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APARAJITO/THE UNVANQUISHED (1956) 110 min.

Produced, written and directed by Satyajit Ray
 Based on the novel by Bibhutibhushan Bandyopadhyay
 Original Music by Ravi Shankar
 Cinematography by Subrata Mitra
 Film Editing by Dulal Dutta

Kanu Bannerjee ... Harihar Ray
 Karuna Bannerjee ... Sarbojaya Ray
 Pinaki Sengupta ... Apu (young)
 Smaran Ghosal ... Apu (adolescent)
 Santi Gupta ... Ginnima
 Ramani Sengupta ... Bhabataran
 Ranibala ... Teliginni
 Sudipta Roy ... Nirupama
 Ajay Mitra ... Anil
 Charuprakash Ghosh ... Nanda
 Subodh Ganguli ... Headmaster
 Mani Srimani ... Inspector
 Hemanta Chatterjee ... Professor
 Kali Bannerjee ... Kathak
 Kalicharan Roy ... Akhil, press owner
 Kamala Adhikari ... Mokshada
 Lalchand Banerjee ... Lahiri
 K.S. Pandey ... Pandey
 Meenakshi Devi ... Pandey's wife
 Anil Mukherjee ... Abinash
 Harendrakumar Chakravarti ... Doctor
 Bhaganu Palwan ... Palwan

SATYAJIT RAY (2 May 1921, Calcutta, West Bengal, British India—23 April 1992, Calcutta, West Bengal, India) directed 37 films. He is best known in the west for the Apu Trilogy—*Apur Sansar/The World of Apu* (1959), *Aparajito/The Unvanquished* (1957), and (his first film) *Pather Panchali/Song of the Road* (1955) and for *Jalsaghar/The Music Room* (1958). His last films were *Agantuk* (1991), *Shakha Proshakha* (1990), *Ganashatru/An Enemy of the People* (1989), *Sukumar Ray* (1987), *Ghare-Baire/The Home and the World* (1984) and *Heerak Rajar Deshe/The Kingdom of Diamonds* (1980). He was given an honorary Academy Award in 1992.

SUBRATA MITRA (12 October 1930, Calcutta, West Bengal, India—7 December 2001) shot 17 films, 10 of them for Ray, including all three Apu films, *Jalsaghar/The Music Room* (1958) and *Parash Pathar/The Philosopher's Stone* (1958). His last film was *New Delhi Times* (1986).

RAVI SHANKAR (7 April 1920, Benares, British India, now Varanasi, India), a world-renowned musician, has composed music for 25 films, the most recent of which are *Ravi Shankar: Between Two Worlds* (2001), *Tenussian Vacuvasco* (2000), *Genesis* (1986) and *Gandhi* (1982). He provided the score for all three Apu films.

Satyajit Ray, from World Film Directors v.II, ed. John Wakeman. The H.W. Wilson Co. NY 1988, entry by Philip Kemp

Director, scenarist, composer, born in Calcutta into an exceptionally talented family prominent in Bengali arts and letters.

The ground floor of the large family house was occupied by the printing firm founded by Ray's grandfather, Upendrakishore Ray, a writer, artist, musician, and publisher. His eldest son, Sukumar, Ray's father, was also famous as a writer and artist; the nonsense verses that he wrote for children, with his own illustrations, have become much-loved classics. Ray's mother, Suprabha Das, was a noted amateur singer. Both parents were members of the Brahmo sect, a liberal and reformist version of Hinduism which rejected the caste system.

Ray developed an abiding love of classical music, both Indian and western. He also became a keen cinemagoer. "I was a regular film fan. But I don't know when it became serious. At some point, I began to take notes in the dark on cutting." The movies he watched were almost exclusively western. "The cinemas showing Indian films...were dank and seedy....The films they showed us, we were told by our elders, were not suitable for us."

Ray attended the "world university" at Santikiketan founded by Rabindranath Tagore, the dominant figure of the Indian cultural renaissance, prolifically gifted as writer, painter and composer, who had been a close friend of Ray's father and grandfather, "though by 1940 (the year before his death) he had become a venerable figure whom Ray was too diffident to approach. His influence, though, was all-pervasive, especially in the teaching of all the arts as closely interrelated."

"...the professors I studied under were great artists. Not just painters, but people with vision, with understanding, with deep insight. I think everything [they taught me] has gone into my work.... I read a tremendous lot...novels, Indian literature, western literature, everything."

Ray left abruptly in 1942 to return to Calcutta, when news came the Japanese had bombed the city. He found work as a layout artist with a British-run advertising agency, D. J. Keymer & Co. He stayed with the firm for ten years, rising to senior art director.

In terms of quantity India ranked with the US & Japan as major filmmaking countries.

In the forty years of its existence Indian cinema had yet to produce a single director, or even a single film, of unequivocal world stature. Ray ascribed this failure to two major factors. First, that Indian filmmakers had never grasped the essential nature of cinema: "It would seem that the fundamental concept of a coherent dramatic pattern existing in time was generally misunderstood." Secondly, misguided attempts to emulate foreign movies, especially those of Hollywood: "What our cinema needs above everything else," Ray proclaimed, "is a style, an idiom...which would be uniquely and recognizably Indian."

His ambition was to create, singlehandedly if necessary, this uniquely Indian style and idiom. In 1947, the year of independence, Ray and his friend Chidananda Das Gupta had founded Calcutta's first film society. "Thereby shackling ourselves willingly to the task of disseminating film culture among the intelligentsia."

In addition to his advertising work, Ray, by now considered one of Calcutta's leading graphic artists, was often commissioned to illustrate books. One such commission, in 1946, was for an abridged edition of a modern classic, Bibbhuti Bhushan Banerjee's novel *Pather Panchali (Song of the Little Road)*. Ever since, he had been considering turning this story into a film that he would both script and direct. Two events helped push his ideas into reality.

In 1949 Jean Renoir arrived in Calcutta to make *The River*. Overcoming his shyness, Ray called on him and found him "not only approachable, but so embarrassingly polite and modest that I felt if I were not too careful I would probably find myself discoursing on the Future of Cinema for his benefit." Ray helped Renoir scout locations, watched him filming whenever possible, and eventually mentioned his own plans. Renoir was full of encouragement. If only, he said, Indian filmmakers "could shake Hollywood out of your system and evolve your own style, you would be making great films here."

Within three days of arriving in London I saw *Bicycle Thieves*. I knew immediately that if I ever made *Pather Panchali*... I would make it in the same way, using natural locations and unknown actors."

Ray realized that to make the film he wanted, he would have to finance it himself. He scraped together all his savings, borrowed from his relatives, raised a loan on his life insurance, and hired some equipment ... [4,000 feet of film and still no takers]. Ray sold off his precious books and classical records, and Bijoya pawned her jewelry but

to no avail. Some eighteen months after filming had started, Ray sadly disbanded his team.

—about this time Monroe Wheeler from MOMA visited looking for Indian material and suggested if Ray could finish the film would be part of exhibition.

Six months later John Huston turned up, scouting locations for his Kipling movie, *The Man Who Would be King*, and was shown the edited footage. He was favorably impressed and reported as much to Wheeler.

Meanwhile, through a contact of his mother's, Ray had gained access to the Chief Minister of the West Bengal government, Dr. Roy. News of foreign interest in this eccentric project had filtered through. Roy viewed the footage and agreed that the state government would purchase the film outright, taking in return any profit accruing from domestic exhibition. (According to some accounts, the funds came from the Department of Roads, who believed, taking the title literally, that Ray was making a documentary about road-building.) With this backing and a six-month leave of absence from Keymer's, Ray was able to resume shooting, now on a full-time basis. Working against time—Ravi Shankar's evocative score was composed in eleven hours—Ray and his team completed the film in time for Wheeler's exhibition in April 1955.

"The cinematic material," Ray wrote later, "dictated a style to me, a very slow, rhythm determined by nature, the landscape, the country.... The script had to retain some of the rambling quality of the novel because that in itself contained a clue to the feeling of authenticity: life in a poor Bengali village does ramble." Affectionately, and never condescendingly, *Pather Panchali* offers us a series of events, not seen through Apu's eyes but rather reflected in his wide-eyed, responsive gaze. "Instead of simply identifying with the child's view. "Robin Wood observed, "Ray makes us increasingly sensitive to the child's reactions to what he sees."

As Adib, film critic of *The Times of India*, recognized, something revolutionary had appeared in Indian cinema: "it is banal to compare it with any other Indian picture—for even the best pictures produced so far have been cluttered with clichés. *Pather Panchali* is pure cinema. There is no trace of the theatre in it....The countryside lives in the quiver of every leaf, in every ripple on the surface of the pond, in the daily glory of its mornings and evenings. The people live in every nerve and we live with them.... If sequence after sequence fixes itself in the mind of the audience, it is because every scene has been intensely conceived."

With some reluctance, since it was felt to give an adverse impression of India, *Pather Panchali* was chosen as official Indian entry for the 1956 Cannes Festival. Many critics stayed away, convinced by past experience that no Indian film could be worth watching, but almost all who attended the screening hailed the debut of a major new director, and the revelation of an unprecedented

maturity in the Indian cinema. (A dissenting voice came from François Truffaut, who walked out after two reels, announcing that the film was "insipid and Europeanized," and that in any case he was not interested in Indian peasants.)

Pather Panchali was awarded the prize as Best Human Document and went on to win a fistful of other awards including the Selznick Golden Laurel at Berlin, and received wide international release. In *Sight and Sound* Lindsay Anderson described it as "a beautiful picture, completely fresh and personal," in which Ray's camera "reaches forward into life, exploring and exposing, with reverence and wonder."

Many critics found *Aparajito* a disappointment after *Pather Panchali*. "The film is neither realistic nor symbolic: it is merely awkward," wrote Eric Rhode....Stanley Kaufmann, on the other hand, who had dismissed *Pather Panchali* as "rewarding if taken as a dramatized documentary," now realized that Ray was "in process of creating a national film epic unlike anything—in size and soul—since [Donskoi's] Maxim trilogy." In *Film* (March-April 1960), Douglas McVay considered it "the most profoundly sensitive panel of the triptych," singling out the moving scene of Sarojaya's lonely death: "Through the gathering dusk, the sick woman glimpses the approach of one more locomotive on the skyline....She stumbles to her feet and gazes eagerly out into the darkness....Only the light of the fireflies twinkles back at her."

Aparajito was awarded numerous prizes, including the Golden Lion at the 1957 Venice Festival....

The theme of change, of the countervailing gains and losses attendant on the forces of progress, has often been identified as the central preoccupation of Ray's films.

With the completion of the Apu trilogy, Ray was widely acclaimed as one of the great masters of humanist cinema, comparable with Renoir, Flaherty and de Sica. As far as the rest of the world was concerned he stood as the dominant figure in Indian cinema, sole representative of his country's vast movie industry. Within India his status was more ambiguous. Although he enjoyed huge prestige as the only Indian director to have achieved international respect, he was also the object of considerable resentment, especially in Bombay; and his work—then as now—was limited to a relatively restricted audience: the intellectual middle classes of the Bengali-speaking minority. (Ray always refused to have his films dubbed into Hindi or other languages).

Some critics, following Truffaut, have accused Ray of tailoring his films to European tastes, of making—as one of them put it—UNESCO cinema; Ray has consistently rebutted such attacks ("All my films are made with my own Bengali audience in view"), pointing out that even the most sympathetic western viewer, unless

extraordinarily well-versed in Bengali language and culture, will find much in his films alien and incomprehensible.

“Villains bore me,” Ray has remarked.

In all Ray’s films, even *Pather Panchali*, interiors are shot in the studio, although so subtly are the sets constructed and lit that we are rarely aware of artifice.

“Calm without, fire within,” the title of Ray’s essay on the Japanese cinema

Outside the avant-garde, there is perhaps no filmmaker who exercises such control over his work as Satyajit Ray. Scripting, casting, directing, scoring, operating the camera, working closely on art direction and editing, even designing his own credit titles and publicity material—his films come as close to wholly personal expression as may be possible in mainstream cinema. Not that his working methods are in the least dictatorial; those who have worked with him pay tribute to his patience, courtesy, and unfailing good temper in the face of all the setbacks and disasters inherent in moviemaking. “I make films for the love of it,” he once wrote. “I enjoy every moment of the filmmaking process,” from the first draft of the scenario to final cut. This enthusiasm is evidently communicated to his collaborators; Ray’s direction, Soumitra Chatterjee told an interviewer, “is inspired, and it’s an inspiration that is contagious and spreads to the entire crew.” Actors have been known to pass up three lavishly-paid Bombay spectacles to work on one of his low-budget productions.

“I have not often been praised or blamed for the right reasons,” Ray has remarked. One surprisingly persistent view of him, apparently based on *Pather Panchali* and not much else, is as the gifted natural, an untutored primitive of the cinema, adept at semidocumentary studies of simple peasant life but sadly out of his depth with more sophisticated subjects.

He succeeded in making Indian cinema, for the first time in its history, something to be taken seriously, and he presented his fellow Indian filmmakers with an unprecedented opportunity to make worthwhile pictures.

For all his fame, though, he remains amusedly indifferent to movie-world glamour. He lives with his family in a rambling 1920s apartment in North Calcutta, where he types his own scripts and answers his own phone, and where aspiring actors drop in at all hours without an appointment.

Ray’s films move to their own inner rhythm, individual and wholly satisfying, full of warmth, humor and a constant sense of discovery.

**from *The St. James Film Directors Encyclopedia*
Andrews, Sarris, Ed. Visible Ink Press Detroit 1998,
entry by Satti Khanna**

The power of Ray’s early films comes from his ability to suggest deep feeling by arranging the surface elements of his films unemphatically.

Audiences in India who have responded warmly to Ray’s early films have sometimes been troubled by the complexity of his middle films. A film like *Shatranj Ke Khilari* was expected by many viewers to reconstruct the splendors of Moghul India as the early *Jalsaghar* had reconstructed the sensitivity of Bengali feudal landlords and *Charulata* the decency of upper class Victorian Bengal. What the audience found instead was a stern examination of the sources of Indian decadence. According to Ray, the British seemed less to blame for their role than the Indians who demeaned themselves by colluding with the British or by ignoring the public good and plunging into private pleasures. Ray’s point of view in *Shatranj* was not popular with distributors and so his first Hindi film was denied fair exhibition in many cities in India.

In focusing on inner lives and on human relations as the ground of social and political systems, Ray continued the humanist tradition of Rabindranath Tagore. Ray studied at Santiniketan, the university founded by Tagore, and was close to the poet in his last years....As the poet Tagore was his example, Ray has become an example to important younger filmmakers (such as Shyam Benegal, M.S. Sathyu, G. Aravindan), who have learned from him how to reveal in small domestic situations the working of larger political and cultural forces.

from *Conversations with The Great Moviemakers of Hollywood’s Golden Age*. Ed. George Stevens Jr. Alfred A Knopf NY 2006

Satyajit Ray

“First it’s finding a story which excites you. Second, it’s converting it into the terms of a screenplay. Third, it’s casting, which I do myself. People just come to my house. There’s a knock on the door, and there’s somebody waiting outside with acting ambitions.”

“I try to pack my films with meaning and psychological inflections and shades,” he said, “and make a whole which will communicate a lot of things to many people.” Ray’s cinema flows with the serenity and nobility of a big river,” said Akira Kurosawa. “People are born, live out their lives and then accept their deaths. There is nothing irrelevant or haphazard in his cinematographic technique.”

April 13, 1978 *You have been making films for more than twenty years. The subjects have varied widely—the rural poor, commercial urban life, the British presence—but all the films have been set in India. Do you have any interest in directing outside your country?*

Not really. I have turned down many offers from here, though wouldn’t mind working with American actors. In fact, I came to Hollywood about ten years ago for a project that would have been filmed in Bengal and that needed an American actor. But I wouldn’t want to work outside of India. I feel very deeply rooted there. I

know my people better than any other. I would like to narrow it down even further and say, things Bengali, because I think of India as a continent, and every state has its own topography, language and culture. There is an underlying link of Hinduism perhaps, but on the surface the states are very different. You can move from the Himalayas to a desert.

You've acknowledged Jean Renoir as one of your earliest influences. How did that come about?

In the forties, I saw the American films of Jean Renoir. The first one was *The Southerner*. Eventually I saw *The Diary of a Chambermaid* and a few others. I also read about his French work, and I was familiar with his father's paintings. Then, in 1949, Renoir came to Calcutta to look for locations for *The River*....I just went and presented myself as a student of the cinema. I got to know him quite well. He was comparatively free in the evenings and I would often just drop in. Later I accompanied him on his location hunts because I knew the countryside quite well.....

He talked about the difficulties he had had in Hollywood trying to convince people that the film ought to be shot on location and not in the studio. He dropped occasional remarks which I found very illuminating. For instance, he said that a film does not have to show many things, but the few that it shows have to have the right kind of details. He kept insisting on details and the value of details in films. We would drive through the countryside, and he would say, "Look at that!" and point to a clump of bananas or plantains. "That is Bengal. That little palm, that is quintessential Bengal for me." He was always trying to find in the landscape details that he felt were characteristic of the place and that he was eventually hoping to use in the film. That left an impression, because I myself was very interested in details....

Has censorship affected your films?

Not to a very serious extent, because I have always been oblique in my statements, even on human relationships. In any case, we can't afford to be too permissive. And I'm not particularly anxious to be too permissive, because I think there has to be some room left for suggestion and obliqueness. In the cinema there is, I believe, a strong political censorship of violence. There's a lot of fighting in the new commercial cinema, but there's no blood shown. Apparently you are free to show a lot of bashing about. But if you show catsup, then you are in for it....

What form do your scripts take?

My scripts are in visual form. They are not written documents which can be duplicated and passed out to the members of the crew. They're just little framed sketches with directions down the right-hand side, and little notes on dialogue and camera movements. I don't think it's a literary medium anyway, so why waste work? It's only when the question of publication comes that you have to devise a part-novel, part-drama form. But I've never

wasted time in being literary.

What led to your approach?

Well, I was trained as a painter; I did illustrations. But I'm not the only one who works this way. I once saw a script by Kurosawa which looks exactly like mine. I know of some other directors who use a visual form.

Music seems to have a special importance in your films. What do you see as its use?

I've been using less and less music in my films of late because I've always had the feeling that background music was one element that was not part of pure cinema. It was an admission of inadequacy on the part of the screenplay writer—or the director, perhaps—to have to use music to underline certain things. Perhaps it was out of a lack of confidence in the audience. Of course, I was quite surprised to see some of the American films of the thirties, for example, *Scarface*, which had no music at all. It's later—late thirties and early forties—that music really came into its own. Then you had big composers like Max Steiner and Erich Wolfgang Korngold and Alfred Newman writing symphonic scores which run right through the film almost. I find that those are the films which have dated most now.

I personally prefer a slightly drier approach, but I realize that one cannot do without music. In the trilogy I did not write my own music. I used Ravi Shankar, as you probably know. The film without the music would have seemed slower, I'm afraid. I think what music does is to provide the audience with something to react to so that they are kept occupied. At least their ears are kept occupied. With that, there is something happening.

What do you think about using music as counterpoint?

Yes, fine. That's one of the recommended uses, certainly. Kubrick has done that in his films, using "The Blue Danube" for *2001: A Space Odyssey*. I think it's better to do it that way, because the other way would be totally logical. It would be saying the same thing in terms of music as is being expressed in rhetorical terms. In any case, I don't like the Mickey Mousing of music by providing songs with every action. That's very bad.

I watch my films with the audiences. Certainly on the opening night, but I also go just to see how the audience is reacting. I've often found that the audience's reaction in a way changes the film for me. Often, during the passages which have very little dialogue, or just subtle things on the soundtrack, and no music, I felt terrified. I wanted to walk out of the theater. I would think, now why didn't I use music here, which would pacify the public who are being restive and fidgety? It remains a very acute problem, I think, whether to use music or not. I would ideally not like to use music at all. I certainly do not approve of well-known pieces of classical music used in the background. What happens is that the film is rarely able to come up to the level of the music. What really happens is that the music is brought down to the level of

the film, which is upsetting.

How did you work with Ravi Shankar on the Apu trilogy?

Shankar was then already a very famous concert virtuoso who was constantly touring, if not outside of India, then inside India. For *Pather Panchali* he was available for just a day. I was able to show him half the film in rough cut. The music I wouldn't say was composed, because there was nothing written down. He just hummed and whistled, and the musicians just performed. All the music was done in a single session. This is not the best way of doing it, mind you. I got worried, and I had him play three-minute and four-minute pieces and various ragas in various tempos. Either a solo sitar or a combination with the flute, with drums, whatever. But a lot of the work was done in the cutting room. There was considerable wrestling with the music and the images.

...Music has always been my first love....

You operate your own camera?

I've been doing so for the last fifteen years. Not that I have no trust in my cameraman's operational abilities, but the best position to judge the acting from is through the lens. Also, I've noticed working with nonprofessionals, that they are happier if they don't see my face while I'm directing....

Do you have a philosophy that you care to articulate?

It's there in my films. I'm afraid I can't be articulate about it. I'm very bad at verbalizations. That's why I'm not a writer; I'm a filmmaker. I'm afraid you will have to draw your own conclusions.

Matinee Idylls: Reflections on the Movies. Richard Schickel. Ivan R. Dee. Chicago, 1999. "Satyajit Ray: Days and Nights in the Art Houses"

I had been assigned to produce the film tribute to the greatest of "Indian Chappies," Satyajit Ray, for the 1992 Academy Award broadcast, on which he was to receive an honorary Oscar....When I began telling people what I was working on, I discovered that it was only among my contemporaries—and, of course, the critics and film historians—that Ray was a recognizable name. And then only as a figure from our past. They, no more than I, had any sense of the size and strength of his body of work as it has developed in the last two decades or so. As for younger people, they had quite simply never heard of him.

This was a shock to me. But not as great as the dismay that came over me as I tried to get to work on my little montage, which instantly turned into the worst logistical nightmare I have ever endured in over two decades of making compilation films.

As far as I could determine, no American company held television rights (and therefore a viable print or tape) of any of Ray's films. For that matter, I could turn up no one who held American theatrical rights

in any of his pictures. There were a few scattered, battered 16mm prints of his films available in the audiovisual market, but most of them were near-unwatchable....To put the point simply, there was simply no market for Ray's films in the United States, therefore no impetus to keep good copies of his work available for public exhibition....

Advised not to bother with Indian sources because in a poor nation film preservation is not a high priority and the state film bureaucracy is mysterious and impenetrable, I finally turned to Britain. There, at last, I was able to obtain air-worthy prints. The reason for that, I believe, is simple and exemplary: it is because the National Film Theatre and the British Film Institute created and continue to sustain a small but commercially viable audience for movies that are not made in America and are not comedies or action films aimed at the only audience that seems to count these days—young, brain-damaged males.

The previous year Channel 4 in Britain had presented—in prime time, mind you—a retrospective that included almost all of Ray's best work....

As I learned a few years ago, when I taught a criticism course at the USC film school, young people today, even when they would like to, cannot replicate the experience [of seeing many foreign films] the fifties generation enjoyed....Today's young people cannot gain convenient (or even inconvenient) access to their film heritage or to cinematic cosmopolitanism.

...Working with Ray's work in some measure reanimated something like my youthful idealism about the movies and about the utility of the critical gesture, not as a way of passing ultimate judgments but as a way of stirring interest in, discussion of, yes, even passion for the movies in their infinite, and in this case, marvelously exotic variety.

I said earlier that coming upon the Apu trilogy anew I was struck by the lasting power of its quite simple imagery. But there were other things I could see about it now that were hidden from me thirty-five years ago. Viewing the three films back to back I was struck by their cumulative power. In everything but physical scale they constitute an epic. They range over two decades and embrace both village and city life in modern India and all of the most basic human emotions in the most tender and patient way. More important, I was now able to see that the films—especially the final one, *The World of Apu*—hinted at what I can now see as Satyajit Ray's great if always indirectly spoken theme.

That is the ineffectuality of the male in a colonial and postcolonial society....This is a major body of work, embracing more than thirty gracefully executed films, the overriding theme of which—the psychological and cultural devastation of a society only recently released from colonialism—is not without interest even to those people who are uninterested in the cinema as such. What matters even more to me is that its felicities—there are no crude villains in Ray's work, no caricatured exploiters of

the people (or heroes of the people either)—and its subtle wisdom are unavailable to us in our present, devastated

cultural climate. I wish I knew what to do about this situation, beyond protesting it.

COMING UP IN BUFFALO FILM SEMINARS XIII, FALL 2006:

- Oct 10 Jean-Pierre Melville **Le Samourai** 1967
- Oct 17 Roman Polanski **Chinatown** 1974
- Oct 24 Robert Altman **M*A*S*H** 1970
- Oct 31 Fred Zinnemann, **The Day of the Jackal** 1973
- Nov 7 Emile de Antonio **In the Year of the Pig** 1969
- Nov 14 Bob Rafelson, **Five Easy Pieces** 1970
- Nov 21 Nicolas Roeg **The Man Who Fell to Earth** 1976
- Nov 28 Spike Lee **Do the Right Thing** 1989
- Dec 5 Peter Greenaway **Prospero's Books** 1991

COMING UP IN THE UB FORUM ON TORTURE

(Wednesdays 5:30-8:00 p.m., Center for the Arts 112, UB North Campus)

- 10.04 **Diane Christian & Robert Knox Dentan**
- 10.11 **Amy Goodman (5 - 7:30PM at Slee Hall)**
- 10.18 **Ian Olds**
- 10.25 **Bruce Jackson & Newton Garver**
- 11.01 **Eddo Stern**
- 11.08 **Nina Felshin**
- 11.15 **Jennifer Harbury & Ezat Mossallanejad**

For details on topics and speakers go to <http://www.acsu.buffalo.edu/~cgkoebel/tor.htm>

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...for the series schedule, annotations, links and updates: <http://buffalofilmseminars.com>

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