was an aberration, something that could not happen again. France, after all, is the country of Dreyfus, only the most notorious victim of a chain of anti-semitic acts that runs through French history. Cuts are shown from a Franco-German propaganda film "Le Juif Suss", a simple minded but somehow terrifyingly sentimental melodrama about a lecherous Jew who vilifies a Christian girl and is hanged. What is interesting about anti-semitism is that it is truly adaptable; what is anti-semitism is that it is truly adaptable; what is traded upon is not primarily social or economic offense, but a general assumption that Jews are swinish, sub-human. Perhaps this particular manifestation of racism is so durable because it is common (and valuable) currency to denagogues of left, right and centre.

Some of the most inspiring moments in the film come from the unlikely figure of Anthony Eden. When he first appears (speaking impeccable French) you think he is going to dish out the Allied propaganda line. But he speaks with intelligence and compassion of the events which he helped to set in motion, and it is a glorious moment of humility when, asked his opinion of the collaborationist premier, answer with startling firmness that "it is not for an englishman to judge Petain." It is only one of the dozens of flashes of insight we get into the speakers and, through them, into the occupation and the war. Only cinema could have caught the quick looks of surprise, the hesitations of narration, the cadences of shame or arrogance or apology. Norman Mailer once wrote that there is no history without nuance, and *The Sorrow and The Pity* corroborates this. It is in these nuances, unavailable to the most rigorous and inclusive written histories, that make this film a great essay in history and a great work of art.

A film as unflinchingly honest and exhaustive as *The Sorrow and the Pity* is an ordeal. One's politics, whatever they are, are left in disarray. Ophuls does what is so seldom done (presumably because it is considered uncritical to do so): he ignores the causes of war, the philosophical debate about obligations to fight or resist, the rights and wrongs of European realpolitik. People who really don't much care, one way or the other, are caught up in the battles of sovereign states. They profit or suffer, or just endure, for reasons which have very little to do with the issues putatively at stake.

Most viewers of this movie, I suppose, will begin with the presumption that the collaborationists are either craven or fascistic; that the resistance fighters are the heroes, (American and British wartime movies, from the explicitly propagandistic ones down to sheer romances like *Casablanca* have created our own myth of what happened in France; even if we realize that Hollywood trafficked in simplifications, we may not be aware with how tenuous and wavering a line the division was drawn between petainiste and free French).

The case, or at least the excuses, for collaboration

are scrutinized first. Quite decent folk, people with families, for instance, had perfectly sane reasons to cooperate with the Germans or at least to maintain a Swiss neutrality. A pharmacist, surrounded by his sons and daughters who must have been infants at the time, tells of riding along a country road late in the war and meeting a German whose motorbike had broken down.

The pharmacist, nominally pro-French but actually a scrupulous neutral, recalls thinking how easy it would be to kill this pathetic, fat old man. He could never be found out, so there was no risk, but it could be his claim to glory if France was liberated. He couldn't bring himself to do it, realizing that to kill this solitary, ridiculous figure could only demean himself. This is neutrality which rises above partisan passions, an apolitical act, if not of heroism, at least of virtue.

There were other, stubborn reasons for not fighting. Chief among them was the fierce loyalty to "Le Marechal." So many people saw Petain as the saviour of France; whatever this man deemed best was best, his followers stoutly maintain to this day. (After all, as one leftist acerbically comments, he had made the country the gift of his person.) We tend to marvel at the devotion this pompous, platitudinous man commanded, and forget that in Canada and Britain and the U.S. equally uninspiring statesmen find bedrock support among masses of citizens who see the very virtues of a nation incarnate in such men.

When we come to understand what led men to become collaborationists (though we remain uneasy about it: the reasons are just a little too good), the film's focus shifts to the "Free French."

The resistance, again, was a curious phenomenon. The people with the least stake in French society — students, radical leftist farmers, misfits — these were the bulwark of the movement. Such convenient labels as patriotism or valour certainly do not fit, and to lump the resistance together on under the rousing banner of anti-fascism is too easy. Perhaps Pauline Kael is right in suggesting that there is something special about the nature of intransigence, which puts it beyond the grasp of documentary; *The Sorrow and the Pity*, despite a valiant attempt, fails to explain the movement.

Even the value of the resistance movement comes to seem dubious. Would there have been less suffering and death had everyone quietly endured the occupation? Or would there have been other manifestations of French frustration, such as a redoubled frenzy of anti-semitism? We have the benefit of historical hindsight that allows us to approach these questions; Ophuls makes the point that our easily-acquired hindsight can blind us to the realities and dilemmas of those times.

When survivors of those years recount, in those quiet, steady voices, committed barbarities committed on both sides, we feel that nothing, no regime, no ideology could ever justify them. Just hearing these deeds makes us believe, if only for a few moments, that pacifism is the only sane way to live; we will excuse the most pusillanimous and vacillating of neutrals.

There is just too much in *The Sorrow and the Pity* to absorb — for one thing, it's just too massive and important to grasp, for another there is so much implicit in even the most peripheral detail. Certain turns of phrase, a shrug of indifference betray a cynicism, a knowledge of the realities of human motives so immense and undeluded that it threatens to undermine everything we have come to believe. We may not, ultimately, change our way of thinking, but we must certainly reckon with the witness this film brings to the history of those years.

Finally, there are two moments which I would like to record for those who might miss the movie. Pierre Mendes-France, in escaping from prison, scaled one of the high walls. He meant to jump down, but couldn't, because under the tree beneath him a boy and girl were arguing: he wanted her to come home with him, she was reluctant. After an eternity, she consented, and Mendes-France was able to jump to freedom. "I would like to meet that man now, if he is still alive," he muses, "and tell him how much I went through with him."

A middle aged man, who in 1940 was a member of a fascist group, sits in his opulent drawing-room and talks unsparingly of his views and how he came to change them. "There were many reasons why we young men turned to Fascism; as a rebellion against the conservatism of our parents."

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Political concert entertains

OTTAWA — Monday evening's traditional all-Canadian rock concert on Parliament Hill, which attracted an unusually small crowd, generally reflected recent trends in Canadian music, as a number of styles were heard - hard rock, country rock and blues.

A small Quebec blues band, the Socreds, warmed up the crowd for the first half-hour. Their music was poor, but their lead singer, Real Caouette, proved an entertaining showman. He danced across the stage, waving to a small contingent of loyal fans who seem to follow him on all his tours.

Caouette's renditions of *One Man Band* and *Don't Pass Me By* prompted some sympathetic applause from the crowd, but his only real success was his "theme song, *The Impossible Dream*. The Socreds closed their part of the show with a recent composition that has some potential, *Alone Again*, and left the audience confused and relatively indifferent.

NDP, whose members hail from Ontario and the West, was the other supporting act of the evening. They played several well-known songs, including *Promises, Promises* and *Easy To Be Hard*.

David Lewis, on vocals, lacked the spark of Socred's Caouette, but his selection of songs was more appealing to the crowd, and his musical backing, particularly Stanley Knowles' organ wizardry, more solid.

Performing mainly recent hits, Lewis

drawed a good response from the passive audience with the forceful lyrics of *The Backstabbers* and *Money Back Guarantee*. But the warmest applause was reserved for his closing piece, an excellent rendition of *The Times They Are A-Changin'*, which struck just the right note.



Stompin' Bob: new rock idol?

By this time the crowd was finally coming alive, and their applauded and cheered loudly as Stompin' Bob Stanfield stepped onto the stage with his group, the Tories.

Right from the start, folk singer Stanfield please the crowd as he ran through the gamut of his hits — *It Don't Come Easy*, *One More Chance* and *It Better End Soon*.

This group was a far cry from the Tories of four years ago. The new members, Allan Lawrence on piano, Paul Hellyer on guitar and Claude Wagner on backup vocals have improved the Tories' dull style considerably. As a special gimmick, the band's veteran drummer, John Diefenbaker, who made Prairie blues famous fifteen years ago, sang a couple of old hits, *I Am A Rock* and *Those Were The Days*. These provoked a loyal cheer from the crowd.

But Stanfield remained on top of things, performing sentimental favourites such as *Let It Be Me* and *All Things Must Pass*, and introducing a new release with very appealing lyrics, *Heaven On Their Minds: My mind is clearer now - at last all too well I can see where we all soon will be If you strip away the myth from the man You will see where we all soon will be*.

The Tories' final piece, *A Brand New Me*, produced a standing ovation, and the rock fans remained on their feet to greet the star of the evening, P.E. Trudeau, accompanied by his large band, Red Grit.

Dressed in glittering silver, Trudeau bounced onto the stage to bellow his big-city rock - *Superstar, Jumpin' Jack Flash, Everybody Loves Me, Baby*.

Backed by the best musicians in the country, including drummer John Turner, pianist Don MacDonald and guitarist Gerry Pelletier, Trudeau was not to be denied the spotlight. But somehow his lyrics seemed superficial:

Try not to get worried, try not to turn on to Problems that upset you or don't you know Everything's alright yes everything's fine And we want you to sleep well tonight.

He never really regained the old magic of a few years ago in his familiar tunes - *That's The Way God Planned It* and *With A Little Help From My Friends*.

Toward the end of the evening, the audience rose again at the sound of a spirited medley featuring *Come Together* and *Go All The Way*, and Trudeau closed the show with his 1968 chart-buster, *Mon Pays*. Marty O'Connell and others had some trouble on back-up lyrics, and the new version of *Mon Pays* lacked something, but Trudeau and his group still received an enthusiastic standing ovation as they left the stage.

One thing that this concert proved is that the new direction in the Canadian music scene is definitely away from Trudeau's hard rock, and leaning more toward Stompin' Bob's soft or country rock.

Although the musicians were not all at their best, the technical crew did their job very well, and Lucien Lamoureux once again proved to be a very capable MC. A particularly interesting innovation was playing recorded music at the end of the show, to cool down the excited crowd. The recording featured American rock star Dick Nixon's new album, *This Land Is My Land*.

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What rough beast slouches to Ottawa?

*Things fall apart, the centre cannot hold
Mere Stanfield is loosed upon the world*

Kicking his way through the broken sprockets and fly-wheels of the Liberal machine, Energy Minister Donald Macdonald, a man likely to be assigned to try to put it all together again, proclaimed the dreaded "backlash." It was "... a Tory redneck attack on Quebec," said Mr. Macdonald. "It was an attack on the Government's bilingualism policy, even though it didn't concern most of Ontario."

Macdonald, the dispenser of favours and collector of dues for the federal Liberals in Ontario, had just spent a humiliating evening in his Toronto Rosedale constituency fighting off somebody named Beamish. He warned to his subject: "Immigration was also an issue. They [the voters] were against immigration, French Canada and better social justice ... that seems to be the mood in Ontario and it's a pretty ugly mood."

Similar thoughts sprang from the lips of other Liberals. Gérard Pelletier, for example, put the Liberal defeat down to greed — the rich provinces got tired of sending money to the poor ones. Thus we are to believe that the election was a classic confrontation between niceness and charity, and nastiness and greed. The bad guys won.

It is a neat theory, and it partly explains what happened. Robert Stanfield, cast in the mould of earnest incompetence, did provide shade for the weirdest assortment of people — from the Nazi-minded Kupiak running in Toronto's Lakeshore (he proclaimed that his victory would embarrass Brezhnev more than both Bobby Fischer and Team Canada — fortunately we were all spared) — to the blimpish Lt.-Col. (Ret.) Strome Galloway (big on discipline up there in Ottawa-Carleton).

It was not only the strange cast the Conservative party chose, but the lines it gave them to speak, including the platitudes of the leader himself, that lend credence to Macdonald's charges.

The election in English Canada was fought by the Tories in a manner calculated to pander to latent racism. Peter Reilly, the successful Conservative candidate in Ottawa West, sensed it early in the campaign. "There is a good deal of racism being given new life in this area," he said. "It masquerades as being concern for public servants." Reilly went on to say that racism "will not be tolerated in my campaign." He then campaigned against the federal government's policy of bilingualism; the following passage appears in an article by Clair Balfour in the *Toronto Globe and Mail*:

"But he [Reilly] repeated that merit should be the sole criterion for success in a public service career, regardless of language.

"He added the problem is so serious that the only solution may be to slow the program to be fair to public servants.

"That form of fairness to the English-speaking means being unfair to French-speaking Canadians, he was reminded. He shot back: 'I've never believed you rectify one injustice by perpetrating a second one.'"

This supplement was prepared by Nick Auf der Maur, Ken Bolton, Drummond Burgess, Robert Chodos, Nick Fillmore, Dennis Forkin, Sharon Gray, Dennis Gruending, Eric Hamovitch, Richard Liskeard, Brian McKenna, Terry Mosher, Rae Murphy, Malcolm Reid.



Berthio, *Le Devoir*

Bilingualism and biculturalism and the federalism represented by Trudeau were inventions of English Canada to stifle separatism in Quebec without dealing with the issue. What happens now, when even the empty gesture is withdrawn?

Trudeau's broken dream

Prime Minister Trudeau didn't fare too well at a Chicoutimi rally only three days before the election. A bunch of hostile students greeted him with the slogan "Le Québec aux Québécois" to which he replied "Le Canada aux Québécois," thus confirming the fears of those who were concerned that the prime minister was engaging in "outright French Canadianism," to borrow a phrase from Douglas Alkenbrack, Tory MP for the eastern-Ontario riding of Frontenac-Lennox and Addington — heavy Loyalist sentiment there.

Whether Trudeau knew it or not, part of his 1968 mandate came from English Canadians who were fed up with the antics of disgruntled Québécois and felt that at last here was a man to put them in their place. After all, he was pretty tough on separatism, and he could be tough with the separatists in their own language, no mean feat. Besides, what harm could a few Frenchmen do in Ottawa?

Trudeau has been tough on separatism — he delivered a double whammy to some 497 law-abiding opponents of the regime in October 1970. He has also engaged in the tactic of sweet reason. (His reason may not have been sound, but it was sweet.) By allowing French-speaking Canadians to communicate with and work in the federal civil service in his father-tongue (his mother is English-speaking), what Trudeau regarded as the frustration which gave rise to Quebec nationalism could largely be siphoned off, or so he reasoned.

Trudeau seems to have lost on two counts in his efforts to bilingualize the civil service. On the one hand, he misinterpreted the recommendations of the B&B Commission to read that all civil servants should be bilingual: by jeopardizing the advancement of those who could not speak French and by thrusting language courses upon thousands of unwilling subjects, he alienated a substantial

number of Ottawa's deeply-ingrained English-speaking civil servants (the Liberals lost two Ottawa-area seats to the Tories).

On the other hand, his policy has failed to produce substantial positive results. A report leaked to the nationalist Montreal daily *Le Devoir* (and picked up by the *Toronto Star* — strange ally — and other English-language papers across the country) shows that the proportion of French-speaking people holding high posts in the federal civil service has not increased appreciably since Trudeau came into power.

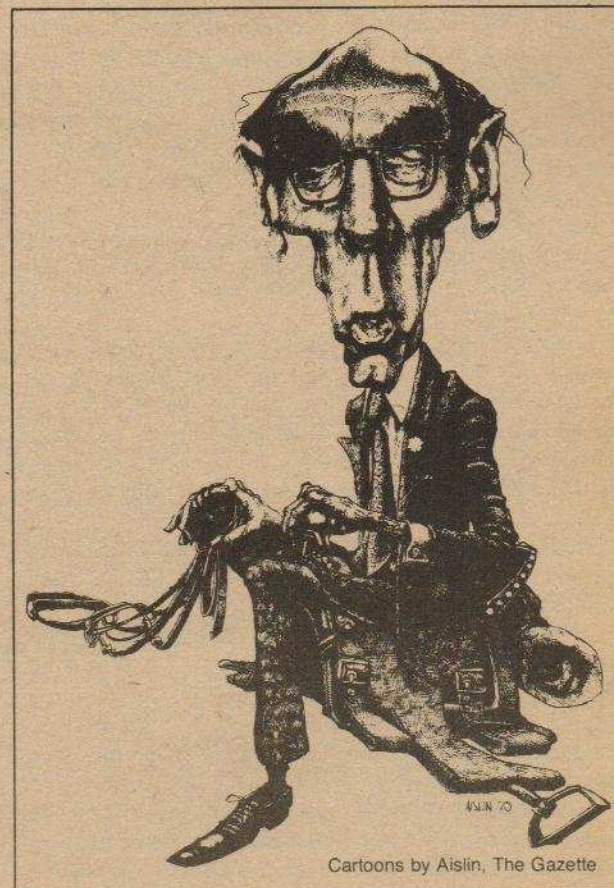
The report says that 71 per cent of those hired to fill such posts are unilingual English Canadians, that only 5.2 per cent of civil servants in Ottawa are in French-language units (1.1 per cent if you exclude language services such as the overburdened translation bureau), that only 8.1 per cent of those who take language courses follow them far enough to obtain proficiency in French (it costs \$29,000 to make an English-speaking civil servant bilingual), and that there are no French-language units in the prime minister's own department.

The federal civil service recruitment office in Quebec City, which has by far the largest number of qualified and experienced French-speaking civil servants of any Canadian city, was closed as part of Trudeau's 1969 austerity drive. The 1975 target date for full bilingualism in the civil service cannot possibly be met.

Yet there prevails among English Canadians the sentiment that somehow Trudeau is turning Canada into a French country in which English-speaking citizens are gradually losing their rights, and that the Quebec ministers in the federal government are sub-Canadians.

Late in the campaign Robert Stanfield admonished two of his candidates for using advertisements that had racist overtones. An ad for a Tory candidate in Thunder Bay read, "John Erickson knows that we need a Canadian

(Continued on page 2)



Cartoons by Aislin, *The Gazette*

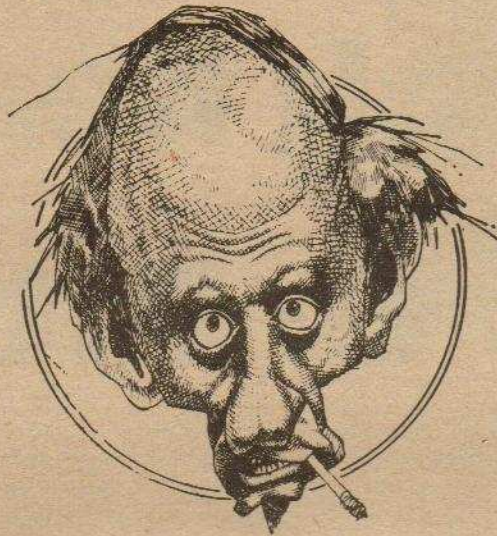
A gift for René Lévesque

The cartoon in *La Presse* summed up what the French newspapers and radio hot lines were saying the day after the deluge. Pierre Trudeau and three Quebec ministers — Jean Marchand, Gérard Pelletier and Jean-Luc Pepin — are depicted in a lifeboat, looking melancholy and wearing life jackets. The name of the boat is "French Power." And the tiller man is saying *Tout l'monde débarque*.

The 32-year-old executive assistant to another Quebec minister had trouble disguising his tears as the final results from the west rolled in. "The bastards," he spat out, "the bastards gave it to Lévesque on a silver platter. We sell Quebecers on the idea that French Canadians can participate in federalism and play an equal role in running the country. And just when it's starting to work, English Canada kicks us in the teeth."

"It's a victory for wealth and bigotry," added a Liberal backbencher from a Montreal working-class riding. "And never mind the Tories or the NDP. A lot of the Liberals who went down in Ontario and the West will blame their defeat on nothing but the backlash to French power. It's obviously a victory for Lévesque and what he's been saying. I almost hope Trudeau lets Stanfield form a government. I think we would be very interesting in opposition, especially since the only French cabinet minister the Tories would have would be that pig Wagner."

Quebec independentists were gleeful with the results, calling the Conservative showing a "trionphe orangiste," and a crushing blow for Trudeau's brand of bicultural federalism. "This shows us that Canada will never accept a strong French presence in government and the Ottawa bureaucracy," said Camille Laurin, Parti Québécois leader in the National Assembly. "The only conclusion Québécois can draw from this is simple. The only government we can ever call our own has to be



located in Quebec City and not Ottawa."

Laurin's view was reinforced as he stepped into a taxi the morning after the election. "Hey" said the driver, "they told us they don't want us in Ottawa, eh, M. Laurin. I guess we'll have to go with you guys." This attitude was shared overwhelmingly by independentists of all stripes in Quebec.

Péquistes noted that not only was over half the Liberal representation in Quebec, but that many elected outside the province were from French areas, like the five Acadian constituencies in New Brunswick, parts of Ontario and St. Boniface in Manitoba. Only one candidate in Quebec was endorsed by René Lévesque and that was Roch LaSalle, an independent who defected from the Conservatives. Lévesque even did some campaigning for LaSalle in Joliette. In 1968 the nationalist MP was

elected by a margin of 172 votes as a Conservative. This time he won by 5,000.

The feeling is that the results underscore Quebec's isolation from the rest of Canada and will provide an enormous amount of fodder for the PQ propaganda machine. "We're going to say, 'you tried Trudeau's road to Ottawa and it's a dead end'" explains one PQ strategist. "The only road left is the road to independence."

The Péquiste explained that the party is gearing for an influx of disappointed and disenchanting federalists. "This federal election has turned out to be the greatest recruitment program we could have imagined."

Left-wing unionists are somewhat fearful that an influx of disillusioned federal Liberals will further prevent the PQ from becoming a party of the left.

As for the Conservatives, they were all but demolished in Quebec, losing almost 10 percentage points of their popular vote, mostly to the Crédiistes. Claude Wagner, whose popular appeal was supposed to have built a solid Conservative base in the province, barely scraped in in St. Hyacinthe, winning by some 700 votes. The rest of the Tories' Quebec caucus is composed of Heward Grafftey, who is not on speaking terms with Wagner; in fact, they loathe each other. Grafftey managed to get elected by the simple expedient of never mentioning either Stanfield or Wagner in his speeches or his campaign literature.

The Conservatives had trouble making third place in most Montreal ridings, usually losing out to Crédiistes and NDPers. The Liberal vote was so all-encompassing in the 30 Montreal area seats that a grand total of only two opposition candidates managed to save their deposits.

However, voter turnout, especially in the Péquiste strongholds in the east-end working-class areas was very poor. In some areas it was not even 40 per cent.

(Continued from page 1)

Cabinet and a Prime Minister that will represent all Canadians." Jack Horner, re-elected with a huge majority in the Alberta riding of Crowfoot, advertised against overexpenditure of federal money in Quebec.

In most parts of the country though, anti-Quebec feeling was not expressed quite so explicitly. British Columbians regard French as a foreign language, making the Ottawa government seem all the more distant and alleviating the need for any explicit reference to the "French issue." The same is true, to a large extent, for other parts of the country.

Trudeau's most spectacular move during his time in office was undoubtedly his invocation of the War Measures Act in the absence of war or insurrection. He told a Regina audience sarcastically that the opposition would also have taken a stand against the FLQ, but "somehow the War Measures Act would have been different. It would have been gentler." Liberal minister Otto Lang told a Saskatoon rally that Trudeau had shown himself to be "strong in that he would not be bullied or blackmailed."

But one of the big surprises of the campaign was that Trudeau did not play this up any more than he did. Had he done so, he would likely have lost far less of the anti-Quebec vote.

Trudeau's Quebec policy has been two-pronged, bilingualism on the one hand and the War Measures Act on the other. He could have run on the WMA part, but he didn't; he didn't run the anti-Quebec campaign many had expected. Defending bilingualism became a bit difficult after that report was leaked, but he stuck to it.

Trudeau was supported in 1968 as a good Frenchman, a credit to his race, so to speak. Now people aren't so satisfied he's such a credit.

Of course, the racism implicit in the campaign against the "privileged position of the French" was not all. There was the cooked-up scandal over immigration: was Canada's purity being undermined by uncontrolled immigration policies? And the Canadian people were also told that they were victimized by the unemployed.

In the Toronto riding of Scarborough East, the elected Conservative was doused with champagne while he sliced into his victory cake. People are fed up with the welfare state, he told his cheering supporters. One of his chief

campaigners, an Ontario cabinet minister, gushed that "mothers were concerned about the direction youth was taking with government handouts."

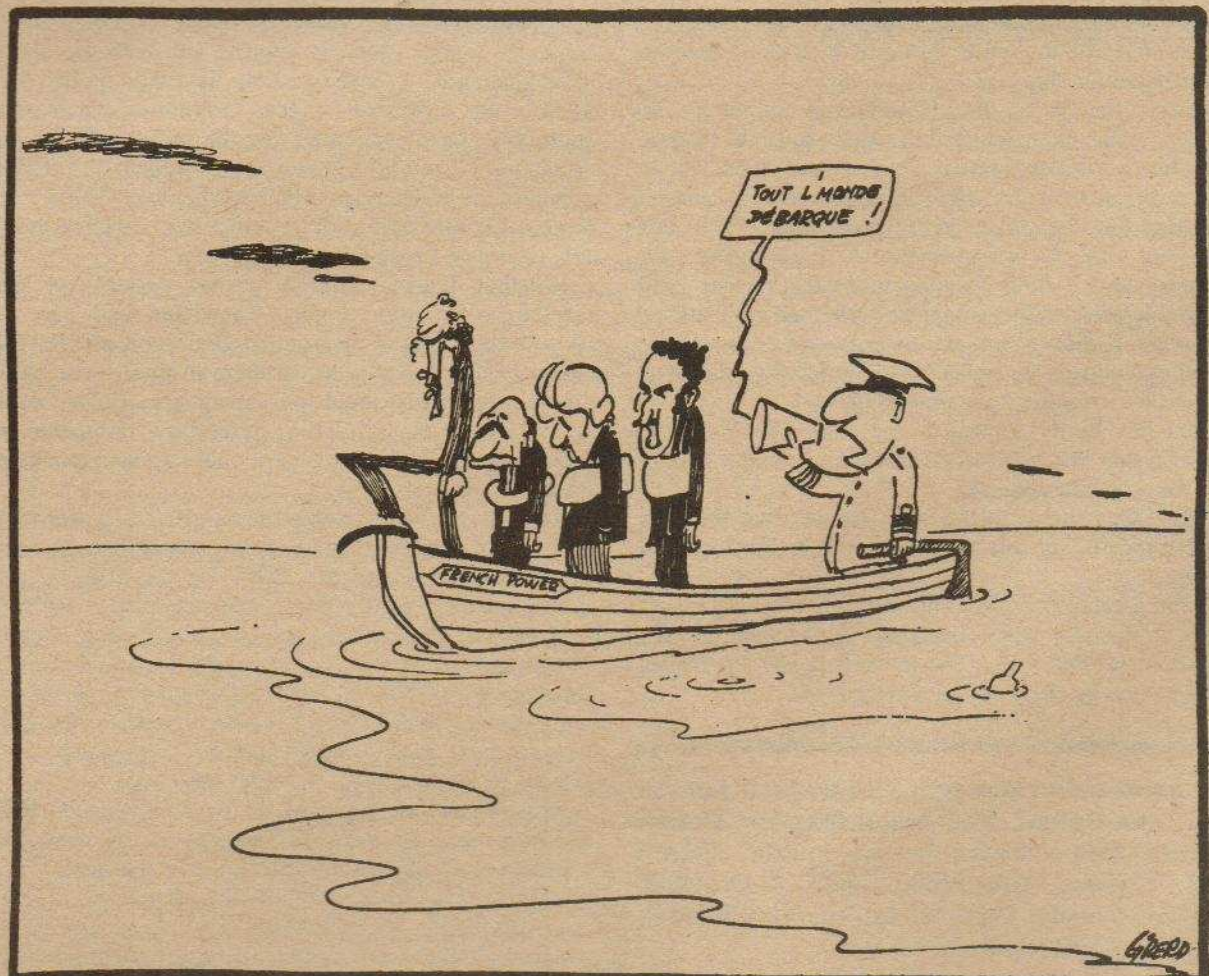
Meanwhile, the defeated candidate, Labour Minister Martin O'Connell, blamed his defeat on an "irritable, grouchy" electorate. "The underlying issue," he said "may well have been that middle income people were not prepared to accept any more of the burden of the just . . . or more equal society."

The mean, miserable and reactionary campaign that the Tories waged seemed to merge with the bitchy mood

abroad in the land. But then who created the national grouch? Things really haven't been working out right in Canada for a number of years.

An honoured place in the body of Canadian political mythology is occupied by something called "traditional voting patterns." These patterns are supposed to recur, comet-like, at regular intervals, coinciding with general elections. Their one function in life is to "reassert themselves."

The problem with the concept is that there are almost no voting patterns in this country that have remained



"Everybody off"

Girerd, La Presse

BELAND HONDERICH'S ADVICE

On foreign ownership, the Conservatives say in a policy statement they would require that Canadians be allowed to participate in the ownership and management of foreign controlled firms.

But Stanfield has said little about this program or how it would be accomplished and, in fact, has made statements recently which suggest he would do little or nothing about foreign ownership. He apparently is not prepared to establish a screening board and without a review board his policy on foreign ownership is not credible.

The easy way for a newspaper, as for a citizen, would be not to support any party in this election. But this is not a responsible course for a citizen in a democratic society — or for a newspaper that believes it has a responsibility to provide comment and opinion on the issues of the day.

We have concluded, therefore, that on the basis of the two issues that concern us most — unemployment and Canadian independence — we must withdraw our support from the Liberals . . . Of the alternatives, both of which are unattractive, we prefer the Conservatives.

— Beland H. Honderich, *Toronto Star*

stable for long enough that they could be called "traditional." British Columbia, for instance, will return pluralities of Liberals, Conservatives or New Democrats, depending on its mood.

Ontario oscillates back and forth between the Liberals and the Tories. Newfoundland, once solidly Liberal, then became solidly Conservative, and now isn't solid at all.

The only pattern that seems to be stable is a continuing instability. Five of the last seven elections have produced minority governments, and three of them have been totally inconclusive. Only twice in the last 15 years has there been a countrywide trend of any kind, and only once has there been a genuine sweep. John Diefenbaker, in 1958, took a majority of the seats in every province except Newfoundland. He won two thirds of the seats

in previously Liberal Quebec. He shut the Liberals out in all except four provinces.

Pierre Elliott Trudeau's election in 1968 was a majority of a different order. The Liberals took fifty seats fewer than the Conservatives had ten years earlier. Large parts of the country resisted Trudeau's appeal.

Newfoundland, bucking the tide again, voted Conservative out of dissatisfaction with the provincial Liberal regime. In the Maritimes it was Robert Stanfield's coat-tails, not Trudeau's, that were the decisive factor. The prairies were still Diefenbaker country, and a large proportion of the people who drifted away from the Conservatives went NDP rather than Liberal. To the extent that there was a sweep, it was concentrated in the three large provinces of Quebec, Ontario and British Columbia.

And yet, in the context of 1968, the Trudeau victory was a landslide. The country had had minority governments for the previous six years, and the happy political certainty of the Louis St-Laurent era was evidently a thing of the past. With Quebec crawling with separatists, the west mad at the east, and campus-based radicalism at its height across the country, a majority of any sort was not to be sneezed at.

The man who achieved it had unquestionably struck a popular chord. He would put us on the map, keep the country together, give us some élan. It was 1968, the year after Expo and the centennial, and in the Canada that elected Pierre Elliott Trudeau, all things were possible.

There were two overriding promises in Trudeau's 1968 campaign, one of them explicit, and the other implicit. The implicit promise was to do something about Quebec; the explicit one was to do something about regional economic disparities. "If the underdevelopment of the Atlantic provinces," Trudeau said during the campaign, "is not corrected — not by charity or subsidies but by helping them become areas of economic growth — then the unity of the country is almost as surely destroyed as it would be by the French-English confrontation."

The Quebec policy was not the only one to have problems; the regional development policy ran into snags too. The first snag was the Liberals' sorry weakness in the Atlantic provinces, and the improbability of winning any more seats in that region so long as Robert Stanfield was leader of the Conservatives: it made the electoral motivation to show results in the area somewhat

CLAUDE RYAN'S ADVICE

In the last four years, the image that we had of the Conservative party has given way to a different one. Mr. Stanfield remains the worthy man we thought we had discovered in 1968. However, as one goes west, the team that surrounds him includes a high proportion of people who have a conception of Canadian unity even more rigid than that of Mr. Trudeau. Mr. Stanfield has shown that he is open on the question of bilingualism: nevertheless, the fiercest opposition to this measure, which is only the beginning of a real solution, has come from his group. On the more difficult question of relations between Quebec and the rest of Canada, Mr. Stanfield has unceasingly reproached Mr. Trudeau for his rigidity. Each time he has been pressed to say what he would do himself, he has generally repeated in different terms the position defined by Mr. Trudeau . . .

Where the quality of its candidates warrants it, electors wishing to cast an independent vote Monday should support the NDP.

— Claude Ryan, *Montreal Le Devoir*

less urgent than it might have been.

Quebec, on the other hand, was not only a centre of Liberal strength; it was an area of the country that tended to act up, and there were distinct political advantages to keeping it quiet. More than had been expected of the industrial incentive grants handed out by Trudeau's new department of regional economic expansion went to Quebec, with correspondingly less for the Atlantic provinces. More important, the grants program showed little sign of being of much value anywhere, if we ignore for the moment its value to plant-owners.

By 1971, the government's regional development policy was coming under heavy criticism, notably from the areas it was supposed to be developing. It was criticism of the way the government was proceeding, and not of

(Continued on page 4)

The bored leading the bored

It is one of the more distasteful aspects of our parliamentary democracy that general elections afford the national press the occasion to display by far its shoddiest wares.

Usually, it does little harm to be intermittently reminded of the moribund state of political writing in this country, which can be laid at the doorstep of incompetence, the generally inferior character of the public education system, and the fact that newspapers are, after all, owned by the same class that operate used car lots, erect tenements, and appear at weekly Chamber of Commerce gatherings.

A country that has made Charles Lynch the highest-paid reporter, and Peter Newman the most respected political analyst, has much to answer for.

It is people like these, it must be remembered, that brought us Trudeaumania, the Gerda Munsinger affair and intermittent reports of Soviet infiltration, and skilfully guided a troubled nation through the dark nights of the War Measures Act with restraint, fortitude and keen perceptivity.

Rarely, however, has such spontaneous consensus emerged from the Ottawa Press Gallery's Tower of Babel as during the months of September and October immediately past. A deeply thought-out set of alternatives were outlined for a people who after all, needed to have the problems defined for them:

Check one.

Pierre Elliott Trudeau is:

- arrogant
- cloistered in an ivory tower
- unconcerned
- a man who never had to work for a living
- a crypto-socialist.

Robert Stanfield is uncharismatic but:

- honest
- diligent
- solid

— a man who deserves a chance.

The government is full of:

- technocrats
- bureaucrats
- autocrats
- hippies
- Frenchmen.

The country is:

- disillusioned
- weary
- searching
- angry.

Mr. Trudeau has many faults, but one of them is not his contempt for the press.

The press believes — and perhaps it has a point — that it made Pierre Elliott Trudeau. And the press has been scorned. Hence it has the right to unmake Pierre Elliott Trudeau. This is, if not acceptable, at least inevitable. The national press, however, went beyond.

"I know that one way to get a story onto the front page this time is to make my lead somebody saying there are no issues in this election," a Toronto reporter lamented last month.

And the word spread. From the first week of the election, the editorialists — all failed grammar school teachers — proclaimed this is a dull election, an election with no issues save what Mr. Lewis was raising, an election with no meat in it.

In 1968, Pierre Elliott Trudeau was bragging that he conducted an election campaign making "no promises." That is code for "no issues."

But 1972 had more issues than the last three federal elections combined. Housing policy, pipelines, regional disparity policy, the tax system, welfare, immigration policy, Quebec, dying farms, wheat prices, fisheries policy, industrial development policy, local initiatives policy, youth policy, northern development, language pol-

icy, civil service, unemployment, food prices, wage-price controls, strikes, pensions . . .

The press, however, was bored.

More than that, the press did two things: it consciously and systematically avoided serious coverage reflecting the debate over these issues, so as to give the public the impression that nothing of any substance was being debated; and it decided on its own what the real issues were.

Of course, traditional lip-service was paid to unemployment and inflation as the key issues. That being despatched, the Toronto papers decided that the awkward influx of Caribbeans, and the excessive spending on unemployment insurance cheques, were the issues that the government was ignoring. The *Toronto Star* boldly declared on its front page that the unemployment insurance situation was such a scandal that it was the main issue in the election.

Few Canadians are really aware of the domination of the Toronto press over what they will read in Saskatchewan papers or see on Newfoundland television stations. Because much of the Ottawa "commentator corps" is employed or syndicated by the Toronto media, and because Canadian Press carries lightly rewritten stories from the Toronto papers on its service a great deal of the time, the power of the Toronto clique is amplified through CP, and Broadcast News, the CP service which forms the basis of most private radio and TV newscasts.

Tied to the Toronto clique of the *Toronto Star*, the *Globe and Maclean's*, is the Ottawa clique of Southam, FP and CBC, which boast such hearties as Charles Lynch, and Ron "No-Problem" Collister.

It is the task of these men, knit even more tightly by being on the campaign trail together during election time, to tell us when to be bored, and when to be angry.

Sensing their true calling, they achieved the former magnificently.

THIS TIME Ottawa-Carleton is "going Conservative"

with STROME GALLOWAY

"HE IS NOT AFRAID TO BE EITHER FOR OR AGAINST"

He is for — an 'incentive society' which encourages honest effort, reduces unemployment, results in social stability and gives Youth a challenge and a decent chance to meet it.

He is for — a sensible bilingual policy that will encourage friendly communication between French-speaking and English-speaking Canadians.

He is for — a fair deal for Senior Citizens, older War Veterans and other Fixed Income Citizens, those who have worked, fought and suffered through hard times to help build Canada.

He is for — our Parliamentary heritage with its century-old traditions, its dignity and its democratic processes.

He is for — a Canada which accepts its role in the World as a trustworthy member of NATO and the UN

He is against — Trudeau's 'welfare society, which lives off the taxpayers' hard-earned dollars, accepts unemployment and breeds social unrest.

He is against — Trudeau's misoriented bilingual policy, which is dividing the country and polarizing our two Founding Peoples.

He is against — Wasting the taxpayers' money on crazy programs in aid of Communist agitators, homosexuals, drug addicts, U.S. Army deserters and draft-dodgers, as the Trudeau government is now doing.

He is against — the "creeping republicanism" and "Presidential tendencies" which are evident in the Trudeau administration, and completely un-Canadian.



STROME GALLOWAY

Strome Galloway was big on discipline up in Ottawa Carleton

(Continued from page 3)

the concept of a regional development policy, but it was criticism nevertheless and Jean Marchand, the minister responsible for the program, didn't like it.

By mid-1972 one of Marchand's most effective critics, the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council, had toned down, fearing its attacks might help kill the scheme entirely. But there was another phenomenon to reckon with: several corporations shut down their Ontario plants and moved to the Maritimes, to escape high wages and troublesome unions — and collect a government regional development grant. That didn't help the government much with the difficult task of selling its plan in Ontario. It was the two rich provinces of Ontario and British Columbia that were to cost Trudeau his majority.

The regional development program, and the Trudeau government in general, also had the misfortune to be around at a time when the economic boom of the sixties was coming to an end. Liberal governments, prepared to use only a limited range of measures, can have only a partial effect on the state of the economy in the best of circumstances. In Canada, tied to the United States so that its economy is at least as sensitive to changes in American policy as it is to anything Ottawa does, the government is almost totally at the whim of circumstances beyond its control.

Still, what the Trudeau government actually did only aggravated the situation. It perceived inflation as the principal problem, and in order to fight it took measures to slow down the economy, with the inevitable consequence of increased unemployment.

The result, after three years of the policy, was high inflation and unemployment. The United States, without

the benefit of Trudeconomics, had roughly the same thing, but voters have always held their governments responsible for the state of the economy and Trudeau's burden was a heavy one.

As it became clear that the presence of Pierre Elliott Trudeau in the Prime Minister's Office would not lead to miracles, the perception of him as a man changed too.

The streak of arrogance and aloofness in his personality that had been overlooked in 1968 was noticed with increasing frequency. He was the man who asked western farmers why he should sell their wheat, who said opposition MPs were nobodies a hundred yards from the House of Commons, who told the Lapalme Guys to eat shit and Newfoundland Conservative MPs Jim McGrath and John Lundrigan to fuck off.

The piddling questions

His four years were running out. He wanted to wait until the economic situation improved before calling an election, but the economic situation didn't improve. He tried to patch things up with business, usually Liberal but now reported looking longingly toward the Conservatives.

Finance Minister Benson had displeased business with his talk of tax reform (which didn't amount to much when it finally assumed the form of legislation): he was replaced. Labour Minister Mackasey had displeased business with his reform of the labour code: he was replaced. Corporate Affairs Minister Basford had displeased business with his competition act: he, too, was replaced. A May budget included substantial tax concessions for business; the long-awaited foreign-ownership policy turned out to have all the power of a popgun.

First the election was going to be in April, then in June; Trudeau played on the developing anticipation, but always chickened out before it was too late. There was still little sign that defections from the Liberals would be massive (perhaps only because of the weakness of the opposition), but the 1972 election would clearly not be another 1968. When Trudeau finally bit the bullet as August turned into September he did not walk, in the immortal words of Peter C. Newman, "into the future, burdened with hope." He was scared to death.

He put on a brave front, told Peter Desbarats of the *Toronto Star* that he hoped people would listen to him this time, presumably not just adore him. He also mentioned that he saw the election as "a catharsis, as a bath of fire in which you're purified, and you settle all the piddling questions of whether this little thing was right or wrong."

And so he went among the masses. "The Land Is Strong," he sloganized. He said that "the onslaught of dissatisfaction and disbelief that Canada could even stay together four years ago has been dissipated." He

said that "Canada now weighs in the world with the full weight of its potentialities." In Summerside, PEI, he asked for a mandate to continue the "social journey." In Vancouver, B.C., he told a man pestering him about Vietnam to "fuck off." Trudeau went from coast to coast speaking to Canadians, but always the "piddling questions" came up.

Throughout the campaign, Statistics Canada kept issuing reports citing the jobless increase and the increase in the cost of living. The so-called battle against inflation had been lost although more than seven per cent of the work force were thrown into the breach. As prices rose, Trudeau expressed his joy that the farmer was getting a better price — he wasn't, but that was just another piddling question.

There was a continuing shortage of jobs, but that was because there were too many kids born after the war. Regional disparity grew, but then that was yet another piddling question. And so the Trudeau procession rolled along.

With the exception of David Lewis, who took a leaf from George McGovern's campaign book and launched out at "corporate welfare bums" and other things that go bump in the night during the later stages of People's Capitalism, the campaign seemed to be programmed well enough.

Yet things began to go wrong. Trudeau seemed (at least to the *Toronto Globe and Mail*) to swagger, and if the Canadian people didn't want a prime minister who swaggered then Trudeau had had it. Simple.

And Trudeau was vulnerable. He was locked into a set of policies which were centred on his brand of federalism, and the centre was not holding. Time was growing short.

A bitter Bryce Mackasey, with an obvious allusion to his Ontario cabinet colleagues, blamed the Liberal loss on a lack of courage to defend government policies. But what was there to defend? The essential attack on the government came from the right, while it was itself moving toward the right.

Thus the problem is not so much that Trudeau deserved to be defeated and in fact was, the problem is how, why and by whom. True enough, the Liberals deserved everything they got. But in the debacle we seem to have gotten Stanfield. And what did we do to deserve that?

LAST
POST

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RAY GUY'S ADVICE

The best vote in this election is no vote at all. No matter how you look at it.

They might, if they see there's no votes coming in from Newfoundland, get excited and send us down bigger parcels of money.

Better still, they might go about their business and leave us alone.

For what little entertainment we got out of this election none of these birds deserves a vote. That's the only thing you get out of elections in the long run — a few laughs while these nut cases are dashing about cutting each other's throats.

You may feel it's worth the effort just to get at least seven of these jokers out of Newfoundland and settled away in a nice house in Ottawa.

But they won't guarantee us they'll stay away. Chances are that in a few years' time they'll be back here inflicting themselves on us again.

Don't vote — it only encourages them.

— Ray Guy, St. John's *Evening Telegram*

Canadian sexual mores pilloried in Fruet's film

It seems fashionable now, and has been for the past few years, to accept that sexual morality has changed, that we are much more "liberated" about dealing with our bodies — the new morality. But somehow it doesn't ring true.

For all our so-called sexual liberation we still hold many of the repressive "old" mores. Like our parents, who made sex secretive and dirty, we too are often too afraid to discuss sexuality openly. "Liberation", for some women, has come to mean chalking up a drunken rape to seduction — "it was my own fault"; for some men it means taking for granted the woman is using birth control, so sexual exploitation has no obligations.

So where is the change?

Wedding in White, at the International Cinema, is a film about the so-called "old morality". Set in the forties in Canada, it has many things to say about North American sexuality today.

The Dougall family is a poor white working class family struggling to make ends meet during the Second World War. The film deals primarily with this family trying to handle that oh-so-contradictory morality: sex is dirty, but it's great for the men.

The women suffer silently.

And Jenny (Carol Kane) the daughter, suffers the most from this contradiction and confusion. A self-consciously plain and naive girl of sixteen, she is caught up in the romance and glamour of movie stars — a sharp contrast to her own existence.

She constantly compares herself with her "worldly" and well-lipsticked girlfriend, Dolly, (Doris Petrie) always coming out the inferior. Insecure and lonely, she is a prime target for any man with the right words.

When her brother brings home an army buddy, Bill (Doug McGrath), on leave, she is all too eager to believe his advances are sincere. "I think he likes me," she tells Dolly in her constant competition to out-do her girlfriend.

She learns, soon enough, his real intentions, when he rapes her on her own parlor couch. And the ensuing pregnancy leads into the pitiful plan to bury "the shame and disgrace she has brought upon this house and family" in a marriage to her father's old World War I drinking buddy, Sandy Cleo Phillips.

The story is set in wartime, a time when men are actively trying to prove their masculinity at every turn — and there are plenty of opportunities.

Of course there is the war. Dad Dougall reminisces constantly with his old war buddies at the legion hall about first world war experiences — reliving every precious moment when they were glorious and honorable and, perhaps, had some worth, if only as canon fodder, defending "the Empire". And since it is wartime again, the greatest pride to the Dougalls is their son in the army — even though he hasn't been sent overseas, yet.

But, as in every war, and any time when people aren't allowed to live and work and relate normally sex becomes a compulsion rather than an expression.

It is ironic that the story of Jenny's pregnancy is an exact rerun of her own mother's position during the former war. "But at least I married you," Mr. Dougall protests to his wife.

This perceptiveness in the film implies that these two women are not exceptions, that this story happens often to other women — even today, with the so-called "new morality" which pressures women in subtle forms of rape and men into more complex masculinity tests.

The film illustrates how the family (the Dougalls) only serves to reinforce this repressed sexuality on all its members, not only the children.

The mother recalls how she "was taken before the wedding" — and not exactly willingly. Her husband can only reply, "I don't remember it that way."

The daughter-victim is accused of being the perpetrator of her own downfall, called a slut and tramp by a furious father who



Sexual competitiveness among young girls is a theme of *Wedding in White*.

attempts to beat her for her victimization — he can't believe that a "soldier — a man of honour" could be the one to blame.

But this dual morality that seems to serve men, is not gratifying for them either. Dougall's long time WWI buddy, Sandy, drowns his regrets about never marrying and having a family in innumerable beers and drunken stupors. And Dougall is more than eager to be his drinking mate. Drunk, they can forget the alienation of the present and live in the WWI romance of "Mademoiselle from Armentiers."

Strangely enough, in some of the most poignant and pitifully sad scenes of the film, the audience broke into (nervous) laughter. The concepts of potency, masculinity and repressed sexuality exist today for many people much as they did in the '40's and perhaps it touched a few people too close for comfort.

After all, the whole portrayal is very real. The acting is superb. The roles are very

demanding, but the players seem like naturals. Like many recent films (*The Last Picture Show, Mon Oncle Antoine,*) the actors are not glamorous or even particularly attractive — they are real people.

Special praise must be given to Donald Pleasance, who to me, has always been a "what's-his-name-I've-seen-him-somewhere" actor. He exemplifies the sadness and alienation of a man whose only identity is in the past.

The other outstanding quality in the film is Richard Leiterman's photography. An NFB veteran, and photographer of *Goin' Down the Road*, he captures visually the dramatic mood set by the screenplay and actors. Just prior to the rape scene, as Billy approaches Jenny lying on the couch in the half-light of the parlor, his shadow creeps over her body, eventually covering her. These techniques, plus Leiterman's skillful angle shots contribute to the general intensity of this sad and passionate film.

Harriet Kideckel

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The politics of female orgasm

Tiresias, who had been both man and woman, was asked, as Ovid's legend goes, to mediate a dispute between Jove and Juno as to which sex got more pleasure from love-making. Tiresias unhesitatingly answered that women did. Yet in the intervening 2,000 years between Ovid's time and our own, a mythology has been built up which not only holds the opposite to be true, but has made this belief an unswerving ideology dictating the quality of relations between the sexes.

Woman's sexuality, defined by men to benefit men, has been downgraded and perverted, repressed and channeled, denied and abused until women themselves, thoroughly convinced of their sexual inferiority to men, would probably be dumfounded to learn that there is scientific proof that Tiresias was indeed right.

The myth was codified by Freud, as much as by anyone else. In *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality*, Freud formulated his basic ideas concerning feminine sexuality: for little girls, the leading erogenous zone in their bodies is the clitoris; in order for the transition to womanhood to be successful, the clitoris must abandon its sexual primacy to the vagina; women in whom this transition has not been complete remain clitorially-oriented, or "sexually anaesthetic", and "psychosexually immature."

"The fact that women change their leading erotogenic zone in this way (Freud wrote) together with the wave of repression at puberty, which, as it were, puts aside their childish masculinity, are the chief determinants of the greater proneness of women to neurosis and especially to hysteria. These determinants, therefore, are intimately related to the essence of femininity."

In the context of Freud's total psychoanalytic view of women — that they are not whole human beings, but mutilated males who long all their lives for a penis and must struggle to reconcile themselves to its lack — the requirement of a transfer of erotic sensation from clitoris to vagina became a prima facie case for their inevitable sexual (and moral) inferiority. In Freud's logic, those who struggle to become what they are not must be inferior to that to which they aspire.

Freud wrote that he could not "escape the notion (though I hesitate to give it expression) that for women the level of what is ethically normal is different from what it is in men..." "We must not allow ourselves to be deflected from such conclusions by the denials of the feminists, who are anxious to force us to regard the two sexes as completely equal in position and worth."

Freud himself admitted near the end of his life that his knowledge of women was inadequate. "If you want to know more about femininity, you must interrogate your own experience, or turn to the poets, or wait until science can give you more information," he said; he also expressed the hope that the female psychoanalysts who followed him would be able to find out more. But, the post-Freudians adhered rigidly to the doctrine of the master, and, as in most of his work, what Freud hoped would be taken as a thesis for future study became instead a kind of canon law.

While the neo-Freudians haggled over the correct reading of the Freudian bible, watered-down Freudianism was wending its way into the cultural mythology via Broadway plays, novelists, popular magazines, social scientists, marriage counselors, and experts of various kinds who found it useful in projecting desired images of women.

The superiority of the vaginal orgasm was particularly useful as a theory, since it provided a convenient basis for categorization: clitoral women were deemed immature, neurotic, bitchy, and masculine; women who had vaginal orgasms were maternal, feminine, mature, and normal. Though frigidity should technically be defined as total inability to achieve orgasm, the orthodox Freudians (and pseudo-Freudians) preferred to define it as inability to achieve vaginal orgasm, by which definition, in 1944, Edmond Bergler adjudged between 70 and 80 per cent of all women frigid. The clitoral versus vaginal debate raged hot and heavy among the sexologists — although Kinsey's writings stressed the importance of the clitoris to female orgasm and contradicted Bergler's statistics — but it became clear that there was something indispensable to the society in the Freudian view which allowed it to remain unchallenged in the public consciousness.

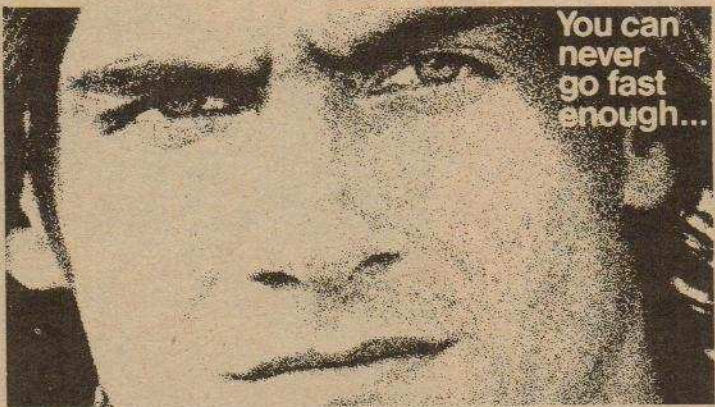
In 1966, Dr. William H. Masters and Virginia E. Johnson published *Human Sexual Response*, a massive clinical study of the physiology of sex. Briefly and simply, the Masters and Johnson conclusions about the female orgasm, based on observation of and interviews with 487 women, were these:

"1) That the dichotomy of vaginal and clitoral orgasms is entirely false. Anatomically, all orgasms are centered in the clitoris, whether they result from direct manual pressure applied to the clitoris, indirect pressure resulting from the thrusting of penis during intercourse, or generalized sexual stimulation of other erogenous zones like the breasts.

"2) That women are naturally multi-



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orgasmic; that is, if a woman is immediately stimulated following orgasm, she is likely to experience several orgasms in rapid succession. This is not an exceptional occurrence, but one of which most women are capable.

"3) That while women's orgasms do not vary in kind, they vary in intensity. The most intense orgasms experienced by the research subjects were by masturbatory manual stimulation, followed in intensity by manual stimulation by the partner; the least intense orgasms were experienced by women during intercourse.

"4) That the female orgasm is as real and identifiable a physiological entity as the male's; it follows the same pattern of erection and detumescence of the clitoris, which may be seen as the female equivalent of the penis.

"5) That there is an "infinite variety of female sexual response" as regards intensity and duration of orgasms."

To anyone acquainted with the body of existing knowledge of feminine sexuality, the Masters and Johnson findings were truly revolutionary and liberating in the extent to which they demolished the established myths. Yet six years after the study was published, it seems hardly to have made much of an impact at all. Certainly it is not for lack of information that the myths persist. *Human Sexual Response*, despite its weighty scientific language, was an immediate best-seller, and popular paperbacks explicated it to millions of people in simpler language and at a cheaper price. The mythology remains intact because a male-dominated culture has a vested interest in its continuance.

William Masters had searched for a woman co-worker for his research because, as he said, "No male really understands female sexuality." Before Masters and Johnson, female sexuality had been objectively defined and described by men; the subjective experience of women had had no part in defining their own sexuality.

And, men defined feminine sexuality in a way as favourable to themselves as possible. If woman's pleasure was obtained through the vagina, then she was totally dependent on the man's erect penis to achieve orgasm; she would receive her satisfaction only as a concomitant of man's seeking his. With the clitoral orgasm, woman's sexual pleasure was independent of the male's, and she could seek her satisfaction as aggressively as the man sought his, a prospect which didn't appeal to too many men. The definition of normal feminine sexuality as vaginal, in other words, was a part of keeping women down, of making them sexually, as well as economically, socially, and politically subservient.

In retrospect, particularly with the additional perspective of our own time, Freud's theory of feminine sexuality appears an historical rationalization for

the realities of Victorian society. Culture-bound in the Victorian ethos, Freud has to play the role of paterfamilias. Serving the ethos, he developed a psychology that robbed Victorian women of possible politics. In Freud's theory of penis envy, the penis functioned as the unalterable determinant of maleness which women could symbolically envy instead of the power and prestige given men by the society. It was a refusal to grant women acknowledgement that they had been wronged by their culture and their times, according to Freud, woman's lower status had not been conferred upon her by men, but by God, who had created her without a penis.

Freud's insistence on the superiority of the vaginal orgasm seems almost a demonic determination on his part to finalize the Victorian's repression of feminine eroticism, to stigmatize the remaining vestiges of pleasure felt by women, and thus make them unacceptable to the women themselves. For there were still women whose sexuality hadn't been completely destroyed, as evidenced by one Dr. Isaac Brown Baker, a surgeon who performed numerous clitoridectomies on women to prevent the sexual excitement which, he was convinced, caused "insanities", "catalepsy," "hysteria," "epilepsy," and other diseases. The Victorians had needed to repress sexuality for the success of Western industrialized society; in particular, the total repression of woman's sexuality was crucial to ensure her subjugation. So the Victorians honoured only the male ejaculation, that aspect of sexuality which was necessary to the survival of the species; the male ejaculation made women submissive to sex by creating a mystique of the sanctity of motherhood; and, supported by Freud, passed on to us the heritage of the double standard.

When Kinsey laid to rest the part of the double standard that maintained women got no pleasure at all from sex, everyone cried out that there was a sexual revolution afoot. But, such talk, as usual, was deceptive. Morality, outside the marriage bed, remained the same, and children were socialized as though Kinsey had never described what they would be like when they grew up. Boys were taught that they should get their sex where they could find it, "go as far" as they could. On the old assumption that women were sexual creatures, girls were taught that since they needed sex less than boys did, it was up to them to impose sexual restraints. In whatever sex education adolescents did manage to receive, they were told that men had penises and women vaginas; the existence of the clitoris was not mentioned, and *pleasure* in sex was never discussed at all.

Adolescent boys growing up begging for sexual crumbs from girls frightened for their "reputations" — a situation that remains unchanged to this day — hardly

constitutes the vanguard of a sexual revolution. However, the marriage-manual craze that followed Kinsey assumed that a lifetime of psychological destruction could, with the aid of a little booklet, be abandoned after marriage, and that husband and wife should be able to make sure that the wife was not robbed of her sexual brithright to orgasm; just so long as it was *vaginal*.

The effect of the marriage manuals of course ran counter to their ostensible purpose. Under the guise of frankness and sexual liberation, they dictated prudery and restraint. Sex was made so mechanized, detached, and intellectual that it was robbed of its sensuality. Man became a spectator of his own sexual experience. And, the marriage manuals put new pressure on women. The swing was from repression to pre-occupation with the orgasm. Men took the marriage manuals to mean that their sexuality would be enhanced by bringing women to orgasm and, again, co-opting feminine sexuality for their own ends they put pressure on women to perform. The endorsement by the marriage manuals of vaginal orgasm insured that women would be asked not only, "Did you come?" but also, "Did you conform to Freud's conception of a psychosexually mature woman, and thereby validate my masculinity?"

Rather than being revolutionary, the present sexual situation is tragic. Appearances notwithstanding, the age-old taboos against conversation about personal sexual experiences still haven't broken down. This reticence has allowed the mind-manipulators of the media to create myths of sexual supermen and superwomen. So, the bed becomes a competitive arena, where men and women measure themselves against these mythical rivals, while simultaneously trying to live up to the ecstasies promised them by the marriage manuals and the fantasies of the media. ("If the earth doesn't move for me, I must be missing something," the reasoning goes.) Our society treats sex as a sport, with its recordbreakers, its judges, its rules, and its spectators.

As anthropologists have shown, women's sexual response is culturally conditioned; historically, women defer to whatever model of their sexuality is offered them by men. So the sad thing for women is that they have helped make the vaginal orgasm into a status symbol in a male-dictated system of values. A woman would now perceive her preference for a clitoral orgasm as a "secret shame," ignominious in the eyes of other women as well as those of men. This internalization can be seen in the literature: Mary McCarthy's and Doris Lessing's writing on orgasms do not differ substantially from D. H. Lawrence's and Ernest Hemingway's, and even Simone de Beauvoir, in the *Second Sex*, refers to vaginal orgasm as the only "normal satisfaction."

Rather than working to alleviate the pressure on them, women have increased it. Feeling themselves insecure in a competitive situation, they are afraid to admit their own imagined inadequacies, and lie to other women about their sexual experiences. With their men, they often fake orgasm to appear "good in bed" and thus place an intolerable physical burden on themselves and a psychological burden on the men unlucky enough to see through the ruse.

One factor that has made this unfortunate situation possible is ignorance: the more subtle and delicate aspects of human sexuality are still not fully understood. For example, a woman's ability to attain orgasm seems to be conditioned as much by her emotions as by physiology and sociology. Masters and Johnson proved that the orgasm experienced, the misnamed vaginal orgasm, did not differ *anatomically* from the clitoral orgasm. But this should not be seen as their most significant contribution to the sexual emancipation of women. A difference remains in the *subjective* experience of orgasm during intercourse and orgasm apart from intercourse. In the complex of emotional factors affecting feminine sexuality, there is a whole panoply of pleasures: the pleasure of being penetrated and filled by a man, the pleasure of sexual communication, the pleasure of affording a man his orgasm, the erotic pleasure that exists even when the sex is not terminated by orgasmic release. Masters and Johnson's real contribution was to stress and "infinite variety of female sexual response." One should be able to appreciate the differences, rather than impose value judgements on them.

There is no doubt that Masters and Johnson were fully aware of the implications of their study to the sexual liberation of women. As they wrote, "With orgasmic physiology established, the human female now has an undeniable opportunity to develop realistically her own sexual response levels." Four years later this statement seems naive and entirely too optimistic. Certainly, the sexual problems of our society will never be solved until there is real and unfeigned equality between men and women. This idea is usually misconstrued: sexual liberation for women is wrongly understood to mean that women will adopt all the forms of masculine sexuality. As in the whole issue of women's liberation, that's really not the point. Women don't aspire to imitate the mistakes of men in sexual matters, to view sexual experiences as conquest and ego-enhancement, to use other people to serve their own ends. But if the Masters and Johnson material is allowed to filter into the public consciousness, then woman at long last will be allowed to take the first step toward her emancipation,

Susan Lydon

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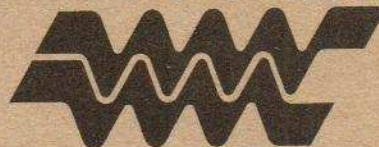
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THE GRADUATE ASSISTANTS ASSOCIATION

Last spring the GSU published the GA REPORT. This report was comprehensive survey of the wages and working conditions of every teaching assistant, demonstrator, grader and marker employed by the University.

The major findings of the report were:

a) Although there was a provincial wage ceiling of \$1800, **ONLY 30% OF ALL GRADUATE ASSISTANTS WERE EARNING THAT AMOUNT.** Despite the fact that the ceiling has now been increased to \$2400, **THERE HAS BEEN NO INCREASE IN PAY!**

b) The average wage paid to GAs was less than \$1000.

c) 28% of all graduate students are women, but they only comprise 16%

of the total of gas.

d) Although close to 40% OF ALL TEACHING IS DONE BY GAs, they have virtually **NO REPRESENTATION OR VOICE IN ANY POLICY-MAKING PROCESSES WHICH AFFECT THEIR WORK.** They have little voice concerning classroom size, content of the course or student-teacher ratios. Furthermore, there is no formal representation of GAs on any governing body of the University.

WHAT CAN BE DONE

The findings of the **GA Report** convinced a large number of graduate students that a union for graduate assistants was necessary. The GSU supported this move and has supplied some funds and office assistance to get the GAA started. The union is open to **all demonstrators, teaching assistants, graders, markers, post-doctoral fellows, and fourth-year students who are employed by the University of Toronto.** In July we asked the University for voluntary recognition; **this was refused.** This left us with no option but to form a legally certifiable union. Once we are certified, the University is required, by law, to enter into bargaining with us. Further-

more, according to law, they are required to bargain in good faith.

As a union, if successful in our bargaining, among the gains we can win are:

a) Medical and fringe benefits. GAs are the only University employees who receive no medical or fringe benefits.

b) Job security and seniority rights. Most GAs do not know from one year to the next whether they will be working. We can change that.

c) Higher pay.

d) A voice in the classroom regarding content, structure, and student-teacher ratios.

e) Office space and office supplies.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

Already a sizeable number of GAs, from a variety of departments, have joined the GAA. You too can join the GAA. At present, the GAA has no formal existence. By your joining, you can create a well-functioning GAA, direct its future course, and formulate

its policies.

There will be a series of meetings at the GSU, 16 Bancroft Ave, on November 7, 8 and 9. The meetings are scheduled from 4-6 on those days. The meetings will be both informational and organizational.

All GAs are urged to attend

For more information, contact your department's GSU representative or call the GSU at 928-7057, 6233 or 2391, and watch VARSITY for future announcements.

Yes concert is marred by unendurable sound

This past Tuesday night was a time for ghosts and goblins, the annual drag parade up Yonge Street and coincidentally this year, a Yes concert at Maple Leaf Gardens.

The concert left me in an ambivalent mood. There was disappointment at the Yes' lack of absolute perfection but there was still an immense respect for the level of true musicianship and seriousness that was conveyed by the knitted brows of the intent group and conveyed in sound by the kinetic vibrations that throbbed through the audience.

For some unknown reason, Yes chose the Gardens to tape their next album. The acoustics of

the home of the Maple Leafs hockey team is designed for anything but the subtleties of Yes' brand of music. So the audience had to wait for about an hour while the stage was carefully set up. As it turned out much of the session was made unusable because of some very annoying buzzing caused by interference between the recording lines and the PA system. Like almost all Gardens' rock concerts the volume was far above an endurable level probably because the sound engineers have some grave hearing deficiencies by now.

The concert opened in the blackness of the arena pun-

ctuated by a firefly array of lighted matches. An orchestrated tape began to swell and meld into a crossover with the mellotron and drums as the lights unfolded the group on stage.

The concert (and likely the next album) was largely composed of previously recorded material including all the selections from the new Yes album *Close to the Edge* and some parts of *Fragile* Beginning with *Siberian Khatru*, the concert flowed into a lilting drum phased, *All Good People*, followed by *And You and I*. Then Steve Howe took the spotlight with some solo acoustic guitar work that featured an impressive (but flawed) version of the

classically flavoured *Mood For A Day*. The band came back to *Fragile* for *Heart of Sunrise* and then went into their epic, *Close to the Edge*. Rick Wakeman's keyboard solo was then followed by *Roundabout*. For the finale, Yes responded to the standing ovation with a new song *Yours is No Disgrace*.

Yes were remarkably true to their recordings, especially on the material from *Close to the Edge*. That was, in fact, a remarkable feat considering the complete, cinematic nature of their music. All the dramatic changes were right on cue, in tune and confident. The music is interdependent on each members' talent and deftness, and it was a treat to see such difficult sounds mesh together with complete precision.

Rick Wakeman was especially

brilliant and obviously an essential part of the Yes sound. Playing 5 keyboard instruments, including grand piano, electric piano, organ, mellotron and synthesizer. The wizard-like Wakeman was always in motion and never erred in his lightening transitions.

The essence of the night's disappointment came with the quintet's best song-assemblage, *Roundabout*. It was lacking the driving force of former drummer Bill Bruford but it also suffered from bass lines that were not as chunky and crisp as they could have been. But the band's achievements were nonetheless amazing considering the demanding, artful editing of the music. Most rock bands would have enough trouble trying to put Yes' music together in a studio.

Allan Mandell

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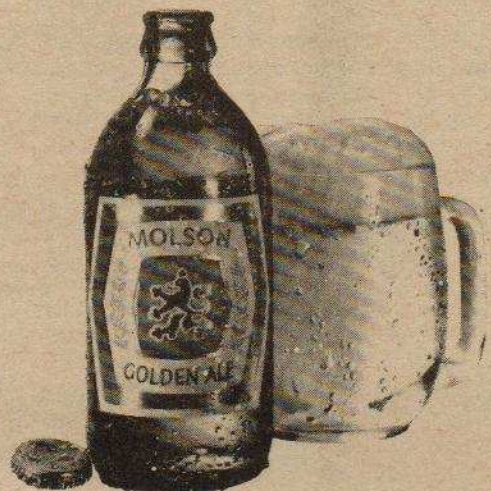
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In urgent circumstances, the Library will attempt to continue services from these collections during the move. Please call 6107 (Rare Books) or 2277 (University Archives) for details.

Watsup

theatre

Early November finds us shoulder deep in premieres. A two week multi-cultural theatre festival is being held at the St Lawrence Centre Town Hall, November 5 through 19. Toronto's various ethnic groups will have the opportunity of sampling plays in German, Ukrainian, Yiddish, Czechoslovakian, French and even English. Incidentally, if you missed the Theatre du Petit Bonheur's fine production of Jean Barbeau's two one-acters, **Solange** and **Goglu**, you can catch it there on the fourteenth. The same company will offer its second production this year starting November 9: **Les Bonnes**, by Jean Genet, whose plays are a rare experience in the poetry of theatre. More St. Lawrence Centre fare: its repertory company opens November 7 with a dramatic adaptation of Franz Kafka's **The Trial**. Creation Two presents **Midway Priest**, a new Canadian play, at Actor's Studio, starting November 9. The Poor Alex Theatre features **Goat Island** by Ugo Betti from November 9 until December 2. Its designer is Hart House Theatre veteran Stephan Katz.

Speaking of artists in our midst, Nancy Reason, a third year English major from University College, has written **Old Friends**, finishing Saturday at the UC playhouse. The setting: an old lake-side hotel in Switzerland. The characters, Laura, Muriel and David. Sounds like our old friend, psychological drama.

The O'Keefe Centre will finish off its National Ballet stint minus Nureyev. Tickets are available, needless to say. You can see Michael Redgrave in John Mortimer's play **A Voyage Round My Father**. However, if you aren't in the mood to empty your pockets, you could try **Noogenesis**, a new musical playing the 3, 4, 10, 11, 17, 18, 14 and 25 at the St. Giles-Kingsway Presbyterian Church in Islington. It claims to treat the themes of "love, death, the youth cult, unemployment, loneliness and man's search for meaning." Furthermore, "following the performance coffee will be served." How's that for entertainment value?

Eleanor Coleman

pop

There should be enough folk music around the city this week to keep most fanatics fairly busy and broke.

Toronto based folksinger **Murray McLoughlin** is back at the Riverboat, 134 Yorkville (922-6216), till Sunday. Murray has a new album out and should be doing a lot of material from it. Next week, from Monday through Saturday, **Tom Rush** will be appearing. This is one of his few appearances this year so tickets are available in advance from the 'boat. Admission is \$3.50.

Michael Cooney is a Grumbles, 71 Jarvis above King (368-0796), tonight and tomorrow. Next week is "Canada Week" with a different performer appearing each night. From Monday to Saturday the lineup is, **Alan J. Ryan**, **Ken Tobias**, **Dancing Bear**, **David Essig** (a London area blues guitarist), **Heartaches Razz Band** and **Alexander Zeikin** respectively.

One of the more promising weekend events should be the Guy Fawkes celebration to be presented by **Thog** on Sunday. Eleven hours of theatre, music and other fantastic happenings will take place at the Bathurst Street. United church, 736 Bathurst Street, just south of the Bloor-

Bathurst subway station, beginning at 1 pm. Advance tickets are only 50¢ at Etherea (in Rochdale), while admission is \$1 at the door.

Adam Mitchell, the former lead singer of the long defunct, psychedelic, "Toronto's answer to the Beatles" group, The



Victor Feldbrill conducts the U of T Orchestra (not shown), as conductor-in-residence.

Paupers is appearing tonight at Fiddlers Green, near Yonge and Eglinton (489-3001). Mitchell has been more involved with production than performing lately and this, his first surfacing since Mariposa, might be interesting. On Tuesday the guest artists are **Debbie Dunlevy** and **Ted Richards**. Admission is \$1.

music

The St. Lawrence Centre's Town Hall is where the Centre's five young contest winners will be proffering musical evidence to prove they deserve their laurels, tonight at 8:30, tickets \$3.50. Soline Dussault-Senart, soprano, will sing Handel, Brahms, Faure and Berlioz; Caroline Tamlin, soprano will sing Mozart's invigorating and neglected (because it is too much fun, no doubt) **Exultate Jubilate**: Angela Skala will play violin pieces by Morawetz, Webern and

Ravel. Arthur Rowe plays Bach, Chopin and Ravel and Andrew Gallardi plays Schumann, Griff and Rachmaninoff (preludes).

On November 5 the **Baroque Orchestra of Cologne** performs at the MacMillan Theatre at 8:30 pm. The program is Handel's Concerto grosso in D major, Carl Stamitz' Concerto No 2 for cello and orchestra. Telemann's concerto in E major and Haydn's unfamous (because the 88th so overshadows it and the 87th, not to mention the 89th did he even write one?) 86th symphony. A limited number of tickets are still available at last count, at \$2 for students and \$4 for others.

The Ontario Institute for Studies in Education is sponsoring an evening of Chinese choral and instrumental music and has decided not to rent Maple Leaf Gardens for the event. In fact, the admission is free and it's at the OISE auditorium at 8:30. Cantonese music and Chinese folk songs plus instrumental ensembles are featured.

On November 9 **The Performing Arts of Korea**, a dance and musicians group from Korea, will stage a concert illustrating all phases of Korean court and chamber music, confucian, military and Buddhist and folk music. Charge is \$2 for students, and it's at 8:30 pm.

An interesting program on the CBS **AM Sunday Supplement** at 10:30 am features Ohio State Broadcasting Award winner David Humphreys in an evocation of the times and particular circumstances surrounding the writing of Beethoven's **Missa Solemnis**. The program promises to be a broadcasting tour de force, with a theatre-like portrayal of a sad, sad Beethoven—and or course he was sad in 1814, and very often after that.

Two corrections of last week What'sup are in order: The Orford Quartet (and it is Orford, not Oxford as we have assiduously printed it the last few issues) will not be on CBC television this Sunday. They told us to kill the announcement but there's no word on whether it will be rescheduled. Secondly, the tickets for the next concert of the U of T Symphony Orchestra don't go on sale at all as announced because they're free. You can pick them up at the box office now.

art

Art Gallery of Ontario presents an exhibition of more than 80 prints, largely from the gallery's own collection, on view until December 3 in a show entitled **French Printmakers of the Nineteenth Century**. There are works by Delacroix, Mucha, Toulouse-Lautrec and Daumier. A few pieces, by Ingres and Rodin for example, are from the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York where the exhibition first appeared.

Eric Frelfeld, painter and instructor at the Ontario College of Art, will have a showing of 25 of his paintings from November 11 to 25. It is his first commercial show, although he has had many one-man shows across the country. His style is said to be divided between direct watercolouring, carried out with expressionist bravura and what he calls 'sustained drawings' heightened with watercolour and worked on in most cases for several years.

A Malcolm Batty Retrospect continues at Hart House until November 24th.

It will be our policy henceforth to note openings (and closings) in one L'Hebdo issue only.

soup

Tonight: **Little Big Man**, (Penn) 7:30 and 10 Roxy, 99c. I'm not a cook, but soups have turned out to be easy and impressive. Chop up your old vegetables (limp celery, browning lettuce, pepper seeds leftover salad, root vegetable tops) add salt and slow boil about fifteen minutes, (so as not to kill vitamins). Let stand awhile, strain and throw away vegetables.

Sunday: **The Lower Depths** (Renoir), St. Mikes, 8 pm. If you are a meat-eater you can simmer bones and meat scraps in a covered pot. Vinegar and salt help release minerals. Let this go on for hours, as there are no vitamins to burn up. Uncovered rapid boiling at the end will get rid of any tell-tale vinegar.

Wednesday: Don't miss **The Sorrow and the Pity**, on CBC TV, from 7:30 on. My split pea soup goes over best, and I don't use any meat. Buy cheap dried split peas at **Oasis**, on Harbord, just West of Spadina: Steve needs the business. Cook in leftovers water until peas are soft. It takes about three-quarters of an hour. After awhile add carrot and potato chunks, later onion chunks. Tabasco or ketchup livens it up. Try various spices, but not too many in any one soup, or the taste gets confused. Don't be afraid of chili or other hot things. Do it to taste.

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