

REVIEWS

Claude Fournier's **Bonheur d'occasion**

It's the easiest thing in the world to dismiss *Bonheur d'occasion* (*The Tin Flute*) as just another six-handkerchief weeper. God knows misery and tears abound in this two-hour French-language adaptation of the late Gabrielle Roy's novel of the same title in which young Florentine Lacasse, daughter of Montreal's working-class St. Henri district, learns that when you're poor life isn't about what you want, it's about what you can get.

Father shiftless, mother perpetually aproned and pregnant, little brother dying of TB (and in the bountiful arms of *les Anglais*, no less) – hell, the sacred heart polychrome is practically bleeding onto the antimacassars as the neighborhood wolf seduces our Florentine on the parlor couch, leaving her pregnant and then leaving her, period.

I was going to say that the movie's greatest virtues are really negative ones – it's not dishonest, it's not insincere – but when you come right down to it, *Bonheur d'occasion's* real strength lies in its fidelity to its source.

You don't go to this picture expecting a great movie; *Bonheur d'occasion* isn't a great novel, despite unrelenting attempts by high-school lit teachers throughout the nation to elevate it to classic status. The book must have seemed old-fashioned even when it first appeared in 1945, since it harkened back to the style and values of the social realists of the previous decade, with its dogged, uninspired prose and over-emphatic stoicism.

The movie plods along so reverently in Roy's wake you can practically feel the pages turning (the whole thing has been boiled down from a much longer version destined for television), and yet that reverence carries us along too. Roy

was closer to Steinbeck than to Dostoevski – there's something broad-shouldered and strongbacked about her work, and *Bonheur d'occasion* gets that on film along with her deep understanding of what poverty does to most people. In her books it doesn't usually make them heroic or mad or even criminal, it just reduces them to so much less than they might have been under different and slightly better circumstances, forcing them to compromise in ways most of us never have to.

Veteran Quebec director Claude Fournier gets the right look for the book – St. Henri's dirty snow and peeling paint and a sky choked with blue-black smoke from coal-burning furnaces and the trains that sever St. Henri from the very feet of Westmount. Not that reproducing the *quartier* could have been that hard – St. Henri now looks much as it must have done in 1945, still shabby and cut off, although gentrification is blooming at the edges of its tree-lined parks now the Metro goes there.

A lot of trains run through *Bonheur d'occasion* – their proximity signals poverty as much as starchy food and cold-water flats. Rumbling to the syncopated saxophone of the movie's theme, they chug mournfully along through the darkening air. Unfortunately the movie takes its shape as well as its mood from these trains: it lumbers along, car after car filled with so much misery and pain, that instead of registering the enormity of it all, we end up counting the cars and longing for the caboose. The movie has a muffled clacking regularity about it. Nothing builds, every scene seems to strike exactly the same note of futility. This may be true to the monotony of poverty itself, but surely what we need here is a film about the poor and not a poor film.

What saves *Bonheur d'occasion* from leaving us absolutely numb is the central performance of Mireille Deyglun as young Florentine. Her Florentine is no beauty, but you sense that with more money she could be. Her clothes are ugly and cheaply fashionable, her hair too sculpted and her lips too red, even for the war years, giving her the hardness

we associate with Warner Bros. shop-girls of the same period. And yet Deyglun, with her wide-set eyes and blunt features, reveals in the most unobtrusive ways just how vulnerable and worn-down Florentine is as she schemes her way upward into respectability by conning a man she doesn't love into marrying her. For an experienced film actress, such a carefully shaded (and frequently funny) Florentine would be a major accomplishment; as Deyglun's first screen role, Florentine is nothing less than a triumph.

Marilyn Lightstone, who plays Florentine's mother with decidedly mixed and bathetic results, has been cackling to the press about the movie's reception at the Moscow Film Festival earlier this summer. The Soviets thought *Bonheur d'occasion* was portraying present-day Canada. "I think it appealed to the Russians," Lightstone said, "because they like to see North Americans in pain." She went on to say that an introduction was added to the film to explain to Moscow audiences that it does not depict current conditions. Maybe that's true, maybe families of ten no longer live in slum conditions in St. Henri. For that maybe you have to travel farther east to, say, the Centre-Sud district, where the average yearly income for a family of four is \$7000 and where life expectancy is ten years less than on the western end of the Island of Montreal. In another 40 years or so, maybe someone will make a movie about that.

Will Aitken ●

BONHEUR D'OCCASION d. Claude Fournier exec. p. Marie-José Raymond and Robert Verrall p. Marie-José Raymond sc. Claude Fournier and Marie-José Raymond add. writing B.A. Cameron based on the novel by Gabrielle Roy assoc. p. Dorothy Courtois Lecour and Paterson Ferns ed. Yves Langlois p. man. Sylvie de Grandpré 1st a. d. Mireille Goulet sc. sup. Monique Champagne mus. François Dompierre theme song performed by Diane Tell lyrics Nancy Ward and Mouffe p. des. Charles Dunlop sd. rec. Jacques Drouin cost. des. Nicole Pelletier make-up Marie-Angèle Protat hair Gaëtan Noiseux stills Attila Dory color 35mm running time 121 minutes dist. Ciné 360 Lp. Marilyn Lightstone, Mireille Deyglun, Michel Forget, Pierre Chagnon, Martin Neufeld, Charlotte Laurier, Linda Sorgini.

Jules Dassin's **Circle of Two**

When *Circle of Two* was finally shown, after several false starts, on CBC's winter series of Canadian films, it brought to an end the rather sorry history of the Film Consortium of Canada. The hopes engendered six years ago after the unexpected success of *Outrageous*, that Bill Marshall and Henk Van Der Kolk would be the bright lights of the English-language film boom, have been proven to be yet another of the many mirages that came and went in those years. In fact, *Circle of Two* stands as a prime example of what went wrong.

The first, and perhaps the most basic mistake the producers made was to attempt to adapt Marie-Terese Baird's novel "A Lesson of Love" at all. This was a book about which reviewers used words like "wooden," "unbelievable," and "preposterous" with considerable frequency, and it never achieved a best-seller status that could offset these negative comments.

Then there was Tom Hedley's script. He did a creditable enough job translating the story from the provincial town of Windsor in England (best known as the site of a major royal castle) to Toronto, and for once that city played itself. But Hedley is something of an incurable romantic in genres where sentimentality proves deadly – as the scripts for the quirky *Mister Patman* and the frankly silly *Flashdance* bear witness.

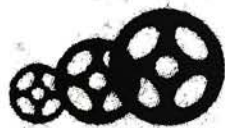
And *Circle of Two's* plot offered more than a few sinkholes for Hedley and director Jules Dassin to fall into. It is the story of a romance between Sarah Norton, a 16-year-old private-school student, and Ashley St. Clair, a sixtyish artist who has been suffering from a creative block for ten years. Sarah first meets him in a theatre where she has snuck in to see a porn film, and then again in a Yorkville restaurant after she has a fight with her boyfriend. For some reason, Ashley is fascinated by this superficially precocious girl, and she agrees to sit for him. Sarah, meanwhile, works overtime trying to seduce the reticent painter. Paul, the erstwhile boyfriend, gets into a fight with Sarah, who fractures his skull. Sarah's parents, who consider Ashley just a dirty old man, lock Sarah in her room, where she goes into a deep depression. Eventually Ashley and Sarah reunite, but are forced to admit the end of their platonic relationship.

Under Dassin's heavyhanded direction, this turns out to be as dismal as it sounds. Tatum O'Neal should have known after *International Velvet* that she had no talent for drama. The perky insouciance that won her the Academy Award at the age of nine for *Paper Moon* has totally vanished, leaving the same pretty blandness that characterizes her father's dramatic roles. O'Neal is never able to take Sarah any higher than temperamental brattishness.

Richard Burton, who plays Ashley, fares only marginally better. That rich intonation, as it has in many films before, can cover a multitude of defects, including the ravages of several decades of hard living and even harder drinking.

● Triumphant first-timer: Mireille Deyglun as young Florentine Lacasse steals the show in *Bonheur d'occasion*





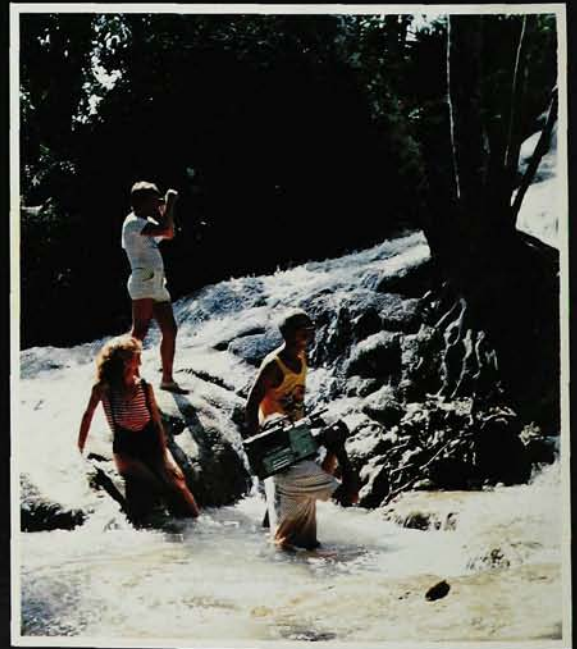
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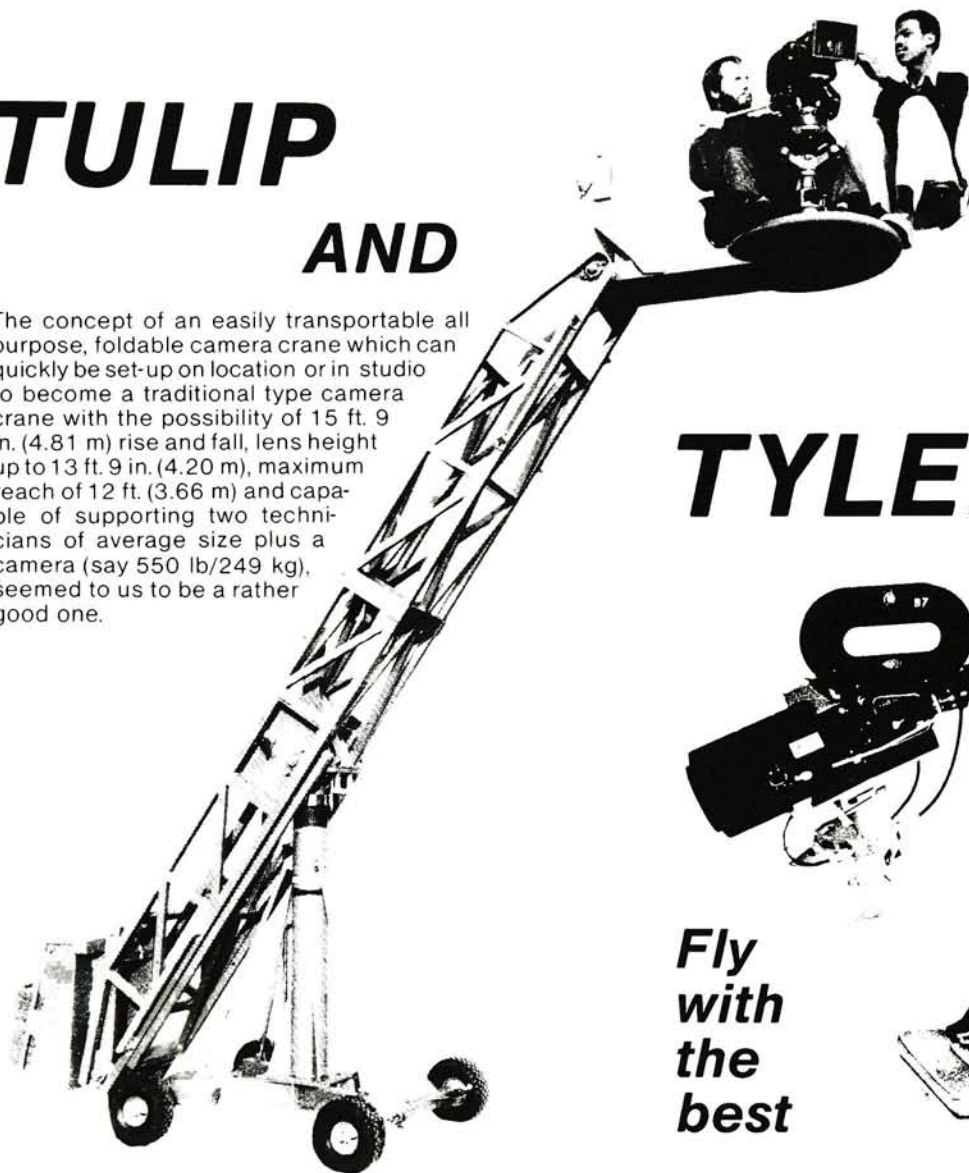
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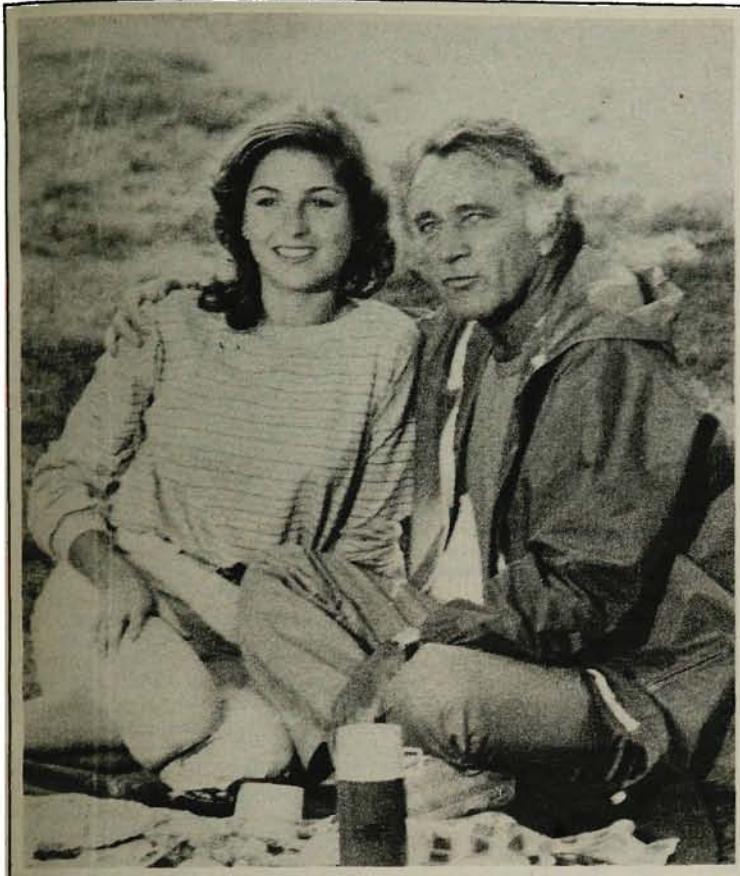
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● *Circle of Two's* Tatum O'Neal and Richard Burton: a prime example of what went wrong

Although Burton is known to think little of his film roles in general, he gives this his best effort, hampered admittedly by the myriad defects in the film's execution. The same cannot be said of the minor characters - Michael Wincott as the boorish boyfriend, Robin Gammell and Patricia Hamilton as Sarah's dense parents, Nuala Fitzgerald as Ashley's old flame - with the exception of Kate Reid as Sarah's doctor, whose brief appearance cuts through the intellectual mire of the script with typical briskness.

Perhaps, however, the greatest folly in *Circle of Two* lies in the pretentiousness of Jules Dassin's direction. This script needed a light touch if it was to work at all. Instead, Dassin, perhaps embittered by years of exile from North America, the failure of his later projects, most notably *A Dream Of Passion*, to gain any positive recognition, and a sense of having been passed by, attempts to moralize. Thus Ashley speaks gravely of the artistic vision, and is seen to be betrayed by a gallery owner he once considered a friend. But Dassin omits to show any real indication of Ashley's talent, in spite of contributions of the distinguished Canadian artist Harold Town, whose work is used for the paintings.

A mention of Fima Noveck's contribution to *Circle of Two* is in order. In 1981, he was brought in, following the film's negative response in Europe, to re-edit the picture. His main intent, he later said, was to rid the film of its staginess. Thus much extraneous material about Sarah and her school life appears to have been excised, though at the cost of making the already thin character thinner still. In one area Noveck did considerable damage. Paul Hoffert's original score, which included performances by the Paul Brodie Quartet, Moe Koffman, Erica Goodman and the Bishop Strachan School Choir (see

Cinema Canada, No. 60), was almost totally removed in favor of a standardized romantic background music. Thus, perhaps the most exciting and interesting aspect of the film vanished, and in the last analysis it could be seen that *Circle of Two* failed for reasons that were obvious from the outset. It was dull, dull, dull.

J. Paul Costabile ●

CIRCLE OF TWO d. Jules Dassin a.d. Timothy Rowse, Frank Simpson, Sarah Miller Hayward, Jerome McCann **CFDC** trainee Rex Bromfield ac. Thomas Hedley, from the novel "A Lesson of Love" by Marie-Terese Baird d.o.p. Laszlo George C.S.C. cam. op. Harold Ortenburger **2nd unit photog.** Jean Badel edit. David Nicholson creative cons. Fima Noveck ad. rec. Owen Langevin, Jim Franck sd. asst. Randy Milligan sd. ed. Wayne Griffon, Dennis Drummond p. man. Danny Rossner **unit man.** D. Robert McCart **loc. man.** Gail Singer, Fran Soloman p. des. Claude Bonnière, François De Lucy p. des. Anne Pepper, Barbara Tranter **asst. art. d.** Joyce Liggett, Don McQueen **paintings, art adviser** Harold Barling Town **asst. art. advisor** Brian Nowell **easels** W.H. Town **scenic artist** James Williams **sketch artist** Phillip Moody **graphics** David Johnston, Bruno Gywinski **cost. des.** Theoni V. Aldredge, Donna Thomas **ward.** Brian Sands, Muriel Sampson, Sarah Miller Hayward **ward. co-ord.** Gayle McLeod **makeup** Barbara Palmer, Ron Berkeley (for Richard Burton) **music** Paul Hoffert, Antonio Vivaldi, J.S. Bach **stunt co-ord.** Dwayne McLean **stand-ins** Roslyn Forsyth, George Cunningham p. asst. Robert Imeson, Andrew Adach, Ray Harris **pub.** Stephenson, Ramsay, O'Donnell **p.c.** Circle of Two Productions (Film Consortium of Canada, in association with Jerome Simon and Milton Zysman Productions) p. Henk Van Der Kolk **exec. p.** William Marshall **assoc. p.** Bob Rodgers **colour** 35mm

running time 105 min. **lp.** Tatum O'Neal, Richard Burton, Nuala Fitzgerald, Robin Gammell, Patricia Hamilton, Kate Reid, Dohann Cavin, Norma Dell'Agnese, Michael Wincott, George Bourne Sr., Leo Leyden, Elan Ross Gibson, Gordon Jocelyn, Bob Aarons, Pat Patterson, Brendan McKane, A. Frank Ruffo, Morison Bock, Bibi Casparly, Les Carlson, Linda Antonnacci, Eileen Kim, Judy Noble, Annette Stevens, Wendy Turman, Yanka Van Der Kolk, Elias Zarou, Larry Ewashen, Lee Majors, Ryan O'Neal (in original version only), Maggie Morris, Doug Smith, Pamela Hyatt, Jimmy Leone, Grace Stephens, Daisy White, Ann Butler, Bill Yack, The Bishop Strachan School Choir.

Jack Darcus' *Deserters*

War, to judge by its monuments and celebrations, is something to be remembered. Not so the Vietnam war. Forgotten too is that the war in Vietnam was in an important sense also Canada's war, that some Canadians fought in it, that Canada's high-tech industries profited immensely from it. Now Vancouver filmmaker Jack Darcus has made a film that attempts to remember.

Deserters, Darcus' fourth feature film (after *Great Coups of History*, 1970; *Proxyhawks*, 1972; *The Wolfpen Principle*, 1974) was one of the gems among an otherwise meagre offering of Canadian films at Montreal's 7th World Film Festival. With all the clarity of a suddenly recollected nightmare, *Deserters* propels one back, for a relentless 110 minutes, to "American 1969" with its trains and railway stations full of soldiery, the travelling salesmen of a nation at war.

Alongside such a train, two young grunts, duffel bags packed and Vietnam-bound after boot camp, are fleeing from a shadow. Aboard the train the shadow materializes into their drill instructor, Sgt. Ulysses Hawley, United States Army, marvelously portrayed by Alan Scarfe. Gum-chewing, boorish, with a slight southern accent, Hawley, a three-tour Vietnam veteran, is headed for a five-day drunk between shifts of new draftees. During the train-ride he terrifies the two grunts with macabre Vietnam jokes, and sasses a staff captain who can't help overhear Hawley's criticism of the conduct of the war.

Disembarking at an unspecified station, Hawley attempts to coerce the two to go drinking with him. They reply they first have to say goodbye to their waiting parents outside. The captain suddenly appears, telling Hawley his two men have just gotten into a car, and headed straight for Canada which is just up the road. "But they're my best men," Hawley says, flabbergast. "If those are your best men, this country's in trouble," the captain answers.

Just up the road, Canada is the office

of immigration officer Noel Manufort (Dermot Hennesly) for whom the war is a Heaven-sent opportunity to put the principles of liberalism into practice: to bend the immigration rules, and to offer shelter to deserving war-resisters. One such young hero is Peter (Jon Bryden), who somewhat hesitantly accepts Manufort's invitation home.

But Manufort's home is also that of his wife, Val (Barbara March), who if she does not share her husband's zeal for the cause, does on the other hand desire the 'friendship' of the young men her husband brings home, as she intimates to Peter when Manufort is called away on an emergency.

When Noel returns he has brought back with him yet another 'deserter', still in his sergeant's uniform: it is Ulysses Hawley searching for his runaway men. And so the scene is set for the ensuing confrontation between the Soldier, the Youth, the Liberal, and the Woman.

What transpires between the walls of the Manufort home is a domestic version of guerrilla war in the sense that, as in Vietnam, nothing is what it seems.

Peter is a deserter only because his college grades were bad and he got his girl-friend pregnant. Noel's liberalism is only this year's fashion in a desperate search for personal meaning: the year before it was Zen and pottery. Val's marital discontent is only sexual. Only Hawley's sham desertion turns out to be genuine after all.

In a Nietzschean transvaluation of values, Peter decides to go home and fight for his country; Noel's and Val's marriage irreparably collapses; and Hawley bitterly accepts the defeat of his militaristic ideals. But if the others can and will survive at the price of some self-understanding, Peter, one realizes at the film's end, will die, sacrificed to the remains of moribund national ideals.

But *Deserters* is also about *our* war within, the conflict between Canadian and American identities. If the Americans do have national ideals to fall back upon (Peter) or to rebel against (Hawley), Canada - which at one point Hawley calls "This tin-pot country that can't even get in on the action" - has only a weak liberalism as the semblance of a national ideal, one that threatens to collapse under the slightest pressure, exposing the cavernous nihilism beyond. And yet even this feeble facade offers



● Guerrilla warfare in a Canadian living-room: Alan Scarfe, left, and John Bryden in *Deserters*

enough of a refuge for Peter and Hawley to seek shelter, as a respite from the catastrophes of their national history.

In the age of disintegrating principles, Canada, perhaps, still holds the possibility of an interior - *Deserters* shows Canada only as interiors (Manufort's office and home). If this possibility of an interior, by its vastness, is crushing to the native-born, it offers to the voluntary exiles, to those who have abandoned the official ideals, a vantage-point from which some self-understanding can begin.

As a contribution to the distinct Canadian possibility, *Deserters* offers a glimpse of such a vantage-point. In the continental amnesia of these times, that is no small achievement.

Michael Dorland ●

DESERTERS d./sc./p. Jack Darcus d.o.p. Tony Westman art d. J. Darcus music Michael Conway Baker ed. J. Darcus fine cut/sd. ed. Doris Dyck asst. d. Bob Akester assoc./p. man. Tom Braidwood cont. Gayle Scott gaffer Roger Huyghe key grip Fred Ransom lighting asst. Paul Pollio set and props Sandy Arthur ward. Andrew Brown makeup & hair Linda A. Brown stills Nancy Waters second stillsman Patrick Hattenberger lead carpenter Thom Wells construction assistant Hugh Poole focus puller/loader Thomas Fillingham sd. rec. Larry Sutton boom op. Graham Crowell sd. mixer Barry P. Jones asst. ed. Cliff Garbutt p. asst. Paddy McGrath lighting Canadian Pro-Lite Ltd. electrical AC DC Lighting Design neg. cut. Original Conforming Services Inc. opticals and titles Westcoast Film Opticals lab Alpha Cine Service made with assistance from: The Canada Council, Canadian Film Development Corporation (CFDC) in agreement with I.A.T.S.E. Local 891, Vancouver, B.C. color 16mm, 35mm p.c./dist. Exile Prods., 1848 West 5th Avenue, Vancouver V6J 1P3 (604) 731-2503 running time 110 mins. Lp. Alan Scarfe, Dermot Hennelly, Jon Bryden, Barbara March, Ty Haller, Robin Mossley, Bob Metcalfe.

Vic Sarin's Gurkhas of Nepal

This independent documentary by the well-known cinematographer, Vic Sarin, is simply a pleasure to watch. There are many moments where the film is stunningly beautiful, and its complexity makes it a work that stays in the mind for a long time.

The Gurkhas from the region of Nepal are hillmen who, for generations, have fought valiantly as volunteers in the

British Army. They have constituted a major fighting force since 1815, right up to the recapture of the Falklands. Often excluded from standard Western textbook accounts of both World Wars, the contribution of the Gurkhas has been formidable. Yet, we are living at a time when military prowess seems more a sad irony than a noble endeavor. This is the challenge with which Sarin's documentary grapples - to both honour the excluded from history and reveal the ironies of their situation. A less delicate and subtle filmmaker could not have accomplished this so brilliantly.

The film is told through the point of view of one Gurkha. Through his story, the larger historical and generational pattern is revealed. Service in the British Army is a way for the "hillmen of Nepal" to achieve honour and also earn a meager pension. It is expected that a son of a volunteer will also serve, thereby carrying on a tradition which has lasted over 150 years.

Gurkhas Of Nepal is filled with subtle contrasts which, in a very understated manner, gently expose the ironies of the culture. The drab grays of London where we see the solemn and formal changing of the Gurkha guard contrasts with the peaceful, languid scenes in their Himalayan village. The warlike demeanor of the Gurkhas in service contrasts with the gentle way of life in the village and the Hindu philosophy of acceptance, revealed in the voice-over narration. Throughout, Sarin weaves these contrasts like threads in an intricate tapestry.

Perhaps the most emotionally moving moments in the film occur near its end, where the old Gurkhas of the village gather to reminisce about their wars and display their medals for the camera. Something in the combination of faces and gestures, lighting and camera-work and composition all come together here to reveal a profound understanding of the human condition. There is a poignancy here that truly speaks across cultures and generations in the language of the heart.

Gurkhas Of Nepal is a recent winner in the 1983 New York Film Festival. It deserves wide-spread viewing and acclaim.

Joyce Nelson ●

GURKHAS OF NEPAL p./d. Vic Sarin cinematographer Vic Sarin sc. Robert Fripp ed. Tony Gell sd. Ian Challis narr. Siriman Ragu, David Caldrisi cons. Maj. Michael Burke colour 16mm running time 25 minutes, 1983 dist. Mobius Productions Ltd., 175 King St. E., Toronto, Ont. (416) 862-0255.



● Gurkhas of Nepal speaks across cultures in the language of the heart



● Graduation day for the women of Eastview Adult Upgrading

Kit Hood's Don't Call Me Stupid

*You've got your pride
A strength deep inside
You've made up your mind
To make it a better day
In your life*

(Chorus of *You've Got Your Pride*,
composed and performed by
Alannah Myles & Christopher Ward)

One of the lesser, but nonetheless chilling, statistics is that 20-25% of adults in North America and other industrialized countries of the world are considered to be functionally illiterate.

Don't Call Me Stupid looks at how a group of women tackled their own problems of illiteracy and took steps to deal with a lack of education.

When Alison's children were small, she had no problems with her disability. Then they went to school and brought home written work, and needed a note for the teacher, and asked for a bedtime story to be read to them. And came the unintentionally hurtful remarks. "My kids kept calling me stupid - 'you're stupid' they'd say. Then I thought to myself, geeze I am stupid. I really am stupid..."

Women talk of recurring illness during childhood, of having only 10% vision, of moving around the country with a father in the Forces, as contributing factors to illiteracy.

The women in this film started by approaching the principal of their children's school. She urged them to find more women who wanted to improve their education and, within three months, Eastview Adult Upgrading was organized and had received funding.

The local school system and community centre staff provided support, a place to hold classes, plus help with child care which some needed while studying.

The struggle for education is moving to watch. The group received lots of encouragement from a wide network of people - family, friends, and various officials. But, most of all, the women upheld each other in this traumatic "back to school" learning process. The care and feeling, love and strength, they

gave to each other leaps out of the screen. There were tantrums, recriminations, depressions, but no-one was allowed by the others to give up.

In the end, we watch these women on graduation day when, suitably robed, they receive their hard-won grade eight diplomas before an enthusiastic assembly.

Researcher/writer John Helliker sat in with the class for six months, trying to intrude as little as possible. His attention to detail, and ability to delineate the individual characters of the women, shows the value of the time spent.

Linda Schuyler and Kit Hood are neighbourhood filmmakers, working from a store-front office and making films about the people and life around it. *Don't Call Me Stupid* calls attention at the local level to the dimensions of international illiteracy in a positive and gripping manner.

Pat Thompson ●

DON'T CALL ME STUPID d. Kit Hood res./sc. John Helliker cam. Phil Earnshaw eds. Tina Soomet/Kit Hood asst. cam. Chris Wilson sd. Andy McBrearty orig. mus. (composed/performed/produced) Alannah Myles & Christopher Ward p.c. Playing With Time Inc. in assoc. with TVOntario dist. (16mm/videocassette/print sale) Magic Lantern Films, 872 Winston Churchill Blvd., Oakville, Ont. L6J 4Z2.

Rudy Buttignol's Inward Passage

Inward Passage was made for the Discovery Theatre at Ontario Place, Toronto, and played every half-hour throughout this summer. The three screens side-by-side as if to form one, were filled (most of the time) with images from three 35mm projectors, and Dolby sound.

The centre screen opens the film with a grabber - a helicopter circling over a Coast Guard ice-breaker chomping its way through the icy mouth of the St. Lawrence.

And it's off and away on a Cook's Tour of the 'inward passage' through the Great Lakes. The visuals unfold, on one, two and three screens. Montreal zips magnificently into three screens; Queen Elizabeth and U.S. President Eisenhower are interpolated in archive footage showing the opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway.

Molten, red hot steel spills from right

to left across the triple screens, and we're in Hamilton; and on to a quick look at Toronto. At the first lock on the Welland Canal there's a graphic illustration of a ship lining up and just squeezing through, and then aboard a Spanish ship as it negotiates through the system to the Detroit River and Windsor. The instructional journey continues - Sarnia, Collingwood, Thunder Bay, with glimpses of tankers and other large trading vessels.

And on to a thundering finish with a launching at the Collingwood Shipyards - excited children, work gangs banging in wooden wedges on one side of the ship, and the dramatic severing of cords with single axe blows. The vessel is launched, and a huge plume of spray washes across all screens amid yells and cheers.

This is a film made for a specific purpose, and designed to evoke an immediate and popular response in a general, mixed audience of all ages. Exceedingly competent and, in many ways, a model of how to give the government what it wants for its money. However... isn't it possible to make this type of sponsored film with a bit more flair, to find an approach along an untrod path, and to avoid what is now facetiously called "the NFB style"? The overburdened narration by Chris Wiggins, and the tired delivery, seemed to weigh down this short film.

First-rate cinematography, and full marks to the picture and sound editing even though the partial use of the three screens on a number of occasions was disconcerting. Intended for effect, or even perhaps to rest the eyeballs, in such a short film it wouldn't have mattered if there had been a continual cascade of images.

Pat Thompson •

INWARD PASSAGE p./d. Rudy Buttignol exec. p./narr. David Lancaster cam. Mark Irwin csc p. man./assoc. p. Howard Hutton sd. ed. Robin Leigh ed. Murray Battle music. Drew King loc. sd. Daniel Latour re-rec. Elius Caruso graphics/anim. David How p.c. Rudy Inc. (for Marine and Pipeline Office, Ontario Ministry of Transportation and Communications) dist. Ontario Place running time 19.5 min.

Richard Leiterman
& Peter Shatalow's

Doris McCarthy: Heart of a Painter

Doris McCarthy is an extraordinary artist and human being, now in her early seventies. One unmistakable impression that the viewer receives from this film about her life is that she has always taken risks and continues to do so. It is there in her paintings and it is there in the style of her life - that adventurous spirit necessary both for art and for really being alive.

Although McCarthy taught at Central Technical School in Toronto for 40 years before retiring in 1972 to become a full-time artist, she has been painting professionally almost all her life. Born in Calgary, she studied at the Ontario College of Art under Arthur Lismer, one of the original Group of Seven painters. But her landscape paintings have a unique style of her own. "I saw God in Nature, and that God was real to me," she says.

While having a film made about one's

life is a risk in itself, Doris McCarthy has here gone even further by allowing the filmmakers to dramatize moments from her life, glowingly portrayed by Canadian actress Linda Kupecek. Moreover, McCarthy herself creates, through the course of the film, a new work in oil - a landscape of the Canadian Badlands. We see her sketching on location, then later translating her sketches and memory into a finished work. Allowing the camera to trace this process in detail reveals not only the confidence of a superb painter but also the generosity and adventuresome nature of a fine teacher.

The style of this film is fluid and

intimate, like its subject. The filmmakers have taken great pains to illuminate the individual works: exploring the canvases, relating them to each other and to the land, and also finding a subtle composition or remark which will further reveal the heart of the paintings in McCarthy herself. This intimacy makes the film intense and poignant. By the film's end, we care deeply about this person who has shared so much of herself in her art, her teaching, and this film. A sequence in the closing moments of *Doris McCarthy: Heart Of A Painter* summarizes much. McCarthy, aged 74, is figure-skating on the ice: performing a series of graceful figure-eights for the

camera. The filmmakers give us a freeze-frame of her, poised as if for flight - having with one foot traced the symbol of infinity.

Joyce Nelson •

DORIS MCCARTHY: HEART OF

A PAINTER d. Richard Leiterman, Peter Shatalow p. Wendy Wacko cinematographer Richard Leiterman, John Walker ed. Peter Shatalow mus. John Mills-Cockell narr. Robin Ward assoc. p. Christopher Lowry sd. Garrell Clark, Brian Day, Glen Gauthier, Margaret Leiterman, Chris Wangler cam. asst. Christopher Bonniere, Jeremy Brigden, John Hobson colour 16mm running time 56 min. dist./p.c. W. Wacko Productions Ltd., Box 1651, Jasper, Alberta (403) 852-4728.

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