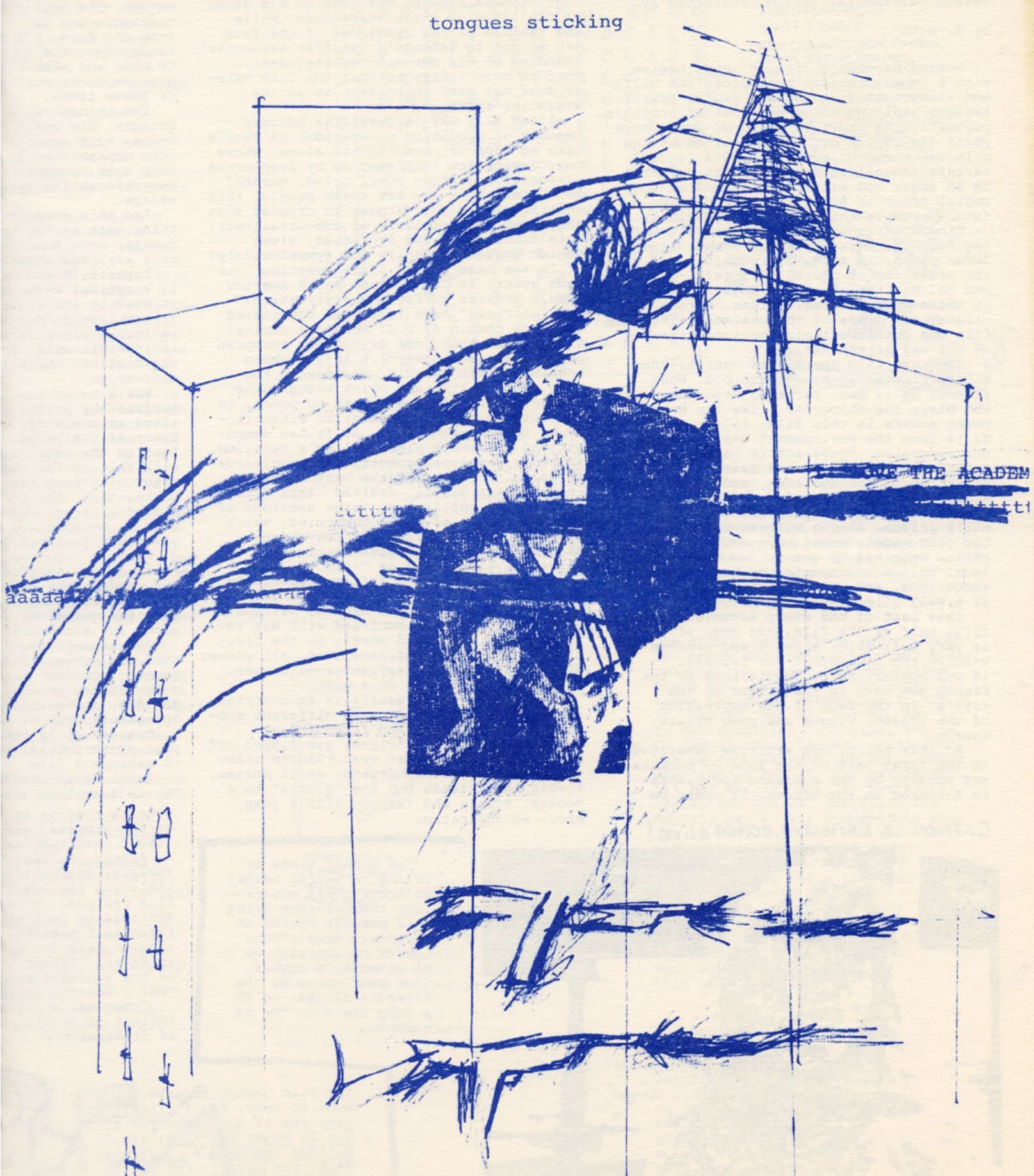


FEB. 16 1982

tongues sticking



GIVE THE ACADEM

cttttt

aaaaa

THE

STUDENT
~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

PAPER

Pixote--a film by Hector Babenco now at Facets Multimedia, 1517 W. Fullerton Av.

by R. Mutt

Hector Babenco's film, Pixote, begins with a long, dramatic pan across the hills and slums that surround Sao Paulo, Brazil. Babenco explains to us that 50% of Brazil's population is under 21 years of age. These youth are sought out and recruited by the criminal elements because minors "enjoy" certain immunities from prosecution. This is an angry and bitter indictment of the social order in Brazil; that the only future open to children is as criminals.

Cinematographer Rodolpho Sanches, working from the screen play of Babenco and Jorge Duran, is able to transmit lucidly the brutality of prison officials, guards and police; the stench of abject poverty in these most miserable slums. No one can witness the lives of the characters of this film and not feel their emotions wrenched in one way or another.

When the film opens, its central character, Pixote, is nine years old. When it ends he is ten. Fernando Ramos de Silva, who plays the character, like the other young actors in this film, is not "trained." He is from the environment depicted. Without exception, these actors have little trouble communicating the essence of the situation to the audience, and Pixote's story begins with his incarceration for an unnamed crime. During his stay in juvenile prison, Pixote witnesses a boy being gang raped, other boys subjected to random beatings by guards, round-ups by local police accompanied by back alley executions, and various other examples of a well oiled legal apparatus.

This part of the story occupies the first half of the film, and over all, is very well told. Babenco and Sanches utilize the naturalist (or realist, if you prefer) style popularized by the French new wave in the cinema of the 1960's. In the face of the oppression of the prison, Pixote and some others escape.

At this point, the attitude generated in the first half of the film -- compassion and empathy by the audience for Pixote-- is attacked on the screen. It would be

Catherine Deneuve, eaten alive!



polite, if not hopelessly naive, to think that perhaps Babenco got lost in his study of the lives of these characters. While the failure of the remainder of the film may be due to Babenco's insufficient understanding of his own opening statement; what is more likely is that the film maker does not want to present it in its essential state.

After all, why is Brazilian society capable of producing generations of people with no hope of escaping the slums, whose only dreams are swallowed up by degenerate schemes for getting over; crime, murder? More than this, why are these people, this section of the poor (those so crushed that they seek the existence of sub-parasites), this fraction of the oppressed, given center stage so readily and sympathetically?

In the case of the first question, current events in Central and South America should provide sufficient explanation. The "americas" have long been considered the sole domain of U.S. monopoly capital (and before that, one or another European power exercised control.) It is common knowledge that the U.S. engineered the coup, in the sixties, which brought the present chain of governments to power, to say nothing of the penetration financially by the Western bloc. As it has demonstrated elsewhere, imperialism's relation to under developed countries is exclusively parasitic, leaving the host country, in this case Brazil, drained. This "fact-of-life" is not lost on large sections of the population of these countries, which explains the warm feelings they harbor towards the United States (witness El Salvador, Nicaragua or Chile.)

Explaining Babenco's film, especially its second half, is somewhat more complex. Giving him one possible excuse, perhaps he forgot or became confused with his initial theme. It would hardly be the first time, for the sake of "realism", all manner of trivia and secondary information were raised to prominence in a work.

In Pixote, this results in an unfortunate repetition of theme using different subject matter. Pixote and friends deal "snort". Pixote and friends get ripped off, Pixote and friends get even, Pixote stabs a junkie, Pixote and friends steal purses, Pixote and friends buy the "rights" to a hooker, Pixote and friends kill a john, etc., ad infinitum.

The school store is trying to decide whether to stock these sweater-lint remover-type things if popular opinion so decides. Here's your chance to exercise some voter-type rights. Give your votes to the friendly clerks in the only store in the basement.

The Film Center thought you'd want to know: Feb.17 The Stunt man; Feb.18 Guernica; Feb.19 You'll Never Get Rich; Feb.20 Bulldog Drummond & ...Strikes Back, The Ascent; Feb.21 The Sun Shines Bright, Diary of a Country Priest; Feb.24 Time Without Pity, The Lawless.

The criminal element, characterized by these boys, is vividly recalled onto the screen. The most minute detail of their miserable day to day lives finds its way into the film. But if in its apparent randomness, the film has selected what to show and what not to show, the most glaring omission is a view of the essence of these lives.

Two things result from this. One is boredom. The repetition is tedious. The other, more important, is getting sucked into empathizing for someone who, before your eyes, becomes as debauched and degenerate as the system from which he seeks escape.

And this poses the question, which I think gets to the heart of the matter; namely, Does Babenco actually see things this way? The answer must be yes.

Especially the second half of this film is a cynical attempt to portray those crushed by the system as no better than the system itself. More than that, to do it in such a way that any other possibility is inconceivable. There is no rising above the routine, there is no escape from the oppression.

Early on in the film, after one boy is murdered by prison officials, his compadres stage an uprising, burning the prison. Eventually a judge comes on the scene, to "get to the truth of the matter." No one will talk to the magistrate (they have, after all, seen how the judicial system works, too). But the justice is given an almost paternal ambivalence, as if to say, here is someone who could help you, if you would just put your trust in him.

It is a recurrent illusion, as simplistic as it seems, harbored by some sections. The warden, the guards may all be killers but the prison nurse is sympathetic. It begs the question, What is she, then, doing about the situation?

The message becomes, rather blatantly, that the system itself is not to blame. Rather, all that needs to be done is trust a few decent people to set things straight. Besides, the masses are no better than their oppressors. Why be concerned with them?

Dressed up in the romanticism of a ten-year old criminal, this is the statement in Babenco's film.

Rather than heroically place the question Why is Brazilian society like this? on the Babenco resorts to a lethal reformism. In the process, his realism transforms itself into tedious deceit.

Pixote has received many sympathetic reviews, nationally and internationally, including the special prize at the Locarno Film Festival. So much for that. If you are able to read between the lines, the first half presents a dramatic introduction to part the situation facing youth in Brazil. If not, I overheard one member of the audience remark on her way out, "Oh, I want to adopt Pixote!"

Cynicism, apparently, finds its equivalent in foolishness. The results are as disagreeable.

QSTANWOREITIOPOGOF
SEAKLUSTAAANDORMBO
HCPEBCFVBRANDOACU
ETRSCICOEANPOROER
LABRDUIJITFOZEKCAM
LLBAESRECLONEPLXE
ESMNEWCABINETSEIS
YWICTOMQXPVCHXVAR
POENSNFIXTURESEYE
ACJLBGXRCABLCALRT
DHUXLEYALLEWROAAA
DAZINSLEWOTRAPNSE
INDEPNKQUXQEMWDOH
NEURXWOKKTEMPLARS
GMZNAENODRMASTERE
TUOYENDISMILEYZL
ONOWQRSENDACKXCKF
NEARMEJEMVLAYCJFM

THE INFORMATIVE WORD SEARCH

NEW CABINETS, NON, TOWELS, ZOOM, EXENE, ROSARY, HUXLEY, BRANDO, TOBY, EMMA, STEED, SMILEY, FIXTURES, SHELLEY, FLESH EATERS, MAC, DRWELL, SENDAK, FLIP, TEMPLAR, THE CRAMPS, CYALUME, G. OF FOUR, WUCIUS WONG, PADDINGTON, WELLS KIDS, SIDNEY, POITIER, CLEVELAND,

— BY MARY LUXILLE



GETTING FOOD OUT

--B.M.Ll. & J.S.Mill
GALLERY RESTAURANT/ South Michigan Ave., between Monroe and Adams, near People's Gas: Consistent, food good, almost okay; Fab Mural; waitresses are mod; interesting clientele--mostly secretaries; prices good for Loop location; gyros okay; Borg-Warner Burger fucking amazing; Francheezie three times good; daily specials--Hawaiian plate most interesting; Hand-Carved Sandwiches, but never got to try them. Sit by the window and have a good view of the Art Institute's administrative wing.

when I appeared as a virus I knew that it was a dangerous thing. Stability nor numbers were a constance here



CARROT STICK
4 PEAS, CELERY STALK
ON THE INSIDE OF VARIOUS TABLE EDGES

you are only reading this you are still looking at this picture because your art conscious is bothering you. this is my live act - right here, count the seconds- find the time.

Yume Kelly

The SCHOOL PAPER wants YOU to know: Our paper comes out ever other week (bi-weekly), under various titles. There WILL be a paper out each of these following dates; Mar.2, Mar. 16, Mar.30, Apr.13, Apr.27, May 11. To get something, anything, put in to one of these issues, deadlines are as follows; for the Mar.2 issue deadline is Feb.25; for Mar.16, Mar. 11; for Mar.30, Mar.25; for Apr.13, Apr.8; for Apr.27, Apr.22; & for May 11, May 6. All submissions are due in at 12noon, on the above listed dates. Thank you.

Those who gave there lives so THIS paper could reach you: Brendan D.V., Mark C., Nancy from the bookstore, Mary I., Kevin C., & Jimbo B. (there are probably more people but they will remain unknown at this time.)

WEATHER REPORT: mostly cloudy & 25mph winds on 3rd floor. a pleasant 65° on the 2nd floor the 1st remains unpredictable. & snow or frozen rain in the basement.





DEAN

Anthony Bevilacqua/locker gallery
 --Josef Mendez (art-critic)
 Everything's so funny anymore--but then again, how serious can a Fucking Genius is? I write, of course, of the recent Locker Gallery show that opened at 4:15 one Friday, and closed shortly before that: Painted white to evoke the color white; and with letters, effectively symbolizing parts of the alphabet --it is a piece that wants description, being easily seen (Zero Floor, until three weeks ago). Interview with the artist, along with Sten Blevig, owner-proprietor of the locker gallery.

J.M. I'm almost done with the review. I just have to put on the interview with the artist.
 A.B. Are you really gonna interview me? Or are you just gonna make one up?
 JM: Oh, I will, but it doesn't matter--I'm just gonna put anyway on your response that I forgot what you answered.
 SB: You mean, like, the tape-recorder broke down.
 JM: Yeah, something like that.

JM: I have to ask some questions. I'm not quite done yet with the review. For the first part, I'm just gonna put what I asked you before, you know, aboutam I really gonna interview you, or if I'm just gonna make one up, and that I'm just gonna put that I forgot your answers anyway. But, is it true that this is your first and last protest piece?
 AB: Yes.

Gallery Shows!!!!!!!
 Artemisia Gallery: the work of 4 women artists; Jane Calvin, photographs (they are wonderful, I saw them last week at opening); Elissa Knoper, paintings; Andrea Leland, paintings & drawings; Nancy Plotkin, drawing installation. These women are all grad student alumni of SAIC. The show runs through Feb.27

Illinois Arts Council Gallery: watercolor paintings by Joan Burkholder Koinis; through Feb. 26

Contemporary Art Workshop: Mar.5-30, opening Mar.5, 5:30pm; James V. Pizzillo, paintings; Michael R. Warrick, sculpture.

Sears Window: SAIC student videos; Tues. Feb.16, "Yard Sale" by Joan Boccino. Feb.17, "Superbowl" & "Helicopter" by Marc Wellin, "Lysistrada" & "Mandatory Order" by Freya Moore, "Christmas Cheer" by Toba Zaritsky, "Rememberance" by Mark Sersen & Roberta Rodriguez, "untitled" by Kirk Walker. Feb. 18th-Mar.3 more video by SAIC students but whom exactly, we're not really sure. Shows run from 11am-2pm.

Illinois Arts Council Gallery: photographs by Gail Kaplan (another SAIC grad!); show runs Mar.2- Apr.2, opening Mar.5, 5pm.

Moming Arts Center: science fiction drawings by, C.B. Murphy; through Apr.12.

The Locker Gallery: Eric Leonardson, opening Feb.19, runs through 25th; Pam Golden, opening Feb.26, runs through Mar.4; Mary Iannucci, opening Mar.5, runs through 11th. Most openings start at 4:15pm, but you can never be sure!

The Alumni Association is sponsoring a "Career Week" next week. It is free. It will be held at 4:15 pm on February 16, 17, and 18.
 Tues. 16-Art and Psycho-the rapy-room 211.
 Wed. 17-Art and TV. room 152.
 Thurs. 18-Job hunting tip s-room 148. Be there alona Adaptiveness will be the key to the discussions.

The school store has decided to sell ART SUPPLIES

Dear "Paper!"
 How about using a type face that is big enough to read without the use of a MAGNIFYING GLASS! otherwise-so far the paper stinks.



Guess what the winning entry in the MCA-name the cafeteria contest was? The Site Cafe. Marilyn Kelly thought it up. She won a Claes Oldenburg Litho, (specially signed by the artist.) The paper is having its very own name the cafe contest, (the school cafe). Put your suggestions in the paper's mailbox, or give them to one of us. The winner will receive a work of art by the paper staffer of his/her choosing. (especially signed by the artist.)