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Joi baba felunath (The elephant god), Ray, Satyajit, 1978
Ashani sanket (Distant thunder), Ray, Satyajit, 1973
Jalsaghar (The music room), Ray, Satyajit, 1959
Sonar kella (The golden fortress), Ray, Satyajit, 1974
Abhijan (The expedition), Ray, Satyajit, 1962
Teen kanya (Two daughters), Ray, Satyajit, 1961
Shatranj ke khilari (The chess players), Ray, Satyajit, 1977
Charulata (The lonely wife), Ray, Satyajit, 1965
Aparajito (The unvanquished), Ray, Satyajit, 1956
Devi (The goddess), Ray, Satyajit, 1960



*Satyajit Ray's grandfather
Shri Upendrakishore was a pioneer
in halftone printing in Calcutta*

*One hundred years ago
another Ray family pioneered
modern printing in Delhi*

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SATYAJIT RAY

RETROSPECTIVE '81

APRIL 20 — 30, 1981

ORGANISED BY BENGAL ASSOCIATION 3, HAILEY ROAD, NEW DELHI

..... after a month and a half's illness there is doctor's advice against travelling as well as the pressure of accumulated work.....Therefore it will not be possible for me to be present at your film festival

I send my best wishes for the success of your endeavour.

SATYAJIT RAY

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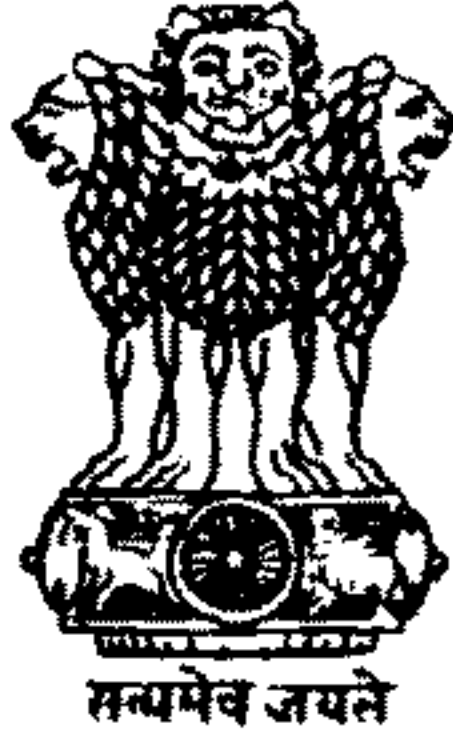
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PRIME MINISTER

MESSAGE

When Shri Satyajit Ray was making Pather Panchali and was confronted with numerous problems, my father and I helped in overcoming them as we appreciated the new ground he was breaking.

In the next 25 years Indian cinema has been greatly enriched by Shri Ray's creative insight and expression. His deep understanding of Bengal and its people and the integrity and universality of his characters has moved viewers all over the world.

My good wishes to Bengal Association for the Satyajit Ray retrospective it is holding to celebrate the 25th year of Pather Panchali.

Indira Gandhi
(Indira Gandhi)

New Delhi,
April 10, 1981



CHIEF MINISTER
WEST BENGAL

April 11, 1981

I am glad to know that the Bengal Association will hold a retrospective '81 of Satyajit Roy's films from "Pather Panchali" to "Nirak Rajar Deshe" at Gandhi Memorial Hall, Delhi from April 20 to 30, 1981. The Cine-goers of Delhi will surely appreciate this programme of the Bengal Association and make proper utilisation of this opportunity.

I wish this retrospective of Satyajit Roy's films all success.

Jyoti Basu
(Jyoti Basu)

MINISTER
DEPARTMENT OF INFORMATION
AND CULTURAL AFFAIRS
GOVERNMENT OF WEST BENGAL



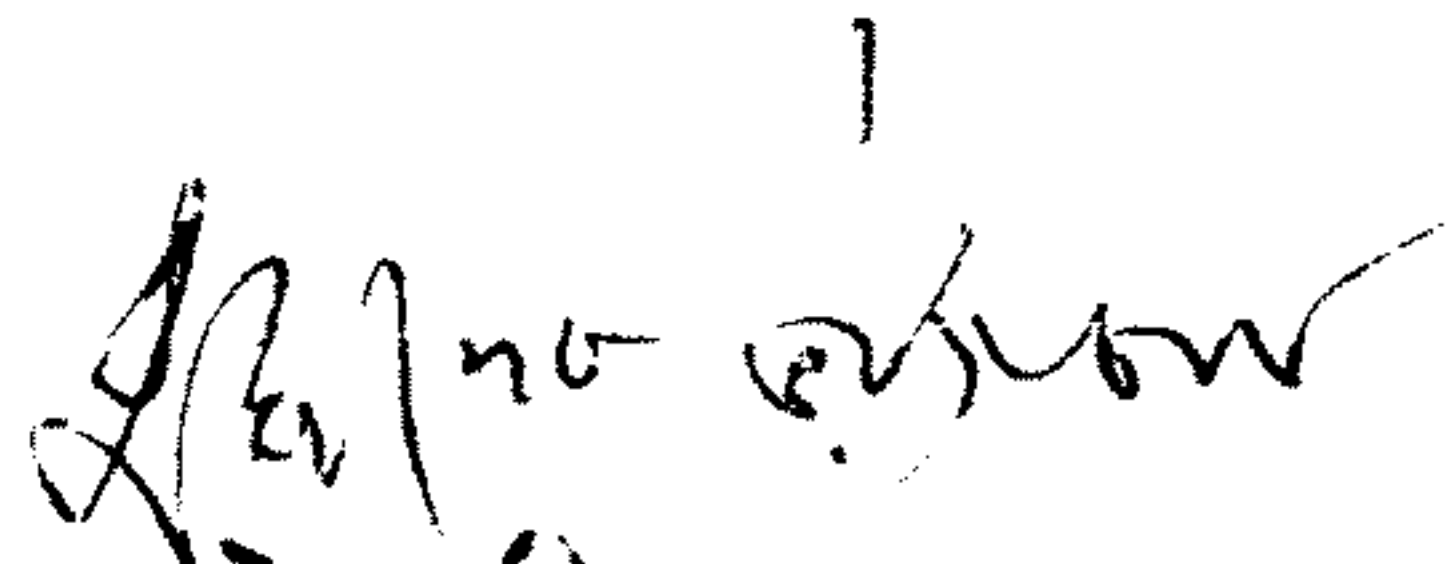
মন্ত্রী,
তথ্য ও সংস্কৃতি বিভাগ,
পশ্চিমবঙ্গ সরকার

D. O. NO.....DATE.....

তাং ১১.৪.৫১.

'পথের পাঁচালী' চলচ্চিত্রের পঁচিশ বৃতিতে
বেঙ্গল প্রোসিউশন সত্যজিৎ রায়ের চিত্রমালা
নিয়ে এক চলচ্চিত্র উৎসবের আয়োজন করেছে
জেনে আনন্দিত হলাম। আগামী ২০ এপ্রিল থেকে
এগার দিন ব্যাপী অনুষ্ঠিতব্য উৎসব সর্বাঙ্গীণ
সফল্যমন্ডিত হোক।

এই উপলক্ষে সংশ্লিষ্ট সকলকে আন্তরিক
প্রীতি ও শুভেচ্ছা জানাই।


(বুধদেব ভট্টাচার্য)



All artists create worlds of their own. And the true appreciation of an artist ultimately lies in the understanding of his world. That world emerges out of the experiences of living : it is created by the continuous interactions between one's personal responses to the life around, and the forces of life which shape and make the artist himself. This tension between the artist and life lends true character to art which is not only pleasant but profound, personal but universal, contemporary and modern.

The world of Satyajit Ray, a many sided genius, has a haunting quality. At first it strikes us, and almost overwhelms by its sheer beauty of form and rhythm and harmony. Every constituent of it appears perfectly balanced and ordered, every tiny particle within it chiselled and subtle, and each inhabitant in it lively and full. This world is charming and beautiful : almost like the world of the Greeks where *Kalos-Beauty* is the presiding force, a world which rejects *kakos*, the ugly and the deformed. This beauty, a noble thing by its own right, is not just a product of a deft manipulation of artistic medium and a cool and restrained craftsmanship. It is born out of his attitude towards life and of his felt experience. His world is so beautiful because it is so humane, and because its roots are in the depth of human experience of great variety and range. An acute perceptiveness for human feelings and emotions, however small and trivial, an awareness of the pride and dignity of human life, of the relation between time-past and time-present, and the place of man in the scheme of things give this world its uniqueness and its abiding value. The rhythm and harmony of the world is controlled by an unfragmented vision that combines an intense love and sense of wonder for life and austere sense of duty to the demands of art.

To enter into the world of Satyajit Ray is to share that love and that sense of wonder for life and our obligations to art as well.

The Prophet Abroad

Amita Malik

It is nothing new for Satyajit Ray to be honoured abroad. Those who can switch their minds back to twenty years ago will recall the surge of pride we all felt when Cannes went out of its way to honour him, after Georges Sadoul had moved heaven and earth to draw the attention of the critics and festival officials to a new director from Asia whose masterpiece had been tucked away in an obscure cinema in a show which was not at a very happy hour either. It is significant that Ray's special award at Cannes referred to his film as "the best human document".

And now the film buffs of Britain have honoured Ray by designating him the best director in fifty years. When one runs through the list of world directors during that period one's mind boggles; it also forces one to take some intellectual stock of what constitute lasting value in the cinema.

The Western world is notoriously fickle in its pursuit of culture, and fashions change fast, more often than not with political overtones. There had to be a decent interval between Suez and the Tutenkhaman exhibitions, and between China-baiting and detente before lavish exhibitions of Chinese art crossed the oceans.

What, then, makes Ray endure abroad and up to a period where his own countrymen raise niggling points about accents and commitment ?

To foreign cineastes and the more general cinema public Ray has endured for two connected reasons. To them he represents the finest values in Indian culture and civilization. And while remaining not only an Indian but also a Bengali film-maker (until very recently, he turned down offers to make films in Hindi) he has made both the regional and the national into something universal.

When *Pratidwandi* was shown in the USA, many writers and young American filmgoers identified themselves with the young unemployed youth of Calcutta. That glowering interview board which seemed astounded that the candidate should consider Vietnam more important than man landing on the moon could have been an American interview board or an interview board in Stuttgart, Paris, Melbourne, Singapore—anywhere.

One also recalls that chill day in Toronto when Pather Panchli was shown on TV. An irate Indian rang up the Indian High Commissioner in Ottawa to demand that a film which "showed Indian poverty" should be withdrawn forthwith. He belonged to a genre which still survives, and is blind to the tolerance, the honesty and, indeed, the dignity which are recognized when an Indian portrays what for want of a better term, one still designates as poverty. It is like criticizing foreigners for making biased films on drought and then criticizing Indian film-makers who put that drought into perspective.

What has endeared Ray to other countries and led to lasting respect for the man and his work are those very qualities of quiet understatement which so infuriate the pamphleteers of the cinema at home. Ray never shouts; quite often he smiles quietly. And when, 50 years hence, people look at his films they will find in them all over again that same "human document" which Cannes had the discrimination to recognize.

The nuances of post-independence Indian society at its most bewildered, when it was confused in its values but still unmistakably Indian, are likely to emerge in sharper focus to future generations than to us. And it is people abroad, more detached from India, who have already recognized this documentary quality in Ray, his quietly interpretative qualities who can now see more beyond than us.

When I was in Tehran recently I was told that the Iranians, propelled into the petro-dollar age, were worried about losing their traditional identity and values and that they felt comforted that India had somehow survived the dangers or was at least coping with them. One film-maker said that, to him, this was the most important fact that emerged from Ray's films—a point we have perhaps missed.

But over and above all this there is Ray the man, the Indian who is universal in the most varied and conflicting of settings. He astounds people by his fantastic knowledge of films from every part of the world, the wealth of detail he has about individual directors, cameramen, every department of film-making.

He has also not lost that youthful student enthusiasm of the founder of the Calcutta Film Society. He still thrills at the mention of the heroes of his early days in the film appreciation world. He is up to the minute, whether he is discussing contemporary American cinema or an individual Polish director or a Russian cameramen.

It is very difficult to find anything Ray does not know about the cinema from its earliest to the present day or, for that matter, about science fiction or Western

classical music, or Japanese masks or children's literature anywhere. This endears him to people wherever he travels, or when they visit him in Calcutta.

His generosity in receiving at his home any aspiring film-maker in search of advice is boundless. I recall a distraught young script writer-director from Kerala who, when he failed to storm the citadel of the Film Finance Corporation, saved the fare to Calcutta and trembled with hope as Ray listened patiently to his script, which he translated from Malayalam as he went along. And how, at the end of it all, he stormed the FFC gates armed with a letter from Ray. Ray's many admirers from abroad similarly are delighted to find how accessible he is.

Ray, for that matter, is ideal mass media material. He looks imposing, has a beautiful voice and presence, speaks without a trace of self-consciousness, is always natural and, most important of all, always has something worthwhile to say. Again and again I have seen him at festivals abroad retrieve a floundering Indian Press conference or disarm an arrogant critic by his dignity, his courtesy and his ability to express not only himself but India itself.

Film experts abroad are amazed by his modesty. Clever TV interviewers eat out of his hand. I have never known him to give a shoddy interview to any medium or botch up anyone's copy with superfluous stuff. He is a perfectionist in whatever he does.

So we are back to what Cannes discovered so early on. Ray is a warm, gentle, civilized human being, which is what human documents are about. Ray's films are but a reflection of his personality. And that personality is but a reflection of Indian culture and civilization at its best. Which is why the world recognizes India in him, and what it has stood for down the centuries.

Courtesy—The Statesman

Satyajit Ray - the seeker of life's truth

Subrata Banerjee

August 25, 1955. A new Bengali film opened in a modest cinema house in Calcutta. And with it emerged the first and so far the only Indian film director of international standard and a film that has become a world classic. Satyajit Ray and *Pather Panchali*.

What made all this difference ? Here was a film that was a complete break from the past. It had nothing in common with the previous Indian films. It would be futile to attempt to seek a connection between the earlier film-makers and Satyajit.

Film, as an art form, started in Bengal, with a total reliance on literature and the theatre. It was really a visual and later on audio-visual presentation of the theatre on the screen. There was no recognition of cinema as a distinct art form. Pramathesh Barua made the camera a little more mobile. He showed some consciousness of arrangements of shots. He used the great outdoors. And thematically he had a greater awareness of social consciousness.

Madhu Bose and Nitin Bose were for some time contemporaries of Pramathesh. Madhu Bose's great contribution was the introduction of operatic films. His *Ali Baba* and *Rajnartaki* are probably still difficult to beat. Nitin Bose was more contemporary and urban. In the forties Bimal Roy brought some sense of realism with his *Udayar Pathe*. Nimai Ghosh carried it forward with his portrayal of the victims of partition in *Chhinnamool*.

The immediate success of *Pather Panchali* was because the appeal was so elemental-the oppressed old woman, the two children, a village bard and mother struggling to keep the house together, their action and behaviour in the background of a typical Bengal village. The deeper impact was felt by those who were able to realise that there, for the first time, was pure cinema.

There was no trace of the theatre. The camera with its infinite possibilities had at last come into its own. The camera observed, probed, caught revealing details and telling gestures, unravelled the mysteries of background and atmosphere, the slight differences of mood, the subtle differences between dawn and dusk, the change of seasons. The audience saw it, as it were, with the eyes of the camera. It made him a participant.

The impact was mainly visual. Dialogue was an additional help. Even sound was used with care. Silence became eloquent. There was no formula music. It was

integrated with the basic mood of the film. It helped create overtones, deepen a mood or feeling. It was not used to explain a situation. It never obtruded.

The acting was in such a low key that one felt one was in the midst of the events. The flamboyancy of the theatre had been abandoned. Telling gestures and slight movements expressed not only the mood, or an emotion, but even the basic character of a person.

Images came up before the eyes, one against another, building up a theme, an emotion, an idea, like words that build up a sentence, or the succession of notes that build up a musical phrase. Suddenly one realised that the film as a medium of communication had its own grammar and syntax, its language and style of expression. It was not a visual representation of literature. It was not a photographic representation of the theatre. And yet it had absorbed elements of both these media of expression and more.

For the first time in Indian film history *Pather Panchali* revealed that cinema is the quintessence of all hitherto known art forms and the most expressive art form of the modern world of technology. For the first time the infinite possibilities of the cinema were thrown open.

How was it possible? Satyajit is really the true heir of the so-called 19th century renaissance of Bengal, a creature of the national struggle for Independence and the true artist of modern India. His genius is his own. But it could find expression only in Independent India.

Bengali literature had already reached out to new modes of expression and experiences on the eve of Independence. The theatre too had followed suit. Social realism had already found its place in the soil of Bengal. Independence suddenly gave us access to the wide world outside our so-long closed society. It also brought to us the new world of cinema, built up in the Soviet Union, in Italy, in the East European countries, in Britain, in Japan and even in the heart of commercial cinema, Hollywood

Add to this Satyajit's own family background of literature, music and the arts and finally the training under Nanadlal Bose, the great master, at Santiniketan. Then his own interest in films and music, both Indian and Western. It was an interest that led him to see and study films, discovering in them a form of artistic self-expression. Out of these complex of influences and situations was born the film-maker Satyajit Ray. This is what set him apart from the previous film-makers.

Satyajit has mastered the film form. But he is no mere technician. His artistry lies in his ability to marry the content of his films to the form. As a director he maintains supreme control from the beginning to the end of an art form that is basically collective. It is his vision and point of view that determine the style of expression, the dialogue, the style of acting, the use of camera and sound and music, the rhythm of the film. That

is why today he writes his own script and scores his own music. He not only directs the acting, but also helps design the sets, decides on lighting and camera angles and movements and sits at the editing table and directs the final re-recording.

So much for technique. But technique is only the tool of expression. What is important is what is expressed and how.

Satyajit is essentially a humanist and an urban twentieth century personality. He is basically a representative of modern India and a Bengali. His world is the world of India today, where the whimper of dying yesterday orchestrates with the cry of the newborn. And all this taking place in a situation, in which the world has come so close together, that even a distant event leaves its footprints on your door steps. Hence he projects modernity into the framework of traditionalism.

In this context Satyajit is concerned with individuality. With individual relationships. And yet, not for a moment is the contemporary social background lost sight of. On the contrary it is a part of the drama of human relationship. He is concerned with the truth of life. He lets truth speak for itself. He does not moralise or try to be didactic. But truth is no abstraction. His commitment to social change, to humanist reality is evident in his selection and presentation of the truth. That is why, as a true artist, he is restless and relentless in his search for truth. Hence his interest in handling many different themes.

Let Satyajit speak for himself. "Each film contributes to a process of self-education, making me conscious of the enormous diversity of life around me. I find myself trying, through my films to trace the underlying pattern that binds life together. This is the true stuff of the cinema—this dizzying contrast of sight and sound and milieu and it's a challenge for any film maker to try and orchestrate it, and shape its various conflicting elements into a work of art."

Over the years Satyajit has developed his personal style of expression. The individuals are introduced. Within a few shots you are made aware of their characters, environments and relations with other individuals. Then the situation begins to unfold itself and the relationships develop. This style calls for a great deal of attention to small details.

In *Charulata* for instance, Charu's loneliness, her sensitiveness are well established. Acting, photography, the sets, and even the absence of sound, all contribute to introduce Charu in depth. The fleeting glimpse of Bhupati not only establishes Bhupati's character, but also his relationship with Charu. She looks at him with her binoculars to bring the distant nearer.

The voice of Manda as we first hear her begins to give us an idea of her character. Her expressions and those of Charu explain the relationship. The expression

on Umapada's face and the tone of his voice give us an inkling into his character.

As the relationships develop and become complex, again small gestures, muted expressions are found to be pregnant with meaning. Even compositions of characters within the frame are full of meaning. Bhupati talking about the value of trust to Amal, with Charulata lingering in the background and short of slinking away. Amal's expression of guilt when Bhupati reveals Umapada's betrayal. And that wonderful swing sequence, in which the world around whirls in a maze of ethereal haze, with Charu's feet barely touching the earth. Sequence after sequence Satyajit probes deep inside each character and reveals his findings with tremendous restraint and economy.

In the entire treatment of the relationship between Charu and Amal you see the most successful marriage of modernity with tradition. Satyajit particularly emphasises the mid-nineteenth century period. The projection of 20th century characterisation and expression raises the emotional tension to a higher pitch bordering on the physical. This helps achieve emotional involvement of the contemporary audience and universalises the experience in modern terms. Rabindranath was tender. Satyajit is disturbing. And yet his usual restraint has not for a moment been sacrificed. It is a picture of passion that emerges through restraint.

Throughout the entire film you find all the characteristics of Satyajit's style, first glimpsed in Pather Panchali, in all their maturity. There are moments of humour that relieve the tensions that build up. Music is evocative and provides a link between sequences that express certain developments in the individual relationships. The camera angles and movements, the compositions and the use of light and shade, all are integrated into a single unit. Understatement, restraint, tremendous eye to detail, silence and sound, everything playing its part. Nothing that is superficial.

The same characteristics appear in Satyajit's wonderful biographical documentary on Rabindranath. The stress is on Rabindranath as a human being and a patriot and above all a humanist. The narrative is within the framework of chronology and the flow of events of his times. The short sequence on Rabindranath's paintings, visually and through the rhythm of movement, depicts their development from calligraphy, with a disciplined and economical use of footage. The most effective use of stills and their placing. The poignant use of Rabindranath's manuscripts with their trailing calligraphy expressing his failing health. The distressed face of the poet that appears after the shots of the war vividly brings to life the mood of his last message, "Crisis in Civilisation". And that final assertion of his faith in man and welcome to the coming of the new man of tomorrow. The life, the moods, the thoughts, the very being of Rabindranath are revealed and you are a participant. This is the strength of Satyajit. Audience involvement and participation.

As this is meant to be an introduction to Satyajit, I have refrained from certain valid criticisms. No artist is above criticism. I feel he is less involved with the rather rough expressions of the realities of today. And his contemporary themes lack that touch of involvement. His temperament is different and he is too close to these realities.

This is evident in what may be called his urban trilogy, ending with *Jana Aranya*, in which the stark reality of crumbling middle class values find expression with a total lack of his usual lyricism. It is often forgotten that Satyajit's probe into urban middle-class values and contradictions found expression from different angles much earlier in *Paras Pathar*, that comedy that brought tears into one's eyes, *Kanchajangha* and *Mahanagar*.

Satyajit has stepped out towards wider horizons in *Ashani Shanket*, where the Bengal famine is seen from within the narrow compass of a small village caught in the web of international developments, far remote from its knowledge and understanding. The sensuous lush green only add a more articulate dimension to the irony of starvation. In *Jalsaghar*, Satyajit is able to combine the human tragedy of the breakdown of feudal values, while accepting the inevitable change to modern values, which have their own vulgarities. Similarly, in *Shatranj Ki Khilari* he is able to see beyond the feudal ruler, and discover an element of national pride in a struggle against imperialism.

That Satyajit tries to handle such themes is evidence of his honest, relentless search for the truth of life. May be, sometimes he discovers it and at times falls just short of it. What is important is that Satyajit has not given up the search in all its dizzying diversity.

Jana Aranya

[An excerpt from *Cinema of Satyajit Ray*—Chidananda Das Gupta]

Ray's repeated effort, from *Aranyer Din Ratri* onwards, to come to terms with the new post-Tagore post-Independence generation, carried on in *Seemabadha* and *Pratidwandi*, reaches its peak in *Jana Aranya*. There is now a determined attempt to come face to face with the reality of the times, without hesitation or obliqueness. For the first time Calcutta comes to life. Its grime and dirt are established with the very first shot. The camera tracks down the city's narrow by-lanes laden with their *pan* and *lassi* stands and their little shops huddling together. The crowds are seen, not from above as in *Pratidwandi*, but at eye-level. Power keeps going off, telephones do not work, exams are a farce. There is a veritable cooks tour of the call-girl establishments as Somnath and his public relations agent go in search of one for his client; each visit is brought off with subtle variations and with greater cynicism than in *Pratidwandi*. In both, an innocent is inducted into the mysteries of an underworld of sex; but in *Jana Aranya*, it is not a youthful desire for initiation into sex, it is instead a cold decision to use it for making money. Neither Somnath nor his P.R. expert want any of the girls for himself indeed the thought does not enter their heads. The unemployed has become as hard-headed as *Seemabadha's* employer. Somnath's hesitations stem more from his inexperience than his lack of decision. His innocent does not have a chance to be shocked; it turns straightaway into full-scale corruption. He has realized that there is no other way. Each one must fend for himself as best as he can.

Jana Aranya epitomizes not only the mood of the seventies, but the failure of earlier values celebrated in so many of Ray's films. The moral centre of the film is the father, from whose point of view the values are seen. Even father's attempts to discuss the need for a higher set of values are dismissed by his elder son with an abruptness that hurts him, and shocks his daughter-in-law by its thoughtlessness. When an acquaintance calls with an offer of marriage for Somnath, with a string of benefits attached, the father dutifully informs his son, but is relieved when he refuses. He wants to call for Somnath's examination paper and have it reexamined, only to be assured that the examiners will not admit their error. He does not know what the film-maker has told us; that the examiner could not read the paper for lack of his neighbour's spectacles, because the neighbour was out of town (we are not told that it is Somnath's paper that he reads perfunctorily,

with tired eyes; but the inference for the particular case is obvious). He keeps insisting that protest and moral sense should prevail, but this only sets up a communication barrier with his sons. At the precise moment that Somnath takes the vital decision to arrange a woman for his client, Ray cuts to the father, sitting in candlelight in the absence of electricity, and a Tagore song issues out of the radio like the voice of doom, saying "Darkness is gathering over the forest." Tagore never wrote the song for such a context; but in Ray's juxtaposition it acquires a shattering impact. Significantly it is not a young person (the boy throwing a stone in the last shot of Shyam Benegal's *Ankur*, the young man in Sen's *Interview*, the boy at the end of Ghatak's *Ajaantrik*), but the old man who protests and refuses to give up hope. Ray, whose work shone with faith in his earlier films, sees in the present an erosion of the values that made life meaningful to him. Pauline Kael shrewdly compared Ashim in *Aranyer Din Ratri* to a corrupted Apu; indeed all urban heroes in Ray's contemporary films are—Siddhartha in *Pratidwandi*, Shyamalendu in *Semabadha*, Somnath in *Jana Aranya*—in their different ways. They are all intellectuals in their mental make-up, introspective in nature. They are later-day Brahmins, and the residue of their privileged inheritance has not been wiped out altogether. Somnath's associates in his business environment are willing to help him because they are attracted by his innocence and his good looks, his cultured, soft-spoken, introspective personality. Yet this also invests them, wily as they are, with some humanity.

The film has a brisk pace, unlike *Pratidwandi*. Its security, too, is more carefully built up, brick by brick, towards the shattering climax at the end. The situations and relationships are sketched in, one by one; so painstakingly that the audience wonders why Ray is taking so long over it. Suddenly, from the point where Somnath slips on the banana peel and meets the businessman, the film begins to move fast, and then takes off. Everything over which Ray had taken time now begins to pay off. Everything except the episode with Somnath's girl-friend (Aparana Sen). Unlike the rest of the film, this scene never rings true. It is schematic, fitted into the structure because a certain weight was necessary in the direction of his personal affections to balance the preoccupation with career in the rest. It had to be done and got over with. Almost every other scene comes off, including the delightful one of Mrs Ganguly (Padma Devi) presiding over her menagerie of girls. And the technique, with its harder lighting, hand-held shooting, trucking along crowded lanes, fits. Taking a lift with the client, Somnath repeatedly closes the glove compartment which falls open, revealing the picture of a semi-nude girl. When Somnath comes home after making sure of his contract, his dark shadow from a light outside enters first. No film of Ray has an equal sense of the complexity and depth of evil as *Jana Aranya*, his most important statement since *Charulata*, and the peak of his new search for understanding, the peak also of his three city films examining the world of business and employment.

Looking Back

I was made up for a colour test with wrinkles and lines and streaks of gray hair for *Kanchaniangha*. But Subrata Mitra was not satisfied. "Put some more wrinkles", he told the make-up man. I was not at all happy to play the role of a mother of grown-up children. "You should keep in reserve a few more wrinkles for the time when I play the role of Chhabi Babu's mother", was my caustic remark. "Wait", a bass voice spoke from behind, "when I shoot *Pather Panchali* in colour, you will play the role of Indir Thakrun", and with those words Satyajit beat a hasty retreat before I could effectively react. That was in 1961.

I had already worked with him in three of his films, the first two being the first two parts of the Apu trilogy. *Pather Panchali* was Satyajit's initial effort at making a feature film; it was also Subrata Mitra's first experience of handling a movie camera. Only Bansi Chandra Gupta had to his credit some background of work on designing sets for films. I myself was brand new, with no experience whatsoever in film acting. In fact, the thought had never entered my head before, even though I had regularly acted with the Indian People's Theatre Association (IPTA) for more than two years.

Twenty years ago it was not the most natural thing in the world for a woman from a middle-class family to act in a film. It was not a comfortable thought for me either; and I tried hard to wriggle out of the whole situation. But disowning all conventional norms, my husband and my inlaws became great enthusiasts for this venture. They regarded the whole proposition as an interesting experiment. My husband had great faith in Satyajit, who was an old friend. So I walked into the whole adventure rather half-heartedly, but before long, I, too, became one of this team. I felt equally involved and concerned when *Pather Panchali* faced a financial crisis on two occasions and when shooting had to be stopped for want of funds.

Looking back I think that the watchword of the whole atmosphere was involvement. Young, eager faces working as a perfect team gave an impetus to all of us. There was the towering central figure who spoke very little and never raised his voice. Yet he was decided the leader of the team, inspiring people to ignore the sun and the rains or any physical discomfort. Always there was an atmosphere of something happening. Every-

thing was so exciting. The dog ran for shelter from the rains and shook himself vigorously. Satyajit was terribly excited about this business of the dog's behaviour which was absolutely unscheduled. The fly started walking over Sarbajaya's sleeping face. Another exciting event. Satyajit's wife was full of admiration. "How come you did not move?" they asked me. "But I was already asleep!" I protested. The conch-shell bangle must slip down Sarbajaya's wrist when Harihar comes back and Sarbajaya, sitting in front of the boiling pot, has to react, but very slightly. I remember taking infinite pains to powder my wrist; otherwise the perspiration would not have allowed the bangle to move. This was, of course, part of Satyajit's direction. We breathed in the atmosphere of a dilapidated village house surrounded by large old mango trees, casting long shadows long before sundown, children romping about, the old woman muttering to herself. Chunibala Devi, that wonderful old lady whose brain was so fully alive in spite of her age, would complain about the torn cloth she had to wear. "I may be old but after all I am also a woman", she used to say. But when Bansi prepared a dhoti which was not so torn, she refused to wear it for fear of spoiling the continuity.

To be frank — I never felt I was acting a particular role. Satyajit gave me the written dialogue and explained in his usual voice the situation, the mood. He then left it to me to execute the whole thing. We did not rehearse much, and we rehearsed only on the spot. But I knew what helped me most. As soon as I wrapped around myself that thick spun mill Sari, made a large bindi on my forehead, tied a bun high on my head, wore those conch shell bangles, that nakchabi (nose ring) and that maduli, I felt a completely different soul. I never thought of the screen. I never thought of the film. Satyajit never spoke to me in those terms. He would not criticise me, neither would he pay me a compliment. But once right at the beginning I was shown a few rush prints, and I could immediately spot what was wrong with me. For example, a scene on the verandah of the kitchen had to be re-shot because my head shook far too much during the act of desiccating the coconut. I felt ashamed of some of these movements which I had unconsciously executed and I was determined to correct them as far as possible. I feel it was very judicious of Satyajit to show me the rush prints instead of pointing out my mistakes. Had he tried to do so, I might have reacted unfavourably to his comments or felt hurt. Can I characterise this as his manner of handling an actor? I remember I was both ashamed and grateful.

Pather Panchali was the first Indian film to convey a sense of realism in every frame. But this mode had its hazards too. In a kitchen shot I was all but roasted sitting and cooking in front of a burning chula, and constantly feeding the fire with pieces of wood. The shot was several times NG (No-good), either because the sound of the

spurting oil was louder than my voice, or because a crow cawed at the wrong moment, or because the moving sun threw an unwanted shaft of light through the mango branches. Finally, I was driven to tears. I was sick of the whole affair and ran out of the kitchen flinging a few uncomplimentary remarks about 'realism'. But there was no reaction from Satyajit. The whole team waited patiently till a repentant me returned to sit on the wooden seat in front of the chula and do the scene all over again.

As soon as I got the message for reproducing a particular emotion, I felt free of any restriction and followed the logic of the character that I was at the moment. Not consciously though, and of course, within the frame of time and space. In the last shot of *Pather Panchali* this could have landed me in trouble for there was no time for a retake. The scene was shot in the fading light of the evening; night was descending fast. It was a silent shot. Subrata was finicky. He went on checking and rechecking the light. Satyajit became jittery. "Quick Subrata, take the shot". At long last everything was ready. The family was seated inside a cart, leaving the village for good. I was asked to bend my face on my knee once the cart was on the move. The camera started. I looked on. "Bend your face", said Satyajit. But I just looked on. I was leaving my village forever, leaving Durga forever. And Durga is dead, dead, "Bend your head", hissed an urgent voice. Suddenly a sob choked me and I hid my face. The shot was over. Darkness closed in. Subu (Apu) jumped out of the cart and disappeared. I called out to him in a hoarse voice. I heard Satyajit talking to Subrata. "Did you notice what happened inside the cart?" I felt rewarded,

This very logic made Sarbajaya in *Aparajito* plain sailing for me. By now the character was deeply rooted within me. No wonder then that acting in *Aparajito* was such a source of enjoyment. Even a simple scene like Apu's return from Calcutta on vacation had a world of significance for me, as Sarbajaya and the fact that, as a mother, I had to accept two different children as one and the same did not disturb me at all. One day the shooting schedule had to be changed due to some technical hitch, and Satyajit wanted me to do an emotional scene. I was not mentally prepared for this, it was a challenge to me, doing it at that particular moment (mind you, a veteran could have done it any time), but after a while I did succeed in producing what was wanted—we had plenty of time.

After a long interval, in *Devi* (1960) I found Satyajit working at a much faster tempo. Gone were the days of long shadows before it was even four o'clock in the afternoon. I acted entirely inside the studio. I could see that Satyajit wanted quick reactions. I felt that I was a little pressed for time before I could adjust myself to the

mood. By now Satyajit was an established director, skillfully handling professional actors like Chhabi Biswas. *Devi* was his sixth film. In *Devi* I got a chance to play a completely different kind of role. Harasundari, a sceptical, rather practical woman feels neglected; but she has a confident personality. Here was a positive character, in sharp contrast to Dayamoyee, *Devi* herself.

I got back my missing sense of expanse in *Kanchanjanga*. Labanya—the role of a mother again but quite different in many ways. It was an interesting part because in her the latent personality of a dominated wife wakes up in defence of her youngest daughter and saves her from a marriage thrust upon her by the father. Fahari Sanyal played the part of Labanya's brother. Not only did I enjoy acting as Labanya (after a period of initial resistance) but I also cherish the memories of Chhabi Biswas and Pahari Sanyal and of those days in Darjeeling. Satyajit put a song in Labanya's mouth. I do not sing and had to practise hard to tally lip movement with the song. I had to carry the tape-recorder with me and go on practising. After it was all over, he grinned and said it was okey. "Why were you so frightened?" he asked.

Looking back, I can assess Satyajit as an extremely methodical and totally unruffled director. His non-interference and unobtrusiveness helped me to relax. I had the feeling that I, too, had a contribution to make to his creative effort: that generated a greater sense of responsibility and confidence. I would not be at all surprised if that was the common feeling shared by the team of technicians as well. Without our ever saying so we all experienced this feeling of harmony and co-operation; the presence of the technicians never bothered me. In *Pather Panchali* I remember one particular shot when Sarbajaya breaks down after Harihar comes back. The technicians were silent, absolutely so. It is a cloudy day, the outer wall was torn down, the ground was flooded with buckets of water. The whole atmosphere was charged with grim expectation. On the previous day I was given the situation and the mood in writing. I was mentally prepared for what I was supposed to do. I distinctly remember how that tense silence of the technicians helped me to bring out the depth of that emotion. I remember it because I felt it and it surprised me. Were they also directed to contribute to the total atmosphere? I never tried to find out if that was so.

SATYAJIT RAY

RETROSPECTIVE-'81

PROGRAMME

APRIL	NOON	MATINEE	EVENING
20	Shatranj Ke Khilari	Abhijan	Pather Panchali
21	Jalsaghar	Jana Aranya	Aparajito
22	Protidwandi	Teen Kanya	Apur Sansar
23	Paras Pathar	Paras Pathar	Paras Pathar
24	Seemabadha	Sonar Kella	Sonar Kella
25	Goopy gyne Bagha byne	Goopy gyne Bagha byne	Goopy gyne Bagha byne
26	Mahanagar	Mahanagar	Aranyer Din Ratri
27	Kapurush O Mahapurash	Charulata	Charulata
28	Nayak	Nayak	Nayak
29	Joy Baba Felunath	Joy Baba Felunath	Joy Baba Felunath
30	Devi	Pather Panchali	Hirok Rajar Deshe

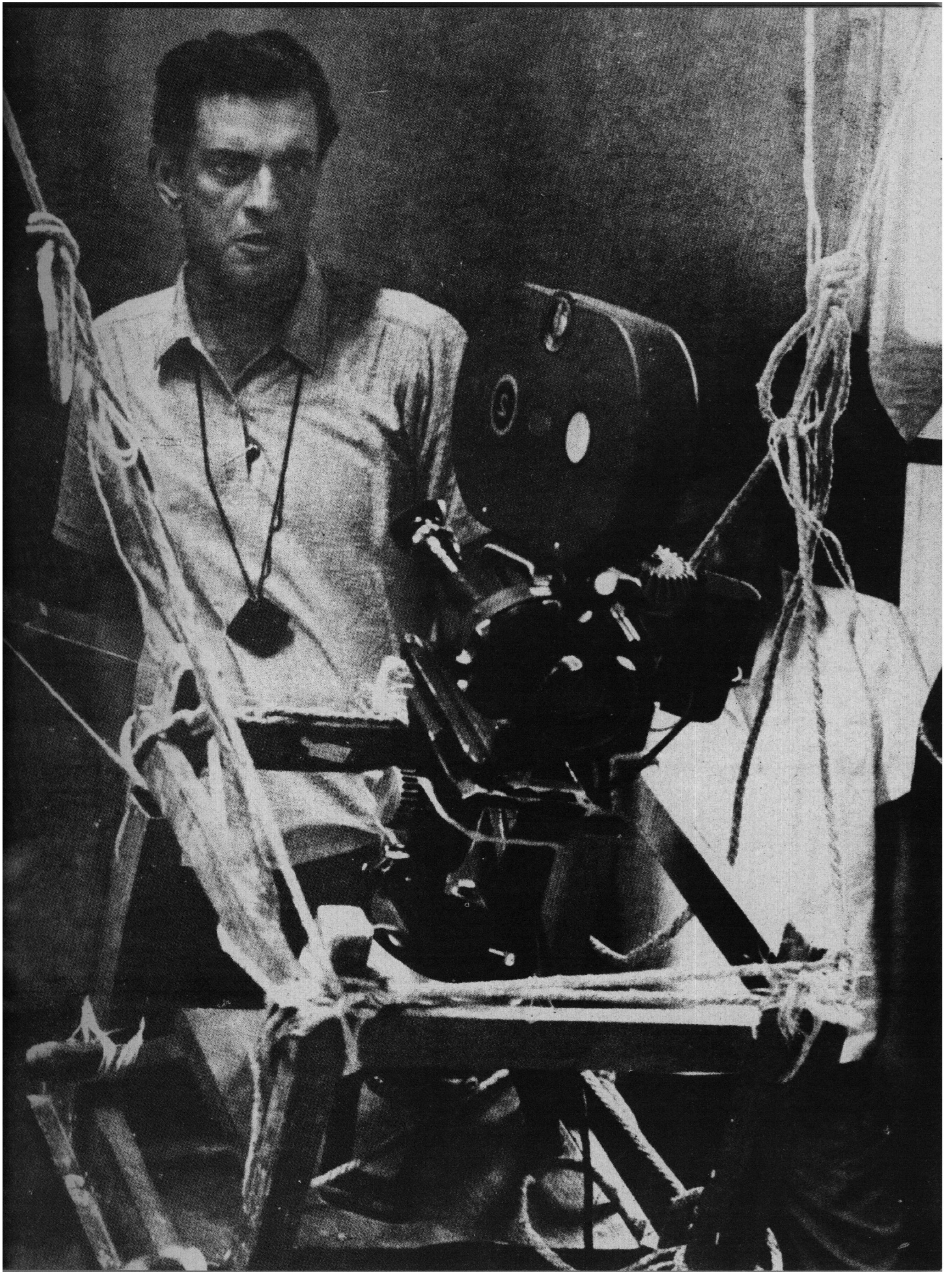
UNIVERSAL MEANING IN REGIONAL CINEMA

—an Exhibition on the works of Satyajit Ray.

Organised jointly with Directorate of Advertising and Visual Publicity, Government of India, from April 20th to 30th, 1981 at Gandhi Memorial Hall, New Delhi.

SATYAJIT RAY AND INDIA'S IMAGE ABROAD

A symposium on May 3, 1981 at 9 a.m. at Gandhi Memorial Hall, New Delhi.



Pather Panchali

Harihar's work takes him away from his village home frequently. While Sarbojaya his wife fights a grim battle against poverty, Apu and Durga escape into the arms of nature, far removed from the human distinctions of the haves and have-nots. Their rich neighbour may accuse Durga of stealing, a humiliated Sarbojaya may beat her child mercilessly-but their delight in watching the first drop of rain fall from the heavens, biting into a fresh raw mango, or simply gazing wide-eyed at a passing train wipes out all sorrow, banishes all misery.

Destiny, however, strikes one cruel blow after another. The old affectionate aunt dies suddenly. Harihar returns home with the hope of earning a little extra money at an initiation ceremony, only to be informed later that the ceremony has been cancelled. He leaves for the city, determined not to come back till he has

earned enough money to repair the house. Sarbojaya must face life with its hardships—alone.

Durga—never a very robust child—quietly passes away at the end of a stormy night, each moment of which is fraught with tension and anxiety. Little Apu, too young to grasp the full import of the situation, only stare at his devastated surroundings.

Harihar finally returns home to be greeted with the news of his daughter's death. The futility of their existence in that small village is brought home to him at last. Deciding to make a clean break he takes his family away to Benares.

Loading their pitifully few belongings on a bullock cart, they depart for Benares, leaving behind a part of themselves. The wheels begin to turn, carrying them forward to a new land and an uncertain future, which they must face with hope and courage.



Aparajito

In a small house in Benares lives Harihar with Sarbajaya and son Apu—a priest by profession and dabbler in herbal medicine.

While Sarbajaya keeps house & Harihar reads out the Scriptures to an audience Apu plays with the boys on the street.

On the night of Diwali, Harihar comes home with fever. The doctor's efforts prove of no avail and Harihar dies. The widowed Sarbajaya takes on the job of a cook in Zamindar's house.

While Sarbajaya toils in the kitchen, Apu—without his mother's knowledge runs errands for Zemindar and earns small tips.

One day Sarbajaya is surprised by a visit from her uncle Bhabataran who has come to tell her that his offer to live in Mansapota still stands. Sarbajaya hesitates, but makes up her mind to leave.

Bhabataran teaches Apu the rudiments

of priesthood. But Apu is unhappy for lack of company. His friends all go to school! Apu asks his mother to send him to school. To Apu's surprise and delight,

Sarbajaya agrees. Apu shines at school, and encouraged by his Headmaster, takes to the study of Science.

A helpless Sarbajaya watched her son leave for the city in the pursuit of higher studies.

Apu gets used to city life soon so much so that the month he spends in the village on his vacation seems dull to him. Sarbajaya, sensing the change in outlook, has not the heart to tell him of her illness.

A postcard informs Apu of the seriousness of her condition but Apu arrives a day too late. Apu realises that the death of his mother has broken the only tie he had with another human being, leaving him totally alone—and free.



Parash Pathar

Parash Pathar is Ray's first satiric comedy. Based on a satire by the scientist Rajshekhar Bose, under his pseudonym "Parasuram" it jolted Ray's admirers early in his career as film maker. They were unprepared for the creator of *Pathar Panchali* and *Aparajito* to discard the style they accepted as his and present them with a film of fantastic situations—and magic, as if strictly commonplace and part of everyday life.

A middle aged clerk, Paresh Dutta, to whom nothing exceptional has ever happened, leaves his office, shelters from the rain, dozes and opens his eyes to find a black-stone in front of him—the "Philosopher Stone" of legend which transforms base metals into gold. He emerges as boundlessly rich and causes panic in the stock-exchange.

Attending a cocktail party at rich Kachalu's place, Paresh finds himself demonstrating the powers of his precious stone to the guests. He is taken to be a magician by all except Kachalu, who tries to extract the secret power of his precious stone that have alchemic properties, is fooled, and ends up by informing the police.

Sensing danger, Paresh bequeaths the stone and his properties to his secretary and flees in his car. But the police catch up with him.

Paresh is held on a charge of smuggling gold. His Secretary, Priyatosh who has a misunderstanding with his lover, in an attempt to commit suicide, swallows the stone, sorely needed by Paresh to disprove the charges against him.



Jalsaghar

Early predecessors of Biswambhar Roy accumulated wealth. They ruled to consolidate the prosperity. But the later generations lived a life of pleasure and all that was left disappeared during the period of Biswambhar.

Mahamaya, wife of Biswambhar, left for her father's place with son, entreating him to be more careful with his expenses.

His neighbour and businessman, Ganguly has built a house of modern design. In the absence of Mahamaya Ganguli's son Mahim came to invite Biswambhar to his house warming party. Biswambhar could not put up with this showing off, of an upstart. He refused.

Biswambhar pledged the remaining jewels and ordered to celebrate the sacred thread ceremony of his only son but the boat bringing back Mahamaya and Bireswar capsized.

Biswambhar has lost his all, excepting a piece of land which he enjoyed as a sebit, Mahim is now the Zamindar. He comes to invite Biswambhar to his house to watch a dance. Biswambhar refused the invitation. Once a connoisseur of music, Biswambhar felt restless as the music of Kathak dance of Krishnabai from Mahim's house reached him. Enraged with indignation Biswambhar arranged a dance of Krishnabai in his Jalsaghar. Jalsa is arranged by spending the last farthing of the state. To prove that the glory of his family is still not lost Biswambhar offers the last mohurs as present to the dancing girl.

But in a frenzy of satisfaction to have been able to insult Mahim he drank to excess and orders for his horse. Tuffan is brought out with equipage and he gallops away on his favourite horse, Tuffan only to meet his end.



Apur Sansar

Apu, leads a poverty stricken yet peaceful life. Spending the days in search of a job and evenings in playing the flute and writing novels.

One evening, Pranab his college friend comes to his abode. Pranab wants Apu to accompany him to his maternal cousin Aparna's marriage. When they reach the house is all set for the occasion. But the bridegroom however shows symptoms of delinquency. Aparna's mother does not have the heart to wed her daughter to a madman. The prevalent custom is that unless the girl is married off within the appointed hours, she has to remain unwed all her life.

Pranab seeing no other way requests Apu to marry Aparna. Apu though hesitant agrees and marries Aparna. At his first meeting he tells Aparna of his poverty. She

agrees to share it with him.

Apu comes home with his new bride. They are poor but happy. Apu gets a clerical job. A year passes like a dream. Aparna is now expecting a child. She leaves for her parents home. Apu promise to come during the "Pujas".

Murari, Aparna's brother brings a bad to news. Aparna has died on child birth but child survived. Apu's dreams and happiness are shattered.

Five years pass. Pranab returns from abroad and goes in search of Apu. Pranab requests him to go back to his son. Apu feels that his son took away Aparna from him. To keep Pranab's words Apu comes to Aparna's parent's house. Seeing the innocent and helpless Kajal, Apu finds emotional attachment to him.



Devi

Kalikinkar is a man of deep religious convictions and a great devotee of the Kali. The elder son, Tarapada, is weakwilled, and anxious not to displease his father. He has a wife, Harasundari, and a five year old son.

The younger son Umaprasad has little in common with his elder brother. He studies in a college in Calcutta and looks upon his father's religious ostentation as narrowminded and old-fashioned. Doya, his wife likes the idea of Umaprasad to settle in Calcutta in enlightened atmosphere but worries about being away from the child who is devoted to her to a degree that arouses the jealousy in Harasundari

Kalikinkar has a dream which leads him to believe that Doya is an incarnation of Kali. He proclaims the vision and the helpless Doya finds herself installed as a deity. Umaprasad, away in Calcutta, is summoned by Hara-sundari, and arrives to witness the extraordinary spectacle of Doya.

Umaprasad threatens to stop the meaningless ritual. But he is unnerved by the news of the sick child having apparently survived through the mercy of Doya.

Umaprasad, decides to run away with his wife, but Doya is suddenly seized with a fear of retribution. Umaprasad has to go back to the city, leaving Doya to resume her life of a goddess. Her fame spreads But Doya has no peace, and keeps pining for her husband, and her simple human existence.

At this point, Khoka falls seriously ill. Harasundari, who never believed in Doya's divinity, would have the child treated by a doctor. But her husband relents. The child is brought to Doya dies Umaprasad returns to Chandipur with a determination to free his wife The shock of Khoka's death has been too much for Doya, who has lost the balance of her mind. She dies in her husband's arms happy in the conviction that she is human.



Teen Kanya

POSTMASTER

Nandalal, a young man from the city, takes on the job of a postmaster in a remote village. He is attended to by Ratan, an orphan girl. Ratan had also worked for the previous postmaster, an irritable old man who had not treated her well. To Nandalal the girl brings out all the love and tenderness that she is capable of.

Unused to the loneliness of village life unnerved by a severe attack of malaria, Nanda is finally obliged to give up the job. It is only at the moment of departure he realises the depth of his feeling for the little helpless girl.

MONIHARA (not included)

SAMAPTI

Young Amulya, just out of college, rejects the girl of her mother's choice and decides to marry tomboy Mrinmoyee, with whom he has fallen in love at first sight. Alone with Amulya on the night of the wedding, the bride reveals that she had been forced into the marriage which she resents because of the loss of freedom it implies. Later in the night, she runs away from the bridal chamber. She is brought back a prisoner the following morning and receives the treatment that is normally meted out to such unconventional brides. A disillusioned Amulya sends his bride home and goes away to Calcutta. In his absence Mrinmoyee undergoes a profound mental change, and when at last she goes back to her husband, it is of her own free will.



Abhijan

Taxi driver Narsingh, a head-strong and carefree Rajput overtakes the S.D.O's car and gets his permit cancelled. Helpless he sets out for his hometown.

On his way he meets, Sukhanram and Gulabi whom he agrees to take to Shyamnagar. But he is unable to leave from there. Here he falls for Mary Nilima a missionary school teacher. Sukhanram the businen man is in need of Narsingh. He arranged for Narsingh's stay and taxi.

Narsingh joins Sukhanram and agrees

to carry his smuggled goods.

Gulabi comes to Narsingh for safety. Her past life is of shame. — but Narsingh loves Mary blindly-Mary loves someone else. When Narsingh comes to know of Mary's love—to avenge he calls for 'bad' Gulabi.

Gulabi tells of her ill fate—of a helpless, innocent and ignorant girl sorrowful and shameful story.

He was to return Sukhanram's goods and take Gulabi with him. But both have left. But Gulabi he must get--



Mahanagar

As accountant of a Bank, Subrata finds it difficult to make both ends meet. How much can you accomplish with two hundred and fifty rupees a month ?

At a hint from Subrata, wife Arati agrees to work. She applies for a job. Eventually the letter of appointment.

When Subrata gives his father the news the old man is aghast.

Going out to work Arati discovers a new life, a new world opening up for her. She begins to like her job and she enjoys the company of her colleagues. The Anglo-Indian Edith, in particular, is a good friend. It's Edith who presents Arati with her first lipstick.

The boss Mr. Mukherjee—a dapper man with big ideas—takes a fancy to Arati and openly expresses his admiration for her work.

Arati's transformation is something that makes Subrata anxious. Ought she

really to be so concerned about sales, salaries and commissions ?

Subrata decides to take up a part time job. He tells Arati to leave her job.

The next morning Arati goes to the office with the letter of resignation in her bag. But before she submits it, she gets a telephone call from Subrata not to give up her job. He has lost his job. The bank is closed down.

Arati is the only earning member of the family now. Subrata suffers the humiliation of watching his wife go out while he sits in bed scanning the 'Employment' columns.

Relationships are strained almost to the point of breaking when an incident involving the Anglo-Indian girl suddenly brings the drama to its unexpected conclusion, and Arati is happily left with no cause to regret her decision to work.



Charulata

Bhupati Dutta edits and publishes 'The Sentinel', a political weekly in English. His sensitive and artistic wife Charu spends her day in needlework and reading

Realising Charu's loneliness, Bhupati sends for his brother-in-law Umapada and his wife Mandakini. Umapada arrives and assumes the managership of 'The Sentinel', while Mandakini—chatters away by the side of Charu

Amal comes to stay with his cousin Bhupati. Bhupati suggests that Amal should help Charu with her literary efforts, and encourage whatever talent she might have in her. Charu is drawn towards Amal while Bhupati remains more concerned with matters political than those domestic.

Umapada runs away with the funds put at his disposal. Bhupati relates the incident to Amal, the only man he still trusts.

Amal realises that the 'betrayal of faith' might apply equally to him leaves a note and sneaks out of the house

His absence is discovered the following morning, but Charu conceals her feelings.

A letter from Amal brings back to Charu all the memories that she had been desperately trying to obliterate, and she breaks down weeping unaware that her husband is standing right behind who unable to bear the sight of an unfaithful wife, leaves.

Bhupati returns having realised that he too must bear part of the responsibility for the tragedy that has wrecked his home.



Kapurush O Mahapurush

KAPURUSH

Amitabha Roy's taxi has a breakdown in a small intermediate town. He is offered hospitality for the night by Bimal Gupta, a local tea planter.

Amitabha is bewildered to recognise his host's wife Karuna as the girl he once loved and had let down in a moment of crisis. Unaware of the past relationship between his wife and his guest, Bimal wines and dines Amitabha and reveals his own character with disarming frankness.

Amitabha seeks an opportunity to talk to Karuna now and atone for his past betrayal. But Karuna hides her own feelings behind a calm exterior.

It is decided that Amitabha will take the train to Hashimara. But before that they go out on a picnic. Bimal falls asleep, still unaware of the growing drama between his wife and his guest.

Amitabha scrawls a hasty note to Karuna that he will wait for her at the station.

Will she leave her husband and come to him ?....

MAHAPURUSH

Gurupada Mitter, has been going through a state of deep mental unrest.

On his way back from Benares with his daughter Buchki, he encounters Birinchi—a Babaji who claims to be ageless.

Gurupada decides to patronise the saint and become his disciple.

Daughter Buchki has her own problems, such as disappointment with her lover Satya. To teach Satya a lesson, Buchki tells that she was going to renounce him and become a disciple of Birinchi.

Fearing the worst Satya runs to Nibaran—and enlists his help to free Buchki from the clutches of Birinchi.

Nibaran attends one of Birinchi's religious meetings, listens to his discourses, and realises that Birinchi is a fraud, but clever enough to command the respect of a band of rich devotees.

Nibaran decides to expose Birinchi and in the process also exposes the foolish devotees



Nayak

Arindam Mukherjee, a film star, is on his way to Delhi to receive an official prize. He is in a bitter mood.

While travelling in the train Arindam meets an interesting cross section of public.

He meets Aditi, an editor of a women's magazine. Aditi wants to interview Arindam, who turns her away,

Later, Arindam has a terrifying dream in which he sinks in quicksands and is refused help by all.

A second meeting with Aditi at lunch leads him to talk about the dream. Inadvertantly, he begins to talk about Shankarda, his mentor which takes us back

to his early youth.

Aditi begins surreptitiously to take notes in her pad. Arindam describes the days when he took part in amateur theatricals but nourished secret ambitions to join the cinema.

He was prevented by Shankarda, whose sudden death removed the obstacle from Arindam's path. He was an instant success.

Aditi realises that in spite of his fame and money and success, Arindam is essentially a lonely man and in need of sympathy and understanding. Out of respect of his frank confession, she tears up the sheets of her interview.



Chiriyakhana

Nishanath Sen, a retired Sessions-Judge, owns Golap Colony a nursery-cum-dairy farm. Here he has given refuge to a number of people who are unable to earn a livelihood in the normal way.

One rainy morning, Nishanath comes to the private detective Byomkesh Bakshi and asks him to find out whether ex-film actress Sunayana is hiding in the colony under a false identity. Some seven years ago, Sunayana's name had been linked with the murder of a jeweller. The Police had issued a warrant in Sunayana's name, but she had mysteriously disappeared.

Byomkesh undertakes to investigate and takes the help of Ramen Mullic, wealthy man-of-the-world with an intimate knowledge of the film business.

Byomkesh begins taking a look at the colony in the disguise of a Japanese

horticulturist. On the same evening, Nishanath is murdered.

Investigation reveals the presence of a blackmailer who had been extorting money out of Damayanti, Nishanath's wife. Are the murderer and the blackmailer one and the same person, or are the two crimes unrelated?

Another second murder takes place in the colony.

Gradually, the identity of the blackmailer is revealed, and so is a great deal about Nishanath's own past.

Some further shrewd deductions, and a daring sortie into the heart of Calcutta's Anglo-Indian neighbourhood on the heels of a suspect finally leads Byomkesh to the solution.

The end comes in the colony itself, where Byomkesh's exposition of the case in the presence of all the suspects results in an unexpected and dramatic climax.



Goopi Gyne Bagha Byne

Based on grand-father Upendrakishore's fairy tale, Ray has made his first fantasy with demons, ghosts, singers, good kings and bad kings and comic actors trying to prevent a war.

Goopy, the son of a poor grocer has a great urge to sing, although he has a hoarse voice and can never get the tunes right. A simple boy, he is persuaded by some crafty elders to sing for the king. Goopy does so, and the king orders him to be driven out of the village.

Riding on a donkey, he reaches a forest where he finds Bagha, a drummer. Their music attracts ghosts who dance to their music. The king of ghosts grants Goopy and Bagha three wishes. They will get food and clothes for the asking, a pair of magic slippers, to take them to places and hold everybody spellbound immobile by their singing and drumming.

Now Goopy and Bagha go to Shundi where the good king appoints them his court musicians.

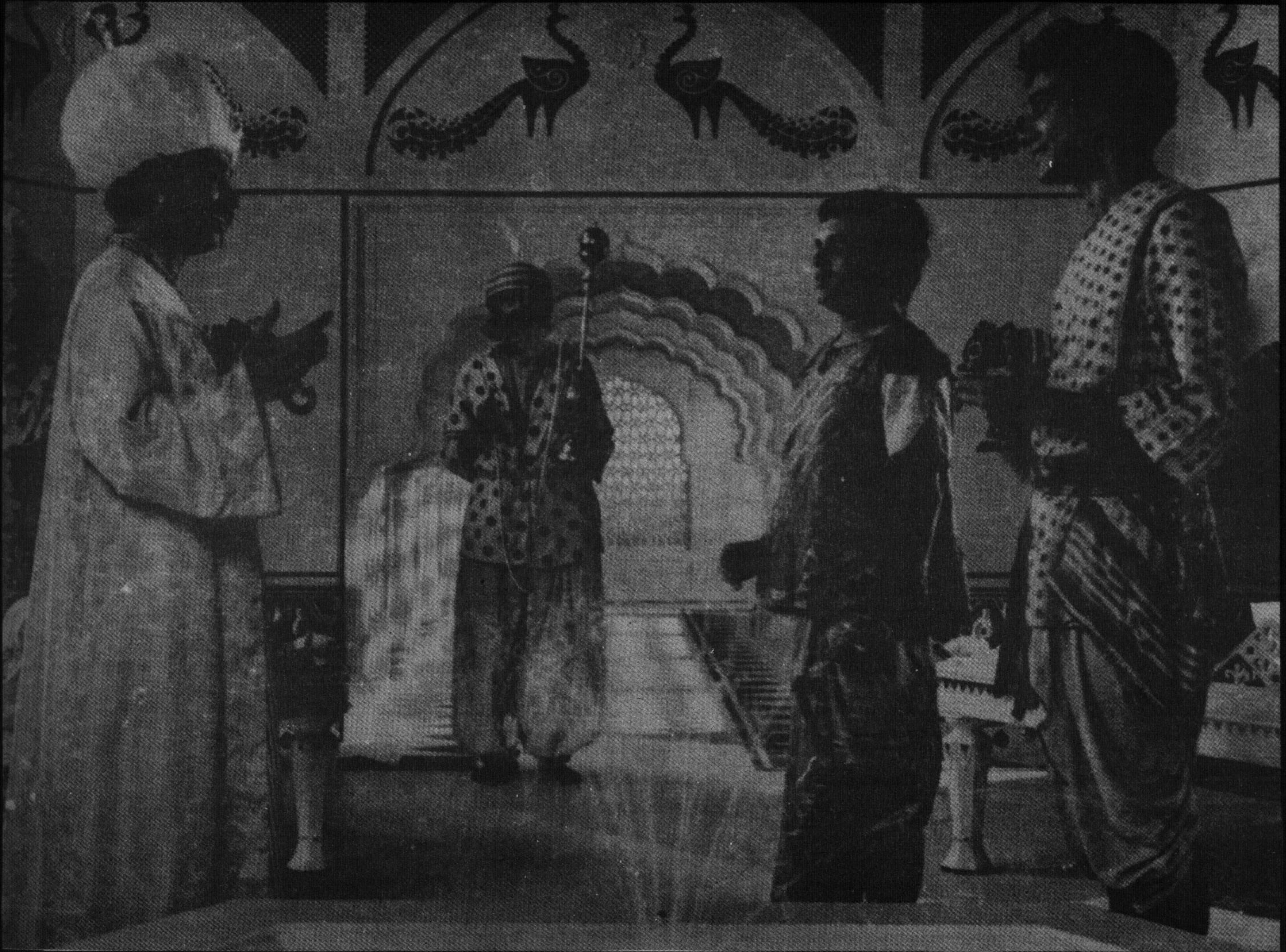
The king of Halla—who is really the long-lost twin brother of Shundi—is also a good king but is used as a puppet by his villainous Minister. Instigated by the Minister, Halla declares war on the peaceful king of Shundi.

Shundi is deeply upset. Goopy and Bagha decide to try and stop the war and go to Halla as spies and landing in prison. Since they have now lost their slippers, they cannot escape by magic, but still manage to do so by means of strategy.

Goopi and Bagha freezes the marching army of Halla into immobility.

Thereupon, they capture the king of Halla and transport him by magic to Shundi.

They are married to two princesses and lived happily even after.



Aranyer Din Ratri

Four friends Ashim, Sanjoy, Hari, an allround-sportsman, and Sekhar, a jobless-parasite with a yen for gambling leave the cares of the city behind them and make for the forests of Palamau to spend a holiday. With nothing planned in advance, they arrive at a forest bungalow which they acquire by bribing the care-taker.

In the evening, friends go exploring in the woods and come to a local wine shop. While they drink, an attractive tribal girl, Duli comes to them begging for money to buy drinks. Hari gets attracted to her.

The next morning, Sekhar wakes up to the sound of female voices. Looking out he sees two sophisticated young girls promenading in the woods in the distance. He announces the discovery, but nobody believes him.

The boys make their way to the cottage where the girls are staying. By a stroke of luck they gain access to it and meet the Tripathi family, of father Sadasiv, daughter Aparna, widowed daughter-in-law Jaya and her eight year old son Tablu.

Ashim is interested in Aparna, and even continues to be alone with her while the others play badminton. But she remains

aloof and coldly polite.

Ashim, particularly, begins to lose his grip on things. At this point, the conservator of forest arrives, tells the boys off for having acquired the bungalow illegally and asks them to leave. The situation is saved in the nick of time by the arrival of the girls on the scene. It turns out that Aparna's father is an old friend of the conservator. She introduces the boys as her close friends. The conservator apologises.

In a village fair, Sekhar gets stuck in gambling booth. Hari finds Duli and runs off with her. Ashim finds the excuse to take Aparna away from her sister-in-law, and Sanjoy, left alone with Jaya, has to escort her back to the cottage.

Hari makes love to Du'li in the woods. Later he is beaten up by Lakha whom he had earlier falsely accused of having stolen his wallet. Jaya is crushed and humiliated when her attempt to seduce Sanjoy fails because of the latter's inhibitions. Aparna and Ashim come closer to each other

When the girls have to leave suddenly because of wedding of a relative in Calcutta, the boys realise they have nothing left to do in the forest.



Pratidwandi

The sudden death of his father forces Siddhartha to give up his medical studies and look for a job. But finding a job is no easy matter, since Siddhartha lacks the all-important element of backing.

At home, Siddhartha has his widowed mother, a younger sister and a brother. The sister Sutapa has got a job. She might even rise on the social scale because of her good looks and her relentless ambition. Brother Tunu is caught up in revolutionary politics, and looks down upon Siddhartha for his conventional attitudes. Siddhartha feels alienated from both of them.

While the days for him are one long round of boredom and aimless wandering, the evenings are somewhat livened up by old college friends. One of them, Adinath,

takes him to a prostitute. Siddhartha is disgusted by the encounter, and runs away.

The same evening he meets Keya, a college girl. Keya had lost her mother at an early age. The two feel drawn to each other and meet frequently. But the relationship is clouded by Keya's sudden realisation that her father is going to marry her maternal aunt. It would perhaps have helped had Siddhartha found a job and stood by her side. At a crucial interview, while waiting to be called, his temper begins to rise and in the end he reaches breaking point, gives vent to his pent up rage, and renounces the job.

He ends up as a medical salesman in a small suburban town, away from the city and the girl he loves. But at least he is now has an foothold in his life.



Seemabaddha

After a brilliant academic career in Patna, Shyamalendu Chatterjee joins a British firm manufacturing fans and quickly rises to the position of Sales Manager. Living in a luxurious flat in Calcutta with his wife Dolan, Chatterjee now looks forward to achieving his ultimate aim : becoming a director of Hindustan Peter Ltd.

Dolan's younger sister Sudharsana comes to their home to spend a holiday. As a teenager in Patna, Sudharshana had harboured a secret admiration for Chatterjee. This time, in Calcutta, this admiration begins to develop into something more serious. Her feelings are reciprocated by Chatterjee ; Sudarshana has come like a

breath of fresh air into his routine existence.

Chatterjee suddenly finds himself facing a major crisis : his firm when faces the prospect of a heavy penalty as well as loss of prestige. Chatterjee with the help of the Personnel Officer, secretly manoeuvres a strike in the factory which leads to a lockout. This serves as an excuse for the delay in shipment, and the crisis is thus averted.

On the strength of his clever handling of the situation, Chatterjee is promoted to the Board of Directors. He is showered with congratulation from everybody, except a deeply disillusioned Sudarshana.



Ashani Sanket

The time is 1942-43.

The place—a remote village in Bengal.

The second world war is on, but to the villagers it only means an occasional sight of planes flying overhead.

Young Ganga and his wife Ananga are the only Brahmins, newly settled, in this village of low-caste peasants.

Ganga is respected by all as the priest, the doctor, as well as the only teacher in the school he has himself started with the help of rich peasant Biswas.

Biswas also helps him with a free monthly quota of provisions.

Ananga, childless still, is friendly with the peasant women, particularly with the Chhutki, wife of the peasant Hiru.

One day the old Brahmin Dinu tells Ganga of the sudden rise in the price of rice in some neighbouring village.

Ganga does not take this seriously at first but soon signs begin to appear which suggest that in spite of a good harvest, a man-made famine is in the offing.

As the price of rice goes spiralling up—the pace of the life in this village changes. Peasants sell off their stocks, and then have to go starving ; rice shops are looted ; the once-generous Biswas tells Ganga bluntly that he can't help him any more; the peasant wife Chuttki has to yield to the advances of Jadu for a handful of rice, Looking for edible roots in a forest, Ananga is nearly raped.

At the height of the famine, Moti the untouchable woman, an old friend of Ananga from a nearby village, comes to Ananga to beg for rice and dies on her doorstep.

In this darkest of hours, Ananga tells her husband that she is going to have a baby—their first child.



Sonar Kella

Mukul, six year old son of Sudhir Dhar, shows signs of having memories of a previous birth. He keeps talking and drawing pictures of a place with peacocks, camels and a golden fortress. Para-psychologist Dr. Hazara examines the boy and surmises that the place may be somewhere in western Rajasthan. He offers to go to Jodhpur to begin a search for the golden fortress.

Day before their departure, Mukul is interviewed by a journalist. Among other things, Mukul talks of having seen precious jewels in the house where he was born. The journalist turns this into a hidden treasure story which comes out in the papers the next day.

Two crooks, Barman and Bose, read the story, and set out for Jodhpur the next day in the hope of finding the treasure.

Meanwhile events have led Sudhir to suspect that his son may be in danger. He enlists the aid of private detective Felu

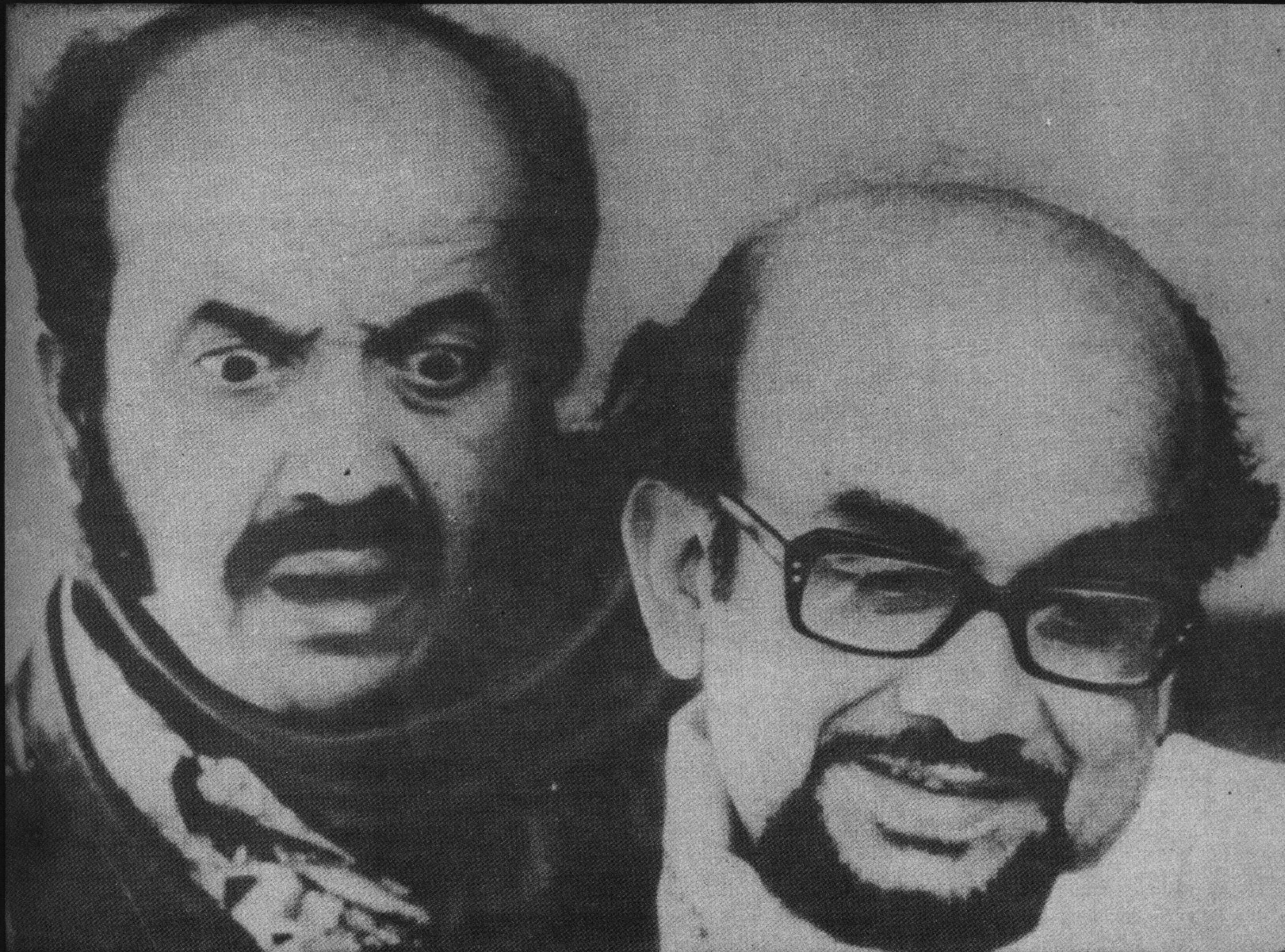
(Pradosh) Mitter. Felu and his cousin Tapeshe leave for Jodhpur a day after the departure of Bose and Barman.

The two crooks manage to dispose of Hazara, win Mukul's trust, and continue on their journey to Jodhpur.

Mukul as he is taken to different forts, becomes restive. Barman, who had once been a magician, decides to try hypnosis on the boy to revive his memory. The plan succeeds. The boy names Jaisalmer as the place of his former birth.

Barman manages to hoodwink Felu and sets off for Jaisalmer by train with the boy. Soon after, a chance clue helps Felu to realise that Barman is an imposter. Felu sets out for Jaisalmer in a taxi. Bose's attempts to intercept him, fails.

The climax comes in the golden fortress where Felu is able to free Mukul from danger, as well as from his obsession.



Jono Aronyo

Turbulent Calcutta of early seventies

Due to the callousness of an examiner, Somnath, a bright student, gets an ordinary pass in his exams. Mainly as a result of this, all his efforts to get a job fail. One day Somnath runs into Bishuda, an elderly friend, who suggests that he try his hand at business.

Next day, with his father's consent, Somnath goes to see Bishu, who explains the basics of the brokerage business to him and introduces him to Mr. Adok, an accountant with whose help Somnath gets his first commission.

In the hope of supplying a brand of optical whitener, Somnath takes a sample to a cotton mill and meets the Purchase Officer Mr. Goenka. He is told that although the report has come in, he has not placed any order for Somnath. Desperate, Somnath gets in touch with Natabar Mitter, PRO, who tells Somnath of the

chink in Goenka's armour: his wife had polio as a child and is no good in bed. Mitter promises to supply the 'goods' which Somnath must deliver to Goenka. Goenka would then hand him a chit which would get him the order for the whitener.

On the appointed day after a few unsuccessful attempts to get a callgirl, Mitter took Somnath to a commercial school quarters. Charan, the pimp cum darwan, asks them to wait for a new girl, Juthika. Mitter has an appointment and leaves Somnath to fend for himself.

Juthika arrives. She is Kauna, the sister of Somnath's closest friend. Somnath recognises her and decides to drop the whole thing. But Kauna steadfastly refuses to recognise him and keeps insisting that she is Juthika. Somnath is left with no choice but to take her to the hotel and hand her over to Goenka.



Shatranj Ke Khilari

A chess-board spread open with the chessmen sprawled all over. A hand reaches out to make a move; another springs forward immediately to counter it. As far as the players are concerned, life begins and ends here—time stands still as brows are eternally furrowed over thinking of new strategies.

As Mirza Sajjad Ali and Mir Roshan Ali—the two wealthy and indolent Nawabs—remain gripped in their helpless addiction to the game, their domestic life falls apart. Mirza's wife makes futile attempt in winning her husband's affections, while Mir's Begum takes a lover.

All unknown to them, another power-game is being played in the political scene. The comfort and peace-loving king of Avadh—Wajid Ali Shah is a gifted poet, a

patron of art, but not a good ruler. A helpless pawn in the hands of the British Governor General, Lord Dalhousie, and his deputy, General Outram (the British Resident in Lucknow), Wajid Ali has no alternative but to give in when a British take-over becomes inevitable. He submits without protest, though not without dignity.

This momentous historical event takes place while the two friends are still engaged in their game—their momentary altercation forgotten, comforted in their conviction that there is little purpose in pondering over matters over which they have no control.

Satyajit Ray's first venture in the World of Hindi cinema, "Shatranj Ke Khilari" is also his first historical film, based on a short story of the same name by Prem Chand.



Joji Baba Felunath

Private investigator Pradosh Mitter (Felu) arrives in Benares for a holiday with his young cousin Tapes and his friend Lalmohan Ganguly, popular writer of adventure stories.

They go to take a look at the mysterious Machhali Baba, who is supposed to have swam his way to Kashi from Prayag, and who gives *darshan* to his many *bhaktas* every evening. Here they meet Umanath Ghosal, who informs Felu of the theft of a rare and valuable gold statuette of Ganesh from his father's safe.

Felu is engaged by Umanath's father Ambika Ghosal, to unravel the mystery of the missing Ganesh. Felu begins by interrogating the members of the Ghosal household which includes, besides Umanath and Ambika, Umanath's eight-year old son

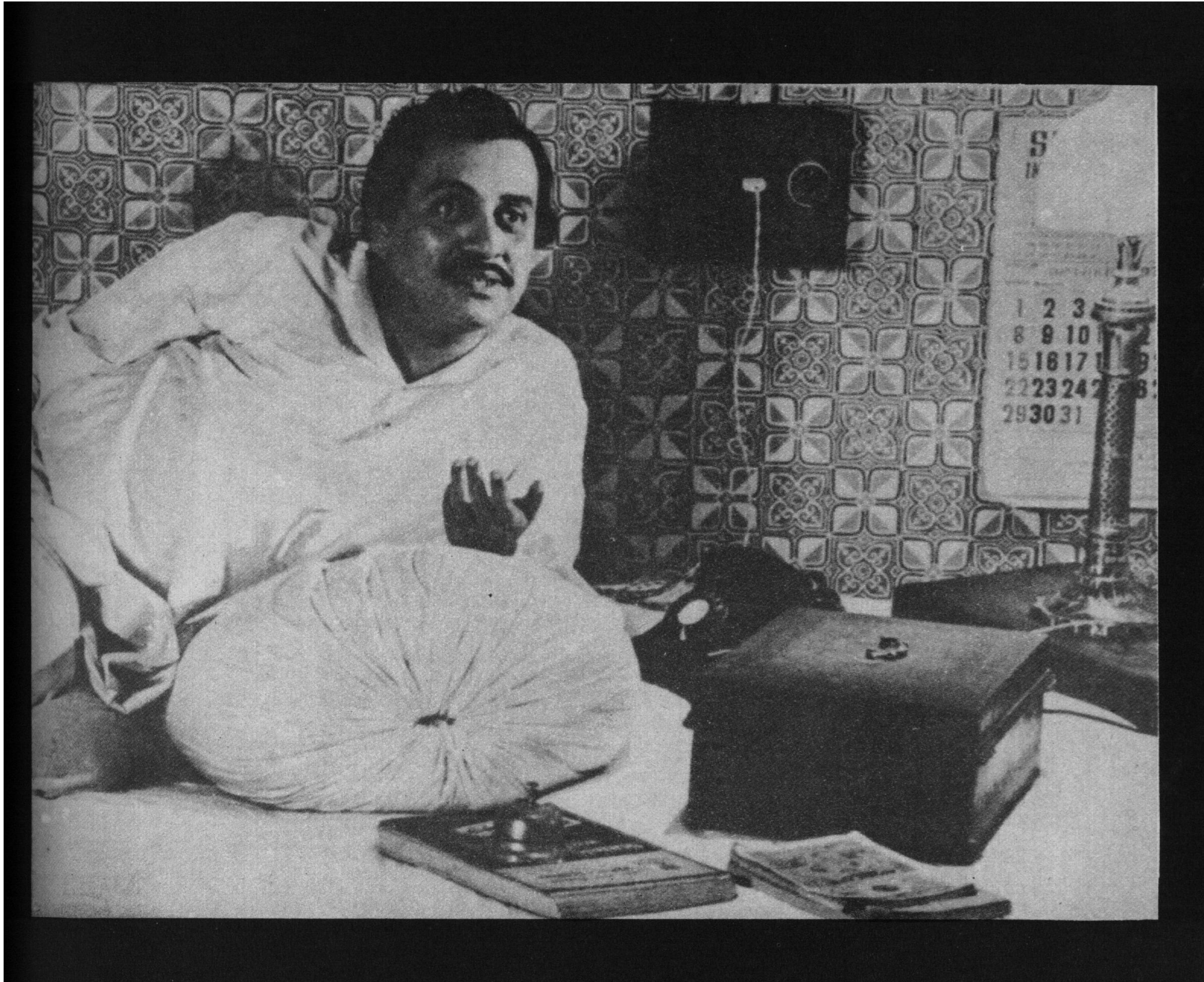
Ruku who talks riddles and identifies himself with Captain Spark, a dare-devil hero of boys' fiction. Also living with the Ghosals is young Bikash, a dependent of the family.

Umanath informs Felu that the businessman Maganlal, who is suspected of smuggling art objects out of the country, had offered him a large sum of money for the Ganesh, but Umanath had turned him down.

Later, Felu has an encounter with Maganlal, who offers him money to give up his investigations. Felu refuses to accept the bribe and is humiliated by Maganlal.

The mystery deepens as old image-maker is murdered.

Maganlal's threat notwithstanding, Felu continues with his investigations and finally solves the mystery of the missing Ganesh.



Hirok Rajar Deshe

Granted three wishes by a benign King of the Goblins, Goopi and Bagha can get food and clothes for the asking, hold people spell-bound with their singing and drumming, and travel to any place in the twinkling of an eye by wearing magic slippers.

Ever since their marriage to the two daughters of the King of Shundi, Goopi and Bagha have been leading an uneventful life. They now receive an invitation from the King of Hirok who is celebrating his accession to the throne.

Named after the diamond mine that is its main source of wealth, Hirok is ruled by a tyrant King. A crazy inventor has just built a brainwashing machine which turns dissenters into loyal subjects by having rhymed couplets fed into their brains.

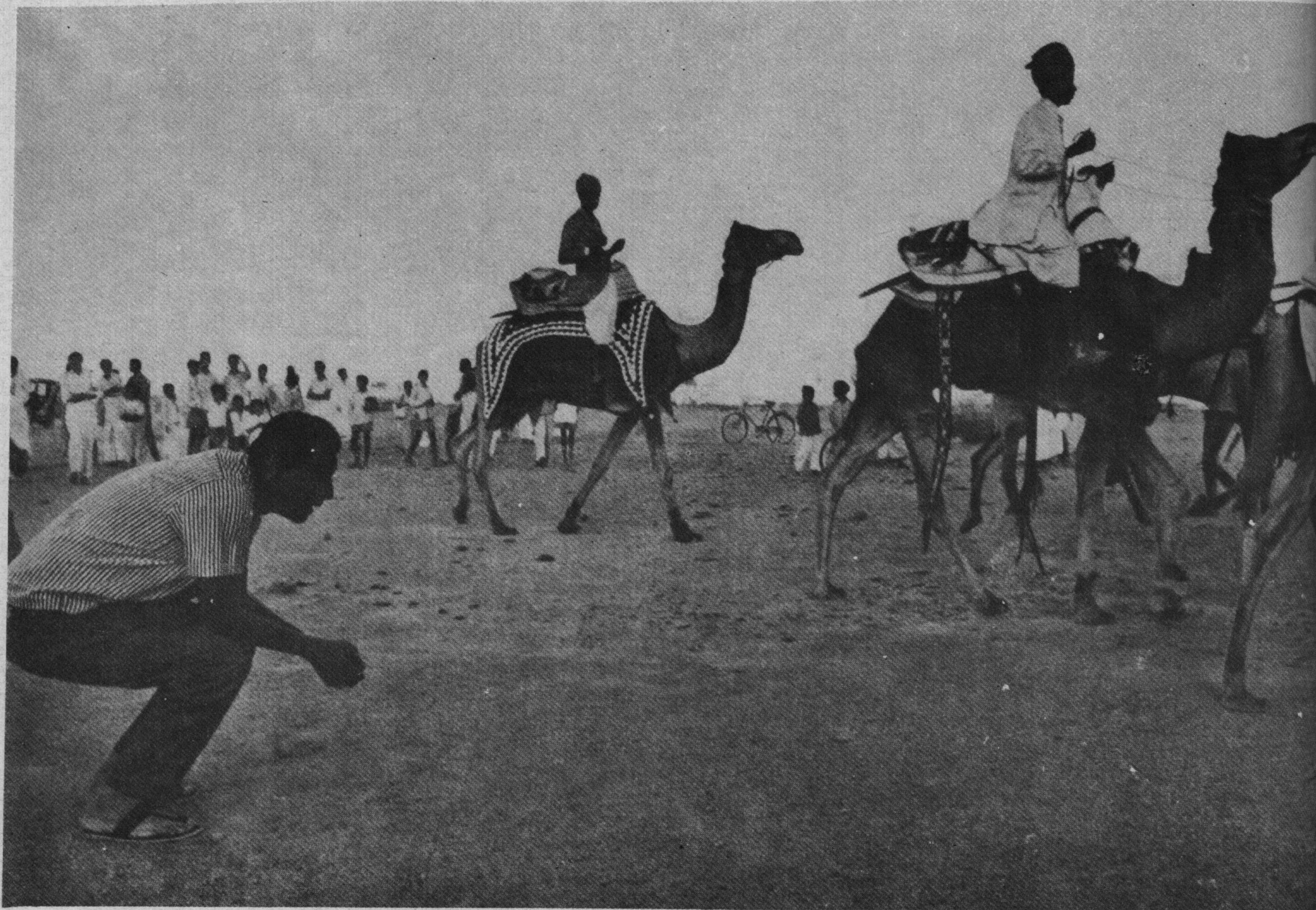
The king has also decided to close down the only school in Hirok run by an idealist

named Udayan. Learning helps one to distinguish between right and wrong, and this the King doesn't approve of. Sensing that he may be captured and brainwashed too, Udayan goes into hiding and plots to dethrone the King.

Singing their way around the country, Goopi and Bagha chance upon Udayan in a mountain cave. Udayan learns that Goopi and Bagha have been invited to Hirok, and tells them the real story about Hirok and its King. The three decide to team up and bring about the downfall of the tyrant.

The planned uprising nearly fails when Udayan is captured by the police, but Goopi and Bagha, aided with their magic finally succeed in freeing Udayan and thwarting the King. Victory is achieved aided by the peasants, the workers and Udayan's young pupils.





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Aparajito (1956): Produced by Epic Films, Calcutta; based on a novel by Bibhuti Bhushan Bandyopadhyay; script and direction, Satyajit Ray; photography, Subrata Mitra; art direction Bansi Chandragupta; music, Ravi Shankar; editing, Dulal Dutta; leading players, Karuna Baerjee, Kanu Banerjee, Pinaki Sen Gupta, Smaran Ghosal, Charuprakash Ghosh.

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Most mothers are concerned about
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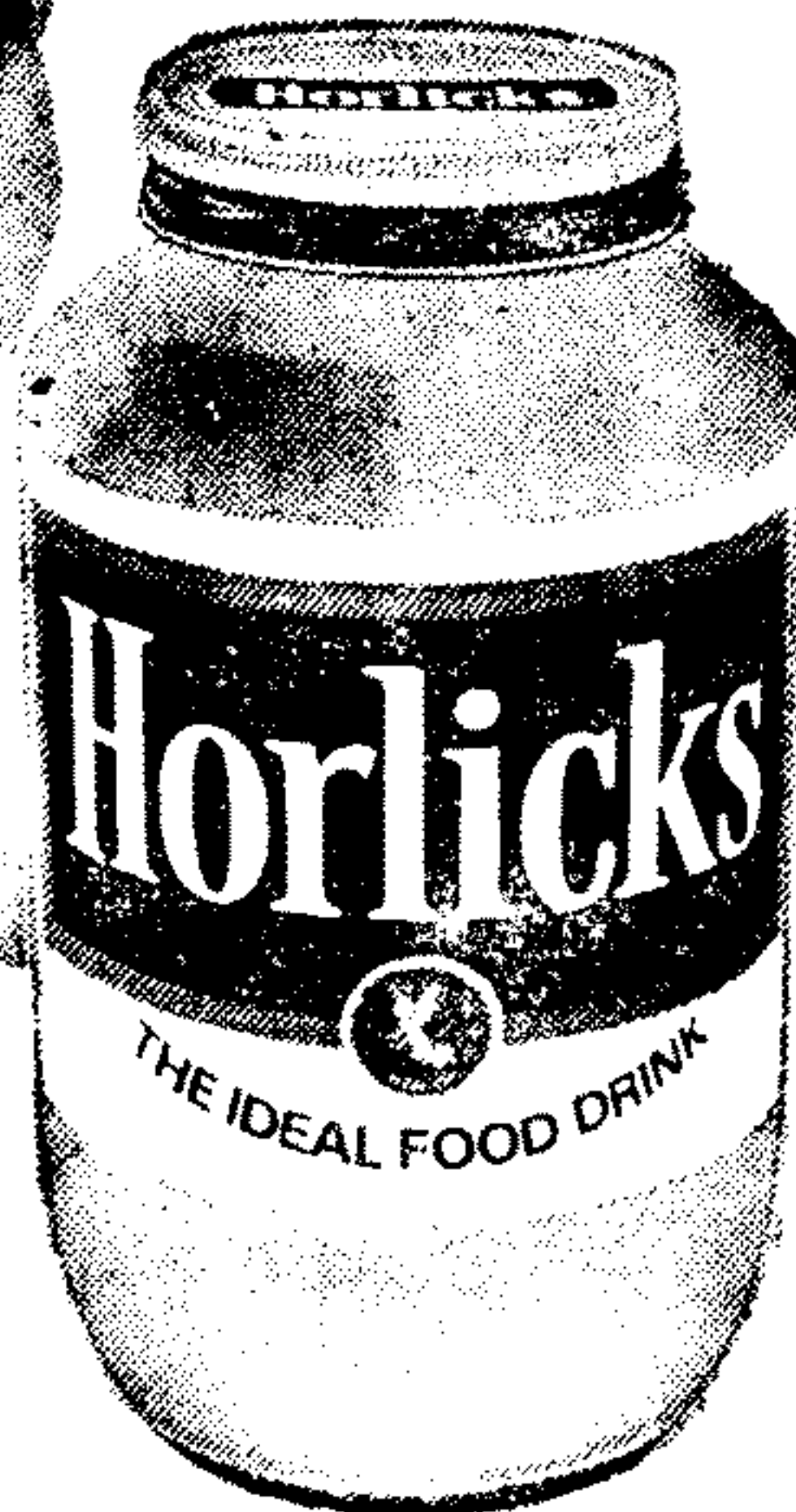
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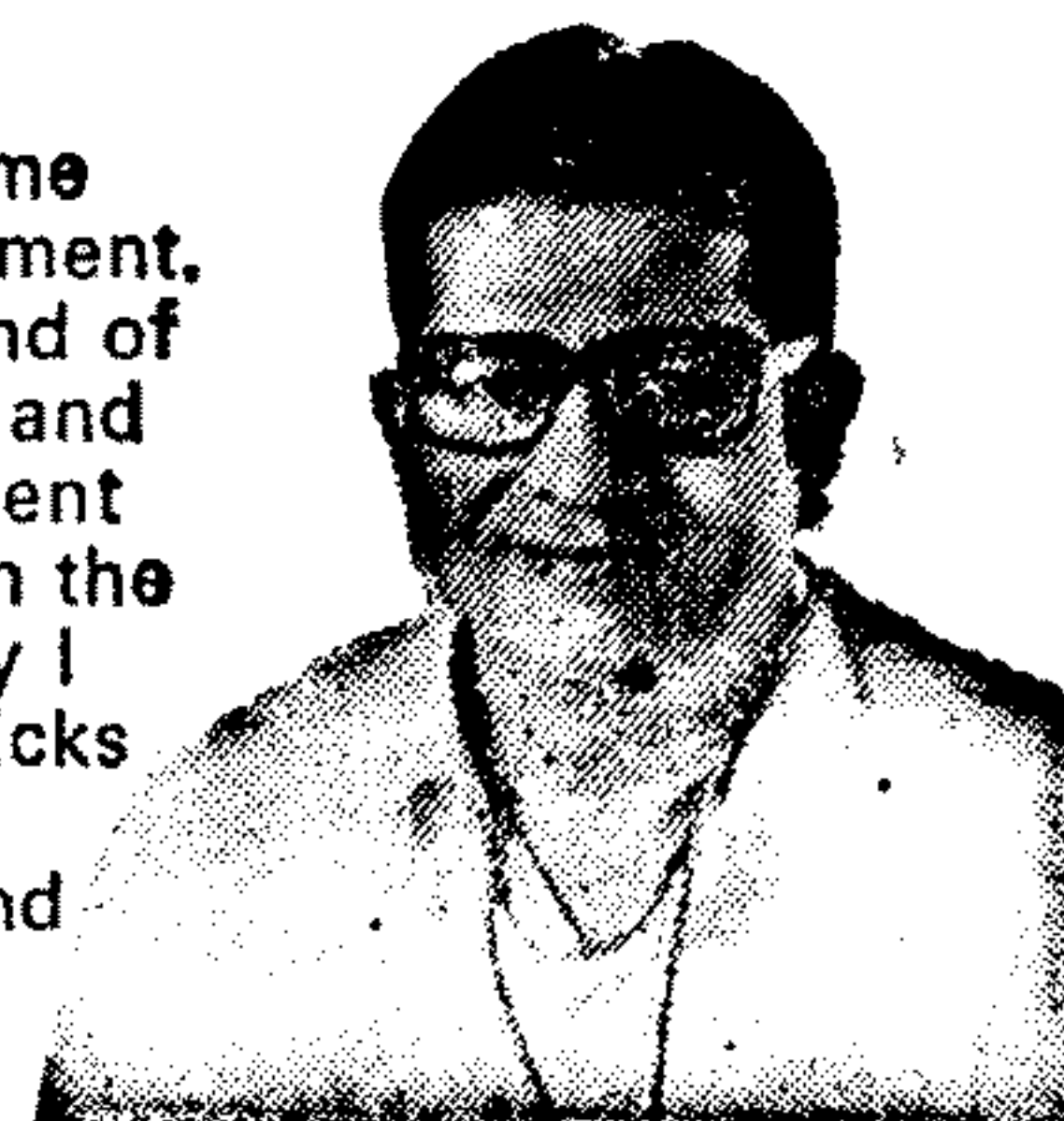
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SATYAJIT RAY AND INDIA'S IMAGE ABROAD

A SYMPOSIUM

Speakers

Prof. ASHOK MITTRA MARIE SETON CHIDANANDA DASGUPTA
AMITA MALIK Prof. SISIR DAS

Sunday, the 3rd May 1981

9 a. m.

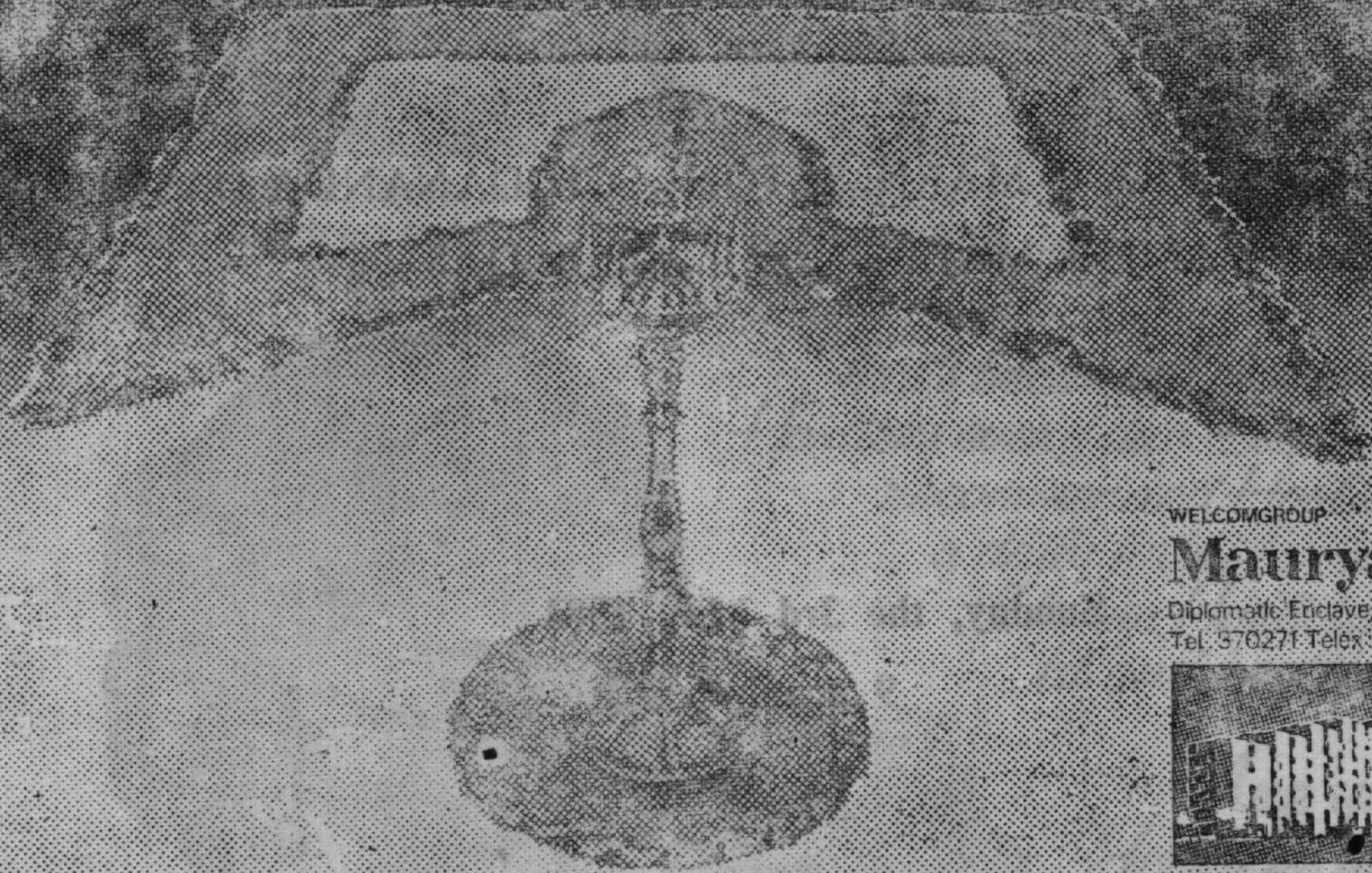
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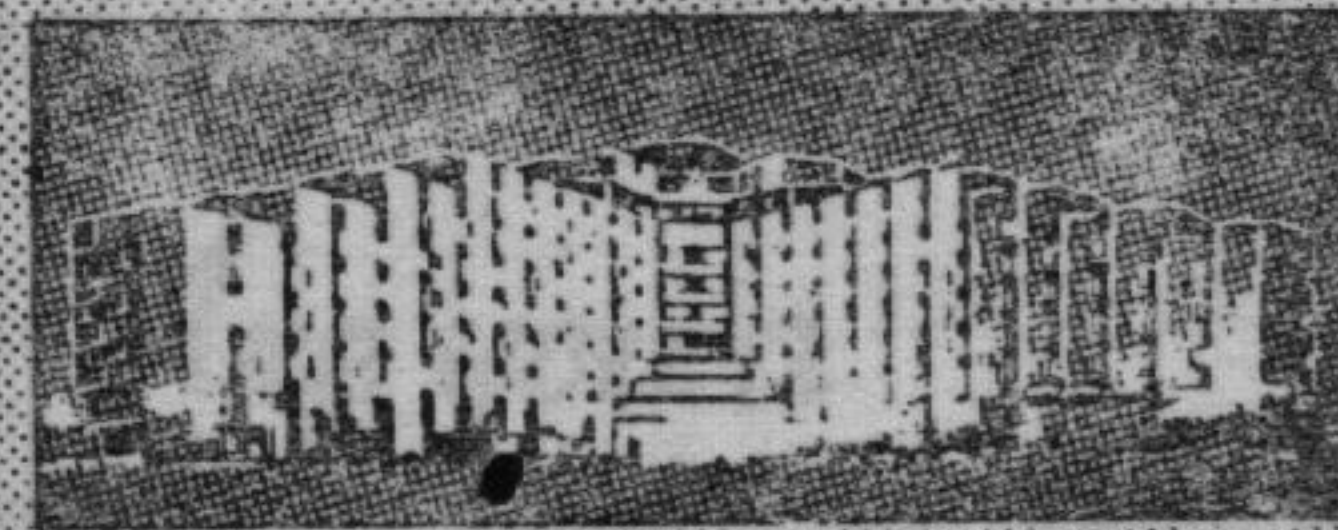
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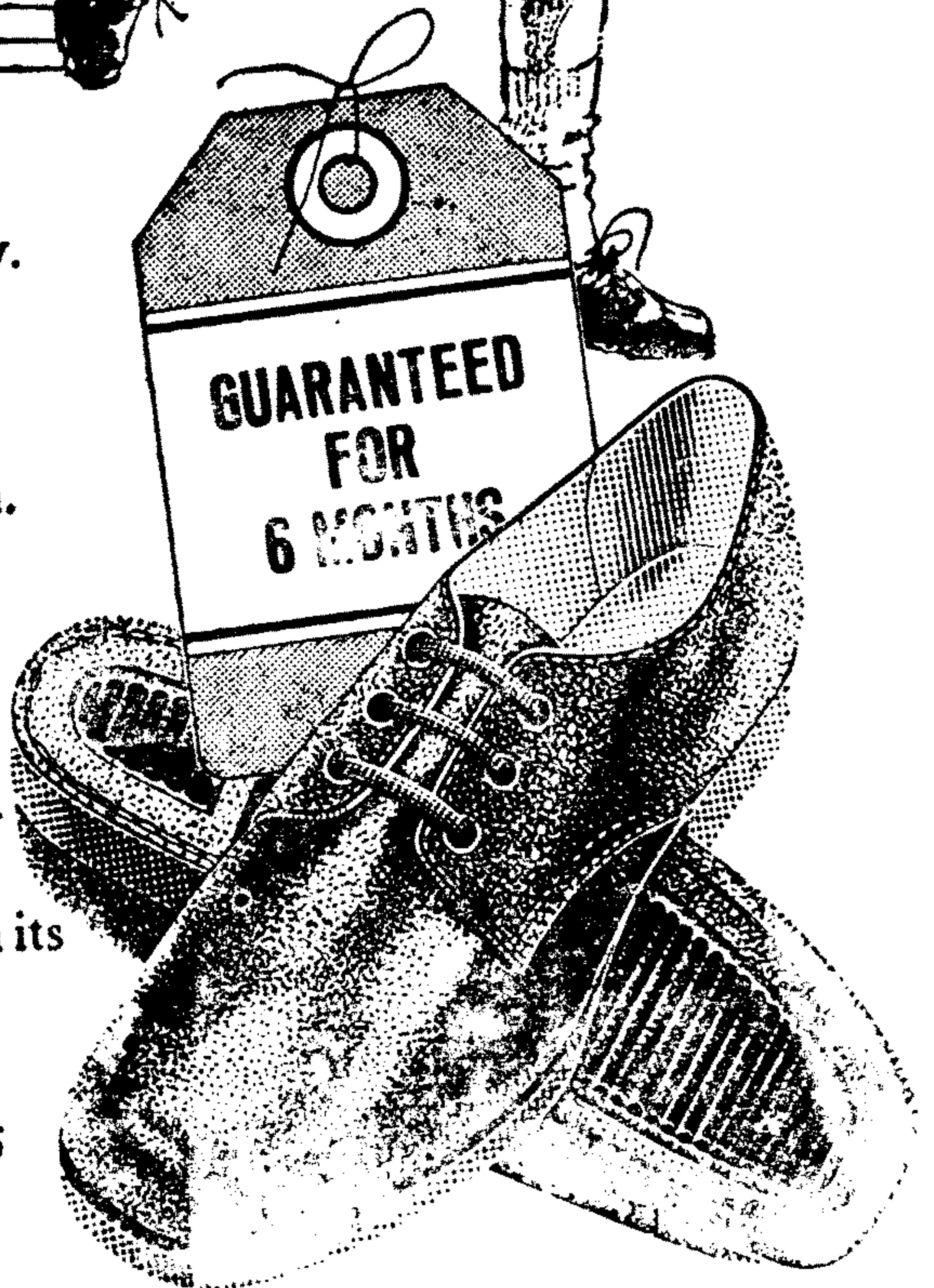
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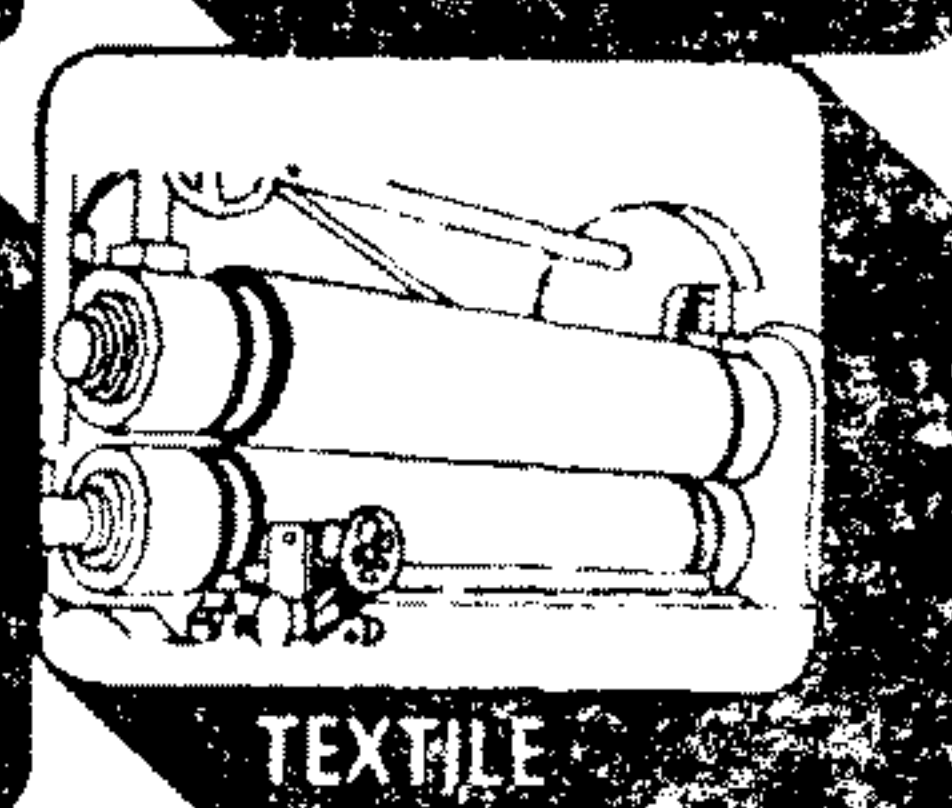
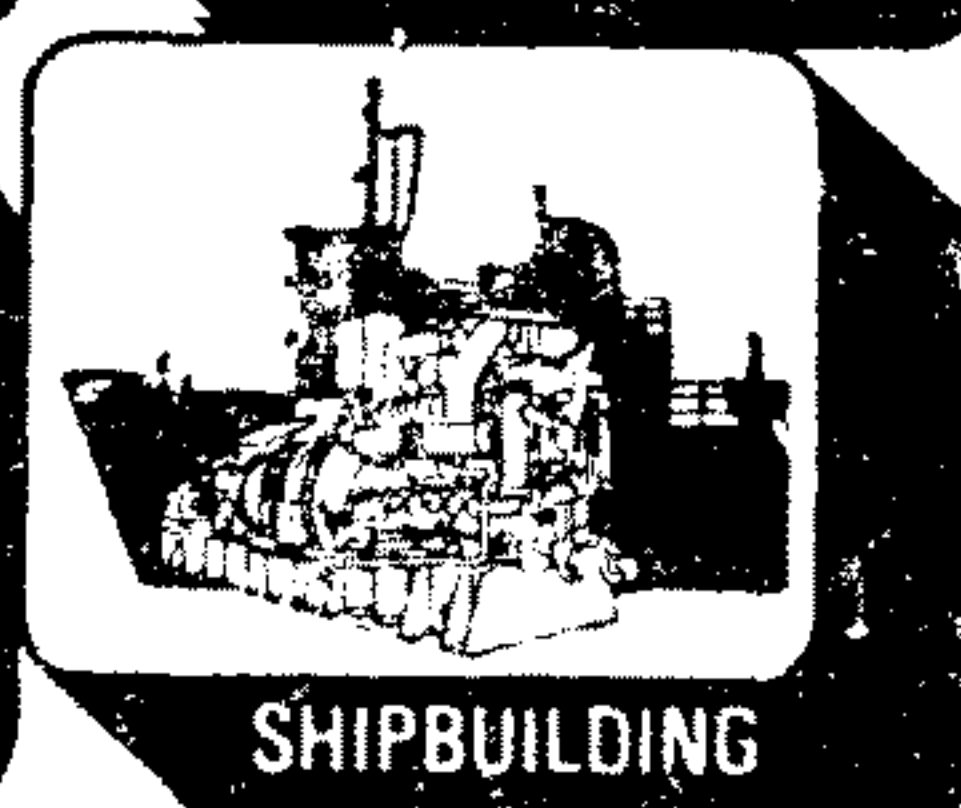
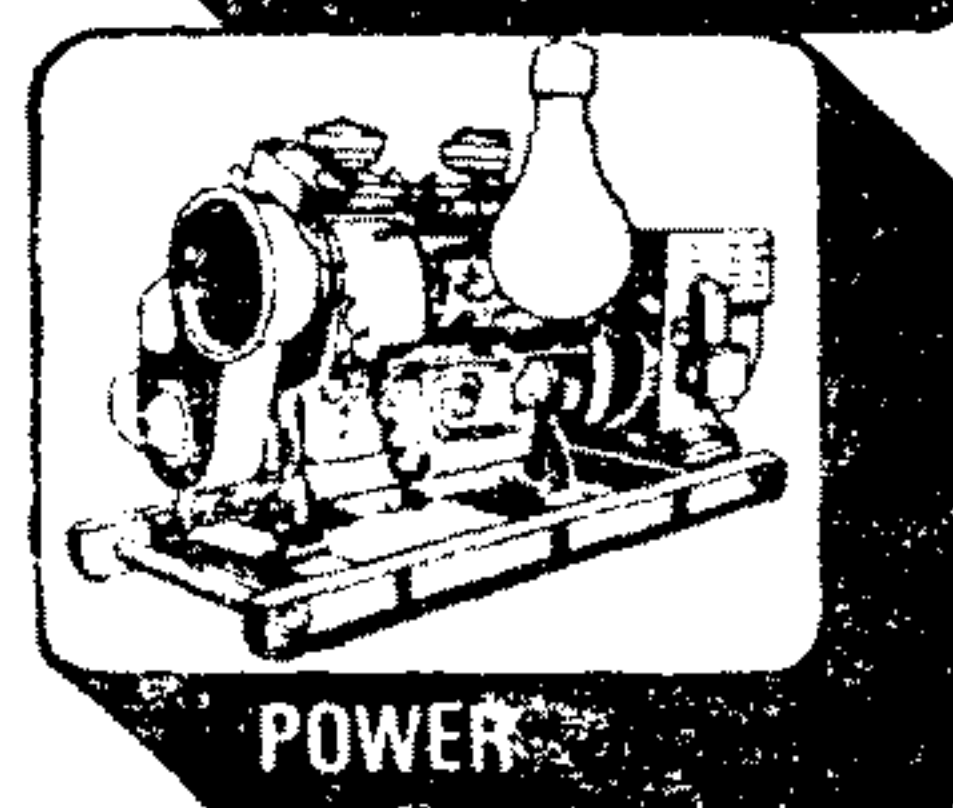
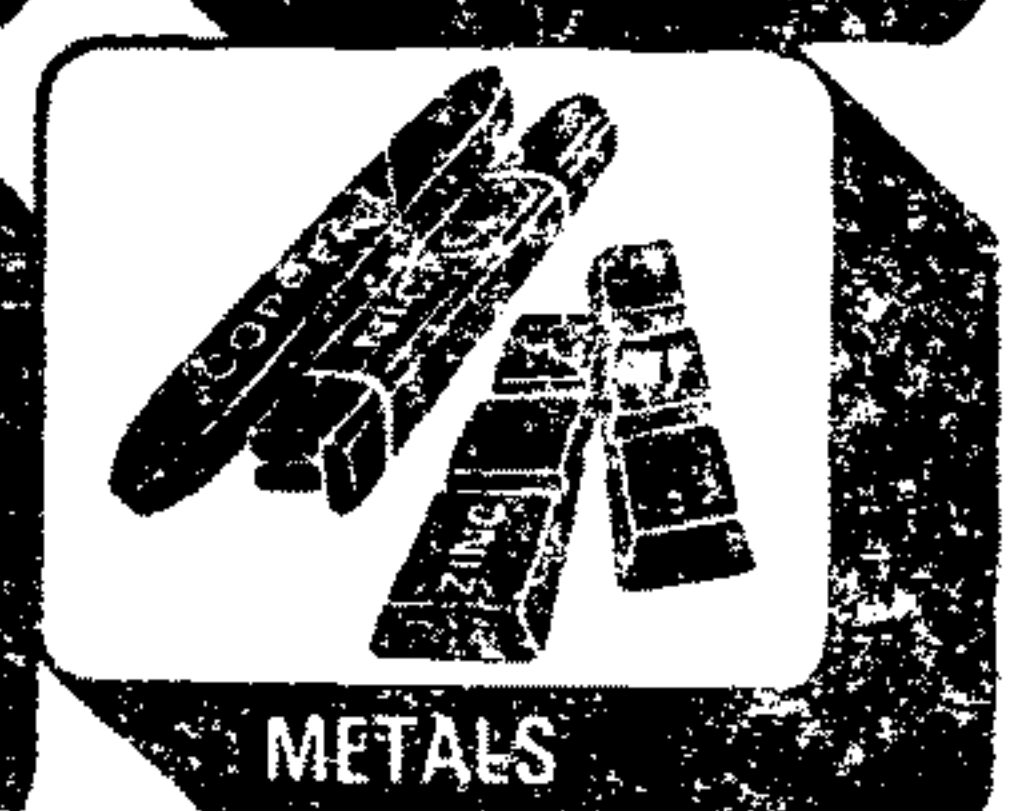
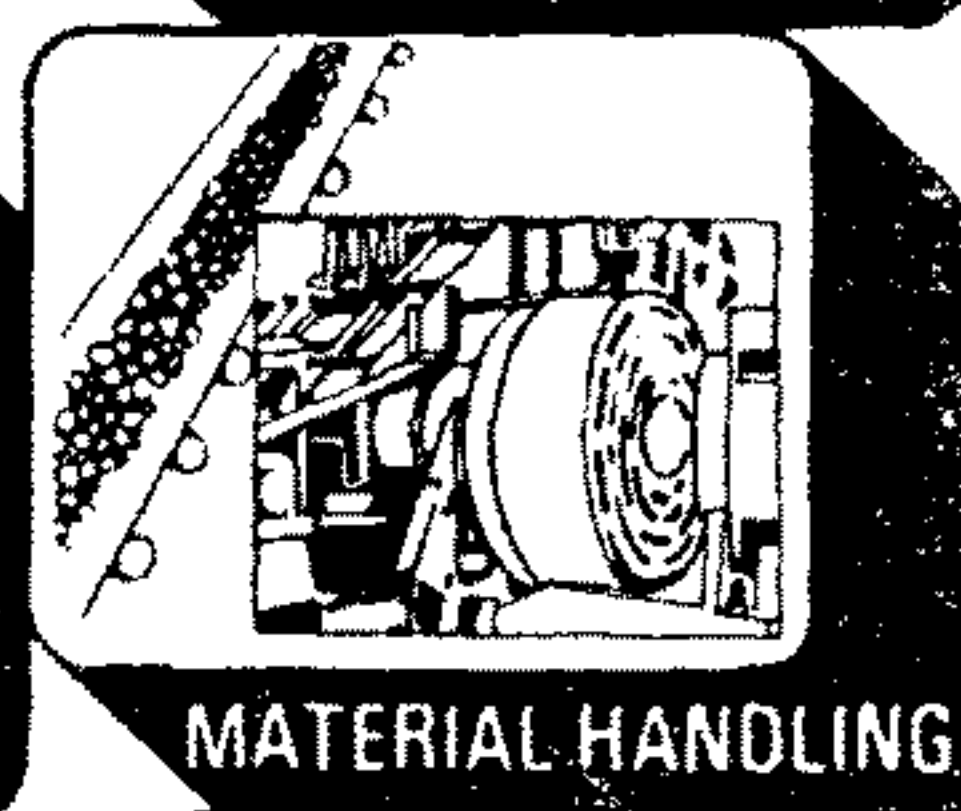
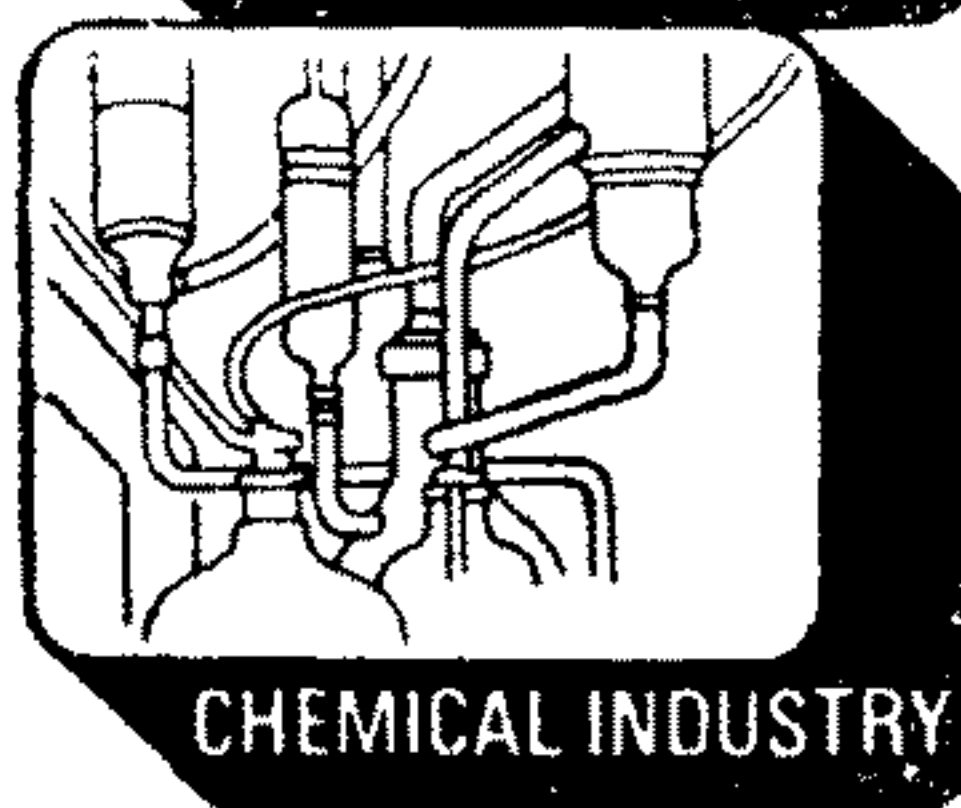
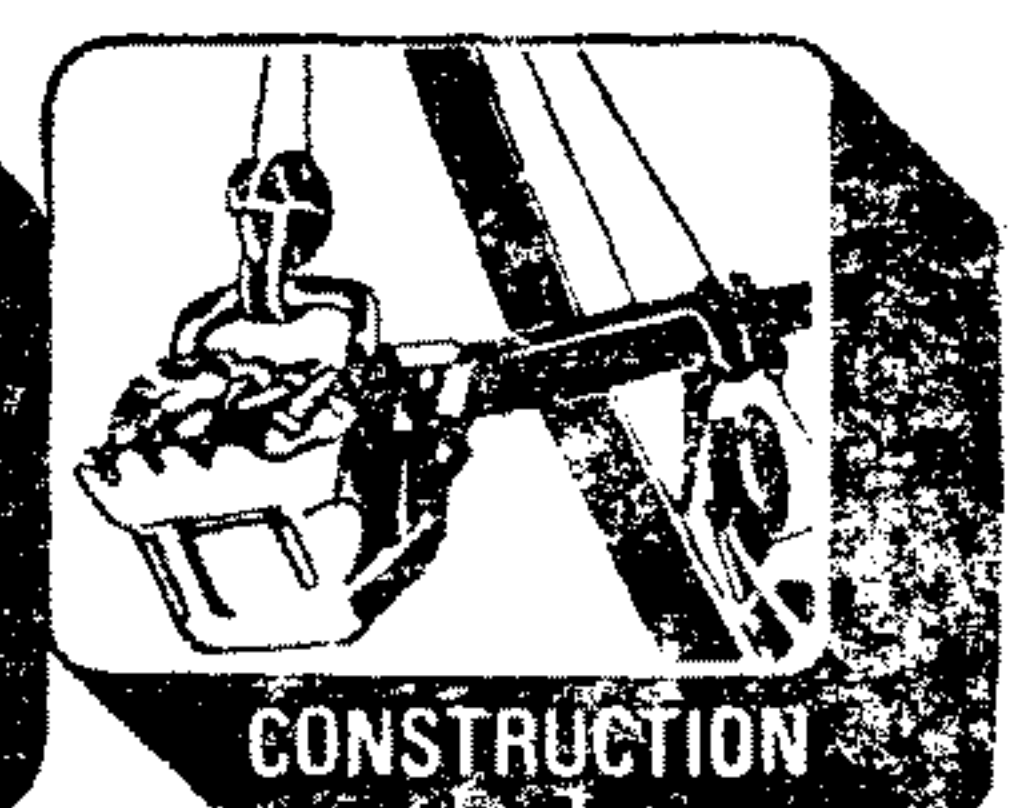
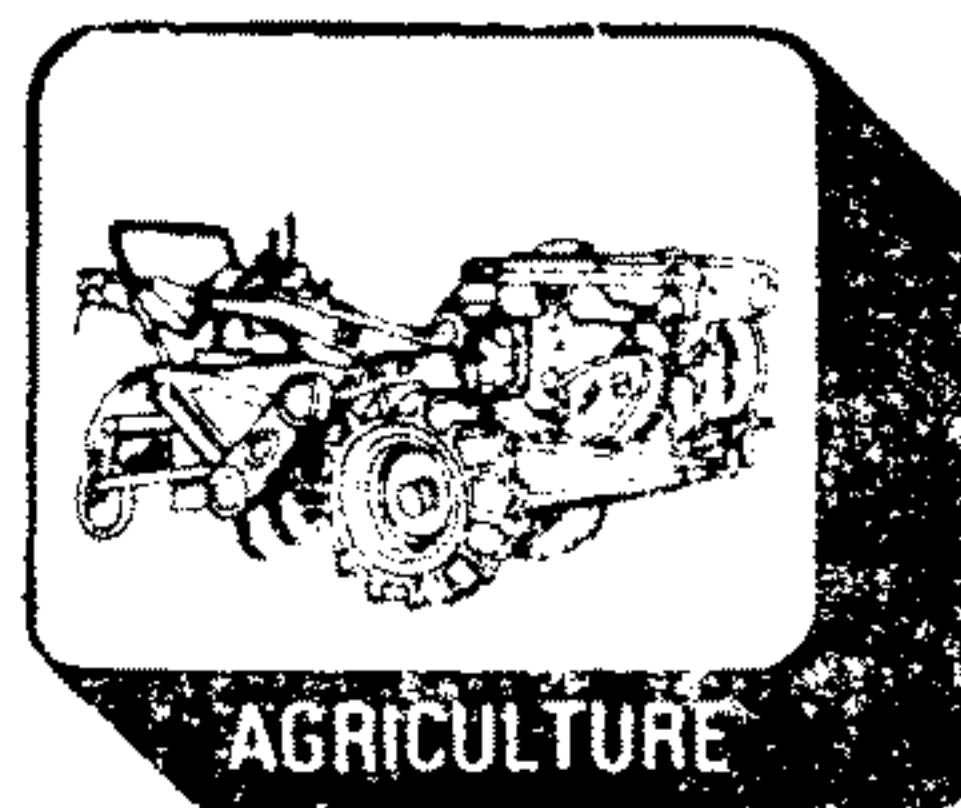
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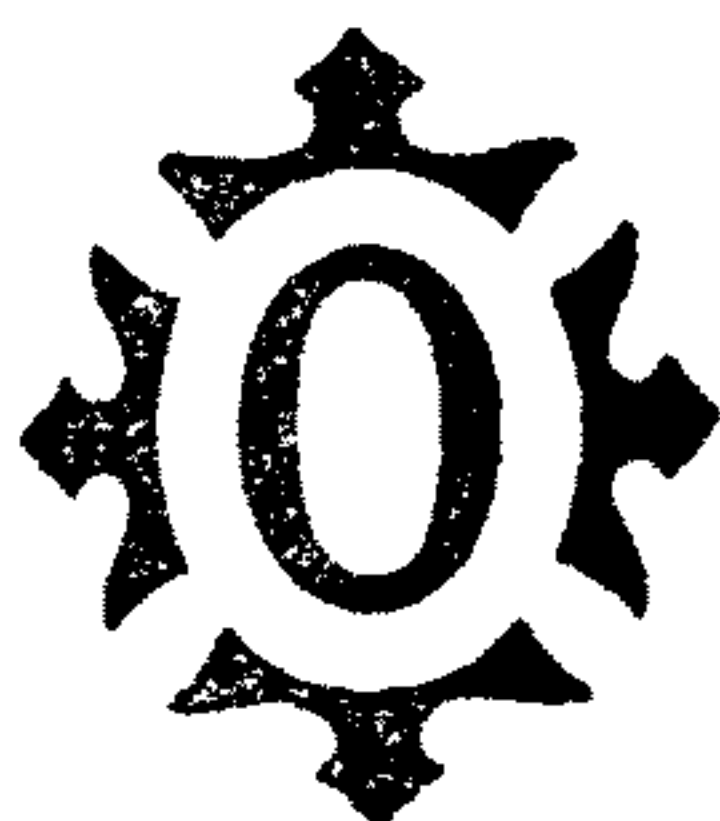
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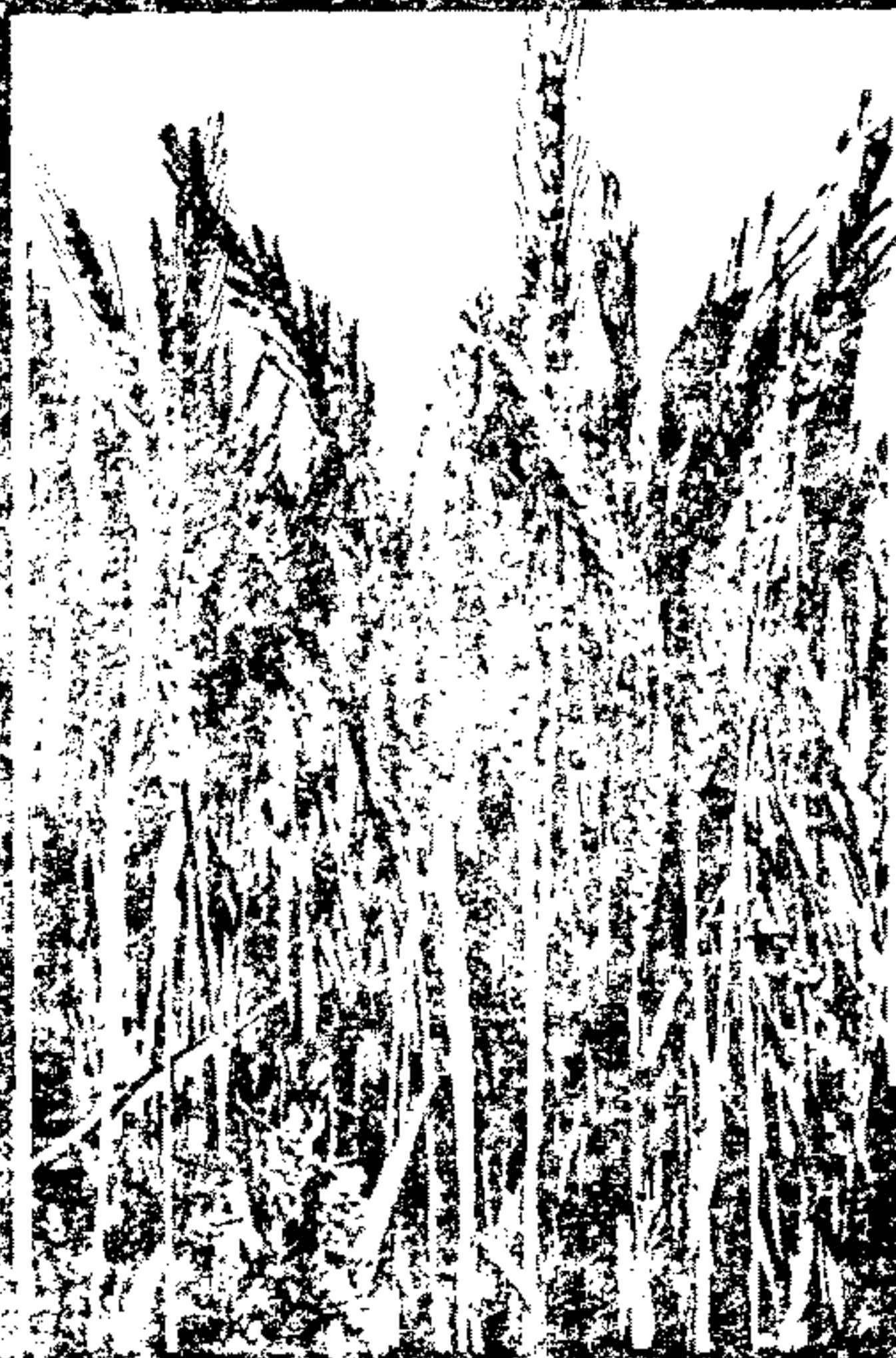
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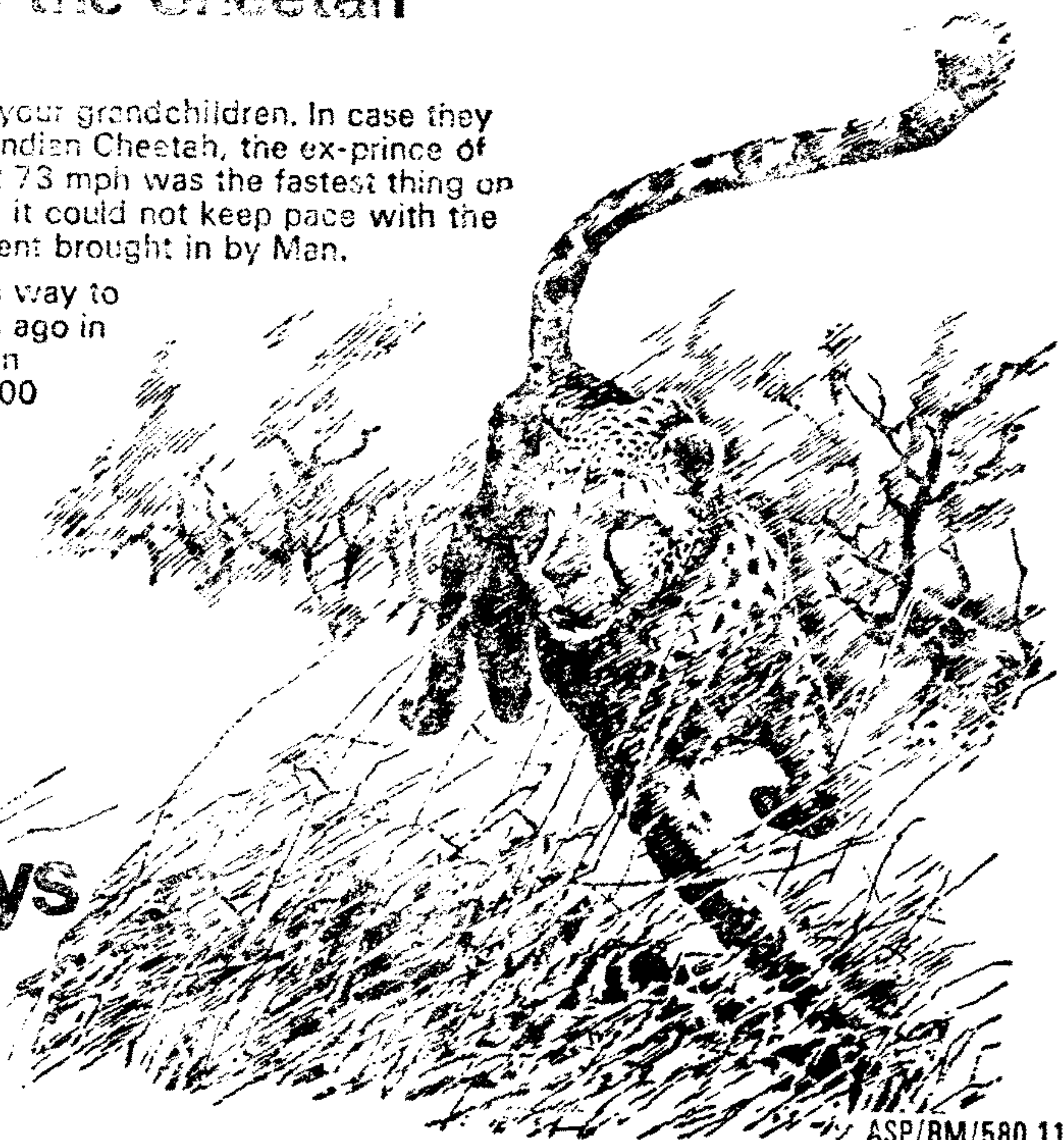
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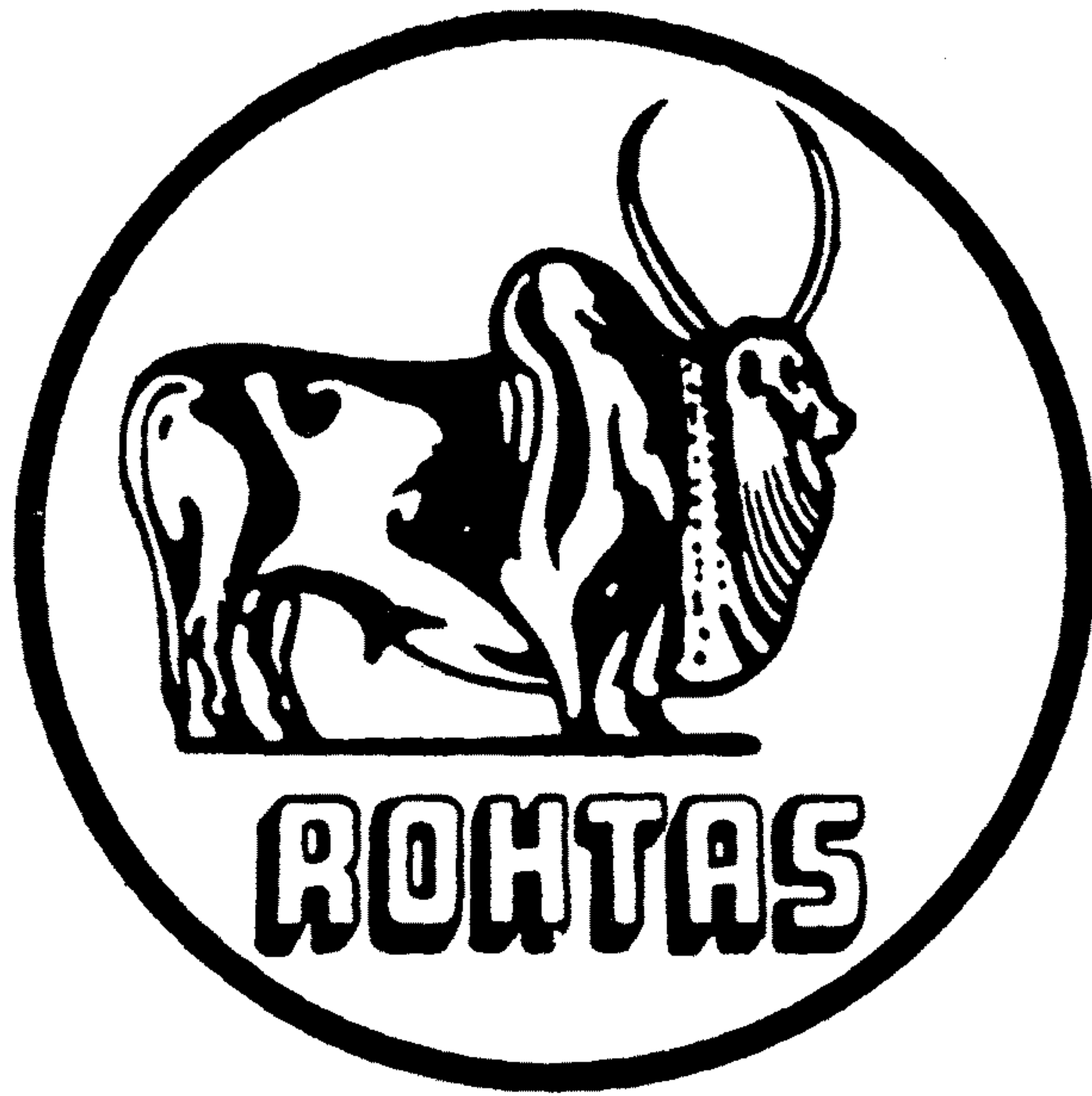
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