

EE-EE OW! A-YIP-I-OEE-AY! A Farewell to James Blue

(The following talk was given by Dr. Gerald O'Grady, Director of the Educational Communications Center and the Center for Media Study, State University of New York at Buffalo, at a Memorial Service held for James Blue, at Media Study/Buffalo on Monday evening, June 16).



Still from AMAL: Moslems bringing rocks to the cemetery.

This concept, to find man in his countryside, is for me a basic operating procedure. As you know, my entire background is documentary . . . I was thinking of the first little short I did, a burial, a cemetery, all out of rocks - a Moslem cemetery - and these rocks had been brought to the cemetery from the eroded land around the village where the people lived and died. Partly, then, death had come from the fact that their land was eroded.

James Blue, talking about AMAL in *Film Comment* 1, 6 (Summer, 1963)

We know we belong to the land,
And the land we belong to is grand!
And when we say:
Ee-ee-ow! A-yip-i-o-ee-ay!
We're only sayin',
"You're doin' fine, Oklahoma!
Oklahoma, O.K.!"
Oscar Hammerstein II, OKLAHOMA (1942)

YOU, JAMES BLUE

When my friend James Blue died at Roswell Park Memorial Hospital on Saturday morning, I sat there quietly appalled at the thought of a world without him.

When his brother Richard had flown him home to Buffalo from University College Hospital in London for emergency treatment two weeks ago, I thought of the poem Archibald MacLeish composed as he flew from Egypt to Illinois to bury his father. Richard had been in Indonesia when the British doctors discovered the terminal cancer in his brother, and his flight to London had taken him over some of the same lands above which MacLeish had mourned "The always rising of the night."

YOU, ANDREW MARVELL

And here face down beneath the sun
And here upon earth's noonward height
To feel the always coming on
The always rising of the night:

To feel creep up the curving east
The earthy chill of dusk and slow
Upon those under lands the vast
And ever climbing shadow grow

And strange at Ecbatan the trees
Take leaf by leaf the evening strange
The flooding dark about their knees
The mountains over Persia change

And now at Kermanshah the gate
Dark empty and the withered grass
And through the twilight now the late
Few travelers in the westward pass

And Baghdad darken and the bridge
Across the silent river gone
And through Arabia the edge
Of evening widen and steal on
And deepen on Palmyra's street

The wheel rut in the ruined stone
And Lebanon fade out and Crete
High through the clouds and overblown
And over Sicily the air Still flashing with the landward gulls

And loom and slowly disappear
The sails above the shadowy hulls
And Spain go under and the shore
Of Africa the gilded sand And evening vanish and no more

The low pale light across that land
Nor now the long light on the sea:
And here face downward in the sun
To feel how swift how secretly The shadow of the night comes
on . . .

The sounds and images with which MacLeish documented his feelings about death, the sun projecting a picture of "the withered grass" of Iran, reminded me of James Blue's filmmaking. It also reminded me of an early sentence - "The meaning of the dust storms was that grass was dead" (*Fortune*, November 1935)

- that MacLeish had provided for Pare Lorenz's famous film on erosion, *The Plow That Broke the Plains*. James Blue emulated its narrative track in some of his own works. But the association primarily arose because I connected its rollcall of places - Ecbatan, Persia, Kermanshah, Baghdad, Arabia, Palmyra, Lebanon, Crete, Sicily, Spain, Africa - with the spirit of James Blue. I had once told him the story of Archibald MacLeish's final appearance before the students of the largest public university in his home state, the University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana. It was in 1962 and MacLeish had recited parts from his latest piece, a "son et lumiere" composition which was to be performed at Independence Hall in Philadelphia on July 4 where John Kennedy would give his speech on the new American inter-dependence. He then asked that the audience pay careful attention to his final and lasting message to that school and all its future students: "Do not define America. Definition excludes." That had become one of James Blue's favorite stories and he asked me to repeat it often.

THE HOUSE THAT JAMES BUILT

James Blue was born in Tulsa, Oklahoma on October 10, 1930. He became an independent documentary filmmaker with few peers in America, and his radical transformation of the American heritage which he cherished was so quiet and so thorough that it went unnoticed. His early training gave him strong commitments to the Protestant church and the American nation, but he fully engaged in our generation's journey from nationalism to inter-nationalism, and from the denominational to the inter-denominational. His own films increasingly explored new ways of inter-action with his subjects and, most recently, with his audiences. His second legacy was a body of inter-views with other directors; he was the best inter-viewer in the field of film. His whole mode of life was interrogation.

His concerns were ecumenical. His films, on soil erosion in Algeria and later on the world's food resources, engaged him first in ecological studies and, later, in the economic means needed to support the world's peoples. Ecumenical, ecological, economic - all have roots in the Greek OIKOS (house) - all were forces for his making of the world a home and relocating his religious impulse in new grounds.

FILMMAKER

His first feature, *The Olive Trees of Justice* (1962), was a sensitive even-handed treatment of the conflict then raging between the French and Arab communities, and he was aware of the parallels between blacks and whites in his own country at that time. It was awarded the Critics Prize at the Cannes Film Festival.

His first professional films on his own continent were made in Colombia for the United States Information Agency. In *The People's Films: A Political History of the U.S. Government in Motion Pictures* (1973), Richard Dyer MacCann concluded his commentary on James Blue's career with that Agency by discussing his later film on Martin Luther King and the Civil Rights March on Washington:

Another film by James Blue is probably the most memorable one of the George Stevens, Jr. era at the U.S.I.A. The March (1964) has something of the epic quality of Pare Lorenz's The River, and in the manner of that poetic government documentary, it reflects the sharp excitement of a great contemporary issue.

His masterpiece for the Agency was yet to come, and Basil Wright, the pioneering filmmaker of John Grierson's British documentary film unit, is its best witness. In his comprehensive international history of film, *The Long View* (1974), Wright devoted a chapter to films made about The Third World.

Out of all these one, for me, remains outstanding. James Blue's modestly titled A Few Notes on Our Food Problem (1966-68) has good claim, through the force of its message and its cinematic beauty, to be regarded as one of the few really great documentaries. . . . Blue, having possessed himself of all of the facts and statistics and arguments, constructed his film from original shooting in Africa, Asia and the New World in the form of a poem infused with passion and compassion, anger and hope, and above all a feeling for the real goodness to be found everywhere in ordinary folk.

A Few Notes on Our Food Problem received an Academy Award nomination.

In 1974, James Blue went back to Africa for the third time to make the observational film, *Kenya Boran*, with his friend David MacDougall. Its theme was development, modernization, and environmental equilibrium in a rural society. When it was shown at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D.C. in 1977, Dr. Margaret Mead pronounced it the best ethnographic film that she had ever seen.

Despite such appreciations, James Blue's reputation as a filmmaker was never really acknowledged; in fact, it was somewhat obscured. His feature had been made in a foreign language and treated a problem which had little resonance at American box offices. Legislation forbids films made for the United States Information Agency to be shown at home; they are made solely for exhibition abroad. That *The School of Rincon Santo* won a Silver Lion Prize at Venice, was judged the Best Documentary Film at international festivals in Bilbao and Amsterdam and was translated into 56 languages, was entirely irrelevant to its appreciation by the American public at home. His interest in the problem of third-world countries under the pressure of technological development - the bringing of waterpumps to Kenya, for example - was not widely shared by many of his countrymen. His most recent works, *Who Killed Fourth Ward?* and *The Invisible City* were ground-breaking experiments in a form he was inventing, the complex ur-



Stills from AMAL: shadow on the rocks of Moslems carrying a casket (lower right in frame) ; Amal's drawing in the dirt; and the root of life.

ban documentary, an audacious mixture of classic narrative genres with cinema verite and observational aspects of the documentary; they explored the filmmaker's interacting with his subjects before the camera and his audience before the television set in entirely new ways; they were shot with a mixture of small-format equipment - sound-synch super-8 film and 3/4 inch videotape; they attempted to link telephones and public television to a process of on-going community education; they were aired in Houston, shown at research conferences in several countries, but had not yet been accepted by a broader public.

It had gone unnoticed that his career was unique in the history of American filmmakers in that he had produced works of excellence in an unprecedented variety of forms - the fictional feature, government information film, ethnographic cinema, and the complex documentary.

There were also some unrealized projected works. In 1968 he had been awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship to develop a script about the passage of his family across America during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. He drove across the country, interviewing surviving members of the family in Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas, Colorado and Oregon and, with Gill Dennis, developed a script that focused on the turn of the century, the 1930's depression, and the post-World War II years. It was another experiment in form and, this time, he planned to use documentary techniques and styles to infiltrate the fictional form. His parents and relatives, non-actors and actors would all be shaped into a story of An American Family which would typify the conflicts of progress and nationalism with artistic vision and idealism that had involved all American families for a century. As the American Bicentennial approached, he developed a script which portrayed the struggle of an Anglican minister of a parish in North Carolina, caught between Loyalist sympathies and the justice of the rebels' cause in the 1770's, and saw it as a statement about the "good southerner" and Black rights two centuries later. He recognized the fatal divisions brought about by history, family, and community in his own country just as he had mourned them in Algeria.

DOCUMENTARIAN

He recognized that "documentary does not mean document, but the use of document; the only definition of documentary is the use of reality or actuality or some aspect of it that goes beyond it, that interprets it" (Lecture at Buffalo, April 23, 1977), and he was the only documentary filmmaker I know, with the exception of the Bunuel of *Las Hurdes (Terre Sans Pain)* (*Land Without Bread*), which he greatly admired, who would describe his filmmaking process: "It's a surrealistic kind of thinking, if you want, where you find things that are juxtaposed in nature, in relation to the people; and you try to bring out the surprising quality of that juxtaposition" (*Film Comment*, 1963).

It would be false to characterize his early films as a mixture of prose and poetry (like this essay which is paying tribute to that impulse), or even as poetic prose. Rather, they were the prosaic (facts, details, evidence) poeticized. The shadow of the bier on the rocks in *Amal (Hope)* is for me one of the most haunting images in the history of cinema. It is powerful because it is the smaller fragments of those same rocks which are being raked from Algerian fields earlier in the film. That ground has thus borne the stamp of man, drawn on its dry dust by Amal himself. That ground which can then grow plants as indicated by the drawing of a tree - LA VIE (LIFE) - on its final frame. The documentary, for James Blue, was a way of confronting the dead facts and issuing a report that promised new life.

In later years, he would say: "I don't want the poetry. If there's any poetry in it that I'm putting in, I'm going to get it out" (Lecture at Buffalo, April 23, 1977). Beginning with *Kenya Boran* (1972), he had begun to look at what he called "the other side of change." In *Who Killed Fourth Ward?* (1978), he raised three questions about what caused the disastrous effects of the city's growth on a slum in Houston: was it a conspiracy of the realtors? was it natural forces? would the slum's residents organize to save themselves? He answered "no" in all cases. In *The Invisible City*, he showed how 50% of that same city's housing stock was deteriorating and presented no hopeful solution within the picture. His hope, in fact, had moved outside the picture, and located film in a more complex interaction with political culture. It was invested in promoting community efforts to examine social and economic issues by presenting and analyzing them through community-based media. He had transferred his hope to the process through which a work, by attracting and holding an audience on television, could move its members toward participating in solving the problems presented. A photograph taken at that time shows him speaking to that audience. He is surrounded by his new building blocks, rows of video cassettes, reminding me of the description of his earlier films made this evening by his old friend James Dormeyer:

J'étais fasciné de voir comment il fabriquait ses fictions. La situation devait se développer selon une rigueur mathématique, chaque acte devant s'imbriquer selon une logique dramatique inéluctable dans l'ensemble d'une série de réactions de cause à effet, à travers des images à l'architecture expressive, et sur un rythme qui ne supposait aucune faille.

I was fascinated to see how he put together his stories. The situation had to develop itself according to a mathematical rigor, each act having to build upon itself according to an inevitable dramatic logic in an entire series of relations from cause to effect, becoming, like overlapping roof tiles, the images of an expressive architecture, and with a rhythm which would admit no crack.



Images from the television documentary, *Who Killed Fourth Ward?* Shotgun houses on a slum street, James Blue as the investigator, and the celebration of the Fourth of July.



Images from the television documentary, *The Invisible City*. Deteriorating housing stock, James Blue as the community conscience, prefabricated housing.

A MAN OF THE WORLD

By the time James Blue came to Buffalo, he had already made films on all five continents. He thought of the First, Second and Third Worlds in the same way that Jean-Luc Godard, whom he admired, thought of traditional cinematic narrative structures. "Films have a beginning, middle and end," said Godard, "but not necessarily in that order." In 1979, James Blue was the featured speaker at the First International Ethnographic Film Conference in Canberra, Australia and, at home, helped to organize the First Conference on Contemporary Directions in the Public Affairs Documentary, insisting that our frame of reference be world-wide. We were organizing the second conference as he died, and invitations had been extended to filmmakers in Lebanon, Italy, Brazil and Canada. He had already set the stage for a set of continuing interactions with Canada. He was an active member of the Board of Directors of the Toronto International Super-8 Festival, was showing the features of Quebecois filmmakers for the Cercle Culturel de Langue Francaise in Buffalo, arranging for the showing of films and videotapes by young independents from Southern Ontario on Channel 17, and inviting his old friend, Terence Macartney-Filgate, a producer at the Canadian Broadcasting Company, to pay regular visits to his classes at the Center for Media Study.

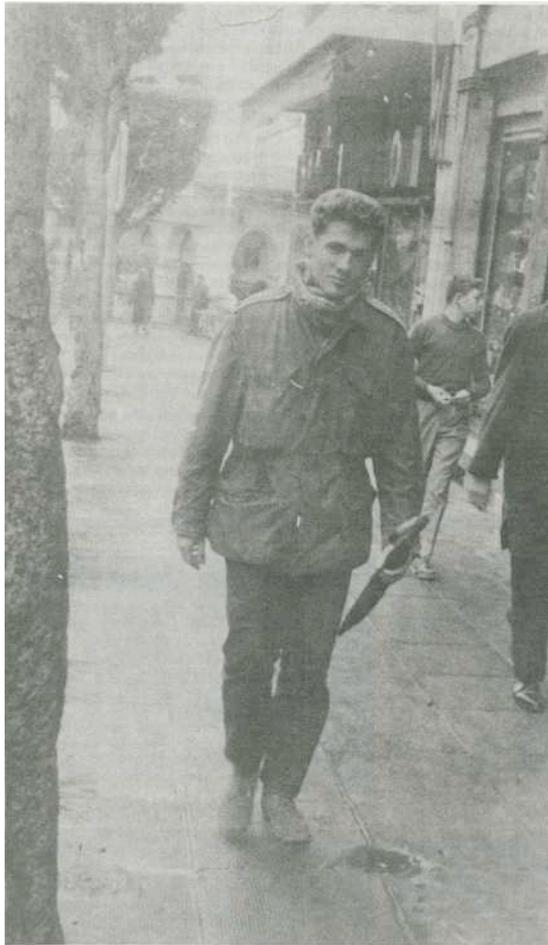
A MAN FOR ALL REGIONS

For all that, he was more deeply committed to American regionalism than any filmmaker of his time. He had directed what became one of the first regional media centers in the United States, the Media Center, later the Southwest Alternate Media Project in Houston, Texas, and he played an active role as a member of the Board of Directors of Media Study/Buffalo, another regional center. He had served for three years as a key member of the Committee on Film and Television Resources and Services (1973-75) which produced *The Independent*

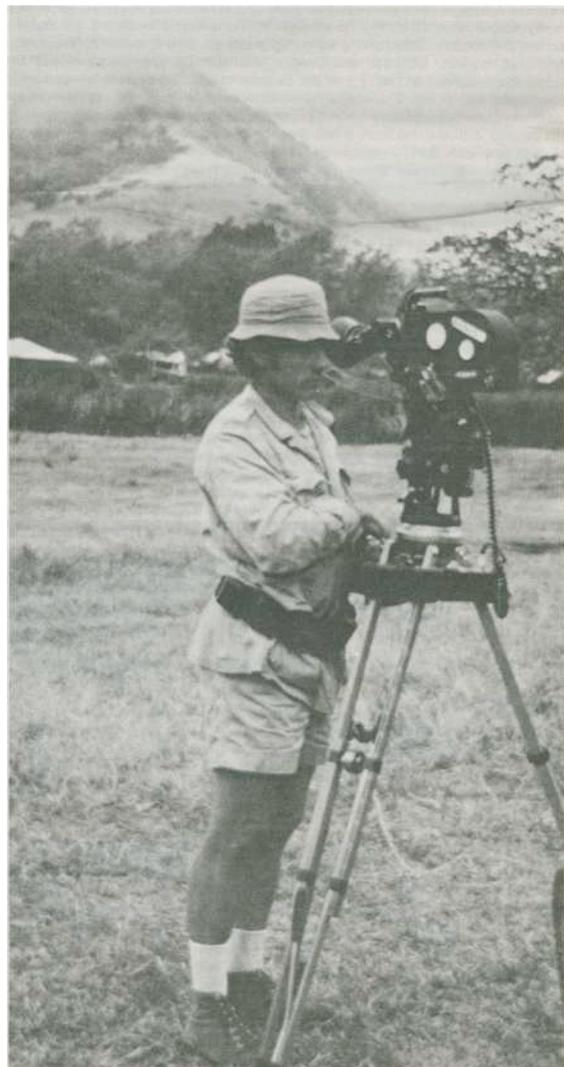
Film Community: A Report on the Status of Independent Film in the United States (1977), a document that brought this movement to the attention of national and state legislators. During the week he was dying, there took place a series of screenings on "The Advantages of Diversity" at the Tenth Public Television and the Independent Film Seminar at Arden House in New York, a program which he had coordinated for International Film Seminars. He was to moderate the seminar, attended by 100 filmmakers and public television station programmers, the theme being the exposure of work made by Black, Hispanic, Puerto Rican, Native American and Ethnic minorities. It was the first time that a group of Native American imagemakers brought their work and philosophy to the Seminar, and on its last day, Larry Littlebird (Circle Film, Santa Fe, New Mexico) recorded on cassette a "Song for the Journey" (from *The Sweathouse*) and that gift was in the mail when the journey began.

His regionalism was often misunderstood. It was confused with evidencing too much concern for a particular locality - Houston, Buffalo; the Southwest, the Northeast. People were genuinely bewildered by his seeming lack of interest in what everyone else took to be of acknowledged national importance. But he was aware of living through a period when nationalism was undergoing a transformation, back toward local community authority and forward toward world cooperation. His way of moving simultaneously in two seemingly opposite directions was just a means of maintaining the stability of his commitments. His tensegrity was located in his moral consciousness.

His belief, quite simply, was that creators could arise in any town on earth. Citizenship, in fact, was the key theme of his classes. For the twelve years that I knew him, he steadfastly maintained that democracy demanded that our public media be more diverse in giving access to a variety of new voices. In his essay, *Super-8 and the Community: A New Role for Film in the University*, he wrote: "My key concept was the democratization of media in terms of promoting general



James Blue, Algeria 1961



James Blue, Kenya 1974

awareness and providing access to the materials of production." He did not hold to this as some comfortable ideal, but rather fought continually to make it a practical reality.

In Houston, he teamed up with Ed Hugetz of the Southwest Alternate Media Project and with KUHT-TV to produce a weekly program of work by independent imagemakers in the Southwest, *The Territory*. He told me that he had taken the name from *Oklahoma*:

*Territory folks should stick together,
Territory folks should all be pals.
Cowboys, dance with the farmer's daughters!
Farmers, dance with the rancher's gals!*

In Buffalo, he collaborated with Lynn Corcoran of Media Study/Buffalo and with WNED-TV to produce a series of sixteen weekly programs, *The Frontier*, which featured twenty-seven independent makers from Western New York and Southern Ontario. Through his involvement with the USIA in the early years of the Kennedy administration, he was aware that the physical frontiers were being transmuted into "new frontiers" located on the moon and in the urban ghetto.

HIS LOVE FOR FILM

The range and penetration of his film knowledge was quite astonishing. His first love, of course, was the documentary, and that extended from the newsreels to cinema-verite, and from ethnographic cinema to the personal film diary. His eight lectures on "The Documentary Impulse," supported by the National Endowment for the Humanities at the Museum of Modern Art in New York in 1977, covered the period from 1895 through 1975, and focused on the gradually narrowing gap between the filmmaker and his subject and on the increasing need for the film-

maker to be more selfreflexive in his activity. The materials which he presented in his courses here were characterized by his continual world-wide hunt for new directions, emerging talents, and unlikely subjects.

At the same time, he was one of the most gifted commentators on the classic narrative form, whether it be in the films of John Ford, Howard Hawks, Alfred Hitchcock or Jean Renoir. The last film he purchased for use in his Buffalo classes was Ford's *Stagecoach*. He had a very special allegiance to Rossellini. Neorealism had emerged during his own formative period as a filmmaker and its influence was acknowledged in *The Olive Trees of Justice*. Later, he admired Rossellini's twelve-part series for television, *La Lotta dell'uomo per la sua sopravvivenza*, *The Struggle of Man for his Survival*, as a revolutionary educational force.

He was also completely sympathetic to and at home with the group of "New Wave" French directors who subverted and transformed the classic narrative forms. He had lived through their struggles when he was at the Institut des Hautes Etudes Cinematographiques in Paris, and he was designing a course which would recreate for our own students his experience of those years in the late fifties and early sixties when he talked with, read the manifestos, attended the screenings, and absorbed the reactions to the work of Godard, Bresson, Truffaut, Chabrol, Marker, Resnais, Demy, Lelouche, Melville and Malle.

When he first came to Buffalo, he had not yet had the opportunity, at any time in his career, to become familiar with the avant-garde tradition of film experimentation, and I watched as he began to probe the conceptual groundings, craftsmanships, and commitments of his colleagues. It was not long before he was introducing the work of Paul Sharits and Hollis Frampton in museums in Corpus Christi and Dallas-Fort Worth, and arranging for visiting lectures of Woody and Steina Vasulka in Houston.



James Blue editing videotape in Houston.



James Blue editing film in Buffalo.



James Blue, taking sound, with Adele Santos in Houston.



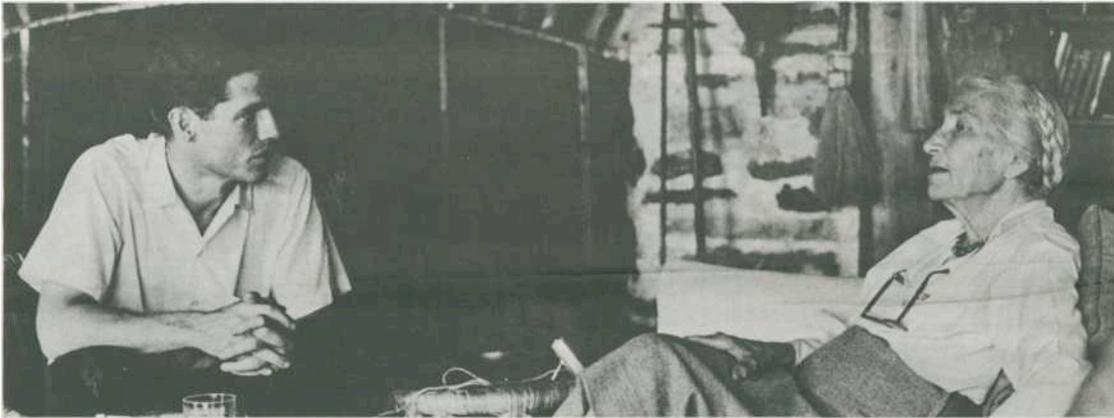
James Blue, Buffalo 1979 Photo by Jane Hartney



James Blue, Houston 1976 Photo by Margaret L. Sass



James Blue interviewing Jean Renoir at the Advanced Center for Film Study, American Film Institute.



James Blue interviewing Frances Flaherty, the widow of Robert Flaherty, at her home in Vermont.

INTERVIEWER

He gave respect to the work of the older makers, enthusiasm to the work of his peers, and encouragement to the work of the young. It was a special pleasure for me to observe him over the years in conversations with Roberto Rossellini, Frank Capra and Leo Hurwitz. However courteous, he always had a relentless series of questions. He learned more by conversation than anyone I knew. He also did formal videotaped interviews many hours long with all three of them. His mastery of the interview form had begun with a Ford Foundation grant in 1964 which allowed him to travel all over the world to interview 30 film directors who had begun to use non-actors in their work. Those with Pier Paolo Pasolini, Albert Maysles, Jean Rouch, Richard Leacock, Satyajit Ray, Shirley Clarke, Cesare Zavattini, Peter Watkins, Jean-Luc Godard and Roberto Rossellini, which had been published in *Film Comment*, *Cahiers du Cinema* and *Objectif*. are widely acknowledged as the most useful material available in film courses about them, and there are twenty more to come. He helped me establish the Oral History of the Independent American Cinema here and did extended interviews with documentary filmmakers such as Willard Van Dyke, Robert Gardner, Ralph Steiner and John Marshall. This collection of historical materials is critical to a field which is just beginning to establish a tutorial tradition.

TEACHER

His teaching ability was almost legendary. Since I first met him, no year went by without his being offered the opportunity to start his own program at one or more other major institutions. Willard Van Dyke, who established the film program at Purchase, said that he was the best teacher of film that he had ever met and David MacDougall, Director of the Film Unit at the Australian Institute of Aboriginal Studies said that he did not think that it was possible to teach film production until he saw James do it so well. His colleague, Brian Henderson, who had been educated at Johns Hopkins, Harvard Law School, and the University of California at Santa Cruz, said that the course that he jointly taught with James Blue was the single most important educational experience that he had had. After James moved north, George Stoney of the Institute of Film and Television at New York University invited him each year to be the lecturer to launch the advanced section of his graduate course in The Documentary Tradition, and Frantisek Daniel, whom he had joined as a founding faculty member of the American Film Institute's Center for Advanced Film Study in Los Angeles in 1969, invited him to

lecture each semester in his new graduate program at Columbia University. Last year, under the auspices of The Moving Image/The Maker program of the University-wide Committee on the Arts, he taught at eight campuses within the State University of New York system. He had become a resource for the whole northeast.

At home, he designed a whole section of our new curriculum, a sequence of courses that introduced students to the basics of documentary production at the same time that they studied the stylistic development of the various documentary traditions in his Non Fiction Film class. They went on to design a shooting script in Complex Documentary Problems and, finally, in Advanced Filmmaking, produced a film. The first class's film, *Unemployed in Buffalo: The Blue Collar Worker*, was recently shown on Channel 17 and the second year's film, a study of the distribution of Community Block Development Grants, is in production.

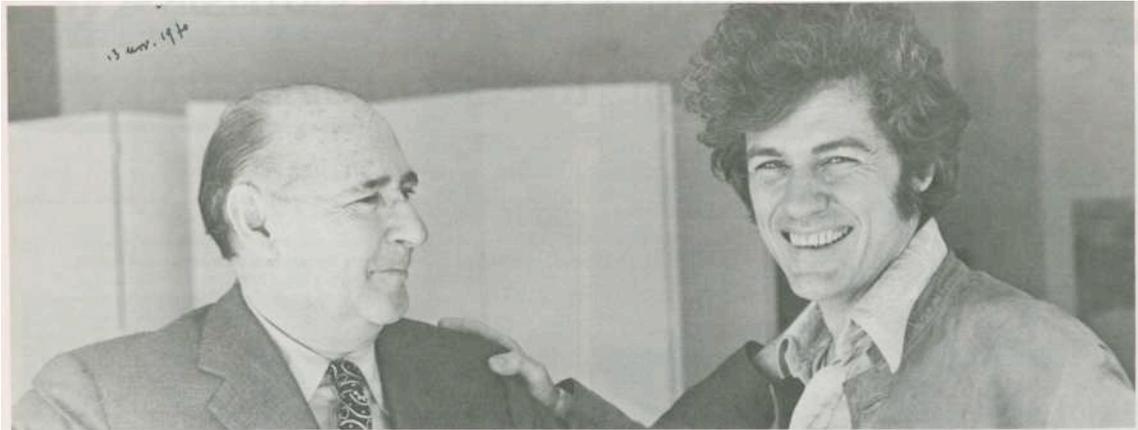
Education was at the very center of his existence and its core was his commitment to the process of search. When I first met him on the day he finished *A Few Notes on our Food Problem* in 1968, he took me to the Maison des Crepes in Washington, D.C. and the questioning began. What persuaded him to join me in Houston at that time was the conception that our curriculum in imagemaking would be based on a poem by Robert Graves, and I gave him a copy.

IN BROKEN IMAGES

*He is quick, thinking in clear images;
I am slow, thinking in broken images.*

*He becomes dull, trusting to his clear images;
I become sharp, mistrusting my broken images.
Trusting his images, he assumes their relevance;
Mistrusting my images, I question their relevance.
Assuming their relevance, he assumes the fact;
Questioning their relevance, I question the fact.*

*When the fact fails him, he questions his senses;
When the fact fails me, I approve my senses.
He continues quick and dull in his clear images;
I continue slow and sharp in my broken images.
He in a new confusion of his understanding;
I in a new understanding of my confusion.*



Roberto Rossellini and James Blue



James Blue interviewing Roberto Rossellini. Photos by John Lee Simon.

He always joked about our school of broken images, but I also noted that he soon began to refer to the two doctor's offices which Jean and Dominique deMenil had rented for us on Montrose Street as "the film school." That phrase had an almost religious meaning for him and it was how he referred to the National Film School of Great Britain where he was teaching when he was taken to the hospital some weeks ago. For him, it was a phrase like "the shop" or "the plant" but it was also "the school" where young people would get the training that would enable them to make films that would change the social conditions around the world. It was James Blue who encouraged me to publish Roberto Rossellini's last piece of writing, *Reflections and Deliberations on Scientific Data to Attempt to Devise an Accessible Form of Integral Education*. Its first sentence read: "All the politicians, the moralists, the idealists who sincerely propose to carry out social change must no longer overlook an essential factor: the conception and promotion of new forms of instruction, education and culture." James Blue was completely at home in a large public university with a special commitment to state service, located on the border of another country in a city going through the process of rediscovering and rebuilding itself. He died as the local public television station was holding its auction and I was reminded of Jud's selling his saddle and Curly's selling his gun to bid for the picnic lunch that won the winner the right to the girl in the auction to build the schoolhouse in *Oklahoma*:

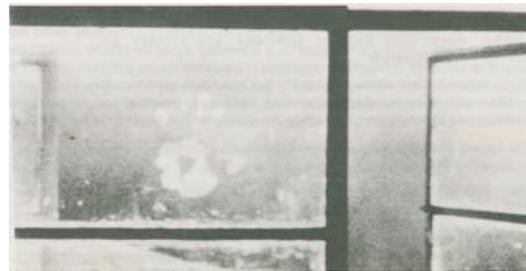
Aunt Eller: Four-seventy-five, come on, gentlemen. Schoolhouse ain't built yet. Got to git a nice chimbley.

It was the public television auction of its day, and James Blue, with Rossellini, understood that electronic imagemaking had made of the world a classroom without walls. James Blue's first film for the United States Information Agency, *The School at Rincon Santo*, documented the building of a school in Colombia. It held the imprint of his hand on its windowpane.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAN

I must now inter James Blue [Latin in 4- terre (land)]. Like the men of all continents, he "belongs to the land." To place man in his countryside was his own basic operating procedure. His compassion for the rocks in the Algerian cemetery and his celebration of the bricks in the Colombian school drew me to him. I can never be consoled for his loss. I shall transcend my grief by building "a school" in his image, broken though it now is and ever shall be. Amen. Amal.

(A fund has been established for the preservation and distribution of the films, writings, and sound recordings of James Blue. Contributions should be made out to the James Blue Memorial Fund and mailed to Media Study/Buffalo, 207 Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, New York 14202).



Stills from *The School at Rincon Santo*: the wall of the schoolhouse, and the imprint of a human hand on its windowpane.