

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