To The Audience

Yet it all depends on you, the audience, on your judgement. You can attack, and wound us, but allow us to live, of course only if you find some reason to let us live. If you do not find such a reason, speak out loud. Write to the newspapers. The culture of Bengal holds this new medium in its dying grip. Why don't all of you prove that this is something none of you desire? Let it all be over and done with. Then we can make money-spinners in peace, and sit and smoke our hookahs. The time has come to choose which side we are on.

You too are one great wall. Possibly the greatest wall of them all.

... try to comprehend us. Try to understand that we are moving in the middle of a flowing river. Whatever we are at this moment, that is not our final entity; we shall grow and give shade. We are only waiting for a little sustenance.

By now you must have some idea about us—we are the professional film-makers, who have to move within the strict framework of the business, we have to make commercial films.

Shakespeare had created a noble character called Falstaff. We are his manifestations. A critic called John Palmer had once written something very appropriate about Falstaff: Falstaff is 'the most vital expression in literature of man's determination to triumph over the vile body. He is the image of all mankind as a creation of divine intelligence tied to a belly that has to be fed.'

For us too the problem of keeping our belly fed is the vital problem. This is why there is so much sordidness, so much sinning.

Yet to fill one's belly is the birthright of every man. He has been denied that right the day he left behind the state of primitive socialism. He will return to that state when the most modern form of socialism will envelope his life. In between lies the nightmare of reality.

Today all human good is overshadowed by the struggle for survival. The day the shadow lifts, human will and human dexterity will reveal themselves. That day we shall not come to plead with you...

That day the sound of guns will be stilled. No mother will shed tears on that day. And we will make films to our heart's content. Because it will be the day when the walls will finally crumble.

RITWIK GHATAK