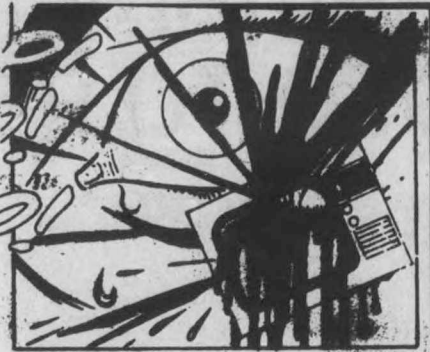


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By Chris Campbell

Shot in Montreal and Nicaragua on a shoestring budget, Jacqueline Levitin's *Eva: Guerrillera* is the story of a young Salvadoran woman who abandons her comfortable middle-class existence to join the guerrilla war against her country's U.S. backed government.

Levitin first became involved with El Salvador when she was chosen to represent the YMCA's committee on international refugees at the funeral of a group of opposition leaders assassinated during a press conference. While in El Salvador, Levitin met some people in revolutionary groups, including a woman who represented a Montreal-based Salvadoran leftist group who had been involved in the guerrilla movement. Some of her stories became Eva's stories in the film, but Levitin added material from her research on and interviews with women guerrilla fighters in Latin America and Africa.

Eva is not strictly documentary, however, but rather fiction constructed in documentary style: the guerrillera's story is related both through interviews with a (female) journalist in Montreal and through a series of flashbacks. Levitin attempts to draw a parallel between the problems encountered by Eva in her life as a guerrillera, and those which arise in the life of Louise, the Canadian journalist: both have committed themselves to work in male-dominated fields; both have a sense of mission and neither can afford to have children. But Levitin doesn't push this parallel, for she is also acutely aware of the difference between the problems of a Canadian career woman and those of a Salvadoran revolutionary. In a memorable scene, Eva asks Louise why she doesn't have children. When Louise replies that she couldn't manage to juggle the demands of family on one hand, and career on the other, Eva shakes her head, saying that everything is so easy in North America - she can't see why a woman wouldn't want to have children under such nearly ideal conditions.

Like most low-budget films, *Eva* has some cinematic shortcomings - the acting is wooden, for the most part (although Angela Roa is convincing as Eva), the subtitles are sometimes difficult to read (they're white and blend into the picture in parts) and some scenes drag on a bit - but the script is intelligent, and the film explores some issues that Hollywood films (live, say, *Romero*) just wouldn't touch. In *Eva: Guerrillera*, Jacqueline Levitin supports the EMNL's fight for liberation, but she also addresses the problem of macho attitudes, which must be countered even among revolutionaries. It's a film well worth seeing for its insightful look at the role of women in anti-imperialist struggles. (Note: 2 screenings this weekend: Friday, November 2 and Saturday, November 3 at 8 p.m. in Tilley Hall, Room 102.

Another Look at Montanaro Dance

by Ron Leger

The first of the Creative Arts Series at the Playhouse, on Wednesday October the 24th, was the dance/performance by Montreal's Montanaro Dance Company.

Un Temps Perdu was a multimedia production of great visual delight and expression.

Zman Doe, (Michael Montanaro), the central character, has become lost in time (*Un Temps Perdu*), his past, present and future, merge and overlap, creating a chaotic dream like plot.

Like a fairy tale, the unnatural sequence of events leads Zman through various adventures both mythic and seemingly real: Zman finds himself in the city; He encounters and is taunted by his destiny; trying to find his way he receives misleading advice from a blind man; he leaves to fight in a war, and returns to be reunited with his lover; The lovers then appear by Niagara Falls in a wonderfully metaphoric scene entitled "Falling in Love."

The seven other dances in the performance change characters frequently providing the possibility of Zwan's time travels. The time shifts are vaguely reminiscent of Billy Pilgrims' voyages in Kurt Vonnegut Jr's *Slaughterhouse Five*.



Michael Montanaro of Montanaro Dance

A clever mixture of film, animation, lighting effects, music and voice narration (in parts) help to locate the audience with the changing time frames. The special effects like the film and animation sequences were designed to merge the real and the unreal. An animation sequence depicts a woman, in a dress, walking towards the audience. A dancer, similar in appearance, moves before the screen creating an unusual, parallel,

heightening the dream like nature of the piece.

The last scene leaves us with Zman in his home relaxing in a chair listening to a recording of a woman singing (his lover's voice). In the last seconds of the performance the record begins to skip. The effect is both disturbing and comic as the lights go down one is not certain if this is the end of the beginning of Zman's Doe's Time warp.

Bound For Glory Dr. Vic Checks out Neil Young's Latest

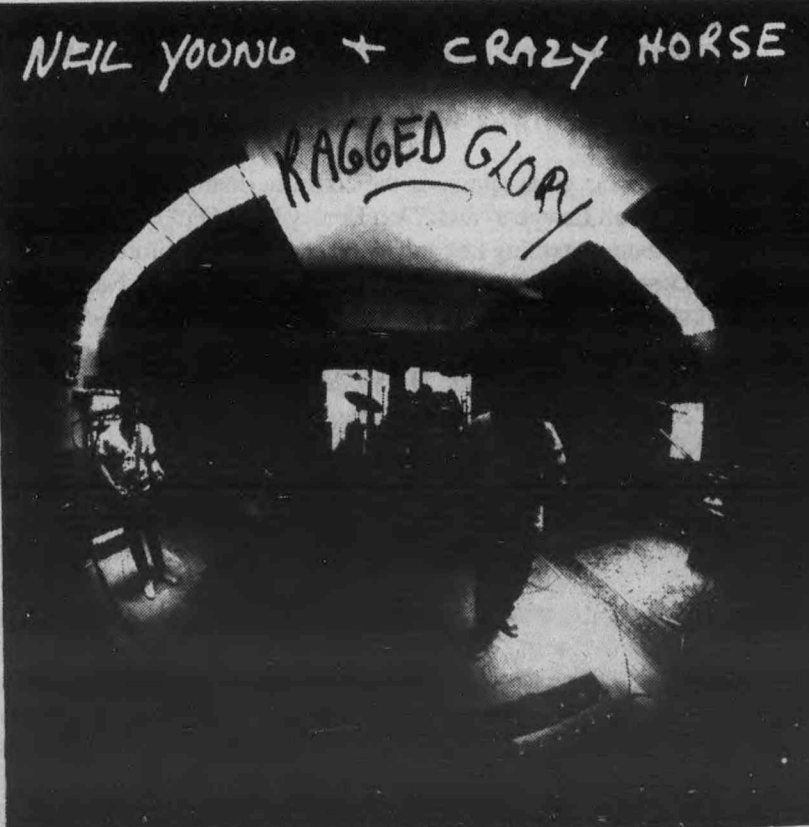
When I was in High School, it was considered a sign of politically correct Canadian nationalism to be committed to the music of Neil Young. It went hand in hand with wearing lumberjack shirts and Kodiaks (with the laces untied and your jeans carelessly tucked in the top of your boots). But as the 80's progressed Neil began to alienate his hardcore constituency by releasing a series of odd, eclectic albums unlike anything he had done previously. These records embrace a wide variety of styles, from rockabilly to electro-pop to horns-driven blues. It seemed as if he was intent on committing commercial suicide. Though some of this music was rather unpleasant, I began to respect Neil more with every release. He seemed to be the ultimate

iconoclast, doing whatever he felt like doing, oblivious to what would see, and contemptuous of others expectations. A rebel without a lifestyle. But I also believe that he was basically spent as a commercial artist. Then last year he released the glorious *Freedom* album, and I realized that Neil was more than just a poorly dressed relic with a serious sideburn problem.

Over the course of his career Neil has often followed a sterling effort with a less accessible affair. That, fortunately, is not the case with his new album *Ragged Glory*. Although a very different album than the last, it is every bit as strong. For the first time in many moons Young has reunited with Crazy Horse, the three-piece unit that he periodically gets together with to make some ears bleed. It is difficult

to believe that there is a sweeter, stinker, more ramblin' groove outfit anywhere in the universe than these four smelly old hippies.

Every aspect of *Ragged Glory* harkens back to the 1960's and early 70's when love was free and THC counts were much lower. The music itself has the loose, flowing quality of a bunch of old friends getting together to, as the beatniks say, "jam". Its just two geetars, bass and drums meandering and thrashing all over the place. Even the more subdued numbers have a jangly unstructured twang to them, and there is much glorious feedback and distortion. The lyrics also address long forgotten 60's style themes, such as the joys of country life and treating the earth with respect and reverence. (Where do



they get this stuff?) On "Days that Used to Be" Neil enters the old time warp completely to look back at the halcyon days gone by. The effect is both poignant and celebratory, and you can shuffle to it.

Neil Young is definitely not

someone who would appeal to everyone. The wonderful thing about him is that he really doesn't try to. If you like his stuff fine, if you don't, things will continue. If you like good greasy rock, you will love *Ragged Glory*.